



Company I Poopsheet



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

July 2015

Honor Flight Arizona Congratulations Richard



Cindy Harms writes: My dad, **Richard Vaccaro, I-502** and I (as his guardian) attended the WWII "Honor Flight Aizona" to Washington, DC on March 17, 2015. There were 25 veterans along with their guardians who were flown to DC and treated like royalty. The veteran's expenses were totally paid through donations.

Among the sights we visited ere the Capitol Building, the Lincoln Memorial, the Korean Memorial Iwo Jima monument, Air Force Memorial, and World War II Memorial. We also visited Arlington and witnessed the Changing of the Guard.

This was an inspiring and emotional trip. It's hard to describe how meaningful this trip was to us all who participated.

We encourage all vets to contact their state's Honor Flight organization to attend one of their awesome trips.
Cindy Harms

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Honor Flight Organization information:
www.honorflight.org or Honor Flight, Inc., 300 E. Auburn Ave. Springfield, OH 45505-4703 -
Office Hours: 9:00 a.m. – 5:00 p.m. EST
Phone: 937-521-2400

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New Battle of the Bulge Monument on Foy - Bizory Road near Bastogne. Its construction led by Robert Remacle honors all divisions involved in the Battle of Bulge in this area of the Bois Jacques or Jack Woods.

Theodora (Ted)i Schmolli attended the dedication on May 29, 2015 in honor of her father Edgar Kelley, 501 PIR, who was killed action there in January 1945, and representing all other families and veterans of the 101st Airborne.

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Joe Goes to Washington on Honor Flight



Kathryn Lyon tells us about the Honor Flight from Florida on April 21, 2015. **Joe Hennessey, I-502,** 101st Airborne and his friend, Stanley Folts, US Navy, WWII, were on this trip with 78 other veterans.

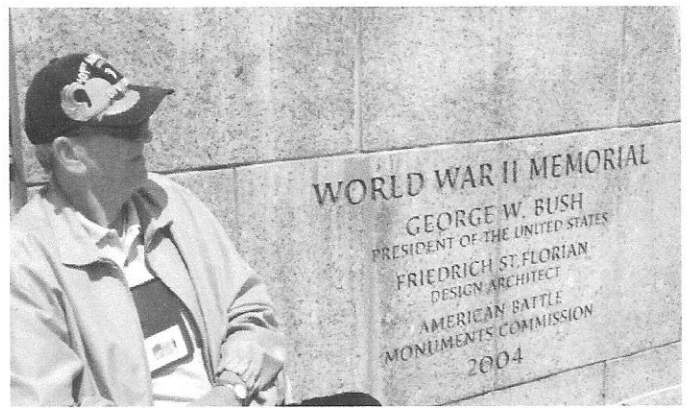
The veterans spent the night before at a hotel near St. Petersburg/Clearwater airport. Each was assigned a "guardian" for the trip. This person took care of their every need and were with them all the way!

Joe's 'guardian' on the trip, Kathryn Lyon writes: We were at the Airport at 4 a.m. and were served a Big Breakfast by a lot of smiling faces from McDonalds. Then it was on to the plane and as we left the St Pete/Clearwater Airport the emergency vehicles lined up to salute us.

As we got into BWI Airport they welcomed us! A Water Cannon Welcome!!! And many Honor Flight people met us and helped us get to the 3 busses waiting for us in Baltimore.



Our first stop was the Air Force Memorial and Arlington Cemeterywe had a picnic box lunch waiting for us compliments of Home Depot. They were doing a Flag Ceremony for 400 Flags on the day we were there. These flags are given to the families of the fallen, and other Military families that request them. Next



we drove by the Capital building, but did not stop, and then on to the WWI Memorial. There we met retired Senator Bob Dole, WWII veteran. Took many photos, one with my Veteran, Joe Hennessey, in front of one of several carvings in the Memorial.

Joe was talking to school kids at Viet Nam



Memorial. They each shook his hand and thanked him for his service.

After a very busy day, we headed back to the BWI Airport with our 80 Veterans and their chairs.....and headed back to Florida. Arriving around 10:30 p.m, a huge crowd greeted the veterans inside the airport with "thank you for your service" and "welcome home". We walked through the long line of people and started hearing cheering, an orchestra playing Big Band Music, and clapping off in the distance finally, as we came around the corner into the baggage Claim area to a fantastic Welcome Home Party. Joe says he had a wonderful day, beautiful memories.

