



Company I Poopsheet



502 PIR, 101st Airborne Division, US Army, WWII

March 2014

101st Airborne Snowbird Reunion

Tampa, Florida, February 5-9, 2014



Left to Right: Leon (Jed) Jedziniak, A/501 Medic, Patrick Macri, 101st Signal Corp, Harry Nivens and Joseph Hennessey, I/502, David Wisnia, H/506, Vincent Speranza, H/501, George Gussett, 502, Jack Schaffer, F/501, Joe Pisano, 327. Sitting, Arthur Evans, H/502, Charles (Gus) Liapes, 101st Signal Corp.

Approximately 238 airborne veterans, active duty, family and friends gathered at the Mariott Westshore,Hotel, for reunion. Our Item Company 502, was represented by Harry Nivens and Joe Hennessey. Joannie Nivens could not be there because of recent health issues. June Hennessey, Kathy Moe Hagen, Sherry Nivens, Phil and Marlene Potter, Harry's niece, and Betty Taylor Hill were

other I Company family attending. Also attending were friends from Brasschaat, Belgium, Francois van Loo, Nelly van Loo-Polley, their son, Krisjan van Loo, and Nelly's brother, Krist Polley of Ruen, France.

WWII holocaust survivor, H-506 interpreter, Cantor David Wisnia sang the National Anthem to begin the program for Saturday night and the banquet speakers were WWII veterans, Patrick Macri, Joe Pisano and Vincent Speranza who spoke of some of their experiences in WWII.

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**Wishing you a Happy and Blessed
Easter April 20**

Memories from Snowbird 2014



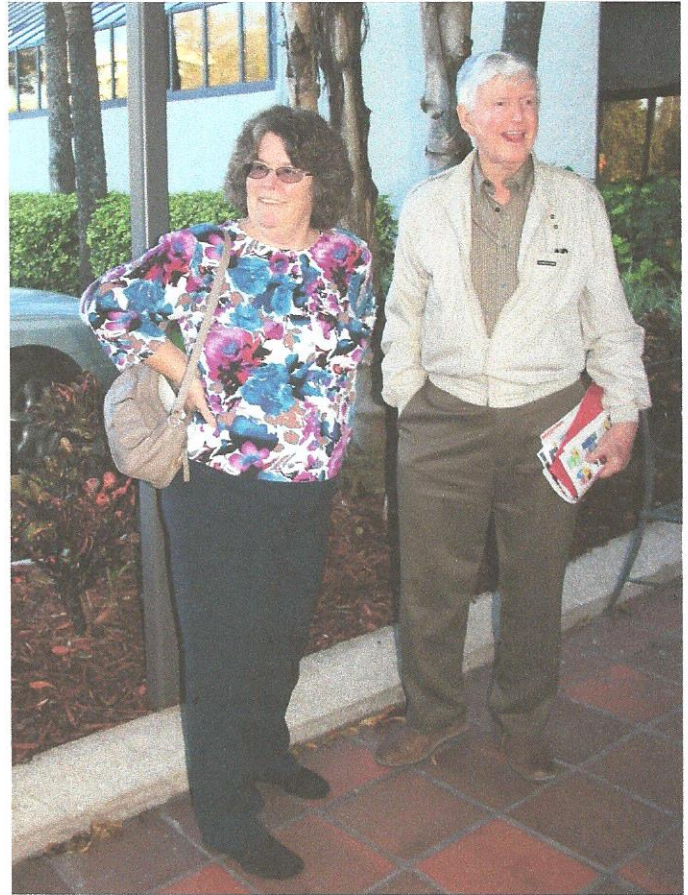
L-R: Harry Nivens, Joe Hennessey, David Wisnia



