

FIGHTING 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION

★★★★ Association, Inc.



VOLUME 47, NO. 3

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1994

"THE THREE B's"
BOLTE'S BIVOUACING BASTARDS

101 STEPHEN STREET
NEW KENSINGTON, PA 15068
412/335-3224

bulletin

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Welkos O. Hawn, CO Div. Hq.

*Deceased



Lieutenant Sam Warren receiving the Distinguished Service Cross from Major General Reinhardt.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

Lieutenant Samuel L. Warren

Promoted to First Lieutenant January 21, 1944. July 6, 1944 reported to Fort Benning, Georgia for Basic Infantry course. Was assigned to the 69th Infantry Division, Company F-273rd Infantry Regiment. Went to England with the Division in November of 1944 and to Europe in February of 1945. Participated in all actions that the 3rd Battalion engaged, in which many brave and good men were killed and wounded. Company F was awarded the Distinguished Unit Citation. Awards received by Lieutenant Warren include: Combat Infantry Badge, The Distinguished Service Cross, Purple Heart, French Croix de Guerre, Etoile De Bronze, Distinguished Unit Citation - EAME Campaign Medal with two Bronze Service Stars.

Samuel L. Warren
P.O. Box 286
Wickes, Arkansas 71973

Submitted by: Walter Harpain
2274 West Dovewood Lane
Fresno, California 93711

Stunned post photographer finds lost dad in GI cemetery

THE NEW YORK POST
Tuesday, June 7, 1994

Note: Veteran Post photographer Don Halasy was on assignment at the National Cemetery in Pinelawn, Long Island snapping photos of the graves of soldiers who fell on D-Day. As he walked among the 250,000 graves, Halasy, 53, made a gut-wrenching discovery.

By DON HALASY

It was the most shocking moment of my life — a moment that seemed to last forever.

As I walked past the tombstones of some of the country's greatest heroes, there it was: My father's grave.

My heart skipped a beat and then began racing a mile a minute.

For nearly 50 years, I thought my dad had been buried in Belgium. And here he was — **John J. Halasy**. Born June 9, 1920. Died April 8, 1945.

I was numbed by the discovery. I must have stood there for 20 minutes, awestruck, thinking: "What the hell is he doing here? He's supposed to be overseas?"

I went to the cemetery office, dazed and shaken. I had to make sure it was my dad.

The proof was there — my name was listed in the cemetery records as **John J. Halasy's** son.

Still in shock, I left the cemetery office and mechanically set about doing my job, taking pictures.

While I was working, I spotted someone from the American Legion putting flags on the headstones. I had to talk to someone, so I told him about finding my dad's grave.

I burst into tears as I described my shock and confusion and realized just how bizarre and remarkable my reunion with my father had been.

Later, as I moved from grave to grave taking more pictures, I realized that I knew almost as much about these other fallen soldiers as I knew about my dad.

I couldn't remember him at all. The last time I saw him I was two years old. He died when I was five.

The only photo I have of him is a black and white snapshot. He's wearing a dark suit and a fedora and holding a baby — me.

I have no memories of him. And my mother told me very little — no doubt because she didn't want to relive her loss.

I did learn something about him from his headstone — he was a sergeant in the 271st Infantry, 69th Division.

My mom told my sister and me he was killed in action in Belgium.

My mother died in 1985, so I can't ask her why she never told me he was buried on Long Island. And there are no other relatives alive to help me unravel the mystery.

All I know about my father is that he was a soldier. That was my image of him.



REUNITED: Award-winning Post Photographer Don Halasy is overwhelmed after accidentally finding his father's grave among the heroes who died in World War II at the National Cemetery at Pinelawn, Long Island.

At one point, I thought about calling the Army and trying to find his grave overseas. But I never followed through on it.

My search is over now.

One of my two sons said, "Well, you finally found your father."

It's true. Finding that headstone was sort of like putting a face on a person. The emptiness is gone — but not the mystery.

Still, it's nice to finally know where dad is.

This story was submitted by: **Betty Foster**, 803 Elkwood Drive, New Cumberland, Pennsylvania 17070.

Perhaps someone out there remembers **John J. Halasy**, Sergeant, 271st Infantry Division. Could you just imagine how thrilled his son Don would be if one of us had some information to provide to his history. His son would probably love to know more about how his father lived and died and what type of man he was. Since it seems that his father was a total mystery to him, any information at all would be very important to this man.

I am suggesting that perhaps someone out there who remembers him could write to **Don Halasy**, son of **John J. Halasy**, in care of the New York Post. Write to **Betty Foster** to get the address of the newspaper or, I am sure it would not be that difficult to get through telephone information. Keep us posted if anyone comes up with anything. We will all be very interested to hear.

News From The Editor's Desk



by — Clarence Marshall
Membership Chairman

101 Stephen Street, New Kensington, PA 15068
Telephone: 412/335-3224

Russell Meinecke, Post Office Box 105, Cainsville, Missouri 64632 — L-272nd: I just recently returned from a trip to San Antonio, Texas and a short visit with a very good friend of 49 years. It is certainly a thrill to meet again after so long a time. Please add his name to the membership list. I'm enclosing \$10.00. He is **Lloyd E. Mays**, 1011 West Villaret, San Antonio, Texas 79224. Thank you.

I also stopped off in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma and visited **Tom Cleurs** of Company L, 272nd. I had not seen him since sometime in 1945 when the 69th started to break up. He is already a member and will try to make Nashville this August. It should be a grand time.

Mr. Frank W. Novak, 395 Taconic Road, Greenwich, Connecticut 06831-2828 — AT-272nd: I recently learned of the 69th Division Association through correspondence with a former buddy, **Joe Huber**, of West Bend, Wisconsin. He and I were in the same squad of the 272nd Anti-Tank Company from Camp Shelby through V.E. Day in Germany.

I would appreciate any information you can send regarding the Association and any requirements such as dues, etc.

As far as I can determine, 5 of the original 10 members of the squad are still living: **Sergeant Bruno Stefanoni**, **Corporal Mel Schulz** and privates **Joe Huber**, **James Villeneuve** and myself. Thanks for any information.

Joseph Amaral, 3298 West Daffodil Drive, Beverly Hills, Florida 34465: It has been some time since I was last in touch with the 69th Association and in particular, **Chet Yastrzemski**. Thanks to **Russ Ziegert** whom I met recently who lives in an adjacent community, my interest has been sparked and I am renewing my membership and looking into the reunion in Nashville. My wife Mary Jane and I plan to attend.

Please put me on the mailing list. I have also sent my dues for my wife and myself on to **Bill Matlach**.

I spotted **Fred Butenhoff** and **Chet Yaz** in an old 1992 69th Bulletin. They were in my rifle squad of E Company. I hope **Fred** and **Yaz** will make the Nashville reunion.

John E. Rudloff, 563 North Walnut Street, East Palestine, Ohio 44413 — B-273rd: I was a Staff Sergeant for Company B, 273rd Regiment. My wife and I were married December 5, 1942. We have two sons, two wonderful daughters-in-law and five sweet grandchildren (four boys and one girl). I worked

for 35 years in the automobile business and have been retired since 1983. My hobby is golf. My wife and I celebrated our 50th Golden Wedding Anniversary on December 5, 1992.

Stanley Eskin, 855 Ronda Mendoza, Unit N, Laguna Hills, California 92653 — A-269th: I was wondering if you could possibly come up with the answers to two of my questions.

Being a member of Company A, 269th Engineers (C) from Camp Shelby on through our campaigns in Europe, I was the platoon interpreter who went around to the various lumber yards writing and signing orders for the lumber which was then shipped to various places in Europe for the rebuilding of the cities. For this, my unit was given the Meritorious Unit Citation. I would like to know if someone can supply the exact wording for this award?

When my unit arrived somewhere at the edge of the Black Forest (was the town called Suisse?) a questionnaire was sent around asking for volunteers for the South Pacific. The deal being, a fifteen day leave in the states and then being shipped to the South Pacific.

I volunteered for this deal and shortly after arriving at the Repo-Depot the announcement came over the loud speakers that it was V.J. Day. And so, I got back to the states many months before the rest of the 69th Infantry Division did. While waiting for my discharge I was an instructor at Ft. Belvoir, Virginia and had a wonderful waiting period with very little to do and lots of R&R.

Is there some way that I can have some kind of paperwork showing that this actually happened, not only to me but to others?

Keep up the good work with the magazine. I always look forward to getting it although it saddens me whenever I see in "Taps," someone's name I remember from the "good old days."

Mr. Walter Haag, 420 Paramount Drive, Millbrae, California 94030-1327 — B-881st: I thought this small article that appeared in the San Francisco Examiner might be of some interest to some of the men.

Germans ask Christo to wrap Elbe bridge

TORGAU, Germany — German conservationists are appealing to the artist Christo to wrap the historic bridge at Elbe once he's done with packaging the Reichstag building in Berlin. "We've already sent our letter to Christo," said Uwe Niedersen, chairman of the cultural association Europa Begegnungen, which is trying to save the bridge over the Elbe River at Torgau from demolition.

John P. Penny, 2960 North Lake Shore Drive, Apt. 2708, Chicago, Illinois 60657 — I-273rd: Yes, Clarence, I was the one who had inquired about a **John Rudloff** of East Palestine, Ohio. He and I were cadre at an IRTC at Camp Wolters, Texas prior to joining the 69th Infantry Division.

We are enjoying our new home, but so far it has been nothing but unpacking and trying to find a place for our many mementos and furnishings that we have acquired. I am looking over Lake Michigan and the water is a blue/green and the many sailboats make a spectacular scene. We are situated between two city harbors and one seems to be for sailboats while the other has power boats. There are many people who sun themselves in the park and on the beach.

We are located about a mile south where the city of Chicago and others are supposed to reenact the landing of the troops at Normandy on D-Day, June 6, 1944, so we may see some action.

We hope we can make it to Nashville.

(Continued on Page 4)

NEWS FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

(Continued from Page 3)

Mel Schulz, 10527 Kenridge Drive, Cincinnati, Ohio 45242: It is my understanding that the members of the 69th are having a meeting in Nashville, Tennessee August 21st through the 28th.

I have hopes of making this convention and would like to know the particulars and schedules. Also, I understand there is a \$10.00 fee to join. Enclosed is my check. Thank you for your cooperation. Kindest regards.

Victor Woo, 2136 13th Avenue, Oakland, California 94606 — 69th Q.M.: Long time no see. Well I just want to send in our dues for my wife Helen and myself. Enclosed is a check for \$15.00 for Membership and Ladies' Auxiliary.

I will not be able to attend the reunion in Nashville, Tennessee as much as I wanted to. My lungs and emphysema will not allow me to do so. Please give my regards to all the fellows for me and let them know that if I get a little better, I will see them all next year. Most of my buddies are all slowly fading away, but we all wish each other good health.

C.D. Cunningham, 644 S.W. 64th, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73119 — Cannon-271st: I recently read about the 69th Infantry Reunion to be held in Nashville, Tennessee, in the Daily Oklahoman. Joe McMurry supplied me with the address. Would you please send me any information that you might have available on the reunion. I served in the 69th Infantry Division, 271st Regiment, Cannon Company, from its formation in Hattiesburg to the Elbe River. I am looking forward to this reunion.

New Men Relocated Since Our Last Bulletin

Lloyd E. Mays — Company L, 272nd Infantry
1011 West Villaret, San Antonio, Texas 78224

Joseph Amaral — Company E, 272nd Infantry
3298 West Daffodil Drive, Beverly Hills, Florida 34465

Anthony Kasmarsik — 272nd Infantry
213 Caruso Drive, Monroeville, Pennsylvania 15146

Joel Rudof — Company K, 271st Infantry
15332 Antioch Street, Apt. 541
Pacific Palisades, California 90272

Arthur R. D'Antonio — Headquarters, 880th Field Artillery
1650 Church Street, Holbrook, New York 11741

Thomas Stanish — Headquarters, 880th Field Artillery
7252 East Buena Terra Way, Scottsdale, Arizona 85250

John E. Rudloff — Company B, 273rd Infantry
563 North Walnut Street, East Palestine, Ohio 44413-2109

Charles E. Syers — Cannon Company, 272nd Infantry
2212 College Street, S.E., Decatur, Alabama 35601

Roger Dupre — Company B, 271st Infantry
32 Nancy Drive, Enfield, Connecticut 06082

Ralph Winston — Company G, 273rd Infantry
4475 Sherwood Forest Drive, Delray Beach, Florida 33445

Ronald Rank — Company G, 271st Infantry
1700 39th Avenue, Sterling, Illinois 61081-4234

Frank Habay — Battery C, 880th Field Artillery
8008 Marmion Drive, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15237

Melvin Schulz
10527 Kenridge Drive, Cincinnati, Ohio 45242

C.D. Cunningham — Cannon Company, 271st Infantry
644 S.W. 64th, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73119

461st Anti-Aircraft Battalion Battery B Mini-Reunion

Dean and Ruth Ludeman, Coordinators

Route 17, Box 448, Lake City, Florida 32055

Telephone: 904/755-8787 or if in Tennessee: 615/484-1297

This is the information you have been waiting for.

What: The 461st Battery B Reunion

When: September 23 and 24, 1994

Where: Ramada Motel, Crossville, Tennessee

Dress: Casual and informal for all events.

AGENDA

The Hospitality Room will be open Friday through Sunday morning. Reservations should be made as soon as possible with the notation that it is for the 461st Reunion. Check in time is noon. Major credit cards, checks, cash and money orders will be accepted. If you would like to arrive on Thursday, we will be glad to see you. The rate is \$39.00 plus tax for a room with two double beds.

Remember, this is a BYOL affair, however a lounge is nearby.

Banquet — Saturday evening at 7:00 p.m. in the Ramada. Price later - approximately \$10.00.

There are many restaurants available nearby as well as the Vanity Fair Outlet. If enough interest is shown, we will arrange car trips to nearby Rugby and/or Oak Ridge. Rugby is an early English settlement approximately one hour's drive.

Mark your calendar and don't forget. We will be looking forward to seeing you.

Note from Earl: Since you are meeting in September in Tennessee, why didn't you plan to meet with the 69th Division in Nashville in August. It would be nice to have the 461st AAA members meet with us. You are part of the Association.

FOUND A NEW MEMBER? HAVE A CHANGE OF ADDRESS?

THIS SHOULD BE MAILED TO:

Clarence Marshall
101 Stephen Street
New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068
Telephone: 412/335-3224

MOVING

Please print your new address below:

Name: _____

Address: _____

Please send this form and your old address label to:
National Headquarters, 101 Stephen Street,
New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068

Please allow six weeks advance notice.

769th Ordnance Supply Platoon

Submitted by: Paul H. Shirlock
T/Sergeant, 769th Ordnance
2995 Rogue River Highway
Gold Hill, Oregon 97525

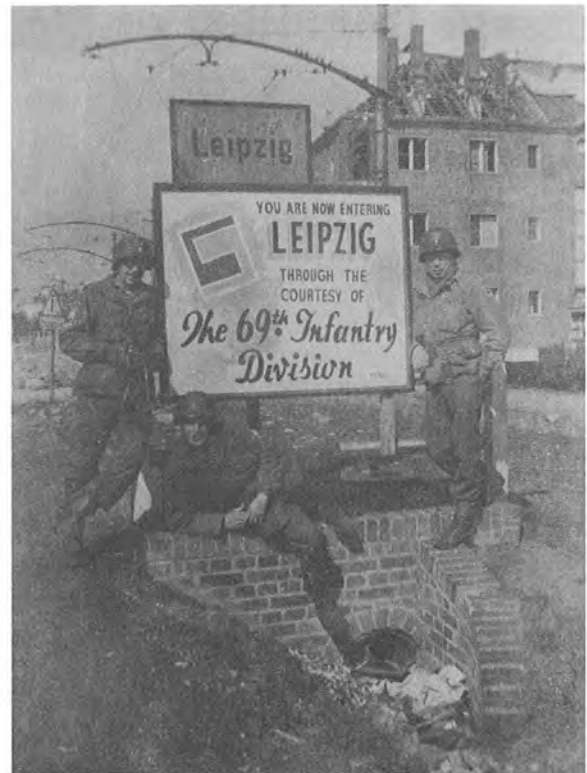
Just a few lines to let you know how much I enjoy each issue of the Bulletin.

I was assigned to the 769th Ordnance right from its activation at Shelby and stayed with the 769th until I was transferred to the 29th Division for return to the States. After discharge, I resided on the east coast in Connecticut and in 1958 moved to California. I retired in 1991 after thirty some years with the California Department of Corrections and moved to Oregon because of the peaceful and beautiful living environment.

I am enclosing two pictures from my album. The large one was taken in Naumberg and is the Ordnance Supply Platoon. The smaller picture seems to be a popular one as you see it quite often, the Leipzig sign.

I would enjoy hearing from any of the old Ordnance gang.

Photo right: The day Leipzig surrendered. Myself, Lt. Walendicewicz, Sgt. Joe Zuffante



769th ORDNANCE SUPPLY PLATOON

*Top row, left to right: Wally, Lloyd, Jones, Cunliffe, Svielitch, Clark, McCann, Katz.
Second row: Strasburg, Carrigan, Spahn, Rea, Broadus, ?, Hunt. Bottom: Debernardis, Landey, McGuire
(EDITOR'S NOTE: Spelling of names may be incorrect. Difficult to read back of photos.)*

Message from the President



Curtis E. Peterson, President
4900 Wallace Avenue
Madison, Wisconsin 53716
Telephone: 608/222-7957

Although this message is being written in May, spring has finally arrived in Wisconsin just in time for the Mid-West Chapter's Spring Fling, after receiving over 7 inches of snow on April 30th. We are now looking forward to seeing all of our friends in August at the Reunion in Nashville. The Nashville committee has worked long and hard, and we should all thank them for the job they have done. If you are wondering about the duplicate tours, it is because some tours can only accommodate a certain number of visitors at one time.

I appointed a committee consisting of **Bill Beswick, William Robertson, Bud Parsons** and **Del Philpott** to work on plans for the Link-Up Ceremonies in Torgau and Strehla in April of 1995. A letter has been sent to the Department of Defense informing them of this and requesting them to cooperate and coordinate any plans which they may have with our committee. **Bill Beswick** is making the travel and tour arrangements and his tentative plans are located in this bulletin. It would be more feasible for the West Coast members to fly directly to Europe and meet with the others there. This schedule will have to be worked out between the two groups.

Due to **Earl Witzleb's** request to retire as Co-Editor of the Bulletin, we are still looking for someone to replace him and hope to at the Nashville Reunion. **Earl** will be willing to assist the new co-editor for a short while, and we need someone in the Pittsburgh area as he will have to work closely with **Editor Clarence Marshall**, and the printer and mailing company which are in that area. Please contact **Earl** or me if you are interested. There are only three issues a year.

To date I have not received a report on plans regarding the 1995 reunion in Myrtle Beach but have advised **George Wolff** that a report must be given at Nashville. *(Editor's Note: There is a short article on Myrtle Beach elsewhere in this issue of the bulletin.)*

Bob Pierce has been very busy working on a site for the 1996 Reunion and suggestions for future ones. He will make a report on this and explain his proposal, which I feel will benefit the organization.

See you all in Nashville.

The Vice-President's Corner



Robert L. Pierce
144 Nashua Court
San Jose, California 95139-1236
Telephone: 408/226-8040

Every community in the country must have a very thorough underground network to identify organizations that hold annual meetings, conferences or conventions in the United States. Letters, proposals, and telephone calls have come in continuously regarding our future Reunion sites. I did not realize how many brokers there are who front for groups of independent hotels. They call and then have their contracted hotels send packages of data. The pile in the corner grows!

Information packages from viable candidate hotels in all desirable locations are being retained for consideration in the near future, or will be passed along to my successor for consideration in the out years.

Expanding on the good work done by **Curt Peterson** when he had the site screening responsibility, I am in contact with four (4) major hotels in the greater Woodfield area of northwest suburban Chicago, Illinois. Two (2) proposals have been received; one is fair, the other is not. I wrote a proposal letter of agreement and requirements that I sent to three (3) of the hotels stating specifically what we need in rooms blocked, facilities, convention rate cost thresholds for both room and meals, and conference/meeting rooms. Complimentary considerations were also addressed including but not limited to our Hospitality Room, associated fees and room credits. The results of these proposals will be presented to the Board of Directors and subsequently to the general membership with a specific recommendation for our 1996 Reunion.

Remember, this year a poll will be taken to indicate your preference for future annual Reunions. In the Registration Room there will be a register for each Eastern U.S. city interested in holding a Reunion in 1997, and a list of other desirable locations. There will also be a Western U.S. registration for 1998. Sign any one, or as many location registers as you like. The thrust is to find out how many members would definitely be interested in attending a Reunion in which cities. For those who do not attend the Reunion in Nashville, the next Bulletin will list the results of the cities polled. Please take this poll seriously. If you miss the meeting, call me or send me your preferences after the listing in the next Bulletin.

We owe **Dutch Hawn**, our Past President, a debt of gratitude. After so many years of not having our own 69th Infantry Division Flag with Battle Streamers, **Dutch** finally made it all possible. I personally know the effort **Dutch** went through; the calls he made, and letters he sent, and personal visits to assure the flag was authentic in size, color, and design. Even the Battle Streamers for the Rhineland and Central Europe were a major task to insure they were correct in size and color. **Dutch** took it upon himself to secure a flag for the membership and present it to the Division Association as his Presidential parting gesture. "THANKS, DUTCH."

Robert L. Pierce
Vice-President

Dottie and Me



Earl and Dottie Witzleb, Jr.

Earl and Dottie Witzleb, Jr., *Bulletin Coordinating Manager*
Post Office Box 69
Champion, Pennsylvania 15622-0069
or
R.D. #3, Box 477
Acme, Pennsylvania 15610-9606
Telephone: 412/455-2901
(Evenings after 7:00 p.m. and Weekends)
Exit 9 on the Pennsylvania Turnpike

We would like to take this opportunity to say a special "Thank You" to the members who have made telephone calls, sent cards, and wrote notes of encouragement and best wishes to Earl. This really means a lot to us to have so many friends that have taken the time and effort to do this.

Earl is doing better now. He has about two more months of Cardiac Rehab and then we will know if he is able to go to Nashville. We hope to see you there. Please get your reservations in early.

Thank you again and God bless all of you.

Note: We have been having a problem with members waiting until the deadline for material for the bulletin and then sending it in after the deadline. At deadline time when we should be taking our material to the printer, we have little material to submit. Within the next several weeks, all of the material comes pouring in. This sets our deadline for the bulletin back and then the complaints roll in that you have not received your bulletin. You can find your deadline dates in the back of the bulletin under "Calendar of Events and Communication Schedule." Our new policy will be that if you do not meet the deadline specified for bulletin material, it will not be printed until the following bulletin.

1995 69th Infantry Division's 48th Reunion MYRTLE BEACH, SOUTH CAROLINA

The 1995 69th Infantry Division Reunion will be held in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina in October of 1995. We have secured **The Landmark Hotel**, a beautiful hotel right on the beach with reasonable rates. We are in the preliminary stages of arranging trips and shall make timely reports to the bulletin. If anyone can lend a hand, in particular, 69ers and their wives from the Carolinas, I could sure use your help. Y'all write or call.

George T. and Rita M. Wolff

1132 Forest Drive

N. Myrtle Beach, South Carolina 29582

Telephone: 803/272-4257

69th Infantry Division's 47th Annual Reunion NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE August 21 thru 28, 1994 Sheraton Music City Hotel



SIGHTSEEING TOURS DESCRIPTION

Correction on Tour #1

Was listed in last bulletin as Tuesday and Wednesday, August 23rd and 24th but it should be . . .

