



Company I Poopsheet

Co. I, 502 PIR, 101st Airborne Division, US Army, WWII

December 2014

Best Wishes to Robert Hartzell

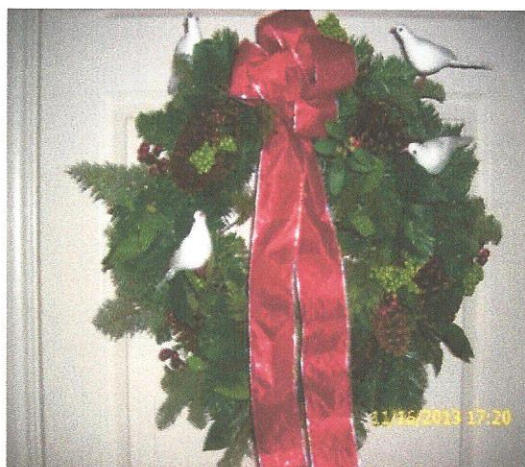


Photo: Robert (Bob) and Marie Hartzell, 1947
Update: Bob is now in St. Francis Nursing Home. He is doing well. There is no phone in his room. Mail should be sent to his home address: 313 Wentz St., Tiffin, OH 44883

Poopsheet Expense Report

Balance before last issue	\$301
Contributions received	75
Cost of last issue	157
Balance before this issue	\$209

Betty T. Hill, 5801 Reading Rd, # 321
Rosenberg, TX 77471 Ph: 832 449 3541
We will continue the newsletter as funds allow.
Thank you for your support.
Use email?.. Please send your email address to bjth23@yahoo.com to receive the newsletter via email.



Merry Christmas - Happy Hanukkah and a Happy New Year from my home to your home and may God's richest blessings be with you and yours. Betty

Let's Get Together...

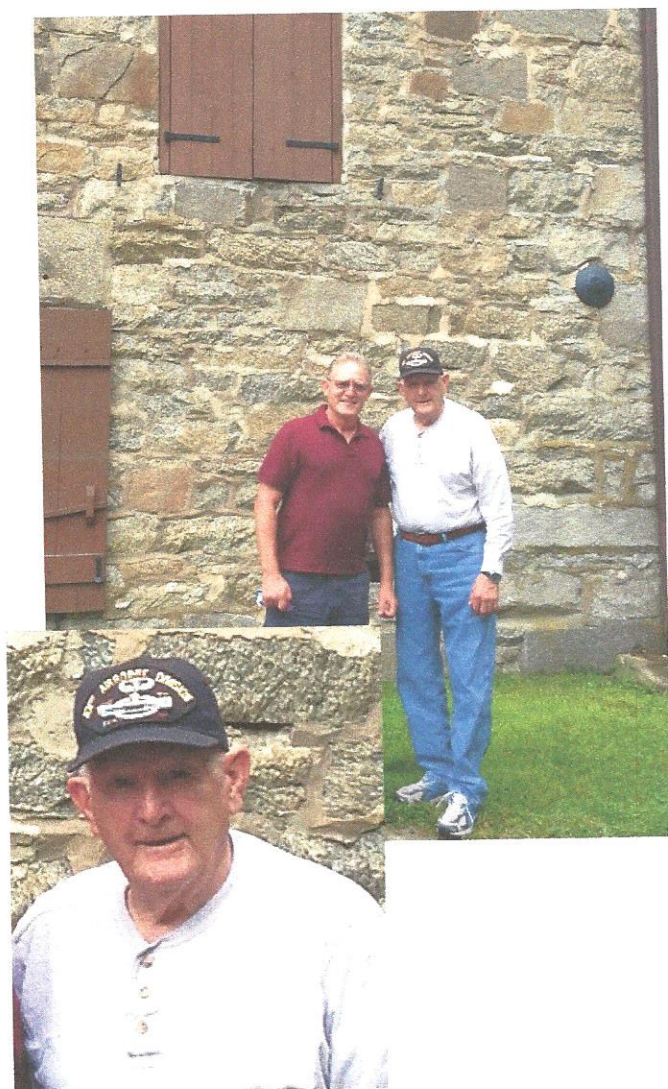
SNOWBIRD REUNION

The 101st Airborne Division winter reunion in Tampa, Florida, February 4 – 8, 2015 at the Tampa Marriott Westshore Hotel
1001 Westshore Blvd, Tampa, FL
Phone (813) 287 2555 for hotel reservations.
Mention the 101st Airborne Reunion to get the discounted rate.