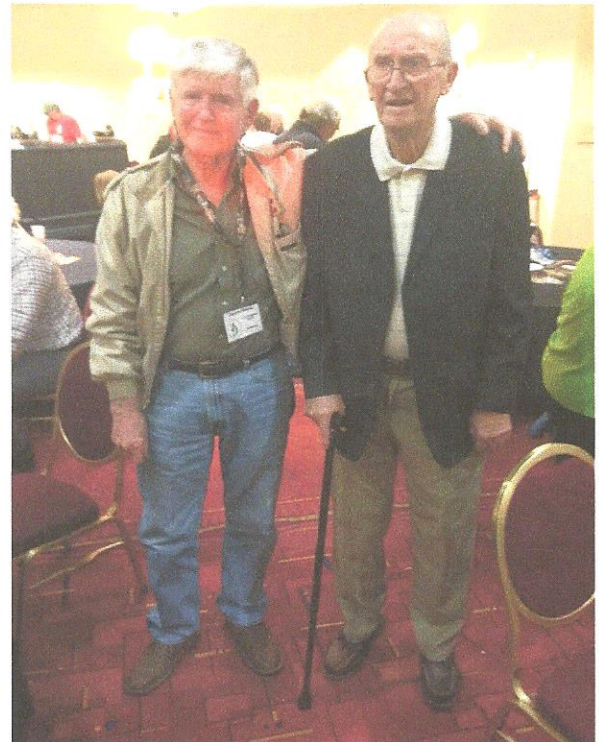
L-R: Harry Nivens, Kathy Hagen, Joe Hennessey, Betty Taylor Hill, June Hennessey



L-R: Kathy Hagen, Kris Polley, Krisjan van Loo, Nelly van Loo-Polley, Betty Hill, and Teddi Schmoll. Our thanks for all these pictures by Francois van Loo.



Harry Nivens and his daughter, Sherry
Below: Harry Nivens and Joe Hennessey I-502



One Tough Lie

There was this preacher who was an avid golfer. Every chance he could get, he could be found on the golf course swinging away. It was an obsession. One Sunday was a picture perfect day for golfing. The sun was out, no clouds in the sky, and the temperature was just right.

The preacher was in a quandary as to what to do, and shortly, the urge to play golf overcame him. He called an assistant to tell him that he was sick and could not do church, packed the car up, and drove three hours to a golf course where no one would recognize him. Happily, he began to play the course.

An angel up above was watching the preacher and was quite perturbed. He went to God and said, "Look at the preacher. He should be punished for what he is doing."

God nodded in agreement. The preacher teed up on the first hole. He swung at the ball, and it sailed effortlessly through the air and landed right in the cup three hundred and fifty yards away. A picture perfect hole-in-one. He was amazed and excited.

The angel was a little shocked. He turned to God and said, "Begging Your pardon, but I thought you were going to punish him?"

God smiled. "Think about it -- who can he tell?"

The Suitcase

A man was about to die, when he realized it, he saw God coming closer with a suitcase in his hand. God said: Alright son it is time to go. the man responded: Now? So soon? I had a lot of plans...

I'm sorry but it is time to go. God replied. What do you have in that suitcase? The man asked. God answered: Your belongings. My belongings? You mean my things, my clothes, my money? God answered: Those things were not yours they belonged to the earth.

Is it my memories? The man asked. God answered: those never belonged to you they belonged to Time

Is it my talents? God answered: those were never yours they belonged to the circumstances.

Is it my friends and family? God answered: I'm sorry they were never yours they belonged to the path.

Is it my wife and son? God answered: They were never yours the belonged to your heart.

Is it my body? - God answered: that was never yours it belonged to the dust.

Is it my soul? God answered: No that is mine. Full of fear, the man took the suitcase from God and opened it just to find out the suitcase was empty.

With a tear coming down his cheek the man said: I never had nything???

God answered: that is correct, every moment you lived were only yours. Life is just a moment.

- A moment that belongs to you. For this reason enjoy the time while you have it. Don't let anything that you think you own stop you from doing so.

-Live Now

-Live your life

- Don't forget to be happy, this is what matters. Material things and everything else that you fought for stay here.

-YOU CAN'T TAKE ANYTHING

The Shoebox

A man and woman had been married for more than 60 years. They had shared everything. They had talked about everything. They had kept no secrets from each other except that the little old woman had a shoe box in the top of her closet that she had cautioned her husband never to open or ask her about. For all of these years, he had never thought about the box, but one day the little old woman got very sick and the doctor said she would not recover.

In trying to sort out their affairs, the little old man took down the shoe box and took it to his wife's bedside. She agreed that it was time that he should know what was in the box. When he opened it, he found two crocheted dolls and a stack of money totalling \$95,000.

He asked her about the contents. 'When we were to be married,' she said, ' my grandmother told me the secret of a happy marriage was to never argue. She told me that if I ever got angry

with you, I should just keep quiet and crochet a doll.'

The little old man was so moved; he had to fight back tears. Only two Precious dolls were in the box. She had only been angry with him two Times in all those years of living and loving. He almost burst with Happiness.

