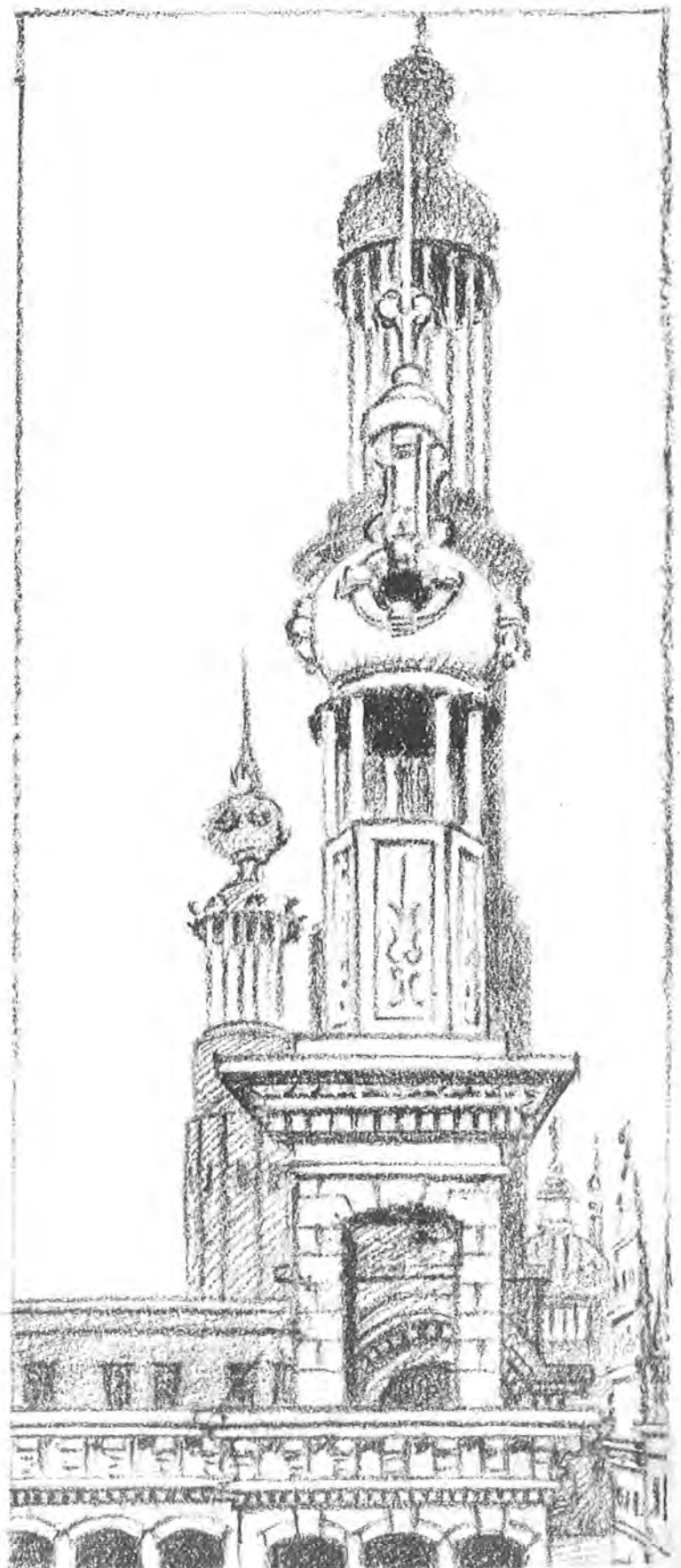




twenty-five years ago

# 69<sup>th</sup> infantry division bulletin

vol. 23, no. 2



THE STEEPLES OF LEIPSIC

The fact that we have (most of us, at any rate) doubled our ages since 1945 will have occurred to us unaided by the reminder on the cover. So this twenty-fifth anniversary, with its character as much personal as historical, is less to be celebrated than acknowledged.

