



Company I Poopsheet

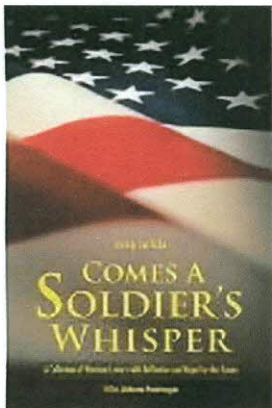
Company I, 502 PIR, 101st Airborne Division, US Army

July 2013

These are the Company I, 502, WWII veterans on our mailing list today. If a correction is needed, please let me know. God bless you all and thank you for your service to our country and freedom everywhere.

- Augustnowski, Edward, Wetherfield, CT
- Brangwin, Joe S., Ridgecrest, CA
- Camarillo, Fernando S. San Antonio, TX
- Cantu, Domingo, San Antonio, TX
- Clark, Jack R. New Castle, PA
- Dunch, Louis B., Sharon, PA
- Dunlap, Ray L., Fayette City, PA
- Elliott, Chester H., Birch Tree, MO
- Hartzell, Robert J., Tiffin, OH
- Hennessey, Joseph S., Sarasota, FL
- Kelly, Earl R. , Aberdeen, MD
- Lichtenthaler, Donald W. Newberg, OR
- Nivens, Harry C., St. Cloud, FL
- Penkwitz, William , Mishicot, WI
- Smith, Meredith E., Baton Rouge, LA
- Taylor, Floyd M. Midwest City,, OK
- Vaccaro, Richard P., Cottonwood, AZ
- Walker, Frank M., Lake Charles, LA

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Recommended reading....



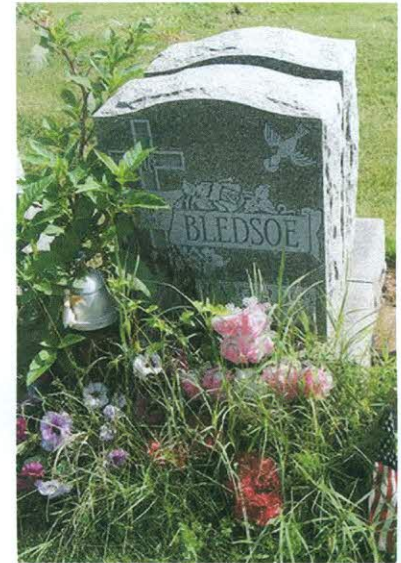
"Comes a soldier's whisper: A collection of Wartime Letters with Reflection and Hope for the Future" written by Jenny La Sala and based on her Dad's letters which he wrote during WWII. **David Clinton Tharp** was a member of the 502nd PIR, HQ Company. Her Dad was a radioman to Robert Cole, Steve

Chappuis and John Michaelis. The book was published in February 2013.

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August 16 is National Airborne Day

Nick V. Bledsoe, Morrisville, PA I-502. The May Poopsheet was returned. The phone number has not been good for years. I've learned his daughter Margaret (Peggy) Eckenrode may have received the newsletters until her death in September 2012. She had no living relatives and was the daughter of the late Nick V. and Margaret R. Bledsoe. Her brother, Nick E. Bledsoe is deceased.



I recently found the death record of Nick V. Bledsoe, born Sept. 19, 1921 died March 5, 1998, and a photo of the family grave in Our Lady of Grace Cemetery, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, from *Find A Grave* website. That information was posted in September 2012 by Becky Evans, a researcher, who provided photo above and helped me confirm this is probably our Nick V. Bledsoe of Company I, 502.

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Returned Mail - May 2103

Mrs. Sarah Mitchell, widow of Loren L. Mitchell, So. Charleston, OH. No forwarding address.

Mrs. Edwina K. Shepard, widow of Corey R. Shepard, Houston, TX, Her mail was returned "unable to forward"

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If you're not a member o the 101st Airborne Division Association, now is the time to join. You will be supporting the association and receive the quarterly magazine "*The Screaming Eagle*". Sign up at www.screamingeagle.org or call the office at (931)-431-0199 for info and application.

Joe Brangwin, I-502, Ridgecrest, CA selected for the Honor Flight

From an article by Jack Barnwell April 24, 2013



Joe Brangwin at his home in Ridgecrest, CA standing near a portrait of him in WWII.



