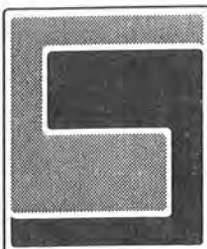


FIGHTING 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION

★★★★ Association, Inc.



VOLUME 51, NO. 2

JANUARY — FEBRUARY — MARCH — APRIL
1998

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

P.O. BOX 69
CHAMPION, PA 15622-0069
724/455-2901

bulletin

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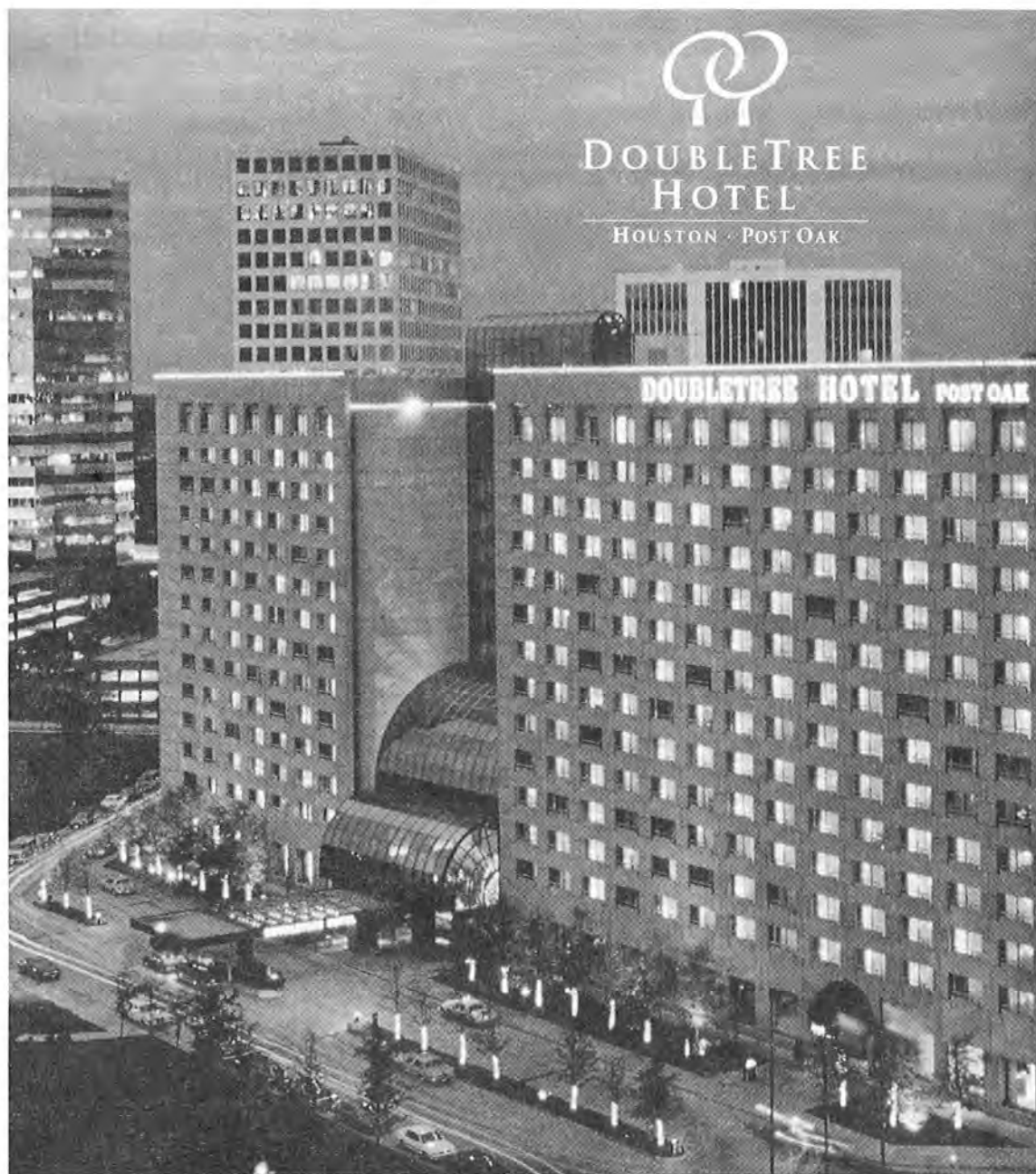
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69th Division 51st Annual Reunion
HOUSTON, TEXAS
DOUBLETREE HOTEL AT POST OAK
August 23 thru 30th, 1998. Don't Miss It! Details Inside.

THE MAIL BOX

By Earl Witzleb, Jr., Editor



Company E, 273rd Infantry Regiment

P.O. Box 69

Champion, Pennsylvania 15622-0069

Telephone: **724**/455-2901 (Note area code change)

* * * * *

Ray Strauss, 335 Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, North Carolina — NC, 272nd: I was extremely delighted a few weeks ago when I received a call from **Dr. Nicholas Mazerella**, my dental assistant while at Camp (Fort now) Shelby.

Nick found my address through the 69th Division Association. It came about when his son, a Major stationed in Germany, saw a copy of the 69th Division Bulletin.

I recommended Nick, a graduate from Alabama University, for OCS. I thought he would best serve the U.S. Army as a Medical Service Officer. Nick's orders had not arrived for OCS as we were about to leave for the POE. I transferred him to the Air Corps in Biloxi with the rest of the soldiers with medical problems. I stated that he had third degree plantus (flat feet). Air Force doctors said that we infantry doctors didn't know a thing about flat feet. Nick's orders caught up with him and he became a 2nd Lieutenant. He went on after the war with his studies and achieved a PhD in Bio Chemistry from Georgetown. He taught at several universities and eventually became Dean at Boca College, now Lynn University in Boca Raton, Florida. From Boca, Dr. Mazerella became a Dean at the University of Delaware and finally found a slot at the NIH (National Institute of Health).

So because my friend Nick's son saw a copy of the 69th Bulletin, he once again, after many years, found each other.

Bruno A. Campese, 3703 2nd Avenue, Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania 15010 — AT, 272nd: You and the "crew" do an excellent job for the members of the 69th Division. You guys never get the credit you rightfully deserve, but that's the nature of the beast. However, surely you gentlemen know how important you are to making this thing work and where we would be if you and your staff were not as hard working and efficient as you are. Although we don't send letters as often as we should and tell you what a great job you guys do and how much we appreciate it, you just have to know in your heart that we do appreciate what you do and wish you all continued success.

I would like to take this opportunity also to express my sorrow at the passing of **Clarence Marshall** and **Joseph Wright**. I only know these gentlemen by reputation and that is sufficient to suggest that the 69th Division and all of us have lost a couple of genuine friends. They will be missed.

Richard Noble, P.O. Box 74, Fairview, Kansas 66425-0074 — B, 272nd: I am enclosing my dues for the New Year. I enjoy reading about things and what the guys of the 69th were involved in. I was sent from Camp Wolters, Texas, to Camp Shelby, Mississippi in February of 1944, and then was shipped out shortly after Easter in April 1944 as an Infantry replacement. While in Camp Shelby, I was with Company B, 272nd Infantry. I went to the E.T.O. Theatre of Operations and was attached to the First Army group. I landed on Omaha Beach with this group, and was unattached and unassigned until October of 1944.

Then I was assigned to the 3rd Replacement Depot with the 69th Reinforcement Battalion. They ran a lot of men through this battalion and placed them out to many of the First Army Divisions and Armored outfits. We were at Malmedy, Belgium at the outbreak of the Battle of the Bulge. Probably a lot of men in the 69th Division were sent to you as reinforcements from our Reinforcement Battalion.

I am glad to be an associate member of the Fighting 69th. Although I do not know the men I read about, I do enjoy reading of their experiences and of the role they played in helping to defeat the Axis Powers. God bless each and every one of you and thanks again for letting me be a part of your Association.

David W. Anderson, 6125 Lilac Avenue N., #321, Brooklyn Center, Minnesota 55430-2247 — Div. Hq.: I was sorry to hear of the death of **Clarence** and **Joe Wright**. I knew them both. I used to call and talk to **Clarence** quite often. They were both good men and did a lot for the Association.

I enjoy reading the Bulletin and I hope to get to another reunion before it's too late. I lost my fingers on my right hand soon after I got out of the service, so excuse my writing.

Ralph Winston, 4475 Sherwood Forest Drive, Delray Beach, Florida 33445 — Co. G, 273rd: I was with the 69th from May 15th, 1943 through June 1944, when I was sent to Europe as a replacement. I was assigned to the 9th Infantry Division and served with them in F Company, 60th Infantry until I was wounded in the Battle of the Hertzgen Forest. I lived on Long Island for 33 years. My note is being written in the hope that you can be of assistance to me. I see pictures of every Company in the 69th but not of G Company, 273rd. If there is a picture available, I would appreciate knowing who I can contact.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Anyone who can help Ralph, please contact him. Ralph, we print the pictures that are sent in by our members.)

(Continued on Page 3)

THE MAIL BOX

(Continued from Page 2)

Garland J. Gable, 2820 Kendall Avenue, Fort Smith, Arkansas 72903-8925 — Co. G, 271st: Sorry we didn't make the 69th Reunion. We chose instead, to make a short visit to **Lucious Murphey's** in Grenada, Mississippi, as he hasn't been able to attend the last 2 reunions due to ill health. He was **Sergeant Murphey** to us before he got his commission to lieutenant later.

He and Lewis Mae have both undergone surgery and are doing well but are not up to traveling. We enjoyed our short visit in our motor home. They as well as we, seemed to enjoy our time together. I plan on seeing Sergeant Fernandez later on in the year. I stay in touch. We also enjoyed a visit from **Glenn Hunnicutt** in April. These guys I fought with are very special to us.

We appreciate you people who hold these thankless offices, but we know they are your labors of love.

I am enclosing a friend's name and address that I have been acquainted and associated with in church conventions, etc. for several years and didn't know until about 3 years ago that he was attached to the 69th Division. You may want to send him a bulletin or something. I've given him some bulletins and we've talked some. He is semi-retired and has more time to think about his war years and seemed interested in knowing more. He, like myself, had pushed the thoughts of wartime back in his productive years but now he is more interested in those war years.

We're sorry to hear of **Clarence Marshall's** passing. He helped me get in touch with guys I knew in the service.

James H. Sprinkle, Route 2, Box 98, Hiddenite, North Carolina 28636-9409 — Co. D, 273rd: We really enjoyed the reunion at Myrtle Beach but were unable to attend the last two.

The bulletin is great! I read all of it and because of a letter from **Alvin Bryant**, I have been in touch with him by phone and letter. We appreciate all of the work that all of you are doing on behalf of the Fighting 69th.

Joseph F. Lynch, 324 Harrison Avenue, Upper Darby, Pennsylvania 19082-4302 — Co. A-661st TD: Just received the latest copy of the Bulletin with the centerfold photo of my old outfit. It sure brought back great memories. I recognized so many of my old buddies, several of whom I corresponded with for quite a few years, but after a half century, we just about gave up.

An amazing coincidence happened one day in 1944. I was looking through the Company files at Battalion Headquarters and saw that one of my fellow 661st's was born on September 5th, 1919, the exact same date of my birth. **Leo San Miguel**, however, was born in Mexico several thousand miles away from Philadelphia,

my home town. We went to Waco that weekend and had a few together.

I wish I could make one of the reunions, but the old legs say no. Thanks again for sending the Bulletins and keep up the good work.

Matthew C. Masem, 2520 30th Street, Rock Island, Illinois 61201-5519 — Co. E, 273rd: Matthew wrote to inform us that in the last issue of the bulletin we listed him as living in South Carolina instead of Illinois. Please make a note of this. Sorry, Matthew.

Frank Taraburelli, 3 Fuller Road, Middletown, Massachusetts 01949 — Co. K, 272nd, Battle Patrol: Two long lost friends showed up at my home in Middletown during the convention in Danvers, Massachusetts. I am a retired police officer and felt lost since retiring but now a new interest has set in for me with the 69th Division. I am sending in my dues and I will add a little more as time goes by. Thank you.

Robert H. Siglow, 4026 Hill Avenue, Toledo, Ohio 43607 — Co. L, 271st: Many thanks to all of the officers and others that keep the Association alive and going. I thoroughly enjoy the bulletin and always look forward to reading it. It will be a sad, sad day when there is no one to keep it going. Thanks again!

Ruth Mellinger, widow of **Millard Mellinger**, 173 Calvary Church Road, Wrightsville, Pennsylvania 17368 — Hq., 661st TD: Thanks for the bulletin. It was such a part of our lives since after **Millard** and I started attending the 69th Reunion and went to Europe in 1969, I am still on the farm in Pennsylvania. My children are all near except my youngest, she has made a career in the Navy.

Bill Matlach relates that **Millard** has made a life long career of farming. She mentions that she and **Millard** went on the 69th Division tour of Europe in 1969 which apparently was very memorable to her. I remember that on that tour **Millard** pointed out that the German farmers kept their livestock in a barn in the rear of the house, and the manure pile was right next to the house which, **Millard** claimed, none of his farmer friends back home would believe. So as our bus tour moved through Germany, he took a countless number of photos of farmhouses and manure piles to gather the proof.

Frank L. Hadden, III, son of **Frank L. Hadden, Jr.**, AT Co., 272nd - 726 Country Place Drive, Pearl, Mississippi 39208: I obtained your name and address from the surviving sister of **Mr. Clarence Marshall**. I am trying to get the word out that the Armed Forces Museum at Camp Shelby now has a display case dedicated exclusively to the Fighting 69th.

My father was **Pfc. Frank L. Hadden, Jr.** After he passed away this year, I discovered a large quantity of WWII memorabilia. Much of it has been loaned to the museum at Camp Shelby. Our family endowed the

(Continued on Page 4)

THE MAIL BOX

(Continued from Page 3)

construction of a display case which was specially designed by the museum. The pedestal of the case features a large transparency of the division patch which is illuminated from behind. I hope that any of your members who find themselves in or near Mississippi will be able to return to Camp Shelby to enjoy this new addition. If I can provide further information, do not hesitate to write or call at (601) 936-5945.

Armond S. Conte, 19 Constitution Court, Vernon Hills, Pennsylvania 60061-1102 — Div. Hq.: I am writing this in regards to the snapshots appearing on the cover of the May through August issue of the 69th Bulletin. The picture in the upper righthand corner looks an awful lot like me but I'm not certain. I was in Division Headquarters Company in charge of supply room. **Bob Myers** was captain of the unit. A M/Sgt. **Marshall** was supply sergeant at the time.

I would be curious to know if a copy of the snapshot is available and if you could confirm that I am the person having such a wonderfully, easy life.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Armond, those photos from that cover came from a box of photos that Clarence Marshall had in his possession when he died, all of which were sent to him with no identification. However, in the last issue of the bulletin, Vol. 51, No. 1, on page 2, Louie N. Rodgers of Division Headquarters identified the other 3 photos, so there is a very good chance that the other photo is you. We are sending the photo on to you.)

Alvin Bryant, 2707 Richwood Road, Durham, North Carolina 22705-2770 — Co. D, 273rd: Enclosed you will find a check for my 1997-98 dues and I do hope all the 69ers are all well and happy and that they all had the opportunity to serve their country in the Fighting 69th Division, the greatest outfit in the war. Thanks for sending me the bulletin and for the ones that make it possible. Looking forward to continuing being a proud soldier with my twin brother who was right there with me.

Park M. Fellers, 935 Jefferson, Box 396, Hillsboro, Illinois 62049 — Service Co., 272nd: I would like to locate **Lt. Samuel Hinds** of our Division. I first met **Sam** at Camp Kilmer. He and I toured New York City together while waiting our overseas departure.

Later he and I, with others, were housed in a battle scarred chateau a mile or so out of the village of Forge Les Eaux. Tired of chewing on D-bars, we walked into the village in search of chow. An M.P. directing traffic sent us across the street where we ordered a roast beef dinner with new potatoes, vegetable, delicious French bread and, of course, a jigger of wine.

That bread was so good we decided to see if we might locate some to take back to our quarters. We found a bakery and while trying to negotiate a

purchase, **Al Howes** came in . . . he being a linguist interpreted for us and we each left with an unwrapped loaf under our arms. A day or so later a bulletin from higher headquarters came down stating that, under no circumstances would the 69th troops take food from the local people. They were in need of it themselves. We wondered later if some of the "brass" spotted us walking down the road with that bread.

I would certainly appreciate hearing from anyone who knows where **Sam** may be now.

In your last Bulletin, I noted that **Michael Balitier** has found the 69th. I believe Mike was assistant S-2. A real sharp and nice chap. Would enjoy hearing from him. I do not remember seeing him after we left Camp Shelby.

By the way, we out here who do nothing except pay our dues do appreciate you permanent leaders. I'm certain that the 69th Bulletin is one of the best, if not the best, published today. We are really grateful for your leadership.

Best of health to you and your wife.

New Men Relocated Since Our Last Bulletin

John L. Campbell — Company E, 271st Infantry
280 Allerton Commons Lane
Braintree, Massachusetts 02184

Rufus Crawford — Battery C, 661st Tank Destroyers
P.O. Box 972
Greenbrier, Arkansas 72058-0972

Bernard Miller — H2, 272nd Infantry
2554 Pine Cove Lane
Clearwater, Florida 34621

MOVING

Please print your new address below:

Name: _____

Address: _____

Please send this form and your old address label to:

Robert Kurtzman
P.O. Box 105, Wilmot, Ohio 44689

Please allow six weeks advance notice.

Feats of Our Engineers

Submitted by: **Leon Yablon**

Company C, 269th Engineers

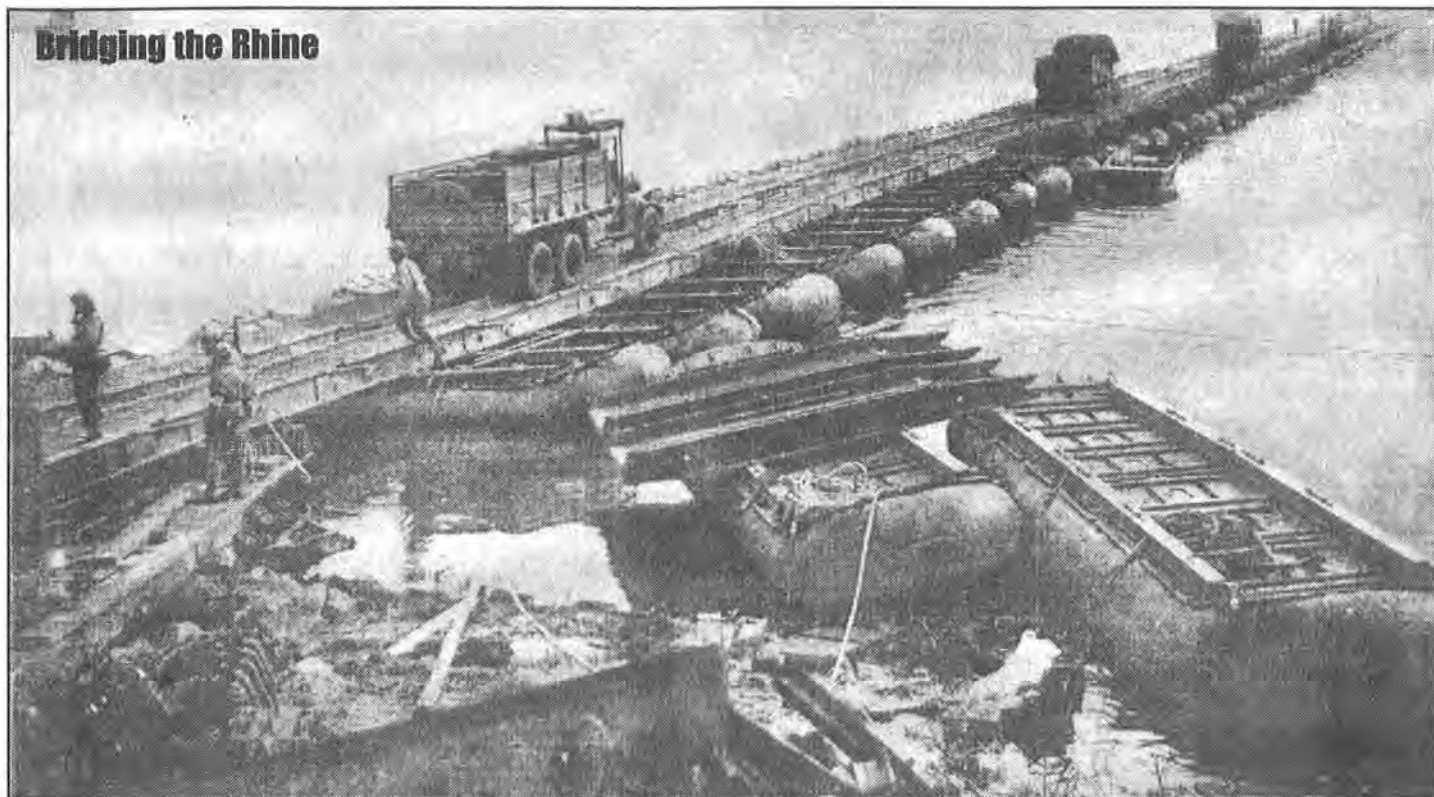
10 Centre Lane, Bayonne, New Jersey 07002

In the recent great achievements of our combat troops and their leaders, the work of the supply "soldiers" should never be forgotten, or minimized. It has been the basis for victory. The masterly job performed by American engineers in building railroad spans across the Rhine in ten days emphasizes one of the greatest strengths of the American Army.

In construction work - bridge building, airport construction, harbor and port clearance - and in supply by rail, by road and by air, it is an army surpassed by

none. Road construction and maintenance and bridge building - particularly the rapid construction of wooden spans across mountain torrents - have been one of our great achievements in Italy, where the rapidity of our bridge construction has amazed the Germans as well as our Allies.

The mechanical ability of American troops is a natural heritage and most of them take to construction work - provided they are plentifully equipped with machines, as they are - like ducks to water. An ability for improvisation, particularly in mechanical work; initiative; a ready sense of humor that lightens the task, and a great energy and vitality that makes them an army of optimists, are other outstanding traits of the G.I., which have served him well in this war, both in construction and in combat.



A line of heavy supply trucks crosses the Rhine on pontoon bridges thrown across the river by U.S. Army engineers, probably in Remagen bridgehead area. Berlin reported yesterday that an all-out Allied offensive had started rolling across the Rhine.

Send In Those Stories!

Come on fellows, send in your stories and memories from your infantry days. Send us a story about the closest call you had. Or perhaps the funniest thing that happened to you when you were in the service. Also, send in your pictures. If you have old newspaper articles from the 40's or even from the Stars and Stripes, send those in. They make excellent reading. If you feel you can't write a story, properly, don't worry. We will edit it and reword it for you. When we are done, you will look like a professional writer! Won't your buddies be impressed.

If you want to see more articles on your particular unit, then send them in. All of the material you see printed in the bulletin is sent to us by you, the members. We do not single out or show preference to any particular unit. It is just that some of the units send in material and others don't.

So don't disappoint us, fellows. We are waiting to hear from you. Remember, you are the ones who make the bulletin what it is. Without you, there would be no bulletin.

Dottie and Me



Earl and Dottie Witzleb, Jr.

Earl and Dottie Witzleb, Jr.

Bulletin Coordinating Manager

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or

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Telephone: **724/455-2901** (*Note our area code change*)

(Evenings after 7:00 p.m. and Weekends)

Exit 9 on the Pennsylvania Turnpike

The first week in March and as we look outside we can already see signs of early spring. Our hyacinths are in bud and our tulips are just ready to bud. This is very early at this time of year. This does not usually happen here in the mountains of Western Pennsylvania until the middle of April. We usually have snow until April. Our snow fall has been very minimal this year. We usually average over 100 inches and this year we have had only about 15 inches. We, like a lot of areas in the U.S., have been effected by "El Nino." We are a lot more fortunate than a lot of other areas in this country who have had nothing by devastation from the weather pattern.

Earl is starting to show signs of improvement with his heart problems. He still must go into the hospital every 11 days for an intravenous treatment for his health problem. This is a new procedure developed by his team of Cardiologists and it seems to be doing

some good. It is a gradual process and is going in the right direction now. We both want to thank all the people who have sent cards, good wishes, and prayers through the past year. They mean a lot to someone who is having health problems. We know that there are many in our reading area who are on the sick list. Earl and I send our wishes for a speedy recovery.

By the time you read this, we will have celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary in March. We know there are many couples who have celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. We would like to congratulate all of them.

The population of the Fighting 69 Infantry Division is over 70 years of age now and who knows how many more reunions one will be able to attend. If you have not attended one in the past, plan to attend one this year in Houston or next year in Florida.