The reunion registration form and information is in your Screaming Eagle magazine, or at www.screamingeagle.org or the FL Gulf Coast chapter website: www.101abnfgcc.org

If you have any questions please contact:
Eddie Pissott at (813) 454-3205,
Email: epissott@tampabay.rr.com
Or George Buck at (727) 823-6970
email: uofhawaii@aol.com

We look forward to seeing you.

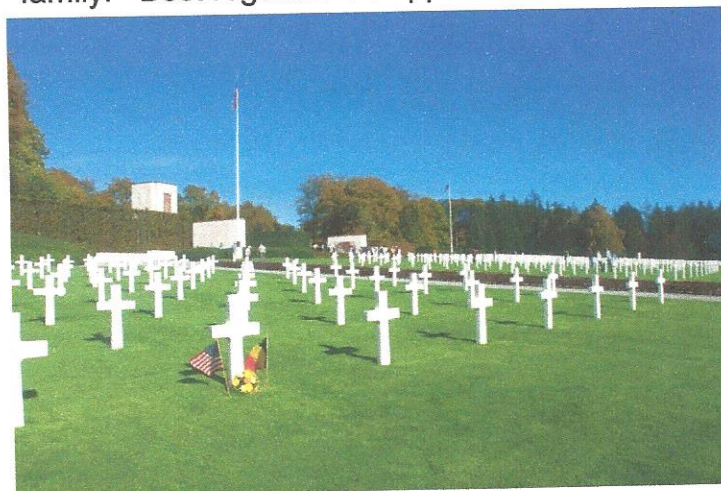


Earl Ralph Kelly (I-502) and son, Peter, recently sightseeing at The Mill. The Rock Run Grist Mill at Susquehanna State Park, located three miles northwest of Havre de Grace off Route 155 in Harford County, Maryland. Earl worked at The Mill when he was a young boy.

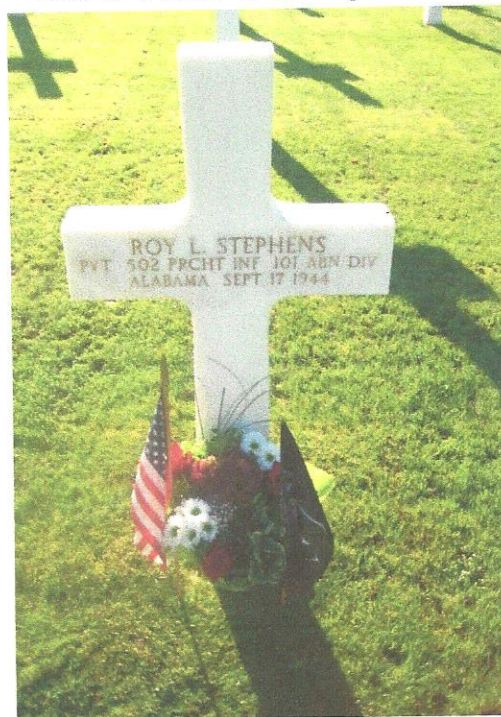
Observation from Preston Tyree, son of 1st Lt. Edward G. Tyree, I-502, KIA January 3, 1945 near Bastogne.

“20 years ago I contacted a gentleman in Luxembourg whom I had found on the internet. I asked if he would visit my father’s grave on the (1945). He and his father went to the grave and placed flowers by the cross in the snow. This morning, coming up on 70 years since his death, I received the following email. There are good people in the world”. The letter:

Hi Preston,
 I hope everything is fine for you and your family. I went yesterday to the **Hamm US Military Cemetery** . I paid my respects to your father who died for the freedom of my country. I also said a prayer for him.
 I simply join some pictures for you and your family. Best regards. Philippe



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Adennes American Cemetery, Belgium From Ronald Stassen: The War Cemetery Ardennes. This is a kind of strange Cemetery as you find



graves from different Operations here. This has to do with identification of the men buried there.
 Photo: Grave of, Cpl Roy Stephens, HQ 502, killed September 17, 1944, in plane crash.

