



Company I Poopsheet

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

June 2010

HELP US WITH CONTACT AND ADDRESS

Veterans, please be sure we have a contact name, and address other than your own name and address. Please send me a contact in case of returned mail or disconnected phone: bith23@yahoo.com or phone 281-277-3787 or 2222 Settlers Way # 914, Sugar Land, TX 77478

Alfred E. Simmons, Rotan, TX, I-502 Veteran, His returned mail the past two issues, no forwarding address, disconnected phone. We have no contact name or phone number to find out what has happened.

Mrs. Clifford (Stella) Malaterre, Belcourt, ND, returned mail, unable to forward.

Edward R. Cruz writes to us: April 16, 2010, I wanted to let you know that my mother **Leonor Z. Cruz** passed away this last week. She was 93 years young! My father **George F. Cruz** was in the 101st. I Company. He was one of the brave paratroopers that jumped on D-Day. I am still very proud of my father and display his medals proudly.

Please delete her name off your mailing list. I also get the Poopsheet and would appreciate it if I can continue to be on the mailing list. Thank you for everything you do. Edward R. Cruz

Edward and Clara Mobley, Lawty, Florida, On leaning against the bed at 2 am in the morning . He



called 911 and she was taken to the hospital. Her speech, swallowing and entire right side is massively damaged. She can writtle her figners toes on the left side.

April 22, Clara lifted her left hand to put it on top of dads hand. She cannot speak nor write at this time. She did sit in upright position for

three hours

Please keep her in your prayers. dad is at the WINDSOR MANOR NURSING HOME since I live in a 36 ft RV. If you would like to send a card use my

address and i will take them to him. He needs all the love we can all give him. I am not sure he understands how bad this really is for Clara.

Barbara Slover's address is **5465 SPRUCE ST. ,HAMPTON, FL 32044. Phone # 352 468 3428.** Call after 6 p.m. or write any time.

May 23, 2010... Clara has moved into the samw nursing home as Ed, and now they will enjoy being able to see each other daily. They appreciate your cards.

May 3, Thanks for continuing Bob Hartzell's mission to stay connected to his Army buddies. He still enjoys each edition. This contact is very special and moving.

Bob Hartzell's daughter, Helen Gunther

Greetings from N.E. Pennsylvania! My mother, **Mrs. Michael (Mary) Cavanaugh** has recently moved in with us and looks forward to reading the Poopsheet. I want to commend you for the time and effort you put into the newsletter. Please continue to send the Poopsheet. My entire family enjoys reading it. Thank you. Susan Ryan, daughter of the late Michael W. and Mary Cavanaugh, 1218 Old Rt. 115, Dallas, PA 18612

Bob and Barb Scannell, April 22, 2010, I wrote about 6 months ago and sent some pictures. I was reading the latest newsletter and there was a picture of men in Paris from the 502nd. Well, the last man in the front row is Pvt. Melvin Turney, my wife's father. We have a picture of him back then and we matched it We also have a wooden plaque award of Melvin's It says he was a paratrooper in Company I, 502 PIR "D" Regiment, but we are positive that is Melvin in the picture sent in by Mrs. Denver Hatfield of Pawnee, OK. Thank you for publishing that picture. Bob and Barb Scannell, Struthers, OH

Editor's note: The photo taken in Paris France with men from I-502 was sent to us by Mrs. Denver hatfield and in the last issue of the Poopsheet.

May your troubles be less, Your blessings be more, And nothing but happiness come through your door!

Kathy Moe Haga, Yakima, WA and Lillian Moe (Glenn Moe I-502) April 25, 2010, Thank you for the news. Mom & I will keep them in our prayers. I remember Ed telling me that he awakened in the hospital in the London Hospital bed next to my Dad, after Dad had been shot in the throat, following Battle of the Bulge. I so enjoyed visiting with them in Orlando. As far as mom goes, I am moving her out of her apartment and taking classes to give insulin. She'll move in with me.

