



Company I Poopsheet

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

May 2013



This is a photo of my uncle, **Sgt. Jerry Boffo**, 101st Airborne, 502nd PIR, I Company, killed in the Battle of Carentan Causeway on June 11, 1944. Although we never met our Uncle Jerry, my cousins, siblings and I knew him as the beloved brother and hero of his three sisters, my

mother the youngest. One of her most treasured possessions and now mine is Jerry's jump pin from the Airborne. Since my childhood I have been fascinated by the story of my hero uncle but there were many gaps in the information my family had about his service in the 101st and the circumstances of his death. Now, thanks to the efforts of Jim Edwards and Harry Nivens many of those questions have been answered. I am so thankful to Mr. Edwards who searched for my uncle's family and found me through ancestry.com. Through him I made contact with Mr. Nivens with whom I had a long and very informative phone conversation. This conversation was quite emotional and deeply meaningful for me and I am very grateful to have had the honor to speak with Mr. Nivens about my

Uncle Jerry and the third battalion of the 502nd. My brother found your newsletter through Jim Edwards and we were surprised and pleased to see the photo of my uncle's gravesite in the August 2012 issue. I read with interest and shared emotion the story of your brother and the other brave men of I Company. On behalf of my entire family, my heartfelt gratitude to you, Mr. Edwards and Mr. Nivens for keeping the memory of these true American heroes alive.

Sincerely, Dr. Andrea Uffleman

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More from the mailbox....

Notes from **Sybil Hatfield (Denver)**, Pawnee, OK and **Petra Casas (Ralph)**, Barstow, CA., **David Wisnia**, Levittown, PA and **Jack Zafman**, Pennington, NJ; **Kathy Hagen**, Yakima, WA, daughter of **Glenn Moe**.

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Memories from D-Day invasion of Normandy:

We thank each veteran who served and will honor your sacrifice on this 69th anniversary From Tom Peeter's website **battleatbest.com** we share these photos. (Thank you Tom).

Photos below : screen shots from official footage recorded in France just after D-day: Cecil Simmons and Robert G Cole talking, Robert G Cole and John P Stopka showing their trophy, Robert G Cole talking about the attack on Ingouf farm (farm visible on the right)

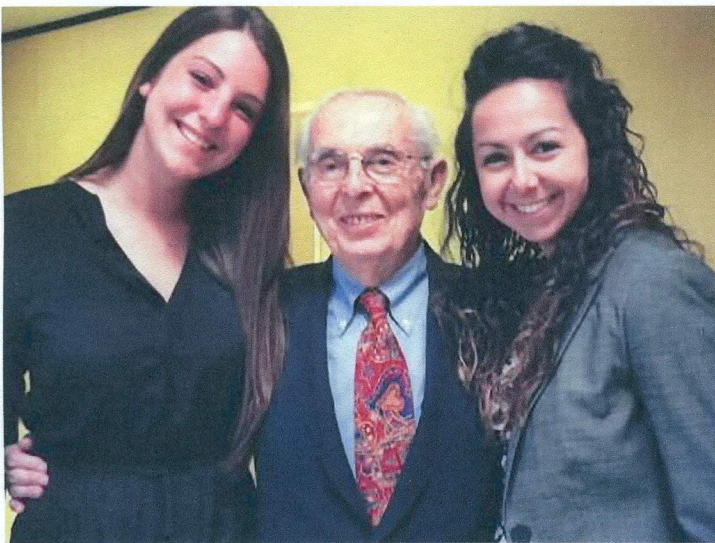


THE ANNUAL JACK ZAIFMAN HUMANITARIAN AWARD

This award is presented to one or two K-12 private, public or parochial educator in either Burlington, Somerset or Mercer County that has demonstrated for at least three years excellent instruction in the field of Holocaust/genocide and/or prejudice reduction education and has achieved an outstanding accomplishment with students, staff and/or community in that field.

Jack Zaifman is a survivor of the Holocaust and has for the past thirty (30) years spoken to hundreds of students and community groups to tell of his experiences during WWII. The uniqueness of Jack is that he always speaks with the students about the importance of caring for others and not of the tragedies he lived through. He is a true humanitarian as demonstrated by his caring, warmth, understanding and dignity.

