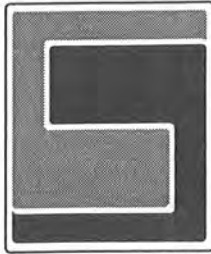


FIGHTING 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION

★★★★ *Association, Inc.*



VOLUME 51, NO. 3

MAY — JUNE — JULY — AUGUST
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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*Keep
'em
Rolling*



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)

* * * * *

James F. Fowler, R.R. #1, Box 272, Bradenville, Pennsylvania 15620-9730 — Co. C, 273rd: Just a few lines to let you know how much I enjoyed talking to Dottie and learning the 69th was still alive!

I was with Company C, 273rd Regiment from its inception in 1943 until we broke up in 1945. I was sent home in December 1945 with the 36th Texas Division.

I won't be able to attend the Houston reunion this year, but will send in my dues to Bill Matlach. Maybe if we ever have a reunion closer to my home and I'm still around, I can go. I'll be 75 this month and I don't stray too far from home anymore.

Well again, thanks for sending me the 1st quarter Bulletin. I look forward to receiving the next one.

Ray Strauss, 335 South Fearington Post, Pittsboro, North Carolina 27312 — Medic, 272nd: The first time I saw **Clarence Marshall** was on 23 February 1945. I quote from a day book I kept, "Left at 0830 for shower. Went through St. Vith. That city is just leveled off. Shower was good. On way back picked up a wounded man near Born. Saw Herman and Trina again. I got help."

Now for the rest of the story. I went to the shower head with **Captain Dahlberg** and our jeep driver, **Pvt. Fred Hart**. On the way back we were alerted by a soldier waving at us from a spot on the railroad bridge. He saw our Red Cross on our jeep. We were told to leave all our belongings and valuables in the dugout we occupied because of theft at the shower head. We had nothing with us to administer the proper aid. **Fred** stayed with **Captain Dahlberg** and I drove the jeep over the same mine field that wounded **Clarence**. The Belgian boy, Herman, occupied the passenger seat. He volunteered to show me the way going cross country to the evacuation hospital. I believe it was the 121st. I knew their location, fortunately. If I used the roads it would have taken all day because of the impassable mud on the roads. Besides, going cross country was faster. The ambulance followed behind me using my jeep tracks avoiding mines.

Herman was a fifteen-year-old whose house we stayed in for a few days in Born before going to the

dugouts in the Ardennes. He deserved a medal for volunteering. **Fred Hart**, who I met again when I lived in Long Island, thought I should have gotten the Silver Star because of the mine field. However, Combat Medics were expected to take care of the wounded. **Colonel Hackworth** recently wrote a full column praising Combat Medics. First time I ever read a column recognizing Combat Medics. Our detachment lost a few KIA and a number of wounded.

Clarence's passing brought a lump to my throat and the memory of our first meeting, when I thought he would never make it.

Reinhart Staudinger, 1509 South 35th Street, Manitowoc, Wisconsin — AT, 273rd: I was in the 32nd Infantry Division in WWII and was in Australia and New Guinea and landed at Port Moresby, New Guinea, upon leaving San Francisco in April of 1942 to Adelaide, South Australia where the division landed. I was in Adelaide for about 6 months then went to Brisbane on the east coast. I was there until December 1st, then went to New Guinea. Almighty God was protecting me all the time. He didn't want me to die in New Guinea.

A Japanese sniper was in a tree with a machine gun firing lots of bullets over my helmet while I was lying near a river. One bullet tore a hole in my denim jacket over my left shoulder. Another time, I was with a group of men and we were in water up to our necks. A soldier was wounded who was a little in front of me. I saw the bullet hit the trunk of a tree. I was with the 4th Platoon staged in the Buni area. The other three platoons had to make an advance toward the pillboxes dug into the ground. Our men were open targets. We lost quite a few of them. Also, these platoons made an early dawn attack along the ocean shore. I thanked God again that I was with the 4th Platoon. We didn't go along that shore. A lot of nice young boys were lost.

It didn't make any sense that Japan just thought they would take land. They were headed to take Australia too. But the atomic bomb that was dropped on Japan in 1945 ended the war.

I'm 78 years old now. God's blessings are always with me.

Ralph E. Gilliland, 708 Old Orchard Drive, Fostoria, Ohio 44830 — Co. F, 273rd: After the 69th Division reunion in Cleveland, Ohio in 1951, I lost touch with the 69th until I wrote to **Joe McMurray** in 1996. He sent me some information. For various reasons, health being the main, I'm just getting back to what has been on my mind for a long time.