So, I am busy downsizing both of us. Thank you so much for keeping us posted. Move love, Kathy

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A note from Mabel Howell (Mrs. Jim), Aberdeen, MS after the tornado weekend. All's well here in my area of Mississippi, even though it got pretty close. A little town about 6 miles from here had a good bit of damage, but no one killed or hospitalized. So we were very glad about that. Did enjoy the Poop sheet, always wonder how Bob is doing and his family. Do hope all goes well with Harry and Joanie in the DC area. I have a 92 year old brother in law going up from Jasper Ala one morning and coming back that night. I am so excited for him. Wish I could be home in the Md area and get to go to DC also. Don't know if any of my family are able to go or not. It is going to be on TV I hope. Love Mabel

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Gen. David H. Petraeus, right, speaks to 120 World War II veterans who helped liberate the Nazi concentration camps, on the 65th anniversary of the end of the war, at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington April 14, 2010. (ABC News)



Holocaust Liberators Mark 65th Anniversary of End of WWII

Gen. David Petraeus Speaks to Veterans,

Holocaust Survivors in Capitol Ceremony. At the Dachau concentration camp, Pvt. Virgil Westdale, 92, witnessed desperate people pulling meat out of a dead horse with their hands and eating it.

In another part of the camp, he found the cremation oven still hot, and the survivors overwhelmed by their liberators' arrival.

Initially, the survivors feared the soldiers in Westdale's unit, the 442nd regimental combat team, made up entirely of Japanese Americans. Once they realized that American, not Japanese, troops had arrived, the survivors shed grateful tears.

"They came down out of the hills. They saw the uniform, the rumor had spread we were Americans," he recalled. "We gave them blankets, gave them food. We really saved their lives."

Lighting Candles to Honor the Dead

In the Capitol Rotunda today, some of those who survived lit candles to commemorate those who did not. Elderly survivors lit six candles, for the 6 million Jews who perished in the Holocaust.

Stephen Johns Jr., the young son of the security guard who died in June 2009 when an anti-Semitic gunman shot him inside the Holocaust Memorial Museum, participated in the candle-lighting ceremony.

Afterward, some of the survivors shared memories from 65 years ago, and their thanks for the American heroes.

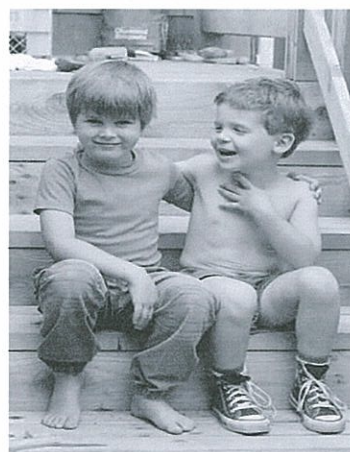
"I really appreciate Americans, Americans gave me love again," said survivor William Luksenburg, 87. "I was liberated."

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Grandma doesn't know EVERYTHING!

Tony was 9 years old and was staying with his grandmother for a few days.

He'd been playing outside with the other kids, when he came into the house and asked her, 'Grandma,

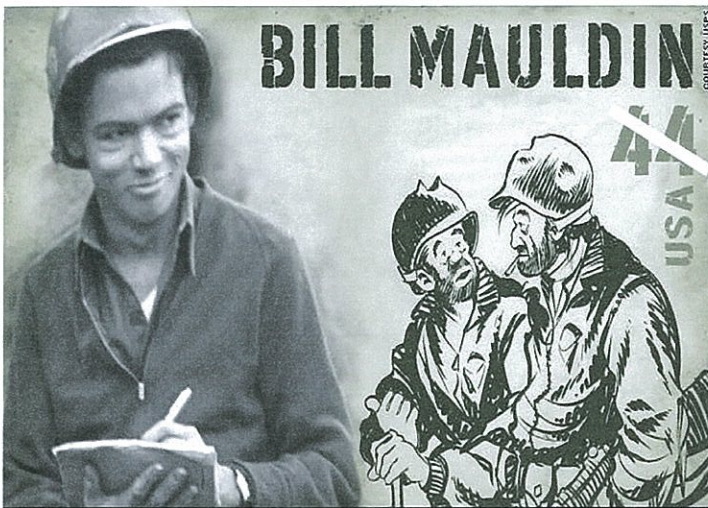


what's that called when two people sleep in the same bedroom and one is on top of the other?'

She was a little taken aback, but she decided to tell him the truth. 'Well, dear, it's called **sexual intercourse.**'

'Oh,' Little Tony said, 'OK,' and went back outside to play with the other kids.

A few minutes later he came back in and said angrily, 'Grandma, it *isn't* called sexual intercourse. It's called **Bunk Beds.** And Jimmy's mom wants to talk to you.'



Bill Mauldin stamp honors grunts' hero.