TOUR #1

PLAYER'S RIVERBOAT CASINO

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, AUGUST 22nd and 23rd

8:30 a.m. — Board our awaiting motorcoaches to be whisked off to the hottest casino around, The Merv Griffin's Player Riverboat Casino in Metropolis, Illinois. You will have a buffet lunch included upon arrival and then board the Sidewheeler Riverboat for some gambling fun. Try your luck at one of the 630 slot and video poker machines or at the 38 tables of blackjack, craps, and roulette. Return to the hotel at 6:00 p.m.

TOURS

You will notice that some tours are offered more than once. This is to accommodate some of you who will arrive later in the week.

There will be a limit of 90 persons per day for the JACK DANIELS W/MS BOBO'S LUNCH - TOUR #2A. The first 90 reservations for each of the tour days will be accepted. Any additional will have W/LUNCH ON YOUR OWN substituted. TOUR #2B is not limited.

HOSPITALITY-SOCIAL ROOM

69ers — Come to the Hospitality-Social Room each day for our auction of items from Tennessee businesses and industries. Proceeds from the auction will go to pay expenses for your Hospitality-Social Room. **BE SURE TO BRING YOUR MONEY.** Check your Registration Room bulletin board for auction times.

FOR A COMPLETE RUNDOWN OF THE TOURS, SEE PAGES 11 and 12 OF THE LAST BULLETIN.

**69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION 1994
47th ANNUAL REUNION
461st AAA BN. - 661st T.D. BN. - 777th TANK BN.
Sheraton Music City Hotel, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
AUGUST 21st thru 28th, 1994**

Reservations:

SHERATON MUSIC CITY HOTEL
777 McGavock Pike at Century City
Nashville, Tennessee 37214
Telephone: 615/885-2200 Fax: 615/871-0926

HOUSING: Please reserve one of the following:

\$72.00 + Single _____ \$72.00 + Double - 2 persons _____ \$72.00 + Triple - 3 persons _____

\$72.00 + Quad - 4 persons _____ ALL REGULAR ROOMS - \$72.00 + 12¼% TAX

Print full names of ALL persons sharing room: _____

NOTE: Special accommodations required: (if available)

HANDICAPPED _____ KING SIZE BED _____ NON-SMOKING _____

I / We plan to arrive (day) _____, August _____, 1994. (Check in after 3:00 P.M.)

I / We plan to depart (day) _____, August _____, 1994. (Check out time - 1:00 P.M.)

I / We will be bringing guest(s) _____ Adults _____ Children

If possible, I / We wish to be quartered near other guests from the same Unit (Specify): _____

Send Confirmation to: (Please Type or Print)

Name: _____

Street / R.D. / P.O. Box: _____

City / State / Zip: _____

Telephone / Area Code: _____

In order to Confirm Reservation, One of the Following MUST Accompany This Form:

Check or Money Order (One Night's Lodging) Payable to the SHERATON MUSIC CITY HOTEL, OR Major Credit Card Number and Date of Expiration.

The following Credit Cards are accepted: American Express, Master Card, Visa Card, Diner's Club, Carte Blanche and Discover.

Credit Card Name _____ Number _____ Expires _____

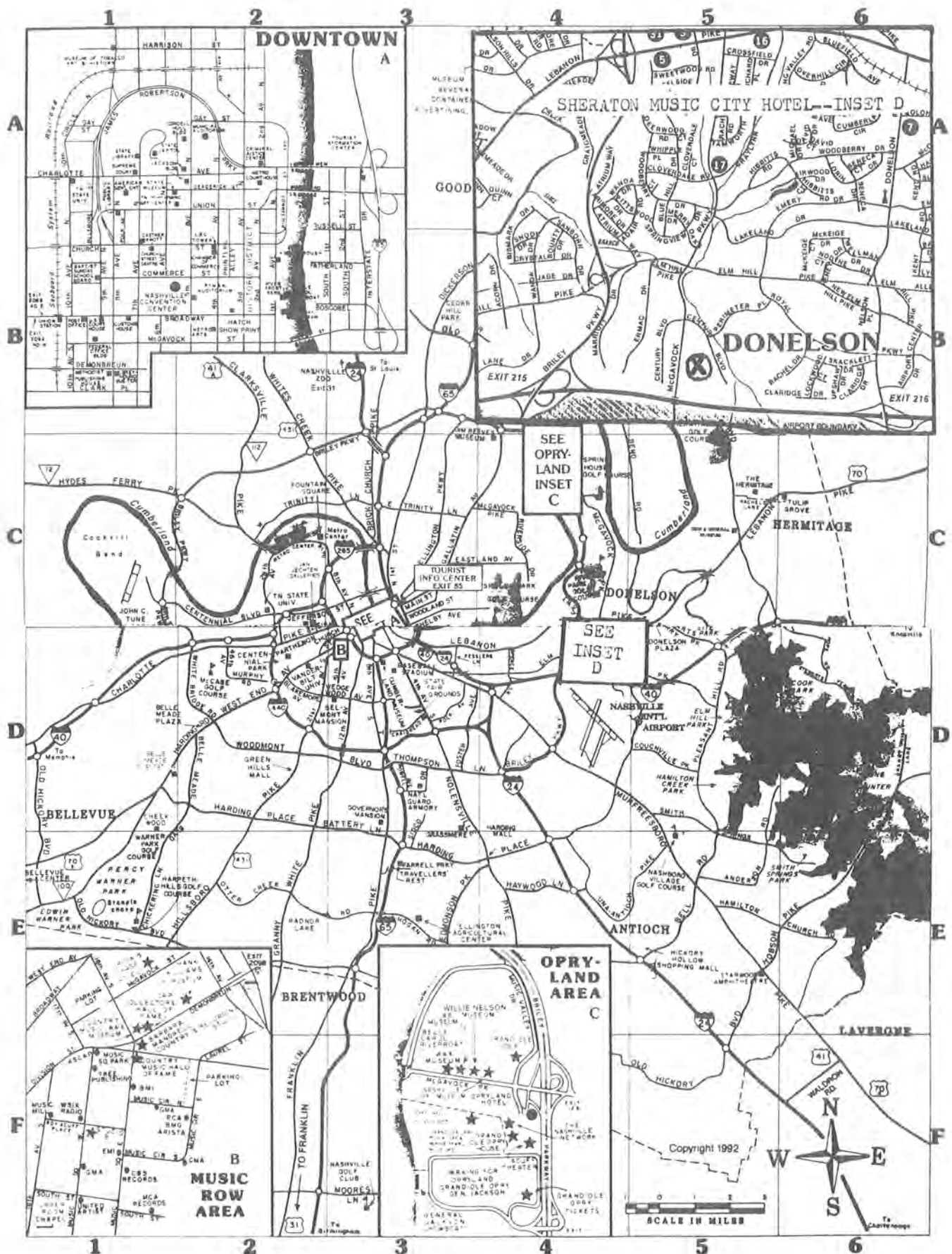
I authorize the SHERATON MUSIC CITY HOTEL to make charges on my Credit Card.

Your Signature _____

If this form has been filled out by anyone other than the person for whom this reservation has been made, give the full name, address and telephone number of the person filling out this form.

Reservations must be received not later than **July 23, 1994**. If a particular type of room is unavailable, the next most suitable room will be assigned. No particular room, room type, or location can be guaranteed. Deposit returnable on 48 hours cancellation notice prior to your arrival date.

Nashville, Tennessee Area Map



Treasurer's Message



William R. and Jane Matlach

William R. Matlach, Treasurer
Post Office Box 474
West Islip, New York 11795-0474
Telephone: 516/669-8077

Receipts from the first dues notice of the year have faded to a dribble so the second notice has been sent out to remind those members who failed to respond to the first one. Many things can happen to the first notice: it can get lost, mislaid, eaten by the dog, stolen (?), — who knows? For that reason, our normal procedure is to send two each year. We try not to send the second one to people who have already paid, so if you receive the second one even though you have already paid your current dues, please excuse us — we are not infallible.

Reservations for the Nashville Reunion are now arriving as a result of the publication of the Reservation Form in the last bulletin. From the rate at which they are coming in, we should have a fine showing.

In addition to my current term of duty as the Treasurer of the Association, I have previously held a number of other positions in the Association, among them, at one time, the Chairman of the Scholarship Committee. I refer to the original Scholarship Committee which presented cash awards to outstanding students, not the recent Ross Medical Scholarship. As Treasurer, I have recently received two letters related to that scholarship era from dues-paying Associate Members. The first letter is from **William J. Halainen**, son of **Milton E. Halainen** (769th Ordnance), who has been deceased for some years. Bill received a Scholarship Award during the 1965-66 year. Following is his letter:

Dear Bill,

It was a pleasant surprise to find your note enclosed with the Membership Card. I have fond recollections of receiving the scholarship — at Roanoke, I believe, but it could have been in Washington, D.C. Marie Pontieri received the other one.

My sister and I both have very fond memories of those two reunions and the associated family vacations. As you know, the 69th was very important to my father, which is why I have continued my membership in the organization. He felt that his contribution — small though it may have been — to the defeat of Nazi Germany, was one of the most important things he'd done in his life, and he loved the 69th Association dearly. His dog tags and the triangularly folded American flag from

his funeral are on the top shelf of my bookcase in my office. I think of him often.

My business takes me to Nashville several times a year, and I very much hope to make the next reunion.

Bill Halainen

The second letter is from **Neil S. Goldstein**, son of **Hy Goldstein** (Service Company, 272nd), the third President of our Association. Neil was the recipient of the very first scholarship award, a gold medal, which was all the Association could afford at that time. He is an attorney operating in New York City and following in his father's footsteps. As you can read in his letter, Neil's middle name is **Shelby**, named after our favorite camp because, I am told, he was conceived while his father was stationed there and his mother resided temporarily in Hattiesburg to be near him — Neil is a 69er by birth!

Dear Bill,

You may not remember me, but I am **Hy Goldstein's** son. As you may be aware, in your role as Treasurer, I still pay dues and still receive the bulletin. I guess all those years of attending reunions of the Fighting 69th at my father's side gave me an appreciation of that special sense of camaraderie that you members of the Fighting 69th have shared.

I remember you coming to my father's home in Brooklyn to pick up copies of the Pictorial History of the Fighting 69th and, earlier, I remembered your involvement in many New York area activities. I was thus pleased to see, in the most recent bulletin, that you had resumed the position of Treasurer, indicating, as it did, that you are alive and well.

I don't know whether I am an honorary member of the Fighting 69th, but if I am not, I would like to be, a thought suggested by reading about **Stephen P. Arndt**. In addition to my father's commitment and activity on behalf of the Association, I believe I have two other attributes that would make it appropriate, in addition to caring. Firstly, my middle name is **Shelby**, a reference, I am informed, to a wonderful camp in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. Secondly, I believe I am the first recipient of the Bolte Scholarship Award which, in those days, was a medal and which, I understand, in more recent times, has been substantially enhanced so as to help worthy children of 69ers attend school.

In any event, it was good to see your name.. I sincerely hope all is well with you and your family. Best wishes.

Yours very truly,

Neil S. Goldstein

61 West 62nd Street, Apt. 23M
New York, New York 10023
Telephone: 212/582-7969

Needless to say, it gave me pleasure to receive this correspondence from two fine successful men, descendants of 69ers. It is great to see the Spirit of the 69th continuing on into the next generation.

William R. Matlach
Treasurer

NEW DUES YEAR

1994-1995

August 1, 1994 to July 31, 1995

Dues: \$10.00

Keep the Bulletin Coming!!

Action was comedy of errors

The following article appeared in the Branson, Missouri News, on Friday, May 11, 1994.

Submitted by: Joe Wright

Route 4, Box 1973, Forsyth, Missouri 65653

Telephone: 417/546-4529

If it wasn't humorous, it could amount to disaster.

Earlier this month I gave a program for the Yenat Study Club in Forsyth entitled, "Half way round the world in 32 days," describing my trip home from the service in August 1945. That in itself could cover several pages, but that is not the purpose of this narrative.

In that program we displayed some military memorabilia from that trip, as well as a Bronze Star medal I was awarded near the end of hostilities in WWII. Time did not permit me to tell how long it took me to get the "duplicate" copy of my star, even with help from Senator Bond.

I gave my original medal to a nephew in Wheaton, Illinois, who has included it as a small token in his history class references to the Civil War, using in part the unique record of my grandfather (my namesake) as well as some of mine leading up to the awarding of the Bronze Star. When I learned of the interest he had developed, along with that of others, I decided to further explain my own unique trip home and I needed to include my Bronze Star in my display.

My nephew was doing such a good job I couldn't possibly ask him to return the medal and about that time someone gave me a copy of the "Antique Weekly" issue of December 17, 1990, mentioning that medals are available. At almost the same time there was an article in "Modern Maturity," the AARP magazine, giving specific details of how to reach each branch of the service for medals.

Using that information, I wrote the Army commander, personnel center, in St. Louis on January 27, 1993. Almost a month later, I got a card from "Them" saying they had referred my inquiry to "Commander," U.S. Army Personnel Center in St. Louis.

At this point, one wondered how many such commanders there are. The card also said "Do not write here as we did not keep a copy of your inquiry," so as far as that unit is concerned, my inquiry was forever lost, and the following lack of activity seems to prove it.

So, on February 20, 1993, I wrote to "Commander, PASEAW," same address in St. Louis, explaining that I had sent everything they requested, some of it twice, including copies of my service record. After several months of desperation, I appealed to a friend at the Military History Institute at Carlisle Barracks in Pennsylvania and he told me they had many such complaints and unfortunately, no solution.

Incidentally, I never got even an acknowledgment to my above letter of February 20, 1993, so I wrote Senator Bond and he initiated an inquiry and they told him "there will be a delay before a reply can be provided." This was actually said to a U.S. Senator. Can one imagine admission of such inefficiency? It could almost be carelessness or lack of interest.

Finally, in mid-August, the senator's office got a letter from Chief of Special Interest Inquiries Office in St. Louis, saying in part "we are continuing to inquire into this case, but it is taking longer than normally would be expected." To date, seven months have passed since my first request.



On August 20th, I got a letter from the chief, Air Force Reference Branch, saying they did not issue Army service medals (I wonder how they got into the act). They referred my inquiry to the Army Reserve Center in St. Louis (where have I heard that name before?) This too was referred to some "Commander." Then came a letter hand dated September 6th which was an exact duplicate of the August 20th letter noted above. Next came a form letter from St. Louis saying in part "Due to the large volume of requests, it may be 120 to 180 days before you get your award."

My problem is now almost nine months old, however, within a week I got a similar form letter from St. Louis addressed to the "Commander" U.S. Support facility in Philadelphia ordering the medal "Expedite/Congressional Interest." On October 13th, a letter from Senator Bond said the problem had been resolved and he gave me the name of the "Commander" in St. Louis so I could tell him what has gone on. I did, but to date, I do not have even the courtesy of an acknowledgment. Finally, a letter dated October 14th came from the above support activity asking for a certified check for \$6.60, which I sent on October 22nd and the medal finally came on December 1st.

I have advised Senator Bond's office because I feel he is entitled to a final report, but I still do not have an acknowledgment from Colonel Frost although I sent copies of my Senator Bond letter to him and Mary Hixson, Chief, Special Inquiries Branch at St. Louis.

I told the senator this exercise is a sad combination of inefficiency and an inexcusable waste of government time and money. Sadly it is a "comedy of errors" and a reflection on the service and military I so proudly served.

69th Division loses another great asset

Alan Murphey

We are very sorry that we have to report that Alan Murphey of Headquarters Company, 3rd Battalion, 273rd Infantry Regiment passed away on Sunday, June 12th, 1994.

For those of you who are unaware, Alan had been writing a continuing article for the bulletin entitled "The 273rd Infantry Regiment in the Siegfried Line." These articles were wonderfully written and obviously meticulously researched. Chris Van Kerckhoven, a young man who lives in Belgium with an interest in World War II events, had been assisting Alan with his research and sending pictures of relics and the areas as they look today.

We will miss these articles and we are sure that the men of the 273rd will miss them even more.

Our sympathy goes out to his wife, Emmy. You can write to her at the address below.

Emmy Murphey
1339 Hemlock Drive
Fairborn, Ohio 45324-3540

Clarence Marshall, our Editor, tried to reach Chris Van Kerckhoven to let him know that he could submit his information directly to the Bulletin, but has not received a response as of this writing.

THE AUXILIARY'S PAGE



Dottie Witzleb

by — Dottie Witzleb
Ladies Auxiliary Editor
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 or
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A Message from your Auxiliary President, Alice R. Wolthoff

Dear Ladies of the Auxiliary:

Ray and I drove to Nashville, Tennessee in March and attended a meeting with the Reunion Committee. They seem to have it all under control and will keep us all busy. We had a delightful weekend while in Nashville and a wonderful week in Natchez, Mississippi.

Ladies, please welcome our new "Sunshine Lady" Edith Zaffern.

Don't forget the lap robes, 36" x 45", for the veterans at the nearby VA Hospital, also the slippers and bibs. We will have a small display in the Registration Room, so our men of the 69th Division can see what we do for our veterans.

Don't forget the gift exchange that we have at our meetings at the reunion. We usually spend between \$3.00 and \$5.00.

Time is passing quickly and before we realize, we all will be packing for Nashville. All have a safe trip whether by plane or car. I'm looking forward to seeing you all there.

Remember our editor, Earl in your prayers who has been quite ill and is still recouping.

Sincerely,
 Alice R. Wolthoff, President

Wanda Karas writes

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Wanda is the widow of Stanley Karas, Company E, 272nd Infantry. She sent this letter to Bill and Jane Matlach, our Treasurer.)

I just returned from a trip to Michigan to spend the holidays with my four sisters and their families. It was cold, so I was happy to return to sunny Florida.

In my batch of mail I received the Bulletin and always read it from cover to cover. It is always nice to read about someone I've met before. We did meet first of all on the first European Trip in 1965 and again in 1969. Stan and I also made a couple of Reunions. Roanoke, Virginia is the one I remember the most! Because on our way up the state to visit my niece and family we went a little out of our way to see Monticello and I haven't stopped talking about it. I say everyone should see it. You may remember that there were two couples named Stanley and Wanda. Yes, we were the ones from Michigan and I'm sure you know the other couple better because Stan O. held office once and they have attended more reunions.

But now there is only me living in Florida, since Stan passed away in June of 1991. We moved here in 1978.

I have not received a dues envelope but I'm sending you my \$10.00 as I want to continue receiving the Bulletin. I made sure I wrote my nine-digit zip code.

Lieutenant Troy Bowen lives near me and I hear from Colonel Ray Strauss and wife. They spend 1/2 of their time in Boca Raton.

Good luck with your new job as treasurer.

THE LONE G.I.

Company I, 273rd Regiment 69th Infantry Division at Colditz

Submitted by: Robert L. Muckel

655 South Chiques Road, Manheim, Pennsylvania 17545

In the January, February, March, April, 1994 edition of the Sixty-Ninth Bulletin on page 47, I read a story by Michael Booker, called Colditz Castle visit. Near the end of the story, they mention a lone G.I. who entered the castle via the wicker gate at the main entrance. Well, I think I may have been that fellow.

To begin with, I'll describe my appearance. At that time, I was about five foot eight inches tall, thin in build, blonde hair, with bluish gray eyes and in my nineteenth year. I am also going to tell you something about I Company's part in the taking of the town of Colditz at the time I was a member of the Sixty-Ninth Infantry Division, 273rd Infantry Regiment, Third Platoon, 1st Squad. I will relate my story, then you can draw your own conclusion.

The trucks we were riding on came to a stop on a hill. As we climbed off the trucks, we had a pretty good view of the area directly at our front. At the bottom of the hill, running from left to our right, was a small river. On the opposite side a grass lined bank slowly inclined upwards to a hill covered with trees. On the other side of this hill was the town of Colditz which our division was about to attack. On our right, a small railroad bridge spanned the river. This appeared to be our only way to get across the river. We walked down the hill, crossed the bridge then turned left walking along the river bank. After a short time, we made a right turn, and headed up the hill. After reaching the wooded area at the crest of the hill we spread out in a long line side by side and lay belly down on the grass under the trees. While lying there waiting for further orders, we had some time to look the area over.

On our front the woods sloped gently downwards and gradually the trees thinned out and there was a large open grassy area. The Germans were out there someplace and well hidden. We did not know where they were, but they knew our exact position and probably watched our every move.

Off in the distance on our right front was a large gray building, which looked like it may be some kind of factory. We were still lying there on the ground, when one of our officers made a motion with his hands to fix bayonets. I thought to myself, uh oh, here we go. After putting our bayonets on our rifles, we looked back at the officer. He raised his arm in the air and slowly threw it backwards, then quickly thrust it forward, and shouted, alright let's go! We got up off the ground and began our charge down the slope. No one talked or made a sound, it was real quiet. How far down the slope we ran before the Germans opened up on us with their machine guns, I do not know but open up they did. The bullets were coming at us like swarms of bees. Some of their guns must have been firing high, because as we ran, I saw small twigs from tree limbs overhead that had been shot off and were now falling down around us. Suddenly one of our non-coms hollered out, fall back, fall back. We all then turned around and started running back up the slope as fast as we could go.

Speaking for myself, when we began that charge, it seemed like everything changed from reality to a dream. My mind was detached from my body ... as I ran down and back up that slope I had no feelings or sensations of my feet ever touching the ground. Looking back on this years later, I had to laugh at myself but at the time it happened there was nothing funny about it at all.

Reaching the top of the hill, we ran back down the other side a little ways so as to be hidden from the Germans' view and gunfire. Here we stopped and everyone began looking at their clothing and equipment for bullet holes. Some had holes in the arms of their jackets and trouser legs, and holes in some of their equipment. Our platoon sergeant, **Pappy Hadaway**, had us assembled around him and told us that in case he got hit in any action to come, that he is now naming someone else to take over his job as head of the Third Platoon.

Speaking of **Sergeant Pappy Hadaway**, who was in charge of our Third Platoon, the reason we called him Pappy was not because he was an old man. He was only about 26 years old. Most of us were still in our teens and in our minds that was kind of, you know, up in years. So to show our respect we called him Pappy. One had to respect such a fine human being as he was. And I know the whole Third Platoon felt the same way as I did. Nothing ever seemed to phase him in any situation. He always seemed to be in complete control. He always had a smile on his face and never a harsh word for anyone. It is a sad thing that men like him had to die so young and in such a horrible and painful way.

As he stood talking to us one of our men suddenly ran up to him and told him some German soldiers were seen heading over towards the vicinity of the railroad bridge and river bank. Evidently, they were trying to get around behind and encircle us. As we had heard, the railroad bridge over which we had crossed was now under fire by the Germans. And no more of our troops could get over to reinforce us. We now had the Germans in front of us and the river behind us.

After hearing this report, **Pappy Hadaway** told two of us to go back down the hill towards the river and find a good spot and stay there, keeping our eyes and ears open and watch out for the Krauts in case they tried to sneak up behind and take us by surprise. So the two of us went back down the hill a ways and found what looked like a good location under the trees which gave us a pretty good view of the area looking towards the railroad bridge. Here we set up the Browning automatic rifle we had brought along and then lay down on the ground to wait and see what happens. The sensible thing for us to do would have been to dig a hole in the ground for protection and concealment, but we did not know how close the Germans might be and any little movement or noise we made while digging may alert them to our position. So we thought it best not to dig and take our chances.

We lay there waiting for a long time, but no sight of an enemy. Finally it became dark, then sometime later we heard the sound of gunfire and men shouting. It came from the top of the hill where our company was located. Something told us that all hell had broken loose. We wondered what was happening up there? This noise went on for a long time and finally stopped and all was quiet once more. At last came the light of morning ... still we waited but we couldn't stand the suspense any longer so we started back up the hill and made contact with our company.

Close to the top of the hill we found some members of the company. Some were sitting on the ground, some lying on the ground and some just standing around as if in a daze. When I looked at their faces I could tell they had been through hell that night. Stopping at the first one I came to I asked him where **Pappy Hadaway** was. I said I wanted to report to him. He answered, Pappy is not with us anymore. He then turned and walked away. Trying to piece together what had happened that night, I tried talking to other members of our company. No one seemed in a talking mood. This I could understand. One member said, that night the company made another attack against the town making it into the outskirts and occupied some buildings but the Germans forced them out again. During the firefight some of our men were wounded and killed. **Pappy Hadaway** was one of them.