A speculative question, not less interesting because it has to do with water long over the bridge, is the central one on the last year of the War; need that year have been a year? That is, did the Allied Powers, or General Eisenhower in particular, having brought Germany to the point of defeat in the fall of 1944, by misjudgment or timidity let her escape what appeared an immediate fate, and accordingly protract the War into the following Spring? Such an idea, as we say, is absorbing even if unanswerable. But history cannot be seriously regarded in this conjectural light. After all, there are other, related, questions; did Hitler, out of colossal meddlesomeness, prevent the Wehrmacht from bringing the Red Army to its knees? Had this last been accomplished, and the immense German strength in the East been brought to the Atlantic Coast, General Eisenhower would have been faced with a problem far different from that of how promptly the War could be closed out. But further, ought not the Kaiser properly to have captured Paris thirty years earlier? Or, for that matter, Napoleon have won the battle of Waterloo? (Never mind what might have followed had Longstreet come up in time at Gettysburg.)

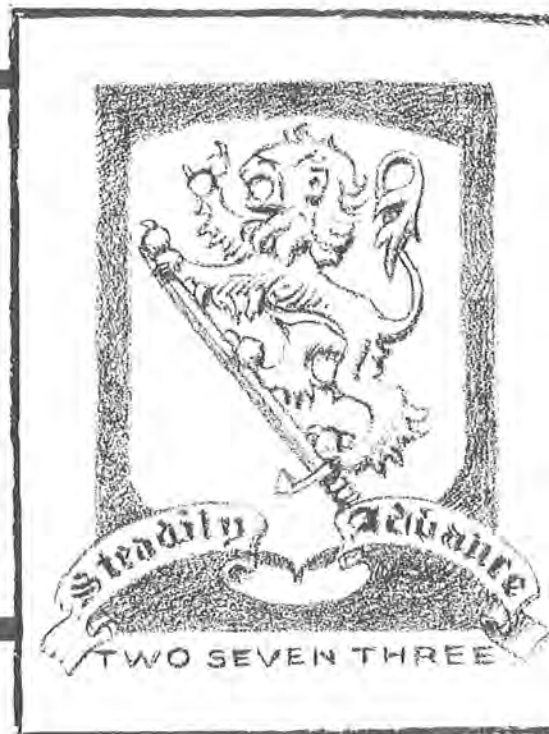
This line of inquiry, in short, is outside actuality, for if we admit one possibility, we must make room for all, and the earliest change in outcome we allow for would have set the path of events on another course than was taken, with the ensuing choices, Eisenhower's among them, never arising.

Still, its absolute inconclusiveness granted, there is a hypothetical application of this issue of 1944 to ourselves, beside the larger matter of the havoc wrought by a theoretically unnecessary extra six months of war. Had victory been won in that fateful October the Sixty-Ninth Division might have remained in Camp Shelby. We would never have laid eyes on the shell-barked pines of the eerie Belgian forests nor heard the locomotive chugging of the outward bound 105s. The tightening of the stomach in the hour before the attack would forever have been known to us only at second hand, as with the exultation shared in the fall of a great city. In a peculiar sense, we would have been in the War, but not really a part of it.

Are these absurd considerations, measured against the desirability of the alternative suggested? Who knows how desirable an unknown alternative might have proven? There are doubts, in fact, about the benefits of the actual outcome. What it comes down to is that all that we, each of us, can be sure of is that the experiences undergone, as events turned out, were the most dramatic and moving of our lives, and proportionately enriching; without them we would be other than we are, and there is no reason to think necessarily for the better for the trials we would have been spared. But whatever may be thought the right and wrong of this, who would sacrifice the recollection of these things?



**B**eside that of General Reinhardt last Summer, there was another death of great moment to the membership at large, which, though it took place some time back, has not before this been noticed in these columns. This much to be lamented passing was that of General Philip Bettenburg, commander of the 273rd from its coming into existence until shortly before it left for the European Theatre. General Bettenburg had fought in North Africa before his service at Shelby; after he left us, his assignment (like our own) was to England. When the War ended he was made the Commanding General of the Minnesota National Guard, from whose



This number starts off with a little news; not, for once an announcement described as such by us, but the real thing.

