



Company I Poopsheet

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

September 2013

Donald. W. Lichtenthaler 1922 - 2013, Lifetime Newberg resident, Donald W. Lichtenthaler, died on June 2nd, 2013. He was 90. Donald was born into an old Newberg family who had one of the original land claims in Newberg in the late 1800's. Back then, the Everests owned a variety of businesses including a horse track, saloon and were a pioneer hop grower and beer producer. In Don's early growing up, his mother was known for growing and selling peonies. Don was a World War 2 veteran who parachuted on D-Day as a member of the 101st Airborne. After several days on the ground he was hit by shrapnel from a mortar round explosion and spent several years in and out of hospitals recovering.

He worked in construction for over 50 years, eventually owning his own finish carpentry business. After his marriage to Betty Brown of Newberg in 1946, he built their first home in Lincoln City. Three years later he built their long term home outside Newberg on a small walnut farm. Don was an avid outdoorsman. He fished out of Pacific City, running a dory for many years while owning a cabin in Neskowin. In his later years, he made many trips in an RV to Alaska with his wife Betty, spending the summers fishing on the Kenai River. Yearly, he and his sons and grandsons traveled to Eastern Oregon to pheasant hunt along with many winter days spent on the Willamette River duck hunting.

He is survived by his wife of 66 years, Betty (Brown) Lichtenthaler and his four sons -- Mark, Brad, Craig and Eric Lichtenthaler; five grandchildren and eight great grandchildren. One grandchild preceded him in death. Dona Vanevo, his sister, resides in California.

His memorial service as held June 14th at the Newberg Christian Church. Private Interment was at Evergreen Memorial Park Mausoleum. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to Winema Christian Camp, 5195 Wi Ne Ma Rd Cloverdale, OR 97112.

World War II soldier's letters delivered to son -- 69 years later

Taken from article by Joshua Rhett Miller, June 26, 2013, FoxNews.com



A letter mailed from a U.S. Army soldier during World War II has finally made it across the pond, some 70 years later.

"I was astounded," Kunellis told FoxNews.com. "I got this letter from Australia and had no idea who it was from. Then I opened it up and I was just flabbergasted."

Chris Kunellis, who died in 1992, joined the Army just days after Chuck was born, the younger Kunellis, 71, said, adding that his father never spoke much about his wartime years. That made the tidbits he gleaned from the letters especially emotional, he said, adding that Chris Kunellis took part in battles near Anzio, Italy, and on Monte Cassino in 1944. Kunellis' mother passed away in 1995.

"Where they were between then and now, I cannot even conjecture," he said of the pair of letters. "They'll certainly be saved and I will share them with my extended family."

Kunellis said the letters finally reached him thanks to the efforts of John Armstrong, an Australian stamp collector who purchased a collection of letters from a U.S. dealer and found the missives. Armstrong and Kunellis were soon emailing and Armstrong then relayed the letters.



Snowbird Reunion - February 5-9, 2014

Tampa Marriott, Westshore

1001 N. Westshore Blvd, Tampa, FL 33607

Hotel: (813) 287-2555

Mark your calendars, see you at the 2014 reunion in Tampa. Registration form is available in The Screaming Eagle magazine and

www.101abnfgcc.org You can email or call Betty if you need a form.

We continue to gather Company I 502, veterans and families each year at the Snowbird. We look forward to seeing you there.



David Lasseter, Betty Hill, Sherry and Ted Nivens, Phil Potter. Seated: Kathy Hagen, Harry Nivens and Steve Owens at the 2013 reunion.

Squeezer

The local bar was so sure that its bartender was the strongest man around that they offered a standing \$1000 bet. The bartender would squeeze a lemon until all the juice ran into a glass, and hand the lemon to a patron. Anyone who could squeeze one more drop of juice out would win the money.

Many people had tried.... over time: weight lifters, longshoremen, etc., but nobody could do it. One day, this scrawny little fellow came into the bar, wearing thick glasses and a polyester suit, and said in a small voice, "I'd like to try the bet."

After the laughter had died down, the bartender said, "OK"; grabbed the lemon; and squeezed away. Then he handed the wrinkled remains of the rind to the little fellow. But the Crowd's laughter turned to total silence.... as the man clenched his little fist around the lemon.... and six drops fell into the glass.

As the crowd cheered, the bartender paid the \$1000, and asked the little man: "What do you do for a living? Are you a lumberjack, a weight-lifter, or what?"

The little fellow quietly replied: "I work for the IRS."

=====

The Chief

"Chief Two Eagles" asked one official, "You have observed the white man for 90 years. You've seen his wars and his technological advances. You've seen his progress, and the damage he's done." The Chief nodded in agreement.

