



Company I Poopsheet

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

January 2012

In Memory

Marvin D. Cartwright enlisted in the U.S. Army on March 22, 1943 and received his training at Atlantic City, NJ; Camp Crowder, MO; Sheppard Field, TX; Buckley Field, CO; Fort Benning, GA; Camp Mackall, NC; and Fort Meade, MD.

Marvin D. Cartwright suffered a massive stroke on Wednesday Nov. 30th. He passed away on Friday, December 2,



2011 at Mayo Clinic Health Systems in Eau Claire.

Marvin was born on March 22, 1925 to Archie and Mary Etta

Cartwright in the town of Elk Mound, WI. He attended Elk Mound Schools.

He proudly served his country with the 101st Airborne Division, Company I, 502 PIR where he was a paratrooper and fought in Operation Market Garden and The Battle of the Bulge. Following his military service, he worked at National Presto Industries. He later retired from the United States Postal Service after 30 years of working as a rural mail carrier in Elk Mound.

On October 27, 1951 Marv married Charlotte Whitney and they made their home in Elk Mound. Marv loved gardening, woodworking, and his Massey Harris Pony. Marv will be dearly

missed by many relatives and friends.

Marv is survived by his wife Charlotte "Charlie" of 60 years, Daughters: Yolanda (Jan) Rousey and Jennie (Daniel) McLeod; Two grand-daughters; Katie Rousey (Brad Mischler) and Danika McLeod, and Great grand-daughter, Braelyn Mischler

There was a celebration of his life held on Friday, December 9, 2011 at the Trinity United Methodist Church in Elk Mound, Wisconsin.

Charlotte's address is: 109 Juniper Ave., Elk Mound, WI 54739.

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Richard (Dick) P. Vaccaro, I-502, Cottonwood, AZ, December 15, 2011, My heart felt sympathy goes out to the Cartwright family for the loss of Marvin. Heaven will be very happy to receive his great spirit!

Marvin and I were in combat together at times in Holland and Belgium. He was an intelligent and brave comrade. Marvin was the company runner most of the time. That was a very risky duty consisting of taking messages and commands from the company commander to the various platoons and squads. When I was wounded in Bastogne Marvin protected me until medical help arrived.

We did not see each other much, but we did stay in contact throughout the years by telephone.

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Vincent B. (Vinnie) Vicari, 92, of Bethlehem Township, PA passed away on December 5, 2011 at his home.

Born in New York, NY on October 25, 1919, the son of the late Ambrose and Vincenza (Lapi) Vicari.

He served his country in the European

Theatre of WWII in the 101st Airborne Division ("The Screaming Eagles") of the United States Army as a Captain and aide to General Anthony C. McAuliffe. He took part in the Battle of the Bulge and the Siege of Bastogne. He received four battle stars for action in Normandy, Rhineland, the Ardennes and Central Europe. Later, he was the Senior Organizer for the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union, from which he retired in 1982.

He was a member of many local organizations and was a past President of the 101st Airborne Division Association where he continued to serve on the Board of Governors until his death. He was also a past President of the Anthony C. McAuliffe Chapter of the 101st Airborne Division Association.

Vincent is survived by daughters, Arlene Vicari of Bethlehem Twp. and Janice Caraballo and husband Michael of Easton and several grandchildren. Burial was at Gethsemane Cemetery, Palmer Twp. PA.

Memorial contributions may be sent to the Wounded Warrior Project, Attn: Donor Services, 4899 Belfort Rd. Suite 300, Jacksonville, Florida 32256 or online at

<https://support.woundedwarriorproject.org> or to the 101st Monument Fund, 101st Airborne Division Association, P.O. Box 929, Fort Campbell, Kentucky, 42223.

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May Day!! May Day!!

This is the story of the poor blonde flying in a two-seater airplane with just the pilot. He has a heart attack and dies. She frantically calls a May Day: "May Day! May Day! Help me! Help me! My pilot had a heart attack and is dead. And I don't know how to fly. Help me! Please help me!" All of a sudden she hears a voice over the radio saying:

"This is the tower. I have received your message and I will talk you through it. I've had a lot of experience with this kind of problem. Now, just relax. Everything will be fine! Now give me your height and position." She says, "I'm 5'4" and I'm in the front seat."

"O.K." says the voice from the tower. "Repeat after me: Our Father. . . Who art in Heaven. . . ."