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**Co. I 502 paratroopers Killed in action,
WWII:**

Pvt. Herman Addleson	44-06-06
Pvt. William E. Baker	44-09-19
Sgt. Jerry A. Boffo	44-06-10
Pfc. Leonard E. Bruce	45-01-03
Pvt. Ernest F. Bruno	44-12-27
Pvt. Joseph M. Burke	44-12-00
Pvt. Fred Cid	44-12-28
Pvt. John R. Clark	44-09-19
Pfc. Charles A. Delong	44-11-15
Pvt. James A. Dodson	44-06-00
Sgt. Everett D. Dye	44-09-18
Pvt. Clarence C. Eckert	45-01-10
Pvt. William E. Foley	44-06-00
Pvt. Eugene O. Gaukel	44-06-10
Pfc. Paul B. Gentle	44-09-26
Pvt. Andrew T. Hroma	45-01-10
Pfc. Charles W. Hugi	44-06-00
2nd Lt. Benny J. Klemantovich	44-06-10
1st Lt. George A. Larish	44-06-10
Pvt. Gerald B. Malone	44-11-16
Sgt. Joseph A. Miller	44-10-06
Pfc. John M. Morgan	44-06-00
Pfc. William A. Nesbit	44-09-17
Pfc. Emmitt T. Nix	44-06-10
S/Sgt. Troy W. Norris	44-12-00
Pvt. John C. Norton	44-06-11
Pvt. Leslie B. Nussbaum	44-09-19
Cpl. Cornelius W. Owens	44-06-11
1st Lt. John P. Painschab	44-06-10
Cpl. Frank J. Pilwallis	45-01-03
Pvt. Jack R. Plumb	44-12-00
Pvt. Benigno G. Salazar	44-12-29
Cpl. Jerry A. Sevier	44-10-05
Pvt. Roy J. Sherrod	44-06-06
S/Sgt. Julius J. Sovak	44-09-19
Pvt. Edward R. Sowder	44-06-11
Cpl. Lester A. Taylor	44-09-00
Pfc. Stanley W. Tkaczyk	44-06-10
1st Lt. Edward G. Tyree	45-01-03
S/Sgt. Harold E. Waller	44-12-28
Pfc. Claude A. Wilson	44-12-29
Pvt. Lorain O. Westenhaver	44-12-28

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**To one who has faith no explanation is
 necessary.....To one with no faith no
 explanation is possible....**

Hi Lord, it's me.

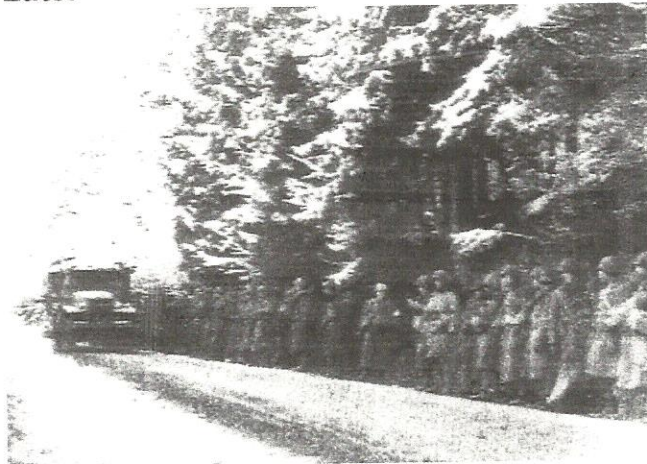
We are getting older and things are getting bad here.

We've lost the way. I know you were taken out of our schools, government, and even Christmas in some instance, but, Lord, I'm asking you to come back and re-bless all of us. We really need you! Badly. There are more of us who want you than those who don't!

Thank You, Lord. Amen.

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Enjoy life now -- it has an expiration date!