April 2010.... Author unknown.

The post office gets a lot of criticism. Always has, always will. And with the renewed push to get rid of Saturday mail delivery, expect complaints to intensify. But the United States Postal Service deserves a standing ovation for something that's going to happen this month: Bill Mauldin is getting his own postage stamp.

Mauldin died at age 81 in the early days of 2003. The end of his life had been rugged. He had been scalded in a bathtub, which led to terrible injuries and infections; Alzheimer's disease was inflicting its cruelties. Unable to care for himself after the scalding, he became a resident of a California nursing home, his health and spirits in rapid decline.

He was not forgotten, though. Mauldin, and his work, meant so much to the millions of Americans who fought in World War II, and to those who had waited for them to come home. He was a kid cartoonist for Stars and Stripes, the military newspaper; Mauldin's drawings of his muddy, exhausted, whisker-stubbed infantrymen Willie and Joe were the voice of truth about what it was like on the front lines.

Mauldin was an enlisted man just like the soldiers he drew for; his gripes were their gripes, his laughs were their laughs, his heartaches were their heartaches. He was one of them. They loved him.

He never held back. Sometimes, when his cartoons cut too close for comfort, his superior officers tried to tone him down. In one memorable incident, he enraged Gen. George S. Patton, and Patton informed Mauldin he wanted the pointed cartoons -- celebrating the fighting men, lampooning the high-ranking officers -- to stop. Now.

The news passed from soldier to soldier. How was Sgt. Bill Mauldin going to stand up to Gen. Patton? It

seemed impossible.

Not quite. Mauldin, it turned out, had an ardent fan: Five-star Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, supreme commander of the Allied forces in Europe. Ike put out the word: Mauldin draws what Mauldin wants. Mauldin won. Patton lost.

If, in your line of work, you've ever considered yourself a young hotshot, or if you've ever known anyone who has felt that way about himself or herself, the story of Mauldin's young manhood will humble you. Here is what, by the time he was 23 years old, Mauldin had accomplished:

He won the Pulitzer Prize. He was featured on the cover of Time magazine. His book "Up Front" was the No. 1 best-seller in the United States.

All of that at 23. Yet when he returned to civilian life and he grew older, he never lost that boyish Mauldin grin, he never outgrew his excitement about doing his job, he never big-shotted or high-hatted the people with whom he worked every day.

I was lucky enough to be one of them; Mauldin roamed the hallways of the Chicago Sun-Times in the late 1960s and early 1970s with no more officiousness or air of haughtiness than if he was a copyboy. That impish look on his face remained.

He had achieved so much. He had won a second Pulitzer Prize, and he should have won a third, for what may be the single greatest editorial cartoon in the history of the craft: his deadline rendering, on the day President John F. Kennedy was assassinated, of the statue at the Lincoln Memorial slumped in grief, its head cradled in its hands. But he never acted as if he was better than the people he met. He was still Mauldin the enlisted man.

During the late summer of 2002, as Mauldin lay in that California nursing home, some of the old World War II infantry guys caught wind of it. They didn't want Mauldin to go out that way. They thought he should know that he was still their hero.

Gordon Dillow, a columnist for the Orange County Register, put out the call in Southern California for people in the area to send their best wishes to Mauldin; I joined Dillow in the effort, helping to spread the appeal nationally so that Bill would not feel so alone. Soon more than 10,000 letters and cards had arrived at Mauldin's bedside.

Even better than that, the old soldiers began to show up just to sit with Mauldin, to let him know that they were there for him, as he, long ago, had been there for them. So many volunteered to visit Bill that there was a waiting list. Here is how Todd DePastino, in the first paragraph of his wonderful biography of Mauldin, described it:

"Almost every day in the summer and fall of 2002 they came to Park Superior nursing home in Newport Beach, California, to honor Army Sergeant, Technician Third Grade, Bill Mauldin. They came bearing relics of their youth: medals, insignia, photographs, and carefully folded newspaper clippings. Some wore old garrison caps. Others arrived resplendent in uniforms over a half century old. Almost all of them wept as they filed down the corridor like pilgrims fulfilling some long-neglected obligation."

One of the veterans explained to me why it was so important:

"You would have to be part of a combat infantry unit to appreciate what moments of relief Bill gave us."



"I need a couple guys what don't owe me no money for a little routine patrol."