Buddies Forever

By Stephen Hartzell, son of Bob Hartzell

When asked, at age 82, when was the last time he had a flashback dream, Bob Hartzell responded, "Night before last. I was talking to Earl Kelly about a week or so ago, and he was talking about the same thing. He says, "You know Bob, we can't get rid of that. It'll go with us to the grave." And he's right. I would say once every month or two to this day. It's like Kelly says, we'll never get rid of it. You just have to learn to live with it." Every dream had the same result – being cut to pieces by an enemy machine gun.

In a 2004 interview with the Baltimore Sun, Kelly admitted, "There's no way I could have remotely imagined the traumatic experience I went through. But when you're in the units and you're talking with your buddies, you're all one."

It is true that Bob Hartzell had a very hard time adjusting to civilian life after having experienced the horrors of war. "When I was discharged in 1945, I didn't work for a year", says Bob. "I hung out in bars and nightclubs for 12 months. It cost me \$2700 to settle down."

Glenn Moe described that feeling thusly. "After the war I felt freedom like a wild colt in the woods. It was hard for me to settle down."

Bob Hartzell made his first 101st Airborne Division Reunion in 1954. He made at least one reunion for 49 consecutive years thereafter through 2002, including openly say, "I love you," it is certain that a strong bond has welded us together, a bond that none of us will ever forget, welded on the battlefield."

"For many years, Bill & Ruth Purdy (I-502) opened their hotel room, (usually to include an adjoining room and still spilling out into the hallway) - always with plenty of food and drink, (and a bathtub iced down full of beer) - for all of us to gather and to socialize at our 101st National Reunions. That yearly room became known as "Purdy's Foxhole" and was the headquarters for our Company I gathering. Even when we had our private Company I Reunions, "Purdy's Foxhole" was functioning full blast." For every man who was reunited with a fellow trooper at a reunion, another was remembered with such thoughts as, "I'd love to

see that guy again." So strong was the desire to give as many Company I people as possible this special Reunion experience, that they started among themselves the "Total Reunion Attendance Effort". Those who were able contributed to the fund so the annual 101st Reunion, the Florida-based Snowbird Reunion and many other gatherings. He found it to be so helpful to his own journey that he continued to encourage others to make the reunions. After all, it is true that nobody on the planet understands your experiences better than those people with whom you shared those experiences.

"It's a tremendous help", Bob said. "When I go to those reunions, I know I can talk to those guys, they know what I'm talking about. I've already gone to the VFW, DAV, and tried to talk to guys about things like that and it's meaningless to me because they weren't in the same situations that we were in. They probably had their own experiences that they gotta battle with. The difference is that these guys were with me. We were together and we went through it together.

Following a special 1987 gathering of Company I people, one that attracted 60 people, Bob wrote the following:

"The most important thing that happened was the sharing of ourselves with each other, and the coming together from all parts of our nation just to be with each other. This sharing and caring which we have for each other has overflowed on to our wives who have become a very integral part of all of our gatherings. When men our age, and women too, can hug each other and openly say, "I love you," it is certain that a strong bond has welded us together, a bond that none of us will ever forget, welded on the battlefield."

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On several occasions, Bob traveled to find and visit the families of Company I buddies who had died in action. He felt that it was very important that these families know the circumstances of their man's death, and what kind of men they were. One of these was the family of Emmit Nix (in Cleveland, Georgia), who Bob had watched die from a sniper's bullet after he had called men killed in the war, those who had died since, and added some well-known Airborne songs in between, including the 101st Airborne Division song.

The tape clearly had a big impact on the guys, as Clyde Cater described. "Well you finally got to me. The tape brought back some memories that I have tried hard to push back into the back of my mind. I guess I have been wrong in doing so. Nevertheless, I will cherish the tape for the rest of my life. Thanks for the wonderful job you have done. Keep up the good work and God Bless you."

It is clear that being able to stay in touch via this newsletter has greatly enriched the lives of these war buddies. One of Bob's strongest ongoing topics was in strongly encouraging the guys to attend a reunion. By 1972, Company I of the 502nd regularly was among the highest reunion attendance in the entire Division! The veterans of Company I repeatedly expressed their men killed in the war, those who had died since, and added some well-known Airborne songs in between, including the 101st Airborne Division song.