Into the wide-spread nets of Clarence Marshall, our chief recruiter, have swum two whales. Two celebrities, mindful at this late date of their time with the colors, have joined the ranks of the comrades at whose side that time was passed. The Association is delighted to welcome to its ranks a pair of Sixty-Niners grown famous; the nationally known team of political columnists and commentators, Frank Mankiewicz and Tom Braden.

Frank was with D-273; his partner (can we believe this?) isn't sure WHAT outfit he belonged to. Well, perhaps this is the price of pre-occupation with great events. In any case, old side-kicks should soon clear this up, though the omission of this data even temporarily will

remain an odd note in the history of our roster of duly enrolled members.

When word of any marked degree of attainment by a member reaches us it is gratifying, but it is professional esteem that is the measure in these cases. The reports of this please us, but they are heard, in effect, at second hand. Splendid, as we say. But Frank and Tom represent the genuine article; their reknown preceded our discovery of their connection with the Division. They are house-hold names, a distinction enjoyed among the members, it must be admitted, by these two alone.

Thus set apart from, or in fact above, us, it might appear to be envy that would be provoked. The very reverse is the case. By the nature of the ties that bind us, in a peculiar way we share the eminence of our old comrades and new friends. And

ranks he had come into the Federal Service.

Not every high officer was really known to his troops. Of those of whom that was true, of a much smaller number could it be said that they were in addition liked. This last was very much the case with the Commander of the 273rd; every inch the leader and foremost figure of his regiment, with the bearing and grace that made for this was allied the common touch. Every man who came into personal contact with his Colonel (and the instances of this were, not by accident, beyond counting) was won by him, and it was the cause of universal regret that,

when the 273rd went abroad, he was not at its head. Accordingly, in their billets dotted between Winchester and Andover, it was a great pleasure when their former Commander made the rounds of the companies to renew old friendships and demonstrate his continuing concern for us.

Twenty-five years are more than sufficient to blur the recollection even of one who once loomed so large in our lives. But a clear picture is not necessary to feeling, and esteem and regard, still strong at this late date, will bring a pang to the heart of every member of Tryhard, at the tidings here conveyed.

the vanity of every one of us is tickled.

At the Board of Directors' Meeting held at Saddle River, New Jersey, Pearl Harbor Day, the President, Sam Woolf, F-273, confirmed the plans for the 1970 Re-union, which he and the Executive Secretary, Sol Rosenblitt, H-271, had recently arranged in Washington. The details will be found on page 12 in the Bulletin. A shade less routine; at least the general plan was announced for the following year, as well. The 1971 Re-union is scheduled for the Capital of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, the 19th to 22nd of August.

The Harrisburg Chapter, it should be noted in this connection held its own Annual Dinner this past Fall, in nearby Steelton.