The official continued, "Considering all these events, in your opinion, where did the white man go wrong?"

The Chief stared at the government officials for over a minute and then calmly replied, "When white man found the land, Indians were running it..

No taxes, No debt, Plenty buffalo, Plenty beaver, Women did all the work, Medicine man free, Indian man spent all day hunting and fishing, All night having sex."

Then the chief leaned back and smiled . "Only white man dumb enough to think he could improve a system like that."

=====



Our love and sympathy to **Joe and June Hennessey**, (I-502) in the death of their daughter, Robin McKenna.

Robin May (Hennessey) (Martin) McKenna, 50, died Friday, Aug. 9, 2013, at Bethel Health Care Center after a courageous battle with adrenal cancer with her loving family at

her side. Robin was born in Derby Dec. 16, 1962, daughter of Joseph S. and Estelle J. (Root) Hennessey Sr., formerly of Beacon Falls, now of Sarasota, Fla. She was a graduate of Naugatuck High School and attended Quinnipiac College. She formerly ran her own catering business and was known for her work ethic.

In addition to her parents, she leaves three sons, Erik, Brett and Tyler Martin; a brother, Darrin Hennessey of Bristol; three sisters, Doreen Elnitsky of Southbury, Patricia Russo and her husband, William, of Woodbridge, and Lillian Smith and her husband, Theodore, of Beacon Falls; a sister-in-law, Laurie Hennessey of Beacon Falls; and several nieces, nephews and aunts. She was predeceased by her brother, Joseph S. Hennessey J.

=====
Mail returned: Mrs. **Elmer Shields**, Aldan, Pa, marked 'Deceased'.
 =====

DOD Identifies Army Casualties

The Department of Defense announced August 12, 2012, death of three soldiers who were supporting Operation Enduring Freedom.

They died Aug. 11, of wounds suffered when enemy forces attacked their unit with indirect fire. The soldiers were assigned to the 4th Battalion, 320th Field Artillery Regiment, 4th Brigade Combat Team, 101st Airborne Division, Fort Campbell, Ky.

Killed were:

Staff Sgt. Octavio Herrera, 26, of Caldwell, Idaho,

Sgt. Jamar A. Hicks, 22, of Little Rock, Ark., and

Spc. Keith E. Grace Jr., 26, of Baytown, Texas.

We honor and remember these heroes of Co. I, 502 PIR, 101st Airborne who died in WWII.

Pfc. Charles W. Hugi	44-06-00*
Pfc. John M. Morgan	44-06-00 *
Pvt. James A. Dodson	44-06-00 *
Pvt. William E. Foley	44-06-00 *
Pvt. Herman Addleson	44-06-06
Pvt. Roy J. Sherrod	44-06-06
1st Lt. George A. Larish	44-06-10
1st Lt. John P. Painschab	44-06-10
2nd Lt. Benny J. Klemant	44-06-10
Pfc. Emmitt T. Nix	44-06-10
Pfc. Stanley W. Tkaczyk	44-06-10
Pvt. Eugene O. Gaukel	44-06-10
Sgt. Jerry A. Boffo	44-06-10
Cpl. Cornelius W. Owens	44-06-11
Pvt. Edward R. Sowder	44-06-11
Pvt. John C. Norton	44-06-11
Pfc. William A. Nesbit	44-09-17
Sgt. Everett D. Dye	44-09-18.
Cpl. Lester A. Taylor	44-09-19
Pvt. John R. Clark	44-09-19
Pvt. Leslie B. Nussbaum	44-09-19
Pvt. William E. Baker	44-09-19
S/Sgt. Julius J. Sovak	44-09-19
Pfc. Paul B. Gentle	44-09-26
Cpl. Jerry A. Sevier	44-10-05
Sgt. Joseph A. Miller	44-10-06
Pfc. Charles A. Delong	44-11-15
Pvt. Gerald B. Malone	44-11-16
Pvt. Jack R. Plumb	44-12-00
Pvt. Joseph M. Burke	44-12-00
S/Sgt. Troy W. Norris	44-12-00
Pvt. Ernest F. Bruno	44-12-27
Pvt. Fred Cid	44-12-28
Pvt. Lorain o. Westenhave	44-12-28
S/Sgt. Harold E. Waller	44-12-28
Pfc. Claude A. Wilson	44-12-29
Pvt. Benigno G. Salazar	44-12-29
1st Lt. Edward G. Tyree	45-01-03
Cpl. Frank J. Pilwallis	45-01-03
Pfc. Leonard E. Bruce	45-01-03
Pvt. Andrew T. Hroma	45-01-10
Pvt. Clarence C. Eckert	45-01-10
*date unknow to us	



L-R: Leoni Wenstedt, Joe Bossi, and Petra Wenstedt-Pulles announce plans for **OPERATION TORCH 2014** - yes, next year, celebrating the 70th anniversary of a liberated Europe

This is not your off-the-rack, done-for-profit WWII tour, but a great trip organised by a non-profit organisation recognised by the Dutch government and the 101st Airborne Division Association.