Lori Acton with her father, Joe Brangwin

Joe Brangwin was surprised when he found out he would be part of a Honor Flight to Washington DC on April 26. Brangwin, 87, was tapped as one of many World War II veterans to be flown to nation's capitol in April as part of the Honor Flight Kern County to visit the **WWII** Veteran's Memorial. Honor Flight Kern County is part of a national non-profit organization that honors WWII veterans by flying them to Washington to honor their service. While WWII vets are a priority, the organization honors **all veterans**, from the Korean War to the most recent conflicts.

Brangwin, who has lived in Trona and later Ridgecrest since 1950, joined the Army in 1934 and served in the 101st Airborne Division through most of the war. "It was exciting to represent veterans in Kern County and it was quite a surprise," Brangwin said initially over the phone on Thursday. "I was quite amazed and quite pleased they recognize WWII veterans."

After being honorably discharged in June 1946, Brangwin moved to Trona in 1950, where he met his wife Merle and opened up a service station in 1954. It closed in 2000. Brangwin later moved to Ridgecrest in the 1970s and opened up Brangwin's Building Supplies on Richmond Road in 1977, which he operated until 1984. Brangwin said it was well known for the giant hammer in front of the building.

Brangwin spoke very little of his wartime service during an interview at his home Friday, but recalled a few occasions following the war's end. Always humble, he said he did nothing more than what any other member of division did. "Right after the war, I was sent to a school in Scotland," Brangwin said. He said following that, he was merged with the 82nd Airborne Division when it returned to New York in January 1946 on the RMS Queen Mary. "We marched in the parade there in New York on 5th Avenue," Brangwin said, referring to the Victory Parade the 82nd led. Brangwin comes from a military family, with his twin brother John having served in the Navy, his brother Don in the Coast Guard and his third brother Earl also having served in the Army. His sister Velva Ford was a civilian nurse in Chicago.

"My mother went to church Seven days a week to pray for her children" Brangwin said. Ridgecrest City Councilwoman Lori Acton, Brangwin's daughter said her father was a strong role model growing up.

"My father helped everyone whether or not they had the ability to pay or not," Acton said. "I learned about community service by the example my parents set. I still get stopped by people when they know he's my father because of what great man he is."

Brangwin will be joined by his nephew-in-law, Jim Johnson as "guardian" as part of the program. Guardians are part of the Honor Flight

network process, providing care and help to the veteran flight if necessary.

Brangwin said he is looking forward to the trip, even after past trips to Washington and a tour of the White House. "It will be good to see the memorial wall and some other sites". Brangwin said. "It's going to be nice trip."

Brangwin concluded that the memorial was a testimony to the service of the WWII vets. "Most people don't realize the sacrifice that group of veterans made for the freedoms people enjoy."

In a phone conversation, Joe says he enjoyed the trip very much.

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He Stood Up to the Enemy!

American soldier Horace Greasley was a POW in a concentration camp that Heinrich Himmler inspected. The prisoners had been ordered to stay seated and silent. Greasley refused, stepped forward and stared Himmler down.



Photo courtesy Beth Weeks/Holly Mocko

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It is a responsibility to belong to the 101st Airborne Division with its record of achievement. The past matters only as a promise of future accomplishment. We who today wear the Eagle on our shoulders must assure the Division a future worthy of the men of Normandy, Holland and Bastogne.

Gen. Maxell D. Taylor

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When to Drink Water

How many folks do you know who say they don't want to drink anything before going to bed because they'll have to get up during the night!!

Big question - Why do people need to urinate so much at night time. Answer from a Cardiac Doctor

- Gravity holds water in the lower part of your body when you are upright (legs swell). When you lie down and the lower body (legs and etc) seeks level with the kidneys, it is then that the kidneys remove the water because it is easier.

Correct time to drink water... Very Important. From a Cardiac Specialist! Drinking water at a certain time maximizes its effectiveness on the body:

- 2 glasses of water after waking up - helps activate internal organs
- 1 glass of water 30 minutes before a meal - helps digestion
- 1 glass of water before taking a bath - helps lower blood pressure
- 1 glass of water before going to bed - helps prevent leg cramps and possibly avoid stroke or heart attack

.....Drink your water!!

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The Chicken

Ray came home one night from a long day at work, slid into bed beside his sleeping wife, and fell into a deep slumber.

He awoke before the Pearly Gates, where St. Peter said, 'You died in your sleep, Ray.'

Ray was stunned. 'I'm dead? No, I can't be! I've got too much to live for. Send me back!'