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES!

NEW DUES YEAR FOR 1997-1998

August 1, 1997 to July 31, 1998

Regular Membership \$10.00

Ladies' Auxiliary \$ 5.00

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Send Your Dues in Today!***

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Telephone: 516/669-8077

Do not send dues to Earl Witzleb.

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EARL E. WITZLEB, JR., Editor, P.O. Box 69, Champion, Pennsylvania 15622-0069

**ADDRESS CHANGES, NEW MEN AND TAPS SHOULD BE
MAILED TO OUR MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN:**

ROBERT KURTZMAN, Membership Chairman, P.O. Box 105, Wilmot, Ohio 44689

**DO NOT SEND DUES TO EARL OR BOB!!
DUES GO TO OUR TREASURER, WILLIAM MATLACH.**

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

I do not have much new to report other than that all goes well with the Treasury, except perhaps under different timing than for previous years. The last Bulletin issued last year (Vol. 50, No. 3) included a full page item about the importance of paying dues. Many members took it to heart and started sending in their checks immediately, without waiting for the Dues Notice. During August, there was no way I could take any time to process the incoming checks because I was too busy closing out my final preparations for the reunion (processing reservations, assembling ticket/program envelopes, preparing annual Treasurer's Report, etc.), then came the Reunion itself, and afterward recording and processing all transactions which had taken place at the Reunion, including issuing checks for 80 reunion refunds. By the time I completed all the reunion tasks (about the end of September), I had about 600 dues checks waiting to be processed, over 400 having arrived in August! Obviously, a large number of checks were at least two months old by the time I was able to process them, and some of you were wondering if your check had been lost.

Of course, I could not send out the first Dues Notice until all these checks were processed and posted, so that we would avoid sending Dues Notices to those who had already paid. This delayed the first Dues Notice to a date later than normal, but it all balanced out because we had already received a large amount of dues by the time the notice went out, and that much less would need to come in later.

This year the Association is operating under a handicap which it has not experienced since its early years: we do not have a Reunion Chairman who lives in the

immediate area of the reunion, Houston. Although a number of members and their wives volunteered to serve on the Reunion Committee, no one was willing to take the responsibility of being the Chairman and organizing the effort. To avoid cancelling a reunion for the first time, **Bob Pierce** volunteered to take the job himself, even though he lives in San Jose, California, a long, long distance away from Houston. If you think running a reunion is a difficult job, **imagine how difficult it is if you live 2000 miles away, as Bob does!** Being Reunion Chairman is a great deal of work, but probably not as difficult as you might imagine. You would not be working alone: this Association has held many reunions and a great deal of experience has been gathered in performing that task, and those who have this experience are ready to assist you in many ways.

For instance, during the past several years **Bob** has been doing most of the preliminary work: investigating and selecting the site and negotiating the contract with the hotel, so the Reunion Chairman does not have that problem. The general program of events has been pretty well established by previous reunions, except that the Reunion Chairman has to select specific tours, etc. because he is most knowledgeable about the highlights of the area in which he lives. In performing this function he can obtain considerable assistance and recommendations from **Bob Pierce**, previous Reunion Chairmen, other members of his committee, and also from the Treasurer who has a great deal of information recorded regarding previous costs of these functions and specific attendance achieved at past events. Procedures for operating the reunion Registration desk have also been pretty well established and will be provided. As a matter of fact, while I have been Treasurer I have been sending copies of all of my reunion correspondence during the previous year to the future Chairman so he can follow the development of events as they occur during the previous year and observe how everything goes together. There is no question that the job of Reunion Chairman requires a lot of work, but the man in that position will have a great deal of assistance from those who have been there before.

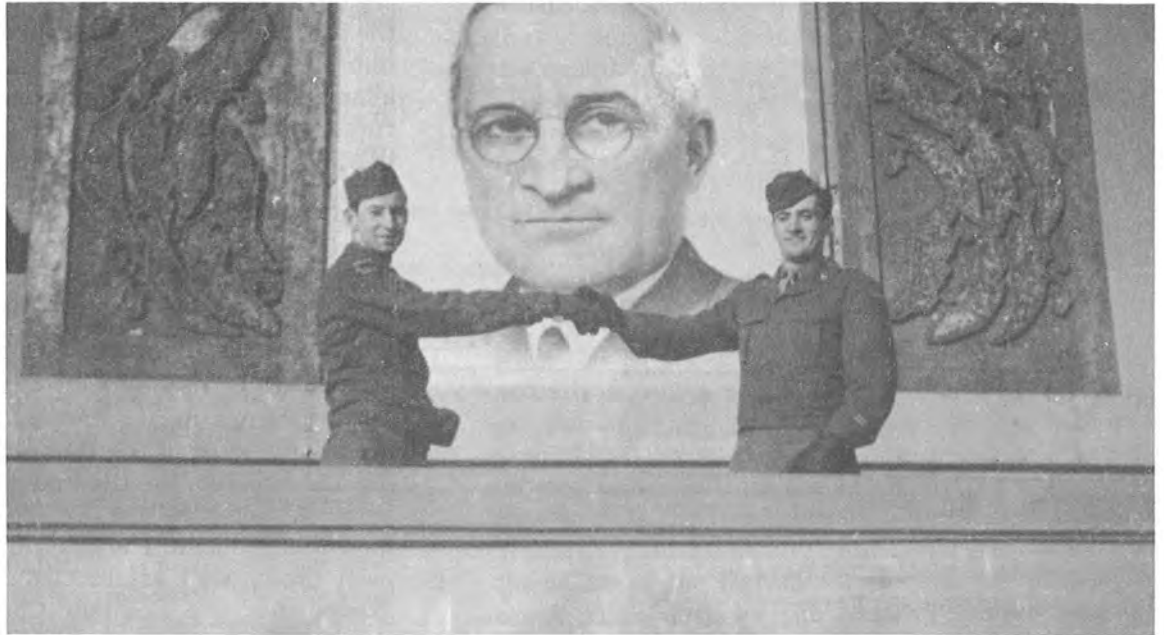
So gentlemen, if and when your area is selected for a reunion, please don't be afraid; volunteer to be Reunion Chairman and stick your neck out to take your turn to carry some of the load. It will be only for one year, in the area with which you are most familiar, and when you are done I am sure you will be proud of the task you have accomplished as all previous Chairmen are.

If you have not sent your dues check in response to the first Dues Notice, why not sit down and write it now, made out to the 69th Infantry Division Association: Regular Dues \$10.00, Auxiliary Dues \$5.00, and any donations to our Postage/Bulletin Fund will be appreciated.

Images of Berlin, Germany - 1945

Submitted by: "Howitzer" Al Kormas, Headquarters, 879th Field Artillery
12500 Edgewater Drive, Apt. 503, Lakewood, Ohio 44107-1673

*The Big Three
Ed Freel,
Harry Truman
and
Howitzer Al Kormas
Berlin, Germany*



*TITANIA PALAST - BERLIN, GERMANY
GIs Theatre and Coffee and Donuts by the Red Cross Girls
I pulled guard duty here.*

69TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION 1998 51ST ANNUAL REUNION Doubletree Hotel at Post Oak Houston, Texas August 23rd-30th, 1998

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Telephone: 408/226-8040

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Come to Houston, Texas! It's like visiting another country; a world-class multi-culture cosmopolitan city; and a down-home Wild West Cowtown all rolled into the fourth largest city in the United States. The metropolitan area has over four million people. Texans are proud of their heritage, where a small group of determined people led by Sam Houston defeated the Mexican Army to establish their own country. History records that Texas was the only country to join the United States of America to become a state.

Houston is the hub of the Gulf Coast located just 50 miles from the Gulf of Mexico. Don't be discouraged by thoughts of Houston in late August, the weather is considered tropical with a constant breeze off the Gulf. Tropical does mean humidity but no more than the southeastern states including Florida. Besides, most activities are inside and Houston has more air conditioning than any city in the world.

The Doubletree Hotel is a luxury hotel overlooking prestigious Post Oak Boulevard in one of Houston's most exclusive areas. The year-round room rate is \$140-\$180 per night. Our Association Group Reunion rate is \$69. The Doubletree is adjacent to the Galleria, a glass-enclosed shopping/entertainment center with over 350 retail stores in the heart of Uptown Houston. The center also includes an olympic sized ice skating rink. For the faint of heart, the Doubletree furnishes free shuttle service for their guests to any location within a three-mile radius of the hotel.



HOTEL RESERVATIONS

There seems to be a misunderstanding regarding availability of hotel rooms for our Association Reunions. Often, members are denied a room because the hotel is full, even though our quota of assigned rooms has not been filled. The explanation: Hotels will contractually guarantee to hold a specific block or number of rooms (typically, 300) for our Association until 30 days prior to the starting date of the Reunion. After that date, rooms are released to any customer who makes a reservation and our reserved/blocked rooms are no longer guaranteed. Houston, and especially the Doubletree Hotel, is a high occupancy area and rooms go fast. Please make your Houston Doubletree Hotel reservation prior to the 30-day cut-off date of July 23rd, 1998. After that date, rooms will be on a space available basis. You can always cancel your reservation up to 48 hours before your arrival date without charge.

PLANNED TOURS AND EVENTS

Grab your boots and hat, brush up on your Texas two-step, and ya-all come down for a rootin', tootin', boot skootin' good time.

HOUSTON CITY TOUR

Enjoy the old and new in Houston: "The Real Texas." The city is over 150 years old yet still maintains its old Western traditions within an ultra modern metropolis surrounded by numerous working cattle ranches where real cowboys ride the range. Visit the old Downtown section; Texas Medical Center (world's largest); Bayou Place, the state's largest shopping and entertainment facility; River Oaks; Sam Houston Park with a visit to historical homes dating back to 1823; Astrodome (once considered the eighth wonder of the modern world) and Astroworld Park; stop at Transco Fountain, Houston's largest and tallest waterfall; and visit Houston's Rose Garden with over 300 varieties of flora.

(Continued on Page 10)

51st ANNUAL HOUSTON, TEXAS REUNION

(Continued from Page 9)

SAN JACINTO BATTLEFIELD AND BATTLESHIP TEXAS TOUR

Visit the site where in 1836, Sam Houston and a small army from Texas defeated the mighty Mexican Army with the Battle Cry "Remember the Alamo." San Jacinto is a 1000-acre State Historical Park with a 570-foot monument and a museum. The tower has an elevator to the 489-foot level where the battlefield can be observed. The museum presents a computer generated rapid-fire depiction of "Texas Forever," the Battle of San Jacinto from 42 projectors containing 3000 images and sounds of the Saga of Early Texas.

The Battleship Texas is the only surviving U.S. Naval vessel to serve in both World Wars. Enjoy a guided tour through the ship, its main deck and compartments of the lower levels.

GLORY OF GALVESTON TOUR

Visit Galveston Island, once the stronghold of the pirate, Jean Laffite and his band of Buccaneers. Laffite fought for General Andrew Jackson in the Battle of New Orleans Jan. 8, 1815 before proclaiming himself "Governor" of Galveston Island.

The Galveston Tour is really three (3) tours in one, a tour of the Lone Star Flight Museum that houses the finest and largest collections of "Restored to Flying Condition" vintage military aircraft in the United States. A short tour of Moody Gardens with a tour inside the 10-story Rainforest Pyramid where you will discover an acre of national wonders, crashing waterfalls, deep caverns and a Mayan Colonnade. Most of the day will be spent exploring the Strand National 19th Century Victoria Era Historic Landmark District.

Stop at the Strand Visitors Center to pick up copies of maps, brochures, information or tickets to many Galveston attractions; such as 1859 Ashton Villa, Seaport Museum and the 1877 tall Ship Elissa, 1839 Williams Home, American National Observation Area, Mardi Gras Museum, and the Pier 21 Theater to witness a reenactment of the Great Storm Documentary of the 1900 Hurricane listed as the deadliest natural disaster in United States history. Other attractions are the Railroad Museum, Classic Car Museum, and Galveston Historical Museum.

Enjoy lunch in the Strand District, have a home-made beer at the Strand Brewery, and treat yourself to a shopping spree at the quaint shops. Or, if you prefer sun and sand, bring your beach bag and suntan lotion for a day on the beach with a six-pack of Texas Lone Star beer. There are 32 miles of beaches at Galveston.

To help you visit the numerous districts, museums, attractions and beaches in Galveston, there is a free Island Rail Trolley that circles the Districts with stops at areas of interest. Refer to the historic Galveston Island Museum Attraction map.

SPACE CENTER HOUSTON TOUR

This is NASA's Johnson Space Center, a world-class facility. Attractions include: The Center Plaza that describes the complex and has a flight deck of the space shuttle in full mock-up; NASA Tram Tour to see Mission Control, Weightless Environment Training Facility and Space Simulation Lab; and, close-up look at a real Saturn V, Mercury, Redstone, and other launch vehicles.

Enjoy a 20-minute Living in Space Presentation and test your skills at landing an 85-ton Orbiter via simulation. Hold on to your seat and blast off in Houston's largest IMAX Theater. Relive the great moments of the Space Program in the Destiny Theater with a 15-minute film "On Human Destiny" created from the historic NASA footage. See the world's largest display of moon rocks, there's even one you can touch. The Astronaut Gallery contains actual space suits and other items used by the astronauts, get a taste of the "right stuff."

HONKY-TONK NIGHT ON THE TOWN

No Texas Reunion would be complete without an evening at a Cowboy Style Western Saloon/Dance Hall with Tex-Mex good food, and fun music with plenty of room for "Boot Scootin'," "Texas Two-Steppin'," "Line Dancin'," and "Longneckin'." Get a taste of the West with a Texas Barbecue, and maybe even some Cajun as well.

The Longhorn Saloon is near the Doubletree Hotel. For convenience and economics, busses will be making round trips from the hotel to the Saloon starting at 6:30 p.m. Arrangements have also been made for a bus to return to the hotel every half hour from 9:30-11:30 p.m. for those who wish to return to the hotel earlier.

TRANSPORTATION

There are two (2) major airports in the Houston Metropolitan Area: Houston International is served by 19 major U.S. and International airlines. The William D. Hobby airport is served by eight (8) major airlines to 63 cities in the United States. Texas Bus Lines Airport Express has regular scheduled service between both airports and the Doubletree Post Oak Hotel. The Houston International airport is 22 miles from the hotel and costs \$17.00 per person; Hobby airport is 11 miles and costs \$12.00 per person. Service is from 5:00 a.m. until 11:00 p.m. daily, call 532-8888 for additional information.

HOTEL PARKING

The Doubletree Hotel has two (2) parking areas: One is an indoor garage with self-parking for \$4.00 overnight, or Valet Parking for \$13.00. Adjacent to the garage is an outdoor guarded parking lot that is free for hotel guests. RV's are welcome to park; however, using the RV as an overnight accommodation is not allowed.

(Continued on Page 11)



TRAILER PARKS/CAMPGROUNDS

There are numerous facilities around Houston, following are these within the city:

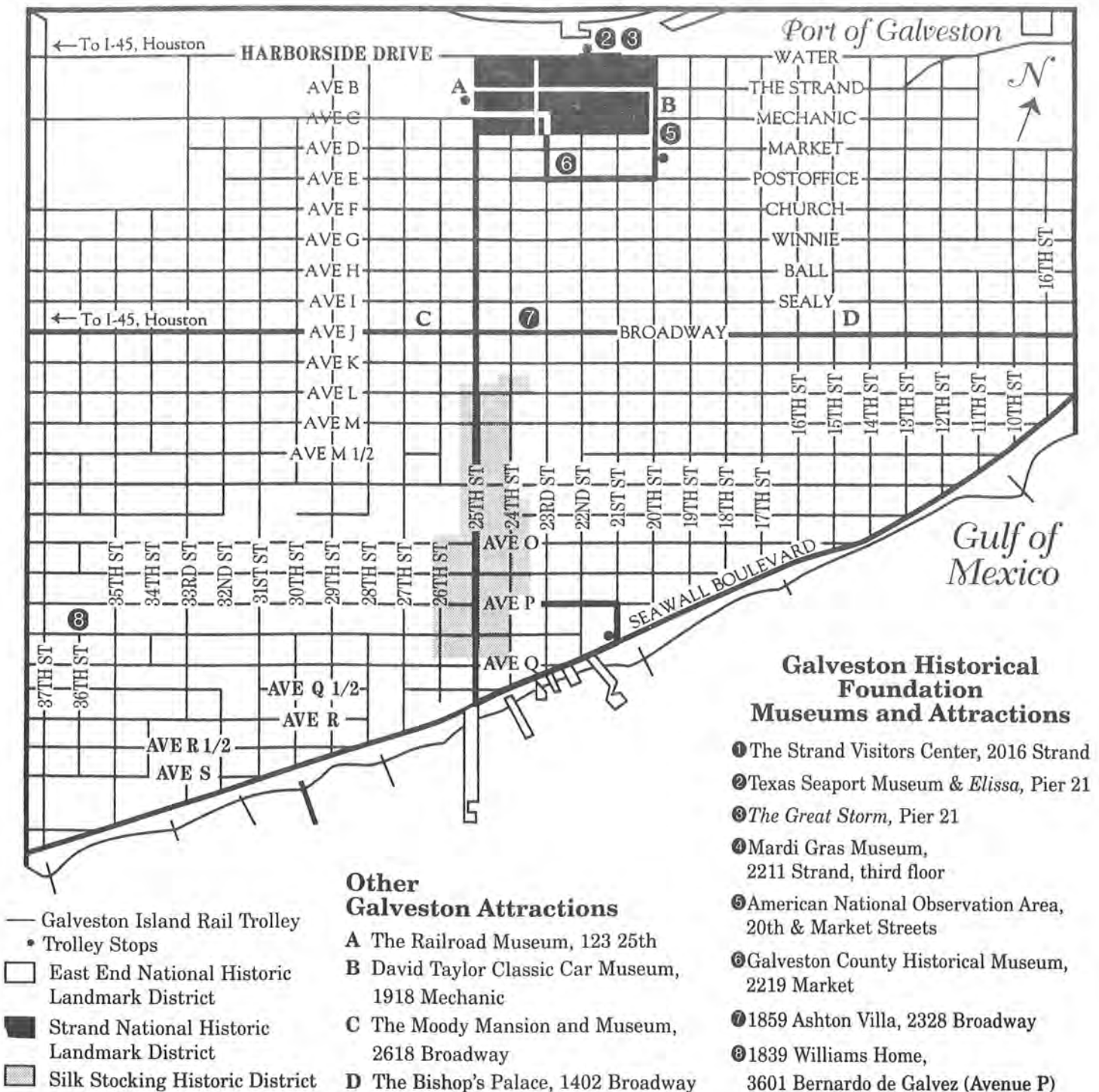
Traders Village
7979 N. Eldridge Road
Houston, TX 77041
Phone (281) 890-5500

All Star RV Resort
1240 Blalock Ste. 220
Houston, TX 77055
Phone (713) 464-6944

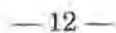
KOA Houston Central RV Park
1620 Peachleaf
Houston, TX 77039
Phone (800) 440-2267

South Main RV Park
10100 South Main
Houston, TX 77025
Phone (713) 667-0120

HISTORIC GALVESTON ISLAND



(See Pages 14 and 15 for Hotel Reservation and Activity Registration Forms)



A Mystery Solved; Now I Understand

By: Frank F. Aplan

Company I, 272nd Infantry

432 West Fairmount Avenue

State College, Pennsylvania 16801-4612

Those of us in the Division's three infantry regiments remember that we went overseas a few weeks before the rest of the Division. We departed New York 15 Nov. 1944, whereas the balance of the 69th Division departed New York 1 Dec. 1944. During this time the infantry regiments used APO 17808, whereas both at Camp Shelby and after the balance of the Division joined us on the Salisbury Plain, APO 417 was used. Curious as to why this happened, and being somewhat of a military history buff, I went looking in the literature. In General Eisenhower's book, *Crusade in Europe* (Doubleday, 1948), I found the answer.

Shortly after D-Day it became apparent that there was a serious shortage of infantry (in Europe 71% of the Army's casualties were infantrymen). There was also insufficient shipping to bring over all of the heavy equipment for all of the divisions waiting to ship out. The concept developed was to send over the infantry regiments of many state-side divisions, and to parcel out these regiments to those divisions already on line. In this way some of the older regiments in combat could be rested and, at the same time, the newly arrived infantry could be 'blooded' (a fancy word for battle training, or, said more bluntly, 'shot at').

To check on this further, I consulted Shelby Stanton's book, *Order of Battle U.S. Army, World War II* (Presidio Press, 1984) which gives details on all major combat units during the war. I found that in the period August 1944 to February 1945, the Army sent 38 divisions to the ETO from the States. Two went to Italy, the rest to Western Europe, and 27 were Infantry, 2 were Airborne and 9 were Armored Divisions. Of the Infantry Divisions, the infantry regiments of the 42nd, 63rd, 66th, 69th, 70th, 75th, 76th and 87th Divisions were sent overseas before the balance of their division. Of these, the 253rd, 254th and 255th Infantry Regiments of the 63rd Division were attached for some time to the 3rd, 44th and 100th Divisions, while the 274th, 275th and 276th Infantry of the 70th Division were attached to the 79th, 100th and 103rd Divisions before the rest of their divisional organization was in place. These regiments went overseas about the same time we did but were sent directly to France rather than a stop over in England. Other regimental units had some short-term attachment to other divisions as their division was being committed to combat.

The Battle of the Bulge obviously upset the overall plan, so most of the regiments that were sent overseas

earlier than their division eventually entered combat at about the same time as their respective divisions. In our case, this circumstance undoubtedly kept down our casualties.

An interesting side light is that the three infantry regiments of the 66th Division (262nd, 263rd, 264th Infantry) must have been in the same convoy from New York to Southampton as were we (departed New York 15 Nov. 1944, arrived Southampton 26 Nov. 1944). Two of these regiments had the misfortune of being torpedoed on the English Channel when the "Leopoldville" was sunk by submarine on Christmas Eve 1944. They were effectively out of action for some time, and the Division was used to contain the German-held port enclaves of Lorient and St. Nazaire.

* * * * *

THE 69th DIVISION, TOP PROVIDER OF REPLACEMENTS

During World War II the Replacement Training Centers (such as the Infantry Replacement Training Centers, IRTC, at Camp Roberts, Blandings, Gordan, etc.) were unable to furnish all of the replacements required. Accordingly, state-side divisions began being stripped for replacements as soon as basic training was completed. The unit then received new replacements (new draftees, ASTP, aviation cadets, TD personnel, etc.), given more training, were stripped again, and the process repeated several times.

Shelby Stanton in his book *Order of Battle, U.S. Army, World War II*, based on U.S. Army Historical Division data, shows that the 69th was number one in furnishing these replacements, with aggregate, state-side withdrawals of 22,235 enlisted men and 1,336 officers. To this should be added the 2,200 replacements we sent to the continent from England at the start of the Battle of the Bulge. The total pre-combat withdrawals thus totaled nearly 26,000 out of an authorized divisional strength of about 15,000!!! The infantry companies took an especially hard 'hit' in furnishing replacements.

The 69th Division was the top provider of replacements, by far. Stanton reports that other divisions provided much fewer, though still very substantial, numbers of replacements. There was an aggregate replacement stripping of 14,787 EM from the 100th Division, 12,442 from the 106th, 11,782 from the 65th, 8890 from the 94th and lesser numbers from other divisions. In the period April-September 1944 alone, 17 State-side Infantry Divisions furnished about 5,000 replacements, each, and the 69th was stripped of 5,299 EM in this period alone.

Since the 69th subsequently acquitted itself well in battle, it is a real tribute to the unit that it could function so well in spite of being stripped for replacements so frequently.

69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION 1998
51st ANNUAL REUNION
461st AAA BN. - 661st T.D. BN. - 777th TANK BN.
Doubletree Hotel - Post Oak
HOUSTON, TEXAS
AUGUST 23rd thru AUGUST 30th, 1998

SEND THIS RESERVATION FORM TO:

ATTENTION: RESERVATIONS

DOUBLETREE HOTEL - POST OAK

2001 POST OAK BOULEVARD, HOUSTON, TEXAS 77056

Telephone: 713/961-9300 or 1-800-222-TREE Fax: 713/623-6685

HOUSING: Please reserve one of the following:

\$69.00 + Single _____ \$69.00 + Double - 2 persons _____ \$79.00 + Triple - 3 persons _____

\$89.00 + Quad - 4 persons _____ ALL REGULAR ROOMS - \$69.00 + 17% TAX

Print full names of ALL persons sharing room: _____

NOTE: Special accommodations required: (if available)

HANDICAPPED _____ KING SIZE BED _____ 2 DOUBLE BEDS _____ NON-SMOKING _____

I / We plan to arrive (day) _____, August _____, 1998. (Check in after 3:00 P.M.)