I am looking forward to being a part of the 69th Division. Anything that you have available that I have missed out on for the last 47 years, I would appreciate receiving.

John L. Brockwell, 4060 South Unity Road, Polo, Illinois 61064-9307 — AT, 272nd: I was going over my checkbook getting ready for taxes and I didn't see

(Continued on Page 3)

THE MAIL BOX

(Continued from Page 2)

where I had sent a check to the 69th. I was unable to make it to Danvers last year. My wife had a small heart attack and was unable to travel. I doubt that I will be able to make it to Houston but my thoughts will be with you. I made the one in Shaumburg and really enjoyed myself.

Last week I met with **Ray Sansoucy**, **Lefty Gustafson** and **Don Calhoun** in Lake Wabe, Florida. We all spend the winter in the area. We had a wonderful time and they were telling me about the Danvers reunion and how much they enjoyed it.

Don W. Sutherland, 110 Moulton Street, Newton Lower Fl., Massachusetts 02162 — Co. H, 271st: I was at the Danvers reunion for a couple of days but I didn't get around to registering. I just wanted to say that I really enjoyed myself spending time with my Company H buddies, **Walter Hart** and **Al Panara**.

Thaddeus D. Karter, 2700 Atlantic Avenue, Wildwood, New Jersey 08260-5231 - Unit Unknown: I would like to know if anyone remembers me, as I have no recollection of my company or unit with the 69th. I can't recall any names of the men, etc. that I served with while I was at Camp Shelby. I know it was in 1943. I had to have orders when I arrived alone, and had to be assigned to a company. In 1942 I was in the 5th Armored Division. I was sent to gunnery school and returned to the 5th Armored to Camp Cook, California. From there I went to Tennessee for maneuvers, from there to Pine Camp, New York. The 5th Armored left me behind at Pine Camp to wait for orders to Air Corp Cadet School at Keesler Field, Mississippi. From Keesler Field, I was sent to the 69th at Shelby due to too few casualties in the Air Corp. I would not finish my training as a cadet. This happened to a lot of guys. I arrived at Shelby in 1943 and was assigned as a truck driver and trained as a mortar gunner because of my Ft. Knox stint at the Gunnery School. The 69th, at this time, was a bad experience and the only way out was the paratroopers at Fort Benning, Georgia, which my company CO okayed.

I was not there at Shelby for any length of time, and to this day can't recall the Company or Regiment or names of my company commander or the men I was with. It was that bad at Shelby.

At Fort Benning I did some training but did not jump because at Keesler Field I had a hernia operation and not enough time had elapsed between my operation, so I was put in charge of Ration Breakdown in the parachute school at Benning. I was there for some time, then orders came that all men who were not overseas would be transferred to a division that would be alerted to go overseas. From Benning they sent me to the 42nd Rainbow Division at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma in 1944. We then headed overseas in the latter part of 1944 and landed at Marseilles, France.

We pushed toward Germany when the Bulge problem occurred, and I was sent to the 90th Division. I went through two campaigns and was wounded during the Battle of the Bulge. I received the Purple Heart, Combat Badge and Bronze Star. I spent 11 months in the hospital and then I went home in November 1945.

If anyone remembers my name or circumstances, I would like to find out what company/regiment I was in when I was with the 69th. Thank you.

Wilfred M. Ferda, 66 Woodward Avenue, Thornhill, Ontario L3T 1 E7, Canada — Honorary Member: I finally had to take out some time to drop you folks a line. First of all, how are you feeling, Earl? When I missed you last year in Boston and heard you were ill, I assumed that you may have come down with the flu, but in the last Bulletin you mentioned that you had heart problems. I'm sorry to hear about that and wish you well. I certainly hope to see both of you in Houston.

First, let me also congratulate you on the fine job you do with the magazine. It is very informative, particularly because some of it deals with the past about which I knew very few facts at the time. Many of the articles have answered many questions while others have given me numerous chuckles. It is incredible that such brave men can look back and recall the humor, not only the hardships they endured.

Let me assure you and everybody else from the 69th, how proud I am to have been made an honorary member during the Reunion in Myrtle Beach. Since then, I have attended every reunion and have met some wonderful people. After you published my letter in the **May-August 1995 Bulletin** recounting my memories of April 18, 1945, as a 14 year-old in Leipzig, I received a number of very nice and unexpected letters from several 69ers. One particularly touching letter was written by the daughter of the late **Colonel Buie**. Unfortunately, I lost her address and was never able to thank her for her kindness. I still, very much, want to do that. Not so long ago, I read some comments about **Colonel Buie** in the Bulletin. Maybe you or somebody can help me out with the correct name and address of his daughter.

