



Company I Poopsheet

Company I, 502 PIR, 101st Airborne, US Army

August 2010

August 16 National Airborne Day

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101st Airborne Division deployed to Afghanistan



AP: July 30, 2010: At least 63 American troops were killed in Afghanistan this month, making July the deadliest month in the nine-year-old war, The Associated Press reported.

U.S. and NATO commanders had warned that casualties would rise, particularly in the Helmand and Kandahar provinces where the latest "surge" is taking place. Prior to this new milestone, June had been the deadliest month for U.S. forces, at the cost of 60 lives. To date, more than 1,100 members of the U.S. military have died in Afghanistan, Pakistan and Uzbekistan since 2001. Another 7,149 U.S. troops



have been wounded in hostile action. According to The BBC, there are currently more than 146,000 foreign troops fighting in Afghanistan. By the end of August, that number will rise to 150,000. At least 100,000 troops will hail from America; however, the other 50,000 will come from 40 countries, including the U.K., Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

God Bless our troops. Please keep them in your prayers.
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Greetings,
As many of you know, the 502nd Regiment or the 2nd Brigade Combat team has deployed to Afghanistan again. In fact, the entire 101st Airborne Division has finished deploying to Afghanistan about a month ago.

Sadly, the 502nd has already lost six young hero's who paid the supreme sacrifice while fighting the war on terror and I need help in the way of donations not only to honor those who fall in battle, but to also help provide funds for our severely wounded who may be in Walter Reed Army Hospital or other military hospitals around the country. We also assist the families of these young heroes.

If any of you who wish to purchase a Memorial Paver in honor of a fallen trooper the cost is \$101.00 per each engraved paver, but I will happy just to receive any donations.

We succeeded in honoring fifty-five fallen heroes from the 502nd during their last deployment, so I now we will succeed in honoring each and every 502nd soldier who may fall in battle during this deployment. I cannot do this without the financial help of others such as Strike Force and other good Americans.

If any of you wish to purchase a paver (to honor a 101st veteran) please make check out to the 101st Airborne Division Association, otherwise make your check out to the 502nd Regiment.

Please mail your donations to Charlie at this address:
**Charles R. Gant
Governor 502nd Regiment
4306 Filmore Rd.
Greensboro, NC 27409-9721**
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Nurse featured in iconic WWII kissing photo dies
June 23, 2010, LOS ANGELES (Reuters Life!)
 – A nurse famously photographed being kissed by an American sailor in New York's Times Square in 1945 to celebrate the end of World

War Two has died at the age of 91, her family said on Tuesday.

The V-J Day picture of the white-clad Edith Shain by photographer Alfred Eisenstaedt captured an epic moment in U.S. history and became an iconic image marking the end of the war after being published in Life magazine.

The identity of the nurse in the photograph was not known until the late 1970s when Shain wrote to the photographer saying that she was the woman in the picture taken on August 14 at a time when she had been working at Doctor's Hospital in New York City.

The identity of the sailor remains disputed and unresolved.

From then on the photograph also made its mark on Shain's life as the fame she garnered led to invites to war related events such a wreath layings, parades and other memorial events.

"My mom was always willing take on new challenges and caring for the World War II veterans energized her to take another chance to make a difference," her son Justin Decker said in a statement.

Shain, who died at her home in Los Angeles on Sunday, leaves behind three sons, six grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

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Domingo Cantu, I-502... June 21, 2010, Change of address to 446 McNeel Rd., San Antonio, TX 78226, Ph: 210 733 1483. Domingo is now living with his daughter.

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URGENT: Please keep us updated on contacts, addresses and phone numbers.

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A Marine and the 101st

An old Marine dies and goes to Heaven. At the pearly gates he meets Saint Peter. "Hey Glad to see you made it, we need Marines up here and you deserve to be here."

The Marine smiles and is about to step into heaven when he turns and asks, "You don't have any Screaming Eagles up here do you?" They picked on me my whole career.

The bastards were always throwing C ration and coke cans at me as they drove by, I hate the 101st" "NO WAY!" says Saint Peter. "There is no 101st here." "They stay down at Fiddlers Green."