I / We plan to depart (day) _____, August _____, 1998. (Check out before 12:00 Noon)

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 RESERVATIONS, One of the following *MUST* accompany this form:

Check or Money Order (One Night's Lodging) payable to THE DOUBLETREE HOTEL-POST OAK, or
Major Credit Card 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, (your signature) _____ authorize THE DOUBLETREE HOTEL-POST OAK

to make charges on my credit card. Date: _____

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

Reservations must be received not later than **July 23, 1998**. After this date the group's blocked rooms will be released for immediate resale. Reservations requested after this date will be on a space available basis at the group rate. Group rates will be honored for three (3) days prior to and after the reunion, based upon availability at the time of the original reservation. 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 hour cancellation notice prior to your arrival date.

69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION 1998

51st ANNUAL REUNION

461st AAA BN. - 661st T.D. BN. - 777th TANK BN.

DOUBLETREE HOTEL - POST OAK - HOUSTON, TEXAS

AUGUST 23rd thru AUGUST 30th, 1998

Registration form to be mailed to: **William R. Matlach, Treasurer**

P.O. Box 474, West Islip, New York 11795-0474 • Telephone: 516/669-8077

I/we will attend the 69th Infantry Division Association Reunion in Houston, Texas during the week of August 23rd thru 30th, 1998 and will attend the following activities.

Name: _____

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

City / State / Zip: _____

Telephone / Area Code: _____ First Timer ☐ Second Timer ☐ Old Timer ☐

Unit: _____ Wife's Name: _____

Guests: _____

Daily Events

Registration: **Monday thru Friday**, 9:00 a.m. to Noon and 1:00 to 4:00 p.m.

For Saturday, Check the Bulletin Board.

Sunday, August 23rd — Early Arrivals on your own.

Monday, August 24th — Check Bulletin Board and Hospitality Room.

Tuesday, August 25th — CITY OF HOUSTON TOUR	\$ 18.00	_____	\$
9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.			

Wednesday, August 26th — SAN JACINTO MONUMENT &	\$ 18.00	_____	\$
U.S.S. TEXAS BATTLESHIP - 9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Lunch on your own.			

COUNTRY/WESTERN SALOON - 6:30 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.	\$ 36.00	_____	\$
Fun Night of Dancing. Tex-Mex Buffet included.			

Thursday, August 27th — SPACE CENTER HOUSTON, NASA	\$ 20.00	_____	\$
9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Lunch on your own.			

GOLF TOURNAMENT — 8:00 a.m. Check registration for details.	\$ 36.00	_____	\$
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BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING — 3:00 to 4:30 p.m. Check Bulletin Board	\$ 36.00	_____	\$
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EARLY BIRD BUFFET , Cash Bar-6:00 p.m., Dinner 7:00-9:00. Tickets required. ..	\$ 36.00	_____	\$
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Friday, August 28th — GALVESTON DAY TOUR	\$ 32.00	_____	\$
9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Lunch on your own.			

PX BEER PARTY — 9:00 p.m. to 12:00 Midnight. Tickets required.	\$ 5.00	_____	\$
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Saturday, August 29th COFFEE AND DANISH - 8:00 a.m. to 9:00 a.m.

GENERAL MEMBERSHIP and LADIES AUXILIARY MEETING. 9:00 a.m. to Noon

BANQUET — Cash Bar 6:00 to 7:00 p.m.

MEMORIAL SERVICE — 7:00 to 7:30 p.m.

DINNER DANCE - 7:30 p.m. to 12:00 Midnight. Tickets required.	\$ 35.00	_____	\$
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Sunday, August 30th - Farewell Breakfast - 7:30-10:30 a.m. Tickets required	\$ 14.00	_____	\$
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Replacement Cost for Lost or Broken Permanent Badges	\$ 4.00	_____	\$
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SUPPORT YOUR HOSPITALITY ROOM: DONATIONS PLEASE!!!		_____	\$
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DUES New Dues Year - August 1, 1998 to July 31, 1999		_____	\$
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Regular Membership	\$ 10.00	_____	\$
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Ladies Auxiliary	\$ 5.00	_____	\$
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Postage and Bulletin Donation (up to you)		_____	\$
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Make Check or Money Order Payable to: **69th Infantry Division Association**

ALL RESERVATIONS MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY PAYMENT IN FULL — IF NOT — YOUR RESERVATION WILL BE LAID ASIDE UNTIL PAYMENT IS MADE AND THIS COULD RESULT IN YOUR REQUEST FOR SEATING AND FUNCTIONS BEING DENIED. NO CHARGE CARDS ACCEPTED FOR EVENTS.

If you do not have a plastic badge from earlier Reunions, please check box. ☐

Permanent badges will be made if your request is accompanied by an advance prepaid Reservation. Failure to attend Reunion will result in a \$4.00 charge for each badge ordered, and will be deducted from your refund. Please fill out this form and mail it with your payment in full, no later than thirty (30) days prior to the Reunion. By doing this, it will make our job much easier, and save you time at the Registration Desk.

On the lighter side . . . The discharge from hell

Submitted by: **Earl Frimann**
Headquarters, 273rd Infantry Regiment
100 La Encinal Court
Clayton, California 94517-1750

I believe the most widespread story that circulated in the Army was the one about the dogface that kept policing the area saying "that's not it," "that's not it," etc. He ended up getting a section eight, and when they handed him his discharge papers he said "that's it."

Speaking of getting discharged, I'd like to relate my experience. After the war was over, the rumor mill said that those with over a certain number of points toward discharge could look forward to getting home for Christmas. Since I fit in that category I was most hopeful.

While in Germany, one evening we were told to pack up our duffel bags and load them up for early departure the following morning as we were heading for the camp near the port of debarkation near Marseilles. After our convoy arrived there, three duffel bags were missing, either sold or stolen. Much to my dismay mine was one of them. We were scheduled for processing during our nine meal stay at the camp. Well you know the Army, the rules say you have to have a certain number of clothing items, and other items or you can't ship out. Since the war was over I had put those infernal dog tags and also my shot record in that missing duffel bag.

The rumor mill told us that the ship we were assigned to had lost a screw (propeller to landlubbers).

While it was being repaired we had to stay longer than the routine nine meals. This gave me more time to get new dog tags and accumulate the correct amount of items, regardless of size, that they had taken from those going through with more than the allowed items. Since my shot record was gone, and unable to reason with the higher powers that I had all my shots or I wouldn't have been shipped overseas, I ended up having to get all the shots anew. This, needless to say, was not one of life's greatest pleasures. If it wasn't for the delay for ship repairs, and knowing the Army, I would have missed my assigned ship and might still be there now.

We arrived in Newport News during the week before Christmas, and I still had high hopes of making it home in time. Well, our processing was delayed, as most of the camp's Army personnel had been given passes so they could be home for Christmas. Only a skeleton force remained, so we stayed there for more than the usual nine meals, and Christmas came and went. Finally, I got on a train for Camp Grant and ended up with that longed for piece of paper; boarded an Army bus for Chicago, and halfway there we made a stop in an open area. What now? The bus had run out of gas. I couldn't believe this! Well we finally got to Chicago and I got off to take a streetcar as the final mode of transportation on my journey home. By now it was late in the evening and since it was late December it was rather cold, so I stepped inside a corner tavern for warmth and watched for the streetcar. A 4F seated at the bar spouts off saying, "You guys are all the same standing around waiting for someone to buy you a drink." It kind of topped off my trip home.

I know it might be kind of hard to believe all this, I can hardly believe it myself, but it is all 100% true.



**DEADLINE FOR MATERIAL FOR
BULLETIN VOL. 51, NO. 3 - MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST
MAY 30th, 1998 - Get Your Material In On Time!**



Dottie Witzleb

THE AUXILIARY'S PAGE

by - **Dottie Witzleb**
Ladies Auxiliary Editor
P.O. Box 69
Champion, Pennsylvania 15622-0069

or
R.D. #3, Box 477
Acme, Pennsylvania 15610-9606
Home Telephone: **724**/455-2901
(Note my new area code)



Gloria Czyzyk, Vice President
30 Duke Drive
New Hyde Park, NY 11040
Telephone: 516/627-6580



Edith Zaffern, Sunshine Lady
22555 Hallcroft Trail
Southfield, MI 48034-2011
Telephone: 810/357-4611



Rosemarie Mazza, President
155 Vintage Circle, #102
Naples, FL 34119
Telephone: 941/352-1060

Jane Matlach, Secretary
P.O. Box 474
West Islip, NY 11795-0474
Telephone: 516/669-8077

Ursula Goebel, Chaplain
5417 Halifax Lane
Minneapolis, MN 55424
Telephone: (Send to Dottie)

A Message from your Auxiliary President, Rosemarie Mazza

Dear Ladies of the Auxiliary:

I regret opening this message with news of the death of **Mrs. Adelaide Bolte** on January 8. She was the wife of General Charles Bolte and a dear friend of the Auxiliary. Her life as a wife, mother and outstanding American is a model to us all. We will miss news of her at our meetings, but we will not forget her in our prayers and thoughts. In memoriam, the Division has sent a donation of \$100.00 to the Woodlawn Plantation where she co-founded the Needlework Exhibit, Neelie's Needlers, as she, herself, was an accomplished needleworker. An award is given each year in her honor for the best needlework at the annual show in March.

I am sure that fond memories of the Danvers reunion are still with all who attended. It was a great success due primarily to the hard work and careful planning of **Henry** and **Jean Patula** and their dedicated committee. Once again, thank you Committee!

Looking ahead, it appears from the current program, Houston should be as rewarding as Danvers. Lets all plan to attend and support the Committee's efforts.

In closing, on behalf of the Auxiliary, I would like to thank **Edith Chapman** for her dedicated service as Auxiliary President. I hope I can measure up to the standard she has set.

God bless you all.

* * * * *

69th Division First Lady, Adelaide Bolte, dies at age 98

Adelaide Carleton Poore Bolte, 98, daughter, wife and mother of Army generals, died January 8th 1998.

Her father was **Benjamin Poore** who retired from the Army as a major general.

Mrs. Bolte will be remembered by many of the 69th people, as she accompanied her husband **General Charles L. Bolte** to many of the 69th Division Reunions over the years. Always a very gracious and happy lady as she joined in the festivity of the reunion.

(Continued on Page 18)

THE AUXILIARY'S PAGE
(Continued from Page 17)

The **Boltes** were married in 1923 and spent 66 years together before the General's death in 1989.

Over the years as a daughter of Army General Benjamin Poore and wife of **General Charles L. Bolte**, she lived in seventy different places including Asia, Europe and Alaska and many places in the United States including Camp Shelby in Mississippi.

Mrs. Bolte was an accomplished needleworker and much of her work can be seen in her church, St. Luke's Episcopal in Alexandria, Virginia.

Her Memorial Service was held in St. Luke's and Burial in Arlington National Cemetery.

Mrs. Bolte is survived by her sons David and Philip (also a general) and daughter Damara, nine grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren.

She will be missed by her family, many friends, and the 69th Division folks who had the privilege of knowing her.

May She Rest in Peace.

The memorial and burial was attended by **Charles** and **Edith Chapman** and **Robert** and **Vivian Kurtzman** of the 69th Division Association.

- In Memoriam -

"LADIES' TAPS"

IONA BURROWS

wife of **George D. Burrows**, Co. B, 271st Infantry

BETTE CLAXTON

wife of **Lowell Claxton**, Co. G, 272nd Infantry

MARJORIE BUSH

wife of **Roy L. Bush**, A.T. Co., 272nd Infantry

REBECCA HORNYAK

wife of **Albert Hornyak**, Co. K, 271st Infantry

VONCILE RODRIQUEZ

wife of **Sam L. Rodriguez**, 69th Quartermaster

BESS STONE

wife of **Leon Stone**, Headquarters, 661st T.D.

MARGARET TEEHAN

widow of **John Teehan, Jr.**, Co. M, 272nd Infantry

EVELYN LOSH

widow of **Mike Losh**, Battery B, 724th F.A.

Attention Ladies

**WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER
FROM THE WAR??**

If you are interested in writing a story and sending it in, please do so. Mail it to: **Dottie Witzleb**, P.O. Box 69, Champion, Pennsylvania 15622-0069. We'd love to hear from you!

Christmas Eve 1945 Berlin, Germany

By "Howitzer" Al Kormas

Headquarters, 879th Field Artillery

12500 Edgewater Drive, Apt. 503

Lakewood, Ohio 44107-1673

Christmas Eve was at the large grand theatre, the Titania Palast. The war was over and we were assuming army of occupation duties, awaiting our turn and points to take us home. We would be leaving our beloved comrades, so many of them forever, and maintaining close relationships with some over all these years. The Titania had bars, restaurants but at this time was only serving coffee and donuts by the Red Cross girls. It was only for the occupying forces, also showing the latest movies from home.

On Christmas Eve I went there with my good buddies, **Gunner Sparacino**, **Ed Freel** and **Roger Merling**. It was filled with GIs, Wacs, nurses and Red Cross girls. They showed a double feature, both movies with Bing Crosby, and there were no empty seats. Everyone there had thoughts of home, family and friends. Even now I get goose bumps thinking of the KIAs, MIAs and buddies transferred to units after hostilities, for obvious reasons - we trained together, went on pass together, drank and caroused together, and bitched together as these war years had become a way of life for us and home a distant thought.

Just before midnight with Bing singing "White Christmas," small candles were passed out and the lights were turned off. We lit the candles and sang along with Bing. The voices were failing and the O.D. hankies were in evidence, all deep in thought. The theatre had no heat and a German orchestra played holiday and classical music. It was so cold, most of us wore gloves and bundled up. The orchestra was followed by a large boys choir. We kept encoring them until they became hoarse. The applause for both groups was deafening. They all got a good, hot meal and went home with many goodies. We left about two or three in the morning, never to forget this memorable evening.

Now fifty some years later, many are gone, many are ill. I, like so many comrades say, this was the greatest three years of my life. Thinking back now, we never had any idea as to when the war would end. It seemed like forever. I also, as many, cry, "Comrades, comrades, comrades, if only once more we could hear our first sergeant's censored whistle calling us to one of a thousand formations."

This, comrades, was Christmas Eve, 1945. Friends at home can never equal the comradeship we shared.

My closest buddies were **Bigfoot Parker**, **Filthy Gray**, **Juggy Powers**, **Dave Oberst**, **Shorty Hartman**, **Larry Pankop**, **Big Andy Andrews**, **Bob Hoch**, **Schnozz Schoepf** who was also a great 1st Sergeant, but it took many years for us to realize how great he was.

Leon Yablon Writes . . .

Co. C, 269th Engineers

10 Centre Lane, Bayonne, New Jersey 07002

Getting ready to move, I found some pictures and articles that my wife has kept through the years. My wife's name is **Evelyn**. She spent 16 months with me in Hattiesburg and spent most of her days at the J.W.B. in town. There she met **Bess, Hy Goldstein's** wife and **Doris, Sonny Baron's** wife. She is frequently in touch with both of them even now.

I have been a member of our organization since the meeting in **Hy's** law office in Manhattan. We are in the photograph taken at the **Goldstein** home in May or June of 1955.

We went to the conventions in Washington and New York and to the weekends at "Esther Manor," the hotel owned by the Goldstein family in Monticello, New York. We took our two sons and daughter to the fun picnics **Sherman Lawrence** planned for our New York chapter.

Our children have made us very proud. One son is a physician, the other an attorney. My daughter is a speech pathologist. But their best accomplishment was the seven grandchildren they gave us.

You are doing a great job. The Bulletin is terrific.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Leon sent us an issue of LIFE magazine dated May 7, 1945 that covers a great deal about the German people and the war. Also a special issue of The 69th Sentinel We will include an article in this bulletin and hopefully more in future Bulletins.)



Leon Yablon, Ralph Kraft and Jerry Rodelli



Unknown Soldiers - Company C, 269th Engineers



Company C, 3rd Platoon, 269th Engineers at Camp Shelby, Mississippi



Leon Yablon, second from right



Leon Yablon (right) and Jerry Rodelli



Prepared and
Published by INFORMATION - EDUCATION OFFICE

MAY 15, 1945

GERMANY

We're Two Today!

THE FIGHTING 69TH . . . men working together

It was not "troops" that captured Leipzig, not "men" that stormed Fort Ehrenbreitstein . . . "soldiers" didn't take Weissenfels, nor did "forces" make the historic contact with the Soviet Army . . . No, it wasn't "dough-
feet," nor "dogfaces," nor "G.I.s," nor any other of the offhand monikers passed off so readily by the newspapers.

This is what it was . . .

It was men working together . . . living together . . . fighting together. It was teamwork forging the Division into a single striking force. All the diverse elements that make up the 69th INFANTRY DIVISION . . . the frontline Infantrymen of the three regiments who closed with the enemy . . . the Division Artillery whose bursting shells whizzed over his head to strike at enemy strongpoints . . . the Engineer Battalion who built his bridges and manned his assault boats at river crossings . . . the Medics who guarded his health and

nursed his wounds . . . the Tank Destroyers and the Tank Battalion whose crushing power supported his advance . . . the Anti-aircraft men who kept watch in the sky . . .

But that wasn't all . . . there were more . . .

. . . the Ordnance Company which kept the vehicles rolling and the guns roaring . . . the Signal Corps men, laying the wires of communication and getting the messages through . . . the Quartermaster Company bringing up the truckloads of supplies . . . the MP's corraling the prisoners and holding open the roads . . . the Recon Troop feeling the way, scouting the enemy . . . the Band doing the hundred odd jobs that had to be done and then entertaining when the guns ceased firing . . . and finally Headquarters which coordinated the efforts of all these units . . . these were the "troops" that triumphed, these were the "forces" that played their part in the annihilation of the fascist German Army.

Leipzig Toppled in Three Day Battle

Leipzig, April 20th — When nearly 330 Nazi soldiers led by an SS colonel crawled from the bowels of the massive stone "Battle of Nations" Monument in downtown Leipzig and surrendered to troops of the 69th Infantry Division in the first dark hours of April 20, the last resistance in this fifth city of Germany flickered out.

This force, strongly entrenched in the skyscraper monument - ironically enough commemorating the defeat of Napoleon in 1813 - stubbornly held out for twelve hours after the city had been officially given up.

Surrender 12 Hours Earlier

It was twelve hours earlier, a little after noon of the 19th, that Major General E.F. Reinhardt, Commanding the 69th Division, had raised the American Flag over the city hall, symbolizing the complete unconditional surrender of the city to the Fighting 69th.

The bitter struggle for Leipzig, begun on the 17th of April when the 272nd Combat Team, commanded by Colonel Walter D. Buie, and the 273rd Combat Team, commanded by Colonel Charles M. Adams, attacked the outer perimeter defenses of the city, which was ringed by over 250 88mm and anti-aircraft guns, lasted nearly three days. Companies of the 661st Tank Destroyers alone knocked out over 50 of these high-powered guns.

271st Hits Snag

In the heavily-industrialized area of Zwenkau, southwest of the city, the 271st, commanded by Colonel Henry B. Margeson, encountered a determined defense line backed by heavy artillery and aircraft guns mounted for land targets. While the 271st occupied heavy enemy forces in this sector, the 272nd swung around east of Leipzig for the coordinated assault on the city proper. On the morning of the 18th the 273rd Combat Team was jockeyed into position to join the main all-out attack from the southeast.

Task Force Zweibel, known as TFZ, named for its commander, Lt. Col. David T. Zweibel of the 777th Tank Battalion, and consisting of elements of various units, moved in with the 273rd for the knockout blow.

Attack Begins

During the morning and afternoon of April 18th, the Combat Teams edged to the outskirts of the city, and by 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon the attack against this Saxony metropolis had gained momentum. By the time a full moon had illuminated Leipzig's streets, elements of the 69th had thrust far into the center of the city.

The first enemy stronghold reached was the gigantic "Battle of Nations" Monument. The 1st Battalion of the 271st, attached to the 273rd Combat Team, was left to subdue the mammoth "rock," while the rest of the Combat Team bypassed it toward the city's center.

In the meantime on the 273rd's right flank the 272nd plunged toward the Leipzig Railroad Station, the largest terminal in Germany, and by 10 o'clock, with Division Artillery shells pummeling into its "waiting rooms," was in the process of reducing it.

Task Force Zweibel

Simultaneous with these two thrusts, Task Force Zweibel with infantrymen of Company "F" of the 273rd atop the tanks and TD's was sent hurtling down Highway 176 toward the City Hall. In a crushing push through heavy machine guns, small arms, and anti-tank fire, the task force barreled their way into the center of the city. With daylight fast disappearing they consolidated their position and waited for morning.

The crucial struggle for Leipzig continued through the moonlit night. By 8:00 o'clock in the morning of the 19th the last resistance in the railroad station had been eliminated; and the only two remaining strong-points in the city - the Monument and the City Hall - were being attacked relentlessly.

City Hall Gives Up

In daylight TFZ located the City Hall and, with infantry support, opened up on the thick-walled stone building at point blank range of one hundred and fifty yards. At 9:10 a captured German officer was sent into the grey granite fortress to ask for its surrender. At 9:30 he returned with the keys to the city - the unconditional surrender of Leipzig and its garrison.

Last Fanatic Resistance

By this time all organized resistance in the surrendered city had ceased with the exception of the fanatic defense of the Napoleonic Monument by a battalion of well-entrenched storm troopers. In the early morning hours of April 19th the 1st Battalion of the 271st tightened the ring about the monument and closed up to the long sloping hill at its base. Tank Destroyers, tanks, and light and medium artillery were brought up, firing point blank at the monument. Despite the terrific bombardment, the enemy held out. All day the attack against the besieged strongpoint continued. Night came and the enemy was still returning the 69th's withering gunfire with small arms fire.

Battle Is Over

While plans were being made for an all-out night attack, the enemy suddenly decided to give up and at 2:00 o'clock in the morning of April 20th, the Battle of Leipzig was over.

Co. G, 271st Infantry Le Verne Loveland writes . . .

517 Rosewood Terrace
Linden, New Jersey 07036-5832

I joined the 69th when it was reactivated at Camp Shelby, got my basic training and then was shipped out and eventually joined the 90th Infantry Division in Normandy on July 16th, 1944 as a rifleman at age 19. That was hedgerow fighting and we moved on to the edge to form the Falaise Gap pocket and stopped a German army from escaping along with help from the Canadians and British. We took thousands of prisoners and I had never seen such total devastation as I saw at that time.

My company was disbursed in a small village called Lebourg St. Leonard and I was a bazooka man. We heard the German tanks coming down the road trying to escape. My loader and I were hiding between 2 buildings and when we saw a tank appear on the road, we shot at it. I don't know for sure if I hit it because we got out of there very fast. Our company was backed up by tank destroyers and so that column of German tanks was halted right there, and surrendered.

We then fought our way across France, bypassing Paris to the Maginot Line and Metz. On my birthday, November 9th, we crossed the Moselle River and were immediately under artillery and mortar fire. My buddy was killed instantly just a few feet from me, and I thought I'd never see my 21st birthday. At that time I was a radioman. We got out of there fast and moved on ahead toward a road and soon received rifle fire. We jumped into the ditch on the left side of the road. The company commander was with us. He stayed there and a few of us ran to a house just ahead of us. Across the road from that house was a 2-story brick building with a lower level for farm animals. That building was held by German troops who had fired at us. Once inside our large house we exchanged fire and yelled at them to "Kommen Sie Suf Mit Die Hande Hoch." My grandmother was German so I had 2 years of German in high school. We saw a few white pieces of material waved from some windows but there was continuous firing at us and we had some wounded men. Behind our house was a large open field, but we couldn't escape because at the upper wooded side was another company of our troops who fired at us thinking we were Germans.

I decided we needed more help so I radioed back for artillery fire. We had been there since early morning and it was getting late in the afternoon. I kept directing the artillery fire - at times it hit our house, but they finally got the range. They kept hitting that building and that area, but the Germans wouldn't surrender - just white flags - but they kept firing. Very late in the afternoon the artillery fired some smoke shells into our back field and so we were able to evacuate our building and get back to our C.P.

Later that evening, I learned that the Germans surrendered after they killed the S.S. officer who was their commander. I was awarded the Bronze Star for that action that day.

Eventually we fought on and ended up at Merzig on the west bank of the Saar River where we spent Christmas with the Germans across the river in Saarbrücken. Our C.P. was a large mansion with the best of facilities - a large well-stocked wine cellar and a bath tub with hot water. Oh, how we enjoyed that bath tub! We had our own Christmas tree decorated and our cooks prepared a wonderful Christmas dinner for our company. Little did we realize that the Battle of the Bulge had begun. We received no fire from the German side of the Saar River.