(Continued on Page 16)

THE LONE G.I.
COMPANY I, 273rd REGIMENT AT COLDITZ
(Continued from Page 15)

Just recently, I got in touch with **Johnnie Howell** of North Carolina. He was also a member of the First Squad, Third Platoon at that time. He told me that the field where most of the action took place was practically surrounded by the Germans and some of our men were cut off from the rest of the company. And that as our wounded lay here and there, the Germans walked amongst them and kicked each one and if he screamed the Krauts would then shoot him again to finish him off. One of the men from Company I lay there on the ground and played dead then when the Germans left the area, he got up and made his way back to safety. Due to the men being in such a state of shock after last night's action, I stopped trying to get any further information from them and then continued walking up, over and down the other side of the hills towards the town of Colditz.

Coming onto the Main Street, on the right hand side of the street was a small square. This was filled with what seemed like several hundred German soldiers, all standing there with both arms straight up over their heads. American soldiers had raised rifles pointed at them guarding them. I looked closely at the faces and eyes of the prisoners. Mostly all of them expressed feelings of pure hatred. If looks could kill, all of us Americans would probably be dead by now. I kept on walking down the street until I reached the bottom, then started up the hill on the left hand side of the street. Near the top was a large building with what looked like big barn doors. I thought to myself, this may be another German army warehouse. Maybe it's filled with wine and brandy like the last one I opened up.

I turned the latch holding it closed and slowly opened the door. It was real dark inside. I could hardly see. As my eyes slowly adjusted to the darkness, I could see that the whole place was filled with soldiers, most of them were sitting on the ground, some were standing up. My first thought was, boy am I in trouble now. This place is filled with German soldiers. But on closer inspection, I did not see any rifles or arms anywhere. On top of that their uniforms looked like those of the British army. These men must be British prisoners of war held by the Germans. And if that is the case then the German guards must be close by. Otherwise, why are they still locked up?

As the men inside looked at me, none of them spoke to me and I, in turn, said nothing to any of them. But I do remember the smiles on a lot of their faces when they saw me. I did not enter the building more than a foot and I did not speak because I did not want to make any noise and alert any guards who might not be aware of the fact that our troops had taken the other side of the town. And if the guards saw an armed American soldier standing there by the open door, I would have a hard time trying to explain this to them while they were shooting at me.

Not knowing the true situation, I thought it best to get the heck out of there and fast. I thought I'll leave it to the prisoners. They now know that the American army is here and they can take over from here. I left the door hanging open, turned around and headed back to join my company.

P.S. One more thing, when I looked into that room with the prisoners, there looked like some kind of door or opening at the rear end with daylight shining in through it.

Respectfully,
Robert L. Muckel

Original Correspondence for the set up of our 69th Division Association

Submitted by: **Albert F. Carbonari**
7812 Cloverleaf Court, Boca Raton, Florida 33433

SIXTY-NINTH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

E.F. Reinhardt, Major General (Ret)
409 Ridgemont Avenue
San Antonio 2, Texas

To: All Veterans of the Sixty-Ninth Infantry Division

Recently, a representative group of former members of the Sixty-Ninth Infantry Division met in New York City for the purpose of taking initial steps in the organization of the SIXTY-NINTH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION. At that meeting, our Association was formed and a tentative organization set up to function until such time as a reunion might be held at which the permanent officers would be elected, a Constitution and By-Laws adopted and a permanent working organization set up. Several committees were appointed to make studies and recommendations for a constitution, rules for membership, news bulletins and other matters necessary to make the Association a going concern.

At this meeting, **Major General Charles L. Bolte, U.S. Army**, was chosen Honorary President of the Association. **General Bolte** activated the 69th Division and commanded it for over a year. More than any one man, he was responsible for molding our division into an efficient fighting outfit.

Major General Emil F. Reinhardt, U.S. Army (Retired) was selected as Acting Secretary-Treasurer, with the additional duty of continuing the distribution of the Division Pictorial Histories.

A temporary Board of Directors with **Mr. Edward Loary** as chairman, was selected with power to act until such time as a permanent organization could be established. Regional representatives are being selected throughout the United States in the larger centers of population.

Generally, the purpose of the Association will be to keep alive the spirit and tradition of our great division, distribute news bulletins, hold reunions, memorialize our heroic war dead, help former buddies in distress, help you keep in touch with your close buddies, sponsor state or regional chapters of 69th Division Veterans, gather all possible information concerning fallen buddies for their nearest of kin and to promote a national awareness of the need for Adequate National Defense. This Association will be a NON-PROFIT, NON-POLITICAL organization.

As I mentioned in my previous notices, the dues are set at \$1.00 per year. In the organization of a National Association, there will be many initial expenses to drain the Association Treasury. To meet the high initial cost of organization, it was decided that, for initial membership, an initiation fee of \$2.00 would be added to the first annual dues, making a total of \$3.00 for initial membership and annual dues of \$1.00 thereafter. Dues were purposely set at a low figure in order that the greatest possible membership might be attained. This is YOUR ASSOCIATION and it is our aim to have everyone of you join in an organization of the Veterans of a great fighting division. The cost to you is LOW. The good that we can do is GREAT. I hope that all of you will join with your buddies to make this a GREAT ASSOCIATION.

WHO IS ELIGIBLE FOR MEMBERSHIP? Any man who served honorably as a member of the Sixty-Ninth Infantry Division for any period of time between activation and demobilization is eligible for REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

(Continued on Page 17)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE FOR THE SET UP OF OUR 69th DIVISION ASSOCIATION

(Continued from Page 16)

Complete membership rules as will later be contained in the Constitution, have not yet been written, but the above will apply to all to whom this notice is being sent. It is my recommendation to the membership committee that all 69th Division veterans who have been permanently disabled as a result of wounds or line of duty accidents during combat as members of the Sixty-Ninth Division, be given LIFE MEMBERSHIP in the Association, with all privileges of Regular Membership without payment of initiation fee or annual dues. It is also my recommendation that members of the Tank Battalion, Tank Destroyer Battalion and the Anti Aircraft Battalion who fought as part of the Sixty-Ninth Fighting Team, be made eligible for regular membership. They fought close to our sides in our most important engagements. Association Memberships etc. are matters that are being given careful study by the membership committee.

The membership in which most of you will be interested is the REGULAR MEMBERSHIP for which the dues and initiation fee will be \$3.00. For those who can and wish to contribute in excess of the regular dues and initiation fee, there will be a SUSTAINING MEMBERSHIP. This is, of course, entirely voluntary but will greatly help to start the Association on a sound financial basis. It carries no extra membership privileges but anyone paying \$5.00 or more will be credited with a SUSTAINING MEMBERSHIP. Initial membership in the Association WILL BE GOOD UNTIL 1 JANUARY 1949.

In making distribution of Pictorial Histories, I have had numerous requests for autographed copies. With the huge task of distribution, I was unable to meet these requests. With every SUSTAINING MEMBERSHIP, I shall be glad to send an autographed copy of the history. Anyone else desiring an autographed copy may obtain one for \$1.00. The whole dollar will go into the Association Fund.

When the Association has been established on a sound foundation, it is the intention to sponsor and assist local or regional chapters of the Division Association. The details have not yet been worked out by the committee.

The matter of a SIXTY-NINTH DIVISION REUNION is being studied. In addition to renewing close friendships that now exist between you and your buddies who fought in the mud and much of the Siegfried Line, the permanent organization of the association will be established.

One of the functions of the Association will be to issue periodic news bulletins. There must be many items of interest that all of us will be glad to read, THESE NEWS ITEMS MUST COME FROM YOU. Of the many news items that I hope to obtain, those of the most general interest will be selected to be included in the NEWS BULLETIN. For example, do you know that Lt. Turner P. Northern, 880th Field Artillery Battalion and Pfc. Kenneth F. Culp, Company "K", 271st Infantry, listed as fatal casualties in the Pictorial History, are still alive? Both were badly wounded in action and spent many months in hospitals but are still very much alive. 1st Sgt. David Kaye, AT Company, 272nd Infantry and Clarence Marshall, Division Headquarters Company have written me. Sgt. Kaye is still in the hospital. Clarence Marshall lost the sight of both eyes. These men really took it on the chin but like true soldiers, they are not squawking. They have earned their Life Memberships.

These are just a few of the items that will be contained in the news bulletins. There are many other items of interest. Maybe YOU have a bit of interesting news. Perhaps YOU have the name and address of a buddy who is still in a hospital or is seriously disabled for life. If you do, please let me know. YOUR news item will help make our Bulletin a success.

For several months, I have been trying to contact the wives and parents of your buddies who were killed in action with the 69th Division. To each, I have sent a copy of the Pictorial History, autographed and with a little message in the name of the Sixty-Ninth Division. Their fine letters of appreciation have made all of this work worthwhile. Do you know the address of the nearest of kin of any of your buddies who were killed? Do you know the circumstances under which they lost their lives? Their relatives would be most grateful to have this information. You can help by writing to me and telling how and where your good buddy lost his life. His wife or mother will be most grateful to receive this information from those who know.

I have sent hundreds of addresses of buddies to men who have written me. Sometimes I do not have all of the addresses requested and again, I have been up against a stone wall because the man making the request failed to sign his name. I now have nearly 14,000 names and addresses and still several thousand to go. If you haven't already done so, you can help me build this roster still further by sending the names and addresses that you know. If this notice reaches you and is incorrectly addressed, please give me your correct address. One of your good buddies may want your address. Please mention your organization. It will help me to refer to your card in my files. If you change your address, please let me know so that I do not lose contact with you.

Did you get the history that you ordered? A few did not and they have written me. Their histories were sent out immediately. Out of over 9000 sent out, only one has been finally delivered. The address was in Brussels, Belgium. If you have paid for a history and have not received it, please let me know. Some errors have been made and some books may have been lost in the mail.

In building this roster from almost a total blank, I wish to thank hundreds of you who took the time to write down all of the names and addresses that you knew and sent them to me. They helped me greatly to building this roster to its present size of nearly 14,000. I have worked over a year to build up the Division roster, distribute our Pictorial Histories, place histories in the hands of the relatives of your buddies killed in action, sent out hundreds of addresses of buddies on request and many other services. These services have been for YOU. This is your opportunity to help carry on this work and make ours the GREATEST DIVISION ASSOCIATION.

These are some of the services for you during the past year. It has taken months of slow and tedious work but I have not forgotten how magnificently you fought while under my command. All that I ask of you is to JOIN THE SIXTY-NINTH DIVISION ASSOCIATION. Just go back and read again the purposes of our Association. If you agree with those purposes and if you are proud of your great Division, and I am sure that you are, you will join with thousands of your buddies and send me your dues and initiation fee. With your help, the Sixty-Ninth Infantry Division Association will be as great in peace as the Fighting 69th Division was in war.

And BUDDY, this means JOIN NOW. Don't make a second notice necessary. The enclosed envelope addressed to me needs no postage. Just enclose your initiation fee and dues, \$3.00, and mail it to me. You may pay by cash, check or money order. Make checks and money orders payable to the SIXTY-NINTH DIVISION ASSOCIATION.

Think it over. This will be the most satisfactory investment that you ever made. Do it now.

To everyone of you, I send my kindest wishes,

E.F. Reinhardt, Major General, USA (Ret)
Acting Secretary-Treasurer

Division Association Chapters, Units, Companies, and Group Mini-Weekends Across the United States

We are interested in all news from Chapters, Groups, Branches, Companies, Battalions, Regiments, Recon, Artillery, AAA, Units, T.D.'s and any mini for this column. Mail your date(s), location, banquet cost, activities and room rates, plus a good write-up to Earl E. Witzleb, Jr., Box 69, Champion, Pennsylvania 15622-0069 or R.D. #3, Box 477, Acme, Pennsylvania 15610-9606, as early as possible. Then follow through with a write-up immediately after the event(s).

By now everyone should know where new material, articles and pictures should be mailed. Your Coordinating Manager and Editor will do a superb job of handling it for you, our members.

California/Western Chapter



Bob and Theresa Pierce, President and News Reporter
144 Nashua Court
San Jose, California 95139
Telephone: 408/226-8040

Delbert E. Philpott, Co-Chairman
P.O. Box 2014
Sunnyvale, California 94087-0014
Telephone: 408/739-0308

The Vacation Inn in Old Town San Diego was the site of our California Western Chapter "Round-up" held April 13th through 16th, 1994. What a beautiful location! That historic significance! This is where California began in 1769 when Father Junipero Serra built the first Spanish Mission in California. Old Town State Park was a walk back through history exploring the original structures and reading the tombstone inscriptions in the Old Cemetery.

The Old Town Trolley was a must tour with visits through the Embarcadero, Gaslamp District, Marina, Seaport Village, across the Coronado Bridge to Coronado Island and to the Coronado Hotel, the famous San Diego Zoo and Balboa Park with the Aerospace Museum and other points of interest.

But wait, I neglected to give credit to those responsible - all this did not just happen. Our thanks go to the Site Selection Committee. Specifically, Bill Robertson, Site Selection Committee Chairman. Bill personally visited every candidate hotel in the San Diego area, looked at their facilities, food service, and sleeping accommodations. He negotiated

for best price and food selection. He also coordinated the hotel final selection with other members of his committee. "Thanks" Bill Robertson from all of us!

Was our "Round-Up" a success? Absolutely! Our round-up threw a bigger loop than we expected. Fifty-one people attended from five (5) states: Arizona, California, Michigan, Oregon and Washington. Our Hospitality Room was open from Wednesday through Saturday with liquor, beer, wine, mix and sodas. Snacks were served as well as hors d'Oeuvres, trays of ham, salami, cream cheese, cheddar and swiss cheese, olives and deli crackers. These choices were complimented by 5 pounds of home-grown roasted almonds Stan and Lois Hawk brought.

The Friday night party was a very enjoyable evening in the Presidio Room where members could mingle, talk with old friends and become acquainted with our first-time attendees. There was an open bar with complimentary drinks for those who desired a stimulant to help with the conversation.

Our Saturday evening program started with the Memorial Service given by John Pereira, our Acting Chaplain. He gave the invocation, a very touching eulogy, led the Rose Memorial Service and gave the benediction. John is to be commended for a very fine and sensitive program.

There is only one word to describe the Saturday Night Dinner, "elegant." The hotel ambiance was outstanding: flowers and crystal candle holders with candles on every table, excellent catering service, and delicious food.

A very entertaining after-dinner program was furnished by Tim Pierce and Ed and Fran Armenta. Fran video-taped the entire program including "up close and personal" interviews with each 69er. The interview theme was "What did you do in the war?" Tim sang a variety of country and western songs, accompanied by Ed's professional stereo system and CDs. Tim's last song was very appropriate for the occasion, Billy Ray Cyrus' song "Some Gave All." The program was followed by dancing to the music of our younger days.

Those in attendance were:

Grant Brown	Prescott, Arizona
Epi and Connie Granillo	Mesa, Arizona
Guest, Ron Granillo	Mesa, Arizona
Bob and Theresa Pierce	San Jose, California
Guests, Tim and Dottie Pierce	Riverside, California
Guests, Ed and Fran Armenta	Riverside, California
Cy Abrams	Marina Del Rey, California
Guest, Teral Carlton	Marina Del Rey, California
Eldon and Marjie Atwood	San Diego, California
Jim and Nancy Bann	Walnut Creek, California
Len and Alma Braverman	Mission Viejo, California
Harold and Nancy Faulkner	Walnut Creek, California
Al and Bobbi Gwynne	Novato, California

(Continued on Page 19)

**DIVISION ASSOCIATION CHAPTERS, UNITS,
COMPANIES AND GROUP MINI-WEEKENDS
ACROSS THE UNITED STATES**

(Continued from Page 18)

Stan and Lois Hawk Lemoore, California
Walt and Shirley Harpain Fresno, California
Keith and Mary Loo Mower Van Nuys, California
John and Mary Pereira Napa, California
Del and Donna Philpott Sunnyvale, California
Earl and Matilda Ramsey .. Lake View Terrace, California
Bill Robertson Culver City, California
Sam and Vencie Rodriguez Simi Valley, California
John Rosenbrock North Hollywood, California
Bill and Pat Ruebsamen Murrieta, California
Jim and Dottie Stacy Escondido, California
Vic and Mary Walton LaMesa, California
Lee Wilson Stockton, California
Guest, Jan Kremetz Stockton, California
Bill Russell Flint, Michigan
Roland and Janice Hendrickson Salem, Oregon
Tom and Ruth-Ellen Elliott Seattle, Washington

Company G, 272nd Infantry

Anees and Barbara Barakat, Jr.
41 Sterling Avenue
Dallas, Pennsylvania 18612

"G" Company had a mini-reunion at Vero Beach, Florida on January 23 to 28, 1994.

The program was choreographed by Bill and Joyce Phillips and started with a great buffet dinner at the Phillips residence at which time we honored Jim Vogel's birthday. (Age Unimportant)

January 24th we all visited the Harbor Branch Oceanographic Institution, which was very interesting. January 25th, we visited the U.D.T. Museum and the birthplace of the Navy Frogmen. We learned that the Navy was also active during WWII. On January 26th, we visited Mel Fischer's Treasure Museum where many gold trinkets were on exhibit and some were for sale.

Every afternoon involved shopping sprees for the ladies for which Joyce Phillips supplied a great list of malls, etc. and every evening was spent gorging on delicious meals.

The final dinner was held at the Dodger Pines Country Club, and a farewell breakfast was held on Friday.

The following were present:

Bill and Joyce Phillips Florida
Bill and Lynn Danahy Nebraska
Val and Edna Frauenhofer New York
Ray and Eva Lehman Arizona
Clarence Burke Pennsylvania
Miriam Lilien New York
Shirley and Vi Toler and Son Florida
Anees and Barbara Barakat Pennsylvania
James and Helen Vogel California
Ed and Nell Ross North Carolina
Will and Barbara Frazee Ohio
John and Alma Worman Florida

**1995 69th Division Reunion
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina
October 1995**

724th Field Artillery C Battery

John Turner
P.O. Box 1645
Decatur, Georgia 30031
Telephone: 404/378-3543

Coy J. Horton
1705A Highview Street
Burlington, North Carolina 27215-5652
Telephone: 910/227-7785

The Battery C, 724th Field Artillery Battalion Reunion will be held in conjunction with the 69th Infantry Division National Reunion, August 21st through August 28th, 1994, in Nashville, Tennessee. Battery C, 724th Field Artillery Battalion will have a Luncheon Meeting Saturday, August 27th, 1994. This will take place after the Men's and Ladies' General Meetings. The place and exact time will be announced later. It is suggested all the Battery C fellows and their spouses plan to attend this reunion. Please contact John Turner or Coy Horton as listed above.

Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, 273rd Infantry

Victor Ostrow, News Reporter
1612 Lemontree Lane
Silver Spring, Maryland 20904-1440
Telephone: 301/384-4654

After a lapse of several years our small group held a mini-reunion in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Special thanks to Ted and Ursula Schiffner for hosting and planning the itinerary. We arrived on Wednesday, May 4th during a heavy rainstorm, assembled at the Ramada Inn and welcomed the troops. Ted and Ursula Schiffner, Victor and Olga Ostrow, Garnet and Florence Whitley and Sol and Alike Schindler who arrived on Thursday, May 5th for a total of eight people. With each of us having medical problems, it was more of a touch and go situation. Ted is recovering from a severe heart attack, Garnet and Victor overcoming their setbacks and Sol looking well.

Fredericksburg lies on the banks of the Rappahannock River which served as a natural barrier ringed by a huge stone wall where the Confederate and Union Armies fought some of the fiercest battles of the Civil War - 10,000 or more casualties.

Thursday, we took a walking tour along Caroline Street to the Visitors' Center viewing a fifteen minute documentary of the war-torn streets and across the Chatham River which served as Union Headquarters. We enjoyed interesting shops, mementos of the Civil War, antique furniture, studios of lithographics and oil paintings depicting battle scenes. Along our tour on Princess Ann Street we visited the Masonic Lodge containing memorabilia of George Washington who was a Mason, and an original painting of him by Gilbert Stuart. As the noon hour approached, we had lunch at the LeLafayette Restaurant built in 1759 on Caroline Street featuring French cuisine. The women went on a tour of the local shopping mall in the evening and made several purchases. Friday, the men toured the battlefields and the Visitors' Center, with large paintings of Fredericksburg and its environs. As you walk along sunken roads you are impressed with the huge stone wall surroundings known as Marye's Heights defended by

(Continued on Page 20)

DIVISION ASSOCIATION CHAPTERS, UNITS, COMPANIES AND GROUP MINI-WEEKENDS ACROSS THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page 19)

Confederates against the onslaught of Union soldiers. The sunken roads provide a panoramic view of wide open fields as you visualize the enormous magnitude of casualties needlessly sacrificing lives to frontal attack. Along the way signs are posted describing the military combat. As you proceed along the path, civilians are dressed in Union and Confederate uniforms.

We returned to our hotel, the Ramada Inn, after an extensive tour and gathered to go eat at the Lelafayette Restaurant. Another exceptional meal and picture taking of our happy group.

Several members promised that they will attend the National Reunion in Nashville, Tennessee. I, for one, am looking forward to that day. Time slips away quickly, so let's get together for perhaps our last "Hurrah." Hope you all had a pleasant year. Sincerest wishes to "BBB."



*Fredericksburg, Virginia Battlegrounds
Garnet Whitley and Ted Schiffner*



Sunken Road - Battlegrounds



Sol Schindler and Ted Schiffner

269th Engineers

Frank and Stefania Nemeth, *Coordinators*

66 Gaping Rock Road
Levittown, Pennsylvania 19057
Telephone: 215/945-3809

Let's Go 269thers,

Hope you are all set to go to Nashville in August for the reunion. It should be a good one, lots to see and do there!!

Sorry to report the passing of William "Bill" Foster from H&S Company, (as Bill would say, "Heartaches and Sorrow Company") where he served as the Mess Sergeant. He was always involved with the 69th Reunions and was Co-Chairman with John Hawley on the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania Reunion and also ran the Central Pennsylvania reunions. He was the President of the 69th Infantry Division Association for the years 1988-1989! Bill was the only member of the 269th Engineers to have had that honor! We will miss Bill at all the reunions, since he didn't miss many over the years. We wish to express our deepest sympathy to his wife Betty and the rest of his family.

See 'ya all in Nashville.



*Olga Ostrow and Ted Schiffner
on Caroline Street in Fredericksburg*

U.S., Russian veterans are reunited at site of Elbe river linkup in World War II

Submitted by: Donald J. Champeny, Company E, 273rd Infantry
647 West Las Lomitas Road, Tucson, Arizona 85704

From The Arizona Daily Star
April 24, 1994

TORGAU, Germany (AP) — Serenaded by Dixieland jazz and balalaika music, American and Russian veterans of their armies' historic linkup on the Elbe River met yesterday in an eastern German city promoting itself as a symbol of international understanding.

Next year, President Clinton will be invited to the 50th anniversary of the day in 1945 when the U.S. and Soviet armies met near Torgau, 90 miles south of Berlin, and sealed the defeat of Nazi Germany.

The vows of peace and friendship that the soldiers then swore have survived the long bad patch of the Cold War. If civic leaders in Torgau (pop. 21,000) want to boost their city as a place to celebrate understanding among peoples, they have avid supporters in the American and Russian veterans.

"It was one of the best days of my life," William R. Beswick of West Point, Virginia said of meeting the Russians on April 25, 1945. "We were glad to see them and they were just as glad to see us."

Another of the three U.S. veterans present, William Snidow of Pembroke, Virginia, held hands with Russian veteran Alexander Silvaschko, once a lieutenant who was in famous photographs of American GIs and Soviet soldiers meeting along the Elbe.

