

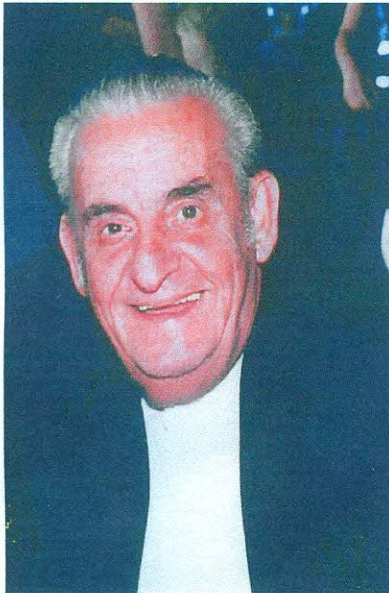


Company I Poopsheet

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

March 2013

Wilfred Matte, Jr., 89, passed away on



Wednesday, November 21, 2012 at the Jewish Nursing Home, Long-meadow, with his family holding his hands. He was born in New Bedford, MA to the late Wilfred and Philomena (Crevier) Matte, Sr. He was educated in the Springfield School System and attended Technical High School.

Wilfred was a decorated WWII veteran who proudly served his country in the U.S. Army as a Paratrooper in the 101st Airborne Division making several jumps including Normandy on D-Day. He also fought in the Battle of the Bulge. He received 2 Purple Hearts, Bronze Star and Medal of Good Conduct.

He worked for Pratt and Whitney for 41 years and then for Big Y for 15 years in East Longmeadow where he was a well-known bagger. He was an avid Red Sox fan, Bingo Player and a member of the Holy Name Men's Club.

He was predeceased by his loving wife of 57 years, Eva Rose (Barufaldi) Matte in 2003 and a sister, Mildred Rising in 2002. He leaves his loving daughter, Cindy Kennedy and her husband, Joe of East Longmeadow; and his 3 wonderful granddaughters, Kerah Henebery and her husband, Ryan of Mashpee, MA, Kristen and Kaila Kennedy both of Boston. Most important he leaves his family with many humorous memories. Wilfred's service was held the morning of November 27, 2012, at Forastiere Smith Funeral Home, East Longmeadow followed by a Liturgy

of Christian Burial in St. Michael's Church, East Longmeadow. A committal service with Military Honors followed in the Massachusetts Veterans' Memorial Cemetery Chapel, Agawam.

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Francis "Frank" Hyland, 71, of Fort Myers,



Florida, and Etlan, Virginia, passed away on Sunday, December 16, 2012, after a brief illness. Frank was the husband of Susan Lillyman Hyland. Susan and Frank have often attended the Snowbird Reunions with Company I 502 (Photo left) to honor the memory of her father, Frank Lillyman of Co. I 502 and the

Pathfinders, 101st Airborne in WWII.

Frank was a graduate of the University of Maryland and the Defense Intelligence College, he served in the Army Security Agency and retired from the National Security Agency in 1998. Author of the book *Armenian Terrorism: The past, the present, the prospects*, Frank taught at the American Public University, Johns Hopkins University, and the Joint Military Intelligence College. He was a member of the Society of the Order of Founders and Patriots of America, having served as the Deputy Governor of the Virginia Society and had recently been elected as Society Genealogist.

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Wisdom from Will Rogers: "If you're riding ahead of the herd, take a look back every now and then to make sure it's still there."
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NOTICE

I NEED YOUR EMAIL ADDRESS

Due to high cost of printing and postage, I suggest sending the Poopsheet via email to you if possible. Please send me your email address if you use email, and, if not, we will continue to send as long as money is available via US postal service.

We're still "in business" and this measure could be most helpful.

The Poopsheet can be viewed online at www.bettysipage.com

If email is not feasible for you, a hard copy will continue as long as possible.

Thank you for your support.

We are AIRBORNE!

Betty bjth23@yahoo.com

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Growing up isn't what it once was...

(Author Unknown)

'A young friend asked the other day, 'What was your favorite fast food when you were growing up?' 'We didn't have fast food when I was growing up,' I informed him. 'All the food was slow.'