So the Marine steps into heaven and the first thing he sees is a cloud with a gun tube sticking out of it. All hell is breaking loose in the cloud with loud music, girls screaming, and bottles breaking. The Marine hollers to Saint Peter, "Hey that's the 101st, you lied to me."

"No, no, no," Saint Peter says, "that's Mech Infantry." The Marine said "OK", and he walks a little further into heaven. Suddenly he hears the same raucous



from another cloud and sees an even bigger gun tube sticking out. The Marine screams hysterically back at Saint Peter, "Damn it, that's the 101st!!!!"

"Calm down" Saint Peter tells him, "That's the Artillery." "You remember how those guys bailed you out when you were in trouble."

"Yea dem guys is OK." So the Marine takes a few more steps. All of a sudden a Huey comes screaming around a cloud. The pilot is hunched over his controls spraying mini-gun ammo everywhere. He's wearing a beat up green boonie hat, has a bottle of Jack Daniel's in one hand and a naked blonde riding in the observer's seat. A blue circle is painted on the tail boom with the Phoenix Bird painted on the nose.

"THAT'S THE 101st!" screams the Marine. "NAW" says Saint Peter "that's GOD, he just thinks he's a Screaming Eagle."

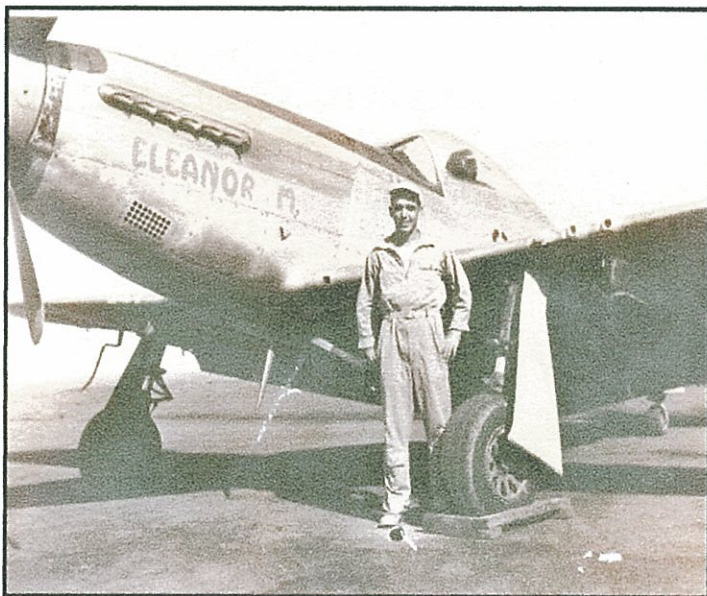


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NEW WEBSITE YOU MUST VISIT: Tom Peeters has great pictures and stories from Holland in WWII: and after. www.battleatbest.com

June 24, 2010, Susan and Frank Hyland, Etlan, VA, daughter of **Capt. Frank Lillyman**, I-502 and Pathfinders, We received a donation to help with the Poopsheet and appreciation for helping to keep in touch.

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6/22/10 Dear Betty, My name is **John Montgomery, Sr.**, and I work with your son, Craig at Southland Tube. Craig gives me a copy of your Poopsheet and I sure enjoy reading. I retired a Lt. Col in the Air Force flying P-51's on Iwo Jima in World War II...at 86 I still enjoy working with Craig and my two sons. Thanks for what you do and allow me to help a little on expenses. John (Birmingham, Alabama)
Editor's note: Thank you John for your service and



John and his P-51 Eleanor M. He and his wife Eleanor just celebrated 62 yrs. of marriage!

for your interest and support of the Poopsheet.

Thanks to Scott Ramsey for the DVD's, I recently viewed of the series "The Pacific". HBO's film about WWII in the Pacific.

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The following story is from the "Souvenir" pages of Mark Bando's website: www.101stairborne2.com

An Unsolved Mystery, Christmas Day, 1944

On 25 December, 1944, Company I of the 502 PIR was holding a section of woods in the Bastogne perimeter, facing north in the area west of Recogne, Belgium.