We'll take you along the sites of Operation Market-Garden in the Netherlands, through the area of the largest land battle of WWII (the Battle of the Bulge) in Bastogne, Belgium and the invasion beaches of Normandy, France.

Featuring:

- *local guides who share their extensive knowledge of your and our history
- *surprising hospitality
- *taking plenty of time visiting the sites
- *attention for personal interests

PLAN these dates: arrival September 9th - departure September 22nd, 2014

ENLIST now! And secure your place on the bus (maximum of 45 participants).

No deposit required until 1st January based on double occupancy in hotel rooms and subject to change due to exchange rates.

The Tour Includes all meals, hotels, museums and transport by bus from arrival to departure at airport (airport location to be determined). Price does not include flights.

More information: CSM Joseph M. Bossi (Ret), director of US operations - tel. 931-624-8060 or jmbossi@peoplepc.com or Petra Wenstedt-Pulles at p.wenstedt@chello.nl

Website at: www.screamingeagles.nl

=====



Waterbury, CT— Mrs. Jean (Doran) Murphy, 94, of 119 Store Ave., passed away on Monday, July 1, 2013, at Apple Rehab in Watertown after a brief illness. Jean was married to the late Francis M. Murphy. Mrs. Murphy was born in Waterbury on April 21, 1919, daughter of the late George and Mary (Foy) Doran. She was predeceased by her two brothers, William and Robert Doran. **Robert Doran** was the "radioman for LTX Robert Cole, 3rd Bn. 502 PIR in WWII. Doran was killed just minutes before Cole in Holland, September 18, 1944. Jean is survived by nieces and nephews and many friends. She made a trip to Holland and attended the Snowbird Reunion a in 2001. Memorial contributions may be made to Saint Mary's Hospital Auxiliary, 56 Franklin St., Waterbury, CT 06706-9989; or SS. Peter & Paul Grammar School, 116 Beecher Ave., Waterbury, CT 06705.

=====

All there is to know about a lawn mower

A preacher was making his rounds on a bicycle when he came upon a little boy trying to sell a lawn mower.

"How much do you want for the mower?" asked the preacher. "I just want enough money to go out and buy me a bicycle," said the little boy. After a moment of consideration, the preacher asked, "Will you take my bike in trade for it?"

The little boy asked if he could try it out first, and, after riding the bike around a little while, said, "Mister, you've got yourself a deal."

The preacher took the mower and began to crank it. He pulled on the rope a few times with no response from the mower.

The preacher called the little boy over and said, "I can't get at his mower to start." The little boy said, "That's because you have to cuss at it to get it started."

The preacher said, "I can't cuss. It's been so long since I became a Christian that I don't even remember how to cuss." The little boy looked at him happily and said, "You just keep pulling on that rope. It'll come back to ya."

=====

Surviving old age with a smile.....

Deaf Wife

A man feared his wife wasn't hearing as well as she used to and he thought she might need a hearing aid. Not quite sure how to approach her, he called the family doctor to discuss the problem.

The doctor told him there is a simple informal test the husband could perform to give the Doctor a better idea about her hearing loss.

Here's what you do,' said the doctor, 'stand about 40 feet away from her, and in a normal conversational speaking tone see if she hears you.

If not, go to 30 feet, then 20 feet, and so on until you get a response.' That evening, the wife is in the kitchen cooking dinner, and he was in the den. He says to himself, 'I'm about 40 feet away, let's see what happens.' Then in a normal tone he asks, 'Honey, what's for dinner?'

No response.

So the husband moves closer to the kitchen, about 30 feet from his wife and repeats, 'Honey, what's for dinner?' Still no response.

Next he moves into the dining room where he is about 20 feet from his wife and asks, 'Honey, what's for dinner?'

Again he gets no response.

So, he walks up to the kitchen door, about 10 feet away. 'Honey, what's for dinner?' Again there is no response.

So he walks right up behind her. 'Honey, what's for dinner?'

(I just love this)

'Ralph, for the FIFTH time, it's CHICKEN!!!!'

I Can Hear Just Fine!

Three retirees, each with a hearing loss, were playing golf one fine March day. One remarked to the other, "Windy, isn't it?"

"No," the second man replied, "it's Thursday."

And the third man chimed in, "So am I. Let's have a beer ."

riends

Two elderly ladies had been friends for many decades. Over the years, they had shared all kinds of activities and adventures. Lately, their

activities had been limited to meeting a few times a week to play cards. One day, they were playing cards when one looked at the other and said, "Now don't get mad at me .. I know we've been friends for a long time, but I just can't think of your name!