'C'mon, seriously. Where did you eat?' 'It was a place called 'at home,'" I explained 'Mom cooked every day and when Dad got home from work, we sat down together at the dining room table, and if I didn't like what she put on my plate I was allowed to sit there until I did like it.' By this time, the kid was laughing so hard I was afraid he was going to suffer serious internal damage, so I didn't tell him the part about how I had to have permission to leave the table.

But here are some other things I would have told him about my childhood if I figured his system could have handled it :

Some parents NEVER owned their own house, never wore Levis, never set foot on a golf course, never traveled out of the country or had a credit card. In their later years they had something called a revolving charge card The card was good only at Sears Roebuck. Or maybe

it was Sears & Roebuck.. Either way, there is no Roebuck anymore. Maybe he died.

My parents never drove me to soccer practice. This was mostly because we never had heard of soccer. I had a bicycle that weighed probably 50 pounds, and only had one speed, (slow). We didn't have a television in our house until I was 19. It was, of course, black and white, and the station went off the air at midnight, after playing the national anthem and a poem about God; it came back on the air at about 6 a.m. And there was usually a locally produced news and farm show on, featuring local people.

I was 21 before I tasted my first pizza, it was called 'pizza pie.' When I bit into it, I burned the roof of my mouth and the cheese slid off, swung down, plastered itself against my chin and burned that, too. It's still the best pizza I ever had..

I never had a telephone in my room. The only phone in the house was in the living room and it was on a party line. Before you could dial, you had to listen and make sure some people you didn't know weren't already using the line.

Pizzas were not delivered to our home but MILK was.

All newspapers were delivered by boys and all boys delivered newspapers --my brother delivered a newspaper, six days a week. It cost 7 cents a paper, of which he got to keep 2 cents. He had to get up at 6AM every morning. On Saturday, he had to collect the 42 cents from his customers. His favorite customers were the ones who gave him 50 cents and told him to keep the change. His least favorite customers were the ones who seemed to never be home on collection day.

Movie stars kissed with their mouths shut. At least, they did in the movies. There were no movie ratings because all movies were responsibly produced for everyone to enjoy viewing, without profanity or violence or most anything offensive.

If you grew up in a generation before there was fast food, you may want to share some of these memories with your children or grandchildren Just don't blame me if they bust a gut laughing.

Growing up isn't what it used to be, is it ?

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Standing: David, Betty, Sherry, Ted, and Phil

Above Seated: Kathy, Harry and Steve
Below: Francois, Nelly and Kris

2013 Snow bird Reunion, Tampa

Harry Nivens was the only Company I, 502, WWII veteran attending, and with him were his wife, Joan, and family, Ted, Cindy, Sherry, Phil and Marlene Potter. Others attending were Steve Owens, son of Cornelius Owens, KIA 6/11/44, Kathy Hagen, daughter of Glenn Moe, David Lasseter, nephew and Betty Taylor Hill, sister of Lester A. Taylor. From Belgium were Francois and Nelly van Loo and from Normandy, Kris Polley.

Eight WWII veterans were in attendance, Harry Nivens I-502, Leon Jedziniak A-501, Joe Pisano F-327, Ralph King H-506, Pat Macrie Signal, Vincent Speranza H-501, Robert Wright D&F-501 and David Wisnia survivor of Auschwitz, who served with H-506 in winter and spring of 1945.

(Photos on front cover)



Oral History Project - The University of Texas at Austin

BIENVENIDOS This project seeks to document and create a better awareness of the contributions of Latinos and Latinas of the WWII, Korean War and Vietnam War generations.

Categories: Post War Service, Health Issues

War & Locale: World War II -- European Theater



By David R Zavala

Domingo Cantu

On his initial night of fighting in World War II Europe, Domingo Cantu landed for his first mission, and was unable to free himself from his parachute. As he struggled and tugged to get the chute off, he heard the blasts of enemy fire.

Cantu didn't panic. He grabbed his knife and cut the chute off. It was in this first battle that Cantu knew he was in for a difficult time and that the war would change his life. His service to his country continued many years after the war was over.

Cantu's mother, Anastasia Segura Cantu, passed away when he was only three months old in Mexico; his father, Porfirio Cantu, soon took the family to America.