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Indeed, Bob has made it a high priority to remain in close contact with his "Buddies" over the years. To that end, he launched a nationwide search for Company I veterans, about 1960. Through form letters, wartime address lists and communicating with guys he had found, he was finally able to find almost all of them. (He was so good at finding the men, that Chappie Hall enlisted him in the mid 60's to help find the rest of the 502 veterans. Hall published his "Ducksheet" from about 1965 until his death in 1970.)

Bob began to publish a newsletter, eventually entitled "Company I Poopsheet", in 1961. He continued to do this until Feb., 2003, after which Betty Taylor Hill, sister of fallen Company I man Lester Taylor, continued publication, at the urging of Harry Nivens. By 1972 Bob's Company I mailing list consisted of 180 names. Whenever a new Poopsheet was back from the printer and ready to be sent out, it was a big event in the Hartzell household. Dad formed an assembly line, with each of us assigned a task. Dad wrote a name and address on the front of a long envelope with pre-printed return address. The next persons folded the copy, stuffed it in the envelope, wetted the seal with a washrag and sealed, wetted and applied the stamp, and

placed it in the envelope box. It took Dad and about 4 kids to form an efficient assembly line. In early 1977, Bob Hartzell wrote this. "During the past year, because of the work involved, I had nearly decided to discontinue publication of the Company I Poopsheet. But now I believe the Lord wants me to continue, for these reasons. We all have a need to know when any of our buddies pass on or are in serious distress. I know that each of us enjoy reading of the happenings of our buddies and also of the various activities and functions of our unit, and the Poopsheet supplies these needs. If I were asked today why I am doing this work my answer would be; for the love of God and because I love all of you."

In 1981, Bob Hartzell recorded a special cassette tape and distributed it to the Poopsheet mailing list. In the tape he read the names of those Company I men killed in the war, those who had died since, and added some well-known Airborne songs in between, including the 101st Airborne Division song.

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Again, in 1999, Jim Howell & Harry Nivens organized an effort to show their deep appreciation by sending him on a trip back to Normandy for an anniversary event. Here is the letter that Jim Howell sent out.

*"Dear Fellow Members of Co. I, 502nd, WWII
As everyone is aware, Robert (BOB) Hartzell has been a dedicated representative of Company I since 1945. He has maintained the camaraderie of Co. I members as no other company in the 101st Airborne Division. The information in our "Company I Poopsheet" over the years has welded us into a very close band of brothers.*

During the "Snowbird" Reunion in Kissimmee, Florida, February 5th thru 7th, Company I men present (16) discussed what could be done for Bob to show our appreciation for his true dedication over the years. Bob was seriously wounded in Normandy and Company I members present at the "Snowbird" Reunion" felt that it would be a lasting tribute to Bob if we could finance a trip for him to return to Normandy either in May or September of this year. At first he adamantly refused to even discuss it, but eventually conceded that if all Company I members were desirous of this tribute he would accept.

This letter is to advise you of this project and solicit your aid as much as possible. All donations should be forwarded to James K. Howell, P. O. Box 528, Aberdeen, Mississippi, 39730., Should you desire your donation to be listed as anonymous please advise, because a complete accounting of all donations will be maintained. Should anyone desire a copy of the list of donations contact Howell, Telephone 601-369-4395, or write to him.