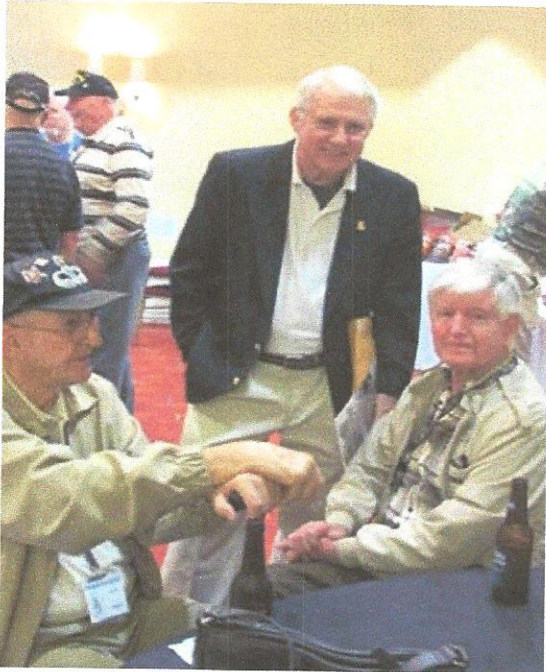
'Honey,' he said, 'that explains the doll, but what about all of this money? Where did it come from?'

'Oh,' she said, 'that's the money I made from selling the dolls.'

A Prayer

Dear Lord,
I pray for Wisdom to understand my man;
Love to forgive him;
And Patience for his moods;
Because Lord, if I pray for Strength,
I'll beat him to death,
Because I don't have the freaking time to crochet.
Amen

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Mark Bando shares his memories from the 2014 Snowbird. www.101airborneww2.com

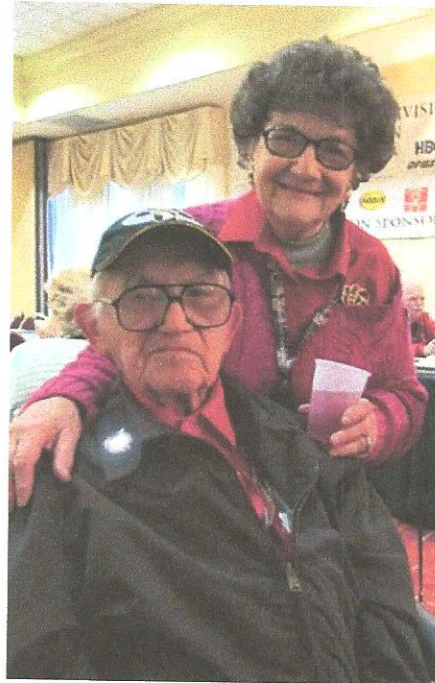


Joe Hennessey and Harry Nivens of I/502 met with Bill Doniel of the St Petersburg PD. Bill was seeking info about his late uncle (Nathan Loving of H/502), who was KIA, the same day as Harry Nivens was seriously wounded-'Bloody Sunday' 11 June, 1944, above Carentan.



Leon 'Jed' Jedziniak was a combat medic in Co. A of the 501 PIR in WW2. He celebrated his 91st birthday on Saturday the 8th of February, while at Snowbird. We all sang happy birthday to him and he had a supply of

cupcakes on hand for any who wanted one. I've known Jed since he started attending reunions, in 1990. He was originally from CT, where he worked as a prison guard. He later moved to Florida, but now resides out in California.



Mark says, "I first met Gus Liapes of the HQ/1 506th bazooka platoon at the 1971 reunion in Philly. He is now in a wheelchair and sadly has lost his ability to tell stories. His devoted wife 'Re' was steering him around and one of his photos appears in my book 'Vanguard of the Crusade'. Gus' unit was

commanded by Lt Wayne 'Bull' Winans, who was later KIA on the canal at Son. They did such a good job, that the 2nd Bn eventually formed its own bazooka platoon, later in WW2. I don't know if the 3rd Bn ever did form a bazooka platoon in WW2. Gus was a very tough man and it is sad to now see him with memory loss and in a wheelchair. "

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Planned dedication of Cole monument in Normandy, June 4, 2014

Carentan Historical Foundation – Cole's Bayonet Charge Memorial Monument

monument) is the first phase to be completed in June. The second phase is to pay tribute to LTC Robert Cole, 3rd Battalion, 502nd you 101 st Airborne Division, who was awarded the Medal of Honor (America's highest honor) for his



(Editor's note: The following is quoted from the Facebook web page)

<https://www.facebook.com/CarentanHistoricalFoundation>

“The town of Carentan has decided to improve historical areas for tourism. The renovation of the Cabbage Patch monument (Fred Hancock

famous bayonet charge on the morning of the 11th June, 1944. The charge was the beginning of the liberation of Carentan. The town of Carentan, in collaboration with the Center historic of parachutists of D-day (Saint-Côme-du-Mont), wish to commemorate the load with the unveiling of a monument, during the celebrations of the 70th anniversary of the Normandy landings in June, 2014.