"I was 1 year old when I came to this side," Cantu said.

Porfirio worked as a painter and remarried. The

family lived in San Antonio. At an early age, Cantu was already working, traveling to ranches with his family and performing jobs like stocking groceries and helping his father paint houses.

"It wasn't like now, wherever you are you put the kids in school," Cantu said. "At that time, you had to work."

The necessity of working impeded the education of Cantu, who attended school through 5th grade, most of it at Stephen F. Austin Elementary in San Antonio. As a teenager, Cantu continued to work. He labored in sugar beet fields in Minnesota, and sold groceries and vegetables in small Texas towns in the Uvalde area, south of San Antonio.

In 1943, Cantu was drafted by the U.S. Army to serve in World War II. He was sent to Little Rock, Ark., where he was originally going to be trained as a medic. However, a group of paratroopers stopped by to recruit one day, and Cantu answered the call and subsequently underwent special training.

"We didn't have rifles out there in the medics," he said.

On Oct. 4, 1943, Cantu arrived in Europe as part of Company I, 502nd Parachute Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division. Among battles fought, Cantu was at Normandy for the D-Day invasion at dawn on June 6, 1944. It's in this battle that he was initially wounded. "The first time, a bullet went right through my leg," he said.

Among other battles fought, Cantu was in a campaign in Northern France, and a campaign in Rhineland, located in Germany.

Cantu was wounded a second time during a fight in Belgium when he was struck by an artillery shell.

"I had a whole bunch of shrapnel all over me," he said.

Two months after he was wounded a second time, the war was over. Cantu was in Paris when he found out Germany had surrendered. The military gave him an honorable discharge at Camp Fannin in East Texas.

Among the more prestigious awards Cantu earned were the EAME Campaign Medal with three bronze stars, two Purple Hearts and the Distinguished Unit Badge. He also won the Bronze Star Medal, Combat Infantryman's Badge and Airborne Wings with at least one combat jump star.

A few short months after his return, Cantu married. He'd met Rose Flores while working in a grocery store in 1941, and they corresponded by letter while Cantu was in England. The couple later had two daughters.

Cantu continued to work with his uncle and father painting houses. Then, in 1951, he was hired by the San Antonio public transportation company, Via, as a bus driver. He would drive a bus for 32 years before retiring.

Many years after the war was over, Cantu continued to serve his country and the military. He did this by participating in war veteran organizations. Cantu is known for his work with the San Antonio chapter of Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States. He's also part of the Military Order of the Purple Heart, whose members visit veterans' hospitals, among other activities, and the Alamo Silver Wings Airborne Association, a group that includes airborne divisions from the U.S. Marines, U.S. Navy, U.S. Army, U.S. Air Force, U.S. Coast Guard, the Texas National Guard and the Texas State Guard.

On June 8, 2001, Cantu received awards in recognition of his work with the VFW. Carlos I. Uresti of the Texas House of Representatives also recognized Cantu for his work with VFW. Cantu received certificates for his hours served in VFW post 9186, and for the hours volunteered at Fort Sam Houston National Cemetery.

Mr. Cantu was interviewed in San Antonio, wTexas, on Oct. 13, 2001, by Antonio Cantú, no relation to Cantu.

Editor's Note: *Domingo Cantu is still in San Antonio, Texas. Thank you Domingo.*

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Today's hint: Life is too short for negative drama and petty things. So laugh insanely, love truly and forgive quickly!
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Oldest living Medal of Honor Recipient Nicholas Orasko (96)



Born on January 18, 1917, in Bayonne, New Jersey, Nicholas Oresko joined the Army from that city in March 1942. He was sent to Europe and arrived in France in September 1944, three months after the Normandy landings, as a platoon sergeant in Company C, 302nd Infantry Regiment, 94th Infantry Division. His unit spent the next several months mopping up pockets of German soldiers who had been bypassed in the Allies' initial push through the northern part of France. In December 1944 they were redeployed to replace the 90th Infantry Division as part of Patton's 3d Army. The 94th assumed positions opposite the Westwall and the German 11th Panzer Division.