The veterans now are around 70, but their minds easily go back to when they were young men making history 49 years ago.

"I knew it was the end of the war for me," said veteran Delbert Philpott of Sunnyvale, California. "There was no enemy in front of us. I remember I wrote home saying I would see them soon."

Beswick kept his arm around Russian veteran Alexander V. Olshansky, and although they knew only a few words of a common language, they said they were great friends and had



Markus Jones, of the U.S. Army's Berlin Brigade, and Delbert Philpott march with Russian Troops.

visited each other's home, in addition to their annual reunions.

The six veterans and top Russian and U.S. army officers led a march of several thousand people over Torgau's new Elbe River bridge.

Dixieland bands from all over Europe kept up a hot beat in the background, and at the middle of the bridge, a 50-member balalaika ensemble from the Russian army danced, sang and played a medley of Russian music and such American traditions as "When the Saints Go Marching In."

Uwe Niedersen, head of the European Encounters Club that boosts the annual Elbe Festival, is lobbying hard for Clinton to come to Torgau next year for the 50th anniversary observances of the end of World War II.

He pointed out that on the same day in 1945, the San Francisco conference was held to establish the United Nations.

in, got out of the car and walked to the driveway gate, just looking, when a man of 82 years of age came out with his daughter who was around 14 years old in 1945. She remembered when we stayed there. We were not sure that she remembered until she described our shoulder patch, almost to the detail. She really had a terrific memory. I also saw the small beer hall that some of us used to go shoot a game similar to pool.

I thought that since we were in the vicinity of Lutzen that we should go look up a man that we met in 1985. It pleased me very well when he called me by name. I had either made a good impression or a bad one with him. Anyhow, he seemed extremely pleased that we stopped by. They were not satisfied until we had refreshments with them. He was mayor of Lutzen in 1985.

(Continued on Page 22)

1994 Trip to Torgau

Bill Beswick and Bill Snidow

Both from: Company B, 661st Tank Destroyers

Submitted by: Bill Beswick

P.O. Box 576, West Point, Virginia 23181

Bill Snidow and I traveled to Germany for the 1994 "Elbe Day" celebration in Torgau.

We met several people that we knew and were entertained in a very gracious manner. We stayed a few nights in the home of Karl-Heinz and Eva Lange. They are a very interesting German family. We were invited out to dinner on several occasions and we enjoyed the food.

We visited old familiar, but unfamiliar areas. The towns of Kitzen and Zitchen have changed with the times, but are still somewhat familiar. We recognized a house that we stayed

1994 TRIP TO TORGAU

(Continued from Page 21)

We visited many interesting areas that we had not been in for many years. We visited Hartenfels Castle and the Museum. There on the museum wall was the American flag and the 69th Banner that my wife Jo and I had made and presented to the then Vice-Mayor Wolfgang Gerstenberg, who is now Mayor of Torgau.

When we visited the Mayor, he appeared to be extremely pleased to see us. He is an interesting person. We met with him for a long while as we figured out some of the points of our visit to Torgau in April 1995. He is very interested in the coming events.

The following day, we all went to Strehla to meet and visit the Honorable Andreas Haberland, Mayor of Strehla. He and Mayor Gerstenberg conducted the meeting jointly. They are both looking forward to the day of the dedication of the "FIRST LINK-UP MEMORIAL PARK," at Strehla. Mayor Haberland has assured Bill Snidow and me that it will be completed, except, maybe, for some minor landscaping which will be completed as funds become available. So, I will keep my fingers crossed and hope that some 69'ers will give a hand and help us finish it.

Russian General Alexander Olshansky made a suggestion that the main events of "Elbe Day" be established in Torgau and it was agreed to by everyone present. Both mayors were very pleased with the events.

Bill Snidow and I had a couple of exciting events occur. Our suitcases did not catch up with us for three days. Thanks to our driver and host, he had them located and delivered to us. The auto that we were traveling in was hit in the rear end and about two to three thousand dollars damage occurred. It was a nice Audi.

"Elbe Day," April 25th, 1994, was part of an interesting period. This was also the day of celebration by the Russians, as they were preparing to return to their homes in Russia on May 5th, 1994.

Bill and I were invited to the Russian Garrison for a banquet. Bill and I were the honored guests. We had a very nice meal, about seven courses and FIFTY TOASTS.

The original "Elbe Day" festivities were to be held until April 23rd, 1995, due to the fact that members of the "Fighting 69th" would be in Torgau again. So, let's see what happens.

Let's all go to Torgau for April 25th, 1995.

Best regards,

William R. "Bill" Beswick, President
and Chairman, '69th Infantry Division
Assoc. First Link-Up Memorial Park, Inc."

SEE FOLLOWING PAGE FOR ITINERARY
FOR THE 1995 EUROPEAN TOUR

Donations for Link-Up Memorial Park Still Needed

CONTRIBUTIONS SHOULD BE SENT TO:
69th Infantry Division Memorial Fund, Inc.
Mr. William R. Beswick

P.O. Box 576, West Point, Virginia 23181

Checks should be made payable to the 69th Infantry
Division Memorial Fund, Inc. or a suitable abbreviation
thereof. Help us to ensure that our Flag will fly forever
on that little plot of ground on the banks of the Elbe.

Torgau Bridge is Falling Down; Saxon Town Seeks a Savior for Historic Structure

From "The Week in Germany,"
a weekly publication of the German Information Center
April 22, 1994

Submitted by: Dorothea A. Miller
106 S. Whisper Court, Columbus, Georgia 31909

Pictures of jubilant Soviet and American troops meeting for the first time in Torgau (Saxony) on April 25, 1945 have appeared in countless textbooks and histories of World War II over the past five decades. These images of the event, recent press reports suggest, might prove to be more enduring than the aging bridge over the Elbe on which it occurred.

By the early 1990s, the Torgau bridge, a steel and stone structure built in 1870, had fallen into a dangerous state of dilapidation. Federal transportation officials decided to build a replacement and to tear the old bridge down as soon as it was ready for use. The new bridge opened last summer, but the old bridge nonetheless remains standing, saved by a massive show of public opposition. The necessary work to preserve the bridge, officials figured, would cost somewhere between six and nine million marks (approximately U.S. \$3.5 million-5.2 million), about three times as much as demolishing it. City, state and federal officials all decided that was too expensive. The challenge of finding the money to save the old Torgau bridge has thus fallen to *Europa-Begegnungen* ("European Encounters") a group founded late in 1991 after the planned demolition became known.

Europa-Begegnungen has yet to find a deep-pocketed American or Russian willing to save the day, nor has it found adequate private funding elsewhere so far. It is sponsoring an "Elbe Day" this year on the anniversary of the Soviet-American meeting to call attention to the campaign to save the bridge. Looking ahead to the myriad events planned to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the war's end next year, Elbe Day organizers have already sent an invitation to President Bill Clinton, an amateur saxophonist who has occasionally been coaxed to perform in public, to participate in the musical program of the 1995 Elbe Day festivities.

Europa-Begegnungen has also received numerous suggestions on how the Torgau bridge might be saved from the wrecking ball. Some have proposed turning it into an open-air restaurant. Others have advised selling it bit by bit to American veterans for reconstruction in the United States. The private radio broadcaster *Antenne Sachsen* ("Saxony Antenna") suggested using donations from listeners to dismantle the bridge and reassemble it in Dresden, a plan that found, not surprisingly, very little support in Torgau and subsequently fell by the wayside.

The proposal perhaps most in step with the times has come from *Europa-Begegnungen* itself. In late March, the group invited Christo, the New York-based artist with a penchant for wrapping both natural and man-made structures, to use the Torgau bridge for one of his much-publicized projects. Unfortunately for Torgau, that invitation is not likely to be accepted. Shortly before the Bundestag voted to give him permission to wrap the Reichstag in Berlin, Christo announced that the Reichstag would be his last wrap.

1995 European Tour of the Fighting 69th Infantry Division

THIS IS THE ITINERARY THAT HAS BEEN APPROVED AND ACCEPTED.

Submitted by: William R. Beswick — P.O. Box 576, West Point, Virginia 23181-0576

APRIL 12th — Depart Dulles, Washington, D.C. for London.
APRIL 13th — Arrive London. On your own for rest and relaxation or tour London.

APRIL 14th — Split Busses. Visit Winchester (Cathedral), Reading. Also visit Salisbury Cathedral and whatever else we can visit. The busses may join at Salisbury. Maybe Buckingham Palace.

APRIL 15th — Travel through the New English Channel to Caen, France. Arrive Caen, visit the Normandy Beaches, Cherbourg, Museums, etc.

APRIL 16th — St. Malo, France, Museums and Medieval Town tour.

APRIL 17th — Paris, Lourve, Arc de Triumph, Seine River with a Dinner Cruise.

APRIL 18th — Visit Versailles, Notre Dame Cathedral, Night Show and a possible Night Tour of Paris.

APRIL 19th — Brugge. Visit an interesting Medieval Town, one of the most historical towns of Europe.

APRIL 20th — Aachen, Germany. Visit Henri-Chapelle and Margraten cemeteries. Then visit Bastogne, Malmedy, Schmidtheim, Reischied, Meischied, Geischied and possibly Hollerath areas. Then visit Cologne Cathedral, Remagen Bridge and Museum along the trip.

APRIL 21st — Koblenz. Visit Bad Ems for a short shopping stop. Fort Ehrenbreitstein, which overlooks the junction of the Rhine and Moselle Rivers and is known as the "German Corner." A beautiful sight.

APRIL 22nd — Kassel, Hercules Monument and Buchenwald on the way to Leipzig. Plus other sights.

APRIL 23rd — Arise, Breakfast. Depart Kassel about 7:30 or 8:00 a.m. Visit Wittenhausen. Travel and visit Hercules Monument, Buchenwald. This is about a 200 to 240 mile trip, the longest one of our tour. With a couple of short stops, we should arrive in **LEIPZIG** between four and five o'clock, in time for the Choral Choir at the "Monument of Nations." Dinner at the hotel about 7:00 or 7:30 p.m.

APRIL 24th — Breakfast. Visit the Leipzig railroad station. Old and new courthouses in the a.m. Shopping on Leipzig's town square for a while. Depart Leipzig about one or two o'clock for **TORGAU**. Visit St. Mary's Church, Hartenfels Castle and the museum. Visit some of Torgau's small shops for gifts or souvenirs. Dinner about 7:00 or 7:30 p.m.

APRIL 25th — Breakfast. **VISIT THE "ELBE RIVER" MONUMENT** for welcoming speech by Mayor Gerstenberg of Torgau and Mayor Haberland of Strehla. Presentation and a general program by the two mayors. Visit Joe Polowsky's Grave, the Russian Cemetery and place wreaths. Mayor Gerstenberg will give a reception from 2:00 to 4:00 p.m. Depart Torgau about 4:00 p.m. for Strehla. Mayor Haberland will host a reception, followed by **DEDICATION OF THE "FIRST LINK-UP MEMORIAL PARK."** Return to Torgau for our "50th Anniversary" Banquet. Will try to have dinner by 7:30 p.m.

(NOTE: The time of these events will be given in the final brochure. Of course, I cannot see what difference the time will make, because we will be there for the events. I hope that all of you will agree with me.)

APRIL 26th — Leave for Berlin, stopping to visit Wittenburg. I understand that Berlin is a very popular area to visit at this time, especially since the reunification of the two Germanys.

APRIL 27th — Berlin. There are many sights to see in Berlin. We will see them as we come upon them. I will not try to list them all. Visit "Frederick the Great's Castle." Maybe Pergamon Museum and much more.

APRIL 28th — Home - for those that are not traveling to Moscow.

APRIL 28th — Those that are going to Moscow will depart Berlin for Moscow on this date.

APRIL 28th — Arrive in Moscow. Visit the various points of interest. Visit Lenin's Tomb, Kremlin, Moscow Memorial Museum, Red Square and various other points of interest.

APRIL 29th — Finish visiting the places that you have not seen.

APRIL 30th — Volgograd, (formerly Stalingrad). Visit the various Museums and Sights.

MAY 1st — Volgograd. Sightseeing. Maybe observe May Day festivities.

MAY 2nd — Kiev. Visit Old Town. This is the "Mother of Cities" and has many sights to see. The old structures and old buildings.

MAY 3rd — Tour, and a half day on your own to shop or whatever.

MAY 4th — **RETURN HOME.**

The Tour Agent will make this trip exceptionally interesting. There is so much to see and do that all of them would be too difficult to list.

We will depart the U.S. at Dulles Airport, Washington, D.C. on British Airways. We will not go through J.F.K. in New York. J.F.K. is a nuisance and lots of trouble. Dulles is much better.

The events listed and sights to see are just a few that you will see and participate in. There will also be a couple of surprises that I hope will be interesting.

We had talked about not having too many one night stops. This was thoroughly discussed and it was decided that some one night stops would be necessary if we are to see some of Europe. The trip should be interesting to everyone. You will see sights and places that you probably dreamed about and some that you never knew about to dream about them.

This may be our last opportunity to enjoy the experience. Let's make the most of it.

THE COST OF THE TOUR WILL BE BETWEEN \$1800 and \$2000, depending on what we see and do, plus airfare. AIRFARE WILL VARY. THE TOUR COULD VARY UP OR DOWN, BUT NOT MUCH.

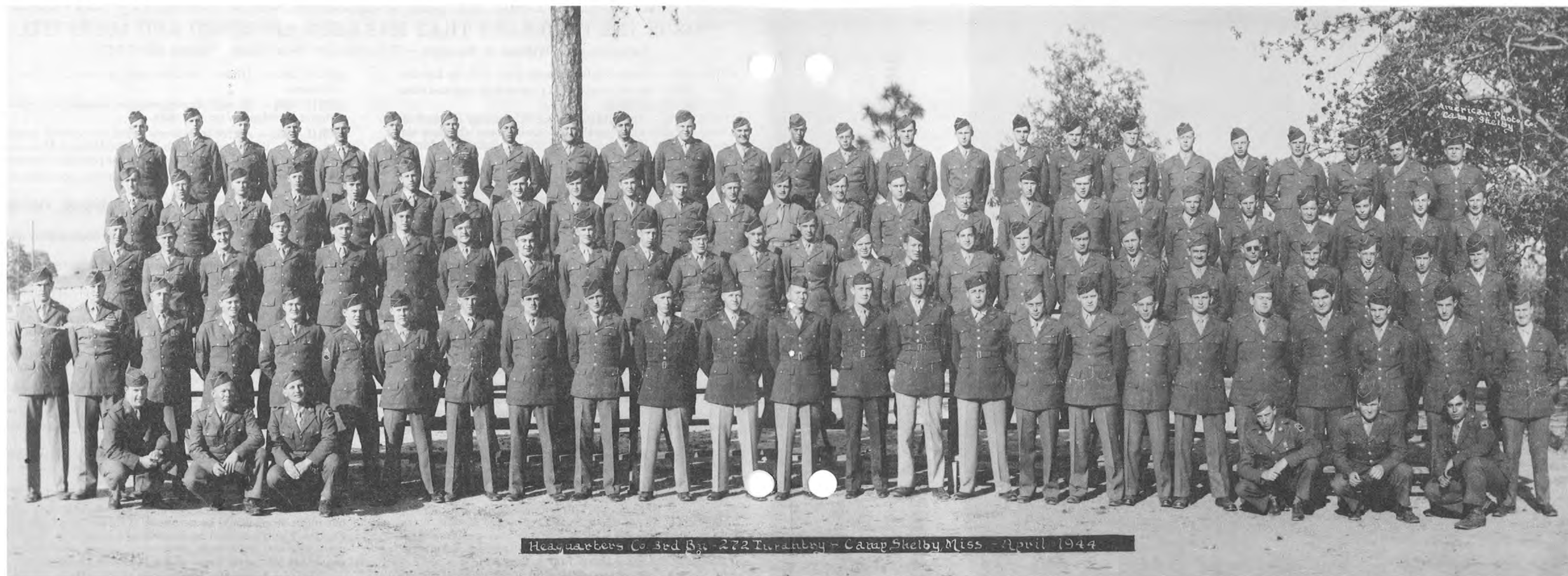
I will list the Russian portion cost here also. The price is \$1225, if as many as 25 to 29 go. If more go, it will be a little less. The price escalates. Now, the \$1225 does not include all the airfare, which should not be much more. Add both fares together to get the total cost for the entire tour.

There will be more information later. I hope this gets everyone interested. If you want to sign up for the tour, please get in touch with me.

Anyone that wants to join us in London for the tour can contact me so it can be coordinated. Do not forget, we are not leaving from J.F. Kennedy Airport in New York. We are leaving from Dulles Airport, Washington, D.C. If you can fly from your home area to London, without any changes, I do not blame you.

Our American Express Travel Agent can assist you in making your plans anywhere in the U.S.A.

To sign up for this tour, make a check out for \$250.00 per person, for the tour, made out to "American Express Travel Services" and send it to me, William R. Beswick, P.O. Box 576, West Point, Virginia 23181. All checks are to come through me, whether you join the tour at Dulles, Washington, D.C. or London England. Air fare is a separate charge.



Headquarters Company, 3rd Battalion, 272nd Infantry Division Camp Shelby, Mississippi — April 1944

Submitted by: Colonel E. Blagg
3411 Norcrest Drive, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73121-1837

Dear Mr. Marshall,

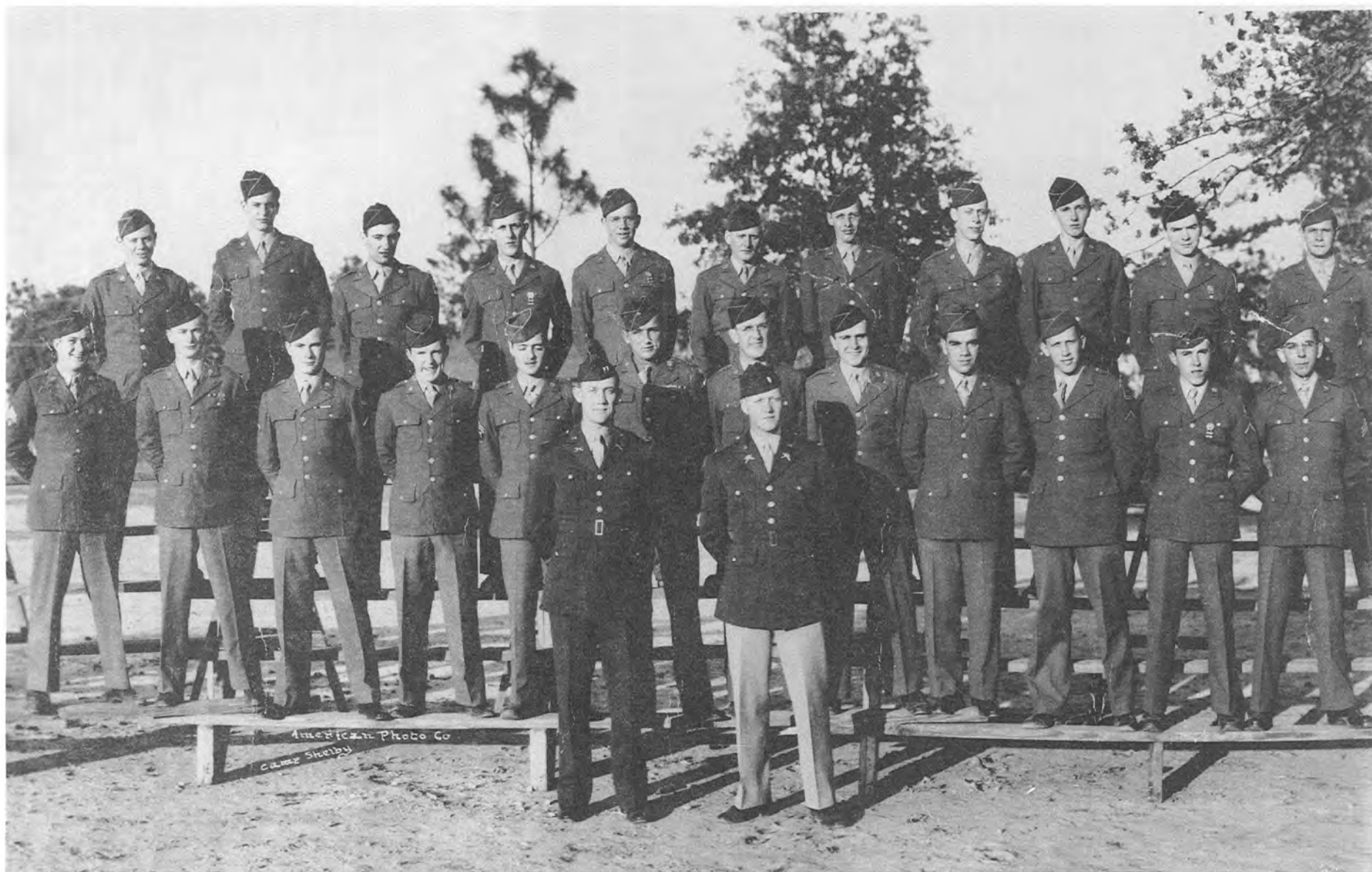
I joined the 69th Infantry Division Association late in 1992 and have enjoyed the Bulletins immensely.

I am enclosing two pictures for publication in a future bulletin. One is a picture of the Communications Platoon, Headquarters Company, 3rd Battalion, 272nd Infantry (see following page). The other is a picture of the entire Headquarters Company. These were taken in Camp Shelby in April of 1944.

A good friend of yours, Dr. Sumner Russman and I had a good visit recently. He is recovering from an operation and looks real good for a "young" man.

Thank you for your time and effort.

Colonel Blagg is in the third row standing from the front, 3rd man in on the left.



**Communications Platoon
Headquarters Company, 3rd Battalion, 272nd Infantry Division
Camp Shelby - April 1944**

Submitted by: Colonel E. Blagg (See letter and another photo on previous page)

Wartime Secrets of France Exposed

To Our Members:

We received the following letter and information from Kurt Werner Schaechter of France. It reads as follows:

* * * * *

For Kindly Attention to the Staff
of the 69th Infantry Division Association

Ladies and Gentlemen,

The Pentagon Department of the Army, Coordinator of Veterans' Associations, Community Relations Branch, Washington, has kindly communicated to me the full address of U.S. Veterans' Associations.

Enclosed is a documentary resumption for your information and also for the Veterans' Associations, who fought on landing day 6th June 1944 in Normandy, and then after, to liberate France and Europe.

Please make known these ashaming facts of the French Prefectorale Administration and the included documents to other Veterans' Organizations.

If you want more information, I am at your disposition.

Postal address: E.T.H.I.C.

Kurt Werner Schaechter

55, rue des Essertes

F-94140 Alfortville (France)

Telephone: (1)-43-75-40-81

The non-profit association E.T.H.I.C. will do everything in its power so that everyone engaged in research may have access to French Archives - in memory of Humanity - and bring to light the whole truth about internment camps in France.

* * * * *

Paris 29, April 1994

With the months of May and June 1994 approaching, during which the fiftieth anniversary celebrations of the Normandy landings by the allied forces will be held, it is vital to remind all concerned that the French State Archives for this period are still held secret, a way of making sure that the memory of a number of governmental sell-outs, hidden in the vaults, do not enter our collective memory.

On June 6, 1944, fifty years ago, the allied forces landed on the Normandy beaches and American, British and Canadian soldiers fought on French soil for the freedom of France and Europe.

This is history, but how many people know that at the same time the French police, acting on Prefectoral administrative orders, were emptying the internment camps in an attempt to get rid of "witnesses who might become a problem?"

How many people are aware that French trains driven by French volunteer railway workers, all the time guarded by French police only, continued to carry the "ex-internees" - Jews and non-Jews, French, Spanish, Gipsy and also Swiss, Canadians, Americans, British ... ?

How many people know that these infamous "rail transportations" were actually billed by the SNCF French railways accounts department up until August 1944 and were subsequently paid by the French government in 1945?