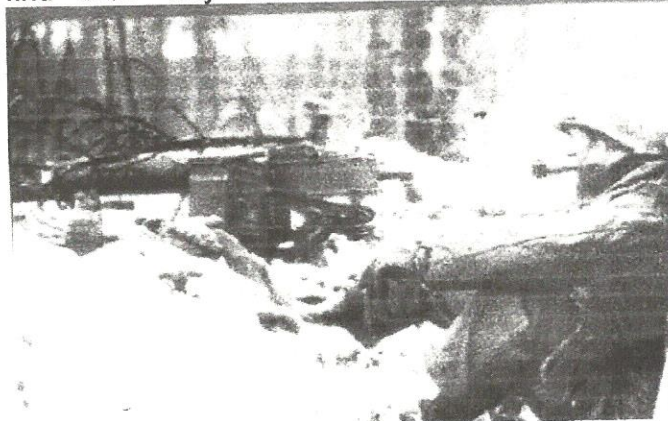
**A Soldier's Camera and Photos from Battle
of The Bulge Found in Foxhole 70 Years
Later**



The Battle of the Bulge is known as one of the most deadly and influential battles of WWII. Taking place over the course of five weeks, this surprise attack by the Germans caught allied forces off-guard, causing massive casualties, especially among U.S. Troops.

Among the 89,000 casualties was a soldier named Louis J. Archambeau, a Chicago native who left behind an interesting surprise in a foxhole he had been taking refuge in during the cold weather and rough artillery fire.

Part of the Company C, 1st Battalion, 317th Infantry Regiment, Archambeau was an infantry rifleman. And even though he wasn't part of the first infantry regiment on the scene, the 317th still managed to find their way into the thick of the battle.



Backing up other allied forces, Archambeau's regiment eventually took a break to attempt to get some rest and rations. It was during this brief downtime in the foxholes of the frozen ground that Archambeau would document his final moments. Declared MIA on December 26th, 1944, Archambeau's last known position was in the side of the hill, in the foxholes with a number of his comrades. He was not declared KIA until February

23rd, 1945, when his body was found. At the time, the circumstances leading up to his death were shrouded in mystery.



Fast forward almost seventy years... U.S. Navy Captain Mark Anderson and his historian friend Jean Muller were out with metal detectors, scavenging around Luxembourg, where the most heated firefights of The Battle of the Bulge took place.

While traveling through the hilly forest that once served as a brutal battleground, the pair came across an empty foxhole, and inside of that foxhole they found the personal possessions of an American soldier, left untouched for almost three-quarters of a century.

Among those possessions was a camera with a partially-exposed roll of film still inside.



When they got that film developed, Anderson and Muller realized that they had stumbled upon a small collection of images taken by Archambeau during his final days, a photographic requiem of his own composition. But they didn't stop there.

In hopes of finding out more, the duo teamed up with *The Troubled Shooters.com* in an attempt to seek out Archambeau's family, show them what they had come across and hopefully shed a little bit of light on the mystery of what happened to their ancestor in his final moments.



A family member was eventually found, taking over custody of these historically and personally significant items, among them the strikingly intact images developed seventy years after being photographed. We've included the developed and scanned images throughout the article, and even though they lack in quality, their power lies in accurately depicting the cold, harsh life of an infantryman during one of the most horrific battles of the Second World War.

Blonde Joke

After becoming very frustrated with the attitude of one of the shoe store shop owners, the young blonde declared, 'Well, then, maybe I'll just go out and catch my own alligator, and get a pair of alligator shoes for free!'

She store owner replied with a sly smile, 'Well, little lady, why don't you go give it a try?'

The blonde headed off to the swamp, determined

to catch an alligator. Later in the day, the store owner was driving home, and spotted the young woman standing waist deep in the murky water, shotgun in hand. He saw a huge 14-foot gator swimming rapidly toward her. With lightning reflexes, the blonde took aim, shot the creature, and hauled it up onto the slippery bank. Nearby were 7 more dead gators all lying belly-up. He watched in amazement as the blonde struggled with the huge gator. Then, rolling hers, she screamed in frustration... "Sonofa@%&!@!! THIS ONE'S BAREFOOT, TOO!"

**We have only three choices in life:
Give up, Give in, or Give it all you've got!**



Frederick (Fred) A. Bahlau, 91, H-506, WWII, passed away on October 21, 2014.

