



Company I Poopsheet



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

October 2014

Bag belonging to Floyd M. Taylor, I-502, found in France this summer.

July 2, 2014 Laurent Helie, Normandy, France, notified Betty of the following:

"I have found a bag canvas field M 1936 in Houesville, and on the bag, there had the ASN and Name and Surname! This brave man is or was Floyd Millard Taylor 502nd PIR I Co!"



Below: Photo of Laurent Helie (on the right) with veteran friend Bob Lowry and his wife Velt. Bob was in the 29th 116th IR, he has landed on Omaha the 6th June 1944 second wave! On this visit, Bob was presented the "Knight of the Legion of Honor" medal.



Editor's Note: After phone call attempts and letter, I've not had a response from Floyd M. Taylor or his family for comment, but know he would be happy about this find.

A Trooper's Reflection of D-Day

Harry Nivens remembers the battles he faced in Normandy on D-Day and the friends that didn't make it back home.



Harry Nivens received the "Knight of the Legion of Honor" medal from France for his service in Normandy

By Lyndsay Fogarty (Florida Lifestyle Magazine)
Nearly 20 years after the D-Day invasion in Normandy, Harry Nivens of St. Cloud was walking down the hallway of a San Francisco hotel when he saw a familiar face. It was Sergeant Woody Cummings, one of his friends from the 502nd parachute infantry in the 101st airborne division. They were both there for a reunion but Cummings didn't expect to see his friend.

"He runs up and hugs me," Nivens remembers. "He says, 'I thought you were dead,' and he pulls out a piece of parachute cloth that someone from my company had written down the names of all the men that were killed. My name was on it."

In the confusion of combat, someone got it wrong. Nivens survived the battlefields of Normandy. Although the memories are painful, he remembers

the friendships he made and lost in those battlefields.

Preparing for War Nivens enlisted in the U.S. Army in January of 1942 when he was 19 years old. He voluntarily joined the airborne division partly because soldiers with parachute jump status received an extra \$50 a month, but also, he jokes, because “you had to be a little crazy to get into it.” During his time in jump training, he developed a close friendship with Emmitt Nix and Neil Owens.

Nivens remembers a time in Tennessee when their unit was practicing large-scale maneuvers and he got a bit rebellious with Nix. During these training exercises, their environment mimicked what was to be expected in Europe so their meals left much to be desired. The pair heard that they would get a hot meal if the opposing forces captured them. The thought of a nice, hot meal gave them an idea. “One day we were behind the lines and we allowed ourselves to be captured by the other forces but we didn’t get any warm meals. We got the same old K rations,” Nivens says with a laugh.

A short time later, an enemy Jeep approached their group and set off a machine gun round. According to the rules, they should have allowed the enemy to take them prisoner. Remembering the lack of a hot meal, the friends bolted, jumping over a nearby fence to escape. It’s memories like these – the ones that make Nivens smile – that help to at least partially soothe the sting of the loss that was to come later.

Fast forward to D-Day morning. Nix, Nivens, Owens, and the rest of their unit were inside a plane ready to put several month’s worth of training into action. The young men had left their families behind to step onto the world stage in Normandy, into one of the bloodiest battles of World War II. “I really don’t think I had too many thoughts at that time. I think our thoughts, or at least mine, were concentrating on doing the job that we were supposed to do,” he says.

In the Trenches For the 18 men in that plane, the designated drop zone was miscalculated and their landings were scattered. Nivens and Nix found each other and made their way to Saint-Mere-Eglise, the first town liberated in the invasion. With the assistance of a Frenchman, a map and a paratrooper who knew the language, they were able

to determine their location and the best route to Utah Beach, their original landing zone.

Several days later, on June 10, 1944, the men and their unit were making their way to Carentan with orders to seize the town. Along the route, they came across a crumbled bridge. One at a time, they crossed a footbridge that had been rigged by their battalion commander all while under sniper fire. Once Nivens crossed, he saw Nix lying ahead of him. A bullet had pierced his body and propelled him into the water. Without skipping a beat, Nivens pulled him onto the bank and cut his shirt open to assess the wound. “When I cut the shirt open the bullet was inside the shirt,” he remembers. “It had enough power to go through his body but it didn’t have enough power to penetrate his shirt. I thought he was going to be alright. I took the bullet and put it in his hand and I told him, ‘Hang on to this for a souvenir.’”