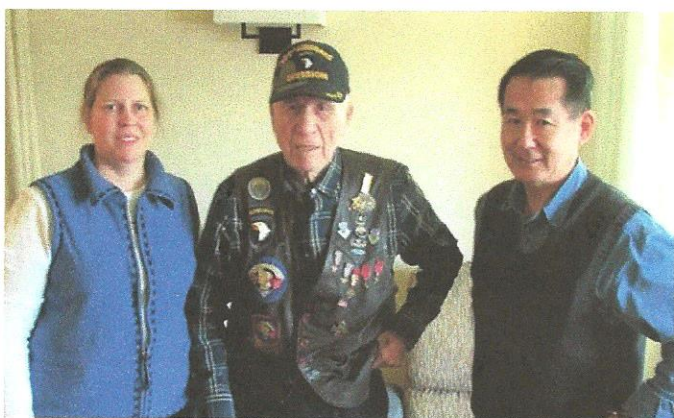
As a preview, here is the exact location where the memorial monument will be located just a few meters away from the heroic bayonet charge.” (Photo above)

PHASE 1 : LA RÉHABILITATION DU MONUMENT DU CARRÉ DE CHOUX
PHASE #1: THE RENOVATION OF THE CABBAGE PATCH MONUMENT



Editor's note: The article states the black granite monument will be 15 feet tall, weighing 5 tons, is being sculpted by a French sculptor and will Cost 55,000 Euros or \$75,500 US dollars..

Recommend you visit the Facebook page of “Carentan Historical Foundation – Cole's Bayonet Charge Memorial Monument”

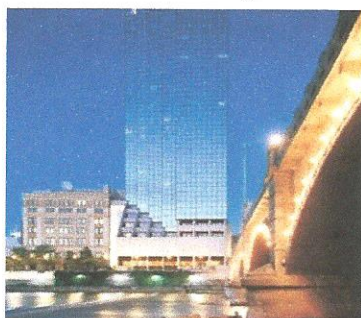


On 13 January, 2014, the Mark Bando accompanied by wife Candace, visited Fred at his current assisted living residence, in Adrian, MI. Fred's memory has been failing in recent months, but I brought a bunch of WWII vintage 3/506th photos, which served to jog Fred's memory. We had a nice visit and Fred appreciates having visitors. He is so gung-ho he wears his medals vest and 101st ball cap almost constantly. Fred's decorations include two SSM's 2 BSMs and jump wings with 2 stars, for combat jumps in Normandy and Holland.

(Eagle Talk www.101airborneww2.com)

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**69th Annual National Reunion 101st Airborne
August 13-16, 2014**



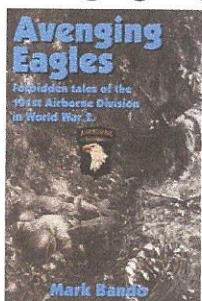
Grand Rapids, MI -
August 13-16, 2014
Amway Grand Plaza
187 Monroe Ave NW
Grand Rapids, MI
49503

Information available
in The Screaming
Eagle Magazine and

www.screamingeagle.org

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Avenging Eagles – Sold Out – Out of Print