St. Peter said, 'I'm sorry, but there's only one way you can go back, and that is as a chicken.'

Ray was devastated, but begged St. Peter to send him to a farm near his home. The next thing he knew, he was covered with feathers, clucking and pecking the ground.

A rooster strolled past. 'So, you're the new hen, huh? How's your first day here?'

'Not bad,' replied Ray the hen, 'but I have this strange feeling inside. Like I'm gonna explode!'

'You're ovulating,' explained the rooster. 'Don't

tell me you've never laid an egg before?' 'Never,' said Ray.

'Well, just relax and let it happen,' says the rooster. 'It's no big deal. He did, and a few uncomfortable seconds later, out popped an egg! He was overcome with emotion as he experienced motherhood. He soon laid another egg - his joy was overwhelming.

As he was about to lay his third egg, he felt a smack on the back of his head, and heard.....

:Ray, wake up! You just s**t the bed!"

Getting OLD just isn't what they said it would be!

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My Daddy Sleeps Naked

"Late again!" the third-grade teacher sternly said to little Ranger.

"It ain't my fault this time, Miss Russell. You can blame this 'un on my Daddy. The reason I'm three hours late is my Daddy sleeps naked!"

Now, Miss Russell had taught grammar school for thirty-some-odd years. Despite her mounting fears, she asked little Ranger what he meant by that. Full of grins and mischief, and in the flower of his youth, little Ranger and trouble were old friends,..... but he always told her the truth.

"You see, Miss Russell, out at the farm we got this here low down fox. The last few nights, he done ate six hens. Last night, when Daddy heard a noise out in the chicken pen, he grabbed his double barreled shot gun and said to my Ma, "That fox is back again... I'm a gonna git him!" "Stay back," Daddy whispered to all us kids!

"My Daddy was naked as a jaybird -- no boots, no pants, no shirt! To the hen house he crawled, just like an Injun on the snoop. Then, he stuck that double-barreled 12-gauge shot gun through the window of the coop. As he stared into the darkness, with a fox on his mind, our old hound dog, Rip, had done gone and woke up and comes sneaking up behind Daddy.

Then, as we all looked on, plumb helpless, old Rip done went and stuck his cold nose in my Daddy's behind"

"Miss Russell, we all been cleanin' chickens since three o'clock this mornin!"

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Pardon the language but this is a tale about a Marine

Marine Tact & USN Sensitivity Training

Years ago, a young Navy Pilot was injured while ejecting from his A-4 Skyhawk due to engine failure during a cat shot from the carrier, but due to the heroics of rescue helicopter crew and the ship's hospital staff, the only permanent injury was the loss of one ear.

Since he wasn't physically impaired, he remained on flight status and eventually became an Admiral. However, during his career he was always sensitive about his appearance.

One day the Admiral was interviewing two Navy Master Chiefs and a Marine Sergeant Major for his personal staff.

The first Master Chief was a Surface Navy type and it was a great interview. At the end of the interview the Admiral asked him, "Do you notice anything different about me?" The Master Chief answered, "Why, yes, Admiral. I couldn't help but notice that you are missing your starboard ear, so I don't know whether this impacts your hearing on that side."

The Admiral got very angry at this lack of tact and threw him out of his office.

The next candidate, an Aviation Master Chief, when asked this same question, answered, "Well yes, Sir, you seem to be short one ear." The Admiral threw him out as well.

The third interview was with the Marine Sergeant Major. He was articulate, extremely sharp, and seemed to know more than the two Master Chiefs put together. The Admiral wanted this guy, but went ahead with the same question. "Do you notice anything different about me?"

To his surprise, the Sergeant Major said, "Yes Sir. You wear contact lenses."

The Admiral was impressed and thought to himself, what an incredibly tactful Marine. "And how would you know that?" the Admiral asked.

The Sergeant Major replied: "Well, sir, it's pretty hard to wear glasses with only one friggin' ear."

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Being happy doesn't mean everything is perfect. It just means you've decided to look beyond the imperfections.

**** George Spelvin

Anthony's attic find...

May 1, 2013, Anthony Celentano, nephew of **Cornelius Owens**, I-502 kia, Normandy June 11, 1944 writes that he was doing some spring cleaning and came across some things you might be interested in. First, I found my uncle Neil's Airborne wings in an old glasses case.

I was going to clean it, but I figure to keep it



exactly the way it is. I also found a banner that he had sent my grandmother Julia while he was stationed at Camp Croft.