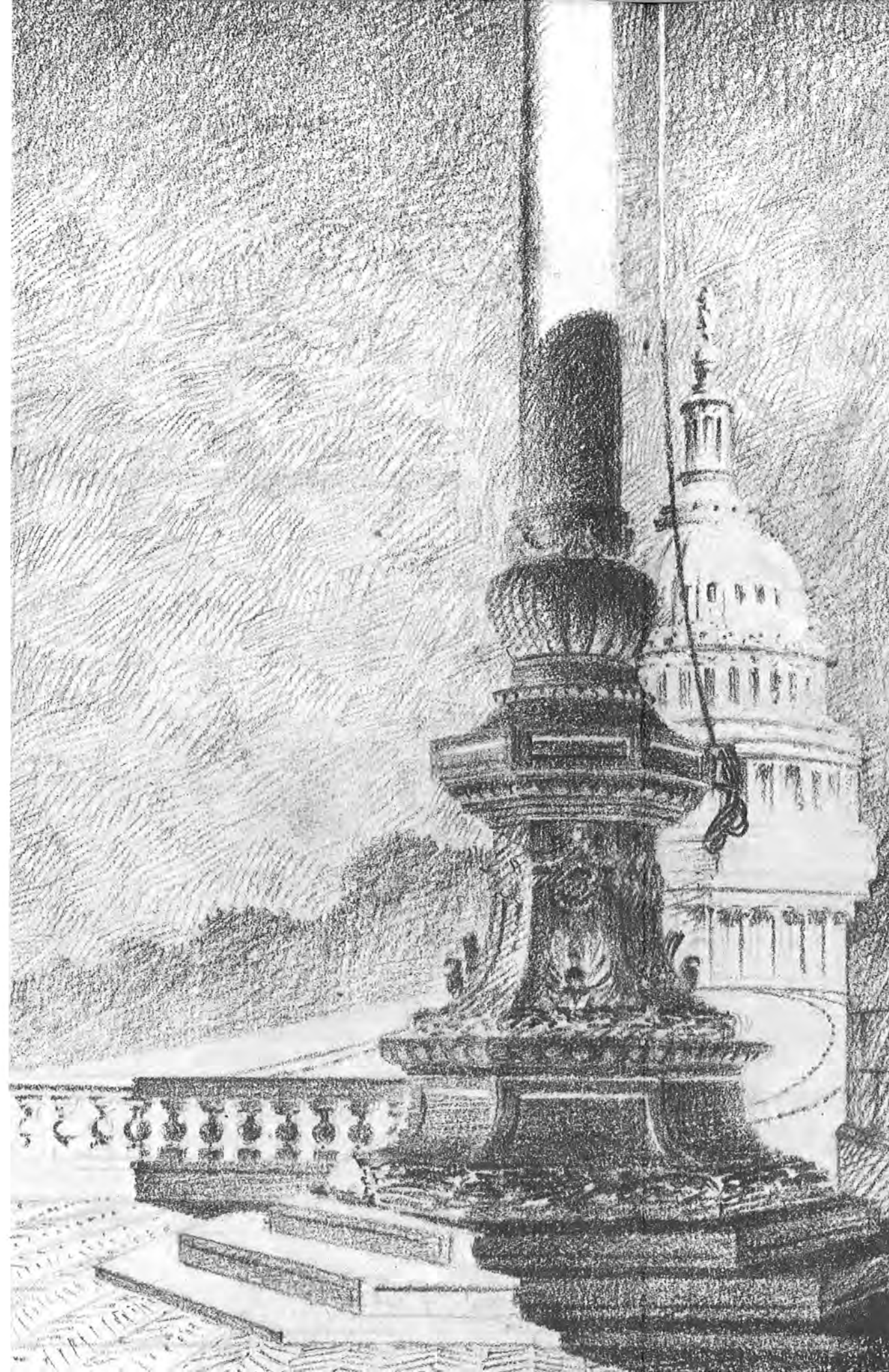
Other Local Chapter news is

that New York has elected George Shapiro, AT-272, its President. George, of course, is also a National Vice-President.

It was the perfectly justified feeling in some quarters (particularly in those of the travelers themselves) that the account given in the previous number of THE BULLETIN of the grand 1969 Sixty=Niners' Tour of Europe was distinguished only by its skimpiness. A lively, eventful, expedition was, in fact, accorded very scant treatment. But wrongs can be remedied, and this one has been. The principal feature of the forth-coming BULLETIN will be a detailed chronicle of the trip by its leader, Past President Bill Matlach, E-273. This lengthy, illustrated, story, will beat anything hitherto seen in these pages, and atone (we hope) for our earlier neglect. Watch the Mails.



UNION PLAZA,  
Washington, D. C.



When we last went to press some uncertainty existed in regard to this Summer's Re-union. No more. Washington, D. C. is the choice; August 20th to 23rd, the date, with this, if dimming memory serves, our fifth visit to the Nation's Capital. Further along in THE BULLETIN Sol Rosenblitt, H-271, our Executive Secretary and Re-union Chairman, will fill you in on the details worked out by himself and the Association President, Sammy Woolf, F-273.

The picture here is that which meets the eye of the traveler arriving in Washington by train. Few enough of these, but we give the view because it is superior to any to be seen from the window of a car. At the turn of the Century it was decided to make the rail-road station, itself a marvel of impressiveness, the ceremonial Entrance to the City, and this scheme of Union Plaza, with its magnificent vista of the Dome of the Capitol, was the result.