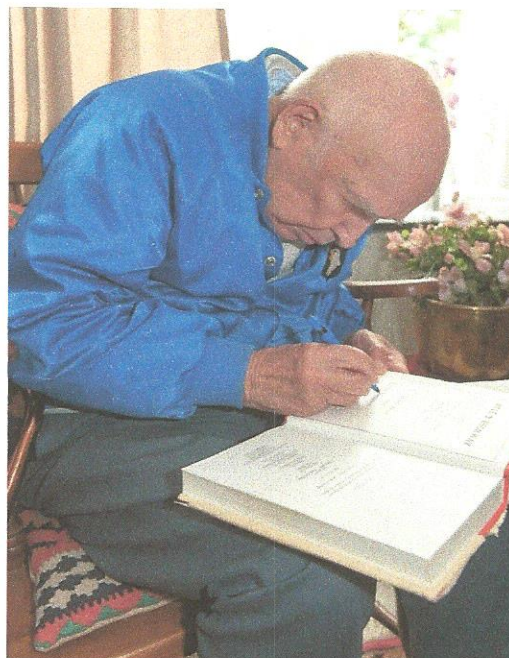


This book is by Mark Bando, is now sold-out and can be considered to be out of print. This is already a collectors' item. There is no other book like this one. Until/unless a US publisher re-does this book, it will only be available from used book dealers. A French language edition, containing 50 additional images will be published by Heimdal Press, in 2014.

New Home

George Koskimaki , 101st Signal Corp, historian and author, is enjoying his new apartment in Michigan. Bet he would enjoy a note from any of the 101st family and friends.

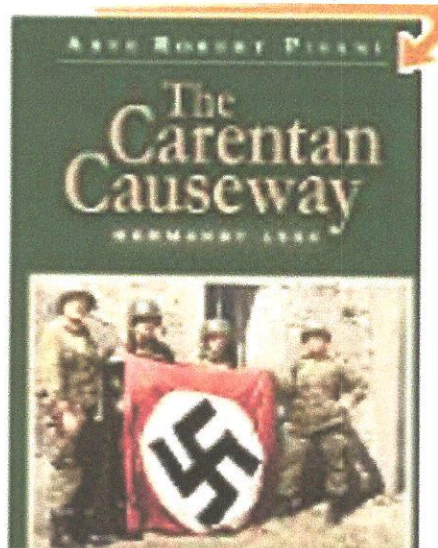
28413 Abbey Lane, Apt. 207
New Hudson, MI 48165



Thank you George for all the great service and hard work you have given to so many of us. We wish you the best in your new digs.

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The Carentan Causeway: Normandy 1944 by
Arve Robert Pisani (September 30, 2013)



A 70 page book telling of the 502, 3rd Battalion's battle for Carentan in 1944.

Now available online at Amazon.com. An easy and interesting read.



Ferdinand (Fred) Wilczek, 92, of Pawtucket, RI, passed away on October 12, 2013. He was the husband of the late Margaret (Lever) Wilczek and son of the late John and Catherine (Ziomek) Wilczek. He was a retired lace weaver formerly employed by American

Textiles and Seekonk Lace.

As an army paratrooper, he was a distinguished Staff Sergeant and member of the 101st Airborne Division, Screaming Eagles. (H/506) Fred enjoyed spending time with his family and outdoor activities including camping and gardening.

He leaves behind three daughters, Veronica McKay of Pawtucket, Janice Mailhot of Warwick and Elaine Wilczek and her husband Raymond McGee of Pawtucket; five grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

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YOU'LL LOVE THIS!

A former Sergeant in the Marine Corps took a new job as a high school teacher. Just before the school year started, he injured his back. He was required to ...wear a plaster cast around the upper part of his body. Fortunately, the cast fit under his shirt and wasn't noticeable.

On the first day of class, he found himself assigned to the toughest students in the school. The smart-aleck punks, having already heard the new teacher was a former Marine, were leery of him and he knew they would be testing his discipline in the classroom.

Walking confidently into the rowdy classroom, the new teacher opened the window wide and sat down at his desk. When a strong breeze made his tie flap, he picked up a stapler and stapled the tie to his chest.

Dead silence..... The rest of the year went very smoothly.

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Harry Nivens sends this one to you guys.....

The banker saw his old friend, Tom, an eighty-year old rancher, in town. Tom had lost his wife

a year or so before and rumor had it that he was marrying a 'mail order' bride.

Being a good friend, the banker asked Tom if the rumor was true. Tom assured him that it was. The banker then asked Tom the age of his new bride to be.

Tom proudly said, 'She'll be twenty-one in November.'

Now the banker, being the wise man that he was, could see that the sexual appetite of a young woman could not be satisfied by an eighty-year-old man. Wanting his old friend's remaining years to be happy, the banker tactfully suggested that Tom should consider getting a hired hand to help him out on the ranch, knowing nature would take its own course.

Tom thought this was a good idea and said he would look for one that afternoon.

About four months later, the banker ran into Tom in town again.

"How's the new wife?", asked the banker.

Tom proudly said, "Good - she's pregnant."