Shortly after Christmas the 90th Division was trucked up to the "Bulge" area. After that we started our drive toward the Rhine River. In early March, I was wounded by shell fire and taken back to a hospital which turned out to be the summer "palace" of the Duchess of Luxembourg. Then back to Paris for a flight to a hospital in England. I was discharged from that hospital on V-E Day, spent a few days in Glasgow and rowed a boat on Loch Lomond and returned to my outfit then stationed at Amberg, Germany a few miles from the southern border. I did get to spend a few days in Paris on one of our R&R periods and got up into the Eiffel Tower and enjoyed the "Follies." There is so much more I could write but I don't want to bore anyone.

I'm so thankful for such an excellent basic training. Did you know we referred to ourselves as the 4 "B's"? "Bolte's Bitchin' Bivouacin' Bastards." You probably also made that "drive" to the sea (Biloxi) from Shelby during basic training. I can still picture him riding around on his horse!

CORRECTION FROM LAST BULLETIN

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

(Class of 1999)

Walter W. Haag

420 Paramount Drive

Millsbrae, California 94030-1327

Telephone: 650/589-7657

Unit: Battery B, 881st Field Artillery

LATE ENTRY

Battery C, 724th Field Artillery Battalion Reunion will be held in conjunction with the 69th Division Annual Reunion on August 24th thru 30th, 1998 in Houston, Texas. Battery C will have a dinner meeting August 28th, 1998 - time and place to be announced later. Please contact:

Coy R. Horton

1705A Highview Street

Burlington, North Carolina 27215-5652

Telephone: 336/227-7785

29th Infantry Division Information and Application for Membership

Over the past couple of years, many of our members of the 69th have expressed an interest in getting in touch with and joining the 29th Infantry Division. Finally, we have received a response from the editor of the 29th Infantry Division's bulletin and one of the members sent us an application which we have duplicated for your use.

We believe the yearly membership fee is **\$10.00**. Please send your application and membership fee to:

ALVIN D. UNGERLEIDER, National Editor

29th DIVISION ASSOCIATION, INC.

5254 Signal Hill Drive, Burke, Virginia 22015-2164

Telephone: 703/978-3154 • E-Mail: bgung29@erols.com

or

JOHN E. WILCOX, JR., National Adjutant

29th DIVISION ASSOCIATION, INC.

807 London Court, Frederick, Maryland 21701-4446

Telephone: 301/797-0768



As you read the application, you will see where it states "Post No." Apparently, the 29th is divided into Posts, much like our small groups that get together. This is determined, we believe, by the area that you live in, which will put you in touch with members of the 29th in your area. You can leave that empty, and we believe the 29th Division will let you know what Post you would be assigned to. There is a statement in their newsletter that reads: "Send in your application and dues. If you do not know how, send \$10.00 and we will do the rest."

So, fellow 69ers, just fill out the application if you were once of a member of the 29th Division and identify or try to identify your Company/Battery/ Regiment, and include your \$10.00 for your annual dues and we are sure they will do the rest.

Thank you to all who responded to our request: **Alvin D. Ungerleider, Neil J. Shields and J. E. Murrman.**

	Application for Membership in 29th DIVISION ASSOCIATION, INC.	Phone: _____ Date: _____	
"29. Let's Go!" Applicant: _____ (Please Print) (First) (Middle) (Last)			
Street Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____ Zip Code: _____			
I was a _____ Company } member of _____ Battery } _____ Regiment _____ 29th Div. (War 1) (War 2)			
I hereby apply for membership in the 29th Division Association, Inc. and herewith transmit \$ _____ as annual membership dues in _____ Post No. _____ Dept. of _____ which includes the National dues and one year subscription to the official publication of the 29th Division Association, Inc. "THE TWENTY-NINER," which is published quarterly.			
_____ (Applicant's Signature)		RECEIPT (Issue when member pays dues) Received of _____, 19____ \$ _____ in payment of dues in Post No. _____ which includes National dues and a one year subscription to "THE TWENTY-NINER." Representing Post No. _____	
To: 29th Division Association, Inc. DUPLICATE OF YOUR APPLICATION WHICH APPEARED IN THE 69th DIVISION BULLETIN.			

From the Archives of William McHenry, Jr.

Anti-Tank Company, 273rd Infantry Regiment

Submitted by: **Karen McHenry Gluntz**
Daughter of William McHenry

4706 Harness Lane, Wachesaw Plantation
Murrells Inlet, South Carolina 29576

Karen McHenry Gluntz writes in part: The Bulletin is a wonderful publication. It has meant a lot to my Father and he has shared it with me over the years. I am so proud of my father's contributions to the war effort and appreciate all the sacrifices which he and all our men and women in uniform made to our country. Thank you for The 69th Division Bulletin.

The photos submitted were taken at Grimma, Germany in the Spring of 1945 while the 69th was waiting for the Russians.

WILLIAM McHENRY, JR.

Corporal William A. McHenry was inducted into the U.S. Army on August 21st, 1942 at the age of 22. He entered into active service on September 4th, 1942 at Fort Dix, New Jersey and was assigned to the 444th Anti-Aircraft, Headquarters Command. He tried to volunteer for duty right after Pearl Harbor but he was rejected because he had bad teeth. He was later drafted.

From New Jersey he was sent to California then to Portsmouth, Virginia, then to Camp Davis, North Carolina. He then transferred into the Infantry - 1st Army, 69th Division, 273rd Regiment, Anti-Tank and was sent to Camp Shelby. On November 15th, 1944, he was shipped off to England, arriving on November 26th. While in England he was stationed at Basingstoke (which is southwest of London and north of Portsmouth).

Several weeks after arriving in England, Corporal McHenry was sent to serve in the European Theatre. He landed at Rouen, France after crossing the English Channel. (Rouen is on the Seine River east of Le Havre, France and north of Paris.) From there he fought through France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany. In the Spring of 1945 his Division received orders to stop and wait for the Russian Army. They waited for 20 days at Grimma, Germany on the Mulde River.

Corporal McHenry left Europe from Le Havre, France, returning to the States on September 16th, 1945 and was honorably discharged on November 17th, 1945, processed through Camp Campbell, Kentucky.

Written by his daughter, Karen McHenry Gluntz

William McHenry, Jr.

Anti-Tank Company, 273rd Infantry
72 Maple Street, Dobbs Ferry, New York 10522



Bill McHenry and Ben Unland - Grimma, Germany



Ben Unland, Russian Soldier, Unknown Soldier



Bill McHenry and his brother George who visited him while the 69th was waiting for the Russians. Soldier on left, unknown.



*Sergeant
Herwig*

*Soldiers
Unknown*

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 minis for this column. Mail your date(s), location, banquet cost, activities and room rates, plus a good write-up to **Earl 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).

Battery C 880th Field Artillery

Lowell McFarlin, News Reporter
Box 236, 89 North High Street
Jeromesville, Ohio 44840
Telephone: 419/368-7363

Report on Fairborn, Ohio Reunion **September 9th, 10th, 11th & 12th, 1997**

Our reunion was held at the Wright Patterson Air Force Base in Fairborn, Ohio. Upon arriving at gate 12A, we found **Ray Mills** trying to get on the Base. It seems that security hadn't yet received the word that we were coming. But that was soon cleared up, and we were off and running with another real great reunion!! And the hospitality room was coming alive as the folks arrived.

Following the evening meal we met in the hospitality room for visiting and then a talk by Lt./Col. Kathy Runk on the role of women in the service. She was a big hit with everyone, as she was very friendly, and very well informed.

Tuesday, the 9th, was a day on your own, either for resting or sightseeing and of course, for visiting. We all had lunch together at the Packy's, in house restaurant. In the evening we were treated to a video, "*Many Faces of Old Glory*," in the hospitality room. It was a very informative film about the history of our flag. And our thanks go out to **Bob Williams** for bringing it for us.

On Wednesday, the 10th, after breakfast, we convoyed to the Air Force Museum for a tour and to view the movie in the I-Max theater. And for lunch in the cafeteria. Quite a complex!

Our sincere thanks go out to Captain John Wallace and to **Howard Whitfield** for supplying a special treat of shrimp for our hospitality room.

Wednesday evening we had our annual "White Elephant" game in the hospitality room, another fine time of fun and laughter for everyone.

Thursday, the 11th, following the business meeting, we went to the Officers Club for lunch. Nothing like the mess halls that most of us remembered. This was a real treat. A beautiful dining hall and a delicious buffet!

(Continued on Page 26)

BATTERY C, 880th FIELD ARTILLERY FAIRBORN, OHIO REUNION

*Front Row:
Enrico D'Angelo, Joe Damato,
Bob Shaffer,
Lt. Col. Kathy Runk,
Lowell McFarlin, Leroy Goetz,
Lou Hoehing,
Howard Whitfield*

*Back Row:
Ray Mills, Lee Meyer,
Marvin Reber, Frank Habay,
Bob Williams, Lew Pugh,
Don Johnson, Cliff Eley,
Al Kormas*



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

(Continued from Page 25)

There was no golfing, so shopping and the game of dominoes prevailed.

At our banquet, we were again honored to have Lt./Col. Kathy Runk as our speaker. She told of her 23 years in the Air Force, and of her travels while in the service.

Because of some early departures on Friday morning, there were some goodbyes extended when we returned to the hospitality room.

Early on Friday morning while we were cleaning the hospitality room, we got a real scare. We noticed an ambulance outside the front entrance, and **Betty Meyer** running in the hall. She said it was for **Lou Hoehing**. Lou was taken to the Base hospital where he was treated for fluid around his heart and lungs. All of us were relieved to hear that Lou was going to be alright, and would be released on Saturday.

Our parting on Friday was, therefore, a little unnerving, but none the less, filled with wishes for good health and see you next year!

Those in attendance were: **Ray Mills, Joe and Dottie Damato, Anne and Rico D'Angelo, Cliff and Katherine Eley, Leroy Goetz and Bernice Vanler Heiden, Lou and Jean Hoehing, Frank and Marie Habay, Don and Flo Johnson, Al and Marge Kormas, Lee and Betty Meyer, Lowell and Marjorie McFarlin, Lew and Fern Pugh, Bob and Irene Williams, Marvin and Mary Reber, Howard and Vera Whitfield, Mary O'Brien and Mary's sisters Jean Dolin and Rita Coneys and guests Bob and Jean Shaffer.**

We really missed all the rest of you!



Al Kormas, Lew Pugh, Ray Mills, Lowell McFarlin



*Lowell & Marjorie
McFarlin*



*Don Johnson &
Lt. Col. Kathy Runk*



LADIES: BATTERY C, 880th FIELD ARTILLERY REUNION

*Front Row: Mary O'Brien,
Rita Coneys, Jean Dolan*

*Middle Row: Irene Williams,
Fern Pugh Marjorie McFarlin,
Marge Kormas, Flo Johnson,
Vera Whitfield, Dottie Damato,
Lt. Col. Kathy Runk*

Back:

*Marie Habay, Anne D'Angelo,
Jean Shaffer, Betty Meyer,
Mary Reber,
Bernice Vanler Heiden,
Jean Hoehing, Katherine Eley*

(Continued on Page 27)

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

(Continued from Page 26)

Headquarters and Medical Detachment 461st AAA Battalion

Mac and Madge Morris, News Reporters

630 North Oakland Street

Arlington, Virginia 22203

Telephone: 703/527-2796

Report on the Salem, Virginia Reunion

October 1997

The 461st began arriving at the Quality Inn on the 10th and 11th: **Louis and Ruth Jones, John and Elsie Chambliss** and son **John, Sherman and Irma Twigg, Joe Bryson** and son **Dick, Ben and Linda Truitt, Ralph and Isabel Yingling, Mary Smith** (Ralph's sister), **Karen and Sarah** (daughter and granddaughter of Yinglings), **Eleanore Breyette, John and Connie Lane, Mac and Madge Morris**, and children **Ken and Faye Morris and Barbara Morris, Ethel and Paul Lovelace, Allen and Dorothy Whitley and Carrie Scott, George Whitley** (son), **Tom and Patrick Musselwhite, Charles Griffen, Maxine and Howard Sandefur, Ed and Belle Moore, Paul and Bertha Kowalchek, John Scott Marshall**

There were 38 adults and 1 child for dinner on Saturday. It was a delicious buffet - something for everyone. **Louis Jones** was master of ceremonies; **Ed Moore** said grace.

After dinner, we voted to return to the Quality Inn, Salem next year, the 2nd weekend in October (October 9th and 10th). **Allen Whitley** agreed to organize the event for 1998. **Allen** offered to pick up the tab for everyone Sunday morning at Quincy's. **Charlie Griffin** showed the Certificate and Medal of Freedom he had received. **Linda** brought lovely gifts for the ladies and also Avon gifts. We honored **Margaret Bryson** and remembered the many times she kept up the spirits of others. We all loved her.

There were 15 veterans present. **Mac Morris** was called on to remember in prayer **Margaret Bryson** and also **Flop Roberts** since our last meeting. We divided up the dinner bill and each person paid \$18.00. Any balance would be sent to **Steve Lucas** for postage for the mail-outs (which we enjoy)!

Allen Whitley brought delicious apples for all; **Steve and Cyndy** sent cups (even though they could not be present); **Ruth Jones** made luscious brownies and **Isabel Yingling** a Zucchini bread, **Mary Smith** brought Pepperidge Farm snacks; **Mac and Madge Morris** brought book marks, pens, 1998 calendars.

Company G, 273rd Infantry

Alfred F. Aronson, News Reporters

200 Winston Drive, #1019

Cliffside Park, New Jersey 07010-3217

Telephone: 201/886-2040

Our Company get-together at the Annual Reunion at Danvers, Massachusetts was brightened with the presence of First-Timer **Homer Lind** and his wife, **Patricia**. Other attendees were: **Al and Betty Aronson, Dorris Beecher, Joe and Diane Panganiban, Orville and Beulah Schultz** and **Ed and Tory Stagg**. We had great expectations that more of our group, living in the East and Northeast, would be in attendance but it wasn't to be. Our message to those missing is: "Carpe Diem" . . . It's later than you think!!!

The Reunion was great, accommodations excellent, tours enjoyable, and dinners superb. But most of all it was the renewal of our time together as friends remembering bygone days and those that left us this year - **Ray Hotter, Gerald Davolt and Ray Gagle**. The Reunion also gave **Orville and Buelah Schultz** an opportunity to visit with their granddaughter who is working in the Boston area.

Tory Stagg, who suffered a broken hip while on a tour in Russia, is recovering nicely. **Joe Panganiban** is facing knee replacement surgery in January and we expect to see him do a tap dance for us in Houston next August.

As this year draws to an end, we hope that everyone has had a Happy Holiday Season and the New Year will be bright and healthy. Our sights are set toward Houston next August with the hope that we have a great turnout.



Ed Stagg, Al Aronson, Joe Panganiban, Orville Schultz, Homer Lind

(Continued on Page 28)



COMPANY G, 273rd in Danvers, Massachusetts: Ed Stagg, Tory Stagg, Al Aronson, Betty Aronson, Orville Schultz, Diane Panganiban, Buelah Schultz, Joe Panganiban, Patricia Lind, Homer Lind, Dorris Beecher

269th Engineers

Frank Nemeth, News Reporter
66 Gaping Rock Road
Levittown, Pennsylvania 19057-3410

Hi ya all,

Hope you all had a good holiday season and I know you are just waiting for the warm weather to get here. I'm glad to say the 269ers I heard from are doing as well as can be expected during our Golden Years. Some of the people asked what happened to the "Central Pennsylvania" and the "Tri-State" reunions. It used to help to get over our "Cabin Fever" and once again, have a get-together with our friends.

Following is a list of those on the present mailing list, starting with H & S Company:

Leroy Brown, William Clayton, Thomas Clark, W.M. Christopherson, M.D., Robert Davis, Clyde Dickert, Frank Fell, Michael Gansl, Darrell Gill, William Goode, Leonard Halpenny, John Hawley, Col. H. Walter Holmlin, John Kurey, Ernest Lewis, Jerry Marchitelli, Oliver McConahy, Jacob Moncher, Lawrence Rohm, Lloyd Roth, Steve Sholtis, Marty Stepicevic, O.H. Towers, Jr.

If you know of someone not on the list, let me know. Also if you would like the address of any of the members above, let me know.

We have a total of 151 Engineers on the mailing list and hope we have 151 dues paying members for the Bulletin. Send me any old address of a 269er and I'll write to see if we can locate him and get him on the mailing list.

Book Review

"Overpaid, Oversexed, & Over Here"

The American GI in World War II Britain
Written by Juliet Gardiner

Submitted by: **Howitzer Al Kormas**

A wonderful story of wartime days, fifty years ago, told in the words of both the GIs who crossed the Atlantic and the British people who made them welcome - most of the time.

Fifty years ago, the first 1-1/2 million American GIs landed on British soil, there to join their English cousins in a desperate fight against Hitler's Germany. Soon this "friendly invasion" spread all over the British Isles, as secret preparations got underway for a climactic invasion of continental Europe. Yanks were everywhere, the British thought, complaining about warm beer in the pubs, brussel sprouts at every meal, and the typical British weather: rain, fog, dampness and mud.

While charming British girls and teaching them to jitterbug, surrounding themselves with gangs of English children demanding "Any gum, chum?" the GIs spent their money freely. "Overpaid, oversexed, and over here," muttered some of the natives. But the GIs had come primarily to fight Hitler. The mighty 8th Air Force flew countless perilous bombing raids deep into Germany, and, when D-Day finally came, Americans fought heroically on the beaches of Normandy alongside British, Canadian, and Australian troops.

That story has been told, but not this one - and highly entertaining it is!

Almost out of Reach . . .

*From A.A.R.P. Modern Maturity Magazine
January - February 1998*

Submitted by: **Stanley Eskin**
Company A, 269th Engineers
Unit N, 855 Ronda Mendoza
Laguna Hills, California 92653

By James A. Austrian

The gruff, demanding drill instructor has long been regarded as the stereo-typical son of a bitch every recruit hates from the moment he (and now she) gets off the bus. But that wasn't my experience 40 years ago. I speak of Staff Sergeant Carmen, USMC.

In college I was in the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps, but my dream was to be a Marine. That became possible in my junior year, when midshipmen were allowed to opt for a commission in the Marines. But first I had to undergo intensive training at Quantico, Virginia.

From the beginning I had problems with the M-1 rifle. I was a little overweight then and I have very short arms, so when I raised the rifle to my shoulder, my finger fell two inches short of the trigger.

Sergeant Carmen had little use for officer-trainees, especially pudgy, short-armed embarrassments like me. His way of encouraging me to give him 50 push-ups (which I couldn't do) was to whack-whack-whack the side of my helmet with his swagger stick. But nothing roused his ire more than my discouraging results on the rifle range. After weeks it was clear that I'd never achieve the minimum score. My dream was fading.

A week before the qualifying test, Sergeant Carmen called me out of the platoon. "Austrian! Report to the rifle range tomorrow at 0700 hours."

Reporting next morning, I found Sergeant Carmen sitting at the first firing position. His fatigues were starched, as always, and the toes of his boots shone like mirrors.

"Sit down," he said and removed a wooden M-1 rifle stock from his duffel bag. "I got this sucker from the armory a few weeks ago. Been working on it. Removed the steel butt plate and sawed off about two-and-a-half inches. A friend in the motor pool torched the butt plate to fit. I filed it pretty smooth, but you can do the finishing touches. Now you should be able to reach the trigger."

I couldn't speak. And Marines don't cry.

I slipped the trigger, barrel, and receiver groups into my "Carmen Special," raised the M-1 to my shoulder, and curled my finger around the trigger with ease. For the first time I was one with my rifle. I had never before - or since - held any inanimate object with such happiness.

"Let's do some shooting," Sergeant Carmen said. I spent maybe 100 rounds. Many of them went smack into the bull's-eye. And then I thanked him, awkwardly,

not sure what to say but knowing that I was privileged to have been in his care.

Oh yes, I qualified - by a wide margin - and the following June was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserves. During the next few years I carried that stock on active duty with me to the Philippines, Okinawa, and Japan. I won honors as an Expert Rifleman and competed in military and civilian shooting matches where I earned the many medals that now decorate my den.

Despite recent headlines to the contrary, I know there are thousands of Sergeant Carmens in the military now, abusing no one, making better men and women, and teaching them how to stay alive.

Richard Levy writes on Black Soldiers in the 69th

Richard Levy

*Headquarters Co., 2nd Battalion, 271st Infantry
5316 Lindley Avenue, Encino, California 91319*

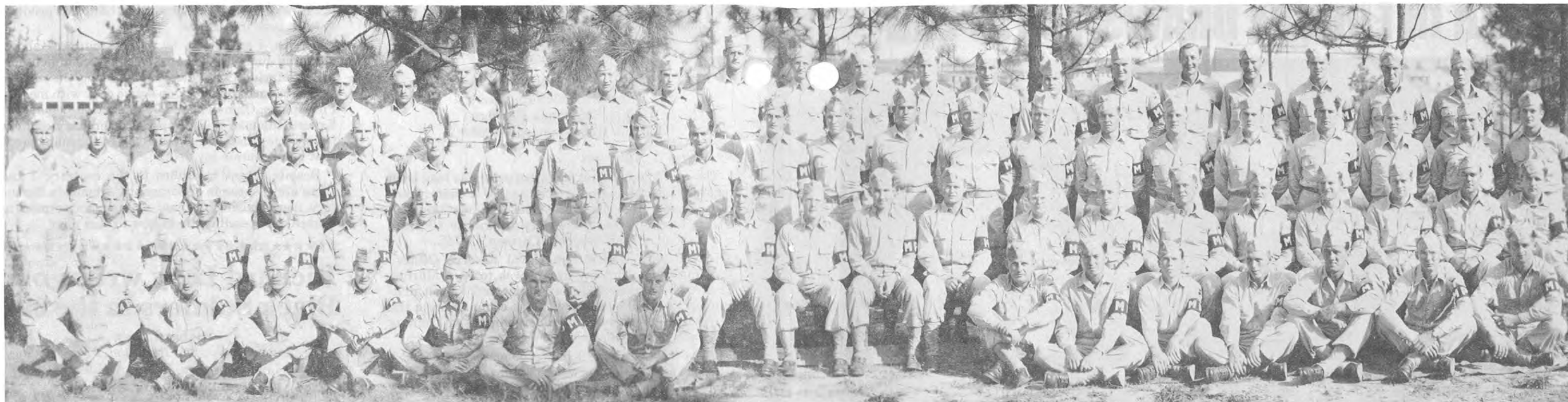
Richard Levy wrote to Jim Kidd in response to his letter which appeared on page 36 of Vol. 51, No. 1 Bulletin.

The letter you wrote and which appeared in the recent 69th Division Bulletin was read with interest. Since you apparently never got to Battalion Headquarters of the 2nd Battalion, I would like to clarify your thinking concerning the Black Soldier (now called African-Americans) who were assigned to the 69th Division.

Battalion Headquarters Company arrived at Baumersroda, Germany on the 10th of May, 1945. The Company took over the entire village and our men settled in. Approximately one week later a platoon of African-American soldiers arrived and were settled in one of the homes in the village. Their commanding officer was a white lieutenant named **Charles Town**. When these men appeared for inspection or review, they had more medals than I had seen anywhere. They were part of a Combat Patrol who went out in the dark on nights to scout German positions. **They were not called a "J" platoon by our Company.**

I know they were African-Americans because I was the Battalion Gas N.C.O. and since we encountered no Gas to worry about, I had a daily session with these men on current events.