Bob Tripp and another trooper were on outposts in front of the main line defenses, when they observed two German scouts moving toward them. The scouts

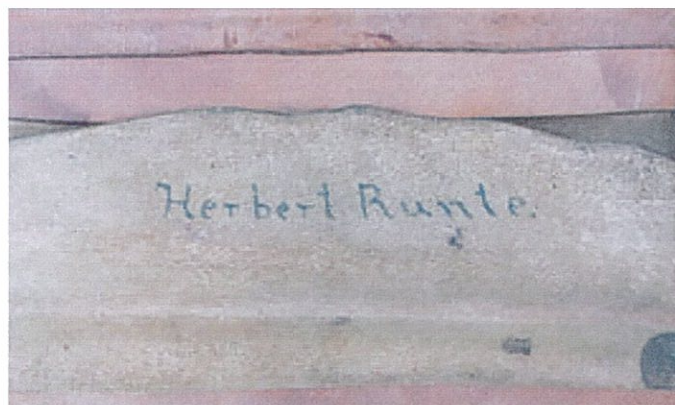
were spaced over 100 yards apart. One would pass close to Tripp's place of concealment and the other was headed toward the other Item Co. outpost. Tripp contacted the trooper on the other outpost via radio and said "When you hear me shoot the Kraut closest to me, take out the guy closer to you." Tripp did shoot the German who walked near his position, killing him with one round. He heard the other trooper fire, but "he got buck fever and missed his man." The other German ran away, escaping back to his lines.

Tripp dragged his victim into his hole and searched him. The dead man's pockets were basically empty. He was carrying a wallet, but had left his Soldbuch in the rear, as was standard procedure for German troops going into enemy lines. If the victim was wearing a dogtag (identity disc), Tripp did not observe it.

Inside the wallet, Tripp found the name 'Herbert Runte' printed on the leather. The outer face of the wallet has an impressed image of a ski jumper, suggesting that the victim (owner) may have been in one of the German units that was sent to the Ardennes offensive from occupation duty in Norway.

Tripp kept the wallet for his own use and later printed his own name on a different part of the leather. He also wrote the date he had acquired the wallet: '12-25-44'.

When I acquired the wallet for my collection from Bob Tripp several years ago, I checked for any KIAs named Herbert Runte on the German War Graves Commission's website.



The only match I found was for a sailor in the German Navy who died in April of 1945. There seem to be several possible explanations for this. One possibility is that the wallet did once belong to the sailor named Herbert Runte but that a German Army soldier later took possession of it and never bothered to remove Runte's name from the wallet. Another possibility is that the soldier killed by Tripp that day was a German Army man also named

Herbert Runte, and that his body was never found. This is quite possible as Tripp and his friends later buried the man's body in front of the woods where Item 502 had their main line. A rifle with bayonet was stuck in the ground near the grave, to mark the spot. But it's quite possible that the rifle was removed before Graves Registration ever located or recovered the body. If that is what happened, and if the dead man's name was indeed Herbert Runte, it is possible that he is still listed as Vermisst (missing in action) on the German casualty rolls. I have no way of checking that, but perhaps some visitors to this website can determine if a Herbert Runte in the German Army went permanently MIA on 25 December, 1944? If so, part of the mystery is solved. Only the remains need to be recovered. But-it is also possible that the body was found, minus any identification and is buried as an 'unbekannt Deutscher Soldat' (unknown German soldier). *Written by Mark Bando, autor/historin, and webmaster www.101stairborne.com*

During a visit to my doctor, I asked him, "How do you determine whether or not an older person should be put in an old age home?"

"Well," he said, "we fill up a bathtub, then we offer a teaspoon, a teacup and a bucket to the person to empty the bathtub."

"Oh, I understand," I said. "A normal person would use the bucket because it is bigger than the spoon or the teacup."

"No" he said. "A normal person would pull the plug. Do you want a bed near the window?"

NEVER LIE TO A WOMAN!!!