The flag-pole base shown is one of a set of four that themselves make up one of the great sights of Washington. Rarely called attention to in conventional lists of attractions, they are nonetheless worth inspection on their own account. It might be added, in this connection, that there is, nearby, another feature of the city customarily allotted a shade less emphasis than its merit warrants. This is the Grant Memorial, at the foot of the Capitol, comparison notwithstanding, the most splendid monument in Washington, and the martial character of which should make it of special interest to old soldiers.

The most over-whelming sight, it goes without saying, is the Capitol proper, from its beauty and scale, and encrustation of tradition, the paramount treasure of the country, alongside of which all other structures pale.

61 SHERWOOD AVENUE  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Dear Buddies;

Excuse the delay in my 69-70 dues, enclosed.

This may interest all 69ers; An Avon pocket novel I just finished, COURT OF HONOR, by a Geoff Taylor, turned out to be all about the Link-Up! Plenty of references to General Reibhardt, and vivid descriptions of the various meetings, Lt. Robertson's at Torgau, and Lt. Kotzebue's and Leckwitz's. Brought those April days back!

Published in 1967, probably not too easy at this point to track down a copy, but those who do will find it worth the effort.

Sincerely,

John A. Palermo, A-272

Eddie Dykman, 134 Rutgers Ave., Nutley, New Jersey 07110

Dear Comrade -  
Thank you for mention  
in "What Ever Happened To" ---  
Dollar enclosed Towards  
Expenses of mailing, printing, etc  
Out of contact with all  
former medics of 1st Bn. 273  
plus bad memory on names  
on faces.

Sorry  
Yours in the 69th  
Eddie T. Dykman

1-9-70

Dear fellow 69th member -

SURE WAS SURPRISED TO  
READ ABOUT AL KORMAZIS AND HIS  
CHASE ON THE OHIO TURN PIKE,  
IN THE LAST BULLETIN.

AL AND I WERE TOGETHER  
FROM PHALRY TO THE ELBE,  
AND AT THE RE-UNION 20 YEARS  
BACK, IN NYC. BEST WISHES  
AND A HELLO TO HIM.

AND WILL YOU KINDLY SEND  
ME 69th DECALS FOR MY CAR?

Yours  
SIANEY SAIFEE  
879 FA

October 2d, 1969

Dear Loar,

69ers might be interested in something  
I just ran across in, of all things,  
Vol. XIII of THE DIRECTORY OF MEDICAL  
SPECIALISTS. In this Who's Who  
among the docs was a long listing for  
a neuro-surgeon named William Dean  
Robertson.

This, of course, is the Bill Robertson  
we all know as one of our most famous  
69ers; "First Yank to Meet the Russians"

best from the Coast,

Hugh Arnott

A line of random copy simulating an actual letter

Annie L., my wife, is from Hattiesburg,  
so I get to go back that way once or twice a year.  
Fellas; it hasn't changed a bit!

yours,

Frank H. Perry HQ-271  
2911 Armour Terrace,  
Mpls., Minn  
55418



A FLOOD OF INFORMATION HAS POURED INTO ASSOCIATION HEADQUARTERS, ON THE POST-WAR CAREERS OF OUR MEMBERS. THE DETAILS SO REPORTED WOULD, IN SOME CASES, INTEREST US ALL; IN EVERY CASE, THE INDIVIDUAL'S FRIENDS. BUT WHAT INTERESTS EACH OF US, PRINCIPALLY, ABOUT AN OLD SIDE-KICK NEWLY LOCATED, IS: WHERE IS HE? SO OUR THOUGHT IS TO MAKE BEST USE OF THE SPACE GIVEN THE PURPOSE BY LISTING, RATHER THAN A SMALL AMOUNT OF VOCATIONAL DATA, A LONG LIST OF ADDRESSES.

HQ.