The banker, happy that his sage advice had worked out, continued, "And how's the hired hand?"

Without hesitating, Tom said, "She's pregnant, too."

Don't ever underestimate us old guys....

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Sad But True

A dog had followed his owner to school. His owner was a fourth grader at a public elementary school. However, when the bell rang, the dog sidled inside the building and made it all the way to the child's classroom before a teacher noticed and shooed him outside, closing the door behind him. The dog sat down, whimpered and stared at the closed doors. Then God appeared beside the dog, patted his head, and said, 'Don't feel bad fella'...they won't let ME in either'.

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Best wishes for the 70th Anniversary liberation celebrations in June and September 204

Decision Time!

A man and his ever-nagging wife went on vacation in Jerusalem. While they were there, the wife passed away. The undertaker told the husband, "You can have her buried here in the Holy Land for \$150 or we can have her shipped back home for \$5,000.

The husband thought about it and told the undertaker he would have her shipped back home. The undertaker asked him, "why would you spend \$5,000 to have her shipped home when you could have a beautiful burial here, and it would only cost \$150?????" The husband replied, "Long ago, a man died here, was buried here, and three days later, rose from the dead. I just can't take that chance!"

Another Senior Moment

This is a true account recorded in the Police Log of Sarasota, Florida:

An elderly Florida lady did her shopping and, upon returning to her car, found four males in the act of leaving with her vehicle. She dropped her shopping bags and drew her handgun, proceeding to scream at the top of her lungs, "I have a gun, and I know how to use it! GET OUT OF THE CAR!"...

The four men didn't wait for a second threat. They got out and ran like mad.

The lady, somewhat shaken, then proceeded to load her shopping bags into the back of the car and got into the driver's seat. She was so shaken that she could not get her key into the ignition. She tried and tried, and then she realized why. It was for the same reason she had wondered why there was a football, a Frisbee, and two 12-packs of beer in the front seat.

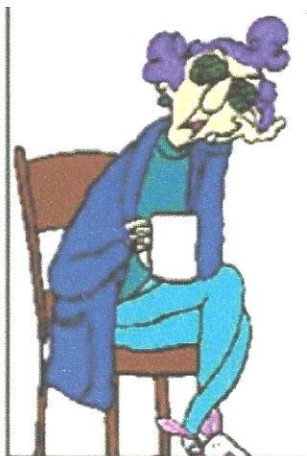
A few minutes later, she found her own car parked four or five spaces farther down. She loaded her bags into the car and drove to the police station to report her mistake. The sergeant to whom she told the story couldn't stop laughing. He pointed to the other end of the counter, where four pale men were reporting a car jacking by a mad, elderly woman described

as white, less than five feet tall, glasses, curly white hair, and carrying a large handgun.

No charges were filed.

Moral of the story?

If you're going to have a senior moment...make it memorable!



Maxine, : As You Slide Down the Banister of Life Towards 2014 – Remember...

1... Jim Baker and Jimmy Swaggert have written an impressive new book. It's called 'Ministers Do More Than Lay People'
2... Transvestite: A guy who likes to eat,

drink and be Mary.

3... The difference between the Pope and your boss, the Pope only expects you to kiss his ring.

4... My mind works like lightning, one brilliant Flash and it is gone.

5... The only time the world beats a path to Your door is if you're in the bathroom.

6... I hate sex in the movies. Tried it once. The seat folded up, the drink spilled and that ice, well, it really chilled the mood.

7... It used to be only death and taxes, Now, of course, there's shipping and handling, too.

8... A husband is someone who, after taking the trash out, gives the impression that he just cleaned the whole house.

9... My next house will have no kitchen - just vending machines and a large trash can.

10. Definition of a teenager? God's punishment for enjoying sex.

Thought for the day:

Be who you are and say what you feel because those that matter don't mindand those that mind. don't matter!

And As You Slide Down that Banister of Life, You Should Pray That All The Splinters Are Pointed The Other Way...

Duck Hunting
PRESUMED TO BE A TRUE STORY HEARD
ON A WISCONSIN RADIO STATION
REPORTING ON THE INCIDENT.

A guy buys a new Lincoln Navigator for \$42,500.00 with monthly payments of \$560.00. He and a friend go duck hunting in upper Wisconsin. It's mid-winter.....and of course all of the lakes are frozen.