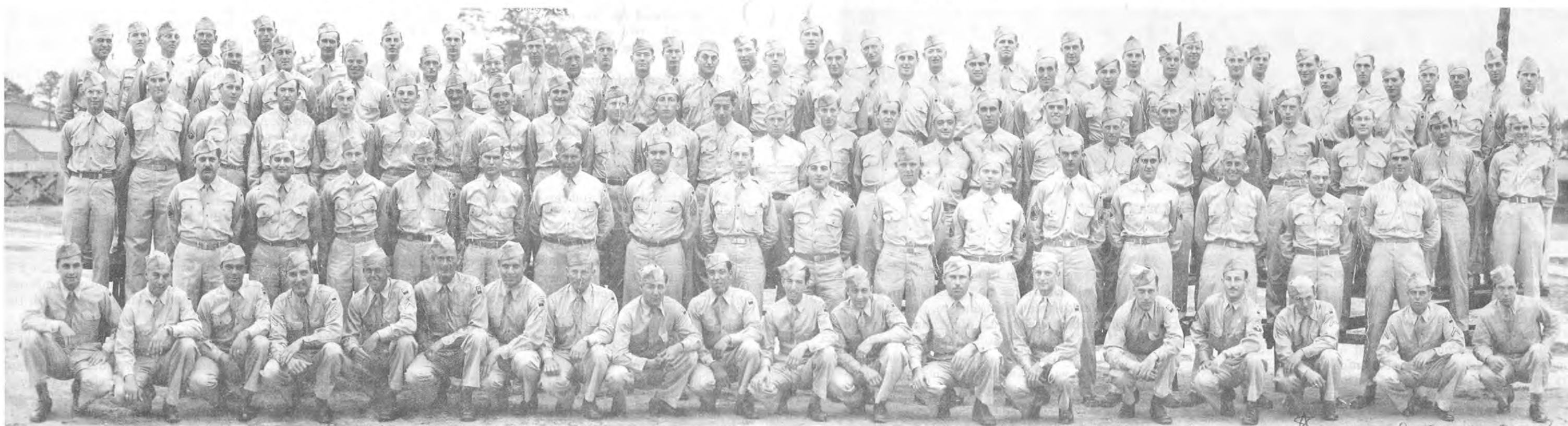
If Lieutenant **Charles Town** can be located, he can verify about his platoon. If not, **Colonel Al McCormick**, Battalion Commander, who now resides at 1690 James Road, St. Paul, Minnesota 55118 surely can verify who was in his command. Unfortunately, **Capt. John Gorrell**, our Company Commander, cannot be located. Otherwise, try **Chaplain James W. May** at 956 Clifton Road, N.E., Atlanta, Georgia 30307, who was our Battalion Chaplain, as I am certain he can verify the existence of African-American troops in the 69th.



69th M.P. Platoon - Camp Shelby, Mississippi - June 1, 1944

Submitted by: **Lamar Williams**, 4365 Ruth Road, Birmingham, Alabama 35213-1609

Lamar states that he would love to hear from any of the members of the 69th M.P. Platoon. Please write to him at the address indicated above.



Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, 273rd Infantry - Camp Shelby, Mississippi - April 1944

Submitted by: **William J. Gregory**, 1923 Barry Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21222

WAR IN EUROPE DRAWS TO ITS END



Russian Major General Rusakov and American General Reinhardt drink a toast in vodka as their divisions meet on the banks of the Elbe River.

FROM TIME MAGAZINE - MAY 7, 1945

Submitted by: **Leon Yablon** - *Company C, 269th Engineers*
10 Centre Lane, Bayonne, New Jersey 07002

The end of the war was close in Europe. Rumors spread across the continents, over the oceans. The people of Verona in Italy celebrated the coming of peace. So did the people of Paris. In the U.S., Senator Tom Connally, vice chairman of the U.S. delegation to the San Francisco Conference, told a reporter that Germany's surrender was expected momentarily. Two hours later the resulting roar of national excitement was silenced by President Truman's announcement that there was no foundation for the report.

But it could not be long now. Moscow confirmed that Heinrich Himmler had offered to surrender Germany to the U.S. and Great Britain, but not to Russia. The offer was summarily rejected.

Germany was going down in an agony of ruin and rebellion. The Allied armies had finally lanced the infection of the once-great Nazi empire, releasing the accumulated poisons of a decade of tyranny. Through the desolation of the cities still smoldering with a smell of death and across the countryside green with spring, streamed wandering hordes of humanity - looting, drinking, fighting, begging.

Most were slave laborers, now suddenly free. Others were Germans escaping the Russian armies or crawling from the cellars and caves in which they had been living.

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WAR IN EUROPE DRAWS TO AN END

(Continued from Page 32)

In Berlin dust and the smoke of guns and the cries of the dying echoed through the capital's sewers and subways. There was a revolution in Munich, home of the National Socialist movement. Then the Americans entered and marched into the famous Hitler-putsch beer hall that had become a Nazi shrine. Hitler was reported dying of a cerebral hemorrhage. His satellites, big and little, were on the run. Marshal Petain showed up for trial in Europe. Laval was supposed to be trying to get into Switzerland. Goring was removed from office and, reportedly, a suicide. General Kurt

Dittmar, best-known mouthpiece of the German army, gave himself up to the Americans. In Milan, the corpse of Benito Mussolini, with that of his mistress, was spat upon in a public square.

The event which broke the last chains of fascism in Germany was the meeting at Torgau on the Elbe River of the American and Russian armies. Germany was split in two and her armies irrevocably doomed. But as long as German soldiers still had guns, as long as they had not officially surrendered, they could still kill Americans.

Every war has known the tragedy of the soldier who dies one minute before the end.

Company D, 2nd Platoon, 271st Infantry

Submitted By: **John Tounger**

#1 Pine Hills Court, Oakland, California 94611-1530

John states that these pictures were given to him by **Ted Snyder** who was a machine gunner in his platoon. They were all stuffed in a box car with no room to move around, 40 and 8s - 40 soldiers and 8 mules.



Above Photo: Members of the 69th loading onto a 40 & 8 box car.

Photo Right, Top: Company D, 271st Infantry, 2nd Platoon all stuffed in the box car. Ted Snyder, far right, holding a canteen cup.

Photo Right, Bottom: John Tounger in Eilenberg after it had been shelled.



The following is part 2 of a book we will be printing over the course of several bulletins.

Company K - Our Story Part 2

By the Men of Trespass Blue King

Submitted by: **Robert J. Albert**

Company K, 271st Regiment

4550 NY 43, Rensselaer, New York 12144

ENGLAND

As we stood there on the dock waiting for something to happen, thoughts kept crowding in on the scene. We compared the rolling English countryside we had seen from the boat to the endless DeSoto National Forest in Mississippi. If we dug as many foxholes in England as we did in Mississippi there just wouldn't "Always be an England." It would all be piled up in paradoxes and parapets. Would Southampton or London compare favorably to New Orleans, or New York on that hoped for three day pass? Who could forget those passes from Kilmer, Times Square on election night or that skating rink in Philly? Well, nothing to do but shrug it off and look ahead.

Finally a train - our train as it developed - pulled up beside us. When we boarded it, we discovered it was just like the trains in the English movies we had seen. The coaches were divided into compartments where six or eight people could sit comfortably, that is, unless each had a full field pack and a full duffel bag with him. And naturally that's what we were hauling, so each compartment, as well as the hall that ran along the side of the coach, was packed solid with humanity. We were lucky the ride on the train was short. The novelty of the ride had just worn off, and our legs had almost come off, when we stopped and lined up in the dark street in front of the station.

The town was Winchester; our new home, Winchester Barracks, steeped in tradition, a splendid example of some type of architecture or other. Most of us would have settled for a little less tradition and a little more length on the beds, or a fire from which you could feel a little more heat. Somebody said there were A.T.S. girls or Wrens stationed in one of the buildings on the post, but of course, K Company wasn't much interested in that. Somebody said there was a hole in the high brick wall, but that wasn't of much interest either. **Captain Sloss** called us in one evening to "zero us in" on social behavior in England. "El Toro" told us not to get excited about the English girls, and don't tell them you'll take them to America! They'll soon take you up. Queer people, these foreigners! The boys soon got on to the ropes, though, and Winchester will remember how adept we were in night patrolling even in a blackout.

About the time we got Winchester Barracks spic and span and almost livable (when you consider the extracurricular activities) we got word that a move was imminent. On the fourth of December we climbed off the trucks at Bighton Manor, an old estate with Nissen huts scattered around the grounds. The manor served us very well as a "base of operations," again a great many of which were "extra curricular." There was quite a lot of training, marches, and checking up during that period of getting ready and keeping ready; but we will remember mostly the dances at Ropely, the pubs in New Alresford, and the mud. We could wear combat boots to New Alresford but not to Bighton, unless we were going through to some other place. Or was it vice-versa? And those trench-foot massages for fifteen minutes each day! That English jitterbugging they called the Hokey-Pokey had the boys going for a while, but enough bitters under the belt made the feat possible. It was hard to figure out just how everyone got to those dances.

The London passes came through eventually and the wonders of Piccadilly became familiar to most of us. The depth of the underground amazed us all. Thank goodness for those escalators! On the sidewalks around Rainbow Corners we found the real meaning of the word "commando." What a thrill it was to find a gal in London, bowl her over (you thought) with your "line," have her come to Waterloo Station to bid you farewell; then watch her go off, meet an incoming train full of G.I.'s and latch on to another O.D. clad arm. It deflated the ego a little.

Just before that mad-house children's party we had in the old manor house at Christmas, came the blow that hit us all pretty hard. On December 25th, K Company lost 87 men who went as replacements to outfits fighting in France at the time of the "Bulge." We knew just about where they were destined to go. They knew, too. We had trained, eaten, slept and played together for a long time. It was like losing a right arm to say goodbye to those men. Nevertheless we had to go on preparing for the days when we ourselves would leave. The Company was so under-strength, buck sergeants were pulling KP and guard. Finally the rumor started to make the rounds that we were going to move. About the same time we started to have practice alerts. When these took place we would have to roll our humps, stuff what we could in our duffel bags, and throw everything else away. Remember the time we tried to make that two blanket roll. Those were the funniest we ever saw. Finally they decided on the horseshoe type roll that we could have told them about in the first place. Then, after a million dry-runs, we had an alert that was the real thing. We got up at four in the morning, breakfasted on a C-ration and black coffee, and loaded on the trucks about six. The trucks took us to Winchester, where we began the second leg of the trip to Southampton in those funny English trains.

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COMPANY K - OUR STORY - PART 2

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When we first came to England the train had called for us at the docks, but now for some unknown reason the train couldn't go that far, and it was in England that we were once more reminded that we were in the Infantry, as we walked the two miles to the docks with our packs knifing our shoulders, and wearing our overshoes. At the end of the march the "Langeby Castle" was waiting. The "Castle" was a Limey boat, but from what we heard of other Limey boats, not too bad. Just a month before it had been scheduled to make a trip with another outfit, but had been put in drydock. The ship that went in her place was sunk.

The trip across the Channel wasn't bad, at least not bad enough to warrant all the seasickness pills we had. We crossed at night while everyone was asleep. The next morning, on January 21, 1945, we sighted the coast of France to begin a new phase in our travels.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Le Havre, from the water, looked rather inviting. We had plenty of time for gazing, since we sat in the harbor for two days doing absolutely nothing. One night, after K Company had acted as luggage porters for the regiment, we disembarked to landing craft and headed for the beach. We sweated and cursed, carrying those duffel bags up that long beach. As heavy as some of those bags were, some people must have brought their dancing partners from Ropley. As we trudged through Le Havre (or what was left of it), we kept hearing the train station was only two kilometers away. After walking through the ruins for about an hour we were convinced this was only a rumor.

You've heard about those "40 and 8's." Well, we didn't mind those forty men so much, but the eight horses surely made things crowded. After riding all night and wondering if these square wheels were still on the tracks, we disengaged ourselves from the sprawling humanity and prepared to eat. At a given signal from the car commanders, we opened K rations by the numbers. Cigarettes, the medium of exchange in France, were bartered for so-called wine.

Finally we arrived at what we thought was Siberia but which turned out to be Bouchy, France. We had our first view of French pulchritude - 5 ft. 5, blond, bust 57, waist 26, hips 35.

After losing half the motor convoy en route from Bouchy we arrived at a chateau. It must have sounded quite romantic at home to hear we were living in a chateau in France. It might have been quite luxurious if we had been there two or three hundred years earlier. Who will forget the open air latrines and Mme. Angelique's cheery "bon jour" as she caught you in that embarrassing position? Remember beaucoup guard duty, the paratroop scares, the combination cognac, souvenir, perfume shop football and close order drill in the knee deep snow, showers and "bathless" McGinty.

Putting all our worldly possessions on our back, we again took off for "destination unknown" which later turned out to be Tent City. This was near Pierrepont. Who will forget that march from the station, marked clearly by discarded C rations, overshoes, overcoats, and maybe a few bodies. Before leaving the train, K Company lived up to its reputation by thoroughly policing up the area.

It was nice, living in those sixteen-man tents; and then the rains came! What had been a Company street became a canal. The two towns nearby held latent possibilities; they were soon exploited by the Company, meaning we drank all the wine we could find. Most of our free time was spent in obtaining fuel, namely, those 25 dollar French trees. The two or three sticks allotted per day by Battalion weren't enough to keep us in the comfort to which we had been accustomed.

At Tent City we welcomed our first replacements. During the following months in combat, we learned how lucky we were to get them all. These new men joined us in time for our move to Belgium.

So back to the boxcars we went. Only this time we weren't loaded like pack mules and everybody made it on his own power. It wasn't as cold either and the 160 miles to Verviers didn't seem much more than a thousand. We had our first taste of 10 in one rations and thought them a decided improvement over the K or C rations. Just about the time **Captain Sloss** had cornered the poker game, we arrived at our destination. Trucks then took us for a cold, rainy ride to the little town of Ondenval. On the way we passed Malmedy and other infamous spots wrecked by the fierce fighting of the recent Bulge. This destruction gave us a preview of what was ahead.

As usual, we got lost. Down muddy, rutty roads we rode. No lights except distant artillery flashes. Rain kept pouring down. Rumor - the front line is only a few miles ahead - we're in no man's land. What a relief when the trucks stopped in what appeared to be a town. Houses, but what houses! Where else could you live in half a room and use the other half for firewood? There wasn't a whole house left standing and we just flopped anywhere, the majority in a leaky hay loft. Everywhere was German and American equipment; reminders of the Bulge. We saw our first dead Krauts there, but the melting snow also revealed American soldiers. We weren't toughened enough for this yet and some of us, on those body locating hikes, had bad dreams and worse memories. The sixty-four dollar question was "Who cut off the Kraut's finger for his ring?" With the usual ingenuity, we had made the billets livable; even comfortable. This was a signal to move, and move we did.

Early the morning of February 11th, the order came to be ready to move at seven. Confusion when six men tried to roll full humps in one small room, cries of

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COMPANY K - OUR STORY - PART 2

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"Where's my belt, my cup, my shoe?," the litter of equipment left behind, then the inevitable wait for the trucks. Packed like sardines minus the oil, we rode into Germany. Grim faced men in trucks coming from the front passed us constantly. We saw our first Tiger tanks lying along the road, as well as all types of German vehicles and dead horses. Soon we came into neat, snow laden forests. The artillery sounded close - too close. This was as far as the trucks dared go, so on to those feet again. Into view came the endless string of dragons teeth, impressive but rather useless then. Also easily picked out were the pillboxes, but many were so well camouflaged that we couldn't see them till we were right on their doorsteps. We passed the columns of the 99th Division which we were relieving. Down a muddy road, careful not to step off onto a mine, we trudged until we passed "Purple Heart" junction where we were but a step from the pillboxes that were to be our next home.

GERMANY

Our first "somewhere in Germany" was a group of pillboxes in the first belt of the Siegfried Line. We rode most of the way from Belgium in trucks, carrying full field packs, then marched some 8 miles through the snow and mud to our new "homes." Did we "bitch" about getting lost temporarily and walking a mile too far! It gave a rather uncomfortable feeling to look around at the long rows of dragons teeth stretching away on each side, and the debris along the roadside didn't help any.

Well, there wasn't any trouble, and we settled down to make the most of the cold month of February, thankful we could stay in a pillbox rather than a fox-hole. That was where we first made the acquaintance of "bed-check Charlie" when he flew over to make his rounds. We soon learned the sound of his low droning motor. The artillery kept us awake many hours sending outgoing mail to der Fuhrer's boys until we learned by the sound that it was not incoming mail. Those were the days when we sweated out the chow jeep. Two meals a day, and that God awful empty feeling in your belly around noontime - the sea of mud around the C. P. pillbox making the jeep drivers need a rudder instead of a steering wheel when they came to bring the chow in - and the G.I.'s! When you saw a guy bust out the door unbuckling his belt, fumbling with buttons and staring straight ahead with that dazed, frantic expression, you had better get out of the way.

Talking about buttons might remind us of uniforms. There was no worry about what to wear - you just put on everything you could lay your hands on, then started looking for more.

You've probably forgotten about the way American ingenuity met the difficult lighting problems. The

make-shift lamps made of a bottle, a wick and some gasoline worked fine if you didn't mind a little soot.

What heating arrangement we had was equally novel - a block of Composition C placed in the center of the floor and touched off with a match. Of course the fact that we weren't all blown across the Styx was merely incidental.

We had our days as engineers, too. Rain and snow made the roads bottomless pits of mud. Our job was to cut enough trees and logs to fill in the holes. The only trouble was that there were not enough forests in Germany to fill the holes if every tree were cut. While we were doing this, we saw many of the piles of wrecked and abandoned equipment left in the area during the Bulge fighting.

There were long hours of guard duty around our area, and a good loud hoot by an owl was enough to get trigger fingers itchy. We saw a lot of things that weren't there on those pitch black nights. It was quite a job to get out of the pillboxes or dugouts to go on guard, for everyone was sleeping on the floor and there wasn't room to put a foot down between the bodies. Most of our days were spent keeping the rust off our rifles and the stubble from our chins. We were still a "rumor-happy" crew and endless speculation went on about our future. Then, on a morning in February at 0500 hours, we moved out to meet it.

DICKERSCHIED

Artillery shells whistled over K Company's head pointing the way from the comparative safety of the pillboxes and dugouts to the front. Our assembly area was on the edge of the Monschau Forest facing open country and the artillery-blasted town of Dickerscheid. Late in the afternoon we moved out in a long column along a pockmarked road with our hearts pounding a little noisily. By nightfall we hadn't reached our objective, so we lay uneasily on the slope of a steep gully all night, catching a few winks, curled up under raincoats and feeling the cold seep into our bones. A patrol was sent out during the night to contact G Company. It ran into trouble and **Sgt. Abernathey**, who with **Lt. Rudof**, had led the patrol, was wounded. After returning for a medic for **Piercy**, who was killed, the patrol went on to complete its mission despite being fired on by G Company guards. We moved on just before sunrise. Just as the tailend of our column cleared the gully, we turned around and watched Kraut artillery cover the entire gully where we had been trying to sleep a few minutes before.

Evening found us at the edge of a small woods establishing a defensive position, and it was there we received our real baptism of fire under 88's and German mortars. We dug foxholes and we dug them deep. Then we traded holes with G Company so the battalions could be straightened out. We watched the

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COMPANY K - OUR STORY - PART 2

(Continued from Page 36)

battle of Oberreifferscheid with interest because the 3rd squad of our Third Platoon was leading L Company. We learned about that helpless feeling when the shells are coming and you can't see a thing to shoot at.

SCHMIDTHEIM

After 5 days in the foxholes, we again received the order to move out. Reluctantly we left our holes and turned in our sacks, almost resigned to freeze out another series of nights until they caught up with us again. Once more we had to climb and push our way through woods and once more we slopped through mud. Finally we came to the main road. On the other side of the road was a mine field. On the hill overlooking the road were a series of pillboxes. It's a good thing the Kraut's weren't there to open fire on us as we minced our way through the mines or we might not be here. And then when we did flush the pillboxes we found three Heinies there but they didn't have any fight left in them at all. A couple of boys from the First Platoon took them back.

After flushing the pillboxes, we took off again to take our first towns and sleep in our first house in a month. It wasn't much of a sleep, however, for there were too many posts to guard. Part of the Company suffered because rations couldn't get up to us; part were able to make it up in German chow. By one o'clock the next afternoon we were on our way again, this time with Schmidtheim as our objective. After a cruel march we arrived there only to see the other battalions already in the houses while we had to go a half mile out of town to dig in. We didn't get more than started when the order came down to move. It was a bitter pill to take, but we did take it, understanding for the first time the real meaning of "It's rough in the ETO."

The move took us three miles beyond Schmidtheim to a wooded ridge where we were supposed to dig in and where we did freeze. Every man in the Company was sure he had trench foot the next morning, that is if he was sure he had feet. As usual we moved again before we finished digging in. Our next position was in the woods beside L Company and once more we began hacking away at tree roots. Then came the best news we had ever heard. K Company was in some kind of "reserve" and we were going back to Schmidtheim to live in houses. We also heard about the capture of the bridge at Remagen and the story seemed to be that we would wait until the bridgehead was made bigger.

The march back to Schmidtheim was a wonderful one. The news acted like a shot in the arm. Today, as we look back at our billets there, they seem pretty bad, but we were glad to have them at the time. After a couple days of badly needed care and cleaning, we started a training schedule. But the worst thing about

Schmidtheim was the G.I.'s. It wasn't a question of whether you had them - it was a question of how bad you had them. Maybe it was the chickens we killed and ate or maybe it was the water, but whatever it was that caused them, the G.I.'s. can never be described; they have to be felt. After about two weeks, our Siesta in Schmidtheim was over. We moved out again on foot, but this time along a good road and with regular ten minute breaks every hour. It was 15 miles to our next home but the hike wasn't too bad, when you consider that any hike isn't going to let your feet feel too good.

The final week of March we spent in the little town of Lommersdorf where we'll remember the "secret radio" hunt that turned out to be a cricket "making like" a radio beam signal in a dingy old basement. The weather was beautiful there too, and we began to feel like a sulphur and molasses would help out a little. Some kind hearted G.I. blew up a dozen or so balloons and threw them out in the street for the gang of kids to play with. It looked like we had given the children the first chance to play and be happy they had ever had.

The end of March found the Company spread out in rear echelon, guarding installations and equipment around Corps Headquarters near Zulpich. Our posts were around Signal Corps, Air Corps and Q.M. areas, and our experiences were more or less identical. The mess sergeants apologized profusely for the shortage of food. It hadn't been coming through as usual. We thought it was the same old line we had heard so often before when our "three squares" were a K ration or two a day or maybe an occasional C ration for variety. But after a couple of meals we began to wonder what it would be like when the food really started "coming through."

ACROSS THE RHINE

The 1st of April found K Company across the Rhine, some 120 kilometers from our last "Somewhere in Germany," Zulpich. We saw the castles on the Rhine; we saw what the Krauts mean when they walk around sadly shaking their heads saying, "Alles kaput." We came across the Rhine on a newly constructed pontoon bridge and marveled at its workmanship and stability, as our trucks rolled across one after another. It seemed to be the only whole thing within eyesight. A few giant smoke stacks kept a lonely watch over piles of rubble and bricks that once had been giant factories. Semaphores along the railroad hung lifelessly by the tracks. A few homes remained untouched by bombs and shells, but they seemed out of place. High on the hills stood the old castles and forts, grim reminders of their own part in the centuries old game of war. The trucks sped on through the dust until we reached another of those little towns nestled in the hills, and a rendezvous with Bacchus.

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COMPANY K - OUR STORY - PART 2

(Continued from Page 37)

NASSAU

The name of that town was Nassau, and I suppose that as long as K Company men can talk, they will tell about the two days we spent at Nassau. They won't be talking about the big prison-like building we stayed in which used to be an interrogation point for the Gestapo. Nor will they talk about the patrols that K Company provided to clear the town. What they will be talking about is the wine cellar we found and the champagne we drank. It was the first time we had ever run into anything like a liquor cache. The men of K Company were well able to make the most of it and we were all feeling good till the time we left. When we did leave, Champagne City was almost another "Dead Soldier."

WETZLAR

After that brief champagne revelry in Nassau, K Company joined again in the popular game of the time, keeping the Wehrmacht on the run. To do it, we climbed aboard tank destroyers and hung on while they took off across the countryside. Mile after mile we moved on, roaring through towns, watching the white flags go up in the windows of every house, and seeing G.I. trucks loaded with overwhelmed Kraut prisoners. We watched the "Polski" and "Russki" liberated people streaming back along the highway. They grabbed carts and wagons, loaded them high with bedding, clothing and a million and one other things that had taken their simple fancy - call it loot, souvenirs or just plain junk, which it resembled more than anything else. At any rate, it was their pay for keeping the fields so neat and trim, while the men who should have been doing the job were raping the homelands of Europe, and pleading for mercy from us now. They all stopped to stare at our long convoy of tanks, T.D.'s, jeeps and trucks, a look of wonder stamped on their faces.

We went through giant railroad yards blasted to twisted steel and rubble by our bombers. We passed villages where the Germans had chosen to resist - where there just wasn't a village anymore. Foxholes and emplacements along the route were littered with Jerry helmets, broken rifles, and stacks of unused ammunition; giant radar stations stood mute and abandoned, and scattered everywhere were the tracks, tanks, and "88" guns; scrap metal now.

Every now and then storm clouds would gather darkly overhead, the wind would come up, and rain soaked us all before we could unfasten our raincoats and ponchos. The precarious seats on the T.D.'s, cold metal sides soon had us feeling like "Dead-End Kids."

After about 8 hours of steady going we wound up in another of those stinking little towns and headed for civilian billets, stretching the kinks out of our muscles. We had just finished chow and settled down to enjoy a

little "liberated" schnapps when the order came down from the C.P. saying we had five minutes to get ready to pull out. There were riots in Wetzlar and we were the guys who were going to reestablish order. And us, with those fresh-killed fryers just beginning to sizzle in the pan! We climbed aboard the T.D.'s again with our mouths still watering.

