



# Company I Poopsheet

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

January 2013

**Dr. Wm. Harold Parham** (Co. I 502 PIR) died on Friday, October 12, 2012. He was 88. He was born at St. Vincent's Hospital in Jacksonville, in 1924, the son of the late James Robert and Elizabeth Rhodes Parham, third generation Southerners. He graduated from Robert E. Lee Senior High, attended the University of Florida, and



received his Bachelor degree from Stetson University in 1949, and received their Distinguished Alumni Award in 1984. The University of Florida, in 1974, with the concurrence of the Governor and Board of Regents, conferred upon him its first and only Doctor of Health Administration Degree with the University of Miami, and the University of South Florida participating. The only time all three medical schools have ever participated in a convocation together, and the only time the University of

Florida has held a convocation off campus. He was also a graduate of The Parachute School at Ft. Benning, GA (1943), and the Armed Forces Information College, Ft. Slocum, NY (1951). He served in Combat, as a Distinguished Member of the 502nd Parachute Infantry Regiment of the 101st Airborne Division during World War II, was the Medical Historian for the Eighth U.S. Army in Korea, and an Aide de Camp to the Chief Surgeon, Far East, Japan. He formed the first, medical society in a combat zone, the 38th Parallel Medical Society in Korea. Harold served as an Executive Vice President and C.E.O. of the Florida Medical Association for thirty-five years. In 1985, he was made an honorary member of the Board of Past Presidents of the Florida Medical Association. At the height of his career, he became recognized nationally as an authority

in the areas of medical economics, legislation, and professional liability. He was the first full time lobbyist in Washington and Tallahassee for the FMA, Blue Cross & Blue Shield of Florida, and the Florida Hospital Association. Much of his life was spent supporting tort and judicial reform and opposing excessive government and taxes at all levels. Dr. Parham organized and served for ten years as the attorney-in-fact and Founding President of the Florida Physicians Insurance Reciprocal, Founding Chairman of the Professional Insurance Management Company (PIMCO), and founding Trustee and Agent for twenty-five years of the Florida Medical Insurance Trust, the FMA Investment Trust. He served as Managing Editor of the FMA Journal, and was the recipient of numerous resolutions and commendations for his achievements. His favorite was presented to him in 1989, on the occasion of 100 years of Public Health in Florida, by the State Health Officer, To Dr. Harold Parham, whose friendship and support helped all of us in Public Health to do our job. He contributed mightily in this and many other ways to the improvement for Health in Florida. At the time of his death, he was a member of the Ortega Methodist Church, Florida Yacht Club, and the Jacksonville Commodores League. He spent most of his time before and after retirement operating and restoring powerboats. He is survived by his loving wife of 62 years, Mary Copeland, their daughter Mary Virginia and her husband, Lane Burnett; one grandson, William H. Parham III and five granddaughters, Victoria, BrieAnna, and Caitlin Burnett; Christine and Anne Parham; a brother Thomas M. Parham and a daughter-in-law, Cheryl Parham. His son Will and his two brothers, James R. Jr. and Charles, preceded him in death. He requested no eulogies, flowers or memorials, but requests that friends join his family for a celebration of his life and a toast to his memory. Harold worked and played hard, sometimes to excess at both.