You had to be reading a soaking wet Stars and Stripes in a water-filled foxhole and then see one of his cartoons."

Mauldin is buried in Arlington National Cemetery. This month, the kid cartoonist makes it onto a first-class postage stamp. It's an honor that most generals and admirals never receive.

What Mauldin would have loved most, I believe, is the sight of the two guys who are keeping him company on that stamp.

Take a look at it. There's Willie. There's Joe. And there, to the side, drawing them and smiling that shy, quietly observant smile, is Mauldin himself. With his buddies, right where he belongs. Forever

WINDOW THROUGH WHICH WE LOOK



A young couple moves into a new neighborhood. The next morning while they are eating breakfast, The young woman sees her

neighbor hanging the wash outside. "That laundry is not very clean", she said. "She doesn't know how to wash correctly. Perhaps she needs better laundry soap."

Her husband looked on, but remained silent. Every time her neighbor would hang her wash to dry, The young woman would make the same comments. About one month later, the woman was surprised to see a nice clean wash on the line and said to her husband:

"Look, she has learned how to wash correctly. I wonder who taught her this." The husband said, "I got up early this morning and Cleaned our windows."

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And so it is with life. What we see when watching others Depends on the purity of the window through which we look.
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Sugar Land Texas, Sunday, May 30, 2010, on Memorial Day weekend, Betty Taylor Hill and family visited the traveling Vietnam Memorial Wall at the Memorial Park in Sugar Land.

July 2008, Cantor David Wisnia — child prodigy, Holocaust survivor, celebrated soloist — has retired from Har Sinai Temple, Levittown, PA after 22 years in the pulpit there.

Asked to describe what he feels when he looks back on those years of service, Wisnia pointed wordlessly to a colorful journal published by Har Sinai: "B'Shirah — With a Song: A Tribute to the Extraordinary Life of Cantor David S. Wisnia, in celebration of fifteen years of dedicated service to Har Sinai Temple, June 2, 2001."

'A lot to give'

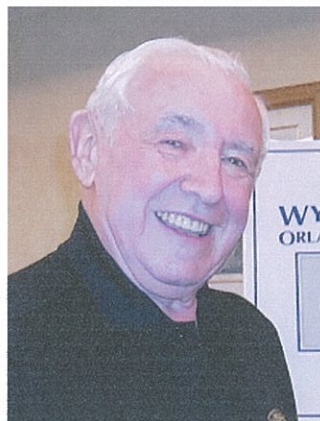
Inside the journal, a biography recounts the remarkable events of the cantor's life. Born in Poland in 1926, Wisnia was singing in Warsaw's Nozyk Synagogue by the age of nine. By 13, he was a

Auschwitz, where an SS officer's appreciation of the power of his singing voice saved his life. Two songs he composed while imprisoned there, "The Little White House" and "Oswiecim," are now in the permanent collection of the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, DC. He survived three years in Auschwitz, as well as a brutal 1945 death march to Dachau.

Wisnia later escaped from a train transport and was rescued by members of the U.S. Army's 101st Airborne Division — the "Screaming Eagles." He joined forces with the American soldiers, serving as an interpreter and a machine gunner and winning a citation for bravery in action against SS guards at Berchtesgarden, Hitler's mountaintop retreat.

After immigrating to the United States at the age of 19, Wisnia found work as a sales manager for a national book publisher. He later moved to Levittown, Pa., and resumed his career as a cantorial soloist — first at Temple Shalom in Levittown, then at Tifereth Israel of Lower Bucks County in Bensalem. In 1986, he became the cantor at Har Sinai.

Although he has now retired from Har Sinai, Wisnia was quick to note that he will continue to serve the Jewish community on a professional basis



We have enjoyed meeting David Wisnia (left) at the Snowbird Reunions in recent years where he gathers with the men of H Company, 506 PIR who rescued him in early 1945 and with whom he then served until the end of the war.

Photos left taken when David was with H -506 in 1945. David Wisnia is on the right in all the photos.

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Thank you for your support of the veterans and Company I Poopsheet.

Poopsheet Expense Report

Balance on hand before Last issue	\$557
Cost of the Last Issue	\$190
Contributions Received	\$170
Balance on hand before this issue	\$537

Betty T. Hill, 2222 Settlers Way # 914,
 Sugar Land, TX 77478. Phone 281-277-3787
 Email: bjth23@yahoo.com



AP DOUGALL *J. SUBIDA*

soloist with the 80-member choir of Warsaw's Tlomackie Synagogue. Famed cantors Moshe Koussevitzky and Gershon Sirota were his teachers. When the Nazi onslaught crushed Poland, Wisnia was swept into the Warsaw Ghetto and then to

Right and below: group photos:
from the collection of I-502
Melvin Turney, are a mystery.
Anyone recognize anyone??