Godfrey Slimmer, P.O. Box 49, Seminary, Mississippi 39479-0049 — Btry. B, Hq., 881st: I read in the "Frightened 69th" bulletin that our boy, **Jim Boris**, has been elected president. Our best wishes go out to him for a good term. He was a good man to have around in combat in the ETO.

George Haddad, 30180 Cheviot Hills Drive, Franklin, Michigan 48025-1552 — Co. E, 272nd: You have been encouraging us to write so here goes. About 15 years ago while in a military supply store I did what could be considered impulse buying. As I looked at the caps and the logos it occurred to me to have the 69th Division patch sewed just above the bill of the cap.

(Continued on Page 4)

THE MAIL BOX

(Continued from Page 3)

All these years whenever I have worn this cap with its 69th Division trademark I have as yet to have anyone stop me and say "hey, that's the 69th Infantry patch." About 10 years ago I vowed that I would do what they did after a 2nd Lieutenant was graduated from OCS. He or she was expected to give one dollar to the first person that gave 'em a salute. So I thought that from now on the first person who recognizes the 69th emblem on my cap will get a dollar. So all of you out there, if you see me, please recognize the emblem and the first one to do so will get a dollar.

You May Be Eligible For The Bronze Star

Submitted by: **Lloyd M. Lippman**
Company K, 273rd Infantry Regiment
105 Joslyn Stret, Trlr. 92
Helena, Montana 59601-0112

The Executive Orders signed by both President Roosevelt and President Eisenhower authorized the creation and authority to issue the Bronze Star, but not specifically to CIB holders. AAR 600-45 and 672-5-1 and 600-8-22 spell out the criteria for award. The award of either a Combat Infantryman's Badge or Combat Medical Badge is specifically listed as a criteria. So, the bottom line is, WWII veterans (not veterans of other conflicts) are eligible for the Bronze Star if they were awarded the CIB between December 7, 1941 and September 2, 1945. The following extract from AR 600-45 probably sums it up best.

"In addition to those persons who are awarded the Bronze Star in published orders of various units, those individuals who, as members of the Armed Forces of the United States, were cited by name on or after December 7, 1941 and prior to 3 September 1945, in orders of a formal certificate, for meritorious or exemplary conduct in ground combat against an armed enemy, may make application for award of the Bronze Star on the basis of such citation. A citation in orders for the Combat Infantryman Badge or Medical Badge awarded in the field during the period of actual combat against an armed enemy is considered as a citation for exemplary conduct in ground combat."

The award was not and is not automatic, you must apply for it. Send your request along with evidence documenting your CIB award to:

National Personnel Records Center
Military Personnel Records - Army
9700 Page Boulevard
St. Louis, Missouri 63132-5100

You may have to wait several months, but you should get your medal eventually.

New Men Relocated Since Our Last Bulletin

William J. Gregory — Hdq. 2, 273rd Infantry
1923 Barry Road
Baltimore, Maryland 21222

Charles W. Ellie — Headquarters, 272nd Infantry
1417 Camino Cerrito Street
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87123-4450

Paul Gelpke — Company L, 273rd Infantry
519 Main Street
Old Saybrook, Connecticut 06475

Edwin O'Donoghue — Company C, 272nd Infantry
1426 35th Street
Sacramento, California 95816

Carl J. Millner — Company C, 272nd Infantry
11523 Vance Avenue
Coraopolis, Pennsylvania 15108

James F. Fowler — Company C, 273rd Infantry
R.R. #1, Box 272
Bradenville, Pennsylvania 15620

Attention 69ers: Correct Those Addresses!

Too many bulletins and dues notices are being returned because people are not informing us when they have moved. We cannot keep your incorrect address on our mailing list as it just means that we will again be informed that your bulletin or dues notice will be returned again at a cost of \$1.24 for the bulletin and 50 cents for the dues notice.

We are currently removing names from our mailing list due to not having an address that your mail can be delivered to. Please help us by sending your correct address.

Robert J. Kurtzman, Sr.
Membership Chairman

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.

Message from the President



James E. Boris
6800 Henry Avenue
Philadelphia, PA 19128
Telephone: 215/483-2064

Hi there, pardners, the eyes of Texas are upon us. Hoping to see many of you in Houston.

Bob and Theresa Pierce, not finding enough help in Houston, stepped in and took over the Co-Chairman duties, of which they are doing a tremendous job.

We are still looking for suggestions as to future sites for reunions. We have our site for 1999, the Orlando, Florida area. Our Vice President, **Harold Ruck** and our reunion coordinator, **Bob Pierce**, are now working with **Ken Sawyer**, the chairman for Orlando.