**Tony McAuliffe's Answer**

*by H. I. Phillips*

You cau have your famous backtalk  
All those famous cries of yore,  
Which a nation's toughest scrappers  
Hurled to any foe in war;  
All "defies" enshrined in story  
By our men most famed for" guts,"  
Gimme Tony C. McAuliffe's  
Classic, candid answer, "Nuts!"  
From the fighting men of Breeds Hill,  
Mystic town of Concord Bridge,  
Gettysburg, Atlanta, Shiloh,  
- To the recent Bloody Ridge  
Have come phrases with a wallop  
Of a blow from rifle butts;  
As for me I' ll make the payoff "  
On McAuliffe's one word: "Nuts!"  
" Fight it on this line all summer"  
" Damn torpedoes! Speed ahead!"  
"I have just begun to fight I" ....  
Ah, These have glorified our dead;  
"Till you see the whites of eyes once  
Rang with scorn that sears and cuts,  
But I like the stout McAuliffe's  
And the snappy challenge "Nuts!"  
" You may fire when you're ready"  
Up and at 'em!" .... "Give 'em hell!"  
" Stand or die I" and "Give no quarter,"  
These were cries that rang the bell;"  
But for answers clear and final,  
Like an iron door that shuts,  
I will sh'ing with T. McAuliffe's  
Simple, all-out slogan - "NUTS!"

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**Lewellyn Rousch**, Gallipolis, OH, I-502, Lew's mail was returned marked "deceased". No response to phone call or contact available.  
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**Mrs. Fred R. (Muriel) Methany**, Palm Springs, CA. Mail returned, No forwarding address  
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**Domingo Cantu**, I-502, San Antonio... his mail was returned, BUT, that was an error... he is doing well, hasn't moved, so was happy to send his newsletter to him again.  
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**Ray Dunlap**, Pennsylvania, I-502, writes in email: Betty, Just wanted to say hello and thank you again for doing everything you do for the Poopsheet, I love the articles, the pictures, and the jokes, too!. The wife and I are doing good, living with our daughter now in

Belle Vernon about 1 hour south of Pittsburgh. I recently got a call from **Earl Kelly**, it was great to talk to him. He said he is doing well also. I hope to get some money together and send to you to help support the poopsheet, it may not be much but I hope it will help. All the best, Ray Dunlap.

P.S. This is Ray's grandson, Brian. I typed this on his behalf. I too enjoy reading the poopsheet, he always makes it a point to show it to me. So I also want to say thank you for all the effort you put into to producing and distributing it, it is very much appreciated by Ray, June, and myself.

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**Joe S. Brangwyn**, I-502, Ridgecrest, CA....we heard from Joe in mid November with support for the Poopsheet. Thank you Joe and everyone for your support.  
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**Thank you all for the many warm wishes in your phone calls, cards, emails and support this holiday season**, among them were:

**Robert Hartzell**, Tiffin, OH, wishing you joy and peace this Christmas and New Year.

**Charlotte Cartwright (Mrs. Marvin)**, Menomonie, Wisconsin

**Sybil Hatfield (Mrs. Denver)**, Pawnee, Oklahoma  
**Josephine Kokol**, sister of Louis J. Morong. I-502, Omaha, NE

**Mabel Howell (Mrs. Jim)**, I-502, Aberdeen, MS  
**Lori Novotni**, Gilbert, AZ, g-niece of **Edward Sowder**, I-502.

**Mary Celanto** and family, Staten Island, NY, niece of **Cornelius Owens**, I-502

**Joe and June Hennessey**, CT & FL, I-502

**Kay Murdock (Walter)** I-502, Placerville, CA

**Jack and Gizella Zeifman**, Pennington, NJ

**Agnes and Warren Welling**, Woodvill, OH, Daughter of **Bob Hartzell**

**Robert Bruce Cole**, San Antonio, TX

**Jim and Betty Edwards**, Cordova, TN

**David and Hope Wisnia**, Levittown, PA

**Barbara Slover**, Hamptn, FL, daughter of **Edward Mobley**, I-502, .

**Marjorie Steadman (Willie)**, I-502, Gaffney, SC.

**Harry and Joan Nivens**, St. Cloud, FL, I-502

**Peter Plank**, Chief of Veterans Affairs, Bethan, OK and the **LIBERTY JUMP TEAM**.

**Charles Gant**, Governor 502 PIR 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Association

**Chris Kuzlin and the 502 Living History Organization** in Poland.

Thank you for the many other emails and posts from Facebook friends sending good wishes,  
**Happy New Year from Company I, 502, WWII family, and friends.**

Put all the old people in jail!