I've thought and thought, but I can't remember it. Please tell me what your name is."

Her friend glared at her. For at least three minutes she just stared and glared at her. Finally she said, "How soon do you need to know?"

Senior Driving

As a senior citizen was driving down the freeway, his cell phone rang. Answering, he heard his wife's voice urgently warning him, "Herman, I just heard on the news that there's a car going the wrong way on Interstate 77.

Please be careful!"

"Heck," said Herman, "It's not just one car. It's hundreds of them!"

Live Life Like a 90-year Old...

One day I had lunch with some friends. Jim, a short, balding golfer type almost 90 years old, came along with them---all in all, a pleasant bunch.

When the menus were presented, we ordered salads, sandwiches, and soups, except for Jim who said, "Ice Cream, please. Two scoops, chocolate.

I wasn't sure my ears heard right, and the others were aghast. "Along with heated apple pie," Jim added, completely unabashed.

We tried to act quite nonchalant, as if people did this all the time.. But when our orders were brought out, I didn't enjoy mine.

I couldn't take my eyes off Jim as his pie a-la-mode went down. The other guys couldn't believe it. They ate their lunches silently and grinned.

The next time I went out to eat, I called and invited Jim. I lunched on white meat tuna. He ordered a parfait.I smiled. He asked if he amused mel answered, "Yes, you do, but also you confuse me.

How come you order rich desserts, while I feel I

must be sensible? He laughed and said "I'm tasting all that is Possible. I try to eat the food I need, and do the things I should. But life's so short, my friend, I hate missing out on something good.

This year I realized how old I was. (He grinned) I haven't been this old before." "So, before I die, I've got to try those things that for years I had ignored.

I haven't smelled all the flowers yet. There are too many trout streams I haven't fished. There's more fudge sundaes to wolf down and kites to be flown overhead.

There are too many golf courses I haven't played. I've not laughed at all the jokes. I've missed a lot of sporting events and potato chips and cokes.

I want to wade again in water and feel ocean spray on my face. I want to sit in a country church once more and thank God for His grace.

I want peanut butter every day spread on my morning toast. I want un-timed long distance calls to the folks I love the most.

I haven't cried at all the movies yet, or walked in the morning rain. I need to feel wind on my face. I want to be in love again.

So, if I choose to have dessert, instead of having dinner, then should I die before night fall, I'd say I died a winner, because I missed out on nothing. I filled my heart's desire. I had that final chocolate mousse before my life expired.." With that, I called the waitress over.. "I've changed my mind, " I said. "I want what he is having, only add some more whipped cream!"

Moral: Be mindful that happiness isn't based on possessions, power, or prestige, but on relationships with people we like and respect. Remember that while money talks, CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM SINGS!

=====

Poopsheet Expense Report

Balance on hand before July issue	\$438
Expense of the last issue (using coupons)	\$135
Contributions Received	\$200
Balance on hand before this issue	\$503

Thank you for your support. You're news and support is greatly appreciated. Betty T. Hill, 5801 Reading Road # 321, Rosenberg, TX 77471. Phone: 832-449-3541 mail: bjth23@yahoo.com

The Burglar

A burglar broke into a house one night. He shined his flashlight around, looking for valuables when a voice in the dark said, 'Jesus knows you're here.'

He nearly jumped out of his skin, clicked his flashlight off, and froze. Clear as a bell he heard; 'Jesus is watching you.'



Freaked out, he shined his light around frantically, looking for the source of the voice. Finally, in the corner of the room, his flashlight beam came to rest on a parrot.

Did you say that? he hissed at the parrot. 'Yep', the parrot confessed, then

squawked; 'I'm just trying to warn you that he is watching you.'

The burglar relaxed. 'Warn me, huh? Who in the world are you?' 'Moses,' replied the bird.

'Moses?' the burglar laughed. 'What kind of people would name a bird Moses?'

'The kind of people that would name a Rottweiler Jesus.'

=====

The Aisle Seat

Two radical Arab terrorists boarded a flight out of London. One took a window seat and the other sat next to him in the middle seat.

Just before takeoff, a U.S. Soldier sat down in the aisle seat. After takeoff, the Soldier kicked his shoes off, wiggled his toes and was settling in when the Arab in the window seat said, 'I need to get up and get a Coke.'

'Don't get up,' said the Soldier, 'I'm in the aisle seat, I'll get it for you.'

As soon as he left, one of the Arabs picked up the Soldier's shoe and spat in it.

When the Soldier returned with the Coke, the other Arab said, 'That looks good, I'd really like one, too..' (continued...)