And how well is it known, that in the thick of the Battle for France, the "Ghost Train" with it's 900 French, Spanish and other foreign "political" prisoner passengers left on June 30, 1944 from Toulouse and was guided through Allied lines by the Renseignements Generaux de la Police (the French

Special Branch of Police) and, at the end of 54 horrifying days, the prisoners were finally handed over, at the end of August 1944, to the SS, who were waiting for them north of the Rhine?

And, still in the thick of the Battle for France, as American, British and Canadian soldiers were giving their lives for the Liberation, the Prefectoral authorities and the French Police Forces under their orders, sent another train from Toulouse on July 30, 1944. Among the victims were Americans, Britains, Canadians ... who had been secretly interned since 1940 and who were then deported to Germany to die in Nazi concentration camps.

My documentary material will be the basis of a forthcoming TV program to be shown this winter.

In France for reasons of state, it remains top secret, that concentration camps were maintained secretly years after the war and many "ex-internees" - even Americans, British and Canadians whose identities are known and documented, were re-interned there and "disappeared" under "unexplained circumstances," all of this outside of any law.

This is why French State Archives remain firmly closed. To conceal shame, the same inflicted on France by its Prefectoral authorities, and above all by Police Forces and Special Branches which acted under its order, exempt from any political control.

Kurt Werner Schaechter, Chairman
E.T.H.I.C.

* * * * *

A Mother's I.D. Card Exposes French World War II Secrets

THE NEW YORK TIMES

Wednesday, April 7, 1993

By Alan Riding

PARIS, April 6 — Sitting in a corner of the Toulouse office of France's National Archives one spring morning in 1991, Kurt Werner Schaechter untied a batch of dusty files and was suddenly confronted with a 1939 photograph of his mother, Margarethe, attached to a refugee identity paper.

He had obtained special permission from local archival employees to study documents barred from public view since World War II on the off chance of learning more about his Austrian Jewish parents. Though he knew they had been arrested in occupied France in 1942 and deported to Nazi death camps, he was not prepared for what he found.

A Question of Morality

"I am a mathematician, therefore not at all mystical," said Mr. Schaechter, who is now 72. "But when I came face to face with my mother after 50 years, it was a shock. It was a terrible experience. I put the identity papers in my pocket. It was the only document that I stole."

But the shock made him keep reading. And, as he waded through more faded documents, many of them detailing French involvement in managing internment camps in the Toulouse area and deporting both Jews and non-Jews to Germany, he quickly saw why France wanted to keep this information secret. Then he decided that France had no moral right to do so.

With the help of a young French historian who was researching a different subject in the same building, he arranged for documents to be smuggled out of the National Archives, photocopied and returned to their place. Over the next nine months, more than 12,000 documents were copied.

(Continued on Page 28)

WARTIME SECRETS OF FRANCE EXPOSED

(Continued from Page 27)

Then last summer, fearing that his operation had been discovered and the documents might be seized, he sent copies of many of them to French officials and newspapers. Since then, he has embarked on a one-man crusade to demand that France open its tightly sealed World War II archives.

In the name of respecting privacy, a new law in 1979 extended the period in which wartime documents were sealed, but the decision also reflected deep French reluctance to confronting the country's past. And even now, with more and more of that past being unveiled, there is still no public clamor to know long-hidden truths.

"In this crazy world, if we don't maintain our values, we're lost," Mr. Schaechter said in an interview at his home in the Paris suburb of Alfortville, where he is still sorting through the documents. "If we remain silent on these things, we'll all go onto the rocks."

He insists that his purpose is not to seek revenge and suggests that if documents are released, the names of French officials be blacked out. Instead, he says, he wants to show that "an entire system of state," rather than individual French citizens, was put at the service of Nazi Germany during the occupation.

His documents include hundreds of handwritten pages listing the names, birth dates, religion and fate — "left for Germany" is the euphemism for deportation — of prisoners held in a half dozen internment camps in the Haute-Garonne department, which has Toulouse as its capital.

Above all, the files illustrate in greater detail than ever seen before how an efficient French administrative machine routinely went about carrying out arrests, seizing the property of detainees and, when necessary, selecting them for deportation to death camps or labor camps in Germany or Poland, recording everything it did on paper.

One of the few documents that offers any opinion is a 1943 report on the Noe camp, 25 miles south of Toulouse. Noting that most of its prisoners were old, it states: "The largest number of these are German Israelites who can be considered refuse of life and who are incapable of insuring their subsistence. Their permanence in the camp therefore responds to a necessity."

Train Fares to Death Camps

The French bureaucracy even treated the liberation of France in August 1944 as just one more event. Bills sent by the French national railroad authority two months after the Allied landings in Normandy asked the Prefecture of Haute-Garonne to pay for transferring prisoners to Germany and warned that interest would be charged for any delay. Documents showed that the bills were paid in late 1944.

"Of course I don't have everything," said Mr. Schaechter, a nervous and talkative former musical instruments salesman. "I only have part of the picture, the tip of the iceberg. To know the rest, we have to open the archives. That's why I am provoking them. I say, if I have done something wrong, take me to court."

In reality, Mr. Schaechter readily admits that he violated the 1979 law limiting access to the documents. Though it does not refer specifically to World War II files, the law sealed official documents containing medical, personal or family data for periods ranging from 60 to 150 years after they were written. But so far the Government has not charged Mr. Schaechter with any crime, apparently preferring not to draw greater attention to the case.

For all France's reluctance to look afresh at its response to its occupation between 1940 and 1944, awareness of the collaborationist Vichy Government's role in rounding up and deporting Jews has in fact been growing in recent years, thanks to research carried out by a Committee of Children of Deportees.

French Accused of War Crimes

The head of the committee, Serge Klarsfeld, a lawyer, has also brought charges of crimes against humanity against three aged Vichy officials - Rene Bousquet, Maurice Papon and Paul Touvier - who are accused of ordering deportations or executions of Jews. If their cases ever come to court, they would be the first French citizens to be tried for crimes against Jews.

With the statute of limitations in effect for other war crimes, only one person, the Gestapo official Klaus Barbie, has ever been tried for crimes against humanity in France. He was convicted in 1987.

Yet, while many books, films and plays have long since punctured the myth of widespread resistance to the occupation, successive French Governments and the French judiciary have continued to shield the past from close scrutiny. "Even the K.G.B. files have been opened," Mr. Schaechter said, "but not the French files."

Indeed, such is the sensitivity of the issue that some French newspapers have still not published all the information disclosed by the Toulouse documents. Some French historians have also accused Mr. Schaechter of sensationalism and of jeopardizing their own limited access to embargoed documents.

Historians can obtain special permission to work inside National Archives buildings, although they are not allowed to make photocopies of documents. While some have published books on World War II topics, none have drawn attention to the files on French internment camps. Above all, photocopies of related documents have never before been seen by the public.

Served in Foreign Legion

Mr. Schaechter, though, feels he has a Frenchman's right to speak out. Born in Vienna, he joined the French Foreign Legion at the age of 17 after his family fled here in 1939, and in this way obtained French citizenship. Based first in North Africa, he returned to France in 1940 and, after his parents were arrested in 1942, spent the rest of the war in hiding.

Only in the late 1980's did he learn from the Committee of Children of Deportees that his father was knifed to death after being deported to Poland in 1943 and that his mother was deported on May 19, 1944, barely two weeks before the Allied invasion of Europe and died soon afterwards in Auschwitz.

Mr. Schaechter believes that Mr. Klarsfeld has already done much to expose what happened to French and, above all, foreign Jews in France during World War II. Of the 76,000 deported to death camps, only around 2,500 survived.

"I'm Jewish, yes, but I'm also a humanist," he said. "At present, we only hear about Jews, but nothing is said about non-Jews. And for me, that's simply unacceptable. The official version is we had camps for Jews and some Spaniards. But the documents show there were many more victims."

Interned Estimated at Million

Mr. Schaechter estimates that 900,000 to 1.2 million people were interned in France between 1939 and 1946, among them some 600,000 Spaniards. Some of the Spaniards were leftists and Communists who sought political asylum in France after the Spanish Civil War, but many were simply war refugees.

Some documents list Jews who were detained in camps — the euphemism was "sheltered" — separately. Others merely put the religion of the prisoners — Eastern Orthodox, Roman Catholic, Protestant or "Israelite" — alongside other personal details like nationality and profession.

Apart from large numbers of Spanish Catholics, other prisoners identified as non-Jews include French, Belgians, Dutch, Austrians, Russians, Lithuanians, Italians, Swedes,

(Continued on Page 29)

WARTIME SECRETS OF FRANCE EXPOSED

(Continued from Page 28)

Britons and a few Americans. Documents show that some were later freed, put under house arrest or expelled from France. Others were deported to Germany.

On August 14, 1944, responding to a query from a Swiss consular official in Montelmar about the whereabouts of one American, Kirby Sumner Moore, the commander of the Noe camp wrote that he left on July 30, 1944, "for an unknown destination." That was the date that the last train left the area carrying deportees to Germany.

The archives also yield new evidence confirming the previously known case of one train that left Toulouse on June 30, 1944, with some 850 prisoners on board. Forced by the Allied landing to change its route on several occasions, it took 54 days to reach the German border. By then, only 75 of the prisoners were still alive.

Some Still Open in 1946

Mr. Schaechter said he was particularly shocked by documents indicating that several camps in Haute-Garonne remained open until late 1946, sometimes housing French men and women arrested for collaboration with the German occupiers, but more often holding foreigners. Documents show that some of these were "transferred," but their destination is not given. Mr. Schaechter believes many were killed and dumped in mass graves, but he has no evidence to support this view.

For all his campaigning to have the World War II secrets prised out of France's National Archives, he has stirred little official interest in changing the 1979 law despite frequent letters to President Francois Mitterrand, to the President's wife, Danielle Mitterrand, and, to many politicians.

To each letter, Mr. Schaechter has received a formal reply from a presidential aide thanking him for his communication and adding that the President has taken note of the document.

SEINE-ET-MARNE
REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE
REFUGIÉ ÉTRANGER EN ATTENTE D'ÉMIGRER
PERMIS DE SÉJOUR
DE REFUGIÉ NON-TRAVAILLEUR

valable de 25 octobre 1939 au 24 janvier 1941
Pour le Département de SEINE & MARNE

Nom: SCHAECHTER née BADER
Prénoms: Margarete
Nationalité: ex-allemande
Domicile: à CHENOU, rue du Moulin
Accompagné de: M. SCHAECHTER Emile né le 26 ju

Fait à SEZAN 8 NOV. 19

Signature du titulaire: Margarete Schaechter

Signature du Préfet et par Délégation: La Chef de Division

Copy of Mr. Schaechter's mother's refugee identity paper that he came across while researching her disappearance. What a terrible experience this must have been for him.

777th Tank Battalion, The Crew of the Alamo

Submitted by: John Koke, 114 Longfellow Street, Carteret, New Jersey 07008



Photo taken at Fort Knox, Kentucky, home of the 777th Tank Battalion. The Crew of the Alamo are Sergeant Percival, Battles, Johnson, Koke and driver Bill Schiller. Before going overseas, Battles and Johnson were replaced by Ray Silbaugh and Harry Keeney.

Golfer's Corner

Submitted by: James E. Boris

Headquarters, 881st Field Artillery Battalion
6800 Henry Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19128

We are going to try to start a new feature called the "Golfer's Corner" to inform members who participate in the Golf Tournaments at the Reunions and maybe bring out more hackers to enjoy this great game of golf.

To begin with, I would like to apologize to anyone if they are not properly noted on a photo. That is my fault for not being more careful and finding your names at the finish of the last tournament. This is our first venture into something of this sort and we will try to improve in future articles.

Golf is a wonderful game and as I have stated, this can add many years to your life at our age with the exercise you get and it also affords the benefit of being out in the fresh air away from the TV. If both you and your wife golf, it is much more enjoyable, as well as being something you can do together. Tillie, my wife, and I do. We would like to see more come out and have already made plans for the Nashville Reunion with the chairpeople down there. See you in Nashville and bring the golf clubs.

1993 - ROCHESTER, NEW YORK



Don Kimmel, Tillie Boris, Jim Boris, Karol Kreutzman



Ralph and Ursula Goebel, Olive and Don Schoessler



Stefania and Frank Nemeth, Ray Szkudlarek, Tom Gaylord (?)



Gene and Ethel Pierron, George and Barbara Johnson



*Art and Bobbie Seidenstricker
Not sure of others: Ray Gilstrap and C.R. Hoffman (?)*

(Continued on Page 31)



Emery and Pat Nagy, Jane and Marvin Slichter



Ken Curran, Orrie Pullen, Martin Buol, Walter Haag



David Scatina, James Eibling, Neil Shield, Art Holgate



Alice Stern, Mildred Kimmel, Bill Jones, Robert Stern



Phil Delphey, James Walsh, Harold Moore, Bill Sheehan



Jim Shoemaker, Allan Blackman, Dottie and Jim Stacy



Carl Rapp, Mildred Kimmel, Bob Peason

Anyone that has some information that they would like to add to our Golfer's Corner can write to Jim Boris at the address on the top of the previous page.

69th Member Tells of Close Call on Normandy Beach

FRED SHERIDAN (now deceased)

Submitted by: Robert R. Robbins

Company K, 273rd Infantry

721 Bay Street, #9, Santa Cruz, California 95060

(This article appeared in the D-Day + 50 Armed Forces Series Magazine, Volume 2, 1994)

Fred Sheridan, 67, is a retired U.S. Army colonel. But back on June 6, 1944, he was on the Normandy coast, a staff sergeant trying to do his job while German soldiers were trying to kill him.

"I was with the 18th Infantry, 1st Infantry Division — the 'Big Red One,'" he says. "I was in the second wave to hit Omaha Beach that morning. I remember that I had resigned myself to the fact that I wasn't going to make it. Even coming to the beach was rough — 75 percent of the men in the landing craft were seasick."

Sheridan says that a month before the invasion he had gotten his military driver's license and, at Normandy, he was asked if he could drive and he said yes. "They grabbed me, gave me a jeep and said, 'Step on the gas and go.' Now I wasn't a good driver — I hadn't really practiced with the jeep and I hadn't even driven a car before then."

"It was bad on Omaha Beach. There was lots of smoke and confusion. I drove that thing — I don't know how many bodies I drove over; they were all over the beach. Everything was a mess."

At one point Sheridan's helmet bounced off his head and landed on the floor of the jeep.

"There was a first sergeant there, lying on his side in sort of a gully. He looked up and saw me and yelled, 'Hey, you stupid S.O.B., put your helmet on. So I put it back on and two minutes later I got hit by shrapnel that left a two-inch hole in the helmet and gave me a head wound.'"

Sheridan remembers that after he was tended to by the medics he laid down along a roadside and awaited evacuation. During that time, General Omar Bradley was driving through the area; he saw the wounded soldier and stopped.

"I got to my feet and saluted him" says Sheridan. "Then he yelled at me, 'A wounded soldier doesn't get up, not even for a general.'"

Eventually, Sheridan was taken aboard a hospital ship and returned to a hospital in England. But two weeks later his wound had healed enough to allow him to return to his outfit in Normandy.

Shortly after he got back he was assigned to the 2nd French Armored Division "because I could speak French." On August 11th, French troops under the command of General Jacques Leclerc were the first Allied soldiers to enter Paris. Photographs of that momentous event will reveal Sheridan driving the jeep that carried Leclerc.

Sheridan came away from World War II with four Purple Hearts. Of D-Day, he says, "The American people at the time thought that Normandy was a cakewalk. It wasn't."

A week after Paris was liberated, Sheridan was transferred back to the "Big Red One," but not before Leclerc awarded him the Croix de Guerre, a French military decoration given for bravery in battle. He remained with the 1st Division until December 1944 when, during the Battle of the Bulge, he was transferred to the 69th Infantry Division. It was this outfit that met the Russians at the Elbe River in April; Sheridan got there about an hour after that historic encounter. On the following day he began duty as a driver for General Bradley.



SS JEREMIAH O'BRIEN

Bill and Dottie Duncan

Headquarters, 271st Infantry

23 Invincible Court, Alameda, California 94501-1055

I'm writing a greeting from Bill Duncan to all of his friends in the 69th Division. He is currently the Deck Engineer on the S.S. Jeremiah O'Brien as she sails to Normandy. She is the last of the Liberty Ships left from World War II in original condition. As of this writing (April 27th, 1994), they are more than 1/2 way to the Panama Canal doing an average of 11.9 knots ... fast for her!

The voyage will be filled with memories for the crew, but I know Bill will be thinking of many of his friends who were with him when they returned many years ago from Europe on one of the Liberty Ships.

I will also be working on the O'Brien from May 23rd-June 23rd in England and France. I'll take the bulletin with me when I go. It's a great issue. I'll also get some photos off to you, hopefully before the reunion in Nashville, that you can put on the bulletin board. Bill sends his regards, especially to Lee Wah, John Barnett, Bill Jones, Ed Langsford and Walter Mueller.

Below is the itinerary for the O'Brien through this 50th Anniversary of D-Day and Normandy. We will be unable to see all of you this year, but we'll look forward to seeing you at the Elbe next year! I'll send some photos of the O'Brien as soon as I get them developed.

VOYAGE PLANS — NORMANDY '94

- April 14, 1994 — Depart San Francisco for Portsmouth via Panama
- May 24-June 1 — Arrive in Portsmouth, berth in Portsmouth Navy Yard. Welcome visitors dockside during daytime.
- June 4 — Proceed to anchorage for review of ships June 5.
- June 5 — World War II Allied nations' ships depart for Normandy beachhead.
- June 6 — Commemorations at Pointe du Hoc & Omaha Beach.
- June 7 — Demonstrate ship to shore transfer of vintage cargo — DUKW's landing craft, at Arromanche.
- June 8-15 — Port Call Chatham Naval Dockyards on the Medway. Visitors welcome aboard.
- June 15-22 — Port call in London. Visitors welcome aboard.
- June 26-July 9 — Port call at Cherbourg, France.
- July 10-17 — Port call at Rouen, taking part in the "Armada de la Liberte," a celebration of ships and liberty.
- July 17-22 — Port call in Le Havre. Visitors welcome aboard.
- July 25 — Depart for South Portland, Maine, the site of the O'Brien's launching on June 19, 1943.
- August 6-15 — Port call in Portland, Maine.
- August 23-26 — Port call in Jacksonville, Florida.
- September 2-10 — Port call in Galveston, Texas.
- October 2, 1994 — Enter San Francisco Bay at 0900, home of the S.S. Jeremiah O'Brien

Note: Visitors welcome aboard at all Port Calls

880th Field Artillery Battery A 1993 Lexington, Kentucky Reunion

Submitted by:
John Barnett
6374 Brandywine Trail
Norcross, Georgia 30092
Telephone: 404/448-6513



*Kneeling: Hugh Hawkins, Jeff Jeffries, Carl Schumaker-881st, Frank Cavlovic, Lloyd Gerth, Bill Dunn
Standing: Tim Pangle, Rex Sausaman, Joe McMurry-271st, Izzy Bombardier, Tom Ellis, John Barnett, James Bilbrey, Vince Ignatosky, G.P. Frasier*



From front center clockwise: Ruby Sausaman, Rex Sausaman, Pat Barnett, John Barnett, Hugh Hawkins, Carl Schumaker, Duffy Redmond and Rose Redmond.



Hugh Hawkins, Tom Ellis, Joe McMurry-271st, Lloyd Gerth, Frank Cavlovic and Carl Schumaker-881st



Tom Ellis, Ruth Bombardier, Joy Northern, Margrit Frasier, Pat Barnett, Betty Jeffries



Ruth Bombardier, Joy Northern and Shirley Dunn



I.E. Bombardier - Former mayor of Concordia, Kansas and our host for the 1994 reunion in that city.

The Sons of James C. Damron Write ...

My mother, Freda T. Damron, died on May 2nd, 1994. She was the wife of Major (Colonel) James C. Damron, the former Division AG Officer, and she was a member of the Ladies' Auxiliary. In going through her papers, I found the enclosed articles along with a picture of my father. Please feel free to use these items as you wish. They need not be returned.

My brothers and I will continue to support the 69th in memory of our father. Please continue to keep us on your mailing list. Thanks!

Jim Damron
2126 Baywood Drive
Biloxi, Mississippi 39532

Jack Damron
26164 Waterfowl Lane
Punta Gorda, Florida 33983



These GIs from the 69th Division, U.S. First Army, combat patrol get a well-deserved rest in a German town. Asleep but still well-armed these troops have been in the combat lines for many weeks.

Colonel Tom Damron
5119-A Leesburg Pike, #288
Falls Church, Virginia 22041

All of the material on the next few pages was sent to us by Mr. Damron's sons. Most of the old newspaper articles we had to retype to save space.

Below is a cartoon that appeared in The Fighting 69th Sentinel that we thought was especially good. See following page for articles that appeared in a May 6, 1945 issue of The Sentinel.



Major James C. Damron

Major James C. Damron was second in Command of the AG-Section Division Headquarters Company. He retired from the service as a Colonel. Mr. Damron passed away in the early 1980's. When he died a great deal of money was donated to the 69th Scholarship Fund by many people in his name.

News item: Hitler-Goebbels Suicide



"After you."
"No . . . after YOU!"

THE *Fighting 69th* SENTINEL

A DAILY NEWS BULLETIN FOR THE MEN OF THE 69th INFANTRY DIVISION

Vol. 1, No. 3

Sunday, 6 May 1945

4 Pages

*We had to retype these articles from the Sentinel, but thought you would enjoy seeing them again anyway.
It should bring back a lot of memories for some of you guys.*

Keep Your Left Out

Take a look at Germany's record.

Five times since 1864 - in the lifetime of plenty of men still living - Germany has burst out of her borders in wars of aggression against other nations:

Denmark in 1864

Austria in 1866

France in 1870

Belgium and France in 1914

Czechoslovakia, Austria, Poland, Russia, Norway, Denmark, Yugoslavia, Greece, Belgium, Holland and others between 1938 and 1941.

The free world couldn't go on taking that forever. Without resistance the Germans would never quit moving in on other countries.

No self-respecting man, or nation, could live in a neighborhood in which gangsters were having their way without trying to stop them. It was not a matter of principle; it was a matter of actual personal and national safety.

Don't forget that you're ordered into Germany now partly because your fathers forgot so soon what the war was about last time. They took it for granted that the friendly reception the Germans gave them after the Armistice in 1918 proved that Germany meant well after all. Our whole country let down its guard too easily last time.

Be on your guard particularly against young Germans between the ages of 14 and 28. Since 1933, when Hitler came to power, German youth has been carefully and thoroughly educated for world conquest, killing, and treachery.

So, keep your left out. Trust no one but your kind.

Prague Revolts . . .

(BBC) — Dramatic radio appeals from Prague indicate that a patriot uprising in the Czech capital has put the Czechoslovakian patriot forces in control of the center of the city. During last night a series of fervent appeals for Allied and Soviet help reported that the patriots were being attacked by Nazi tanks and artillery. The last of the all-night radio messages stated that negotiations for the turning over of control of the city to the patriots were being carried out.

Meanwhile General Patton's 3rd Army struck deep into Czechoslovakia toward the beleaguered city. Last reports put them nearly 20 miles across the Czech frontier, not too far from Prague.

The Red Army troops pouring through the Moravian Gap were striking toward Prague from the east.

A Stalin order-of-the-day announces the capture of Schwinemunde, Baltic port 35 miles north of Stettin.

400,000 More . . .

(BBC) — Following the example of their 2 million comrades, the 1st and 9th German Armies surrendered yesterday to General Dever. They were strung out along the northern border of Austria and the south flank of the Czechoslovakian redoubt. This surrender to the 6th Army Group leaves the entire southern flank of the Nazi forces in Czechoslovakia exposed. The situation was so confused, the Nazi CO could only guess at his total strength and estimated it to be between 200,000 and 400,000 men.