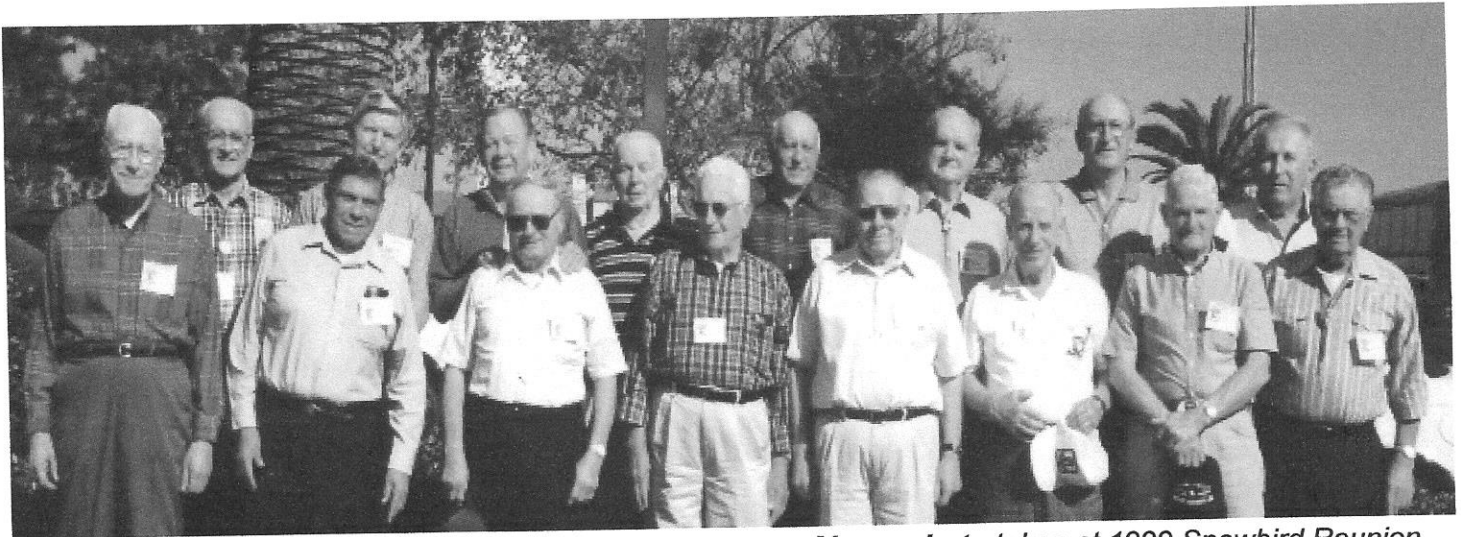
We realize this is an ambitious project, but at the same time extremely worthwhile. Just contribute what you wish to and can afford to.

Thank You.

Sincerely, Jim Howell"

They forwarded the money to Bob. Below is his response to the gift:

"I can't thank all of you enough for your desire, your love, and your donations, in one big united effort to send me on a trip to Normandy, either in May or September of this year. Over \$3,000 is received from you. I am filled with love for all of you. And for that reason I feel so bad, that at this time, I cannot make any plans to go on this trip. My wife Marie continues to go downhill with Alzheimer's Disease, and I visit her every day,



Above photo taken at 1999 Snowbird Reunion, Orlando, FL, – Company I, 502, PIR attendees:
Front Row L-R: Ray Hersher, Celso Garcia, Jim Norris, Ward Faulkenberry, Unidentified, Patrick Callery, Earl Kelly, James Howell.
Back Row L-R: Robert Hartsell, Harry Nivens, Ray Olson, Richard Stephens, Warren Shook, Walter Murdock, Joe Hennessey, Fred Kraus.

and I will not leave her, because I feel she needs me. Down the road from now, when the situation is different, I might take this trip. Or I might take several trips right here in the U.S.A., visiting with Company I people I haven't seen for a long time. That is, if it is alright with all of you. I hope I haven't disappointed you too much in this necessary change of plans. I want to thank Harry Nivens and Jim Howell who coordinated this effort, and all of you, who wanted to do something nice for me."

Throughout the years, many dozens of his Buddies left personal notes of appreciation, such as:

"Bob, I can never tell you how much I have appreciated your unprecedented dedication all of these years. This has been such a good idea to keep a lot of people who shared the terrible time of our lives and - in touch with each other. It certainly is true that when you fight together day after day and go through the hell and muck that war is, you have a bond forever. The Poopsheet has been so well done, and your heart was always apparent. I don't know many of you personally, but I have felt a closeness with you, and when I would get the paper I would just read every word immediately and sometimes cry, and when the films are shown on TV of D-Day I go through it all again. So many have gone on now and I know you lost Marie. We will miss them and we are all getting old, but we are still together because of this little wonderful paper!"

This from one of the Company I widows:

"I have always thought of our Bob Hartzell as one of our guardian angels of Co. I – 502 on earth. He has truly kept all of our G I guys close to his heart and soul.

We may not always be aware that angels can be our neighbors, our friends, our G I's. There will be a day in our lives when we will see the extent and love that our angels have for all of us. May God truly Bless Bob & all his buddies."

And this thought:

"There is no way I could name all of your loved ones, because I know that all who receive the Company I Poopsheet love you." – *Walter Presley, 1998.*

"It amazes me the degree to which dad's experiences in the war changed him and shaped his life from that point on. He described over and over how his closeness with the men with whom he served was stronger than the bond between two brothers."