Nivens called for a medic for his friend and continued advancing. Without Nix by his side, his unit experienced bombings by enemy planes, a bayonet charge on the Germans, and plenty of enemy fire. Eventually, he took cover with Celso Garcia in a ditch down the street from the farmhouse they had just charged. Garcia crawled from the ditch to a trooper who was lying in the road. When he returned, he reported to Nivens that the man in the road was Owens and that he had been killed.

It was in that ditch that Nivens received the blow that would take him out of the battlefields for good. “I was hit by machine gun fire while I was standing up firing. After I was hit, I was laying in the road. I was real thirsty so I took my canteen out to take a drink of water ... and a bullet had gone through my canteen from top to bottom sometime prior to that so I had no water,” he says. Garcia found a carton of Carnation milk that had been left behind by German soldiers and punctured it with his bayonet for Nivens. “That was some of the best milk I’ve ever tasted,” he remembers.

Four hours later, Nivens was evacuated to a first aid station, where he learned Nix didn’t make it. He was then transported to a hospital station near Utah Beach, which was more equipped to handle his wounds. It was there that he had what he describes as an out of body experience due to the heavy blood loss. “It was like I had this sensation that I was above my body looking down at two medics working on

me," he explains. "It was like I was in a tunnel with a light at the end of it, a very peaceful feeling." It took years before he relayed this experience to others. He was flown back to England, where he was fitted with a body cast and a steel pin through his right knee and left ankle. Once back in the U.S. it took months for his physical wounds to heal but even longer for the emotional wounds to settle. Even 70 years later, those memories haven't faded much.

Living With the Aftermath Nivens named his son Theodore Neil Owens after his two best friends who never made their way home from Normandy; Theodore for Emmitt Theodore Nix and Neil for Cornelius Owens. Some may consider him a hero but he doesn't. "Well, I've never thought the ones that came back were heroes," he says, choking up on the words. "I mean, they were, but the ones that are still there are the heroes."

Over the years, Nivens has tried to contact the families of the men that died in Normandy and the battles that followed, to pass on what he knew about the circumstances surrounding their deaths. He tells the story of a Pennsylvania man who had no idea why his cousin was buried in England when he supposedly died in the Holland jump. After researching, Nivens found out the man's cousin was standing at the door of the plane, ready to make the jump, when he was killed by anti-aircraft fire. His lieutenant pulled him back in and he was flown back to England after the rest of his company safely exited the aircraft. Due to wartime confusion, he was buried in England.

How does Nivens feel about having the opportunity to help these families understand what happened to their loved ones? "It's gratifying," he says. "Because most of them just received a telegram."

Nivens received his own closure after years of searching for the family and burial site of Owens. Five years of searching the Internet, calling anyone he found with the same name as Owens' brother Richard, and enlisting the help of others culminated in a reunion of the Owens family and Nivens in the final resting place of his friend: a cemetery in Brooklyn, New York. He was able to share with them what happened to their relative in Normandy

and introduce them to a family member they would never know.

In the 70 years that have passed since the Normandy invasion, Nivens has re-visited the battlefields and reunited with old comrades. He has been to the World War II Memorial in Washington D.C. and was included in a documentary for the History Channel called "Band of Brothers." Recently, he was awarded the "Knight of the Legion of Honor" medal from France, the country's highest distinction. He survived a pivotal moment in America's history and is one of few that can share his experiences firsthand to keep the memories alive for future generations.



Robert J. Harle, 92, of Diffley Road Asheville, died Saturday July 19, 2014 in WCA Hospital. He was born April 29, 1922 in Jamestown, NY.

Prior to his retirement, he was employed at Ring & Pierce-All Division of Producto Machine..

A proud World War II veteran, he was the recipient of the Bronze Star, Croix de Guerre, Grand Cross of Homage of the Military Order of the Ardennes, Distinguished Unit Badge, Combat Infantry Badge, Good Conduct Medal, and New York State Conspicuous Service Cross. A veteran of the Battle of the Bulge- HQ, 502 Parachute Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division he "participated, endured and survived the greatest land battle ever fought and won by the United States Army".

Prior to his enlistment in September 1940, he was a member of the Civilian Conservation Corps. Robert served as Historian of Herman Kent Post 777 and received Honorable Mention in the American Legion Dept. of New York 2003 Annual Post Yearbook History Contest. He was a member of the **101st Airborne Division Association (HQ 502)** as well as a Life Member Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 524 Corning, NY and Branch Honorary Patron of Branch 272 of the Royal Canadian Legion.