**WHAT A GREAT IDEA!!!!.....**

Here's the way it should be:

Let's put the seniors in jail and the criminals in nursing homes. This would correct two things in one motion:

Seniors would have access to showers, hobbies and walks. They would receive unlimited free prescriptions, dental and medical Treatment, wheel chairs, etc.

They would receive money instead of having to pay it out. They would have constant video monitoring, so they would be helped instantly... If they fell or needed assistance.

Bedding would be washed twice a week and all clothing would be ironed and returned to them. A guard would check on them every 20 minutes. All meals and snacks would be brought to them. They would have family visits in a suite built for that purpose.

They would have access to a library, weight/fitness room, spiritual counseling, a pool and education...and free admission to in-house concerts by nationally recognized entertainment artists.

Simple clothing - i.e.. Shoes, slippers, pj's - and legal aid would be free, upon request.. There would be private, secure rooms provided for all with an outdoor exercise yard complete with gardens.

Each senior would have a P.C., T.V., phone and radio in their room at no cost.

They would receive daily phone calls. There would be a board of directors to hear any complaints and the ACLU would fight for their rights and protection.

The guards would have a code of conduct to be strictly adhered to, with attorneys available, at no charge to protect the seniors and their families from abuse or neglect.

As for the criminals:

They would receive cold food.. They would be left alone and unsupervised.

They would receive showers once a week. They would live in tiny rooms, for which they would have to pay \$5,000 per month. They would have no hope of ever getting out. "Sounds like justice to me!" Oh yeah, almost forgot: it's a great gated community.

### Shopping in Cabela's

A woman goes into Cabela's to buy a rod and reel for her grandson's birthday. She doesn't know which one to get, so she just grabs one and goes over to the counter.

The clerk was standing behind the counter wearing dark shades. She says to him, "Excuse me, sir. Can you tell me anything about this rod and reel?" He says, "Ma'am, I'm completely blind; but if you'll drop it on the counter, I can tell you everything from the sound it makes."

She doesn't believe him but drops it on the counter anyway.. He says, "That's a six-foot Shakespeare graphite rod with a Zebco 404 reel and 10-LB. Test line. It's a good all-around combination, and it's on sale this week for only \$20.00."

She says, "It's amazing that you can tell all that just by the sound of it dropping on the counter. I'll take it!" As she opens her purse, her credit card drops on the floor "Oh, that sounds like a Master Card," he says. She bends down to pick it up and accidentally farts.

At first she is really embarrassed, but then realizes.....there no way the blind clerk could tell it was her who tooted. Being blind, he wouldn't know that she was the only person around?

The man rings up the sale and says, "That'll be \$34.50 please." The woman is totally confused by this and asks, "Didn't you tell me the rod and reel were on sale for \$20.00? How did you get \$34.50?"

He replies, "Yes, ma'am. The rod and reel is \$20.00, but the Duck Call is \$11.00, and the Catfish Bait is \$3.50." She paid it and left without saying a word.

### Expense Report

Balance on hand before last issue	\$569
Cost of last Issue & Supplies	\$222
Contributions	\$255
Balance on hand before this issue	\$602

Thank You for your support. Betty Taylor Hill  
5801 Reading Rd. # 321, Rosenberg, TX 77471



From "Eagle Talk" on Mark Bando's website [101airbornevll.com](http://101airbornevll.com) this awesome photo  
 Hearts and minds in Hurriyah, Iraq, Lt Kyle Hatzinger of the Black Hearts Brigade with Mariam. At the end of the day, this is what it's all about.

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**Hang in there!**

Eleven people were hanging on a rope, under a helicopter.

10 men and 1 woman.

The rope was not strong enough to carry them all, so they decided that one had to leave, Because otherwise they were all going to fall. They weren't able to choose that person, until the woman gave a very touching speech.

She said that she would voluntarily let go of the rope, because, as a woman, she was used to giving up everything for her husband and kids or for men in general, and was used to always making sacrifices with little in return.