My sister had found it in my grandmother's basement about 15 years ago and put it in a nice frame and was proudly displayed in her dining room until her passing in 2007. The details on it are really nice. photos.



Back in January, my father and I were down in Florida for a car show and we stopped by to visit Harry Nivens and his wife Joani. We went out for dinner at the Catfish Place (great food) and shared family stories for hours. For me, visiting

with Harry and Joani was the best part of the trip. His son Ted and daughter Cindy sent us a beautiful photo album they made of our reunion last year. Hopefully our families will be able to get together again.

Leo Pichler (1/502nd PIR) and the Mother's Day in 1944:

The story begins with a practice night jump ordered by General Eisenhower. The General



Cpl. Leo E. Pichler 1050 Airborne

needed assurance that nearly 300 aircraft could en masse some 6,000 paratroopers in unison. Little did the men of the 1/502 P.I.R. know that the invasion of Normandy, D-Day, June 6, 1944, was less than four weeks away.

As the planes were headed

down the runway, they were taking off in echelon (groups of three). The plane to the right of the center plane carried Brazell and Pichler. Nearly halfway down before liftoff, the right wing of the center plane struck the left wing of the plane carrying Brazell and Pichler, causing it to veer off to the right, zig zag here and there, spin around several times before the skilled pilot brought the plan under control, thereby preventing a deadly crash. All of the paratroopers, pilots and crew exited the plane quickly and were shuttled to a nearby Quonset hut and told that another plane would be ready in fifteen minutes. Needless to say, the men were shaken up and the fact that they had never made a night jump before, coupled with what had just happened on the runway, it was easy to understand how fear and apprehension had settled amongst the paratroopers.

It was during those few moments of total

quietness that trooper Leo E. Pichler spoke up and said, "Fellows, I'm just as scared as you are, maybe more, but I just have to make this jump tonight. I just have to!" Brazell was sitting next to Pichler and asked what was so important about making the jump this night? Could it not wait until tomorrow night? Pichler quickly jumped to his feet and stated to all waiting, "The other night when we were told of this night jump, I wrote home and told my mother that I was dedicating this jump to her as a Mother's Day gift". Just then a voice rang out, "Alright you guys, let's go! Your plane is warmed up and waiting." Pichler was the first one out the door, with the rest following close behind. The fears that had filled the room had vanished as they made their way to board the plane. All that remained was the echo of Pichler's words, "Mom this jump is for you."

The suspense wasn't over yet. Instead of jumping at the usual height of 1200 feet during the daytime, the men jumped out into the dark at 500 feet. No sooner had they exited the plane, chutes opening up and then, hitting the paved road. Before they could gather up their equipment, the paratroopers were surrounded by a large contingent of military policemen, helping the jumpers to their feet and with the parachutes. Brazell immediately thought he had landed in the stockade. Unknown to the jumpers; Winston Churchill had accompanied General Eisenhower to observe the night drop. The MP's explained that they were guarding them both and pointed towards them, at which time both men could be seen in the moonlit silhouettes about forty to fifty yards away.

What a night! First the anxiety and fear of jumping into the night, the colliding of wings on the runway, added even more concern to continuing the night jump. But for those few precious words from Leo F. Pichler which dispelled all those fears and enabled the men complete the night jump without fear or anxiety. A Mother's Day present that was given by all on that plane. Sgt. Leo F. Pichler was killed spreading out signal panels so that they were not hit by friendly aircraft, during the last days of the defense of Bastogne. Sgt. Leo F. Pichler was truly an inspiring force, and one never to be

forgotten.

Leo Pichler was a Golden Glove Champion and he was in Five-O-Deuce boxing team.

Scontributed by Chris Kuzin,.



The Netherlands Carillon is a bell tower near Washington, DC that was given to America as an expression of gratitude from the Dutch people for aid provided during and after World War II.

The carillon plays recorded music that is programmed to play automatically by computer. Its fifty bells give it two notes more than four octaves.

Winchester Chimes play daily on the hour between 10:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m. Other patriot tunes are played at various times. Special concerts are presented on Saturdays and national holidays from May through September. The Netherlands Carillon has nice grassy grounds and offers a wonderful panoramic view of Washington, DC. During concerts, you can climb the tower and view the city from above.