The wind was cold and strong during that night ride, and the moon was taking cover and concealment to make things a little more "pleasant." It was with a great deal of relief that we pulled into the enclosure around a very large building where we were to stay. It didn't look too inviting; the guts were blown out of a large section and the quiet was like that of a graveyard. It wasn't long before we made our own G.I. atmosphere of noise and confusion while we looked for beds up and down the long barren halls.

By morning, after a few hours sleep, the aspect changed. In between patrols and guard duty we found time for "souvenir" hunting and general exploration. Our patrols netted many prisoners, some of high rank, and riots made things interesting for a while. Several of the boys were toying with German Lugers, Mausers, fancy knives, bayonets and all the other ornaments that make good collectors' items. Strange noises began to echo through the building when some of the boys ran across a room full of band instruments; they soon had us all howling for mercy. Easter Sunday came and went just like any other day, except that we all thought a little more about home.

ON TO KASSEL

T.D.'s were again used to take us on from Wetzlar. An hour's ride took us to an assembly area where we lay around in the woods all day waiting for evening to come. At 8:00 o'clock that night we started on another long night ride. While it remained light there was little trouble, and the long convoy of trucks, tanks, jeeps and T.D.'s rolled along steadily through the intermittent showers. We sprawled all over the T.D.'s, covered with ponchos, blankets or anything else that would keep out the cold wind and rain. The gathering darkness forced us to glue our eyes to the small black-out lights on the vehicle directly in front and made us wonder how the drivers could keep on going on such a night. When we rolled past an overturned truck, a smashed jeep or a bogged down tank, we knew that sometimes it was not possible.

More and more piles of German equipment, abandoned in the hasty retreat, lay along the route. Even airports and airplanes were left entirely intact, emphasizing the complete route and the reason we must keep on chasing the Krauts so they couldn't settle down and go to digging. All the time we saw the stream of German prisoners heading back along the road and wondered how or why the Heinies could keep on fighting.

(Continued on Page 39)

COMPANY K - OUR STORY - PART 2

(Continued from Page 38)

After a day's stop in another small village where we caught more Krauts hiding out in a nearby forest, our convoy moved on into Kassel where we were to relieve the troops who had taken the city, and finish the cleaning out of trouble making elements as well as guarding important bridges.

KASSEL

Kassel was a clean looking city though it bore scars of war. The wide streets and clever planning made it appear more like a city at home than anything we had seen in Germany. We sensed in Kassel, more than any other place, the hatred of the German people for Americans, perhaps because it was a large city, and we always heard that Nazism was stronger in heavily populated places.

Most of the Company was billeted in a very large apartment building that had been hit in several places by bombs. It seemed rather luxurious, however, after spending so many nights in simple country homes. For a couple of days we even escaped from out-door privies and trenches. In every room, every drawer, we found evidence of strong Nazi sentiments. There were uniforms of every color, dress bayonets, knives, hats, military boots, weapons and all kinds of accessories. Snapshot albums bulged with pictures of stuffed-shirt army uniforms and that same peacock strut that we would have called an exaggeration had it come out of Hollywood. There were huge stocks of canned fruits in every basement all bearing French labels - and we all had a good idea how it came to be found in such abundance in Nazi homes. The silk dresses and "undies" seemed very fine, which is probably as it should be since "Made in Paris" tags were found on most of them. Our "explorations" did help us pass the time between guard duty and patrols, however, because in the long run a fairly adequate supply of schnapps was located. This is the city where "J" Platoon joined us.

The newness of big city life didn't have a chance to wear off for we were soon on the move again. Trucks took us for a two-hour ride to an assembly area where we de-trucked and moved out on foot. We knew then that we had caught up with the enemy or that he was waiting for us not very far away. In the next town we found out for certain A pontoon bridge, recently thrown up across the river we had to cross, was under machine gun fire. Before all the Company had crossed the bridge, a tank was called up to knock out the machine gun position.

Once we got across the river we made a little hike through territory so newly acquired by our armies that the whole populace of one town was standing at a road junction, still waving white flags. After a tank scare that turned out to be a few German anti-tank guns in the distance, we settled for the night in a wooded draw.

It was here that some of the boys of the Second platoon were attacked by a German patrol, and they, led by **Lt. Lashley**, had mowed 'em down.

The next morning found K Company starting on a Shelby-like forced march. Nobody seems to know the exact distance, but it was something over twenty-five miles. We cleared endless numbers of small villages on the way. In one of these the freed Poles threw flowers at us as we marched through. It was on this hike that the boys from J platoon, who acted as flank guard, picked up a couple of SS troopers who had shot at the Company.

At the end of our journey was another town, but this time instead of going through it to dig in on the other side, we stayed and slept in houses. The next morning we heard the good news (to our aching dogs) that we were to ride artillery trucks. Of course, we had to walk to the trucks which were about two kilometers away, but we didn't feel too bad about that. Even when the walk turned out to be a dry run, we still felt too good about the prospect of riding to let it get us down.

THE DRIVE TO LEIPZIG

From here, at least for the next couple of days, it was hello Germany, but way too fast to make a decent acquaintance. Still it seemed as though we would never catch up with the front. Remember the day when Chow-Time-Charlie came over, and **Joe Fleming** jumped off the truck so fast he almost broke his ankles? Those of us who were unfortunate enough to be caught in the fields watched the bombs come, slowly, as if straight for us, then veer off at the last moment. That, incidentally, was the town to which Battalion moved when we were in Karsdorf.

There was that field outside of Weissenfels where we dug in, and listened to the artillery phone in targets . . . the boom of the Long Toms and the silence when the operator phoned in "mission completed." The rumor mongers had a field day here, and every morning we got reports of our being committed. One day a breathless figure ran across the field shouting, "Roosevelt is dead. I heard it at Battalion - honest!" We didn't believe him, but that night we heard the rumor confirmed by an Artilleryman, and that made chow pretty tasteless.

The next day we pulled into another field after a long day's ride, and found holes already dug for us. Everybody smiled and said, "At last K Company got a break." We had a break all right - a dawn attack on Lutzen. So, saying goodbye to the dusty roads and **Pate's** corny trumpet playing, we started out.

Due to the confusion of the next couple of days, and in order to give as clear a picture as possible, we shall attempt to give the actions that followed in terms of the stories of each platoon, taken separately.

(To be continued in the next issue of the Bulletin)

Company M, 273rd Infantry Regiment

Leonard Sturm, Company M, 273rd Infantry Regiment
816 North Cherry, Ottawa, Kansas 66067-1618

Leonard Sturm sent us three large photo albums and some other goodies.
We will be publishing more in future issues of the bulletin. Thanks, Leonard.



*In front of "Home Hut,"
Camp Shelby*

*Back Row: Joseph Secchareli,
Leon Boyajan, Raymond Twardy,
Kermit Patrick, Leonard Sturm,
William Cox*

*Front Row: James Capaldi,
Jr., William Nebhut, Robert Karl,
Ralph Dimenna*





ME-164 at Polenz Airport



ME-164 at Polenz Airport



Marketplatz in Leipzig



Leonard Sturm in Leipzig



Bob Hope Show - Bremen



Bob Sands at Navy Compound - Bremen

From the 69th Sentinel

Submitted by: **John Wolonick**
A.T. Company, 273rd Infantry
621 W. Indiana Avenue, Apt. 1
Deland, Florida 32720-4089

Who remembers the Super Snooper? A column that appeared regularly in the 69th Sentinel. Hope you enjoy this one.



Since you have been overseas, the women of which country have made the biggest hit with you?

T-5 Paul Price, I and E, Division Artillery: "I liked the French women - especially those in Paris. Why? They have good figures and are friendly, if you have enough money."

T-5 Glenn Jordan, Radio Operator, 273rd Infantry: "English women. They were rather more reserved in their affections, had more appreciation of what we were doing for them, spoke a common language, and were better acquainted with our customs, habits and common traditions."

S-Sgt. Fred S. Mancini, Chief-of-Section, 724th Field Artillery: "The French are okay and they really know how to mix, provided they don't think of money too much. The German women also fit into the picture

very nicely, although they work too hard to suit me. The rest of the women, well let's not go into that."

Sgt. Jason Saunders, Rifleman, 271st Infantry: "I have been billeted with the people of England, France, Belgium, and Germany. Concerning the women, by far the nicest are the German! I know that they were the enemy and yet they have made a definite impression on American troops. I can speak for many a GI when I say that German women are the cleanest and friendliest of all the other foreign women I have seen. They were our enemy but they are a credit to Germany for the future."

Pfc. Frank J. Snyder, Cannoneer, 724th Field Artillery: "For my money I'll take the Belgians. They are easy to look at and associate with. They manage to always keep a clean appearance about them also. The Germans are okay too, that is, when we're allowed to fraternize with them."

Pfc. Edmund Karl, Dispatcher, Division Artillery: "Dutch women. They make good fraternizers because they're easy to look at and they didn't try to take me over as did some of these European girls."

Pfc. Alexander G. Murray, 271st Infantry: "Since the cessation of hostilities I have been in close contact with the German people. The German girls' natural beauty and friendliness has won for them first place over English, French and Belgium girls. My experience with the fraulein, while limited, has been a pleasant one. Maybe this is due to lack of companionship of both sexes."

Pfc. Vincent T. Cascioli, Cannoneer, 724th Field Artillery: "The French without a doubt. They are the best looking on the continent. They not only know how to dress with what little they now have, but can use makeup to an effective degree. And oh! what beautiful hair. The fact that a large number of them speak English is also a valuable asset."

1998 69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION 51st ANNUAL REUNION

Doubletree Hotel - Post Oak

HOUSTON, TEXAS

AUGUST 23rd thru

AUGUST 30th, 1998



Don't miss this reunion.

It's later than you think!

REGISTER NOW! WE'RE WAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU.



The 1945 Memoires of John B. Durst

Company A, 273rd Infantry Regiment

1832 Alta Street
Redlands, California 92374-1718
Telephone: 909/793-4711

I volunteered for induction by the Draft Board and I was inducted into the U.S. Army on August 23rd, 1944 at Fort McArthur in San Pedro, California. The second morning there, when we were in unfamiliar surroundings, we were given the Army General Classification test in which I found out later that I got a score of 109. 110 was required to go to Officer Candidate School. On arriving at Camp Roberts for infantry basic training, we talked with a clerk and asked if we had gotten 110. He only said, "No." He did not even say I had come close, but he smiled. Since I had had four semesters of Infantry R.O.T.C. at U.C.L.A. and Dad had made me take the test for entry to West Point twice, I had become disinterested in becoming an officer ever again. And I could have taken the test once more but never did. A general's son took it for the second time and passed at Camp Roberts!

Camp Roberts, which was before the war, was located on the eastern part of William Randolph Hearst's ranch at San Simeon. We marched everywhere - to the firing ranges, exercises, demonstrations, etc., sometimes at night in the moonlight which was eerie and beautiful.

About half way through basic training, we went through a run, lay down and fire at targets exercise. After it was over, we went up to a small hill and the commanding general at Camp Roberts, Major General Thompson Lawrence, gave us a critique of our performance. He was a very impressive, intelligent, capable, good looking officer, the likes of which I had never seen in my Army career. He had a swagger stick of round wood with a 30 caliber rifle round casing on one end and a 50 caliber machine gun round casing at the other end. Since it had been drizzling and the ground was muddy, I had fallen prone several times and my raincoat was covered with mud in the front. General Lawrence pointed to me as we were sitting at his feet and said, "Look at that soldier, he was trying very hard. That is most commendable." General Lawrence was commander of the 99th Division since 1942. He was a professor at every Army school including West Point before that.

I greatly enjoyed my weekend passes to San Francisco or L.A. Camp Roberts was about half way between them and I went to one or the other on the train or bus on alternating weekend passes.

In San Francisco I went to Jack's Restaurant on Sacramento Street, the oldest restaurant in the city. The first time I had bass and the second time, creamed lobster. Extremely good and a picturesque place. It



John Durst, Wurzen, Germany. In this picture, the German Army was coming up the street in back of me to surrender. They came marching along for a week. The commander of each unit would salute me and I would point to the broken bridge and say "über die Brücke" (over the bridge).

The American and allied prisoners we would allow to wade the canal but the German soldiers we made cross the bridge all the way across the river.

Finally, our commander higher up decided that too many had come and they stopped letting them surrender to us and the Russians got them. In about 1950, the German government gave diplomatic recognition to the Russian government in exchange for all the German prisoners they had returned but only 5,000 survived to be handed over. The Russian leader said the rest "Just burned up!" and we kept ours in prison for four years!

apparently was a favorite of Ernest Hemingway because Life Magazine had a picture of him dining by the front window with Ingrid Bergman. They were discussing her upcoming movie of his book, "For Whom the Bell Tolls," the only realistic book on war I ever read. Ingrid Bergman was in a U.S.O. show in 1945 in Germany which I saw, where she did a skit on the last scene in "Casablanca" with Larry Adler, the harmonica player. Jack Benny was to appear with her in the show but he canceled out with a "cold" because he had been razzed off the stage the night before. I never enjoyed his brand of humor and it may not have fit in the serious times then.

When the Battle of the Bulge came with the last German offensive of the war on December 15, 1944,

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THE 1945 MEMOIRS OF JOHN B. DURST

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some generals in Washington or in Europe panicked and every soldier who was halfway through Basic Training was immediately sent overseas from Long Beach. This was fortunate for us because we dreaded the twenty-five mile march that marked the end of Basic which ended with the camp band playing as the troops dragged themselves onto the parade ground.

* * * * *

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Following are the Memoires of John Durst written in 1945. They seem to have been written to his family.)

12-29-44: To start the story at the beginning, I left Long Beach in a C-47 transport plane at 12:00, Friday, December 29th. I spent Friday night at Amarillo, Texas, Saturday night in Birmingham (Wow!) Alabama. Got almost to Washington but had to turn south because of bad weather and landed at Columbia, South Carolina. There we took the train (rode all night) to Fort Meade where we arrived at 3:00 p.m., January 1st. At Fort Meade we were issued new clothes and equipment and left Friday afternoon (January 5th) for Camp Kilmer, New Jersey (N.Y. POE) where we waited two days for shipping orders and left Sunday afternoon for New York Harbor and the famous Pier 90 (get it?) Yep! We sailed on the R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth which left the harbor at 2:00 p.m., Monday, January 8th. I got a good look at the Statue of Liberty which is painted green for camouflage. As you know, the Queen Elizabeth is the largest and fastest liner on the ocean. After 5 days on the ocean (all alone since the ship was too fast for a convoy) we saw North Ireland and landed in the Firth of Clyde in Scotland near Glasgow. Leaving the ship by barge on January 15th, Monday, we went to an old fort in town and had supper and ale!, got on the train (just like in a Hitchcock movie), rode all night and most of the next day to Southampton where we boarded an LCT that night (January 16th). On the train we passed through Glasgow, Newcastle, Manchester and Oxford. The LCT sailed the next morning and arrived at Le Havre on January 18th early in the morning. Scotland is a very pretty country but England is plain and we didn't get to see London. France was awful cold. It had snowed just before we had arrived and again that night. On leaving the ship we hiked 10 miles straight up a very steep hill on the far side of the city to a tent camp, which is on top of the 3rd largest ammunition dump in France (several thousand tons left by the Germans.)

1-20-45: Leaving Le Havre after two days, there we took box cars to Givet, France on the Belgium border. The ride took 2 days and nights, it was snowing and we were packed 35 men to a small French box car ("40 or 12," i.e. 40 men or 12 horses). With all the equipment in the car we hardly had room to lie down and couldn't even move when we did. However, we did swipe a

stove which kept the drafty car a little warm but the smoke almost choked us.

1-22-45: Arriving at Givet (40 miles behind the lines but German paratroopers had landed there during the breakthrough a month before) we were put in a Replacement Depot to wait for assignment to a division. During the week and a half we were there we took hikes into Belgium along the Meuse River, zeroed in our weapons and got familiar with German weapons and equipment. (Knowing the sound of enemy guns is very helpful).

1-31-45 & 2-1-45: We were finally assigned to the 69th Division which was back at Laon, so we had to ride the box cars back to there (1 day). We never passed through Paris but we did see Rouen and Reims. This was the way Patton went last summer and was in bad shape from the bombings (Le Havre harbor is completely leveled). The 69th Division was formed 2 years ago in Mississippi (Camp Shelby), spent a month and a half in England, and hit France a few days after I did. While in England, 60 men were taken from each company and sent into action in Belgium because of the breakthrough by the Germans. Therefore, we were sent to replace them from Givet. I was put in the 2nd Squad of the 2nd Platoon of A Company, 1st Battalion, 273rd Regiment, 69th Division, V Corps, 1st Army, 12th Army Group, A.E.F.

2-10-45: Leaving "tent city" we rode box cars for 2 days to Liege, Belgium where we took trucks to a small village about 20 miles from the front where we slept in the hay loft of a farmer's house for 2 nights. Saturday afternoon (Feb. 10) the officers went to the front which was on the west side of the National Highway which runs north and south. The highway was the Belgium-German border. We moved up in

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William McDermott, John Durst, Unknown in front of our hotel in Nice (French Riviera) 1945.

THE 1945 MEMOIRS OF JOHN B. DURST

(Continued from Page 44)

trucks to within a few miles of the highway and walked the rest of the way up to where the 99th Division was dug in. On the way, we had to pass an open spot in the forest where the Germans could see us from their positions a few thousand yards away, and they gave us a "screaming meemie" (88mm cannon) barrage which landed in the woods to our left. Since the whole area was mined, we had to stay on the road. When we reached the 99th, they pulled out and we took their log huts. That was Monday afternoon, February 12th. We didn't get much sleep the first two nights because we only had 2 men to a hut and one of us had to be on guard outside all the time. The first couple of days we improved our hut which was made of heavy logs all over and camouflaged with pine branches. After the first few days we had 3 to 4 men pull guard together which made it 2 on, 4 off or 1½ on and 4½ off. During the day we'd have occasional barrages of 88's, mortars, or rockets and a couple of times a sniper would fire at us if we bunched up. However, no one was ever hurt in our company.

2-17-45: Saturday morning, my birthday, a couple of us were picked for a detail back in the rear area and I was lucky enough to get it. The detail was tearing down duffel bags of EM and sorting the stuff out. The bags were back in the 99th Division's rest area where they had been since we relieved them. So I got a chance to drink some beer and talk to them. They had been pushed back from the positions we were in when the Germans broke through in December and had just won back the ground (20 miles back and forth). When I returned Monday morning I found out that Saturday three of our guys went out to find a sniper and got in a mine field (there were mine fields north and west of us). A friend of mine tripped a shoe-mine wire and blew off 2 toes. Our platoon sergeant went out to carry him in but stepped on another one as soon as he took 3 steps in and found 26 other wires on the way back (the ground had softened up by then and had freed the wires).

At dawn every morning, we'd fire our heavy mortars and they'd return the barrage. About 2:00 in the afternoon we'd get either a rocket or 88 barrage. Mortars are the worst because you can't hear them coming until about one-half second before they hit and the Germans are very accurate with them. Also, they sometimes hit the trees (pine and very tall and close together) which drops the shrapnel right down on you. Rockets sound just like toy ones and can be heard in time to dive in the hut. 88's are the famous all purpose gun of the Germans (can be used as regular artillery, flat trajectory fire, anti-tank, or anti-aircraft). Rommel used them in Africa, knocked out 200 tanks, and took Tobruk. They are called "screaming meemies" because for about a half a minute they sound like the wind blowing through the trees and then - just before they

hit - they make a low, dull whistle followed by several terrific blasts since the guns are fired in battery and the shells fed on a conveyor. The muzzle is tapered at the end to give it more velocity, so the shell is about 88mm when it comes out.

2-22-45: Every night a patrol was sent out from some platoon in the Battalion which tried to take the three pillboxes a few yards northeast in a field. But each time they had to pull back because of mortar and machine gun fire. On February 22nd it came our turn (**Lieutenant Lucci** was very familiar with the area as he'd led 5-6 recon patrols there.) **Lt. Lucci** and the squad leaders made a patrol the night before and got almost up to the main pillbox (Co. Hq. and supply dump in a hill, 2 MG's in turrets, covering it). **Lucci's** plan was to take two identical combat teams (23 men besides himself) composed as follows:

1 man with a mine detector to clear path. **Lt. Lucci**
- patrol leader.

Assault Team:

- 2 Bar's (to wipe out MG nests)
- 2 Flame Throwers
- 2 Satchel Charges (TNT to blast box open)

Support Team:

- Same as Assault Team plus:
- 1 telephone man with roll of wire (to Battalion)
- 1 radioman (to call for artillery, if needed)
- 5 riflemen (to take prisoners back, if any)

2-22-45, 8:00 p.m.: I was one of the riflemen on the morning list but was dropped with two others when they decided they should stay in the pillbox after they took it and it could hold only 20 men. This turned out to be the luckiest break I've had because as the patrol was waiting in a building in a town B Company was in for jump off time (8:00 p.m., Feb. 22), one of the satchel charges went off accidentally. The explosion blew up the other charges (3), the flame throwers (4) which threw burning fluid all over, grenades (each man carries 2 in his breast pockets) and all the ammo. The explosion killed 63 men in all, 29 from my platoon, 34 from B Company who were in the building. Fortunately, **Lt. Lucci**, our platoon guide, and a scout, had just stepped outside to leave and weren't hurt, but it left the platoon with 13 men (3 in my squad). You can't possibly imagine how we felt. None of us will every get over it entirely.

2-27-45: On the night of February 27th, my platoon made a patrol several miles past our lines and formed a line of departure on top of a steep hill overlooking Kamburg which the company was to take the next day. When the whole 1st Battalion was on the line (dawn), a terrific artillery barrage blasted the towns a couple of miles in front of us. As it died down we attacked but didn't meet any opposition until we reached Kamburg. The Germans had withdrawn because of the artillery

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THE 1945 MEMOIRS OF JOHN B. DURST

(Continued from Page 45)

but had left a few snipers with burp guns behind. They killed and wounded some of our guys (which are coming back from the hospitals now), but we cleared the town and set up a perimeter defense around it. We were shelled all afternoon while I lay in a shell hole, eating K-rations, smoking one cigarette after another, too tired to dig the hole any deeper.

2-28-45: The next morning at 10:00 o'clock, we moved out of Kamburg to set up a Main Line of Resistance a mile out of town. As we reached a draw in the field, a sniper on the hill hit a couple of guys and we dug in on the slope to the rear. (We call it "Purple Heart Hill.") As we were digging our slit trenches, the Germans opened up with mortar fire, a salvo every few minutes, which was all over us and caused a lot of casualties. One shell blew two guys right out of their holes, another landed right between two guys digging in. At 2:00 the mortars stopped, but about 4 it started raining and we had nothing to keep us dry. I was never so miserable in my life. Finally, as it grew dark, we withdrew back to a small village that B Company had taken, where we stayed a couple of days until relieved by the 272nd Regiment. When they arrived, we made the long hike back to our positions in the forest where we spent the night.

3-2-45: On the way back, part of the platoon fell behind and got lost. While we waited on a hill for them, they walked into a mine field and tripped a wire which set off an explosion. The three lead men including our new platoon sergeant, got their legs blown up and each lost a foot. They were close together because of the dark.

3-3-45: The next morning we took a truck ride northward up the National Highway and relieved the 28th Division. **3-5-45:** A Company stayed in Hellenthal a couple of days with a tank destroyer outfit, where we were shelled with mortars from the hills. The mortar crew finally surrendered and we began a long hike up, down and over a dozen steep hills in the mountains before the Rhine, but the Germans had withdrawn over the Rhine and we didn't meet any opposition.

3-14-45: After 9 days of resting, eating good food, and writing (I wrote 3 or 4 letters one day), **3-21-45:** we were attached to the Engineers for a week to help repair roads and wait for our chance to cross the Rhine.

3-22-45: After crossing the Rhine, we were on the move all the time. One night we rode 110 miles in trucks (30 men to a truck: barely enough room to sit down and awfully cramped) from Limburg on the Lahn River to a city 10 miles north of Kassel. This was the drive by the 1st Army which cut off and surrounded the German army in the west. From there we marched continuously, stopping only at night, crossed the Fulda River on a foot bridge, cleared out a forest (45 prisoners

marched down the Kassel-Berlin Superhighway, establishing a bridgehead over the Werra River. The bridge was blown. One of our scouts fell off in the dark. We took the bridgehead the next morning when Patton's tanks found us.