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HUS IT WAS

By Lucky Lockhurst

It was descending on a bright and Sunday lunch time

It was welcoming smiles and warm handshakes from the Dutch civilians

It was marching down leafy lanes and into the quiet, Sunday afternoon streets

Suddenly it was machine guns – it was stretcher bearers

It was machine guns – it was stretcher bearers

It was hand grenades and shouts of "Die, you German bastards"

It was leaping from garden to garden – it was dodging from doorway to doorway

It was smashing out of windows and beating out fires

It was noise – it was night – it was morning – it was the second lift

It was more men - more strength – more chances of success

Days followed night and night followed days
And it was carrying in the wounded and carrying out the dead

It was frantically waving yellow silk triangles

It was watching the slaughter of valiant airmen

It was choking at the sight of badly needed supplies drifting out of reach

It was cursing – it was praying

It was the screeching of panzers and the whirring of the mortar bombs

It was the mutilated trees and mutilated men

It was crapping in the corner of a garage or in the corner of a slit trench

It was the V-sign, stuttered out of a brengun

It was the cries of 'Whao Mahommed ' and the groans of the badly wounded

It was the dirt in the mouth and the ringing in the ears

It was the rain-soaked clothing and the blood-soaked earth

It was the shortage of food, of ammunition, of sleep, of hope

It was surrender, but it was not a defeat

It was a brave, brave try

It was Arnhem – 1944.

Poem courtesy of Henk Duinhoven, Holland

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101st Airborne Snowbird Reunion
February 16-18, 2012
The Doubletree Hotel
Westshore, Tampa, Fl

It's the place where Company I, 502 gets together! Hope you will join us.

At this time, some of those from the Co. I family who plan to attend are:

Joe and June Hennessey

Harry and Joan Nivens

Earl Kelly and members of his family

Kathy Hagen, daughter of Glen Moe

Betty Hill, sister of Lester A. Taylor, and

We hope many more....

The registration fee is \$65 per person. Fee includes; Hospitality Room, Lunch Buffet, (Friday & Saturday) and

Banquet Dinner. Free hotel airport shuttle,
Payment is due no later than 25th January, 2012.

The Golf Scramble is at 9 AM on the 16th at the Cheval Country Club. The cost is \$60 per player, including the cart fee. For more reunion or hotel information, or to register online, visit our web site at:<http://www.101abnfgcc.org>

If you can't access a form contact Betty at: 281 277 3787, or email bjth23@yahoo.com
Reunion Registration forms are in the latest Screaming Eagle magazine and on-line at www.screamingeagle.org

Have questions about the Snowbird Reunion?

Contact: William Ball at (813) 948-3208,

bballsaigon@yahoo.com, or

Eddie Pissott at (813) 932-2100,

epissott@tampabay.rr.com.

Make Payments Payable to: 101st ABN ASSOC.

Mail Payment to: Florida Gulf Coast Chapter
c/o Eddie Pissott

13311 Hamner Avenue, Tampa Florida 33612.

Hotel reservations may be made by calling

(813) 879-4800, mention 101st Reunion or

Group Code 1AM. Register online through the

link on our Chapter web page

www.101abnfgcc.org

Robert E. Doran HQ 3/502

Maurice Coenen, Holland, adopted the grave of Robert Doran in the American National Cemetery at

Margarten and shares this photo of Robert with us.

Robert served as the radio operator with LTC Robert G. Cole, commander of 3rd Battalion, 502 PIR in WWII. He was

killed near Best, Holland,

September 18, 1944 around

3:10 in the afternoon. Just

20 minutes later, LTC Cole

was also killed at the same

location. They are buried near

each other in Margarten.

Jean Doran Murphy is the

sister of Robert Doran and lives

in Waterbury, Connecticut.

Photo from Ronald Stassen of Robert E Doran's grave in the American National Cemetery at Margarten Dec. 24, 011.

Jean sends her best wishes to the veterans and families of Company I, 502 who served with her brother. Jean attended one Company I reunion in Orlando, Florida about 10 years ago remembering well the warm reception she received from you who served with Robert.



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Polish Website Tributes to 101st Airborne

Daniel J. Zapalski, 1920-1977, from Erie, PA served in Company I, 502 PIR, 101st Airborne in WWII.

He spent his youth in Erie, lived at 19th Street. Before the war he worked in a grocery store as a



salesman. Calendar behind his back in August 1941 shows year.