The funeral service was at noon on Thursday, Oct. 30th. Braun Chapel of Borek

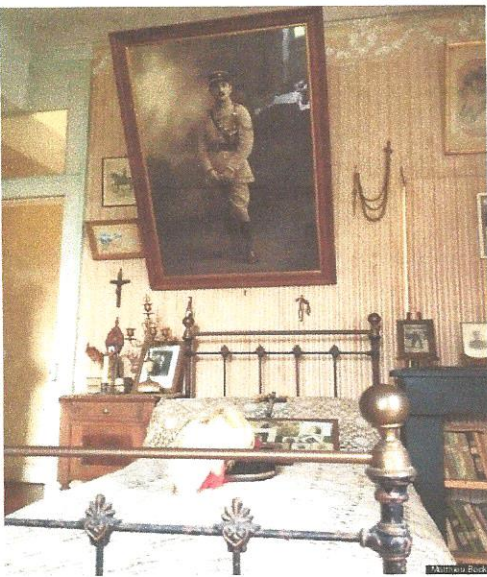
Jennings Funeral Home, in Brooklyn, MI. Burial alongside his wife, Dorothy, at Woodland Cemetery in Jackson, MI.

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Soldier's Room Has Stayed Untouched For Almost 100 Years As A Beautiful Tribute

The memory of this brave soldier has lived on for generations to honor.

Hubert Rochereau was a second lieutenant for the French army during World War I, who died on April 26, 1918, from wounds he incurred while fighting in Belgium, according to the Guardian. His parents, who left his



room untouched since the day the soldier left for war, sold the house in 1936, and included a clause in the deed that the room should be preserved that way for 500 years, according to the Telegraph. It's been almost a century since Rochereau died, and his room has stayed exactly the same as he had left it.

The bedroom is still filled with Rochereau's possessions, including a gun collection, a tattered moth-eaten military jacket and a small

memorial vial containing, "the earth of Flanders in which our dear child fell and which has kept his remains for four years" according to its label, the Telegraph reported.

The house's current owner, Daniel Fabre, told Nouvelle République newspaper that the deed's special clause does not have a legal basis, though the two owners of the house since Rochereau's parents sold it have upheld the request. *Photo by Matthieu Bock of Europe.*

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The Nun and Cabbie

A cabbie picks up a Nun. She gets into the cab, and notices that the VERY handsome cab driver won't stop staring at her. She asks him why he is staring.

He replies: 'I have a question to ask you but I don't want to offend you.'

She answers, 'My son, you cannot offend me. When you're as old as I am and have been a nun as long as I have, you get a chance to see and hear just about everything. I'm sure that there's nothing you could say or ask that I would find offensive.'

'Well, I've always had a fantasy to have a nun kiss me.'

She responds, 'Well, let's see what we can do about that: #1, you have to be single, and #2, you must be Catholic.' The cab driver is very excited and says, 'Yes, I'm single and Catholic!' 'OK' the nun says. 'Pull into the next alley.'

The nun fulfills his fantasy, with a kiss that would make a hooker blush. But when they get back on the road, the cab driver starts crying.

'My dear child,' says the nun, 'why are you crying?'

'Forgive me but I've sinned. I lied and I must Confess, I'm married and I'm Jewish.'

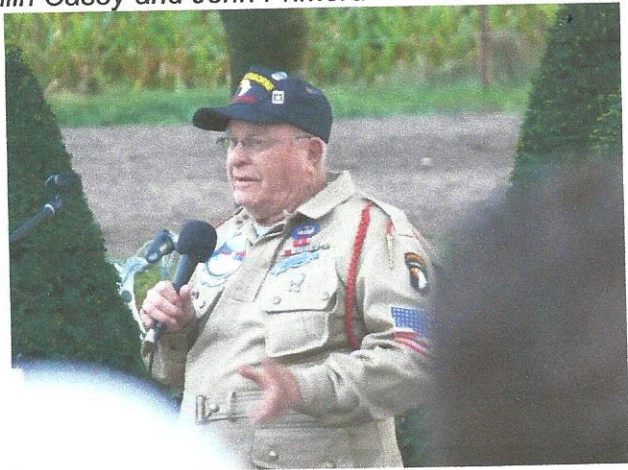
The nun says, 'That's OK.....my name is Kevin and I'm going to a Halloween Party.'