Kenneth Presley, son of Walter Presley

The Company I Poopsheet

All issues of the newsletter since 2004

are online at Betty's site:

www.bettysipage.com

Losing The Point About War

By Robert J. Hartzell – January, 1993

Last year I was sitting in a passenger lounge of an airport, when a group of 30 or more people wearing yellow ribbons, waving flags, and carrying signs proclaiming, "Welcome Home, David," swept through the concourse. When David arrived, he was dressed in the desert fatigues that had become the badge of honor of returning veterans of the Persian Gulf War. David was hugged by the women, patted on the back by the men, and stared at in awe by the children.

It was the type of reception Vietnam veterans complain they never received and explains, for some, their inability to put the war behind them. "G. I.s of WWII," they lament, "came back as heroes."

Perhaps. But when I came home from WWII, I got off a train at Tiffin, Ohio, at 5:30 A.M. and took a taxi to my parent's house. Of course, my family would have met me, but it never occurred to me to call them from Indiantown Gap, Penn., where I had been discharged. I didn't expect a reception, and frankly, a contingent of them waving flags and holding up signs that read, "Welcome Home Bob," would have embarrassed me.

In January 1946, I saw pictures of the 82nd Airborne Division, returning from Europe, parading down Fifth Avenue.

As I looked at these pictures of the 82nd marching down Fifth Ave., I knew this parade had nothing to do with the war. The soldiers looked the way civilians thought victorious soldiers should look; clean-shaven and refreshed, with neatly pressed uniforms and shiny boots. With bands playing and flags flying, it was a parade of national champions – a baseball team, a football team, or maybe it was Charles Lindbergh returning after his flight across the Atlantic. Whatever it was, and whomever they were, I didn't identify with them. The division had been "sanitized." It was cleaned up.

They should have had the parade when Company I 502 had come out of Normandy – or Holland – or Bastogne – just columns of guys straggling down Fifth Ave., shuffling along in a state of shock, with hand grenades tucked in the

webbing of their harnesses, M-1's slung over their shoulders, grimy faces, hollow eyes, exhausted physically and emotionally. The way combat soldiers look. Of course, there wouldn't have been as many of us. We left most of the Company behind in field hospitals or lying dead in grotesque forms, looking like statues in a cemetery that had been toppled by vandals.

But that kind of parade would have confused the civilians. Without bands playing and flags flying, how could they know we had been victorious? But we who marched would have known that our parade had nothing to do with winning or losing. All it would have said was that we had been there. We had stayed. We had come back. That would have been victory enough.

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Goodbye Mom



A young man was shopping in a supermarket noticed a little old lady following him around the store. If he stopped, she stopped. She constantly stared at

him. She finally overtook him at the checkout, and she turned to him and said, "If hope I haven't made you feel ill at ease; it's just that you look so much like my late son."

He answered, "That's okay." I know it's silly, but if you'd call out "Goodbye Mom" as I leave the store, it would make me feel so happy."

She went through the checkout, and as she was on her way out of the store, the young man called out, "Goodbye, Mom." The little old lady waved and smiled back at him.

Pleased that he had brought a little sunshine into someone's day, he went to pay for his groceries. "That comes to \$412.35," said the clerk.

"How come so much? I only bought 5 items!" The clerk replied, "Yes, but your Mother said you'd be paying for her things too."

Bet you thought this was going to be a tear jerker.

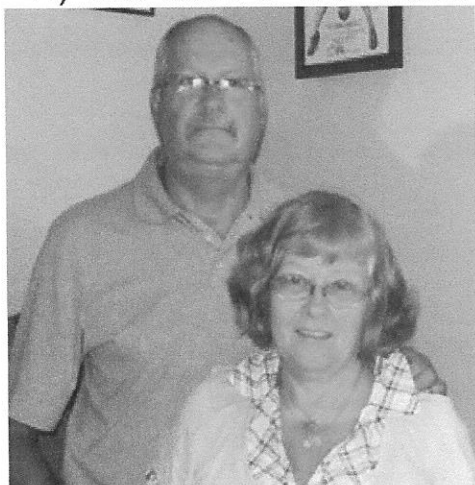
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Appreciate every single thing you have, especially your friends!

Life is too short and friends are too few!

Wellings visit with Mark Bando.....

The Bando museum in Michigan had some visitors Thursday, June 4th. The Wellings drove up from Ohio, for a tour of the Bando collection. Markl met Aggie Welling and her husband Warren, at a Snowbird reunion many years ago, when Aggie's father, **Bob Hartzell** used to organize annual company reunions of his outfit -Item Co. 502. Bob, who was seriously wounded on 'Bloody Sunday' above Carentan (11 June, 44) had been ill and unable to attend the



reunions for the past decade. He passed-on recently and the Item Co. poop sheet has been written by Betty Taylor Hill for some years now.