WW2 Marine's diary: A brief look at a brief life

Before Cpl. Thomas "Cotton" Jones was killed by a Japanese sniper in the South Pacific in 1944, he wrote what he called his "last life request" to anyone who might find his diary: Please give it to Laura Mae Davis, the girl he loved. Davis did get to read the diary — but not until nearly 70 years later, when she saw it in a display case at the National World War II Museum.

"I didn't have any idea there was a diary in there," said the 90-year-old Mooresville, Ind., woman. She said it brought tears to her eyes. Laura Mae Davis Burlingame — she married an Army Air Corps man in 1945 — had gone to the New Orleans museum on April 24 looking for a display commemorating the young Marine who had been her high-school sweetheart.

"I figured I'd see pictures of him and the fellows he'd served with and articles about where he served," she said. She was stunned to find the diary of the 22-year-old machine gunner.

Curator Eric Rivet (rih-VET) let her take a closer look, using white gloves to protect the old papers from skin oils. It was the first time in his 17 years of museum work that someone found "themselves mentioned in an artifact in the museum," Rivet said.

The diary was a gift to Jones from Davis. They had met in the class of '41 at Winslow High School. "He was a basketball player and I was a cheerleader," she said. Jones had given her his class ring but they weren't engaged, she said. They had dated through high school. They went to the prom together. He made his first diary entry while a private at Camp Elliott in San Diego, a little less than a year before he was

killed. He described it as "my life history of my days in the U.S. Marine Corps ... And most of all my love for Laura Mae for whom my heart is completely filled. So if you all get a chance please return it to her. I (am) writing this as my last life request."

A sniper's bullet between the eyes killed Jones on Sept. 17, 1944, the third day of the U.S. assault on the Pacific island of

Peleliu (PEL-uh-loo), in Palau. Jones, nicknamed in high school for his blond hair, was in the 1st Marine Division's L Company, 3rd Battalion. He was among 1,794 Americans killed on Peleliu and nearby islands in a 2½-month assault that Marine Maj. Gen. William Rupertus had predicted would be over in a few days. Another 7,302 Americans were wounded.

Burlingame said she didn't know why she never got the diary. It apparently went first to a sister of Jones whom she didn't know well, she said.

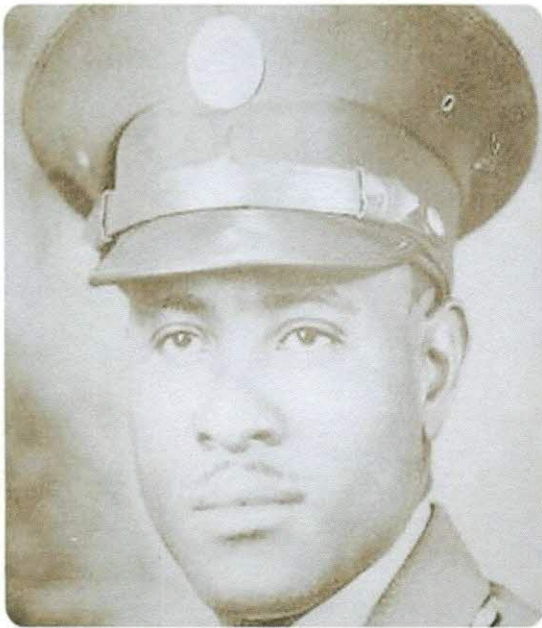
Robert Hunt of Evansville, the nephew who gave Jones' artifacts to the museum in 2001, told her he had received it several years after Jones' death and worried that passing it on to Burlingame might cause problems with her marriage. It wouldn't have, she said: "My husband and Tommy were good friends."

When she learned Hunt was collecting mementoes for the museum, Burlingame said, she gave him photographs and the class ring.

Jones's last entry, written aboard the USS Maui on Dec. 1, 1943, described winning \$200 at craps. He had a total of \$320, he wrote, and if he were back home "Laura Mae & I would really have a wonderful Xmas." He wondered if he could wire the money to her as a Christmas present. That didn't happen, Burlingame said. She said she was touched by the number of times he mentioned getting letters from his parents and her.

Burlingame's tour group had to leave but the museum scanned the diary and mailed a copy to her. The diary's 4-by-7-inch back cover was nearly filled with her photograph. The picture itself was black and white, but the photographer had tinted her cheeks pink and her lips dark red. She had signed it, "Love, Laurie."

Story taken from AP article by JANET McCONNAUGHEY



107 Memorial Days....

For his 107th Memorial Day, Richard Arvine Overton, who saw many of his fellow soldiers fall in the line of duty in World War II spent a quiet day at the Texas home he built after returning home from World War II.