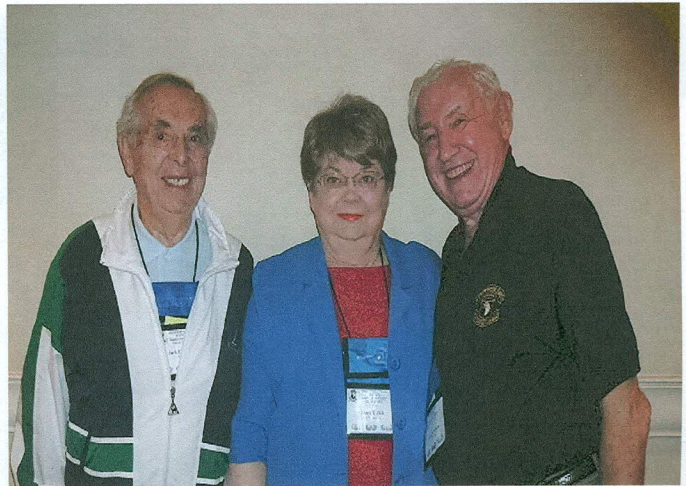
His family is sponsoring the program by presenting the nominee with a certificate, a financial award to be used toward furthering the promotion of tolerance and/or Holocaust education, and a classroom set of Jack's autobiography, "***Tailor Made For Life: A Story of Survival During the Nazi Holocaust***". The award will be presented at the Yom HaShoah observance (Holocaust Commemoration) at the Adath Israel Congregation in Lawrenceville, New Jersey, on Sunday, April 7, 2013.



Jack Zaifman with his granddaughters, Julie and Rachel at the April 7, 2013 award ceremony. The Third Annual Jack Zaifman Humanitarian

Award in was given to a deserving teacher, Shena Samora, at Yom Hashoah Ceremony at Adath Israel/Rider University.

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Jack Zaifman, Betty Taylor Hill and David Wisnia at the 2012 Snowbird Reunion in Orlando, FL.

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Morning Coffee for Grandma...

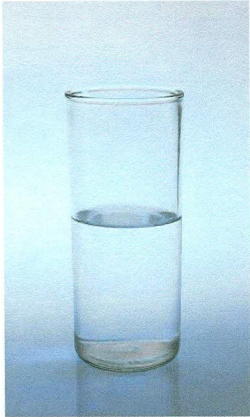
One morning, a grandmother was surprised to find that her 7-year old grandson had made her coffee. Smiling, she choked down the worst cup of her life. When she finished, she found three little green Army men at the bottom. Puzzled, she asked, "Honey, what are these Army men doing in my coffee?"

Her grandson answered, "Like it says on TV, Grandma. 'The best part of waking up is soldiers in your cup.'"



Put the glass down....

A psychologist walked around a room while teaching stress management to an audience. As she raised a glass of water, everyone expected they'd be asked the "half empty or half full" question. Instead, with a smile on her face, she inquired: "How heavy is this glass of water?"



She replied, "The absolute weight doesn't matter. It depends on how long I hold it. If I hold it for a minute, it's not a problem. If I hold it for an hour, I'll have an ache in my arm. If I hold it for a day, my arm will feel numb and paralyzed. In each case, the weight of the glass doesn't change, but the longer I hold it, the heavier it becomes."

She continued, "The stresses and worries in life are like that glass of water. Think about them for a while and nothing happens. Think about them a bit longer and they begin to hurt. And if you think about them all day long, you will feel paralyzed – incapable of doing anything."

It's important to remember to let go of your stresses. As early in the evening as you can, put all your burdens down. Don't carry them through the evening and into the night. Remember to put the glass down!

Moving to Chicago

Bob was sitting on the plane when a guy took the seat beside him. The guy was an emotional wreck, pale, hands shaking, moaning in fear.

"What's the matter?" Bob asked.

"I've been transferred to Chicago, there are crazy people there. They've got lots of shootings, gangs, race riots, drugs, poor public schools and the highest crime rate in the nation."

Bob replied, "I've lived in Chicago all my life. It's not as bad as the media says. Find a nice home, go to work, mind your own business and enroll your kids in a nice private school. It's as safe a place as anywhere in the world."

The guy relaxed and stopped shaking and said, "Oh, thank you. I've been worried to death. But if you live there and say it's OK, I'll take your word

for it. What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a tail gunner on a Budweiser truck."



Catholic Shampoo

Two nuns were shopping at a 7-11 store. As they passed the beer cooler, one nun said to the other, "Wouldn't a nice cold beer or two taste wonderful on a hot summer evening?"

The second nun answered, "Indeed it would, Sister, but I would not feel comfortable buying beer, since I am certain it would cause a scene at the checkout stand."

"I can handle that without a problem," the other nun replied, and she picked up a six-pack and headed for the check-out.