69th National Reunion of 101st Airborne



George Koskimaki, HQ 10st, speaks of his experiences in WWII at the banquet August 16, 2014 in Grand Rapids, MI..
Photo courtesy Dan Cutting.

Bubba

His name was Bubba, he was from Mississippi ... And he needed a loan, So... He walked into a bank in New York City and asked for the loan Officer. He told the loan officer that he was going to Paris for an International redneck festival for two weeks and needed to borrow \$5,000 and that he was not a depositor of the bank. The bank officer told him that the bank would need some form of security for the loan, so the Redneck handed over the keys to a new Ferrari. The car was parked on the street in front of the bank.

The Redneck produced the title and everything checked out. The loan officer agreed to hold the car as collateral for the loan and apologized for having to charge 12% interest.

Later, the bank's president and its officers all enjoyed a good laugh at the Redneck from the South for using a \$250,000 Ferrari as collateral for a \$5,000 loan. An employee of the bank then drove the Ferrari into the bank's private underground garage and parked it.

Two weeks later, the Redneck returned, repaid the \$5,000 and the interest of \$23.07. The loan

officer said, "Sir, we are very happy to have had your business, and this transaction has worked out very nicely, but we are a little puzzled. While you were away, we checked you out on Dunn & Bradstreet and found that you are a Distinguished Alumni from Ole Miss University, a highly sophisticated investor and Multi-Millionaire with real estate and financial interests all over the world. Your investments include a large number of wind turbines around Sweetwater, Texas. What puzzles us is, why would you bother to borrow \$5,000?"

The good 'ole boy replied, "Where else in New York City can I park my car for two weeks for only \$23.07 and expect it to be there when I return?"

Keep an eye on those southern boys! Just because we talk funny does not mean we are stupid.

Brains of elderly are slow because they know so much

Sarah Knapton, Science Correspondent 20 Jan 2014

Older people do not decline mentally with age, it just takes them longer to recall facts because they have more information in their brains, scientists have discovered.

Much like a computer struggles when the hard drive gets full up, so too do humans take longer to access information, it has been researched and proven.

Researchers say this slowing down it is not the same as cognitive decline .

"The human brain works slower in old age," said Dr . Michael Ramscar, "but only because we have stored s much more information over time. "The brains of older people do not get weak. On the contrary, they simply know more. "

SO THERE!

There are five things that you cannot recover in life:

- (1) The Stone...after it's thrown
- (2) The Word...after it's said,
- (3) The Occasion...after it's missed, and
- (4) The Time...after it's gone.
- (5) A person...after they die

Forest Gump Enters Heaven



The day finally arrived. Forrest Gump dies and goes to Heaven. He is at the Pearly Gates, met by St. Peter himself.

However, the gates are closed,

and Forrest approaches the gatekeeper.

St. Peter said, 'Well, Forrest, it is certainly good to see you. We have heard a lot about you. I must tell you, though, that the place is filling up fast, and we have been administering an entrance examination for everyone. The test is short, but you have to pass it before you can get into Heaven.'

Forrest responds, 'It sure is good to be here, St. Peter, sir. But nobody ever told me about any entrance exam. I sure hope the test ain't too hard. Life was a big enough test as it was.' St. Peter continued, 'Yes, I know, Forrest, but the test is only three questions.

First: What two days of the week begin, with the letter T?

Second: How many seconds are there in a year?

Third: What is God's first name?

Forrest leaves to think the questions over. He returns the next day and sees St. Peter, who waves him up, and says, 'Now that you have had a chance to think the questions over, tell me your answers.'

Forrest replied, 'Well, the first one -- which two days in the week begins with the letter 'T'? Shucks, That one is easy. That would be Today and Tomorrow.'

The Saint's eyes opened wide and he exclaimed, 'Forrest, that is not what I was thinking, but you do have a point, and I guess I did not specify, so I will give you credit for that answer. How about the next one?' asked St. Peter.

'How many seconds in a year? Now that one is harder,' replied Forrest, 'but I think and think about that, and I guess the only answer can be Twelve.' Astounded, St. Peter said, 'Twelve? Twelve? Forrest, how in Heaven's name could

you come up with twelve seconds in a year? Forrest replied, 'Shucks, there's got to be twelve: January 2nd, February 2nd, March 2nd...'