Overton, who was born on May, 11, 1906, in Texas' Bastrop County, has gotten used to being the center of attention of late. In addition to being formally recognized by Austin Mayor Lee Leffingwell on May 9, Overton traveled to Washington, D.C., on May 17 as part of Honor Flight, a nonprofit group that transports veterans free of charge to memorials dedicated to their service. Despite serving in the South Pacific from 1942 through 1945, including stops in Hawaii, Guam, Palau and Iwo Jima to name a few, it was Overton's first time in the nation's capital.

"I was really honored when I got there," Overton said of his visit to the World War II Memorial.

Overton continued, adding that he wasn't deterred by Washington's expansive National Mall. "At my age and my strength, I'm able to stand up and do anything. My mind is good, so I'm able to do what I want."

Overton credits his longevity to aspirin, which he takes daily, and the relatively stress-free life he's enjoyed since getting out of the service in October 1945. He then worked at local furniture stores before taking a position with the Texas Treasury Department in Austin. He married twice

but never fathered any children and still attends church every Sunday.

"I got good health and I don't take any medicine," he said. "I also stay busy around the yards, I trim trees, help with the horses. The driveways get dirty, so I clean them. I do something to keep myself moving. I don't watch television."

Overton also passes his time with up to 12 cigars a day and a little whiskey in his morning coffee. The hooch helps keep Overton spry, he said.

"I may drink a little in the evening too with some soda water, but that's it," he said. "Whiskey's a good medicine. It keeps your muscles tender."

Overton's secrets may be unorthodox to some, but it's hard to argue with someone approaching supercentenarian status — an individual aged 110 or older. There are believed to be just 57 people worldwide that meet that classification. Among U.S. veterans, it's extremely difficult — if not impossible — to confirm Overton's place as the oldest living former soldier since just roughly 9 million of the nation's 22 million vets are registered with the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs. But that didn't stop the city of Austin from recognizing him as the oldest veteran in Texas during his birthday proclamation at City Hall. Mayor Leffingwell, said Austin is "honored" to call Overton one of its own.

"I've spoken with Mr. Overton on a few different occasions, and admire his spirit for life and his country," the statement read. "He is truly one of our unsung heroes and we are privileged that he calls Austin his home."

"I know I had someone from my platoon until recently, but he passed so now I don't have anyone that I know," he said. "So I feel lonesome by myself sometimes. I would love to ask some of them some questions, but nobody is here. Everybody's passed."

Taken from Fox News report...

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It happened at a New York Airport . This is hilarious. I wish I had the guts of this girl. An award should go to the United Airlines gate ... agent in New York for being smart and funny, while making her point, when confronted with a passenger who probably deserved to fly as cargo. For all of you out there who have had to deal with an irate customer, this one is for you.

A crowded United Airlines flight was canceled. A single agent was re-booking a long line of inconvenienced travelers. Suddenly, an angry passenger pushed his way to the desk. He slapped his ticket on the counter and said, "I HAVE to be on this flight and it has to be FIRST CLASS."

The agent replied, "I'm sorry, sir. I'll be happy to try to help you, but I've got to help these folks first; and then I'm sure we'll be able to work something out."

The passenger was unimpressed. He asked loudly, so that the passengers behind him could hear, "DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO I AM?"

Without hesitating, the agent smiled and grabbed her public address microphone. "May I have your attention, please?", she began, her voice heard clearly throughout the terminal. "We have a passenger here at Gate 14 WHO DOES NOT KNOW WHO HE IS. If anyone can help him with his identity, please come to Gate 14".

With the folks behind him in line laughing hysterically, the man glared at the United Airlines agent, gritted his teeth, and said, "_____ You!"

Without flinching, she smiled and said, "I'm sorry sir, you'll have to get in line for that, too."

Life isn't about how to survive the storm, but how to dance in the rain.

More Golf Humor...

A husband and wife are on the 9th green when suddenly she collapses from a heart attack!

"Help me dear," she groans to her husband.

The husband calls 911 on his mobile, talks for a few minutes, picks up his putter, and lines up his putt.

His wife raises her head off the green and stares at him. "I'm dying here and you're putting?"

"Don't worry dear," says the husband calmly, "they found a doctor on the second hole and he's coming to help you. "Well, how long will it take for him to get here?" she asks feebly.