These two guys go out on the ice with their GUNS, a DOG, and of course the new NAVIGATOR. They decide they want to make a natural looking open water area for the ducks to focus on, something for the decoys to float on. Now.....making a hole in the ice large enough to invite a passing duck, is going to take a **little more power** than the average drill auger can produce. So.....**out** of the back of the **new Navigator** comes a stick of dynamite with a short 40 second-fuse.

Our two Rocket Scientists.....afraid they might slip on the ice while trying to run away after lighting the fuse (and becoming toast, along with the Navigator), decide on the following course of action:

- they light the 40 second fuse; then, with a mighty thrust,
- they throw the stick of dynamite as far away as possible.

Remember a couple of paragraphs back when I mentioned the NAVIGATOR, the GUNS, and the DOG...?



Let's talk about the dog: A highly trained Black Lab used for **RETRIEVING**; especially things thrown by the owner. You guessed it.....The dog takes off across the ice at a high rate of speed

and grabs the stick of dynamite, with the burning 40-second fuse.... Just as it hits the ice.

The two men swallow, blink, start waving their arms and, with veins in their necks swelling to resemble stalks of rhubarb, scream and holler at the dog to stop.

The dog, now apparently cheered on by his master, keeps coming.

One hunter panics, grabs the shotgun and shoots the dog. The shotgun is loaded with #8 bird shot, hardly big enough to stop a Black Lab. The dog stops for a moment, slightly confused, then continues on. Another shot, and this time the dog, still standing, becomes really confused and of course terrified, thinks these two geniuses have gone *insane!!!!*

The dog takes off to find cover, **UNDER** the brand new Navigator. The men continue to scream as they run. The red hot exhaust pipe on the truck touches the dog's rear end.....he yelps, drops the dynamite under the truck and takes off after his master. Then KA BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

The truck is **blown to bits** and sinks to the bottom of the lake, leaving the **two idiots** standing there with 'I can't believe this just happened' looks on their faces.

The insurance company says that sinking a vehicle in a lake by illegal use Of explosives is NOT COVERED by the policy. And he still had yet to make The first of those \$560.00 a month payments.

The dog is okay....doing fine.

And to think you thought **all Rednecks lived in the South....**

=====



Senior Driver

My neighbour was working in his yard when a late model car came crashing through his hedge and up onto his front lawn. He helped an elderly lady driver out of the car and sat her down on a lawn chair.

He said hesitantly, "You appear quite elderly to be driving."

"Wel, yes, I am," she replied proudly. "I'll be 97 next month, and I'm now old enough that I don't need a driver's license anymore. The last time I went to my doctor, he asked if I still had a driver's license. I told him yes, and handed it to him. He took out scissors, cut the license into pieces, and threw them in the waste basket saying, 'You won't need this anymore!' ---so I thanked him and left!"

Expense Report

Balance on hand before last issue \$341
Contributions Received 70
Cost of last issue (January) 120
Balance on hand before this issue \$291
Thank you for your support.

Betty T. Hill, 5801 Reading Rd. # 321,
Rosenberg, TX 77471 Phone: 832-449-3541
Email: bjth23@yahoo.com

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~DEATH~

A WONDERFUL WAY TO EXPLAIN IT

A sick man turned to his doctor as he was preparing to Leave the examination room and said, 'Doctor, I am afraid to die. Tell me what lies on the other side'. Very quietly, the doctor said, 'I don't know' 'You don't know? You're, a Christian man, and don't know what's on the other side?' The doctor was holding the handle of the door; On the other side came a sound of scratching and whining And as he opened the door, a dog sprang into the room And leaped on him with an eager show of gladness.

Turning to the patient, the doctor said, 'Did you notice my dog?

He's never been in this room before. He didn't know what was inside.

He knew nothing except that his master was here, And when the door opened, he sprang in without fear.

I know little of what is on the other side of death, But, I do know one thing. I know my Master is there and that is enough. '

May today there be peace within you.

May you trust God that you are exactly where you are meant to be. I believe that friends are quiet angels who lift us to our feet when our wings have trouble remembering how to fly.

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New Parrot (may be returned to store)

A woman went to a pet shop and immediately spotted a large, beautiful parrot. There was a sign on the cage that said \$50.00.

"Why so little?" she asked the pet store owner. The owner looked at her and said, "Look, I should tell you first that this bird used to live in a house of prostitution, and sometimes it says some pretty vulgar stuff."

The woman thought about this, but decided she had to have the bird anyway. She took it home and hung

the bird's cage up in her living room and waited for it to say something.