The 11th Panzer Division, the most formidable opposition to General Patton's drive toward Czechoslovakia, has surrendered in mass.

Twenty-four hours after the German unconditional surrender in the north, Allied military leaders were coping with the gigantic task of taking prisoners and organizing the surrender of arms and equipment.

69th IN THE HEADLINES Division that Made Link with the Reds Took Leipzig

Washington, April 27 - (AP) — One of the Army's new divisions, the 69th, made the historic junction with the Russian forces at Torgau.

The outfit, led by Major General Emil F. Reinhardt of Detroit, made its first announced appearance on the Western Front March 8th as part of the 5th Corps of the 1st Army.

With the 9th Armored Division it advanced on Leipzig, took Weissenfels, captured Leipzig four days later and reached the Mulde River east of Leipzig on April 22nd. Three days later, division patrols made the first contact with the Soviets.

The division, made up of soldiers drawn into the army through Selective Service, was organized at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, May 15, 1943 and received its training there.

There was no 69th Division in the World War, but there was a New York Regiment known as the "Fighting 69th" which later became the 165th Regiment.

General Reinhardt, 56, a native of Bay City, Michigan, is a regular army man and a graduate of West Point. During the first World War he served at various posts in this country and in 1919 was sent to Mayen, Germany, and later to Coblenz.

He took command of Camp Wolters, Texas, late in 1941 and then became commanding general of the 76th Infantry Division at Fort George G. Meade, Maryland, in May 1942. The following November he assumed command of the 13th Corps at Providence, Rhode Island and a year later was named commander of the 8th Corps at Brownwood, Texas.

YANKS MEET REDS

The American and Russian Armies have met 75 miles south of Berlin to cut Germany in two and seal the final gap between the Eastern and Western Fronts. The linkup, announced simultaneously yesterday in Washington, Moscow and London, was made at 4:40 p. m. Wednesday at Torgau, on the Elbe River. Dispatches from the 12th Army Group indicated that

3d Enters

Regensburg Captured by Patton Men

Two elements of Gen. George S. Patton's 3d U.S. Army have crossed into Austria and are only 90 miles from the Russians' last reported position in that country, while other forces of the 3d have captured Regensburg, on the south side of the Danube.

The 11th Armored Div. drove nine miles southeast across the Austrian frontier at the hamlet of Lackenhaus, where it meets the frontiers of Czechoslovakia and Germany. At the point of crossing the Americans were 90 miles from the Red Army near St. Poelten, west of captured Vienna. Other 3d Army men are in Gegenbuch, a mile inside the Austrian line and six miles south of the junction of the three frontiers.

Not a shot was fired as the 11th (Continued on Page 4)

Reich Split By Historic Junction

(Continued from Page 1)
Associated Press reports that the newly-joined front said that at least three actual contacts have been made with the Russians by the 99th, commanded by Maj. Gen. Emil F. Reinhardt, of Detroit.
The first meeting was said to have occurred when three enlisted men and a lieutenant of a reconnaissance and intelligence platoon of the 273d Regt. met men of Koniev's group—36 miles northwest of Leipzig and 40 miles northwest of Dresden—at Torgau, which had been reported captured by the Russians the previous day. The reports said Lt. William Robertson, of Los Angeles, was the first American to shake hands with Russian soldiers on the Elbe.
Commanders Me...

the junction was made when elements of the 273d Reg. of the 1st Army's 69th Inf. Div. met elements of Marshal Koniev's 1st Ukrainian Army.

The long-awaited junction, the greatest of any war in history, was announced in special statements yesterday by President Truman, Prime Minister Churchill and Marshal Stalin.

For days there had been indications that a linkup was imminent or had already taken place. First Army troops had been listening on field radio receivers to Soviet officers giving orders to their troops across the Elbe.

Russian and American troops had been standing by in scout cars, and liaison officers of both armies had travelled between the converging lines to exchange plans and instructions.

Other plans for the rendezvous had been made between American and Soviet troops by radio.

Armies Span 2,200 Miles To Make Historic Junction

The two armies had fought their way to a juncture across the entire breadth of Europe—a distance of 2,200 airline miles from Stalingrad on the Volga, where the Germans reached the highwater mark of conquest in the fall of 1942, to the Normandy coast, where the western assault on Fortress Europe was launched last June.

When they met Wednesday on the Elbe Plain, they had, between them, broken Hitler's far-flung embattlements and split the remainder of the German armies across the center of a shrinking corridor reaching from the North Sea coast into the plains of northern Italy.

(Continued on Page 4)

Good Soldiers Meet:**Trading Day Along the Elbe**

By Andy Rooney

WITH KONIEV'S UKRAINIAN ARMY, April 26th Delayed) — There was a mad scene of jubilant celebration on the east and west banks of the Elbe at Torgau today, as infantrymen of Lt. Gen. Courtney H. Hodges' First U.S. Army swapped K-Rations for vodka with soldiers of Marshal Koniev's First Ukrainian Army and congratulated each other, despite the language barrier, on the linkup, which means the defeat of the Germany Army as a fighting unit.

Men of the 69th Infantry Division sat on the banks of the Elbe in warm sunshine today, with no enemy in front of them or behind them, and drank wine, cognac and vodka while they watched their new Russian friends and listened to them as they played accordians and sang Russian songs.

Russian soldiers, strong and young looking, built a little heavier and shorter than most Americans, inspected American equipment and Americans took the chance to fire the Russian automatic rifle. When the day was over many a U.S. soldier walked back to his jeep in Russian boots while the Russian soldier he traded with fought with the straps on his newly acquired G.I. shoes.

The Russian uniform consists of high, fitted leather boots, not unlike the German officer's. His pants are built like riding breeches of a light cotton material. His blouse is a tunic that buttons to the neck and his cap resembles an overseas cap spread farther apart at the top than the American one. Many Russian soldiers wear medals of various descriptions.

If today was not an extraordinary day in the lives of most Russians along the Elbe at Torgau, then Russian soldiers are the most carefree bunch of screwballs that ever came together in an Army. They would be best described as exactly like Americans only twice as much.

If you know what a German soldier is like, the Russian soldier seems to be his direct opposite. It is impossible to imagine a regimented, goose-stepping Russian. They sing and laugh and cut patterns with their tommy-guns up against brick walls.

The road to Torgau was a strange scene, Russian laborers who have been working German farms were streaming down the highway into Torgau to contact their army which at last had come to liberate them. Across the road, going in the other direction, there was a column of sullen, tired, frightened people — Germans fleeing from the Russian Army.

German soldiers made their way toward American lines along with civilians, and while some of them still carried guns, none of them attempted to shoot giving strength to rumor that Germans in the area had been ordered not to fire another shot to the west, whence the Americans were coming.

When the caravans reached the river edge where Russian troops were mingling with Americans, the Russian soldiers went to talk and sing and make love with young Russian girls that had come in on wagons. They formed in groups of twenty around accordians and sang Russian songs, all of which sounded like the Volga Boat song to most Americans.

Linkup Has Touch of Comic Opera As Yanks, Russians Scramble Script

The meeting between the Yanks and the Russians was like a comic opera which needed another rehearsal. The prologue ran like this:

A week ago, when it became obvious that the First Army was going to meet the Russians, American divisions which

had moved on after clearing Leipzig were given a restraining line. Our units were impatient and sent patrols out further than the three kilometers they were allowed east of the Mulde. Yesterday, another unit and the 69th Infantry Division having had reports that the Russians were within 15 miles, took off to meet them. The patrols traveled 15 miles, met nothing. They were ordered to return to the Mulde River line.

If Army G2 and G3 officers knew where the Russians were or what the "big picture" was, they didn't tell anyone and division infantry officers had no idea where or when to expect the Reds, or exactly how the contact would be made.

Hero or Heel? At 1:32 yesterday afternoon First Lieutenant Albert L. Kotzebue, of Houston, led a 69th Division patrol to the Elbe, where they met the Russians. At the 69th's CP, no one seemed to know whether or not Kotzebue was a hero or a heel. Had he fouled up higher headquarters' plans by meeting the Russians before he was supposed to, at the wrong place? At any rate, it was too late to do anything about it so First Lieutenant William Robertson, of Los Angeles, went up to the Elbe today and made arrangements for an official meeting of division commanders.

The meeting place was on the east bank of the Elbe, across from Torgau. All bridges had been blown, and none had been rebuilt, because the Russians had orders to wait on their side of the Elbe for the Americans, just as the Americans had had orders to wait on their side of the Mulde for the Russians.

When Major General E.F. Reinhardt, commanding general of the 69th got there, the only way he could cross was in one of three racing shell sculls similar to those used in the Poughkeepsie regatta. The Elbe is 175 yards wide here and flows fast. The five-man shell's gunwales are at the most three inches above the water and the oars were being manned by happy Russian soldiers who clutched one in each hand and held a bottle between their knees.

The American party crossed the river in relays in the shells. There were about 50 correspondents and photographers and another 50 officers and enlisted men who crossed for one reason or another to view the ceremonial meeting of Reinhardt and the commander of the 50th Russian Infantry Division.

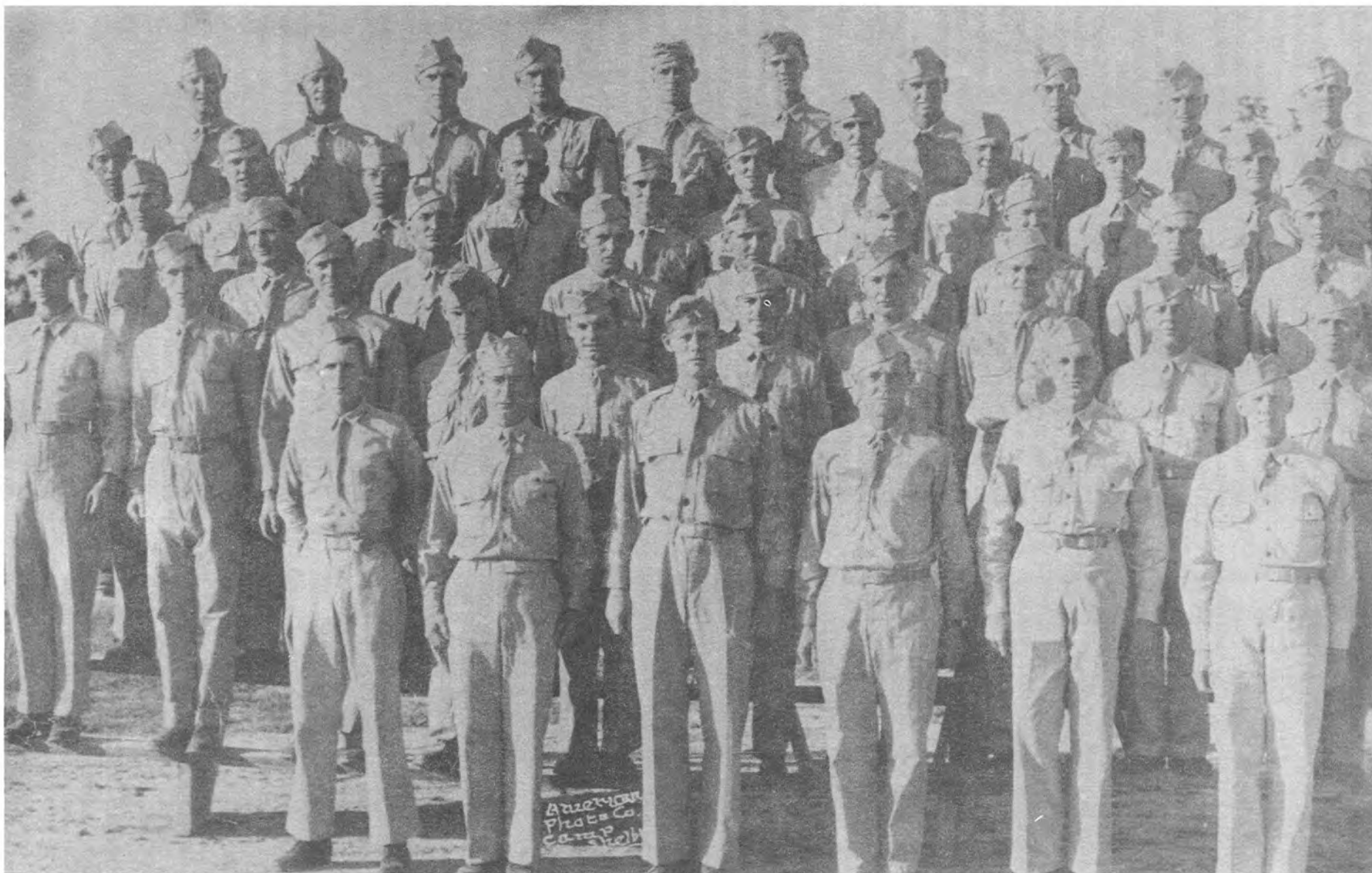
It was 4:20 when Reinhardt cautiously stepped into the shell and started across. The Russian general had been waiting since four in front of a large group of farm buildings which formed the linkup headquarters.

The Russian general started walking toward the river when he saw the Americans start across. He reached the path running down to the river just as the Americans landed. The two generals started walking toward each other, each with a swarm of photographers, reporters and soldiers. The American party carried a British, a Russian and an American flag. The two generals met halfway up the sloping green field.

About 60 American and Russian officers crowded into a small room in a shed next to the farmhouse where seven tables had been set with white cloths, glasses and silverware. The two generals and five members of the party were seated at one table and the Russian interpreter stood behind and between the two generals to relay tid-bits of conversation. Conversation had become difficult because the room was crowded and the American photographers were beginning to climb up, on to and over the tables.

The Russian general stood to make the first toast and the crowd stood with him. All Russian toasts are bottoms-up. Next, Reinhardt stood and gave a toast. After a few toasts, plates of three eggs, sunnyside up, were brought in.

When the party broke up about half an hour later, the Russian general and Reinhardt shook hands again — once for goodbye and several times for posterity. By six o'clock, the day's show was over. The Russians had been officially met.



**3rd Platoon, Company L, 271st Infantry Regiment
Camp Shelby, Mississippi — August 1943**

Submitted By: Dale Simonton, 3662 Sugar Bush Road, Mosinee, Wisconsin 54455-9311

Dale is the second man from the left in the front row.

I am a former member of the 271st Infantry, Medical Corps, (Regimental Surgeon).

Enclosed is a copy of the "E.T.O." section of the Memoirs I was asked to write. The completed project will be entitled "A Pediatrician's Odyssey."

E.T.O. Memoirs

Submitted and Written By: Leo Litter, M.D.

271st Infantry, Medical Corp

16 High Ridge Road, West Hartford, Connecticut 06117

January 1945: Our 69th Infantry Division crossed the English Channel from Southampton, landing at LeHavre in France. We marched through what seemed an endless street into a railroad station and boarded Army pullmans, called in France the "40's and 8's." They were capable of carrying eight horses and forty troops. The trains brought us to Belgium. We marched at night through St. Lo, which has been leveled by the Germans. Only a few chimneys were left standing.

The Germans murdered 129 American soldiers near Malmedy (Battle of the Bulge). They herded them into a small field and sprayed them with small-arms fire. Our Division relieved the 99th Division who had fought in the "Battle of the Bulge."

The Siegfried Line was first established in 1916 and stretched across northern France and Belgium. During 1930, Hitler built a new Siegfried Line (West Wall) which our 69th Infantry Division broke through in the early part of 1945. This was a band, a mile to five miles thick, of 3,000 small pillboxes, observation posts, and troop shelters. Its anti-tank defense depended upon "Dragon's Teeth," five rows of pyramid shaped reinforced concrete structures five feet high.

We remained in the Siegfried Line five weeks. Dead horses with swollen bellies and stiff legs lay on the frozen ground. Lifeless officers, in full uniform, still wearing their guns and wrist watches, but booby-trapped, were no longer disturbed by our soldiers. Many of our men slept in the abandoned pill boxes (concrete bunkers). I could not tolerate the stuffy air in them and therefore, slept outside on a cot.

Upon arrival in the Siegfried Line, a group of 40 G.I.s and officers were being briefed in one of the larger bunkers. Apparently one of the men accidentally pulled a hidden trip wire, blowing up the bunker, killing all inside. Before retreating the Germans trapped most of them with dynamite.

"Bed-Check Charley" was a German pilot, flying a small reconnaissance plane. He would fly over our encampment area each evening about 6:00 p.m. and report to his artillery battalion any signs of activity.

The Germans built an autobahn going through the Siegfried Line. It was cleverly camouflaged by concealing it with planted trees. Horses with bloated bellies and lying on their backs with stiff upraised legs were lying in the snow. Dead German officers, resplendent in their army uniforms, with their swords still attached, were strewn about the area. Many of them were booby-trapped. Early in the battle several of our new soldiers tried to remove some of their sparkling insignia, watches, revolvers or swords, and were blown up. Before leaving the Siegfried Line we awarded "Purple Hearts" to our wounded. My young jeep driver came to me with a bandaged finger and demanded a Purple Heart. I asked him what had happened and he replied, "I walked into an enemy tree."

Just before hostilities ended I photographed huge German cannons, mounted on long flatcars, capable of lobbing their shells to London. We captured them just before the enemy had a chance to use them.

March 1945: Our motor column waited outside a city from which huge fires were seen. Small arms shooting was heard sporadically. We entered slowly. Debris and rubble were everywhere. As we neared the center, the crackling of burning wood grew louder, and flames spouted high. Trees and demolished buildings cast weird looking silhouettes. After zigzagging our way through almost impassable streets, we reached our destination, a large resort hotel.

While preparing for bed, I used my flashlight to illuminate my room. Rifle shots increased in frequency. I paid no attention to them until several bullets struck our building. I then realized that our blackout was not one hundred percent effective. I put out my flashlight, and soon much of the firing ceased. I fell asleep about 5:00 a.m. About an hour later, the sound of German voices woke me. I quickly got out of bed and found that several Germans, in civilian clothes, had slept in the same building. They probably were German soldiers, who on short notice, had discarded their uniforms.

We received orders to establish an aid station in a nearby village. I examined a little girl who was still desquamating from scarlet fever. She had just been evicted from her home. I ordered the little one, together with her family, back into their dwelling and the billeted troops out.

The next day I drove to an adjacent town to inspect the water supply. Driving up an inclined road which seemed to lead to a bridge, we suddenly stopped. Intuition? Fortunately we halted just in time. The bridge was out and there were no warning signs to that effect. Nearby, several civilians watched us, hoping, no doubt, that we would drive into the river.

We passed scores of malnourished Frenchmen plodding their way wearily home. Many of them gave us the "V" sign. I felt sorry for them when I realized that they had to walk hundreds of miles to their Fatherland only to find their homes and families gone.

Visit to a local prison, in Kassel, Germany, on April 8, 1945, by one of my Medical Officers, Captain Nicholas J. Rose, M.C.:

"While stationed in Kassel, I was asked by a Vth Corps French liaison officer if I wanted to see something rather revealing. I accompanied him to a prison on the outskirts of town. There was nothing remarkable about the exterior of this "House of Arrest" (Zeuchthaus-Kassel). It resembled some of the state prisons we have back home, except that one wing of the building had been leveled by our air raiders. Once past the gates, which were unguarded, I was enveloped by a silent, penal somberness and the stench associated with unkempt institutions. The night warden, dressed in a dark uniform and wearing a Red Cross brassard, approached us and stated in German that he would accompany us through the facility. This prison had a capacity of 1500, but at that time lodged only 155. The inmates were primarily individuals who had committed crimes of a political nature and men who had refused to bow before the Nazi yolk.

We were taken first to the infirmary which was occupied by about twelve patients. Most of these had tuberculosis. All showed extreme states of malnutrition. One elderly individual asked the guard for some medicine to ease his shortness of breath. The latter gave him some charcoal pills, saying that was the only medicine in the entire institution. The remainder of the tour consisted of visiting the rest of the prisoners. They were housed in small rooms, about 10x10 feet, six to eight per cell. They slept on cots, but blankets were scarce and the air cold. The only outlets to the rooms were a small window in the wall and a solid door. There were no lights or running water. We saw several bowls of a slimy, black mixture, which was their food. In fact, the inmates

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E.T.O. MEMOIRS BY LEO LITTER

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said it was better than usual since the Americans had captured the city. One had merely to look at the emaciated bodies covered with dry, wrinkled skin marked by all types of sores to realize that the purpose of the imprisonment was evident - death by slow starvation and intercurrent disease. There was scurvy, beri-beri, pellagra, xerophthalmia, adult rickets and tuberculosis throughout. At least seventy percent had tuberculosis. A cough with bloody sputum in a starved person could mean very little else.

What crimes had these "skeletons in parchment" committed? Well, the Nazi wrath had deemed that a Pole who stole a cigarette from his master should not have the right to live. The same applied to a German who did not "Heil" at the proper time, and a Russian who attempted to sabotage a Wehrmacht truck, and an Italian who refused to work eighteen hours a day, and a Belgian who tried to hide his daughter from the German brothels. These are the crimes that the "New Order" deemed punishable by unending torture.

One can make his own conclusion as to the mental state of these prisoners. Lack of food, perpetual confinement to four walls, and the realization that death was the only escape can do nothing but cause mental collapse. Many of the inmates appeared wild-eyed and lethargic. They could not understand that we came to liberate them.

The average confinement in the prison was a relatively short one - about six to eight months. 'Survival of the human body under such conditions beyond that was exceptional. Some days we buried as many as thirty,' the guard said with a tone of conservatism. I promised these forgotten unfortunates that they would receive food, medical supplies and attention in the morning."

We arrived in the morning of April 9, 1945 at Friedland, Germany and were assigned temporary quarters for our Aid Station in an unoccupied German dwelling. Two civilians approached me, stating that they lived in that building and requested a pass to travel to the other part of town. I asked them whether there was running water in the house, and they replied in the affirmative. They started to lead the way down to the cellar where they said the spigot was. Just as they got to the foot of the stairs, I prudently remarked that I had left some unattended business upstairs and ascended. About an hour later, some of our soldiers, rummaging through the cellar, came across some German officers' uniforms, including one belonging to an S.S. trooper. They also found photos of German officers. One of them was the younger of the two civilians who had invited me into the cellar.

Throughout the day I received calls to render first aid to wounded German civilians and prisoners of war. I dispatched teams to take care of these casualties. One pretty girl developed peritonitis, following shrapnel wounds inflicted by our artillery.

I left Friedland with the advanced section of our aid station. After a rough, speedy ride our little convoy ran into enemy machine gun and mortar fire. We turned around, retraced the roads for several kilometers, outflanking the fire, and reached our destination, Mengelrode.

We set up our aid station in a combination farmhouse and barn. Our first patient was a German sniper who had been shot in the chest. Two German youths of about 15, belonging to the "New German Underground Movement," had been caught while spying on our troops.

At 10:00 p.m. we received orders to move forward. Our route led over a narrow, winding dirt road through the hills. Poor visibility was due to heavy mist and the limited use of

blackout headlights. An hour later, our convoy stopped. Someone shouted that a vehicle had overturned, gone over an embankment, and that several men were pinned underneath it. The occupants of our jeep proceeded to the site of the accident where we found a score of soldiers frantically trying to raise an overturned $\frac{3}{4}$ ton truck. One soldier lying prone partly protruded from the overturned vehicle. His respiration was labored. One thoughtful medic ran to the side of the road, knocked down a picket fence and pulled out a paling, seven feet long. This was quickly used as a lever, to elevate the vehicle. The injured man fortunately sustained only mild contusions to his right leg.

About 3:00 a.m. we heard a Jerry plane maneuvering overhead. We quickly extinguished the lights on our vehicle. Soon the drone of the plane became louder, and we were able to see its fire burst of tracer bullets at the tail end of our column. There were no hits.