Lieutenant Daniel J. Zapalskie during the "Battle



of the bulge". Ardennes, January 1945. Collar of his shirt and helmet, show officers' insignia.

After World War II In 1948 he was assigned to U.S. Army Intelligence (Army Intelligence U.S. Army). When Communism threatened free people in South Korea, he was there. After the war in Korea goes back to work in military intelligence. In the years 1956 to 1959 he lived with his family in Turkey.



He retired in 1962 at the rank of major. He As Executive Director of BRAVO Brotherhood Rally of the American Veterans rganization) he worked tirelessly for dealing with veterans affairs. Unfortunately, his sudden death did not allow him to incorporate his far-reaching plans into effect. Daniel

John Zapalski died January 12, 1977 of pancreatic cancer. He is buried with military honors at Arlington National Cemetery (Arlington National Cemetery). He left his wife Christine, three sons: John Jr., Daniel., Timothy and Christopher, and two daughters, Maria and Diana. This is taken from the "Five-O-Deuce" website www.502-101airborne.pl

<http://daniel-john-zapalski.502-101airborne.pl> is the tribute to Zapalski,

And, tribute to Capt. Frank Lillyman at

<http://frank-lewis-lillyman.502-101airborne.pl>

My thanks to Susan Lillyman Hyland for bringing the site to our attention, and to Christopher Kuzlin, a member of the living history group in Poland for permission to reference it in our newsletter.

From Chris Kuzlin and the 502 Living History Group "Five-o-Deuce" in Poland, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Two of America's 'Greatest Generation' share their heroic stories

By, Chuck Denton, Staff Writer for "The Washington Voice" at Washtenaw Community College, Ann Arbor, MI



George Koskimaki, photo courtesy of Chuck Denton

"Soldier, if you do that in combat you are going to get me killed!" shouted General Maxwell D. Taylor as he stormed off after chewing out George Koskimaki for turning on his flashlight during a D-Day practice run.

General Theodore Roosevelt Jr. turned and put his arm around Koskimaki, saying, "Don't feel bad. I got my ass chewed out more than anybody in this man's Army."

Koskimaki was supposed to have everything memorized, and he froze when Gen. Taylor asked him a question, so he turned on his flashlight to look at his cheat sheet and that is when the general let him have it. That was nearly 70 years ago. Taylor, Koskimaki and his diary made it through the war. Gen. Roosevelt, the son of President Theodore Roosevelt, did not. He is buried in Europe.

World War II veteran George Koskimaki stands in front of a shadow box full of his medals.

Koskimaki, 89, is one of what TV news anchor Tom Brokaw dubbed in his books as our nation's

Greatest Generation – those Americans who spent their formative years through the Great Depression, fought on three continents and won World War II, then returned home to work in factories, business and industry to build a middle class that flourished in the world's lone superpower.

The native of Michigan's Upper Peninsula who now lives in Novi was a member of the 101st Airborne Division, the first paratroopers – that band of brothers – in the history of American combat.

And that diary he kept led him to write three books: "D-Day with the Screaming Eagles," "Hell's Highway" and "The Battered Bastards of Bastogne."

If his days seemed numbered when he went to battle then, they most certainly are now, he knows.

"I don't buy green bananas anymore!" Koskimaki told his friends at a recent gathering of WWII veterans at the Finnish Multicultural Center on Eight Mile Road in Livonia. They laugh, because he's been telling them that for 10 years.

Although health reasons forced him to turn down his annual D-Day anniversary trip to Europe this year, he did manage to make his annual pilgrimage to his birth place in the upper peninsula near L'Anse to spend his summer picking blueberries. Because of macular degeneration, he has to wait until the sun is shining before he can begin to pick the berries. He knows the good berries are the ones that reflect the most light.

This year was a transitional year for Koskimaki, with his eyesight fading. He packed up his WWII historical archive of the 101st Screaming Eagles unit, filled an entire UPS truck with 60 boxes and shipped everything to the **U.S. Army War College in Carlisle, Penn.**

In 1978, he became the national secretary of the 101st and with the help of his wife, Eva, ran the division's membership for two years.

"We doubled the membership and balanced the books by 1980," he says proudly.

To do that, he left his teaching job at Roseville High School, where he taught biology, and took a 60 percent pay cut. He taught for 30 years, and had become somewhat of a legend in Roseville,

where he started the teacher's union in 1949. But he's more remembered for changing lives.