As soon as she finished her speech, all the men started clapping...

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**Why one should always look up...**

**The Buzzard**



If you put a buzzard in a pen that is 6 feet by 8 feet and is entirely open at the top, the bird, in spite of its ability to fly, will be an absolute prisoner.

The reason is that a buzzard always begins a flight from the

ground with a run of 10 to 12 feet. Without space to run, as is its habit, it will not even attempt to fly, but will remain a prisoner for life in a small jail with no top.

**The Bat**



The ordinary bat that flies around at night, a remarkable nimble creature in the air, cannot take off from a level place. If it is placed on the floor or flat ground, all it can do is shuffle about helplessly and, no doubt, painfully, until it reaches some slight elevation from which it can throw itself into the air. Then, at once, it takes off like a flash.

**The Bumblebee**



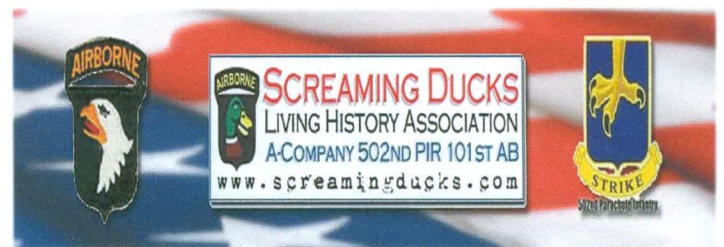
A bumblebee, if dropped into an open tumbler, will be there until it dies, unless it is taken out. It never sees the means of escape at the top, but persists in trying to find some way out through the sides

near the bottom. It will seek a way where none exists, until it completely destroys itself.

**The People**

In many ways, we are like the buzzard, the bat, and the bumblebee. We struggle about with all our problems and frustrations, never realizing that all we have to do is look up! That's the answer, the escape route and the solution to any problem... just look up!

Sorrow looks back, Worry looks around,  
 But faith looks up!



After months of preperation our new webiste is online. A new great website with all the well known information. We hope to fill it very soon with more info about the 101 AB history, commemorations, event stories & pictures and more much more. Enjoy and follow us on [www.screamingducks.com](http://www.screamingducks.com)

Sybren van der Velden, (chairman)

**Edward C.G. Tyree, Sr. (Ed)** Company I, 502 PIR, 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division, WWII. KIA near Bastogne , January 3, 1945.

W. Preston Tyree, Austin, TX, second son of Ed Tyree shares this with us.



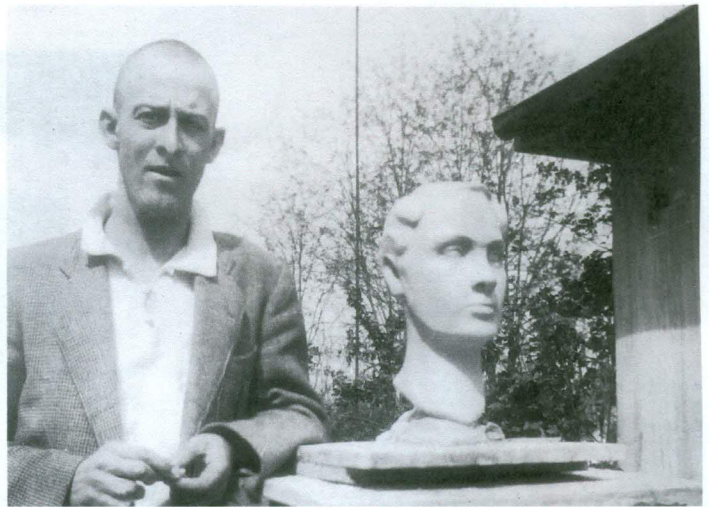
This is Ed and his first born son, Edward Christian Glass Tyree Jr. (Ned) who is now retired after a long and satisfying career as an officer in Naval Intelligence. and is 72 this year. Ned was almost 5 when Ed died at Bastogne, not long after the picture of

little Ned saluting the flag. .