The bird looked around the room, then at her, and said, "new house, new madam."

She then thought "that's really not so bad."

When her two teenage daughters returned from school, the bird saw them and said,

"New house, new madam, new girls."

The girls and the woman were a bit offended but then began to laugh about the situation considering how and where the parrot had been raised.

Moments later, the woman's husband Keith came home from work. The bird looked at him and said, "Hi Keith."

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His First Dinner Prayer

At dinner with their guests, a little boy was ordered to lead in prayer...Being the first time for this, the five year old said: " But I don't know how to pray."

His dad persisted, "Just pray for your family members, friends and neighbors, the poor, etc."

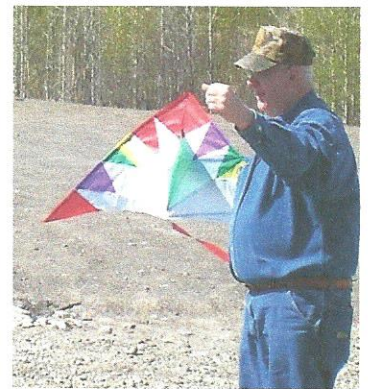
"Dear Lord" he started, "Thank you for our visitors and their kids, who ate all my cookies and ice cream. Bless them so they won't come again. Forgive our neighbor's son, who removed my sis' clothes and wrestled with her on her bed.

This coming Christmas, please, send clothes to all those poor naked ladies on my daddy's iPad, and provide shelter for the homeless men who use Mama's room when Dad's at work. Amen.",,,,,,
Dinner was cancelled.

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Senior Love!!!

I was in my back yard trying to launch a kite. I threw the kite up in the air, the wind would catch it for a few seconds, then it would come crashing back down to earth. I tried this a few more times with no success.



All the while, my wife Karen is watching from the kitchen window, muttering to herself how men need to be told how to do everything.

She opens the window and yelled to me, 'You need a piece of tail.'

I turned with a confused look on my face and yelled back, 'Make up your mind. Last night, you told me to go fly a kite.'

Fifty Years Together

A couple was celebrating 50 years together. Their three kids, all very successful, agreed to a Sunday dinner in their honor.

"Happy Anniversary Mom and Dad," gushed son number one. 'Sorry I'm running late. I had an emergency at the hospital with a patient, you know how it is, and I didn't have time to get you a gift."

"Not to worry," said the father. "The important thing is that we're all together today."

Son number two arrived and announced, "You and Mom look great, Dad. I just flew in from Los Angeles between depositions and didn't have time to shop for you."

"It's nothing," said the father. "We're glad you were able to come."

Just then the daughter arrived. "Hello and happy anniversary! I'm sorry, but my boss is sending me out of town and I was really busy packing so I didn't have time to get you anything."

After they had finished dessert, the father said, "There's something your mother and I have wanted to tell you for a long time. You see, we were very poor. Despite this, we were able to send each of you to college. Throughout the years your mother and I knew that we loved each other very much, but we just never found the time to get married."

The three children gasped and all said, "You mean we're bastards?"

"Yep," said the father, "And cheap ones too."

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THE OUTHOUSE POEM

The service station trade was slow
The owner sat around,
With sharpened knife and cedar stick
Piled shavings on the ground.

No modern facilities had they,
The log across the rill
Led to a shack, marked His and Hers
That sat against the hill.

"Where is the ladies restroom, sir?"
The owner leaning back,
Said not a word but whittled on,
And nodded toward the shack.



With quickened step she
entered there
But only stayed a minute,
Until she screamed, just like a
snake
Or spider might be in it.

With startled look and beet red
face
She bounded through the
door,

And headed quickly for the car
Just like three gals before.

She missed the foot log - jumped the stream
The owner gave a shout,
As her silk stockings, down at her knees
Caught on a sassafras sprout.

She tripped and fell - got up, and then
In obvious disgust,
Ran to the car, stepped on the gas,
And faded in the dust.



Of course we all desired to know
What made the gals all do
The things they did, and then we found
The whittling owner knew.

A speaking system he'd devised
To make the thing complete,
He tied a speaker on the wall
Beneath the toilet seat.

He'd wait until the gals got set
And then the devilish tike,
Would stop his whittling long enough,
To speak into the mike.

And as she sat, a voice below
Struck terror, fright and fear,
"Will you please use the other hole,
We're painting under here!"

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Honoring I-502, WWII and
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