"I can thank George for helping me get a scholarship and becoming a teacher," said Duane Soine, 78, of Negaunee. "He wasn't like the other teachers. He took a special interest in us. And he took us Up North for Atlanta trout fishing, too."

After serving as the national secretary for two years, Koskimaki continued as the unit's historian, helping others find information about their loved ones after the war. He also collected personnel stories from other veterans of WWII. This spring, he completed his last column for the 101st, called K's corner. He would get requests for information and would research his archive and publish his research in the division's magazine.

He received lots of mail after the HBO movie series "Band of Brothers." Veterans would send him a picture and ask him to sign it. Koskimaki provided a lot of detailed information to the screen writers of the movie. As the 101st historian, he also helped the author of "The Dirty Dozen," a WWII drama filmed in 1967.

With some encouragement from his wife, he began collecting detailed information from other veterans and used their stories and experiences in his books about D-Day – June 6, 1944, when the American forces stormed Normandy, France. He had more than 1,500 direct quotes and listed the names of all the veterans in his books.

Koskimaki's old commander, Gen. Taylor, once said to him: "I congratulate you most sincerely on the quality of the reporting of this dramatic-episode. To most of us there, I suspect it was the greatest day of our lives."

Just before his wife died in 2003, she urged him to take their grandson, Matthew Attalai, with him on his annual trip to Europe in honor of D-Day. There, veterans march in a parade and visit some of their battle sites.

After the trip in 2004, Attalai announced he was going to enlist in the Army. Koskimaki drove him to the same court house in the U.P. where he signed up in 1944. Matthew held dual citizenship, Canadian and American. He had dual citizenship because Koskimaki's only daughter, Christine Attalai, married and moved to Toronto, Canada.

Grandfather and grandson were both 20 when they enlisted, and both survived their combat tours with the Army. But after Matthew got out of the service, he went back as a contract body guard and was killed from a roadside bomb in 2010. He was 26.

Before the war, Koskimaki was trying to put himself through college. He didn't have it easy. His grandparents were immigrants from Finland in the early 1900s. They left their homeland because Russia was recruiting Finnish young men to fight in another war. He remembers living in the logging camps in the U.P., where his whole family tried to survive by farming, logging and mining. Once he became an adult, he relocated to Detroit to make money assembling cars at the Cadillac assembly plant on Springwells Avenue. Once he had enough money saved, he would go back to college.

One weekend, Koskimaki recalls, he was feeling a little full of himself and started hitting on a couple of young ladies passing by. One of them turned and said, "I don't date draft dodgers!" The following Monday, Koskimaki went to the court house and enlisted. He wound up on a train bound for Fort Bragg, N.C., home of the 101st Airborne Division.

That young lady rattled him so much, he did not take the time to resign from school or tell his parents of his decision.

Before the main landing of D-Day, his unit was dropped behind enemy lines. He described one event that could have been a bad turning point for the Allies. After fighting through some German guards, he and other soldiers ran across several fields. His unit commander discovered he dropped all Gen. Taylor's invasion maps with the battle plans.

"I volunteered to go back to find the maps," Koskimaki said. "This turned out to be hair-raising. I was afraid the enemy could hear the pounding of my heart – it was so loud. I groped around about in the dark and discovered the maps in a shallow ditch."

Want to know the rest of the story? It's in George Koskimaki's diary of a war hero, "D-Day with the Screaming Eagles," published by Ballantine Books. One great chapter in the story of our Greatest Generation.

Amazing Then and Now photo opportunity

Reg Jans, Bastogne, writes to the Poopsheet: : Dec. 11, I took Kenneth McAuliffe and Helen Patton to Chateau Rolle in Bastogne.

At this location, Reg HQ 502 PIR, Brig. Gen. Anthony C. McAuliffe received the DSC from General G. Patton on 30 Dec 1944.



Photos and text courtesy of Reg Jans

Kenneth II I(Ken) McAuliffe made his third trip to Bastogne this year and I was honored to host him again. The previous two years most of our time was taken by participating ceremonies and

receptions, listening to speeches and laying wreaths.

This year would be different as I wanted to take Ken on his first battlefield tour in Bastogne, showing him sites that his great uncle used to frequent during the siege.