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Bumper Stickers for Seniors

1. At my age, "Happy Hour" is a nap.
2. Goodbye Tension, Hello Pension
3. Live each day like it's your last... one day you'll get it right.
4. The only problem with retirement, you never get a damn day off!

Editor's note: I've been honored to hear this story directly from John, and glad to share now through Reg Jans. John's book now available through The College of the Ozarks: "Down to the Wire" . by Cailin Casey and John Primerano

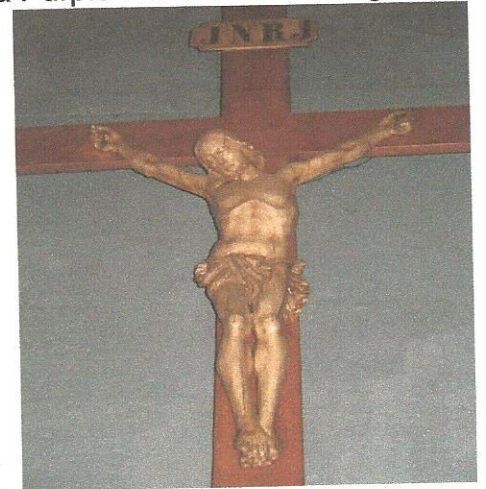


WWII veteran John Primerano, 501 PIR, Reg HQ-Wire section returned to Bastogne 2014. The Saint Peter's Church became an important part of his life when battle fatigue struck him around Christmas 1944. " I left my switchboard at the Seminary School, my hands were shaking and I no longer had the energy to carry on.", John said. While he crossed the intersection hell broke loose as artillery shells were heavily hitting Bastogne. Everything went silent again when John closed ...the oaky church door behind him.

" It was like I stepped into a vacuum tunnel.", he recalls. " Then I sat down and took my helmet off. I was sweating. Next to me on the floor I saw a big wooden crucifix that was blown off the wall. The roof had some holes in it from incoming debris. Outside the sky had cleared and I noticed a ray of light coming down from one of the openings. The beam completely lit up the crucifix. However I was all alone in that church, I suddenly felt like I was being embraced by two arms and I could hear a clear voice saying: 'Don't worry. You'll be fine.'", he remembers. From that moment on John's hands stopped shaking and he could feel the energy return to his body. He picked up his helmet and opened the main door and stepped outside. Hell broke loose again but that didn't bother him anymore. " I knew I was going to make it", he says. In 2012 John, Erwin Janssen and I went back into the church to see if the crucifix was still

around. YES it was, gallantly against the wall in the candle room. This was a big surprise for us but also a very moving moment for Mr. P. On that same day, Mr. Primerano got wounded while visiting his former battlefields and was awarded with a Purple Heart the following day.

In September 2014 he returned to once again visit the crucifix and a large 101 ABN candle was lit to honor his buddies and to remember that one special moment in Bastogne. It was Christmas 1944. Shared by Reg Jans, Belgium



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Medicare Part G

You're a sick senior citizen and the government says there is no nursing home care available for you. So what do you do? Our plan gives anyone 65 years, or older, a gun (G) and 4 bullets. You are allowed to shoot four Politicians. Of course, this means you'll be sent to prison, where you will receive three meals a day, a roof over your head, central heating and air conditioning and all the health care you need. Need new teeth? No problem. Need glasses? That's great. Need a new hip, knees, kidney, lungs or heart? They're all covered. As an added bonus, your kids can come and visit you at least as often as they do now. And who will be paying for all of this? The same government that just told you they can't afford for you to go into a home. And, you can get rid of 4 useless politicians while you're at it. Plus, because you are a prisoner, you don't have to pay any income taxes anymore. Is this a great country or what?

Have a Sunshine and Blessed Day! Remember, it is not the years in your life that counts, but the life in your years!