Aggie's husband Warren served in the 5th LOG Command in Vietnam.

Golfer At The Dentist....

This one may bring a little tear to your eyes . . . Only a golfer would understand this story.

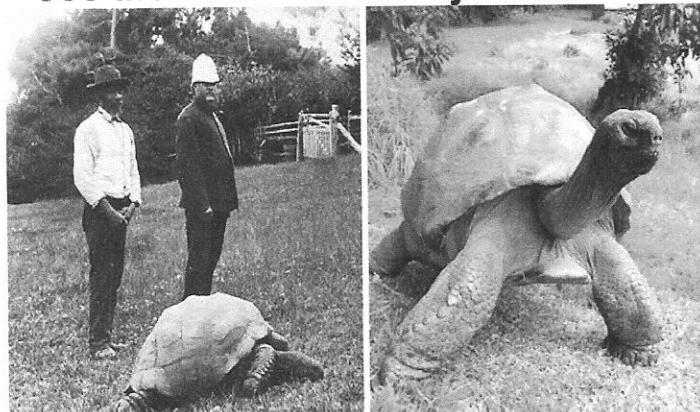
A man and his wife walked into a dentist's office. The man said to the dentist, "Doc, I'm in one heck of a hurry I have two buddies sitting out in my car waiting for us to go play golf, so forget about the anesthetic, I don't have time for the gums to get numb. I just want you to pull the tooth, and be done with it! We have a 10:00 AM tee time at the best golf course in town and it's 9:30 already... I don't have time to wait for the anesthetic to work!"

The dentist thought to himself, "My goodness, this is surely a very brave man asking to have his tooth pulled without using anything to kill the pain." So the dentist asks him, "Which tooth is it sir?"

The man turned to his wife and said, "Open your mouth Honey, and show him . . .

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We've shown you this guy before he's still alive!
Joe the Tortoise is 182 years old!



Feeling old today? You could be Jonathan the Tortoise, a big and friendly guy estimated to be around 182-years old. Jonathan was alive to see many monumental moments including, WWI and WWII, plus so much more. Of course, chances are he wasn't paying any attention, he has bigger turtle concerns on his mind.

The above photo of Jonathan dates back to 1902, although his estimated birth date reaches as far back as 1832. This is decided upon by looking at the photo from 1902, in which Jonathan is a full grown tortoise, meaning he was at least 50 years old at the time the photo was taken. A little research indicates Jonathan was brought to the island of St Helena in 1882, where he still lives today.

Expense Report

Balance on hand before May Issue	\$377
Contributions Received	20
Cost of May Issue	135
Balance on hand before this issue	\$262

Editor's note: Carrying on the newsletter for Bob and Company I, 502, has been an awesome experience. I am so grateful to everyone for the support and encouragement you have given me. The official newsletter will continue one more issue, then I will keep in touch with veterans and widows via postal mail and online with others as news regarding our Co. I veterans comes in. You must stay in touch with me! To receive those updates, send me your email address to: bjth23@yahoo.com

Website: www.bettysipage.com

The first “Faces of Margraten” project big success:

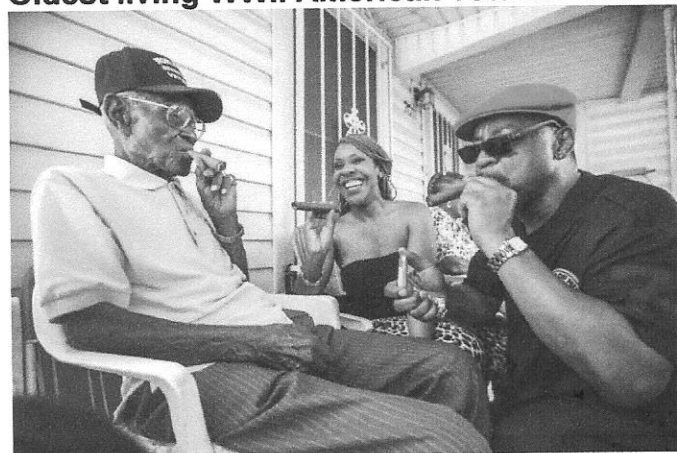
Placing photos of more than 3,000 of the fallen. May 2 – 5, 2015 at the American War Cemetery at Margraten in the Netherlands: Jasper van Heren, Secretary of United Adopters American War Graves Foundation reports:

May 5, 2015, The last 2 days were also unbelievable, seeing more and more visitors come to the cemetery to see our project brought tears in my eyes. Even the cemetery employees were amazed by the succes we had. Our foundation "United Adopters American War Graves" achieved something special. We brought young and old together to witness a special honor: faces next to a grave or name on the walls of the missing. More than 3300 pictures are shown on the American WWII cemetery in Margraten. I am more than proud to be secretary of our foundation and to lead to Fields of Honor database, but doing this is the cherry on the cake.