We reached Keula at 6:30 a.m. Many of our men were half frozen. Little fires were built at the street corners, over which the troops warmed themselves. I noticed a group of highly excited Italians talking frantically amongst themselves. One of our Italian medics made inquiries and learned that two Polish slave laborer had been found dead - their throats slashed. These murders were committed by German N.C.O.s who were hiding in that town.

We saw a long column of German prisoners of war, a motley bunch. All ages were represented. One old man, at least 60 years old, with a heavy beard, looked as though he might have been a University Professor. Another, with an amputated leg, perspiring profusely, kept one hand on his head and with the other hand, he maneuvered his crutch. All of these prisoners were from a Panzer Division. Their capture, strange as it might seem, was made possible by one of our medics. He was informed by a Polish laborer who had just returned from an adjacent town that a German Panzer Division was lying in ambush for our troops. The medic immediately passed this information on to the Battalion C.O. Quickly, tanks were dispatched to that area where the Panzers were lying in wait. After our tanks fired a few salvos, the Panzer troops came out of their hiding place and surrendered.

Many of the German soldiers discarded their uniforms, donned civilian clothes and returned to their homes. Some of them carried their guns.

While enroute, our 2nd Battalion motor column suddenly stopped when two Germans jumped onto the road, arms upraised, shouting "Kamerad." Immediately enemy machine gun fire opened up on the motorized column, killing five and wounding twenty-six of our men.

April 13, 1945: We arrived at the outskirts of Weissenfels at 6:00 p.m. Our convoy halted in front of a huge paper mill. Soon the air was filled with the drone of airplanes circling overhead and the crackle of "ack ack" guns. The flak continued falling for about an hour. At one point, a tree, several feet away, burst, causing us to dive for cover. Civilian snipers were also taking a heavy toll. One company lost 30 men. Two of our medics were killed by female snipers while carrying a litter patient.

Some sniping came from a castle overlooking a road. One company was dispatched to clear out the snipers, but it met with great resistance. A column of tanks was brought up and a few salvos were fired at the castle. An ultimatum "to surrender within 10 minutes" was delivered to the occupants of the citadel. No sooner had it been delivered, than 300 German officers and soldiers rushed out with arms upraised.

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E.T.O. MEMOIRS BY LEO LITTER

(Continued from Page 40)

An unshaven medical officer approached me, asking for an ambulance to transport ten military patients to the German Military Hospital for operative treatment. I got him the ambulance and dropped in at their hospital. There I found four of our wounded American soldiers, one of whom was a Major. They told me they were treated well. I had them transported to one of our hospitals.

Since I speak German fluently, I was given the duty of visiting all German hospitals in the area. I had to determine how many patients they had, how many were Americans, damage done by our artillery and bombing, medical supply shortages, medical and nursing staff, etc.

Walking through the corridors of the Weissenfels Hospital, I noticed several attractive women wearing fur coats with Red Cross armbands. These were the mistresses of the Generals who made their headquarters in that hospital. I also arranged for disposal of German weapons found at this hospital. When introduced to the director of the hospital, a Major in the German army, I was embarrassed when he rendered the Nazi "Heil" salute.

Despite the horror of battle, the Americans maintained their sense of humor. Two of them procured a small, electric-driven baggage truck at the railway station and went scooting through the busy streets, frightening startled Germans out of their wits.

A German woman approached me and asked me to accompany her home to attend a wounded neighbor of hers. She lived towards the outskirts of the city. I told her that civilians had killed two and wounded four of my medics the previous day, and that I was not going to risk the lives of any more. I gave her a litter and told her to secure the aid of four Germans to carry her wounded friend to the city civilian hospital.

After a nine hour halt in the city, our motor convoy proceeded on its way. Just as we hit the outskirts, we were informed that the road we had planned to take was heavily mined. We turned around and departed over another route.

At 10:00 p.m. we arrived at a tiny town, Gothewitz. The occupants of the house assigned to us were turned out of their dwelling. About midnight we heard shots being fired, and someone started to shout, "Fire, fire." Those of us who were still up feared the Germans had set fire to our billets and were going to machine gun us as we rushed outdoors. Such was not the case. A fire had started which drove us all out of our billets and destroyed three buildings. Casualties were light. One soldier sprained his ankle in a jump from a second story window. Another sustained a second degree burn.

The fire had been started by a drunken soldier who had fired tracer bullets into a haystack. The building next to ours was burning, but we returned to our beds, posted a fire sentry, and soon fell asleep.

The following day we departed Gothewitz and arrived at Pegau. Sniper fire was heavy. Another one of our Division Colonels was shot. I visited the town doctor who oriented me to the number of contagious and venereal diseases and the number of midwives present in his town. He also informed me that the other town doctor, as well as the Burgermeister, had committed suicide several days before. This high rate of suicide among intellectuals might be attributed to a German radio announcement that all Party Members would be shot by the Allies.

Our "Fighting 69th" Infantry Division spearheaded the drive toward Leipzig. We destroyed 250 of the 1000 flak guns guarding the city.

Practically every house we entered in Germany had been well stocked with food and fuel. Deserting German soldiers found this too, and were extremely shocked and angry to find that they had been living on skimpy rations in the field, while civilians had food in abundance.

April 17, 1945: Rotha, Germany, at about 10:00 p.m. a series of heavy barrages started. "Eighty-Eights" kept falling fast and furiously in our vicinity. We all felt the concussions. One shell fell a few feet from our Aid Station.

I received a visit from a French Medical Officer who had been imprisoned by the Germans for five years. He looked frail and only weighed ninety pounds. He informed me that shortly before the Americans came, the Germans distributed rifles, grenades and bazookas to German youths between the ages of ten and fifteen.

One of our medics volunteered to accompany a rescue patrol on a dangerous mission. When they reached their destination, they met with fierce enemy fire. Most of our men were hit. Our medic had an excellent chance to escape but preferred to remain behind and tend his wounded comrades. From a distance of 50 yards, despite the conspicuous display of the Red Cross on his helmet and jacket, he was shot through the chest by German bullets.

He was brought to us in a moribund condition. His comrades worked on him for three hours before he was ready for evacuation. I showed him to a German Medical Officer who was sent to me for protective custody. I informed him that the Red Cross no longer protected our medics from German fire and asked him why. I also added that the Germans had already killed four of our medics and wounded sixteen of them. The officer nonchalantly replied, "One often encounters some fanatics."

Because the Germans were about to counterattack, we quickly departed. A half hour later our convoy abruptly turned around. We had strayed onto the wrong road because the Germans had reversed the road signs!

Road blocks were still obstructing our southern approach. Our engineers found a simple, clever way of making the Germans clear their own road blocks. They merely dynamited them with huge charges. This blasted many of the windows in that particular area, but once the townspeople learned their lesson, they were eager to dismantle the road blocks.

April 19, 1945: The brunt of the fighting for Leipzig had been done by our regiment. The last point of resistance in that city was at Napoleon's Monument. Stubborn opposition was afforded by S.S. troops hiding inside. Our 155mm artillery shells merely bounced off the granite walls as though they were ping pong balls. After some of our shells penetrated the monument's narrow windows, the resulting concussions caused the defending S.S. troops to develop internal hemorrhages which led to their surrender.

The liberated Russians, Poles and French had already started disturbances throughout the city. They entered warehouses and stores, dumping the contents of shelves on the floors and set some of these establishments on fire. They also looted homes and started brawls.

A terrific explosion rocked Leipzig. The Director of a Panzer factory invited his staff members to a dinner at their plant. After dessert had been served, he pressed a button, blowing up the factory and all the guests.

In a suburb of Leipzig, several hundred Polish P.O.W.s who had been assembling small airplane parts were housed in three barracks. The day before we captured that city, the Germans doused those wooden structures with gasoline and set them on fire. Those who escaped from the burning

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E.T.O. MEMOIRS BY LEO LITTER

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buildings were machine gunned. A few made it to the electrified, barbed wire fence, surrounding the compound. I was there the following day. I photographed the burnt bodies lying embedded in the fence. The stench of their decomposing bodies was awful.

We reached Leipzig at noon. Despite the terrific amount of destruction, the city was exceedingly tidy. The street cars were running and the people congenial. The streets were filled with many attractive women who did not use cosmetics. I noticed several signs in drug store windows saying, "We are out of sanitary napkins - it is useless to ask for them."

On the outskirts of the city we saw scores of gun emplacements which had been destroyed by allied precision bombing. We passed a huge plant which appeared to have been a gasoline refinery. Most of it had been reduced to rubble by our "Block Busters." Dozens of large craters were everywhere to be seen, some measuring fifty feet in diameter, and almost the same in depth.

I entered a small jewelry store in Leipzig and asked the young, comely saleslady for a pair of small, jade earrings. She promptly brought them out. I asked her whether she wanted to be paid with American currency, with cigarettes or with chocolate. She replied, (in German) "Please give me instead two poison pills, for tonight the Russians will be taking control of this city and I do not want to be alive when they are here."

The Napoleon Monument commemorates the "Battle of Leipzig" or "Battle of Nations" fought on October 18, 1813. Here the Russian, Prussian, Austrian and other peoples, subjugated by Napoleon, joined in the battle that defeated Napoleon and ended his dream of world conquest.

The Memorial itself was started in 1894 with the founding of the German Patriot's Society. The structure includes a large underground portion which had been used during the present war as a storage place for the books of the Deutscher Bucherei. Over this is a crypt and then the inner room with a cupola 61 meters in height. Within are allegorical figures. On the west is a bas relief of the Archangel Michael, 18 meters tall. The entire monument is over 91 meters in height. The stone was for the most part granite.

During the Battle of Leipzig, the Monument was the last spot of resistance in the city.

Leipzig, a trade center, was famous for its printing and book trade. Our artillery destroyed 80% of the city. Richard Wagner was born there. Our medical detachment pets were a fox, a dog and a two-week old lion. Our planes did not bomb the Leipzig Zoo.

Little milk was available in Germany since our bombing destroyed most of their cows. Nevertheless the ingenious Germans made a 1% beer for their children which they took very well.

April 21, 1945: We arrived in Weltewitz and set up our aid station in a farm house at the edge of town. A company of liberated Sikhs passed by our billet. They looked exotic in their colored turbans, opened shirts and boots. The green turbans denoted that the wearer had made a pilgrimage to Mecca.

From the second story of our aid station, (through a pair of binoculars) I viewed the battle raging in the nearby town of Eilenberg. Huge holes, torn in the walls of many of their buildings were visible. To the left, painted on the rooftop of a hospital, was a huge Red Cross. It was from this hospital that the Germans were firing their rocket guns (screaming meemies).

I visited our 3rd Battalion aid station, billeted in the beautiful castle of Puchau, the residence of Count von Hollenthal Puchau. The living quarters of our medics were located in one of the wings. This reminded me of "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Here were some of our 20th century G.I.s lounging around a blazing fireplace, while others were seated in exquisite antique writing desks, and some were discussing the tactical situation amidst a background of royal splendor. Large oil paintings adorned the walls and soft rugs the floors.

On April 23, 1945, a raid at one of the hospitals at Eilenberg netted 23 S.S. troops who had changed their identity to soldiers of the Wehrmacht.

On April 24, 1945, at 4:40 p.m. our 69th Infantry Division made contact with elements of Marshal Koniev's Russian Army at Torgau on the Elbe.

Our G.I.s became very familiar with their enlisted men, trading their two dollar "Mickey Mouse" watches for their more expensive gold ones. Apparently many Russian soldiers had never seen a toilet, nor knew its function. They would catch fish in the Elbe and then place them alive in the toilet bowls, until dinner time, when they would be cooked.

Our civilian practice at the aid station was increasing and becoming international. I treated a Russian peasant with scabies, a Hindu with tenosynovitis incurred during a five day forced march from a German concentration camp, a German girl with tonsillitis, etc.

We were warned that attractive German girls seduce some of our troops in their own apartments, then bring charges of rape against them the following morning. The Germans were camouflaging their tanks to resemble Russian ones.

May 2, 1945: We were enroute to Colditz, and our road led toward a huge fire caused by an enemy ammunition depot ablaze. Every few moments the wind would whip the heavy black smoke toward us, covering a long stretch of the road. Retreat was impractical since night was falling. We waited for the wind to shift, then dashed along the road. Before we were halfway through, the wind shifted again, rolling heavy clouds of smoke back onto the road. Visibility became very low and the road vanished into the smoke. We held our breath - another gust of wind conveniently and fortunately rolled the smoke away. We stepped on the accelerator and sped away. We soon came to the edge of a forest bordering a vast meadow. Here were parked huge German bombers. They were all burned or sabotaged. However, they were all cleverly camouflaged.

We arrived in Colditz - a town of 5,500 plus over 1,000 refugees. The eastern part of the town was off limits to our troops inasmuch as the Mulde River flowing through it also demarks the Russian terrain from ours. The Russians occupied the fortress castle adjacent to the river, and we established our headquarters directly opposite on the other bank. At night we heard dreadful screams of German girls coming from the castle. They were being raped.

Colditz: May 2, 1945, a Russian appeared at sick call this morning, with his two sons. The nine year old lost a finger in a straw-cutting machine. From the age of eight on, these children were forced to work for their Nazi captors. When they did not work, they were not fed.

I inspected the "Staatlich Lungenheilstatte Hainburg" (Hospital), located on the hill two kilometers from Colditz. The bed capacity was 1200; there were 575 tubercular patients and 575 mental patients. The staff consisted of 9 doctors, 65 nurses and 225 miscellaneous personnel.

A thin woman with bulging eyeballs and a protruding abdomen was brought into our aid station. She told the

(Continued on Page 43)

following story. Thirty months ago she had been taken prisoner in Vichy France by the Nazis and transported to Germany. Here together with 1500 others she was put to work in an airplane factory. Two hundred of the women were French, the remainder Hungarian Jewesses. They were forced to work twelve hours daily, for which they received a little thin soup and a few slices of bread each day.

Recently, 30,000 gallons of alcohol was found near a factory that turned out jet propelled planes. It had been used for fuel. Since there was no longer any use for it and since there was the danger of it being consumed by the liberated slave laborers, it was poured into the streets and sewers. Soon Poles, Rumanians and Frenchmen were seen scooping up the alcohol, mixed with dirt, and drinking it.

Our Regiment was awarded the first Battle Star for "The Battle of Germany."

At the "Johnnaim" in Freyburg we found 39 children, ranging in age from 4 to 14 years. Some were orphans, while the others were the result of "Free Love" sponsored by the German government which had been bent on perpetuating the master race.

I dropped in at "Krankenhaus" in Laucha to deliver some medical supplies previously ordered. The chief physician showed me three dead Russians who had just died from drinking wood alcohol, which they had obtained by drilling holes in the fuselage of Jerry planes, syphoning out the "anti-freeze liquid" and drinking it. Four additional Russians, still alive, were also suffering from methyl alcohol poisoning. Three more were wandering around, outdoors, in what seemed to be a daze. The hospital doctor was unable to get them into bed and feared that they would die of circulatory collapse. I ordered them to return to bed. This made no impression on them. Therefore, I instructed our driver to remove his gun from his holster and threaten them with it. This did the trick and got them back into bed.

I designated a bench in the dispensary to be used only by the German civilians. It faced a wall on which had been placed photos of atrocities committed by the Germans.

Even though we succeeded in defeating the enemy, I witnessed how inefficiently our army often operated. Waste was horrendous. Furthermore, many of our First Aid Medics became casualties because of the poor quality of our adhesive tape. It would not adhere to the skin in cold weather. In close combat, during the winter in Germany, our medics often had to strike a match and hold it close to the adhesive tape to make it stick. This made them easy targets for the enemy who did not respect their Red Cross armbands. Well trained neurosurgeons were assigned to the Quartermaster Department rather than to the Surgical Hospitals where they were much in demand. I, a pediatrician, was made the Regimental Surgeon of the 69th Infantry Division.

Our Division had the lowest V.D. rate in the entire First Army for the month of April. Now that combat is over, new problems are presenting themselves. Tension in the men and officers is rising. When we were busy dodging 88's, this problem did not confront us, but now, with spring in the air and surrounded by seductive females, compliance with General Eisenhower's non-fraternization policy seems difficult.

We departed Colditz on May 10, 1945. Some women wept as we left, not because we had broken their hearts, but because they knew the Russians would soon take over. Many women wearing slacks or ski pants thronged the roads leading to the West. They were in flight from the terrible Russians. Some of them rode bicycles; others with well-groomed hair, sunburned

and perspiring were pulling carts heavily laden with their possessions.

We passed through Weissenfels where hundreds of townsfolk watched us depart. A month ago when our troops fought for that city, very few civilians were to be seen. They were either busy sniping at us or hiding in their cellars.

May 11, 1945: Freyburg - Spring was in the air. Many of the young, attractive frauleins displayed their curvaceous bodies, often scantily attired. These sirens offered the men a good time, a high V.D. rate, and not infrequently, they charged our soldiers with rape.

Viewing the results of allied bombing of Merseberg made one admire the accuracy of our bombers. Streets were left intact, whereas rows upon rows of buildings and factories lining these streets received direct hits. I hoped we were not in Germany long, for the seductive frauleins could wear down the resistance of our men and officers.

May 12, 1945: We arrived at Mucheln. I dined with the officers in the sumptuous hall of the local castle whose walls were covered with oil paintings. The castle resembled those that one might encounter in fairy tales. It was surrounded by a moat and a luxurious park.

It is not unusual to see signs posted by the Germans denouncing the Nazis. Some read, "The Nazis have been our misery," or "For a Free Democratic Germany."

We were held spellbound with amazing stories told to us by one of the generals. At the initial meeting of the Americans and the Russians, an American admired an anti-tank gun. The gunner pulled the lanyard and said, "This is how it works." The shell took a good chunk from a church steeple and almost damaged some of the American jeeps parked nearby.

I inspected "Krankenhaus" at Laucha. This hospital, until very recently, had been a place where unmarried German girls came to have the babies sired by German soldiers.

"Here Is Your Doctor"

This editorial appeared in the "Stars and Stripes" on April 14, 1945: The second platoon of Able Company was flushing out some houses in support of an armored attack. Things were going well when the boys hit a snag. "Enemy machine-gun fire down the street," came back the report.

A moment later the call rang out, "Medic!" Out he came, disregarding any danger to himself. On both arms he wore the bright Red Cross which was his only weapon. He ran a few feet, then stumbled and fell. Word passed up and down the line. Soon everyone knew that we no longer had a medic in the second platoon.

The boys remembered the many times he had helped them. He was cool, calm and, above all, a friend to everyone. And now he was gone, killed by a shot from a German sniper.

A German civilian, his arm bandaged, approached one of the buddies of the medic. The civilian explained that he had been wounded in an American bombing raid and would like to see a doctor. Without a word, the doughboy led the civilian down a now safe street. When they reached the fallen medic, the doughboy asked, "Here is your doctor?" and walked away.

Pfc. R.G. Conway, 379th Inf.

Our Medical Detachment was awarded "The Meritorious Service Plaque" for having treated at aid stations, without the occurrence of a single death, one thousand one hundred and fifty-five soldiers.

THE MEDICS IN COMBAT

Like the engineers, the radio men, and the supply boys, the medics constitute one branch of a fighting unit whose real function and importance are not realized or appreciated until

(Continued on Page 44)

E.T.O. MEMOIRS BY LEO LITTER

(Continued from Page 43)

training days are over and a combat unit has taken the field of battle. Bluntly speaking, our primary function is to conserve fighting strength. But to the injured soldier this means the relief of his pain and suffering and the saving of his life. The silent gratitude that we have seen in the eyes of every soldier who has come under our care has been ample reimbursement for whatever extra effort or personal sacrifices the members of this detachment may have made in our drive across the enemy's homeland.

Now that one of the bigger missions has been achieved, it is time we pause to take stock of the events that have transpired since we first faced the enemy on the Siegfried Line on February 11, 1945.

Casualties — The Red Cross does not provide immunity from the enemy's fire. This was learned during the first two days of the initial assault when two aid men were killed and six wounded. After two months of combat, our total amounted to sixteen medics wounded and four killed.

Awards — The medics managed to capture a good share of the awards issued for meritorious and heroic service. Thirty-five were awarded the Bronze Star medal (fifteen still pending). Three have been honored with the Silver Star Medal and twenty-three Purple Heart awards were collected by the members of our unit.

"Get 'em back in a hurry" — Early in combat we learned the many modifications that were necessary for the rapid evacuation of casualties from the battlefield. Methods and means previously untried in training had to be instituted. The practice of a split aid station with a forward half directly behind the firing line did much to provide some form of immediate, definitive medical treatment. Casualties were brought to this advance aid station by either litter bearers or weasels and from here evacuated, by litter jeep, to the rear aid station. From here ambulances transported them to Collecting Company A. A recent survey showed that the average time in evacuating an injured soldier from the time he was wounded on the field of battle to the Clearing Company was ninety-two minutes!

Transportation, at first, was a problem. The transportation (one $\frac{3}{4}$ ton and one $\frac{1}{4}$ ton truck) was insufficient for evacuating the wounded, especially in mountainous terrain. Most of the time it was impossible to send a vehicle forward of the aid station because of the difficult countryside. This problem was solved by the use of a weasel (one per aid station). This vehicle is invaluable in mountain warfare. Additional transportation was obtained by borrowing a headquarters company jeep rigged with litter racks. However, some novel methods were used. Stray horses were commandeered to evacuate the wounded across streams, shallow rivers and impassable ground; abandoned German ambulances and trucks were also helpful; and, in river crossing, the assault boats supplied and operated by the engineers were indispensable in the rapid transport of the injured.

The effectiveness of these measures for rapid evacuation is shown by the fact that 1,155 casualties were treated at aid stations without the occurrence of a single death.

Combat Exhaustion — This relates to what, in World War I, was called "Shell Shock" and other appellations. In that war these individuals were routinely evacuated. Long term results were poor. In the present conflict we have attempted to benefit from the lessons learned in the first war. A regimental combat exhaustion center was established at the regimental aid station and to it all the "Exhaustion" cases were evacuated. Here a treatment of forty-eight hours under heavy sedation was provided. Those cases which did not improve after this period were evacuated to the Collecting Company. The results were gratifying. Out of the fourteen cases only one required evacuation to a hospital while

thirteen were eventually returned to some type of duty within the regiment.

Trench Foot — There was a total of 155 cases afflicted with his malady. A pamphlet, pocket size, dealing with the necessary measures in the prevention of Trench Foot was brought by me to London for publication but reached our unit too late.

The Red Cross — It cannot be said that the Germans fully abided by the rules set forth by the Geneva Convention as concerns the Red Cross. Nor can it be stated that they totally ignored it. Their reaction was unpredictable. The following examples will elaborate these statements:

On February 27, 1945, during house to house fighting in Dickerscheid, Pfc. Paul F. Valiga, aid man with Company F, 271st Infantry, went to the aid of a wounded rifleman lying in the street. He had barely approached the casualty when he was deliberately and mortally wounded by enemy machine gun fire. Pfc. Valiga wore all the conventional aid man insignias.

On April 15, 1945, Tec-3 Chester F. Elmore, 1st Battalion Aid Station, driving a jeep carrying casualties, took a wrong turn in the road and headed into a German machine gun position. The German came out with his gun and shouted "Nicht! Nicht!" whereupon Tec-3 Elmore turned his vehicle about and left in the opposite direction - in a great hurry, but unmolested. Medics wounded by enemy artillery is understandable but wounds received by deliberate small arms fire is inexcusable.

Supplementary Functions — The SOP on entering recently conquered villages and towns, has been the following:

1. Contact and inspect all hospitals to determine the number of beds available, supplies on hand, number and type of patients present, available medical personnel and presence of any communicable diseases.

2. Contact all civilian doctors and dentists, and often nurses in order that an estimate of medical attention available to civilians may be made. These individuals are also very helpful in obtaining accurate information concerning prevalent contagious diseases.