You may ask what qualifies an area to be acceptable. To begin with, there should be sufficient members in the immediate or surrounding area to assist to run and work at reunion functions. There should be places of interest to visit, perhaps of historical or geographical interest.

Another subject which needs our attention is a Parliamentarian. With the passing of **Joe Wright**, a vacancy exists. We need someone to fill this position. Anyone wishing to volunteer for this position and is sufficiently versed in parliamentary procedures, please contact me. Until then, I have appointed **Gene Butterfield** Parliamentarian, Pro-Tem.

Again, here's hoping to see you all in Houston, and start planning for 1999 in Orlando.

51st Annual Reunion Houston, Texas

August 23rd thru 30th, 1998

Lots to do and lots to see!

Better show up - it's later than you think.

Woodland Plantation Thanks Us for Donation in Memory of Adelaide Bolte

National Trust for Historic Preservation
Woodlawn Plantation/
Frank Lloyd Wright's Pope-Leighey House
P.O. Box 37, Mount Vernon, Virginia 22121
Dear Mr. Boris,

On behalf of the staff of Woodland Plantation, I want to thank you and the 69th Infantry Division Association for your donation of \$100.00 in memory of Adelaide Bolte. As you know, Mrs. Bolte was the co-founder of Nelly's Needlers, a group which raises funds for Woodlawn through a variety of needlework projects. Mrs. Bolte's love of needlework was also instrumental in her idea to begin an annual Woodlawn Needlework Exhibit. This March we are celebrating the 35th Annual Needlework Exhibit which will be dedicated to Mrs. Bolte's memory.

I welcome you to come to Woodlawn at any time to enjoy the house and gardens, but especially during the month of March. It will give you an opportunity to see the art and the mansion, both of which Mrs. Bolte so enjoyed. We are truly indebted to Mrs. Bolte's dedication to this historic site and will never forget her contributions.

Yours truly,
Susan Olsen
Director

I stood beside a Soldier,
as the parade went passing by,
with its bands and shining floats with a cloudless sky.

I noticed his attention, as Old Glory came near,
He saluted at the Flag of which he held so dear.

I also noticed others, with their hats still on,
Not even a hand over the heart,
nor did they even respond.

I wonder what this world would be,
without his kind around
When his Country needed him,
he joined with leaps and bounds.

His ranks are getting thinner,
and time will take them all,
some were lost in Battle,
and some answered their last call.

I cannot see the future, or what there is to be,
but I will always remember the Soldier,
who stood right next to me.

*Taken from the 69th Recon Newsletter
Author and title unknown*

269th Engineers

Submitted by: **Frank Nemeth**

66 Gaping Rock Road

Levittown, Pennsylvania 19057-3410

It was good to get the latest 69th Bulletin once again and I really enjoyed reading through it. But alas, when we get to the "Taps" page, it sort of reminds us that it's getting later than we like to think about. Following are the names of the men from Company A that are on the 69th Roster at the present time.

John Arscott	Gary Maddox
Clyde Bell	Herman Marcus
Richard Berg	John McCann
Harold Blackburn	James McEnaney
Kenneth Breese	Leonard Miglietta
Louis Brewster	Joseph Monteloen
Alvis Brimlow	Ray Morganti
Irvin Chernob	Corbett Nelson
Roger Drake	Frank Packard
Stanley Eskin	Charles Pease
Frank Evens	Samuel Pharr
Adam Harsmanka	Rev. C. Picket
Nick Herald	Ray Prichard
Carl Hertel	Carl Pugh
John House	Cecile Rue
Ray Hull	Ralph Samples
Elijah Jennings	C.F. Seeger
Robert Jerram	Ted Vincent
Robert Kamping	Joe Vioral
Leonard Kelly	Don Williams
Andrew Koznowsky	Guy Winfrey
Steve Kunchak	Edward Wolske
Paul Locks	Joseph Yusna
Ray Lottie	

If you have any knowledge of someone not on the roster, please send their name and address to me and I'll try to locate them. Also, now is a good time to send in those old photos so we can all see them. Take care and the best always.



German Pillbox in 271st area. One of the largest encountered. February 16, 1945



Main Supply Route crossing the border through the Dragon's Teeth.



Company A doing work on the Main Supply Route, 2 February 1945.



Company A - Anti-Tank Rifle Grenade Training.