What really made this so special, is our team. A great group from all ages, all volunteers, all adopted a grave, joined our foundation and made this project the best WWII project I have ever seen. Thank you team for 4 fantastic, emotional days. I am so proud of you all.



Oldest living WWII American veteran 109....



Richard Overton, left, smokes a cigar with neighborhood friends. (via AP)

Editor's note: (We've seen Richard before, glad he's still around!)

How does America's oldest veteran celebrate his 109th birthday? With cigars, burgers and milkshakes, of course.

World War II veteran and Austin resident Richard Overton celebrated at an outdoor party on Sunday, surrounded by neighbors, friends and local dignitaries who lit up cigars and wished him well, local media reported.

The soon-to-be 109-year-old (his birthday is May 11) still tends to his lawn and drives his car, the Wall Street Journal reported. He's also been known to drive widows to church.

The East Austin resident is a fan of cigars and whiskey, although he partakes of the latter only occasionally now.

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 ... Don't let yesterday use up too much of today."
 Cherokee Proverb

Lipstick on the Mirror

According to a news report, a certain Catholic school was faced with a unique problem. A number of 12-year-old girls were beginning to use lipstick and would put it on in the bathroom. That was fine provided it was of a natural or neutral skin tone; but after they put on the lipstick, they would press their lips to the bathroom mirrors leaving dozens of little lip prints.

Every night the maintenance man would remove them; and the next day the girls would put them back. Finally the principal, Sister Mary Double Genuflection, decided that something had to be done.

She called all the girls to the bathroom and met them there with the maintenance man. She explained that all these lip prints were causing a major problem for the maintenance man, who had to clean the mirrors every night (you can just imagine the yawns from the young ladies).

To demonstrate how difficult it had been to clean the mirrors, Sister Mary Double Genuflection asked the maintenance man to show the girls how much effort was required. He took out a long-handled squeegee, dipped it in the toilet, and cleaned the mirrors with it. Since then, there have been no lip prints on the mirrors.

There are teachers...and then there are educators! If Sister Mary Double Genuflection ran for office I would vote for her!

Don't mess with a good Sister; they are wicked smart...!

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WHEN I'M 100, IF I LEAN A LITTLE, LET ME!!

The family wheeled Grandma out on the lawn, in her wheelchair, where the activities for her 100th birthday were taking place.

Grandma couldn't speak very well, but she would write notes when she needed to communicate.

After a short time out on the lawn, Grandma started leaning off to the right, so some family members grabbed her, straightened her up, and stuffed pillows on her right. A short time later, she started leaning off to her left, so again the family grabbed her and stuffed pillows on her left. Soon she started leaning forward, so the family members again grabbed her, and then tied a pillowcase around her waist to hold her

up. A nephew who arrived late came up to Grandma and said, 'Hi, Grandma, you're looking good! How are they treating you?'

Grandma took out her little notepad and slowly wrote a note to the nephew.....

'Bastards won't let me fart.'

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The Will

Doug Smith is on his deathbed and knows the end is near. His nurse, his wife, his daughter and 2 sons, are with him.

He asks for 2 witnesses to be present and a camcorder be in place to record his last wishes, and when all is ready he begins to speak: "My son, "Bernie, I want you to take the Mayfair houses." My daughter "Sybil, you take the apartments over in the east end."

My son, "Jamie, I want you to take the offices over in the City Centre. Sarah, my dear wife, please take all the residential buildings on the banks of the river." The nurse and witnesses are blown away as they did not realize his extensive holdings. And as Doug slips away, the nurse says "Mrs. Smith, your husband must have been such a hard-working man to have accumulated all this property".

Sarah replies, "" Property"? The man had a Paper Route!"

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THE TINY CABIN

A social worker from a big City in Massachusetts recently transferred to Mountains of West Virginia and was on first tour of her new territory when she came upon the tiniest cabin she had ever seen in her life. Intrigued, she went up and knocked on the door. "Anybody home?"