A rifleman's duty is to gain an objective by killing or capturing the enemy. The medic has been instilled with the duty to administer medical aid as soon as possible. This is reflected in the following single example multiplied many times:

On February 28, 1945, in Germany, Pfc. Melvin Schmoock, company aid man, moved out with a platoon of the 271st Infantry. While attending a wounded man, under heavy artillery and mortar fire, during an attack on a town, he was wounded by enemy shell fire. As the attack advanced, Pfc. Schmoock found himself left behind in an open field, with four other wounded men. Due to the situation and extremely heavy and accurate fire, it was impossible to locate and evacuate the wounded until the following morning. During this lapse of nineteen hours, despite his own serious and painful wounds, Pfc. Schmoock by crawling, located the other wounded and administered first aid and morphine. In spite of the biting cold, he took off his own jacket in order to cover the most seriously wounded man and prevented the men from becoming hysterical by constantly reassuring and attending them. When a litter party arrived the next morning, he was attempting to drag himself toward the town in order to notify someone of the location of the wounded men.

Conclusion — Camp Shelby may appear to be a great distance from us, but it is still fresh in our minds and near to our hearts. It was there we learned the lessons that carried us successfully through combat. But combat constantly presents problems unrehearsed or unthought of at our home camp. What we have written pictures how we managed to adapt ourselves to the unpredictable.

***** CALENDAR OF COMING EVENTS AND COMMUNICATION SCHEDULE *****

May I just make note to all Leaders of Chapters, Groups, Branches, Companies, Battalions, Regiments, Recon, Artillery, AAA, and T.D.'s to get your Activities Schedules to Earl E. Witzleb Jr., Box 69, Champion, Pennsylvania 15622-0069 or R.D. #1, Box 477, Acme, Pennsylvania 15610-9606, as early as possible. We try to work at least a year ahead, as we only put out three Bulletins a year. When mailing in this information, do send your organization's name, person in charge (Chairman), address, city, state, zip, telephone numbers including area codes, dates, location, and anything else that you feel might be of interest for members to know.

1994

***** August 21 thru 28, 1994 69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION 47th ANNUAL REUNION SHERATON MUSIC CITY HOTEL NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE *****

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Committee:

Joe and Virginia McMurry, *Co-Chairpersons*
Company I, 271st Infantry
110 Fountain Place
Jackson, Tennessee 38305
Telephone: 901/668-3606

James and Geneva Bilbrey, *Co-Chairpersons*
880th Field Artillery, Battery A
R.D. #3, Box 289-B
Celina, Tennessee 38551
Telephone: 615/243-2250

(Continued on Page 46)

**CALENDAR OF COMING EVENTS
AND COMMUNICATION SCHEDULE**

(Continued from Page 45)

AUGUST 25-28, 1994

COMPANY I, 271st INFANTRY REGIMENT

Company I, 271st Infantry, will hold their Third Annual Mini-Reunion at the Sheraton Music City Hotel in Nashville, Tennessee, in conjunction with the 69th Infantry Division's 47th Annual Reunion.

If you have not received a notice of this mini-reunion for additional information, please contact:

A. Leigh Tenney
3508 Sevier Drive
N. Little Rock, Arkansas 72116

* * * * *

AUGUST 21-28, 1994

**HEADQUARTERS BATTERY
880th FIELD ARTILLERY**

We will hold our mini-reunion in conjunction with the National Reunion at Nashville, August 21st through 28th, 1994. Please contact **John O'Connor** at the address below.

John O'Connor
9321 Jefferson Avenue
Brookfield, Illinois 60513
Telephone: 708/387-7809

* * * * *

AUGUST 21-28, 1994

**BATTERY C
724th FIELD ARTILLERY**

We will hold our mini-reunion in conjunction with the 69th National Reunion at Nashville, Tennessee in August. For more details, write to members listed below.

Committee:

Coy J. Horton, Co-Chairman
1705A Highview Street
Burlington, North Carolina 27215-5652

John Turner, Co-Chairman
P.O. Box 1645
Decatur, Georgia 30031
Telephone: 404/378-3543

* * * * *

SEPTEMBER 15, 1994

Deadline for news material and pictures for this bulletin.
Bulletin Volume 48, Number 1
September - October - November - December 1994
Bulletin due out end of November around Thanksgiving.

* * * * *

SEPTEMBER 21, 22, 23, 24, 1994

**A BATTERY
880th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION**
Weekend in Concordia, Kansas

Contact:

John G. Barnett
6374 Brandywine Trail
Norcross, Georgia 20092
Telephone: 404/448-6513

* * * * *

SEPTEMBER 22-25, 1994

69th CAVALRY RECON TROOP
Best Western Old Colony Inn
Alexandria, Virginia

"National Capital Weekend," Washington, D.C.

Committee:

Charles and Bobbie Fox
8700 Georgia Avenue, Apartment #301
Silver Springs, Maryland 20910

* * * * *

OCTOBER 7, 8 and 9, 1994

**HEADQUARTERS BATTERY,
MEDICAL DETACHMENT, 461st AAA AW Battalion**
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Leave I-81 at Exit 141 and go south on SR-419 to motel.
A block of rooms have been reserved. Good rates. Be sure to specify 461st group.

Meeting Room will be the Montgomery/Franklin Room.

Committee:

Eddie C. Griffin, Chairman
3880 Croydon Drive, N.W.
Canton, Ohio 44718
Telephone: 216/492-5376

Francis H. Breyette, News Reporter
1137 Orkla Drive
Golden Valley, Minnesota 55427-4441
Telephone: 612/545-2281

* * * * *

OCTOBER 27, 28, 29, 1994

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Carl and Mildred Stetler, Chairpersons
1704 North Third Street
Reading, Pennsylvania 19601
Telephone: 215/373-7908

Paul Kitner
2814 Hillvale Avenue
West Lawn, Pennsylvania 19609
Telephone: 215/678-4869

Charles and Lorraine Goodhart
406 Lampeter Road
Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17602
Telephone: 717/394-2368

* * * * *

1995

**1995 48th ANNUAL 69th DIVISION REUNION
MYRTLE BEACH, SOUTH CAROLINA
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Committee:

George J. and Rita M. Wolff
Company A, 271st Infantry
1132 Forest Drive
North Myrtle Beach, South Carolina 29582
Telephone: 803/272-4247

NOTE: Please send write-ups in early, for there are only three bulletins remaining before this reunion.

Thanks,
Earl



"Taps"

The melody of TAPS was composed by a non-musical (musician with no formal knowledge) nor the technical names of any of the notes. Union General Daniel Butterfield whistled it for Brigade Bugler Oliver Norton who wrote the notes on the back of an envelope July 2, 1862. The plaintive bugle notes that bring an involuntary lump to the throat typifies our loss and feelings of these two great buglers.

THE WORDS TO "TAPS" SAY IT ALL

Day is done, gone the sun
From the lakes, from the hills,
from the skies.
All is well, safely rest, God is nigh.
Thanks and praise for our days
'neath the sun, 'neath the stars,
'neath the sky.
As we go, this we know. God is nigh.

PAST PRESIDENT

William R. Foster, Jr.

803 Elkwood Drive
New Cumberland, Pennsylvania
H&S Company, 269th Engineers

James Liguori
2080 Baird Road
Penfield, New York
A-881st

Martin Murphy
95 Minerva Drive
Yonkers, New York
I-272nd

John D. Tomlinson
5741 Westchase Drive
N. Richland Hills, Texas
F-272nd

John R. Kane
2047 Liberty Street
Trenton, New Jersey
B-879th

Joe Kalinowski
2705 E. Venango Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
B-724th

Samuel F. Popkins
6507 Rose Hill Drive
Alexandria, Virginia
A-271st

Edward Loesch
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Service-777th

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Chassell, Michigan
I-273rd

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R.D. #27, Box 215
York, Pennsylvania
C-272nd

James L. Haight
1072 Silver Hill Road
Redwood City, California
69th Recon

Paul Biddle
1142 Rickman Road
Livingston, Tennessee
D-777th

Gus P. Callins
Smith Road, R.D. #1
Worcester, New York
Hq. Divarty

Joseph Perron
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569th Signal Co.

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216 Pine Street
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A-273rd

Livio Lozza
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San Leandro, California

John McLaughlin
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Shenandoah, Pennsylvania

Gerald T. Corley
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William R. Neagle
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C-461st

John Callanan
60 Menlo Avenue
West Lynn, Massachusetts
Cannon-271st

John Daetwyler
3286 Gulfstream Road
Lakeworth, Florida
D-777th

Raymond Elliott
2787 East Lake Road
Livonia, New York
C-273rd

Jerome Rokita
272 Lakeshore Circle
Port Charlotte, Florida
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Ewa Beach, Hawaii
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Harve Clear
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H&S, 269th

Carl F. Mosher
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Milford Moore
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Oak Ridge, Missouri
Medic-461st

Lewis Woodson, Sr.
Route 1, Box 638
North Garden, Virginia
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George Fong
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Edward Hales
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George E. Phillips writes . . .

George E. Phillips, Company G, 271st Infantry
P.O. Box 60334, St. Petersburg, Florida 33784

Dear Clarence and Earl,

Continued plaudits for both of you for the "super" job you have done in fostering the interest among the members. Many heartfelt thanks to you and the current officers for the excellent job you are doing. Also, I want to express my appreciation to the many people who have organized the past reunions. It is definitely a "labor of love." If only the general membership knew the amount of work and travel involved; but the upside of these reunions is that the reunion committee has more fun and satisfaction than anyone else. Believe me, I know - I helped with five reunions before moving to Florida.

I trust you are both feeling well. Sorry to hear that Earl has been ailing and hope this note finds him feeling better.

I am enclosing a cameo piece that I hope you find interesting and may wish to print in the bulletin. I wrote this many years ago, but never sent it in to you.

Many thanks for sending Al Meads address to me. I hope to contact him soon. Best regards.

* * * * *

69th's GI "intelligence" Amazes British Officer

Somewhere in the British Islands, an ex-Army liaison officer must still marvel at the well trained and "intelligence" oriented GIs he encountered while making his escape from his Nazi captors in April 1945.

But let us go back in time . . .

Company G, 271st Infantry, 69th Infantry Division on April 12th, 1945, the day President Roosevelt died, was busily engaged with the enemy. Orders came down from Division Headquarters for the 2nd Battalion to secure the city of Weissenfels, Germany. Placed about 26 miles southwest of Weissenfels, it was assumed to be "safe" as the Ninth Armored had already passed through and had left a trail of "coming" their fellow soldiers. In the interim, "retreated" units of the Wehrmacht had filtered back,

as they were being squeezed by the massive push of the First Army, and had reformed the city. Early in the afternoon, Company G, riding in convoy, was "welcomed" when the advance scouts came upon a Jerry half-track loaded with Germans. A fire fight developed and Company E, along with the heavy weapons of Company H, moved into the line. At dusk only the western half of the city had been secured. Patrols were sent out and outposts manned. The Germans blew up all the bridges which crossed the Saale River and created a natural barrier through the center of the city.

One of the outposts was maintained by S/Sergeant George Phillips, Pfc. Joe Sedlacek, Pfc. Clarence Jensen and Pfc. Emory Nagy, members of the Weapons Platoon. It was pitch black, but Jerry's were observed sneaking along a railroad trestle silhouetted by flames from burning debris, and frantic vehicular traffic made a racket on the east bank of the dividing river.

A crouching figure approached the outpost and was promptly challenged as four safetys clicked off. No counter sign was offered; but in clipped English a plea of "Don't shoot, I am a British Officer" was heard. We had just experienced some bad moments with Germans dressed in captured GI uniforms and our "friend" was ordered to identify himself. His story was that he had just escaped and had been a liaison officer on the German occupied Island of Guernsey.

... A thousand to one shot, for Sergeant Phillips' father was born and raised on this tiny Channel Island which lies about 25 miles off the coast of France near Cherbourg. A proud native, he had thoroughly schooled his son in the history and geography of his birthplace. Cousins and aunts and grandparents were like next door neighbors after hearing all the tales of his father's boyhood. Phillips may not have been the only second generation "Guernsey" GI; but it is safe to say he was the only one in Weissenfels that April night.

It is an understatement to say that the British officer was dumbfounded when he was asked "who lived at #1 St. Jacques in St. Sampson?" (an uncle of Phillips' father and master of a full rigged brigantine; a well-known figure on Guernsey). This was answered correctly. Further questioning proved to Sergeant Phillips' satisfaction that this officer had indeed been in Guernsey during the German occupation and he was escorted back to Company headquarters shaking his head in amazement, as Sergeant Phillips did not divulge his background.

I am a former member of the 271st Infantry, Medical Corps, (Regimental Surgeon).

Enclosed is a copy of the "E.T.O." section of the Memoirs I was asked to write. The completed project will be entitled "A Pediatrician's Odyssey."

E.T.O. Memoirs

Submitted and Written By: Leo Litter, M.D.

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January 1945: Our 69th Infantry Division crossed the English Channel from Southampton, landing at LeHavre in France. We marched through what seemed an endless street into a railroad station and boarded Army pullmans, called in France the "40's and 8's." They were capable of carrying eight horses and forty troops. The trains brought us to Belgium. We marched at night through St. Lo, which has been leveled by the Germans. Only a few chimneys were left standing.

The Germans murdered 129 American soldiers near Malmedy (Battle of the Bulge). They herded them into a small field and sprayed them with small-arms fire. Our Division relieved the 99th Division who had fought in the "Battle of the Bulge."

The Siegfried Line was first established in 1916 and stretched across northern France and Belgium. During 1930, Hitler built a new Siegfried Line (West Wall) which our 69th Infantry Division broke through in the early part of 1945. This was a band, a mile to five miles thick, of 3,000 small pillboxes, observation posts, and troop shelters. Its anti-tank defense depended upon "Dragon's Teeth," five rows of pyramid shaped reinforced concrete structures five feet high.

We remained in the Siegfried Line five weeks. Dead horses with swollen bellies and stiff legs lay on the frozen ground. Lifeless officers, in full uniform, still wearing their guns and wrist watches, but booby-trapped, were no longer disturbed by our soldiers. Many of our men slept in the abandoned pill boxes (concrete bunkers). I could not tolerate the stuffy air in them and therefore, slept outside on a cot.

Upon arrival in the Siegfried Line, a group of 40 G.I.s and officers were being briefed in one of the larger bunkers. Apparently one of the men accidentally pulled a hidden trip wire, blowing up the bunker, killing all inside. Before retreating the Germans trapped most of them with dynamite.

"Bed-Check Charley" was a German pilot, flying a small reconnaissance plane. He would fly over our encampment area each evening about 6:00 p.m. and report to his artillery battalion any signs of activity.

The Germans built an autobahn going through the Siegfried Line. It was cleverly camouflaged by concealing it with planted trees. Horses with bloated bellies and lying on their backs with stiff upraised legs were lying in the snow. Dead German officers, resplendent in their army uniforms, with their swords still attached, were strewn about the area. Many of them were booby-trapped. Early in the battle several of our new soldiers tried to remove some of their sparkling insignia, watches, revolvers or swords, and were blown up. Before leaving the Siegfried Line we awarded "Purple Hearts" to our wounded. My young jeep driver came to me with a bandaged finger and demanded a Purple Heart. I asked him what had happened and he replied, "I walked into an enemy tree."

Just before hostilities ended I photographed huge German cannons, mounted on long flatcars, capable of lobbing their shells to London. We captured them just before the enemy had a chance to use them.

March 1945: Our motor column waited outside a city from which huge fires were seen. Small arms shooting was heard sporadically. We entered slowly. Debris and rubble were everywhere. As we neared the center, the crackling of burning wood grew louder, and flames spouted high. Trees and demolished buildings cast weird looking silhouettes. After zigzagging our way through almost impassable streets, we reached our destination, a large resort hotel.

While preparing for bed, I used my flashlight to illuminate my room. Rifle shots increased in frequency. I paid no attention to them until several bullets struck our building. I then realized that our blackout was not one hundred percent effective. I put out my flashlight, and soon much of the firing ceased. I fell asleep about 5:00 a.m. About an hour later, the sound of German voices woke me. I quickly got out of bed and found that several Germans, in civilian clothes, had slept in the same building. They probably were German soldiers, who on short notice, had discarded their uniforms.

We received orders to establish an aid station in a nearby village. I examined a little girl who was still desquamating from scarlet fever. She had just been evicted from her home. I ordered the little one, together with her family, back into their dwelling and the billeted troops out.

The next day I drove to an adjacent town to inspect the water supply. Driving up an inclined road which seemed to lead to a bridge, we suddenly stopped. Intuition? Fortunately we halted just in time. The bridge was out and there were no warning signs to that effect. Nearby, several civilians watched us, hoping, no doubt, that we would drive into the river.

We passed scores of malnourished Frenchmen plodding their way wearily home. Many of them gave us the "V" sign. I felt sorry for them when I realized that they had to walk hundreds of miles to their Fatherland only to find their homes and families gone.

Visit to a local prison, in Kassel, Germany, on April 8, 1945, by one of my Medical Officers, Captain Nicholas J. Rose, M.C.:

"While stationed in Kassel, I was asked by a Vth Corps French liaison officer if I wanted to see something rather revealing. I accompanied him to a prison on the outskirts of town. There was nothing remarkable about the exterior of this "House of Arrest" (Zeuchthaus-Kassel). It resembled some of the state prisons we have back home, except that one wing of the building had been leveled by our air raiders. Once past the gates, which were unguarded, I was enveloped by a silent, penal somberness and the stench associated with unkempt institutions. The night warden, dressed in a dark uniform and wearing a Red Cross brassard, approached us and stated in German that he would accompany us through the facility. This prison had a capacity of 1500, but at that time lodged only 155. The inmates were primarily individuals who had committed crimes of a political nature and men who had refused to bow before the Nazi yolk.

We were taken first to the infirmary which was occupied by about twelve patients. Most of these had tuberculosis. All showed extreme states of malnutrition. One elderly individual asked the guard for some medicine to ease his shortness of breath. The latter gave him some charcoal pills, saying that was the only medicine in the entire institution. The remainder of the tour consisted of visiting the rest of the prisoners. They were housed in small rooms, about 10x10 feet, six to eight per cell. They slept on cots, but blankets were scarce and the air cold. The only outlets to the rooms were a small window in the wall and a solid door. There were no lights or running water. We saw several bowls of a slimy, black mixture, which was their food. In fact, the inmates

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E.T.O. MEMOIRS BY LEO LITTER

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said it was better than usual since the Americans had captured the city. One had merely to look at the emaciated bodies covered with dry, wrinkled skin marked by all types of sores to realize that the purpose of the imprisonment was evident - death by slow starvation and intercurrent disease. There was scurvy, beri-beri, pellagra, xerophthalmia, adult rickets and tuberculosis throughout. At least seventy percent had tuberculosis. A cough with bloody sputum in a starved person could mean very little else.

What crimes had these "skeletons in parchment" committed? Well, the Nazi wrath had deemed that a Pole who stole a cigarette from his master should not have the right to live. The same applied to a German who did not "Heil" at the proper time, and a Russian who attempted to sabotage a Wehrmacht truck, and an Italian who refused to work eighteen hours a day, and a Belgian who tried to hide his daughter from the German brothels. These are the crimes that the "New Order" deemed punishable by unending torture.

One can make his own conclusion as to the mental state of these prisoners. Lack of food, perpetual confinement to four walls, and the realization that death was the only escape can do nothing but cause mental collapse. Many of the inmates appeared wild-eyed and lethargic. They could not understand that we came to liberate them.

The average confinement in the prison was a relatively short one - about six to eight months. 'Survival of the human body under such conditions beyond that was exceptional. Some days we buried as many as thirty,' the guard said with a tone of conservatism. I promised these forgotten unfortunates that they would receive food, medical supplies and attention in the morning."

We arrived in the morning of April 9, 1945 at Friedland, Germany and were assigned temporary quarters for our Aid Station in an unoccupied German dwelling. Two civilians approached me, stating that they lived in that building and requested a pass to travel to the other part of town. I asked them whether there was running water in the house, and they replied in the affirmative. They started to lead the way down to the cellar where they said the spigot was. Just as they got to the foot of the stairs, I prudently remarked that I had left some unattended business upstairs and ascended. About an hour later, some of our soldiers, rummaging through the cellar, came across some German officers' uniforms, including one belonging to an S.S. trooper. They also found photos of German officers. One of them was the younger of the two civilians who had invited me into the cellar.

Throughout the day I received calls to render first aid to wounded German civilians and prisoners of war. I dispatched teams to take care of these casualties. One pretty girl developed peritonitis, following shrapnel wounds inflicted by our artillery.

I left Friedland with the advanced section of our aid station. After a rough, speedy ride our little convoy ran into enemy machine gun and mortar fire. We turned around, retraced the roads for several kilometers, outflanking the fire, and reached our destination, Mengelrode.

We set up our aid station in a combination farmhouse and barn. Our first patient was a German sniper who had been shot in the chest. Two German youths of about 15, belonging to the "New German Underground Movement," had been caught while spying on our troops.

At 10:00 p.m. we received orders to move forward. Our route led over a narrow, winding dirt road through the hills. Poor visibility was due to heavy mist and the limited use of

blackout headlights. An hour later, our convoy stopped. Someone shouted that a vehicle had overturned, gone over an embankment, and that several men were pinned underneath it. The occupants of our jeep proceeded to the site of the accident where we found a score of soldiers frantically trying to raise an overturned $\frac{3}{4}$ ton truck. One soldier lying prone partly protruded from the overturned vehicle. His respiration was labored. One thoughtful medic ran to the side of the road, knocked down a picket fence and pulled out a paling, seven feet long. This was quickly used as a lever, to elevate the vehicle. The injured man fortunately sustained only mild contusions to his right leg.

About 3:00 a.m. we heard a Jerry plane maneuvering overhead. We quickly extinguished the lights on our vehicle. Soon the drone of the plane became louder, and we were able to see its fire burst of tracer bullets at the tail end of our column. There were no hits.

We reached Keula at 6:30 a.m. Many of our men were half frozen. Little fires were built at the street corners, over which the troops warmed themselves. I noticed a group of highly excited Italians talking frantically amongst themselves. One of our Italian medics made inquiries and learned that two Polish slave laborer had been found dead - their throats slashed. These murders were committed by German N.C.O.s who were hiding in that town.

We saw a long column of German prisoners of war, a motley bunch. All ages were represented. One old man, at least 60 years old, with a heavy beard, looked as though he might have been a University Professor. Another, with an amputated leg, perspiring profusely, kept one hand on his head and with the other hand, he maneuvered his crutch. All of these prisoners were from a Panzer Division. Their capture, strange as it might seem, was made possible by one of our medics. He was informed by a Polish laborer who had just returned from an adjacent town that a German Panzer Division was lying in ambush for our troops. The medic immediately passed this information on to the Battalion C.O. Quickly, tanks were dispatched to that area where the Panzers were lying in wait. After our tanks fired a few salvos, the Panzer troops came out of their hiding place and surrendered.

Many of the German soldiers discarded their uniforms, donned civilian clothes and returned to their homes. Some of them carried their guns.

While enroute, our 2nd Battalion motor column suddenly stopped when two Germans jumped onto the road, arms upraised, shouting "Kamerad." Immediately enemy machine gun fire opened up on the motorized column, killing five and wounding twenty-six of our men.

April 13, 1945: We arrived at the outskirts of Weissenfels at 6:00 p.m. Our convoy halted in front of a huge paper mill. Soon the air was filled with the drone of airplanes circling overhead and the crackle of "ack ack" guns. The flak continued falling for about an hour. At one point, a tree, several feet away, burst, causing us to dive for cover. Civilian snipers were also taking a heavy toll. One company lost 30 men. Two of our medics were killed by female snipers while carrying a litter patient.

Some sniping came from a castle overlooking a road. One company was dispatched to clear out the snipers, but it met with great resistance. A column of tanks was brought up and a few salvos were fired at the castle. An ultimatum "to surrender within 10 minutes" was delivered to the occupants of the citadel. No sooner had it been delivered, than 300 German officers and soldiers rushed out with arms upraised.

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