A man called home to his wife and said, " Honey I have been asked to go fishing up in Canada with my boss & several of his Friends

We'll be gone for a week. This is a good opportunity for me to get that Promotion I've been wanting, so could you please pack enough

Clothes for a week and set out my rod and fishing box, we're Leaving From the office & I will swing by the house to pick my things up"

" Oh! Please pack my new blue silk pyjamas. " The wife thinks this sounds a bit fishy but being the good wife she is, did exactly what her husband asked.

The following Weekend he came home a little tired but otherwise looking good. The wife welcomed him home and asked if he caught many fish? He said, "Yes! Lots of Salmon, some Bluegill, and a few Swordfish. But why didn't you pack my new blue silk pyjamas like I asked you to Do?"

You'll love the answer...

The wife replied, "I did They're in your fishing box ..."
Never Lie To A Woman...!!!

Who says senior citizens don't wear stylish clothes. Hah!



July 2, 2010, Dear Betty, I took this picture on the morning of Memorial Day last month at Margraten Cemetery in The Netherlands.

Robert J. Chapman was KIA in Holland during Operation Market Garden. His grave is one of the 8.301 graves that have all been 'adopted' by Dutch civilians, as well as over a 1.000 names on the Wall



of the Missing. Adopters visit 'their' grave or name on the WOM at least once a year to bring flowers and pay their respects. Many adopters have also established links with the families of the fallen heroes, to remember and honor them. I made a rubbing of 'my 'name on the WOM, Capt. John S. Doherty from NY (319th GFAB, 82 Airborne Div, MIA

since 18 September 1944, also during 'Market Garden'), for his granddaughter Elizabeth Doherty in San Francisco.

When I saw all those caring adopters with their flowers, I felt proud to be Dutch! And I have a request. I have written the amazing story of Capt. John Doherty and his men for the Newsletter of the Erie Veterans Service. It can be found on www.erie.gov and newsletter PDF link is:

www.erie.gov/veterans/pdfs/newsletter_2009october.pdf I still hope to find veterans of the 82 Airborne who can tell me more about what happened near Nijmegen on that second day of Operation Market Garden. If you could mention the link to the newsletter in your next Company I Poopsheet, I will be grateful forever!

René van Slooten, The Netherlands.

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RESTORED MEMORIAL

July 3, 2010, a Note from Reg Jans, Belgium:
All , I was more than a little surprised, in a good way, when I took a group to the 'vandalized ' Memorial for the Native American Soldiers in Recogne, Bastogne , this afternoon . A Memorial on 3/506 PIR lines at the Fazone Woods, south



of Recogne , honoring all the Native Americans who fought to liberate our country .

The monuments has been restored, and now it looks even better than before . Stairs are new , Indian Head

is new , new flowers etc.... Well done ...!!!
Reg

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Q. Who was the greatest financier in the Bible?
A. Noah He was floating his stock while everyone else was in liquidation.



INNOCENCE IS PRICELESS



One Sunday morning, the pastor noticed little Alex standing in the foyer of the church staring up at a large plaque. It was covered with names and small American flags mounted on either side of it. The six-year old had been staring at the plaque for some time, so the pastor walked up, stood beside the little boy, and said quietly, 'Good morning Alex.' 'Good morning Pastor,' he replied, still focused on the plaque. 'Pastor, what is this?' The pastor said, 'Well son, it's a memorial to all the young men and women who died in the service.' Soberly, they just stood together, staring at the large plaque. Finally, little Alex's voice, barely audible and trembling with fear asked, 'Which service, the 8:30 or the 10:45?'

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Law of the Garbage Truck

One day I hopped in a taxi and we took off for the airport We were driving in the right lane when suddenly a black car jumped out of a parking space right in front of us
My taxi driver slammed on his brakes, skidded, and missed the other car by just inches! The driver of the other car whipped his head around and started yelling at us.

My taxi driver just smiled and waved at the guy. And I mean, he was really friendly
So I asked, 'Why did you just do that? This guy almost ruined your car and sent us to the hospital!' This is when my taxi driver taught me what I now call, **'The Law of the Garbage Truck.'**

He explained that many people are like garbage trucks. They run around full of garbage, full of frustration, full of anger, and full of disappointment. As their garbage piles up, they need a place to dump it and sometimes they'll dump it on you. Don't take it personally.