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- C-272 LOUIS R. SAVARESE, 6 Long View Rd., Cedar Grove, N. J. 07009
- B-881: EUGENE G. TABACHI, 349 E. 2d St., Beaver, Pa. 15006
- AT-271: DONALD W. DURST, 8 Glenview Terrace, Lavale, Md. 21502  
 ALVIN HAROLD FINE, 2801 New Mexico Ave., NW, Wash., D. C. 20007  
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 L. G. REED, 8604 Michael, Ft. Worth, Tex. 76108  
 ELTEN L. WILEY, 3311 Ave B, Enslev, Ala. 35218  
 SAMUEL R. JOHN BOBO, 121 Porter's Chapel Rd., Vicksburg, Miss. 39180

(1) members of the old Tryhard (and Moonshine, etc.) Red Battalion will be interested to learn that their 32, and later Assistant 33, then Captain Male, now Colonel, remained in the Army (not too surprisingly for an old Academy man), and is at present a Professor of Military Science at Georgia State College.

(2) Archie wants all traveling 69ers to know a free hair-cut is in store for them if they call at his FLAT TOP BARBER SHOP on their way through Tucson.

(3) we cannot be perfectly sure, of course, but it would seem to be a pretty safe bet that John Lurquin takes the prize among us for philoprogenitiveness (love of children); he has twelve, all of whose names, like their father's, begin with J.

(4) a frequent visitor to Europe, Don has not only identified familiar spots, but re-occupied them; he has actually stayed in a hotel taken over by his company in Kassel, and with a family with whom he was billeted in Asemhausen.

(5) by all odds Arlie's must be the most beautiful address ever listed not in THE BULLETIN alone, but anywhere; but can actuality match it; is Olympia Fields remotely the equal of what its name suggests?



# GONE FROM OUR RANKS

The muffled drums' sad roll has beat  
The soldiers' last Tattoo;

No more on Life's Parade shall meet  
The brave and fallen few.

JOHN B. AMABILE  
D-273

HARRY F. GLADDING  
569 Signal

GLEN V. HILL  
B-369

EUGENE R. BOYD  
G-271

STUART N. GRUMMON  
Div. Hq.

BENJAMIN K. HOOVLER  
B-880

CLARENCE EDWARDS  
661 T D

ARTHUR T. HAUSER  
H & S 879

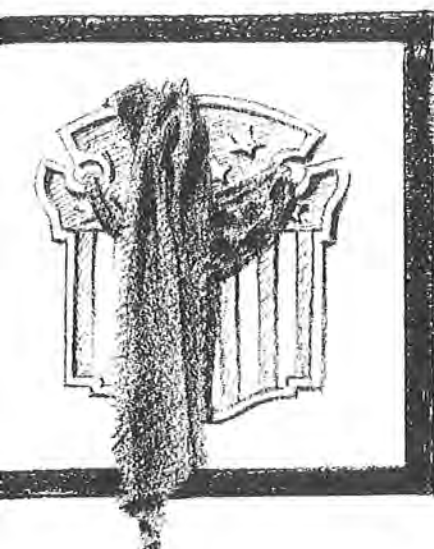
CLARENCE B. HOWELLS  
Hq. 1st-273

The gloomy length of the list of our recent dead makes impossible the special attention we would like to give the individual comrade no longer with us. It might be added that, in the nature of things, the number is almost certainly greater than the twenty-two brought to THE BULLETIN's notice. We grieve, then, for all with whom we were once to-gether in Mississippi and in Europe, and in particular for those whose names will strike us with peculiar force, because their bearers were the companions of our youth, recognised for this last time, over the gulf of time and distance.

It will hardly go un-noticed that one outfit was especially hard hit; B of the 269th has suffered the loss of three of its members. Five are gone from the rolls of the 271st, but that will be more lightly felt; the company was the largest unit of which it could be said each man of it knew every other. Beyond its limits acquaintance was accidental, so for the readers of this list from B-269 a heavy blow is in store.

Word of these many deaths came to the Association from the families, testimony of the attachant felt for the Sixty-Ninth. The accompanying messages would, in every case, be of interest to friends. An example was the letter from the widow of Eugene Boyd, whose son in turn is now in the Service, with the Navy. Mrs. Boyd emphasised the fact that her husband was proud all his life of having been with the Division. To an extent, this might be taken to be the case with every man who maintained his tie with the Association. It is warming, nevertheless, to hear the sentiment asserted.