4-3-45: After almost two weeks of steady marching we stopped at an airfield near Bad Kosen (we got a ride one day on tank destroyers of the 9th Armored Division). The airfield had been strafed by planes and there were about 15 medium bombers scattered around and one ME 109 which was the only plane in good condition. We had a lot of fun fooling with the controls, etc. Several Poles told us that a year before an American plane crashed in the field and the villagers had killed them with clubs.

4-17-45: After guarding the field for a week, our trucks caught up again and we rode to Borna, 25 km. southwest of Leipzig, where we stayed one night and organized for taking Leipzig the next day. We rode the trucks to the outskirts of the city, (5th largest in Germany), set up a line of departure, cleared the outskirts, but didn't meet any resistance till we reached the city itself (there were machine guns set up at the end of each street).

4-18-45: Clearing the streets on the way to the City Hall wasn't too difficult. There were just a few snipers with machine guns and bazookas, but they took off when we got too close to them. **Jackson** and another BAR man got a few. I took **Jackson's** BAR up one street to get a machine gunner, but he took off without seeing me (lucky for me because the BAR jammed!) That's the last time I'll ever take a BAR!

A third of the way into the city we waited in a building on the railroad tracks till night, made a patrol through the streets and took 35 prisoners and had enough Lugers for the whole platoon. We got about 10 blocks from the City Hall, which we attacked at dawn.

(Continued on Page 47)



Edward P. Jackson

THE 1945 MEMOIRS OF JOHN B. DURST

(Continued from Page 46)

4-19-45: *Three hundred jerries held out all day after we took the City Hall on April 19th. It was shelled and is pretty battered up. The Germans are cleaning up the mess we made with rifle, BAR, machine gun, and 37mm gun fire (2 LT tanks which I led down the night before to cover the 3rd Platoon's retreat after they were pinned down in the street by the German "burp" guns (e.g. machine pistols). The tankers were afraid of "panzerfausts" (like our bazooka) which is deadly to light tanks. My platoon (2nd) was supposed to go with them, but they didn't get the order in time. I was guarding the tanks then (4:40 a.m.) and they asked me to go with them, so I walked down the parkway (it was the main avenue) about 50 yards in front of the tanks as quietly as I could. The Germans had stopped firing. When I got to the building (City Hall) the machine gun opened up on the 3rd Platoon on my right. The City Hall was on the left. I saw the tracers and went over to my right to find out where they were. I didn't know it was the 3rd Platoon, I thought it was a Patrol. When one of them told me they had men out in the street (it was very dark of course), I told them to get everybody over to this side and I went back and told the tanks to fire into the building; as they opened up with four 30 cal. MGs and two 37mm guns for about twenty minutes while the 3rd Platoon pulled out. I rode the tank back and met my platoon coming down.

Well, we waited till dawn and came down with the tanks this time. As our scouts passed the building, the Germans opened up again and just about got our scouts. I hid behind a pile of rubble on the sidewalk, where I found the 3rd Platoon that morning. The whole area had been bombed and there was plenty of rubble. The tank fired for one-half hour but when they stopped to reload their machine guns, the Germans in the building would pick off our men. They were in the top two stories and the tower where they could easily see us in the street. About this time a German came running out with a large Red Cross flag saying he wanted to surrender (a trick: he really wanted to find out our strength and where our automatic weapons were). Falling for this, we sent him back in to make the others surrender, too.

A little later, they opened up again and got three of our five BAR men. They then fired bazookas at us and almost got another BAR man. A round landed right in front of a tree he was hiding behind. Our BAR man, **Jackson**, 1st Squad, was hiding behind a couple of street cars which were stalled in front of me. Jackson has been in five campaigns (Africa, Sicily, Italy, Southern France, and Germany with us) and he knew better than to give his position away by firing.

(On November 25th, 1996, Lieutenant Lucci told me it was a building next to the City Hall with 200 S.S. men in it. He said F Company was in the City Hall.)

However, I fired into the top windows to make them keep down. So when I stopped (**Jackson** yelled at me to quit), they peppered the rocks in front of me. They saw my muzzle blast which kicked up the dirt I fired over.

About this time, our medics ran up to take care of our wounded (6 wounded - 1 killed). The Germans fired at them with machine guns but they came up anyway. I saw the bullets hit around our medic (**Joe Dubas**) as he ran by me. Of course, medics have Red Cross arm bands and white helmets with red crosses on every side. A little while later, **Lt. Lucci** told us to pull out. He and **Pfc. Williamson**, Co. runner and a friend of mine, went out and helped the wounded onto the tanks which took them back to the battalion aid station a few blocks back. **Williamson** got the Silver Star and **Lt. Lucci** got his second Bronze Star, an oak leaf on the ribbon. He got his first in the Seigfried Line.

Anyway, I made a break for a canal in back of me (20 yards) and jumped in before they got me. They came darned close. Five of us, two wounded, waded down the canal and dried out by a stove in the cellar of the aid station. They were very busy since F Company had 75% casualties from MGs that morning as they rode in on tanks. In the meantime, the task force had come up with medium tanks and artillery (105mm guns) and we gave the Germans until 10:00 a.m. to surrender, which they did.

We took 150 prisoners and found a lot of dead Germans inside the building. We were all very glad to hear that the German who came out the first time with the Red Cross flag was shot by a BAR as soon as he came out of the door.* The SS officers shot themselves and the Nazi Burgermeister poisoned himself and his family. He lived in the building next to the City Hall. The City Hall itself was a fort with underground passages with a hospital full of wounded and tons of ammunition. They could have held out indefinitely except for the artillery and tanks. The place still stinks and is a mess. So much for City Hall.

Well, the day after Leipzig fell, we moved east to Wurzen on the Mulde River. The bridge across the river had been blown but we climbed across. A Company was the only one across and was closest to the Russians, but we weren't supposed to send out patrols to meet them (they were trying to arrange a formal meeting, but Hq. Company could go ahead anyway for security.) **Lt. Robertson** in Hq. Company, 1st Battalion, B Company, was just north of us.

4-25-45/4-26-45: We did bring in a Russian Major and a couple others on either the 25th or 26th.

When we left Wurzen for Grimma, we were transferred from the 1st Army to the 9th, but were still in the 69th Division, which is incidentally called the "Fighting 69th." We don't know yet if we'll stay as occupation (I hope) or get sent to the Pacific. Please send a package of candy and food. Thanks.

(*The men coming up the next street shot him and a civilian whose wife was screaming hysterically. On November 25th, 1996, Lt. Lucci said this didn't happen - no one was shot.)

Veteran buried by only family - the military

Submitted by: Lester Hart

Battery C, 881st Field Artillery

7916 Hayes Road, Williamsfield, Ohio 44093



Commander M.B. Parker of the Lake County Veterans Honor Guard reads his book of prayers to the casket of Robert Hopkins at a ceremony in which there were no family members or friends in attendance. The honor guard gave Hopkins the standard 21-gun salute and presented the folded flag to the casket because no next of kin was able to accept it.

By Rick Reed

A sun-filled sky couldn't hide the loneliness at a small corner of the Florida National Cemetery Friday afternoon. A 21-gun salute echoed in the distance. Taps sad melody sounded.

And the flag draped across Robert Hopkins' casket was carefully folded. But there was no one to hand it to.

"It's just a shame," said Millard Parker, commander of the Lake County Honor Guard.

Hopkins, a 73-year-old World War II veteran, was put to his final rest Friday afternoon by 12 members of the Lake County Honor Guard. No family or friends witnessed the ceremony.

"He didn't have any living relatives or next of kin," said Parker.

Hopkins was found in his Fruitland Park home by the Lake County Sheriff's deputies early this week. There was no one else.

"They knew he was a veteran and that he was 73 years old," Parker said. "That's all they knew."

Parker tried to find out more about Hopkins, but wasn't successful. He wasn't even sure when Hopkins moved to the area.

But Hopkins wasn't forgotten on Friday. He was a fallen comrade that deserved the honor of a military burial.

"It's one of the highest military honors," said Chaplain Fred Ahlstrom.

The Lake County Honor Guard made up of about 30 veterans, have buried more than 1,500 comrades since the Florida National Cemetery opened in 1988. Usually they're accompanied by family and friends.

But once or twice a year, a man like Hopkins dies alone.

"These kind get close," said Parker. "You ask, 'does it make you sad?' Yes, yes it does."

Parker had to fight back tears during the ceremony that included a few scriptures from I Timothy, some poems, a few words from the chaplain, and some prayers.

Can Anyone Help

Mr. & Mrs. Stanley R. Hopton, Jr.
68 Trumbull Street, Watertown, CT 06795

My wife and I are trying to do some research on my father-in-law's military history. We found your organization mentioned in the book, *"How To Locate Anyone Who Is or Has Been In The Military,"* by Lt. Col. Richard S. Johnson. However, our problem is not a simple one of location. It is one of finding a unit history and anyone who may have had contact with him. Let me explain.

Joseph J. Jacovino served in the 6th Special Services Platoon in the European Theatre in 1944 and 1945. This platoon performed entertainment for all of the front line units of the day. As such they traveled around the theatre and were always listed as "Assigned-Unattached." The closest he came to being assigned to a major command was to be under the Headquarters Ground Force Replacement Unit. Their OIC as they traveled around was always a lieutenant assigned to the administration office of a particular unit. It was never one single commander.

We are looking for personnel that may have been assigned to or seen shows performed by the 6th Special Services Platoon in 1944-1945 in England, Belgium, France and Germany. The shows would have included *"My G.I. Back"* and *"This Ain't The Army."* Other members of this platoon included **John Suslavic, Tommy Noden, Bob Evans, Dick Vincent, Jack Maxwell and Johnny Ricci.**

Anyone who has any relevant information, memories or suggestions - please contact:

Mr. Joseph Jacovino
18 Rosedale Ave.
Waterbury, CT 06705

We sincerely appreciate your help. We thank you in advance for your time and consideration.

Co. G, 272nd Infantry

Submitted by: **Will Frazee**
150 West Franklin Street
Centerville, Ohio 45459-4837
Telephone: 937/433-8883

Four or five years ago I got the bug to get each member of G-272nd to write down a memory or two of our time at Shelby and I would gather them for a publication to be provided each person who sent in a memory.

It took repeated mailings, threats, imploring, begging, etc. but I finally got enough men to send in memories to put a book together.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Following are some excerpts from the publication, *Memories of Shelby*. If space allows, we will publish more in the next issue of the bulletin.)

Memories of Shelby

It was bleak, forlorn, God-forsaken, snake-ridden, hot, humid, and an affront to and oppression of, the human spirit. But we were in a war and it was all we had.

It was the best of times; it was the worst of times.

The men were great, Shelby was the pits.

Firm friendships were formed that are fondly remembered. Many are still pursued.

There were frequent maneuvers that were violently detested. It is agreed that the 69th spent an inordinate amount of training time "in the field."

There were things outside regulations and outside discipline that were tried. Some were a success, while some were failures. Both are fondly remembered.

The training trauma is largely forgotten while the non-training events are remembered and recalled in detail.

A general impression is that we would not give up our wartime experience together for \$1 million or repeat it for \$10 million.

Much appreciation to all represented in these pages by their memories. You're a great gang.

* * * * *

JAMES VOGEL

One thing I'll never forget about Camp Shelby were the many Black Widow spiders and the Timber Rattlesnakes. One morning as I was getting up, there on my sheet was the biggest Black Widow spider I had ever seen. I was tongue-tied and speechless. **Sergeant Majewski** looked over at me and I pointed at the spider which was looking me in the eye. **Sergeant Majewski** grabbed a poker and a milk bottle and poked the spider into the bottle. He told me to take it

down to the Dispensary. The doctor looked at me, then at the bottle and said, "That's the biggest Black Widow spider that I have ever seen. I am going to keep her in alcohol to show everyone. You better get back to G Company before you miss your breakfast." I said, "Aren't you going to check me over to see if she bit me?" He smiled and said, "If she bit you, you would not be able to bring her to me."

GEORGE KEPLER

My memories of Shelby are few since I was there only 4 months. When we camped in the field, I remember being warned about the poisonous little Coral snakes, which I had never heard of in my home state of Pennsylvania. So we always checked very carefully before bedding down in our tents. I remember the long, hot train ride the summer of '44 from Philadelphia to Hattiesburg - we kept the windows open and everything was covered with coal dust.

CLEM HUDACEK

After being transferred to the 69th Infantry Division and assigned to Company G, 4th Platoon, I didn't know too much about the Infantry Manual. One day we were out in the field and **Captain Danahy** asked me a question as to what I would do in regards to some type of situation in combat. Not knowing the answer, I said, "I do not know." The Captain said, "You had better get out your Infantry Manual and read and study it." I said, "Yes, sir," but didn't dare ask, "Where do I get the manual?" So be it - thanks to **McGinnis** and being assigned to the Mortar Section.

TONY CURCIO

I can remember one incident that happened on our first night maneuvers. **Ted Majewski** gave us the compass and we were to go through the wooded area and hills with no lights. I had my squad following behind me when I fell into a tree stump and **Ralph Epps** and the BAR man had to pull me out to continue on.

BILL PHILLIPS

I have just spent the last hour trying to remember some interesting experiences at Shelby, and I am now ready to conclude one of two things: Either there were no interesting experiences or my memory has been severely affected by rigor mortis.

One thing does come to mind, but it certainly was not very pleasant. Here goes — G Company had a thief; he was a small person and was assigned to either the 2nd or 3rd platoon. I recall him only by his nickname, "Bones." Wallets were disappearing in the company and **Captain Wordley** gave the company a strong warning on the subject of stealing in the military - Oh did he ever!

Bones was a gambler, and on one occasion he was losing heavily in a card game in the Rec. Room. He

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COMPANY G, 272nd MEMORIES OF SHELBY

(Continued from Page 49)

reached for his wallet to get more money, when a person standing behind him recognized his sister's (or girlfriend's) picture in Bones' wallet. The following day, while in the guardhouse, Bones slashed his wrists with a rusty razor blade. The on-duty guard notified **1st Sergeant Shemp**, who then told **Capt. Wordley**. After only a few minutes, **Capt. Wordley** ordered **Sgt. Shemp** to fall out the company and, at the same time, have Bones brought to the company street. Bones was still bleeding, but not profusely. **Capt. Wordley**, in view of the entire company, gave Bones instructions on the correct procedures for the taking of one's life with a razor blade.

With the ever-present cigar stump between his lips, **Capt. Wordley** said, "Now Bones, when you want to do something like this, get a nice new razor blade, not a rusty one; and Bones, forget your wrists, go straight for the jugular vein." In so doing, Bones, don't throw your head back because to do so shifts the jugular to the back of the throat. "Just stand there in a natural way and one sweep from left to right across your throat does a very effective job every time. "Bones, you got any questions?" If Bones had any questions he didn't get them out before he fainted. With that, **Capt. Wordley** said, "Company dismissed." **Capt. Wordley** had a shiny new blade he used for the demonstration.

LOWELL CLAXTON

I took my basic at Camp Croft, South Carolina and finished my infantry training with G Company, 272nd at Camp Shelby. Sure didn't like the swamps, copperheads and cottonmouth snakes, other snakes and bugs. Training over, I was to go home on furlough. It was cancelled and I shipped out with G Company. Then I was put in E Company, 330th Infantry, 83rd Division. I saw combat in France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany.

ED KILEY

We were living out in the field. **Joe O'Donnell** and I shared one of those notorious two-shelter-half tents. When we set the tent in position, we were very careful to dig an appropriate drainage ditch all around the tent. After I fell asleep that night there was one of those violent thunder, lightening and torrential rainstorms which (I was later told) lasted several hours. When I awoke in the morning, Joe yelled at me - asking how I could have slept so soundly all night. He was exhausted from lack of sleep and refused to accept my commentary about a clear conscience.

My second recollection was when we were once again out in the field. Our entire Company somehow got separated from the rest of the Battalion one afternoon. We wandered around in the swamps all night. The next morning we were found.

Because we had not eaten our evening meal from the night before, we were fed that meal.

Then, since it was now time for breakfast, we were fed breakfast. Then we all went through the line again to get a bag lunch for our noontime meal. By then several little children who lived nearby had assembled to see us brave soldiers. One of the boys said to the others, "All those guys do is eat, eat, eat!"

GEORGE LaBOVE

It was the winter of 1942 at Shelby and Company G, 272nd, was out on bivouac. I was Mess Sergeant in charge of the kitchen. We had a fire going in the mess tent. It was very cold and the Commissioned Officers and some of the soldiers bundled up and went to the tent to cuddle up around the fire to stay warm. Before we knew it, the tent was on fire. The kitchen burned down and that left us all out in the cold. It was surely a night to remember.

BILL MATTHEWS

The most vivid memory I have is of an event that took place, where else but in the field, when I was the BAR man in a squad of the second platoon.

I had "farmed out" the BAR and was in the role of lead scout at the time we were advancing under a wooded area. All of a sudden "**Chief**" Longhorn, who was immediately behind me, yelled, "FREEZE." That was followed by a sharp thud.

I then learned that a Blue Racer snake just to the left of my head on one of those tree limbs had had it's head severed by the "Chief's" trusty bayonet. His bayonet drew more blood on maneuvers than it did in combat.

JAKE McCLAIN

My memories of Shelby have to do with the town. The first Christmas we were stationed there, my wife drove down from Illinois for the vacation from school. She arrived Friday morning. It had snowed the night before - the first snowfall in years so all (and I mean all) stores were closed in celebration. No food, no shopping, etc.

The second memory concerns cockroaches. She came for the summer. We rented a room in town. Cockroaches were everywhere. We complained to the landlady. Her response was, "Don't worry - they will go away next winter!"

WICK BAXTER

Lots of watermelons.

The farm wife who delivered a fried chicken for \$1.00 to two GIs in their outpost foxhole. The Maneuvers Referee Lt. who did not think it funny.

One day as head scout, with broken glasses, firing blanks at our own returning patrol.

Raking barracks dirt floors.

Saturday morning inspection to get that weekend pass. New Orleans! Biloxi!

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COMPANY G, 272nd MEMORIES OF SHELBY

(Continued from Page 50)

ART HELD

My memory of Shelby is very slim. I remember some from Georgia where I went first before Shelby. I remember some things from Europe when we were there with the 69th. Before we left Shelby for Europe we had to leave to go to New York and I wanted to leave the 69th and go to the paratroops. I had to meet my mother in New York for her to sign the papers for me to join the paratroops. She saw our combat boots, all shined up, and she thought I had already signed up. Anyway, I took the papers back to Shelby to join the paratroops but our outfit, the 69th, was alerted and we left for Europe before I could join the paratroops.

BOB GIPPLE

I don't really have any memories of Camp Shelby as I was only there long enough to be on the DeSoto maneuvers - man against mosquitoes.

WILL FRAZEE

In the airborne I had carried a carbine. Fresh from ASTP, G Company gave me an M-1 that had been triple-dipped in cosmoline. I struggled to get it cleaned up and apart, then failed to get it fitted back together. We were called to formation that morning, so I put the extra parts in a can under our hut.

MICHAEL KERTIS

Other than the heat, chiggers, bivouacs and endless marches, we had very few memorable moments at Shelby.

However, one hot summer night in 1943 a skunk took refuge under our hut and wouldn't move. We had a critique and formulated a plan to rout the intruder. Our plan was (1) uniform; none - naked. (2) weapons: broom handles and shovels. (3) protective equipment: gas masks. What a sight! Can you visualize 15 naked men wearing gas masks and prodding a skunk with broomsticks? We finally routed the skunk after several gas sprays. We showered, discussed our tactics and victory. However, what we learned was that, contrary to what our founding fathers said, not "all men are created equal."

During one of my tours as Sergeant of the Guard, **Colonel Buie** gave me a crash course in toilet bowl cleaning. It seemed that whenever I was Sergeant of the Guard, **Colonel Buie** was either Officer of the Day, or routinely inspected the guard and guardhouse. On this particular day we went through the usual routine. I followed the Colonel, clipboard in hand, taking notes of any remarks or gigs.

1. Area outside the guardhouse: O.K. (We swept the area.)
2. Inside the guardhouse: O.K. - neat, clean.
3. Toilet area: O.K. - "No wait - look - mineral stains on toilet bowl."

Colonel Buie - "Sergeant, do you call this toilet bowl clean?"

I'm standing erect behind the Colonel, taking notes. I said, "From here, sir, yes."

Colonel Buie said, "Sergeant, how the hell can you inspect a toilet standing ramrod straight?" "Bend your back, get your nose down here in the bowl. "Look at these mineral stains under the rim. "Do you know how to get them out?"

I felt I had to say something. I said, "Plenty of elbow grease, I think."

Colonel Buie said, "Elbow grease, hell. "Get a bucket of kerosene, a bucket of sand and a stiff brush and on their free time have the guard clean the bowls."

As he left the area, **Colonel Buie** said, "Very good, guard, carry on."

GEORGE KING

One dark night when there was no moon and no stars when I was either walking guard or changing the guard (I can't remember which) I stepped, or fell, into an open latrine up to my waist. Somehow, while falling in, I managed to raise my rifle over my head, thus saving miraculously the precious M-1 while I, lowly Corporal King, was drenched in surrounding muck!

I also remember wall to wall cots in the dormitory - like a hotel room during a weekend in New Orleans.

JOHN MCGINNIS

Coming from a discontinued aviator program at Keesler AF Base, I was assigned to G Company. As I reported, there was an acting First Sergeant, a Tech Sergeant named Fleagie, spelling and name I'm not sure of. The Captain prior to Danahy, I can't recall his name, assigned me to Sergeant Curcio's squad as we were going out on a bivouac, as usual. I don't know how Curcio felt, he didn't talk too much then, but I kept quiet and did what he wanted me to do. How times have changed.

Another story might be called "Rubbing Elbows With The Elite." One evening in New Orleans, **Rhodes**, someone else, and myself had stopped at the Hotel Roosevelt on Canal Street for dinner and a few drinks. **Rhodes** had picked up a lady friend somewhere and she was with us. While we were in the dining room, the movie star Robert Taylor came in and sat across the dining room from us. Mr. Taylor like the looks of **Rhodes's** girlfriend and talked her into joining him. Guess what she did? We were stags the rest of the night.

The last might be called "Fire Down Below." A group of us went to Biloxi for the weekend. **Swede**, our Mess Sergeant was with us. We had rooms in this hotel and were located in the rear, 2 or 3 stories above an alley, with a connecting fire escape. In the morning after checking out the spots in Biloxi, we couldn't find **Swede**. It seems he got out on the fire escape and passed out either before or after someone lighted a fire in a trash barrell and the black soot was all over our **Swede** - head to toe and in uniform. We all helped to clean him up to get him back to camp.