Left and Right: from collection
of Edward
Mobley, I-502



Above: Ed
Mobley (left)
in top picture,
other



unidentified.

Far Right:
1944...Sgt. David A.
Ludlow and Pfc. John
M. Morgan. Morgan
was KIA June 1944

Caption on pic: "This
is what we all do".

Right:
Pfc. Robert C. Tripp,
1944

For veterans on Memorial Day

May 30, 2010, Just wanted wish you a nice Memorial Day, along with a wonderful weekend. I know many of you will be in Memorial Day parades or watching the events on your television. If you are in a parade or watching from the sidelines, please be aware of the heat and distance of the parade you will be walking. We are already in the 90 degree range here in Florida.

After having conversations with many of you over the years, which I have always felt so honored to be able to hear your stories, I know how the European countries treat our WWII veterans when ever they visit. From what I understand it is almost like they celebrate a veteran every time a veteran visits. During our Memorial Day I hope you are treated with the respect and courtesy you deserve, and our fallen are never forgotten.

From the Army nurse away from the front lines to every man who either had to fire his weapon or was ever fired upon. You are all wonderful people and I am always proud to call you my friend. I will proudly fly my American flag this weekend as I do every weekend along with most of the houses on my street. I love seeing old glory waving in the wind. Although things are not always as we would like with the politics of this country I can always read or listen to the stories from veterans I have interviewed and I cannot help but be filled with patriotism. You will never be forgotten.

All my best, Scott Ramsey, Panama City, FL

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**Form: Dennis McCarthy, Los Angeles Times
on April 15, 2010**

October 7, 1923 - April 8, 2010

Pamela Murphy, 90, widow of WWII hero and actor, Audie Murphy, died peacefully at her home on April 8, 2010. She is survived by sons, Terry and James.

Pam Murphy, the widow of Audie Murphy, was involved in the Sepulveda VA hospital and care center over the course of 35 years, treating every veteran who visited the facility as if they were a VIP. . After Audie died, they all became her boys. Every last one of them. Any soldier or Marine who walked into the Sepulveda VA hospital and care center in the last 35 years got the VIP treatment from Pam Murphy. The widow of Audie Murphy – the most decorated soldier in World War II – would walk the hallways with her clipboard in hand making sure her boys got to see a specialist or doctor — STAT. If they didn't, watch out. Her boys weren't Medal of Honor recipients or movie stars like Audie, but that didn't

matter to Pam. They had served their country. That was good enough for her. She never called a veteran by his first name. It was always "Mister." Respect came with the job. "Nobody could cut through VA red tape faster than Mrs. Murphy," said veteran Stephen Sherman, speaking for thousands of veterans she befriended over the years. "Many times I watched her march a veteran who had been waiting more than an hour right into the doctor's office. She was even



reprimanded a few times, but it didn't matter to Mrs. Murphy. "Only her boys mattered. She was our angel."

"She was in bed watching the Laker game, took one last breath, and that was it," said Diane Ruiz, who also worked at the VA and cared for Pam in the last years of her life in her Canoga Park apartment. It was the same apartment Pam moved into soon after Audie died in a plane crash on Memorial Day weekend in 1971. Audie Murphy died broke, squandering millions of dollars on gambling, bad investments, and yes, other women. "Even with the adultery and desertion at the end, he always remained my hero," Pam told me.

She went from a comfortable ranch-style home in Van Nuys where she raised two sons to a small apartment - taking a clerk's job at the nearby VA to support herself and start paying off her faded movie star husband's debts. At first, no one knew who she was. Soon, though, word spread through the VA that the nice woman with the clipboard was Audie Murphy's widow. It was like saying Patton had just walked in the front door. Men with tears in their eyes walked up to her and gave her a hug. "Thank you," they said, over and over. The first couple of years, I think the hugs were more for Audie's memory as a war hero. The last 30 years, they were for Pam.

She hated the spotlight. One year I asked her to be the focus of a Veteran's Day column for all the work she had done. Pam just shook her head no. "Honor