'Hold it, interrupts St. Peter. 'I see where you are going with this, and I see your point, though that was not quite what I had in mind... But I will have to give you credit for that one, too. Let us go on with the third and final question.

Can you tell me God's first name?' 'Sure,' Forrest replied, it's Andy.'

'Andy?' Exclaimed an exasperated and frustrated St Peter. Ok, I can understand how you came up with your answers to my first two questions, but just how in the world did you come up with the name Andy as the first name of God?'

You are going to love this... 'Shucks, that was the easiest one of all,' Forrest replied. 'I learnt it from the song,

ANDY WALKS WITH ME,

ANDY TALKS WITH ME,

ANDY TELLS ME I AM HIS OWN.'

St. Peter opened the Pearly Gates, and said: 'Run, Forrest, run.'

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Tale of Two Little Boys

Two little boys, Tom and Danny, are excessively mischievous. They are always getting into trouble and their Mom knows if any mischief occurs in their town, the two boys are probably involved.

The boys' mother heard that a preacher in town had been successful in disciplining children, so she asked if he would speak with her boys. The preacher agreed, but he asked to see them individually.

The mother sent Danny in the morning, with the older boy to see the preacher in the afternoon. The preacher, a huge man with a deep booming voice, sat the younger boy down and asked him sternly,

"Do you know where God is, son?"

The boy's mouth dropped open, but he made no response, sitting there wide-eyed with his mouth hanging open. So the preacher repeated the question in an even sterner tone, "Where is God?!"

Again, the boy made no attempt to answer. The preacher raised his voice even more and shook his finger in the boy's face and bellowed, "WHERE IS GOD?!"

The boy screamed & bolted from the room, ran directly home & dove into his closet, slamming the door behind him. When his older brother found him in the closet, he asked, "What happened?"

The younger brother, gasping for breath, replied, "We are in BIG trouble this time!" "GOD is missing, and they think WE did it!"

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Meanwhile, at the Catholic School

Until a child tells you what they are thinking, we can't even begin to imagine how their mind is working....

Little Zachary was doing very badly in math. His parents had tried everything...tutors, mentors, flash cards, special learning centers. In short, everything they could think of to help his math.

Finally, in a last ditch effort, they took Zachary down and enrolled him in the local Catholic school. After the first day, little Zachary came home with a very serious look on his face. He didn't even kiss his mother hello. Instead, he went straight to his room and started studying. Books and papers were spread out all over the room and little Zachary was hard at work. His mother was amazed. She called him down to dinner.

To her shock, the minute he was done, he marched back to his room without a word, and in no time, he was back hitting the books as hard as before.

This went on for some time, day after day, while the mother tried to understand what made all the difference.

Finally, little Zachary brought home his report Card.. He quietly laid it on the table, went up to his room and hit the books. With great trepidation, His Mom looked at it and to her great surprise, Little Zachary got an 'A' in math. She could no longer hold her curiosity.. She went to his room and said, 'Son, what was it? Was it the nuns?' Little Zachary looked at her and shook his head, no.. 'Well, then,' she replied, "Was it

the books, the discipline, the structure, the uniforms? WHAT WAS IT?"

Little Zachary looked at her and said, 'Well, on the first day of school when I saw that guy nailed to the plus sign, I knew they weren't fooling around.'

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The White Collar

A priest was invited to attend a house party. Naturally, he was properly dressed and wearing his priest's collar.

A little boy kept staring at him the entire evening. Finally, the priest asked the little boy what he was staring at. The little boy pointed to the priest's neck.

When the priest finally realized what the boy was pointing at, he asked the boy, "Do you know why I am wearing that?"

The boy nodded his head yes, and replied, "It kills fleas and ticks for up to three months."

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Clever Signs

At an Optometrist's Office:

"If you don't see what you're looking for, you've come to the right place."

At a Car Dealership:

"The best way to get back on your feet -miss a car payment."

Outside a Muffler Shop:

"No appointment necessary. We hear you coming."

In a Restaurant window:

"Don't stand there and be hungry; come on in and get fed up."

In the front yard of a Funeral Home:

"Drive carefully. We'll wait."

And don't forget the sign at a Chicago radiator shop:

"Best place in town to take a leak."

And the best one for last.....