On January 23, 1945, near Tettingen, Germany, Oresko, by then a master sergeant, single-handedly defeated a German bunker, was seriously wounded, and then destroyed a second bunker despite his injuries. For his heroic actions, he was awarded the Medal of Honor nine months later, on October 30, 1945. The medal was formally presented to him by President Harry Truman during a ceremony at the White House.

Following the death of Barney F. Hajiro in January 2011, Oresko became the oldest living Medal of Honor recipient. Oresko currently lives in Cresskill, New Jersey.. Bayonne School #14 was renamed in his honor in July 2010.

(Text from website Wilkapedia.com)
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High School History Class in Vilzcava, Spain

In November 2012, Gary Hershner, son of **Ivan Raymond Hershner, I-502**, received a letter from Oscar G. Lopez, military historian and high school history teacher in Vizcaya, Spain. The school is located in the northern part of Spain near city of Balbao. Oscar teaches students ages 14 to 18 and his students were focused on WWII especially the battle in Normandy after D-Day. The students came across Ivan Hershner's name in their research and then Gary, so wrote to him requesting information about his dad and WWII. Since then, we have written to Oscar and sent them a copy of Capt. Hershner's Normandy diary, pictures and web links. They will be receiving the Company I Poopsheet via email.

These handsome young people of Spain send the following message to the veterans of Company I, 502 and all veterans of WWII.

It's a honour for all of us to know and learn about the life of these heroes, about what they made, but also about their feelings and motivations. We do know that they had to face with very hard days and situations during the war. Their memories teach and help us to build a better future! Thank you very much!

And, to these students, the Company I 502 family and friends wish for you a peaceful world to continue your education and much success in your life and careers.

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Is It My Time Yet?

A 54 year old woman had a heart attack and was taken to the hospital. While on the operating table she had a near death experience.. Seeing God she asked "Is my time up?"

God said, "No, you have another 43 years, 2 months and 8 days to live."

Upon recovery, the woman decided to stay in the hospital and have a face-lift, liposuction, breast implants and a tummy tuck.

She even had someone come in and change her hair color and brighten her teeth! Since she had so much more time to live, she figured she might as well make the most of it.

After her last operation, she was released from the hospital. While crossing the street on her way home, she was killed by an ambulance.

Arriving in front of God, she demanded, "I thought you said I had another 43 years? Why didn't you pull me from out of the path of the ambulance?"

(You'll love this)

God replied: "Oh, I didn't recognize you."

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Retired U.S. Army **1st Lieutenant Reed Pelfrey**, a veteran who served in both the Pacific and European theaters of World War II as well as in the Korean Conflict, died at the age of 92, in Toccoa, GA, -- his home for 29 years--on Tuesday, January 29, 2013, after a short illness. He was a pathfinder lieutenant on D-day and jumped from the first US plane to drop parachutists into Normandy, after midnight, on 6 June, 1944. Lt Pelfrey was a member of Co. H, 502 PIR, 101st Airborne Division, and **Captain F.L. Lillyman's** stick and also a survivor of the fighting on Bloody Sunday and Cole's bayonet charge. Reed went to the OSS after Normandy, participated in a jump to team-up with the French Maquis, then went to D.C., where he met Wild Bill Donovan and was next sent to the CBI Theatre, where he made his 3rd combat jump in China....

Last Andrews sister dies

Patty Andrews, the last surviving member of the singing Andrews Sisters (La Verne, Maxine and Patty) trio whose hits such as the rollicking "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy of Company B" and the poignant "I Can Dream, Can't I?" captured the home-front spirit of World War II, died . January 30, 2012. at her home in the Los Angeles suburb fo of Northridge. She was 94. Patty, in the middle, was the Andrews' lead singer and chief clown, whose raucous jitterbugging delighted American servicemen abroad and audiences at home. She could also deliver sentimental ballads like "I'll Be with You in Apple Blossom Time" with a

sincerity that caused hardened GIs far from home to weep. From the late 1930s through the 1940s, the Andrews Sisters produced one hit record after another, beginning with "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen" in 1937 and continuing with "Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar," "Rum and Coca-Cola" and more. They recorded more than 400 songs and sold over 80 million records.