Ken has always been an honorary guest at the Heintz Caserne, where Brig. Anthony C. McAuliffe had his HQ and replied NUTS! to the German demand to surrender. But he never went to the actual battle sites.

After touring in the morning we decided to have lunch in town when I received a phone call from Helen Patton, granddaughter of the General, asking me where we were.

Helen joined our party and I asked Helen if she ever went to the Rolle Castle, the Regimental HQ of the 502nd PIR, where her grandfather took a brief nap right after he arrived in Bastogne on 30 December 1944.

She said no. So off we were.

I told Kenneth that it was at Rolle Castle where his uncle had the Distinguished Service Cross pinned on by General Patton and I showed both Ken and Helen some pics of that ceremony.

That day, several other officers were awarded too. One of them was 'Silent' Steve Chappuis, Regimental Commander of the five-o-deuce.

The people at the Castle gave us a very warm welcome, guided us around the Castle, to the room where Patton took a nap, the ancient Chapel which is the only original part and was built in 1100.

After our tour I asked Helen and Ken to pose on the same spot as where both Generals stood in 1944 and I took their photo. At this point I got emotional and realized that after 67 years, both families were reunited at this historical and beautiful location.

Ken and Helen really appreciated it and everyone in our party realized this moment was very special. A moment that I'm sure of none of us will ever forget. Warm regards, Reg

Kenneth J. McAuliffe, Jr. recently self published: '**NUTS! the life of Anthony C. McAuliffe.**

The 104 page biography of his uncle is available only in the shop on www.screamingeagle.org

Gold Star Mother statue unveiled in Waterbury, CT

By Andrew Larson, Republican-American

WATERBURY — A Gold Star Mothers Memorial — one of three in the country — was unveiled Saturday night at City Hall, before a crowd that packed the grand foyer.

The bronze statue shows a woman's expression as she receives a Western Union telegram informing her that her son died fighting for his country. The memorial honors the sacrifice of all mothers who have lost a son at war.

"You can tell by the way she's holding the telegram, the tears in her eyes, you can feel her pain and grief," said Mary Kight. "You forget she's a statue and you just want to hug her."



The Waterbury Veterans Memorial Committee collected money to pay a renowned sculptor to create this statue, which honors Gold Star mothers. The memorial is on the landing of the front stairwell in City Hall.

2011 Darwin Award Winner

The Darwin Awards are out. Yes, it's that magical time of year again when the Darwin Awards are bestowed, honoring the least evolved among us.

Here is the 3-22 glorious winner:

When his 38 caliber revolver failed to fire at his intended victim during a hold-up in Long Beach, California would-be robber James Elliot did something that can only inspire wonder.. He peered down the barrel and tried the trigger again. This time it worked.

GOLFER AT THE DENTIST

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."

A Thanksgiving Story

John received a parrot as a gift. The parrot had a bad attitude and an even worse vocabulary. Every word out of the bird's mouth was rude, obnoxious and laced with profanity. John tried and tried to change the bird's attitude by consistently saying only polite words, playing soft music and anything else he could think of to reform this bird. Finally, John was fed up and he yelled and shook the parrot and the parrot got angrier and even more rude. John, in desperation, threw up his hand, grabbed the bird and put him in the freezer. For a few minutes the parrot squawked and kicked and screamed. Then suddenly there was total quiet. Not a peep was heard for over a minute.

Fearing that he'd hurt the parrot, John quickly opened the door to the freezer. The parrot calmly stepped out onto John's outstretched arms and said "I believe I may have offended you with my rude language and actions. I'm sincerely remorseful for my inappropriate transgressions and I fully intend to do everything I can to correct my rude and unforgivable behavior." John was stunned at the change in the bird's attitude. As he was about to ask the parrot what had made such a dramatic change in his behavior, the bird spoke-up, very softly, **"May I ask what the turkey did?"**

MAYBE THIS IS WHY OUR HEALTH CARE COSTS ARE SO HIGH!!!

Those of us who spend much time in a doctor's office should appreciate this! Doesn't it seem more and more that physicians are running their practices like an assembly line?

Here's what happened to Bubba:

Bubba walked into a doctor's office and the receptionist asked him what he had. Bubba said: 'Shingles.' So she wrote down his name, address, medical insurance number and told him to have a seat.

Fifteen minutes later a nurse's aide came out and asked Bubba what he had.

Bubba said, 'Shingles' So she took down his height, weight, a complete medical history and told Bubba to wait in the examining room.