Sign on the back of Septic Tank Truck:

"Caution - This Truck is full of Political Promises"

Only U.S. Woman POW in WWII Europe



<http://marinephotos.togetherweserved.com>

On September 27, 1944 a C-47 assigned to the 813th Medical Air Evacuation Squadron lifted off from England into the clear morning sky. Its destination was a landing field at St. Trond, Belgium to pick up casualties. Since the aircraft usually carried military supplies and troops on the outbound flight and casualties on the return trip, it was not marked with the Red Cross.

Aboard the aircraft was 24-year-old Texas born Second Lt. Reba Whittle, an experienced flight nurse with 40 missions and over 500 hours flight time.

Somewhere along the way to Belgium the plane strayed far from its intended route, entering German airspace where it was hit by German flak a couple of miles outside Aachen. The crew braced themselves as the plane gained and lost elevation from heavy shrapnel tearing through its thin-skinned fuselage and disabling an engine. Whittle held onto her seat for dear life as they began to nosedive.

On impact, Whittle was violently thrown from her seat and into the navigator's compartment five feet away. Sergeant Hill, her surgical technician, was wounded in the arm and leg, one of the pilots was killed, the other badly hurt. Whittle herself suffered from concussion, and injuries and lacerations to her face and back. Dazed, the crew immediately evacuated the burning plane through the top hatch. As soon as the last of the crew had left the plane, they saw German

soldiers had arrived and were pointing their rifles at them.

Whittle was startled when a German soldier suddenly stepped forward, set down his rifle, grabbed a bandage out of his bag and began to wrap it around her head. She didn't even know that she was bleeding. On the other Germans followed his lead and began providing the rest of the aircrew first aid before marching them the two miles to Aachen.

In Aachen, they were led to a brick house where they were each given some fruit to eat before being questioned by an English speaking officer. They each gave the officer their name, rank and serial number (as required by the Geneva Conventions) and were then taken into the kitchen where they were given coffee with black bread and butter.

When finished eating, the five American prisoners were ushered onto an old bus and driven 40 miles to their next destination. After driving through a tall metal fence, they were taken into an office filled with officers working on assorted paperwork and led upstairs to sleeping quarters. The four men were given one room and Whittle was given another.

About an hour and a half later the five were awakened and taken back downstairs where another English speaking officer question each of them as the officer had done at their previous stop. At 1100, they were loaded into the back of a truck and brought to a German military hospital where the doctor finished Whittle's treatment and said, "Too bad you're a woman, you are the first one and no one knows exactly what to do with you."

On October 1, 1944 the group was separated as the men were sent to a nearby Stalag or prison camp and Whittle waited for the Germans to decide on what they were going to do with her. Five days later, she was sent to Stalag IXC or 9C in Meiningen where she was assigned to work in the hospital, caring for her fellow POWs. A Swiss legation that negotiated POW transfers, mostly of wounded prisoners, discovered her in custody and began to arrange her release.

Whittle was escorted by the German Red Cross away from the camp along with 109 male POWS as part of a prisoner exchange. She was then transported by train to Switzerland along with

other prisoners who were being returned on medical or psychiatric grounds, then flew back to the United States.

She returned to duty in the hospital at Hamilton Field, California where she was awarded the Air Medal and a Purple Heart, and promoted to first lieutenant. She also married Lieutenant Colonel Stanley W. Tobiason, her fiance before being captured. They later had two sons, one who was a naval aviator who flew mission in Vietnam. She was discharged on January 13, 1946.

Whittle suffered from an assortment of physical and psychiatric problems. She sought compensation from the Veterans Administration, and in 1950 began a series of appeals for military medical retirement. Despite diagnoses of post-traumatic encephalopathy, chronic severe anxiety reaction, and early lumbosacral arthritis, her appeals were denied. Whittle also applied for, and was denied, POW status. The problem was her status as a POW was undocumented by the U.S. military. She had been ordered by the Army not to talk about her experiences - a common wartime regulation designed to protect military personnel still held by the enemy.

She and her husband continued to fight the bureaucracy to recognize her POW status and to receive back pay. She finally accepted a cash settlement in 1955. While nurses who were imprisoned in Asia had received hero's receptions upon their release, Whittle's story was kept quiet by the Army and barely noticed by the media in the celebration of the war's end. Whittle died of breast cancer in 1981. Her POW status was officially conferred by the military two years after her death.