"No time at all," says her husband. "Everybody's already agreed to let him play through."

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A gushy reporter told Phil Mickelson, "You are spectacular; your name is synonymous with the game of golf. You really know your way around the course.

What's your secret?"

Mickelson replied, "The holes are numbered."
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A golfer teed up his ball on the first tee, took a mighty swing and hit his ball into a clump of trees. He found his ball and saw an opening between 2 trees he thought he could hit through. Taking out his 3-wood, he took a mighty swing. The ball hit a tree, bounced back, hit him in the forehead and killed him.

As he approached the gates of Heaven, St. Peter asked, "Are you a good golfer?"

The man replied: "Got here in two, didn't I?"
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There is a Part for Everyone..
Whenever I'm disappointed with my spot in life, I stop and think about little Jamie Scott. Jamie was trying out for a part in the school play. His mother told me that he'd set his heart on being in it, though she feared he would not be chosen.
On the day the parts were awarded, I went with her to collect him after school. Jamie rushed up to her, eyes shining with pride and excitement. 'Guess what, Mom,' he shouted, and then said those words that will remain a lesson to me....'I've been chosen to clap and cheer.'

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The man replied: "Got here in two, didn't I?"
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The Military protected the children 9/11

A chaplain, who happened to be assigned to the Pentagon, told of an incident that happened right after Flight 77 hit the Pentagon on 9/11. A daycare facility inside the Pentagon had many children, including infants who were in heavy cribs. The daycare supervisor, looking at all the children they needed to evacuate, was in a panic over what they could do. There were many children, mostly toddlers, as well as the infants that would need to be taken out with the cribs. There was no time to try to bundle them into carriers and strollers. Just then a young Marine came running into the center and asked what they needed. After hearing what the center director was trying to do, he ran back out into the hallway and disappeared. The director thought, "Well, here we are, on our own."

About 2 minutes later, that Marine returned with 40 other Marines in tow. Each of them grabbed a crib with a child, and the rest started gathering up toddlers. The director and her staff then helped them take all the children out of the center and down toward the park near the Potomac. Once they got about 3/4 of a mile outside the building, the Marines stopped in the park, and then did a fabulous thing - they formed a circle with the cribs, which were quite sturdy and heavy, like the covered wagons in the Old West. Inside this circle of cribs, they put the toddlers, to keep them from wandering off. Outside this circle were the 40 Marines, forming a perimeter around the children and waiting for instructions. There they remained until the parents could be notified and come get their children.

The chaplain then said, "I don't think any of us saw nor heard of this on any of the news stories of the day. It was an incredible story of our men there."

The thought of those Marines and what they did and how fast they reacted; could we expect any less from them? It was one of the most touching stories from the Pentagon. It's the Military, not the politicians that ensures our right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It's the Military who salutes the flag, who serves beneath the flag, and whose coffin is draped by the flag.



Harmony in Old Age

A couple in their nineties are both having problems remembering things. During a checkup, the doctor tells them that they're physically okay, but they might want to start writing things down to help them remember..

Later that night, while watching TV, the old man gets up from his chair.. 'Want anything while I'm in the kitchen?' he asks. 'Will you get me a bowl of ice cream?'

'Sure..'

'Don't you think you should write it down so you can remember it?' she asks.' No, I can remember it.'

'Well, I'd like some strawberries on top, too.. Maybe you should write it down, so as not to forget it?'

He says, 'I can remember that. You want a bowl of ice cream with strawberries.'

'I'd also like whipped cream.. I'm certain you'll forget that, write it down?' she asks. Irritated, he says, 'I don't need to write it down, I can remember it! Ice cream with strawberries and whipped cream - I got it, for goodness sake!' Then he toddles into the kitchen. After about 20 minutes, he returns from the kitchen and hands his wife a plate of bacon and eggs.. She stares at the plate for a moment. **'Where's my toast ?'**

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How I learned to Mind My Own Business..

I was walking past a mental hospital one day and heard the patients shouting "13...13...13"

The fence was too high for me to see over, but there was a little gap between two of the planks so I looked through to see what was going on. Some idiot poked me in the eye with a stick, then they started shouting "14...14...14".

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Reminder

101st Airborne Division Association 68th Annual Reunion, in Portland, Oregon, August 14-17, 2013. Registration forms available on-line at www.screamingeagle.org (Events) and The Screaming Eagle magazine. Still time...and deadlines are approaching.