Eisenhower staff to launch 3-year WWII exhibit



TOPEKA, Kansas— A new World War II exhibit starting this summer at the Eisenhower Presidential Library and Museum will pay tribute to the millions who fought, but organizers also have another purpose for

the ambitious three-year project: getting young people engaged in the war's relevance. Karl Weissenbach, executive director of the library and museum in Abilene, said the "Leaders, Battles and Heroes" exhibit will be directed at younger generations that often know little about the war, its significance in world history or the impact of its outcome. Staff will be collaborating with officials in Europe, Japan and South America to bring their artifacts and perspectives to the U.S. for the exhibit. "World War II is still so relevant. I believe it's our responsibility being the Eisenhower library and with his legacy that we thank our veterans and our allies," Weissenbach said. "Hopefully, our goal is to make sure that kids have an appreciation of what their grandparents or great-grandparents sacrificed

Small Town Grandma's Justice

Lawyers should never ask a Mississippi grandma a question if they aren't prepared for the answer.

In a trial, a Southern small-town prosecuting



at...torney called his first witness, a grandmotherly, elderly woman to the stand. He approached her and asked, 'Mrs. Jones, do you know me?' She responded, 'Why, yes, I do know you, Mr. Williams. I've known you since you were a boy,

and frankly, you've been a big disappointment to me. You lie, you cheat on your wife, and you manipulate people and talk about them behind their backs. You think you're a big shot when you haven't the brains to realize you'll never amount to anything more than a two-bit paper pusher. Yes, I know you.'

The lawyer was stunned. Not knowing what else to do, he pointed across the room and asked, 'Mrs. Jones, do you know the defense attorney?' She again replied, 'Why yes, I do. I've known Mr. Bradley since he was a youngster, too. He's lazy, bigoted, and he has a drinking problem. He can't build a normal relationship with anyone, and his law practice is one of the worst in the entire state. Not to mention he cheated on his wife with three different women. One of them was your wife. Yes, I know him.'The defense attorney nearly died.

The judge asked both counselors to approach the bench and, in a very quiet voice, said, 'If either of you idiots asks her if she knows me, I'll send you both to the electric chair.'

Quote of the day:

"Whatever you give a woman, she will make greater. If you give her sperm, she'll give you a baby. If you give her a house, she'll give you a home. If you give her groceries, she'll give you a meal. If you give her a smile, she'll give you her heart. She multiplies and enlarges what is given to her. So if you give her any crap, be ready to receive a ton of sh*t!"

Divorce?

A Father in Chicago calls his son in New York the day before Thanksgiving and says,"I hate to ruin your day, but I have to tell you that your mother and I are divorcing; forty-five years of misery is enough. "Pop, what are you talking about?" the son screams. We can't stand the sight of each other any longer," the father says. "We're sick of each other, and I'm sick of talking about this, so you call your sister in Dallas and tell her." Frantic, the son calls his sister, who explodes on the phone. "Like heck they're getting divorced," she shouts, "I'll take care of this," She calls Chicago immediately, and screams at her father, "You are NOT getting divorced. Don't do a single thing until I get there. I'm calling my brother back, and we'll both be there tomorrow. Until then, don't do a thing, DO YOU HEAR ME?" and hangs up. The old man hangs up his phone and turns to his wife. "Okay," he says, "they're coming for Thanksgiving and they are paying their own way."

Trauma in the Waiting Room!

I was sitting in the waiting room of the hospital after my wife had gone into labor and the nurse walked out and said to the man sitting next to me, "Congratulations sir, you're the new father of twins!" The man replied, "How about that, I work for the Double-mint Chewing Gum Company." The man then followed the woman to his wife's room. About an hour later, the same nurse entered the waiting room and announced that Mr. Smith's wife has just had triplets. Mr. Smith stood up and said, "Well, how do ya like that, I work for the 3M Company." The gentleman that was sitting next to me then got up and started to leave. When I asked him why he was leaving, he remarked, "I think I need a breath of fresh air." The man continued, "I work for 7-UP."

Some of Murphy's Other Laws....

- Give a man a fish and he will eat for a day. Teach a man to fish and he will sit in a boat all day drinking beer.
- Light travels faster than sound. This is why some people appear bright until you hear them speak.