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Editor's Note: The Company I Poopsheet is delivered by email where possible. Send your email address to bjth23@yahoo.com It is online at www.bettysipage.com
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November 11, 2014 is Veteran's Day... we wish a blessed and happy day to all veterans. Thank you for your service.

Alert: November 11 is Robert Hartzell's birthday..... 313 Wentz St., Tiffin, OH 44883

Happy Birthday Bob!

AN IRISHMAN'S FIRST DRINK WITH HIS SON

I was reading an article last night about fathers and sons, and memories came flooding back of the time I took my son out for his first drink.

Off we went to our local bar, which is only two blocks from the house.

I got him a Miller Genuine. He didn't like it – so I drank it.

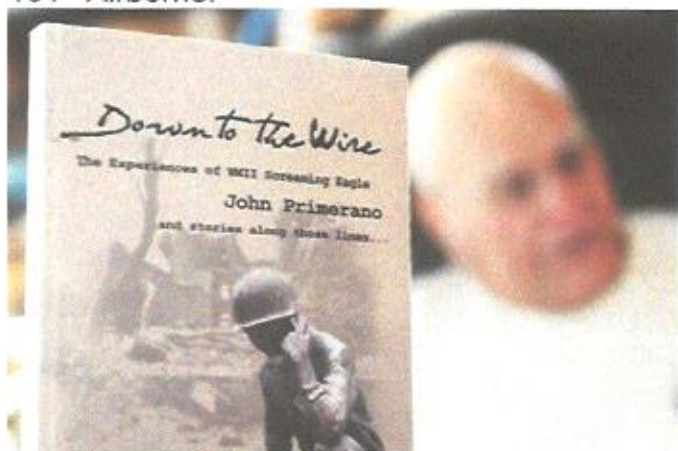
Then I got him an Old Style, he didn't like it either, so I drank it.

It was the same with the Coors and the Bud.

By the time we got down to the Irish whiskey, I could hardly push the stroller back home.

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Look for this New Book

"Down to the Wire" by Cailin Casey and John Primerano.... A biography of John Primerano's WWII experience as a wireman with 501 PIR, 101st Airborne.



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I Co., 502 PIR veterans on our mail list:

Augustnowski	Edward	Wethersfield	CT
Brangwin	Joe S.	Ridgecrest	CA
Camarillo	Fernando S.	San Antonio	TX
Clark	Jack R.	New Castle	PA
Dunch	Louis B.	Sharon	PA
Elliott	Chester H.	Birch Tree	MO
Hartzell	Robert J.	Tiffin	OH
Hennessey	Joseph S.	Sarasota	FL
Kelly	Earl R.	Aberdeen	MD
Nivens	Harry C.	St. Cloud	FL
Penkwitz	William	Mishicot	WI
Vaccaro	Richard P.	Cottonwood	AZ
Taylor	Floyd M.	Midwest City	OK

1944 – 2014, The 70th Anniverday of Liberation in Holland

Peter van de Wal, Eindhoven, writes:

September 14, 2014 we commemorated the start of Operation Market Garden in 1944.

About 350 WWII vehicles followed parts of the original Hell's Highway from the Belgium Border to Arnhem with a few days pause in a base camp in Veghel. 200.000 people watched the parade alongside Hell's Highway.

We missed the veterans that were part of the 50th anniversary in 1994. Lest we forget.

Thank you to all my FB friends for photos.



The 'roundabouts' ready for celebration
Above photos by Peter van de Wal

WWII vehicles cross the bridge at Son on the 14th of September 2014. .



Below: September 16, 2014, more WWII vehicles crossing on the newly constructed Bailey Bridge across Wilhelmina Canal in Son.



Photo from Barry Pulles





WWW.LUKEFOTO.NL
Veterans Eugene Gilbreath, John Primerano, Edward Hallo and Ray Nagell at ceremony in Eerde, Sept 17, 2014. Photo by Peter van de Wal.
Below: Photo from Simon Field's of jump in Eerde:



Below: Going in for jump at Grave:



Raymond Casner F-502 PIR, Graham Casner and Kevin Casner in Holland for the 70th:

Kevin Casner photos from Best, Netherlands. Our stop at the Joe Mann Memorial Ceremony. This event include Dad, Graham and Steve with the Mayor of Best, and the US Army attache' for Market Garden "Remember September 44". Having lunch with the niece of Joe Mann...she and her husband joined us on our afternoon tour of the jump site where both Joe Mann and dad landed, we came to find out that they were within a quarter of a mile of each other during the battle. We were also joined by the sons of William Stephens 502nd PIR D Company.