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Facebook musings from Mark Bando, author historian:

I've (Mark Bando) been attending the annual 101st Airborne Snowbird reunions in FL since the early 1990s. There were many opportunities to meet legendary soldiers from the WWII 101st, like Bernard Sterno, Bob Burns, Legs Johnson, and the widow and son of LTC Robert Cole, the Medal of Honor recipient killed in Holland. Since the 502 never held regimental reunions, some of their companies, particularly Item Co., met each year at SB. For the entire 3/502, it became the place to meet, more so than the National division reunions held in August.

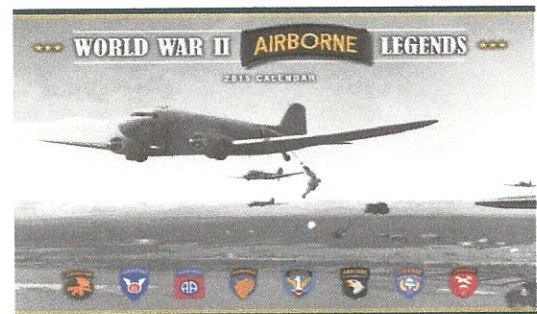


I took this photo about 12 years ago (maybe 14 years?) showing Courtney Weisberg-Johnson talking with **Charles 'Ray' Olson of 3/502**. Ray had been the Ops Sgt for Cole's Bn and he appears in the upper photo talking to a British WREN(?) before D-day in the UK. I don't know if Courtney realized she was reenacting a scene from 1944, but Ray is gone now, as are so many of the WWII eagles. Courtney's dad was **LTC Ben Weisberg**, the wartime commander of the 377th Parachute Field Artillery Bn. He sadly passed-on in the early 1980s and did not attend

any reunions. Courtney was named after Major Courtney B. Neilson of the 377th, who was mis-dropped on D-day and Killed in Action in Normandy.



Members of the 502nd Parachute infantry Regt boxing team, taken before D-day. above: Leo Pichler of HQ Co 1st Bn, who came from St Mary's, PA. He was killed by a misplaced bomb dropped by a P47 at the RR tracks SW of Bourcy, Belgium, circa 14 Jan, 1945. Upper right Lt Bob Burns from Item Co., who was both a platoon leader, as well as a coach for the football and boxing teams. Lower left, Ralph Pombano Easy Co., Hewett Tippins A Co. (captured and liberated at Foucarville on D-day, later SWA at Bastogne), and Charles Reed from Dog Co



2015 World War II Airborne Legends Calendar

Order yours from
www.wwiadt.org \$10 plus shipping from the
World War II Airborne Demonstration Team.

Disclaimer: © Veterans, these are from one of your own, the finest, the greatest.....

Power of Persimmons

A small church had a very attractive big-busted organist, Linda, and her breasts were so large that they bounced and jiggled while she played the organ. Unfortunately, she distracted the congregation considerably.

The very proper church ladies were appalled. They said something had to be done about this or they would have to get another organist.

So one of the ladies approached Linda very discreetly about the problem, and told her to mash up some green astringent persimmons and rub them on her nipples and over her breasts, which should cause them to shrink in size, but warned her not to taste any of the green persimmons, because they are so sour they will make her mouth pucker up, and she wouldn't be able to talk properly for a while.

The voluptuous organist reluctantly agreed to try it.

The following Sunday morning the minister walked up to the pulpit and said, *"Dew to thircumsthanthis bewond my contwol, we will not hab a thermon tewday"*

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The Female Dentist

The female dentist pulls out a numbing needle to give the man a shot of Novocain. "No way! No needles. I hate needles" the patient said..

The dentist starts to hook up the nitrous oxide and the man objects.. "I can't do the gas thing. The thought of having the gas mask on, suffocates me!"

The dentist then asks the patient if he has any objection to taking a pill "No objection," the patient says. "'I'm fine with pills."

The dentist then returns and says, "Here's a Viagra." The patient says, "Wow! I didn't know Viagra worked as a pain killer!"

"It doesn't" said the dentist, "but it's going to give you something to hold on to when I pull your tooth"

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*You don't stop laughing because you grow old
You grow old because you stop laughing*
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A Thief Will Take Anything!