A half hour later a nurse came in and asked Bubba what he had. Bubba said, 'Shingles..' So the nurse gave Bubba a blood test, a blood pressure test, an electrocardiogram, and told Bubba to take off all his clothes and wait for the doctor.

An hour later the doctor came in and found Bubba sitting patiently in the nude and asked Bubba what he had. Bubba said, 'Shingles.' The doctor asked, 'Where?'

Bubba said, 'Outside on the truck. Where do you want me to unload 'em??'

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Heaven Awaits

Maggie and Tony were 85 years old and had been married for sixty years. Though they were far from rich, they managed to get by because Tony watched their pennies. Though not young, they were both in very good health, largely due to Maggie's insistence



on healthy foods and exercise for the last decade. One day, their good health didn't help when they went on yet another holiday and their plane crashed, sending them off to Heaven.

They reached the pearly gates, and St. Peter

escorted them inside. He took them to a beautiful mansion, furnished in gold and fine silks, with a fully stocked kitchen and a waterfall in the master bath. A maid could be seen hanging their favorite clothes in the closet. They gasped in astonishment when he said, 'Welcome to Heaven. This will be your home now.'



Tony asked Peter how much all this was going to cost.

'Why, nothing,' Peter replied, 'remember, this is your reward in Heaven.' Tony looked out the window and right there he saw a championship golf course, finer and more beautiful than any ever built on Earth.. 'What are the Green fees?' Tony.. 'This is heaven,' St. Peter replied. 'You can play for free, every day.'

Next they went to the clubhouse and saw the lavish buffet lunch, with every imaginable cuisine laid out before them, from seafood to steaks to exotic deserts, free flowing beverages. 'Don't even ask,' said St. Peter to Tony. This is Heaven, it is all free for you to enjoy.'

Tony looked around and glanced nervously at Maggie. 'Well, where are the low fat and low cholesterol foods and the decaffeinated tea?,' he asked. That's the best part,' St. Peter replied. 'You can eat and drink as much as you like of whatever you like and you will never get fat or sick. This is Heaven!' 'No gym to work out at?' said Tony 'Not unless you want to,' was the answer. 'No testing my sugar or blood pressure or...!' 'Never again. All you do here is enjoy yourself.'

Tony glared at Maggie and said, 'You and your *!@?&* Bran Flakes. We could have been here ten years ago!'

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101st Airborne Parachute Demonstration Team

The Screaming Eagles are the Army's oldest Parachute Demonstration team having preformed demonstration jumps around the world since 1958.

Perform live aerial demonstrations in support of Army community relations and promote the United States Army through the sport of skydiving while representing the 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault) and its proud and unyielding airborne tradition.

We perform on average of 45 shows per year and specialize in demonstrations customized to your event. Our team consists of 6-12 volunteer members and represents the wide variety of skills that has made 101st Airborne Division (Air Assault) the world's most effective Air Assault Division. www.campbell.army.mil

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The Grateful Bride

All eyes were on the radiant bride as her father escorted her down the aisle. They reached the altar and the waiting groom; the bride kissed her father and placed something in his hand. The guests in the front pews responded with ripples of laughter. Even the priest smiled broadly. As her father gave her away in marriage, the bride gave him back his credit card.

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Be careful about reading health books . You may die of a misprint . - Mark Twain

ATHEIST IN THE WOODS

An atheist was walking through the woods . 'What majestic trees!' 'What powerful rivers!' 'What beautiful animals!' He said to himself as he was walking alongside the river, he heard a rustling in the bushes behind him . He turned to look . He saw a 7-foot grizzly bear charge towards him .

He ran as fast as he could up the path . He looked over his shoulder & saw that the bear was closing in on him . He looked over his shoulder



again, & the bear was even closer . He tripped & fell on the ground

He rolled over to pick himself up but saw that the bear was right on top of him, reaching for him with his left paw & raising his right paw to strike him . At that instant moment, the Atheist cried out: 'Oh my God!' Time stopped . The bear froze . The forest was silent .

As a bright light shone upon the man, a voice came out of the sky . 'You deny my existence for all these years, teach others I don't exist and even credit creation to cosmic accident . '

'Do you expect me to help you out of this predicament?' 'Am I to count you as a believer?' The atheist looked directly into the light, and said: 'It would be hypocritical of me to suddenly ask you to treat me as a Christian now, but perhaps you could make the BEAR a Christian?' 'Very well', said the voice .