Edward (Ned) Tyree Jr.(now age 72)

Ed was an accomplished sculptor and some of his pieces are found all over Virginia. I have a head similar to this at home in Austin TX. Family



story is that it is of my mother Morrie Macleod Tyree.



This is extended family. Standing: Ed in uniform with his mother Mary Carter Glass Tyree, two of his wife's six siblings and his father, Walter Preston Tyree, Jr. (I am his namesake III. Sitting, Brother-in-Law, young Ned, Mother-in-Law, Mae Elizabeth Onthank Macleod (Lady), another sibling-in-law and his Father-in-Law William Thornhill Macelod (Big Jake), This was taken on the porch of the Macleod home on Riverside Drive in Lynchburg VA. My mother was taking the picture...I assume. Not sure where Ed's height came from, but one of his great grand sons is over 6' 2" at age 15.

We are not sure where this next picture was taken but family story is that he was in training and a group of his fellow trainees were getting pictures taken so he put on the gear and had the



picture taken even though it is not the normal jump uniform. He left the US via ship from New York City and landed in England on D-Day. He was wounded in Operation Market Garden, was flown to England for treatment and rejoined the unit in Mourmelon France shortly before being shipped into Bastogne.

I have photographs of the site where his body was found

on the morning of January 4, 1945. One of his platoon members told me that one of the ways they recognized him with the Confederate flag he wore inside is battle dress. I have the flag with his blood stains on it. Edward C.G. Tyree, Sr. (above) died Jan 3, 1945, two weeks before his 30th birthday.

Some years ago I made a push to contact his platoon mates and talk with them and they were great. With their information and a hand drawn map I contacted a friend in Brussels, and he went to the site of the battlefield and took pictures of the area around the house that served as the Command Post. With the map and the pictures he was able to pinpoint the site where Ed was found and placed flowers there for a picture. Ed is buried at the military cemetery in **Luxembourg** and my wife and I have made two visits, once in the snow which made it very poignant as we walked out over the unmarked snow to Ed's grave. We took our sons to visit and the people at the cemetery were magnificent in the way they received and treated Ed's grand sons. I hope to get back to the area once more and visit the site where his body was found.

I have been to the area in Holland where Ed landed during Market Garden and was warmly received by the people in the area. I was on my

bicycle so I fit right in with the local scene.

Ed's two sons are, Edward Christian Glass Tyree, Jr. (62, Norfolk, VA and myself, Walter Preston Tyree, III (68, Austin, TX. Four grandsons and six great grand children.

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### Preaching to a Bear

A Catholic Priest, a Baptist Preacher and a Rabbi all served as Chaplains to the students of Northern Michigan University at Marquette in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

They would get together two or three times a week for coffee and to talk shop.

One day, someone made the comment that preaching to people isn't really all that hard, a real challenge would be to preach to a bear.

One thing led to another, and they decided to do an experiment. They would all go out into the woods, find a bear, preach to it, and attempt to convert it to their religion.

Seven days later, they all came together to discuss their experiences.



Father Flannery, who had his arm in a sling, was on crutches, and had various bandages on his body and limbs, went first.

'Well,' he said, 'I went into the woods to find me a bear. And when I found him, I began to read to him from the

Catechism.

Well, that bear wanted nothing to do with me and began to slap me around. So I quickly grabbed my holy water, sprinkled him and, Holy Mary Mother of God, he became as gentle as a lamb. The Bishop is coming out next week to give him first communion and confirmation.'

Reverend Billy Bob spoke next. He was in a wheelchair, had one arm and both legs in casts, and had an IV drip.

In his best fire-and-brimstone oratory, he exclaimed, 'WELL, brothers, you KNOW that we Baptists don't sprinkle! I went out and I FOUND me a bear. And then I began to read to my bear from God's HOLY WORD! But that bear wanted nothing to do with me. (continued next page)