The cashier had a surprised look on his face when the two nuns arrived with a six-pack of beer.

"We use beer for washing our hair" the nun said. "Back at the Convent, we call it Catholic shampoo."

Without blinking an eye, the cashier reached under the counter, pulled out a package of pretzel sticks, and placed them in the bag with the beer.

He then looked the nun straight in the eye, smiled, and said, "The curlers are on the house."

WWII connection discovered at senior

center By Rick Steigmeyer, World staff writer, Wenatchee world.com March 20, 2013

WENATCHEE, WA — They weren't looking for each other, but 67 years and 5,000 miles removed, find each other they did around a table at the Wenatchee Valley Senior Activity Center. He was a World War II pilot and she was one of many starving Europeans at the end of the war.

Thanks for the Hershey bars. And liberation. World War II was coming to an end in April 1945, thanks in part to U.S. Army Air Corps pilots like Bob Dillon.

He was one of hundreds U.S. and Royal Air Force pilots who dropped tons of bombs over Germany while Western Allies foot soldiers liberated one European city after another and brought the bloody war to its final stages.



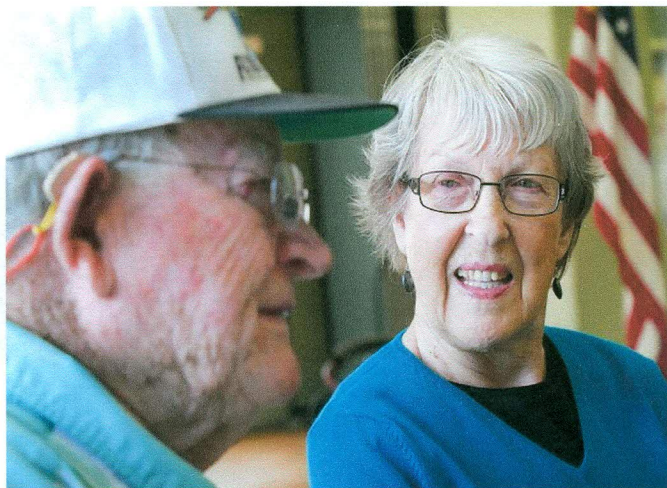
Dillon, who retired from the U.S. Air Force in 1974 as a full colonel, piloted his B-17, based at Horham, England, on 35 bombing missions over Berlin, Dresden and other key German cities in late 1944 and early 1945. The Third Reich surrendered unconditionally May 8, 1945.

"When we were called out, we were allowed to celebrate by buzzing the field," said Dillon, now 90 and living in Wenatchee with his wife of 69 years, Carolyn.

Bob Dillon was in flight training school in this 1943 photo. Dillon said his crew took the celebration a little farther, shooting off a couple flares at the end of the runway. Unfortunately, the flares started a fire in a grove of trees, which greatly displeased his commander.

As punishment, Dillon and his crew were told to stay behind when other planes in the squadron were sent home. He figured he could survive one more run. His plane, however, wouldn't be loaded with bombs for its 36th mission. It was loaded with food to be dropped at war-devastated sites near Amsterdam, the **Netherlands**.

"We called it the chow-hound mission. We'd fly low and as slow as we could over school yards to make the drops. It was a damn sight better than



dropping bombs," Dillon said with a laugh.

Joanne Loozen listens to Bob Dillon talk about what they have in common as they and their spouses meet for lunch at the Wenatchee Valley Senior Activity Center March 15. Dillon was a U.S. Army Air Corps pilot who was part of a food drop effort at the end of World War II and Loozen was on the receiving end of those drops.

Dillon has told the story many times at the Wenatchee senior center, where the couple often go for lunch and to socialize. But he got no better reaction than one day last summer when Joanne Loozen stood up at the table and told Dillon she was a recipient of one of the food drops, maybe the one he made on April 17, 1945.

"I remember walking home from school and seeing this airplane flying real low," said Loozen, who was 17 at the time. People raced to the bundles of food, finding packages of flour, white bread, crackers and chocolate.

"It's why I still love Hershey's chocolate bars," she said.

Loozen and her husband, John, emigrated to the United States in 1958. They owned a dairy near San Diego before moving to Wenatchee in late 2011 to be close to their daughter, Ingrid Brooks, a teacher at John Newbery Elementary School. Bob Dillon, center, and his crew flew 35 bombing missions over Germany in World War II.

"It was overwhelming to meet these people last summer," she said. "People were starving. They would come every day, walking from Amsterdam, asking for food," she said. The Germans had destroyed everything, buildings, roads and