The light went out . The sounds of the forest resumed . And the bear dropped his right paw, brought both paws together, bowed his head & spoke:

'Lord bless this food, which I am about to receive from Thy bounty through Christ our Lord, Amen ' .

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We could certainly slow the aging process down if it had to work its way through Congress .

- Will Rogers



Holiday Greetings from :

Mrs. Sybil (Denver) Hatfield, I-502, Pawnee, OK Thinking of you and wishing you a Christmas a and new year filled with happiness.

Mrs. Mabel (Jim) Howell, I-502, Aberdeen, MS wish you a Christmas full of love and happiness. Enjoy the Poopsheet and being in touch.

Robert Hartzell, I-502, and his daughter Clara M. Hartzell, and Mike of Tiffin, OH, wish you joy and peace this Christmas.

Josephine Kocol, Omaha, NE, in memory of her brother **Louis Morong, I-502** sends warm thoughts and wishes for a wonderful Christmas season.

David Wisnia, Levittown, PA sends love and good wishes for the holiday season.

Jack Zeifman, Pennington, NJ wishes you joy and peace this holiday season.

Joe and June Hennessey, I-502, Sarasota, FL send love and good wishes for the Christmas season.

Lori, Novotni, Gilbert, AZ, G-niece of Edward Sowder, I-502, sends warm wishes for a season filled with joy.

Scott Ramsey, Panama City, FL May you be blessed with God's gifts of peace, joy and love at Christmas and always.

Kay Murdock (Mrs. Walter), I-502, Placerville, CA , I am wishing the 101st family a great Christmas and a new year filled with all the best.

Hank and Trudy van Zelderren, May your heart and home be filled with joy and love of the holiday season.

Robert and Minn Lott, ,327/401 GIR, WWII, Edgewater, MD, send Best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Leon A. (Jed) Jedziniak, A-501, Redondo Beach, CA, sends his Season's Greetings for all.

Loretta Minotti, Easton, PA, God's love is the Christmas Spirit, God's grace is the Christmas Cheer, God's Peace is the Christmas Blessing, to Usher in a Bright New Year.

Joseph Kelly, Jonesborough, TN, brother of Earl Kelly, I-502... Wishing you the old fashion pleasures, happy memories and all the joys of Christmas.

Fawn, Scott and Jesse Jones, Frisco, TX, dau. Of Edward Smith, I--502, , May you find peace in the quiet beauty of the Christmas season. Merry Christmas

Edward Hallo, A-501, WWII, Novi, MI wishing you joy in the traditions of the season, Merry Christmas. See you in Tampa at Snowbird.

Don Caughran, Signal Mountain, TN best wishes to you and yours for a happy holiday season.

*May you always have love to share,
health to spare,
and friends that care...*

Thank you to everyone for your generous support of the Poopsheet. Without you, we could not continue.

Expense Report

Balance on hand before last issue:	\$416
Contributions Received:	301
Cost of last issue:	160
Balance on Hand before this issue:	\$557
December 23, 2011	
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CO. I, 502 PARACHUTE



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FIRST CLASS



Best wishes from Chris Kuzlin, Poland
502 Living History Group



This booklet contains 104 pages and gives you an insight in the life of the general during his military career and in private life. It is written and self published by Kenneth McAuliffe, nephew of ACM and based on a writing assignment by his son Kenneth McAuliffe III, great nephew of ACM in 1978.

Kenneth researched the history in depth and assembled info from many historical documents, books and personal accounts. A very detailed version of the NUTS! - story and many original photo's are put in this

booklet and makes it a must read for every WWII history buff. The book can be ordered from the 101st Airborne Division Screaming Eagle Store on www.screamingeagle.org

Best "Excuse" Ever!

It was the day after Christmas at a church in San Francisco. The pastor of the church was looking over the crèche when he noticed that the baby Jesus was missing from among the figures. He hurried outside and saw a little boy with a red wagon, and in the wagon was the figure of the little infant Jesus.

So he walked up to the boy and said, "Well, where did you get your passenger, my fine friend?"

The little boy replied, "I got Him at church." "And why did you take Him?" The boy explained, "Well, about a week before Christmas I prayed to the little Lord Jesus and I told Him if He would bring me a red wagon for Christmas I would give Him a ride around the block in it."