Our list is long enough to give us pause by virtue of that alone. It represents, after all, only the year just behind us. But death is less a stranger to us all, at this stage, than hitherto. Many have lost close family members, and the Association, to all so afflicted, extends its sympathy. One of these is our President, Sammy Wolff, F-273, of whose mother's death it was learned as these very lines were being prepared.



LESTER W. LERCHE  
Hq. 2d-273

ALEXANDER M. MEBANE  
AT-271

EUGENE D. LIST  
L-271

KENNETH R. MINNICK  
C-271

FLOYD L. JENNINGS  
AT-271

NATHAN McDONALD  
D-272

RICHARD F. RICHIE  
Div. Hq.

GEORGE B. JOHNSON  
Svc-271

HOWARD A. McNEIL  
Div. Hq.

WILLIAM R. TOBIN  
B-269

WILLIAM J. LETTS  
B-269

CHARLES McPIKE  
1-272

MATTHEW M. WEDDINGTON  
B-269

One death of a relative touches us all. The father of Clarence Marshall, Div. Hq., our Membership Chairman, was known to all who attended Sixty-Ninth Re-unions. Glenn Henry Marshall was a fixture at these. If he missed any, the occasion is not easy to recall. Further, he was not only, like so many fathers, interested in the Association's progress and purposes, he aided in these. Clarence's part in Association activities, in keeping up, and adding to, its rolls, is the most time-consuming and sustained of Offices. The work is, in fact, close to being beyond what is within the compass of an individual. But when pressed, Clarence could depend on the assistance of his father, more conversant with our roster than anyone save Clarence himself. We are, hence, all in Mr. Marshall's debt, and have, in his death, endured a loss of our own.

ded her father by the thriving of the Association he had labored so hard to launch. She herself was very much moved by the volume of concern shown the General in his last year by his old troops.

Another bereavement, less recent, to a member conspicuous among us, was the death of the wife of General Charles Lanham, 272, widowed after forty-five years. The General is one of our members who saw action under other standards than those of the Sixty-Ninth. More than that a life-time given to his country's service accounts for any number of units making claims on his loyalty. In light of this, the firmness of his ties with the Association are all the more appreciated, and the special sentiment so dictated sharpens the sympathy felt for the General

\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\*

The beautiful lines quoted at the head of this page are from the Cemetery at Gettysburg. Seen there once, they were never forgotten. But if their author is known, it is to members more learned than ourselves.

On the death of General Reinhardt, we have a letter from Ann Stevenson, his daughter. Mrs. Stevenson (who, within a brief period had lost her mother as well) writes of the gratification affor-



Fellows:

Here are the arrangements for the 20th through the 23rd of August.

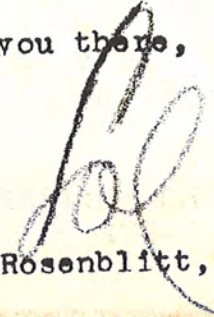
The Sheraton Park, Washington, D. C., is the spot, and it's a beauty. Those of us who were there in 1958 will be flabbergasted at the change in the place; it's as if a whole new hotel had been built. Its public rooms, the garage, the pool, all new and all great. Rates: 12. single, 18. double, kids free.

As to what' in store, there will be a full program: meetings, Friday night beer party, splash party for the youngsters, fun for Thursday arrivals and, for the Banquet itself, an 8 piece band. Saturday there will be a motor-cycle escorted cavalcade to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, for a wreath laying and a glimpse of the Association's Memorial Plaque. This will be the sentimental, as the Banquet is the social, high-light of a great week-end.

The tariff for all this will be 14.50 per person, everything included. For anyone who, for one reason or another, will have to miss the Banquet proper, and can only get in to the previous night's beer party, the charge will be limited to 5.00 per person.

One thing, reserve as soon as possible; only 100 rooms are blocked for Thursday, 200 for the balance. (a word to the wise)

see you there,

  
Sol Rosenblitt, H-271

the 69th  
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345 6th avenue, new kensington, pa. 15068

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