"Yep," came a kid's voice through the door. "Is your father there?" asked the social worker.

"Pa? Nope, he left afore Ma came in," said the kid. "

Well, is your mother there?" persisted the social worker. Ma? Nope, she left just afore I got here," said the kid.

"But," protested the social worker, "are you never together as a family?"

"Sure, but not here," said the kid through the door. This is the outhouse!"

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Ever stop to think, and forget to start again?



Cambridge American Cemetery, England. Grave of **William A. Nesbit**, I-502, kia, 9-17-44 during the Holland jump. Photo taken by Nelly and Francois van Loo on their visit there June 9, 2015.

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Shot in the Head!!!

Linda Burnett, 26, a resident of San Diego, was visiting her in-laws and, while there, went to a nearby supermarket to pick up some groceries. Later, her husband noticed her sitting in her car in the driveway with the windows rolled up and her eyes closed, with both hands behind the back of her head. He became concerned and walked over to the car. He noticed that Linda's eyes were now open and she looked very strange. He asked her if she was okay, and Linda replied that she had been shot in the back of the head and had been holding her brains in for over an hour.

The husband called the paramedics, who broke into the car because the doors were locked and Linda refused to remove her hands from her head.

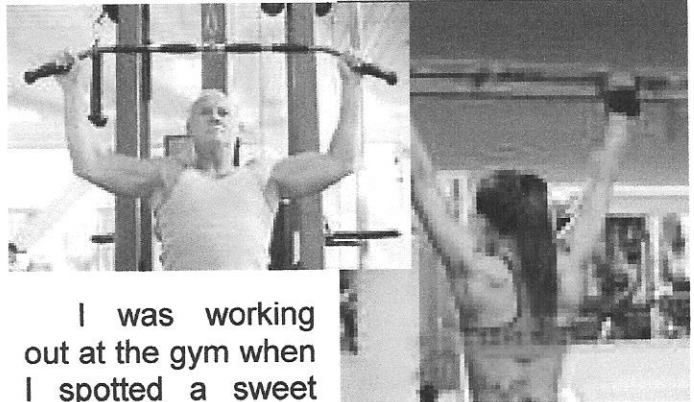
When they finally got in, they found that Linda had a wad of bread dough on the back of her head. A Pillsbury biscuit canister had exploded from the heat, making a loud noise that sounded like a gunshot, and the wad of dough hit her in the back of her head.

When she reached back to find out what it was, she felt the dough and thought it was her brains. She initially passed out, but quickly recovered. Linda is a blonde, and a Democrat, but that could all be a coincidence. The defective biscuit canister was analyzed and the expiration date was from 2008, so it was determined to be Bush's fault.

Editor's note: This joke won't work nearly so well without the political reference, please forgive that...

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A classic Boca Raton Love Story....



I was working out at the gym when I spotted a sweet young thing walking in.... I asked the trainer standing next to me, "What machine should I use to impress that lady over there?" The trainer looked me over and said; "I would recommend the ATM in the lobby."

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A Very Gentle Texas Lady

One day, a very gentle Texas lady was driving across a high bridge over the Houston Ship Channel. As she neared the top of the bridge, she noticed a young man fixin' to jump. ("fixin to" in Texas means "getting ready to!") She stopped her car, rolled down the window and said, "Please don't jump! Think of your dear mother and father." He replied, "My mom and dad are both dead; I'm going to jump."

She said, "Well, think of your sweet wife and precious children." He replied, "I'm not married, and I don't have any kids." She said, "Well, then you just remember the Alamo." He replied, 'What's the Alamo?' She replied, 'Well, bless your heart! - You just go ahead and jump you little Yankee, You're holding up traffic!!!'

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Honoring I-502, WWII and the late
Robert J. Hartzell, Founder Editor

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{1} Once all villagers decided to pray for rain, on the day of prayer all the people gathered, but only one boy came with an umbrella. That's FAITH

{2} When you throw a baby in the air, she laughs because she knows you will catch her. That's TRUST

{3} Every night we go to bed, without any assurance of being alive the next morning but still we set the alarms to wake up. That's HOPE

{4} We plan big things for tomorrow in spite of zero knowledge of the future. That's CONFIDENCE

{5} We see the world suffering, but still we get married and have children. That's LOVE

{6} On an old man's shirt was written a sentence 'I am not 80 years old.... I am sweet 16 with 64 years e xperience' That's ATTITUDE

Have a happy day, live your life like the six examples!