Just smile, wave, wish them well, and move on. Don't take their garbage and spread it to other people at work, at home, or on the streets.

The bottom line is that successful people do not let

garbage trucks take over their day.
 Life's too short to wake up in the morning with regrets,
 so ... Love the people who treat you right.
 Pray for the ones who don't.

Life is ten percent what you make it and ninety percent how you take it!

PARATROOPER HUMOR

Because of the nature of their work, paratroopers have always embraced the macabre and gruesome in



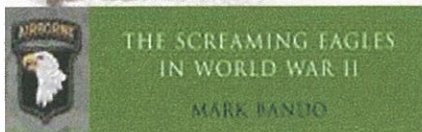
**I AM AN AMERICAN PARATROOPER.
 IF YOU ARE A KRAUT RECOVERING MY BODY,
 KISS MY COLD DEAD ASS!!!**

their humor, such as the lyrics to their Battle Hymn: "Gory, Gory, What a Helluva Way to Die". The interesting calling card shown above was created by Carl Cartledge of H&H S-2, 501 PIR, as a postwar afterthought. (From Mark Bando's website: www101stairborne.com)

This book from Mark Bando, his 7th, can be obtained

from
 AMAZON.COM
 OR ZENITH
 BOOKS, or
 PLACE AN
 ORDER AT
 BORDERS OR
 Barnes & Noble
 BOOKSTORES

**101ST
 AIRBORNE**



STERNO'S SECOND ODYSSEY

By George E. Koskimaki
 (Originally published in the March-April issue of the Screaming Eagle Magazine)



An interesting story concerning one of our members, Bernard Sterno who was a member of "H" Company of the 502nd Parachute Infantry Regiment was related to me during the 45th Anniversary Remember September trip in 1989.

Sterno had been wounded several times in the actions at Carentan (see pages 190-193 in *Rendezvous With Destiny* for "Private Sterno's Odyssey") so consequently he spent a lot of time in hospitals in England. Released on a pass (medical leave) to London, Sterno heard the news that another airborne landing had been made. He hurried back to camp where he found only the rear echelon present. He removed his hospital fitted uniform replacing it with his GI-issued jump suit.

Learning that resupply flights and equipment drops were being made on a daily basis he headed for the nearest airfield and learned that a flight of planes was indeed being readied for another resupply mission. He approached one of the plane crews and convinced them that he had authority to help with the loading and could help push bundles out of the door as he had such experience. That plane crew was happy to have him as they were short a man.

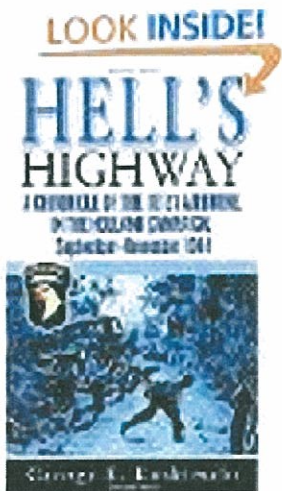
The supply run was made on September 21 and was for the 82nd drop zones near Nijmegen. Equipped with the seat type Air Force parachute, Sterno completed his job of pushing bundles out and immediately followed the last one out.

The lone white chute attracted the attention of Dutch civilians and German troops in the vicinity. The enemy soldiers raced toward the descending chute across a field - the landing site being concealed by a long hedgerow. Upon landing, Sterno was greeted by an elderly Dutch gentleman who insisted he get on the back of his bike. The two rode off with the Dutchman peddling furiously to get out of the area before the enemy soldiers reached the site.

As they rode toward friendly territory the two waved at enemy troops and civilians. Upon reaching a safe area, Sterno was provided with transportation and traveled south in a resupply truck reaching his own unit near St. Oedenrode in the late afternoon.