Submitted by: Leon M. Yablon
(EDITOR'S NOTE: We ask our readers to keep in mind that this article was written in 1945)

The German People

*A Few Anti-Nazis
face appalling job of
redeeming a country
that feels no guilt or shame.*

By Percy Knauth

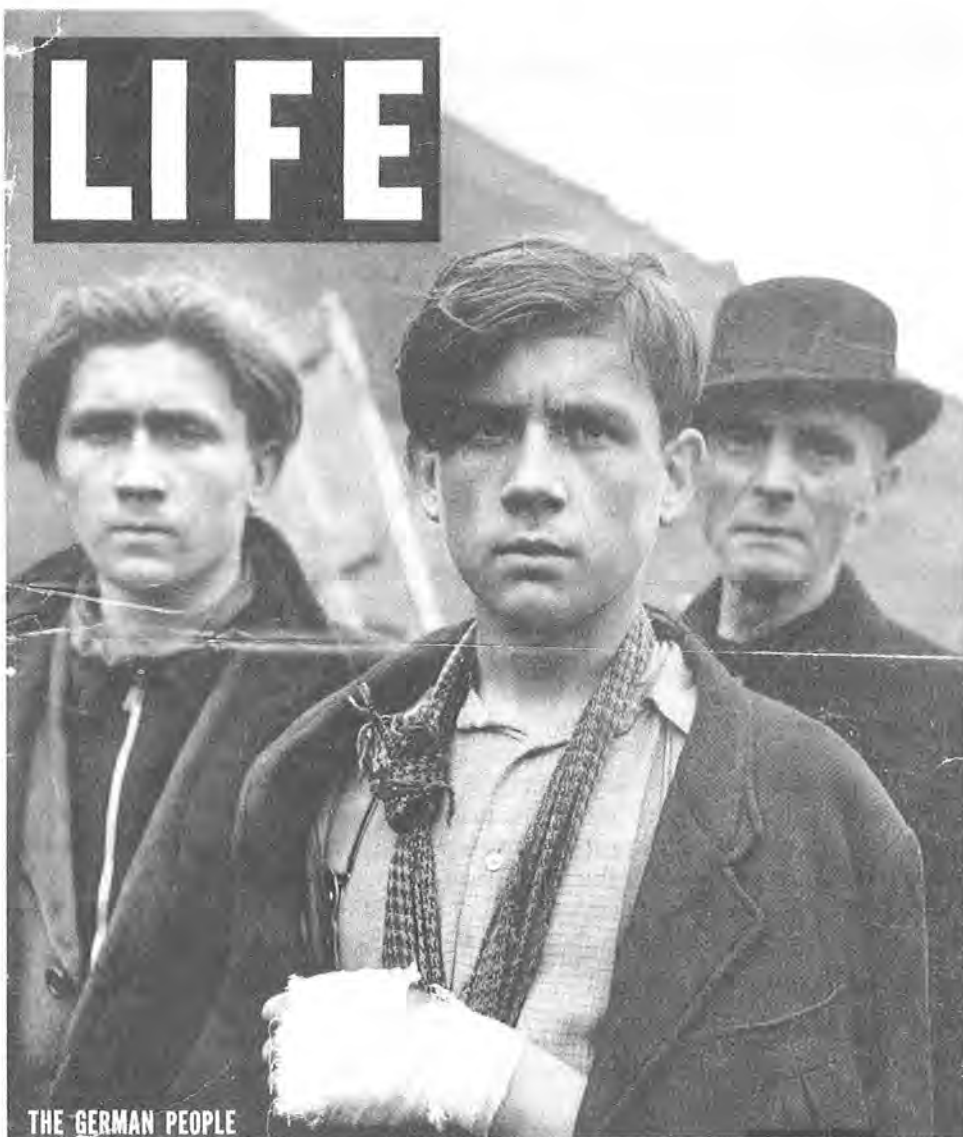
BY WIRELESS FROM GERMANY

On the night of Sunday, March 25, Helmut Lotz, a garrison soldier of Frankfurt-am-Main, heard the Nazi authorities give the order for the total evacuation of the city before the Americans arrived. Lotz was a clerical worker in the finance section of the Frankfurt garrison. He had a wife, a 15-year-old daughter and a 6-month-old son. Being tubercular, he had managed so far to avoid combat duty and remain with his family. Now he was ordered to remain in Frankfurt while his wife and children were to take the road as refugees. Neither he nor his family ever questioned the order or considered the possibility of simply staying in Frankfurt. Lotz chose another way out. While American shells exploded in Frankfurt's streets and the trickle of refugees fleeing eastward swelled to a stream, he took his revolver, shot his children, then his wife and himself.

The Lotz funeral was held in the main Frankfurt cemetery in that section reserved for people of little means. A pastor of the Confessional Church, whose leader Martin Niemoller is spending his eighth year in a concentration camp for resistance of the Nazi state, read the funeral service, standing bareheaded in the rain. He did not withhold the church's blessing from the four who lay in their graves. "Their act of self-destruction," he said, "was as much an act of fate as the death of thousands buried as victims of Allied air raids."

Privately he told me, "There you have four real victims of propaganda."

At the same time as the friends and relatives of Helmut Lotz were throwing the last shovelfuls of dirt on their graves, companies of an American division in Frankfurt were moving out to throw a close guard on all roads leading into the city. The day before, the first



MAY 7, 1945

OVERSEAS EDITION FOR ARMED FORCES

cases of civilian sniping had cropped up. Shots were fired from windows and from the woods around the town, and engineers discovered mines laid on the railroad tracks, highways and bridges. Frankfurt had been cleared of enemy troops for more than a week but resistance among some sections of the civilian population was not yet ended.

Between these two extremes - Helmut Lotz, who preferred death for his family to further suffering inside Nazi Germany, and the fanatics who risk their own and everybody else's lives in continued resistance to the American conquerors - the German civilians are reacting in many different ways to the defeat of the Nazis. For some the Americans' coming was outright liberation. For some it meant deep grief at the second defeat of the Fatherland within a generation. For some it meant that the fight must begin, as it began 22 years ago for the Nazi cause, secretly, dangerously,

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THE GERMAN PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 52)

with weapons both material and spiritual and as deadly as fanaticism could make them.

Most Germans, after the Americans came, lived for a while in a state of shock. Their homes had been bombed beyond all description and in the last days they were frequently shelled. Like automatons they scrambled wearily out of the ruins and stood blinking in a world without an all-powerful government to regulate and dictate their lives, a world in which they sensed, some dimly, some powerfully, the first breath of freedom.

In those first few days the Germans mostly tapped their way uncertainly toward the new authority, the Allied Military Government. They found and read the posters on all walls and notice boards announcing curfew hours, surrender of firearms and vehicles, restrictions of circulation and the like. Some used the opportunity to get the material things they had lacked for years and plundered warehouses, freight trains and stores. Most queued up patiently to buy their bread and vegetables. When food supplies ran out before their turn came, they queued up before the offices of the Military Government, waiting like children for their new masters to feed them.

As American vehicles went roaring through the streets, most Germans looked at them with wonder and curiosity. Generally they did not fear the Americans as they would have the Russians. When asked for directions they gave them freely, some in an almost embarrassingly servile way, tipping their hats, gesturing widely, anxious to please.

Older men were most uniformly anxiously friendly. It was only in the eyes of some of the women that Americans saw bitterness or hostility.

Of the youth in the cities of Frankfurt, Darmstadt, Mainz, Mannheim, Ludwigshafen and others, there was almost nothing to be seen. Hitler Youths from 12 years on had been delegated to throw up emergency fortifications around cities; when the troops left, they mostly left with them. The girls had been working in factories and on farms. Many of the factory workers had been evacuated into the interior. Those on farms were unable to come home because they could not get passes.

NAZIS AND ANTI-NAZIS

These were the first impressions of Americans pushing deep into Nazi Germany, an overall picture of a people who for the moment didn't seem to know what to do, therefore sought to live on as normally as possible until something or somebody forced them to live differently. Individually and in small groups, however, many Germans reacted in more definite ways.

The reaction of the Nazi Party officials and party members was almost universally the same: pack up

get out before the Americans come. Some wrecked what they could before they left - files in their offices, records of all kinds, offices themselves and whatever they thought might be useful to the Americans. A small number stayed behind and kept under cover for a few days. A very small number went into hiding for the purpose of organizing resistance against the Americans when the first uncertainties of occupation had quieted down.

One man who felt the occupation of Frankfurt as liberation was Wilhelm Holbach, a former editor of the strongly republican *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which was finally suspended in 1943 "because of the paper shortage." Dr. Holbach had been waiting for this moment for a long time. When it came he placed himself at the disposal of the Allied Military Government. He became Frankfurt's temporary mayor, and last week he saw his old paper re-established by the Americans under a new name, the *Frankfurter Presse*. The first edition of 620,000 copies was distributed throughout a large part of occupied Germany. The paper is an Allied propaganda weapon, but its propaganda consists of factual news reporting, something that has been absent from Germany for 12 years.

Dr. Holbach has had around him a number of years a small circle of friends who are a political elite in Germany. Generally speaking, they are agreed that Germany must be occupied and controlled until the last traces of Nazism are wiped out.

"As Germans we do not make these statements easily," they say, "But we know that nationalism must go, that militarism must go, that our youth must be re-educated, by force if necessary, if this poison is to be extracted from our national body."

Men like those who are working as Germans for the Allies are in danger of their lives. They know that the German radio nightly issues proclamations and exhortations to "Werewolf," the underground movement which the Nazi government is trying to form behind the Allied lines.

These men know their weakness as a political force. They are not organized in any way except locally as groups of friends. They know the number of men who can be trusted to act as they act is despairingly small. That is why they turn to the occupying authority for aid and why they emphasize that their country's regeneration and reintegration in the world family of nations can be achieved only through intelligent outside control.

Pastors of the Confessional Church, too, looked on the coming of the Americans as liberation - and as a victory. Most of them, like their leader Martin Niemöller, the ex-submarine commander of World War I and militant defender of Christianity against Nazi encroachment on religious freedom, have served terms in jail. Of Frankfurt's 22 Protestant churches, 20 had

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THE GERMAN PEOPLE

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been destroyed by bombing, including all the Confessional Churches. They held services in cellars, in schoolhouses, in what buildings they could find, and their services this Easter Sunday were celebrations of thanksgiving.

These churchmen realize fully what a fearful task lies ahead of them in the resurrection of Germany. "We know," said one who is the Confessional Church's leader here, "how completely poisoned the youth of our nation is. German youth has lost all moral and religious hold on life. In schools the younger ones particularly have scarcely been taught anything these last years - most of their time has been spent in collecting waste paper, rags, funds for Winter Help organization and in military games.

"There is some intelligent understanding of this situation among the pupils of the high schools, but not enough. The older students are almost all aware of it and have become violently anti-Nazi. But so many of them are in the army fighting, so many of them have been lost. Germany's future lies with the youngest ones - and it's these youngest ones whose situation is almost hopeless."

"You cannot possibly realize," this pastor continued, "how these years have been for us. I myself have been three times in prison; here you see my prison papers. Our congregations have been threatened with loss of their jobs if they continue to come to church. Our churches have been closed and we have held services in homes. But our older people have been loyal and people have sought increasing comfort in religion."

PARTIES AND THE LADY PROFESSOR

In the factory town of Höchst just outside Frankfurt, a town of about 40,000 people which is virtually undamaged, I found today the firm indication of the awakening of political intelligence on a broad scale. I was talking to a civilian with the warm arm band of the auxiliary police on his arm, asking him how the people of Höchst reacted to the American occupation, when another man broke in. "Excuse me," he said, I can answer that question better. If you'll come with me I'll tell you about that," and he pulled me away down the corridor.

We found a room where he was satisfied that we could talk. His name was Joseph Gehringer and he had no objection to my writing it down.

Three men came into the room and he presented them: Jean Klebe, an older man, Ludwig Bende, with gray hair, beetling black eyebrows and glasses, and Carl Blanz, a young man with a blue-checked shirt open at the collar. All wore the arm band of the auxiliary police.

"That man you were talking to," said Gehringer, "you mustn't talk to him. He was a Nazi. There are others like him, policemen under the Nazis. Some of

them participated fully in the terror. We're trying to get them all. Social Democrats, Communists and Center Party. We are taking care of order and security in this town."

This was the first indication I'd seen anywhere that the old German political parties were coming up out of the darkness again and to me it was a stunning fact. The four men told me that they represented a yet unformed but already functioning coalition of the three most important parties which had been suppressed by the Nazis. They too, had prison papers. They were organized now, only locally to be sure, but organized and ready to take up where they had left off in 1933.

These four men from the workers' city of Höchst were the only Germans I had met so far who had actually done something positive and active to wipe out the Nazis. As auxiliary policemen they had gone around and arrested many party members who took off their uniforms when the Americans came. Yesterday they went to the headquarters of the N.S.V., the Nazi Welfare organization, and confiscated the premises "in the name of the German trade unions." They were doing police duty for the Military Government but their main concern was to get down to political jobs. They were anxiously waiting to see what support they would get from the Allies.

They were greatly worried about the fact there were Nazi Party members in the auxiliary police created by the Military Government. "We know the Nazi plan - we know it well," said Klebe. "They did everything they could before they left to create chaos for you Americans. They incited the foreign workers and civilians to plunder. We went out and talked to the foreigners and told them we would provide them with food and persuaded them to go back to their barracks to await orders." He added, "With most of them we were friends anyway," - a statement which seems somewhat surprising, but which I've found to be true after checking with foreign workers themselves.

"The Nazis want to do everything to make things difficult for you," Klebe went on, "and then when dissatisfaction breaks out they will start in again with riots and uprisings against the military authority. That's what they really mean when they say they will yet win the war. They're not joking. They mean it and they're still dangerous."

In the long run, however, the most dangerous Germans are not the confirmed Nazis but the ones like the middle-aged woman I met at the Lotz funeral this morning. She is a Christian and a steady churchgoer. She is a professor who headed a large girls' school here. She has been in America and England and speaks English well. She doesn't think she is a Nazi.

Yet she says the war started "because Germany wanted a small strip of territory which was the Polish

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THE GERMAN PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 54)

Corridor and everybody agreed that it was ridiculous and unnatural to separate East Prussia from the rest of Germany. Then the Poles started to kill Germans, many of them, and Hitler finally had to protect them and then England came in."

She says, "In America I found people everywhere discussing racial problems and I was very gratified because I was sure then that it was alright to discuss them here in Germany, too." She says that she was never forced to join the Nazi Party and she never had to do anything against her conscience. She says that Americans must feed the German people because otherwise the whole country will go Bolshevik, and she complains bitterly because the Germans have been put out of their homes to make room for the American occupation troops.

She feels no sense of guilt, no sense of responsibility. She points out the good that National Socialism did in Germany: the Peoples Welfare Organization, the regulated vacations and benefits for workers, the fine housing schemes and so on. She can talk about these things while standing in Frankfurt-am-Main with ruins all around her and never see what fairy tales these things all were - how German women are struggling along the highways now with their babies in their arms, fleeing eastward; how fine housing schemes lie in rubble in every major city in the Reich with weeds growing in their front doors and the cold sky looking down their blasted roofs.

She can talk like that before the open grave of four people who died as victims of Nazi propaganda. And she was an educator of German children, German girls who someday will be German mothers. She is the reason the workers and the small elite of intelligent bourgeoisie say, even as Germans, that their country needs Allied control. She is our problem and the world's.



Book Review

Allies in Conflict

Anglo-American Strategic Negotiations, 1938-1944

By Dr. Steve Weiss

This book tells how a handful of men - Roosevelt, Churchill and their chiefs of staff - worked closely together in committee sessions from before Pearl Harbor until V-E Day in 1945 to develop the strategy and timetable that brought about Germany's unconditional surrender. Their achievement was all the more noteworthy considering Hitler's head start and his conquest of most of Western Europe between 1939 and 1941.

The author, Steve Weiss, concludes that the small Allied planning group "was good enough-just" to win out over Hitler. Weiss took part in the Southern France invasion on August 15, 1944 as a rifleman with the 36th Division. Until that summer, the American strategy planners - George Marshall, Hap Arnold and Ernest King - had been "led by the nose" by their more experienced British partners. The British had shot down Marshall's plan (drafted by his aide Dwight Eisenhower) to invade Northern France in 1942. Instead, the British proposed landing in North Africa where the odds of success would be greater. Marshall argued that committing resources to Africa might delay the invasion of France until 1944. To Marshall's and Eisenhower's dismay, President Roosevelt sided with the British. Weiss writes: "Marshall considered it to be a momentous change in grand strategy and Eisenhower considered it the blackest day in the history of the war."

As everyone remembers, the Allies made seaborne landings in North Africa in Nov. 1942, Sicily in July 1943 and Italy in September 1943 and January 1944 (Anzio). Churchill wanted to limit Allied operations to Italy and to scrap plans for invading France. However, at the Big Three conference in Tehran in November 1943, Roosevelt and Stalin outvoted Churchill. The Normandy landings were scheduled for spring 1944.

Marshall and Eisenhower wanted to invade Southern France to guarantee the flow of supplies to the main force in Northern France. However, Churchill threatened to resign if this happened, and finally withdrew his opposition on August 9, 1944, six days before the Riviera landings. Churchill's predictions that the invasion would end in disaster were proved unfounded. The landings by the U.S. VI Corps and the 1st French Army were the most flawlessly executed of the entire war.

The Marshall-Eisenhower strategic plan was finally vindicated, as the main Allied effort shifted away from the Mediterranean and into France. Author Weiss does a good job describing how heated the debates between the respective chiefs of staff became at times.

(Continued on Page 56)

ALLIES IN CONFLICT

(Continued from Page 55)

At a pre-Tehran meeting in Cairo, U.S. Admiral Ernest King became so incensed that he tried to crawl across the conference table to slug the chief of staff of the British Army, Field Marshal Alan Brooke. Weiss writes: "... with Admiral King red in the neck and inarticulate, General Arnold apparently furious but quiet, Brooke equally redfaced and inarticulate, it was British Air Chief Charles Portal and General Marshall who calmed things down in very simple language: "We can't blow up on things like this. Something has to be done. Let's go on with it!"

And get on with it they did, until May 8, 1945 when the German side threw in the towel nine days after Hitler's suicide in his Berlin command bunker.

German castle that held British soldiers is for sale

WORLD WAR II: Just 1 German mark will buy you the place. But you'll need at least \$57.7 million for restoration.

By IAN TRAYNOR

From the Orange County Register

COLDITZ, Germany — It has housed princes and paupers and seen better days as a lunatic asylum, a hospital and an old folks' home. Nazis tortured their political foes here in the 1930s, and communists herded their wealthy enemies into its drafty halls in the 1940s.

But it is as Oflag IVc that Colditz Castle has been immortalized in books, films and television series - as the sinister, impenetrable fortress where during World War II the "bad boys" of the British officer caste pitted their wits against their captors, plotted their escapes and carried out their extraordinary feats of derring-do.

Now the castle, derelict and decaying, is going for a single German mark. If you have about 57 cents to spare, the legendary fortress can be yours. The catch is, you'll need at least another \$57.7 million for restoration.

"You can have it for a mark. But you need a solid concept for investment, repairs and jobs," says Manfred Gergs, castle manager and head of the Colditz Castle Society. "Despite all our attempts since 1990, there are absolutely no investors."

"Enter at your own risk," warns a sign over the door. And little wonder. Crumbling masonry, damp, rot, and decades of neglect under the East German regime have turned into a huge liability what should be a big asset to the small town that shares its name.

The castle, all 700 rooms, is unused, most of it a hazardous no go area. The splendid Renaissance chapel from where French POWs tunneled deep into the earth in a futile escape bid is dirty and damp, strewn with rubble.

"I'm ashamed of the state of the chapel," says Mayor Manfred Heinz.

The attics, from where British officers hoped to drift to freedom by launching a glider constructed from bed timber and linen, are more forbidding now than in 1940-45, when 1,500 Allied officers were incarcerated here after escaping from POW camps elsewhere in Germany.

The bravado of the captives confounded the Nazi belief that there was no escape from Colditz. But only a tenth of the escape attempts succeeded, with 31 Allied officers fleeing the brooding castle, which overlooks the small Saxon town. In all, 11 British officers got away, including the late Airey Neave, murdered in 1979 by the IRA.

"No one who has not known the pain of imprisonment can understand the meaning of liberty," his words from 1953, are inscribed on the wall of the castle museum.

The British were bettered by the French, 12 of whom escaped, but it's the British whom Heinz is keen to bring in to salvage his castle.

"The former prisoners can't save Colditz. They can't raise the money," he says. "But it's their task to develop a strategy together with us on what should be done so that the Colditz story doesn't die."

He wants to see restaurants, cafes, a hotel, a conference center, offices and shops set up home within the ramparts. "It can't exist just as a museum."

Of the 10,000 tourists drawn to the castle every year, most are Britons. They can inspect the graffiti still visible on the walls of the solitary confinement cells and marvel at the ingenious escape aids improvised by the captives - signaling instruments fashioned from mousetraps, keys made from cans, and cameras conjured from spectacle lenses.

"Colditz is much better known in England than in Germany," says Gergs. "There are almost a thousand castles in Saxony, so this is not the most important thing for the government."

The state of Saxony owns the castle and is eager to get rid of it.

Tucked into the hills between Dresden and Leipzig, the castle, whose foundations go back almost 1,000 years and which was rebuilt twice in the 17th century after being burned down, desperately needs a new lease of life.

Submitted by: **Charles W. Clifford, Jr.**
Headquarters Company, 273rd Infantry
215 Heliotrope Avenue
Corona Del Mar, California 92625-3236

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. #3, Box 477, Acme, Pennsylvania 15610-9606**, as soon 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.

1998

MAY 30th, 1998

Deadline for news material and pictures for:

Bulletin Volume 51, Number 3

May, June, July, August 1998

Bulletin expected mailing date is late August or early September

* * * * *

MAY 14th, 15th, and 16th, 1998

MIDWEST GROUP SPRING MEETING

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Best Western Midway Hotel

251 North Maynard Road

Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53226

Reservations: Write to the hotel or call 414/774-3600.

A block of rooms will be held for us until April, 15th, 1998, so don't delay. Mention the 69th Infantry Division when making the reservation.

Rates: \$84.00 plus tax

Note: The east-bound lanes of I-94 will be partially closed for repairs in 1998, and some of the on and off ramps may also be closed. If you have trouble finding the Midway, refer to the small map of the area. Access is easy from Bluemound Road or Mayfair Road (also designated Hwy. 100.)

Program:

Thursday, May 14th

- Check in time is 3:00 p.m.
- Hospitality Room
- Dinner at Oscar's

Friday, May 15th

- Golf at a course to be selected.
- Tour for Non-Golfers: Miller Brewery, followed by lunch at Mader's German Restaurant, then a trip to The Domes, a horticultural conservatory.
- Hospitality Room
- Dinner at a restaurant to be selected.

Saturday, May 16th

- On your own. Check out time is 11:00 a.m.

For Questions about the meeting, contact:

Fran and Zita Enright

7304 West Georgia Avenue

Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53220

Telephone: 414/541-9598

* * * * *

SEPTEMBER 9th to 12th, 1998

69th CAVALRY RECON TROOP

WEST POINT, NEW YORK

Hotel Thayer

On the grounds of the U.S. Military Academy

Mike has already been in contact with personnel at the Thayer Hotel and they have agreed to block 30 rooms for our use. Mike is arranging for a tour of the grounds, a boat tour on the Hudson and we will witness the Saturday morning parade by the cadets.

Since we are giving you so much advance notice, you shouldn't have any conflict of dates except in dire circumstances. So Get your 1998 calendars out and mark the dates NOW!

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Kissimmee, Florida 34743-7727

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(Continued on Page 58)



August 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 1998
69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION
51st ANNUAL REUNION

Houston, Texas

DOUBLETREE HOTEL AT POST OAK

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GENERAL MEMBERSHIP AND AUXILIARY MEETING

MEMORIAL SERVICE - BANQUET DINNER DANCE - GOLF - SHOWS -

SHOPPING AND MORE - SUNDAY GOING HOME BREAKFAST

COMMITTEE:

Bob and Theresa Pierce, Co-Chairpersons - Company I, 273rd Regiment

144 Nashua Court, San Jose California 95139-1236

Telephone: 408/226-8040

Committee Members: Howard and Elnora Cordova, Charlie and Edna White, Jim and Mary Carroll, Charles and Stephanie Ray, Victor and Virginia Coletti, Keith and Delores Mann, Bennie and Marcella Srubar. Assisted by: "Wimpy" L. Smith, Herman and Anita Muescha, Domenic Dezio, Sanford Firsichbaum

SEPTEMBER 9th to 13th, 1998

661st TANK DESTROYERS ANNUAL REUNION

WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

Ramada Inn

5351 Richmond Road (Route 60)

Williamsburg, Virginia 23188

Telephone: 1-757/565-2000 or 1-800-446-9200

Rates: \$44.00 double, \$49.00 triple, \$54.00 quad plus 8½% Room Tax. Very reasonable, I think. Come early, stay over, same rates apply, space available.

Banquet: \$17.00 per person, tax and tip included

Reservations must be in by August 9th, 1998.

State that you are a member of 661st T.D. Battalion

Hosts:

Bill and Jo Beswick

P.O. Box 576

West Point, Virginia 23181

Telephone: 804/843-2696

* * * * *

SEPTEMBER 30th, 1998

Deadline for news material and pictures for:

Bulletin Volume 52, Number 1

September, October, November, December 1998

Bulletin expected mailing date is late November or early December

NOVEMBER 1st to 6th, 1998

COMPANY D, 273rd INFANTRY REUNION

MYRTLE BEACH, SOUTH CAROLINA

Landmark Resort

1501 South Ocean Boulevard

Myrtle Beach, South Carolina 29578

Telephone: 1-800-845-0658 Out of State

1-803-448-9441 in South Carolina

The hotel is holding ten oceanfront rooms at \$35.00 and ten oceanview suites with two double beds at \$39.00. Other accommodations even lower rates, may be available.

Reservations must be in by September 16th.

State that you are a member of Company D, 273rd when calling.

Host:

Ken Sawyer

2311 Skywind Circle

Melbourne, Florida 32935

Telephone: 407/254-7175

All 69ers

Welcome!

* * * * *

JANUARY 31st, 1999

Deadline for news material and pictures for:

Bulletin Volume 52, Number 2

January, February, March, April 1999

Bulletin expected mailing date is late April or early May



"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 Brigadier General 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.

Robert R. Tawney
No Address
Service - 879th F.A.

Leo F. Weiner
42 Atwell Lane
Monticello, New York
E - 272nd

Lawrence Roeder
943 Palatka Road
Louisville, Kentucky
C - 269th Engineers

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9256 Wedgewood Drive
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Hq. - 273rd

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William McBee
909 Porter Street
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(Continued on Back Cover)



the 69th

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"Taps"

(Continued from Page 59)

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