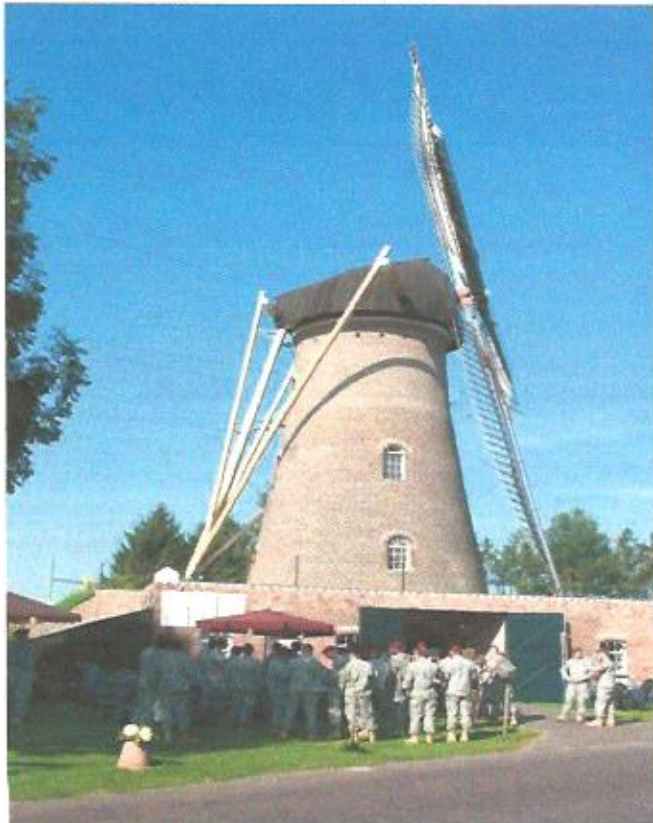
Raymond Casner, F-502 in Best, Sept. 2014





Sept. 21, 2014, Edward Hallo, A-501, At a special ceremony conducted at the Utah Beach Museum, 501st PIR veteran, Ed Hallo, was recognized by the museum director for his service during the Second World War.

Paratroopers assigned to 1st Brigade Combat Team, 82nd Airborne Division gather outside a windmill near Veghel, Netherlands, Sept. 15, during a staff ride chronicling the airborne assault made by the 101st Airborne Division during Operation Market Garden in World War II. During the staff ride Paratroopers assigned to 3rd Platoon, Company A, 2nd Battalion, 501st Parachute Infantry Regiment, 1st BCT, retraced the footsteps of their platoon's predecessors throughout the Eindhoven region. #MarketGarden70(U.S. Army photo by Staff Sgt. Mary S. Katzenberger)



Paratroopers assigned to 1st Brigade Combat Team, 82nd Airborne Division, sit in the Dome of Remembrance at the Nationaal Bevrijdingsmuseum in Groesbeek, Netherlands, Sept. 16, during a staff ride. The dome, an artistic rendition of a parachute canopy, memorializes the Allied forces that gave their lives during Operation Market Garden in World War II. #MarketGarden70 (U.S. Army photo by Staff Sgt. Mary S. Katzenberger)



God, please bless our veterans

It is the VETERAN , not the preacher,
Who has given us freedom of religion.
It is the VETERAN , not the reporter,
Who has given us freedom of the press.
It is the VETERAN , not the poet,
Who has given us freedom of speech.
It is the VETERAN , not the campus organizer,
Who has given us freedom to assemble.
It is the VETERAN , not the lawyer,
Who has given us the right to a fair trial.
It is the VETERAN , not the politician,
Who has given us the right to vote.
It is the VETERAN , Who salutes the Flag,
It is the VETERAN , Who serves under our Flag,
GRANT THEM O LORD PERPETUAL LIGHT TO
SHINE UPON THEM.

Words of Wisdom from Snoopy:
"Every time you find some humor in a difficult situation, you win!"



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

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Snowbird Reunion

101st Airborne Division Association

February 4 – 8, 2015

Tampa, Florida

Marriott Westshore Hotel

Call 1-813- 287-2555 (Hotel)

Reunion Information & Registration:

www.101abnfgcc.org

70th anniversary Freedom celebration in Eindhoven on September 18, 2014. Photo by Eddy Bertels.