A few days later when "H" Company was part of the

action to reopen the section of highway between Veghel and St. Oedenrode which had been cut by the enemy (see Hell's Highway or RWD for good descriptions) Sterno was captured while serving as point for his platoon. Thus he spent the remainder of



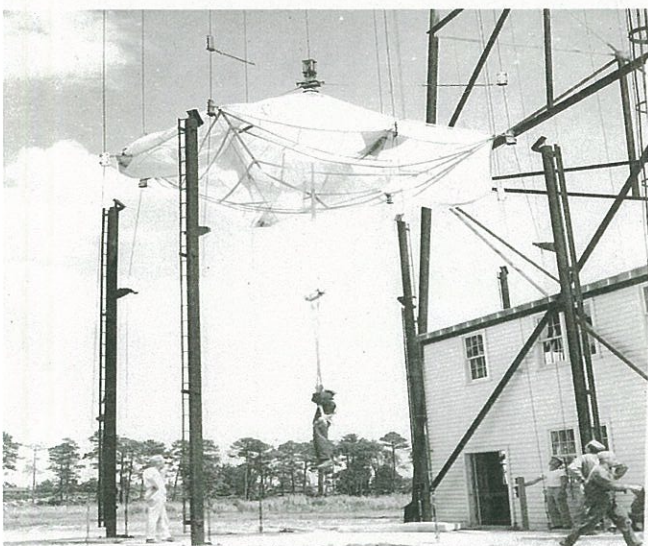
the war as a prisoner.

Oh - and yes, like Joel Mehall, he was listed as AWOL from the hospital and the Air Force wanted its parachute back. That was Sterno's "Second Odyssey." "George Koskimaki is a well known writer and historian that served with the 101st Airborne in

World War II. He regularly writes a column in the Screaming Eagle Magazine called K's Corner."

(Editor's note: This article was taken off the screaming eagle.org website)

His books can be purchased on amazon.com



Above photo is from the Ed Sowder (I-502) collection courtesy Lori Novotni as was not a part of this article.

Jump School at Fort Benning

By Royce E. "Bo" Scott

(originally published in a column called DUSTOFF in the July - August 1988 Issue of the Screaming Eagle Magazine)

Any of you guys go to jump school at Ft. Benning? I was perfectly happy with the 1st Infantry Division at Fort Riley when a fellow with a crazed look in his

eyes came around asking for volunteers for the airborne. Against my better judgment, I let a friend named Sims talk me into doing something you absolutely never do in the Army - volunteer!

A few weeks later I found myself, minus Sims who had failed the PT test, at scenic Fort Benning, the "Paris" of the south. It was August, and the temperature was around 150 degrees with humidity to match. My group was met by a person I shall call SFC Blood and Guts King, undoubtedly the meanest man to ever live. Next to him, Atelier the Hun acted like a kindergarten student.

One of the first things we learned was that when you jump, several things can happen, and only one of them is good. You can have a "Barber's Pole." This is when your lines tangle up behind your head and you have to cut away your main chute and pull your reserve. Then there's the "Horseshoe" when, somehow, your chute gets wrapped around you. You pull your reserve immediately, without cutting away your main chute. A "Mae West" or "Blown Periphery" is when your canopy turns partially inside out by passing through some of your lines, and a "Jumper-In-Tow" is when your static line doesn't disconnect and you are being dragged along in the wild blue yonder. The dreaded "Streamer" is when your chute is whistling in the wind above you, and Mother Earth is coming up fast. You cut away, and pull your reserve if you have time. And of course, there's the "Full Canopy" when assuming you don't break your arm or leg, everything goes as planned.

After SFC King had summed these actions up, I fully expected to be dead within hours, and cursed Sims under my breath. After a break for the delicious food served in mess halls back then, they marched us to a classroom where we were told other trifles about parachuting. Minor items such as high wind at drop zones, landing in water and trees, hitting high voltage power lines and buildings, and that, in addition to all this, we would be expected to fight the enemy if we landed in one piece. It was about this time I knew my mother had raised a fool.

The ground week was over. Tower week was over, and there was only one thing left to do: march into the aircraft and accept Jesus Christ as my savior.

We crowded onto the plane and raced down the runway and become airborne. When we reached the DZ, I found myself watching a green light while running to the door with the jumpmaster yelling, "Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!"

Suddenly, there was a strange quiet. I tried to look up, but couldn't "Barber's Pole" I thought, and cursed Sims out loud. I was ready to cut away when all of the sudden, there it was - the full canopy of a T-10