Thieves stole a historic iron gate bearing the Nazis' cynical slogan "Arbeit macht frei," or "Work makes you free," from the premises of the former Dachau concentration camp where Nazis killed more than 41,000 people in the Holocaust, the head of the memorial said on Monday, November 3, 2014. "It is the central symbol of the prisoners' suffering of Dachau concentration camp and therefore hit the memorial at its heart," Dr. Gabriele Hammermann said, adding that the theft occurred "in the night from Nov. 1 to 2."

Security officials noticed early Sunday morning that the gate measuring 190 by 95 centimetres — set into a larger iron gate — was missing. . Dachau concentration camp was set up by the Nazis in 1933. More than 200,000 people from across Europe were held there and over 40,000 prisoners died before it was liberated by U.S. forces on April 29, 1945. The camp is now a memorial.

Editor's note: Let's pray they find it and who did it.

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“Aphorism - a short, pointed sentence that expresses a wise or clever observation or a general truth”

1 . The nicest thing about the future is that it always starts tomorrow

2 . Money will buy a fine dog but only kindness will make him wag his tail

3 . If you don't have a sense of humour you probably don't have any sense at all

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CIA Interview

The CIA had an opening for an assassin. After all the background checks, interviews and testing were done, there were three finalists: two men and a woman.

For the final test, the CIA agents took one of the men to a large metal door and handed him a gun. "We must know that you will follow your instructions no matter what the circumstances. Inside the room you will find your wife sitting in a chair. Kill her."

The man said "You can't be serious. I could never shoot my wife". The agent said, "Then you are not the right man for this job. Take your wife and go home".

The second man was given the same instructions. He took the gun and went into the room. All was quiet for about five minutes. The man came out with tears in his eyes, "I tried, but I can't kill my wife."

The agent said, "You don't have what it takes, so take your wife and go home "

Finally, it was the woman's turn. She was given the same instructions to kill her husband. She took the gun and went into the room. Shots were heard one after another. They heard screaming, crashing, and banging on the walls. After a few minutes, all was quiet. The door opened slowly and there stood the woman, wiping sweat from her brow.

"The gun was loaded with blanks" she said. "I had to kill him with the chair."

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Technology

Daughter: "Dad, I'm in love with a boy who is far away from me. I am in Australia and he lives in the UK. We met on a dating website, became friends on Facebook, had long chats on Whatsapp, he proposed to me on Skype and now we've had two months of relationship through Viber. Dad, I need your blessings and good wishes."

Father: "Wow! Really!! Then get married on Twitter, have fun on Tango, buy your kids on Amazon and pay through Paypal. And if you are fed up with your husband....sell him on Ebay".

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Harry and Bess

Harry Truman was a different kind of President. He probably made as many, or more important decisions regarding our nation's history as any of the other 32 Presidents preceding him. However, a measure of his greatness may rest on what he did after he left the White House.

The only asset he had when he died was the house he lived in, which was in Independence Missouri. His wife had inherited the house from her mother and father and other than their years in the White House, they lived their entire lives there. When he retired from office in 1952 his income was a U.S. Army pension reported to have been \$13,507.72 a year. Congress, noting that he was paying for his stamps and personally licking them, granted him an 'allowance' and, later, a retroactive pension of \$25,000 per year.

After President Eisenhower was inaugurated, Harry and Bess drove home to Missouri by themselves. There was no Secret Service following them.

When offered corporate positions at large salaries, he declined, stating, "You don't want me. You want the office of the President, and that doesn't belong to me.. It belongs to the American people and it's not for sale."

Even later, on May 6, 1971, when Congress was preparing to award him the Medal of Honor on his 87th birthday, he refused to accept it, writing, "I don't consider that I have done anything which should be the reason for any award, Congressional or otherwise." As president he paid for all of his own travel expenses and food.....

Good old Harry Truman was correct when he observed, "My choices in life were either to be a piano player in a whore house or a politician. And to tell the truth, there's hardly any difference!"

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Honoring I-502, WWII and
Robert J. Hartzell, Original Editor

First Class Mail



Betty T. Hill, Current Editor
5801 Reading Rd # 321
Rosenberg, TX 77471
Bjth23@yahoo.com
Phibe: 832 449 3541



Christmas 1944, Bastogne

MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