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

REUNION COMMITTEE:

Bob and Theresa Pierce
144 Nashua Court
San Jose, California 95139-1236
Telephone: 408/226-8040

Howard and Elnora Cordova
Charlie and Edna White
Jim and Mary Carroll
Charles and Stephanie Ray
Victor and Virginia Colletti
Keith and Delores Mann
Bennie and Marcella Srubar
"Wimpy" L. Smith

Assisted by:

Herman and Anita Muescha
Domenic Dezio
Sanford Firsichbaum

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 scootin' 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 8)

51st ANNUAL HOUSTON, TEXAS REUNION

(Continued from Page 7)

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 9)



TRAILER PARKS/CAMPGROUNDS

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

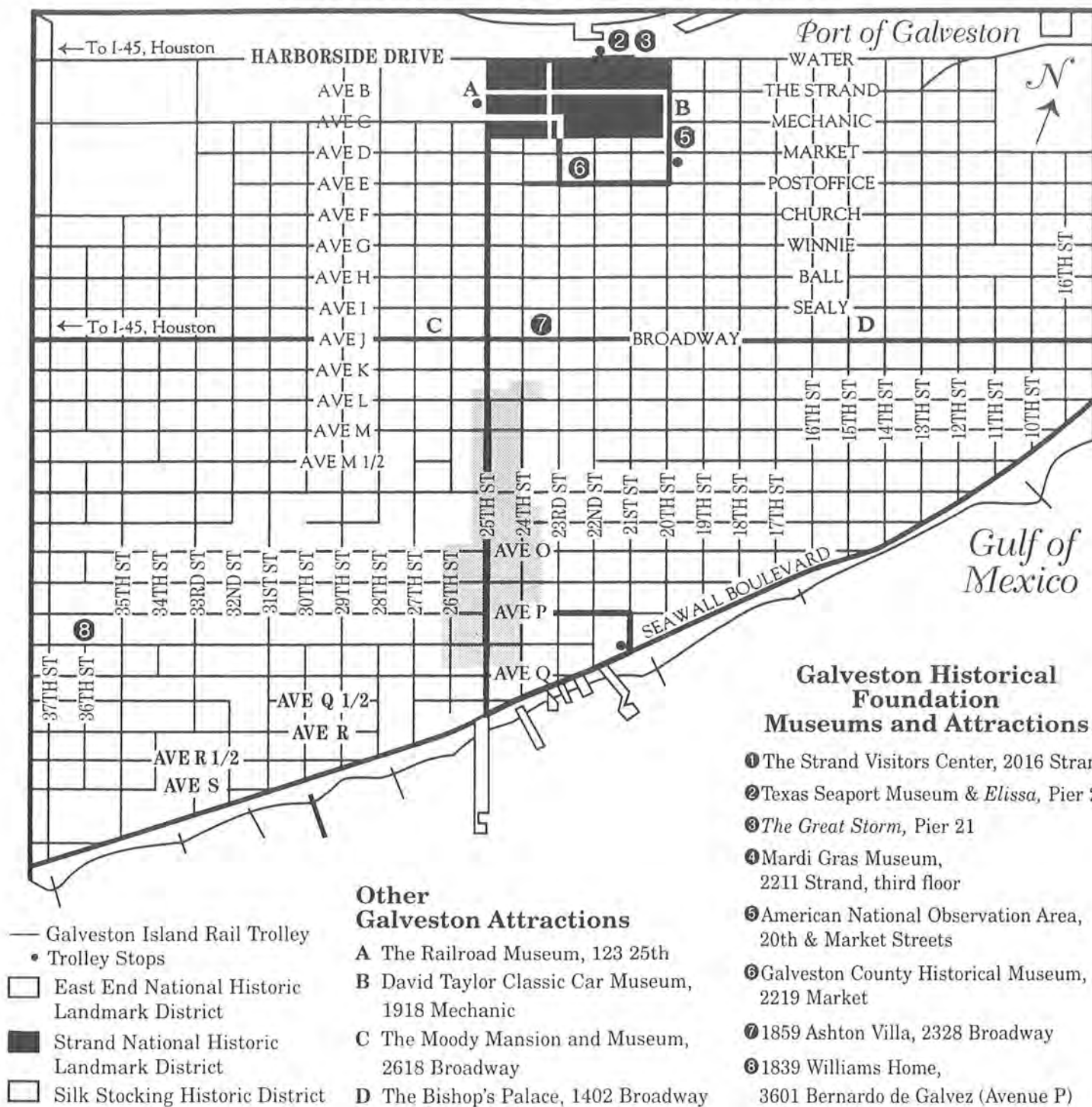
Traders Village
7979 N. Eldridge Road
Houston, TX 77041
Phone (281) 890-5500

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

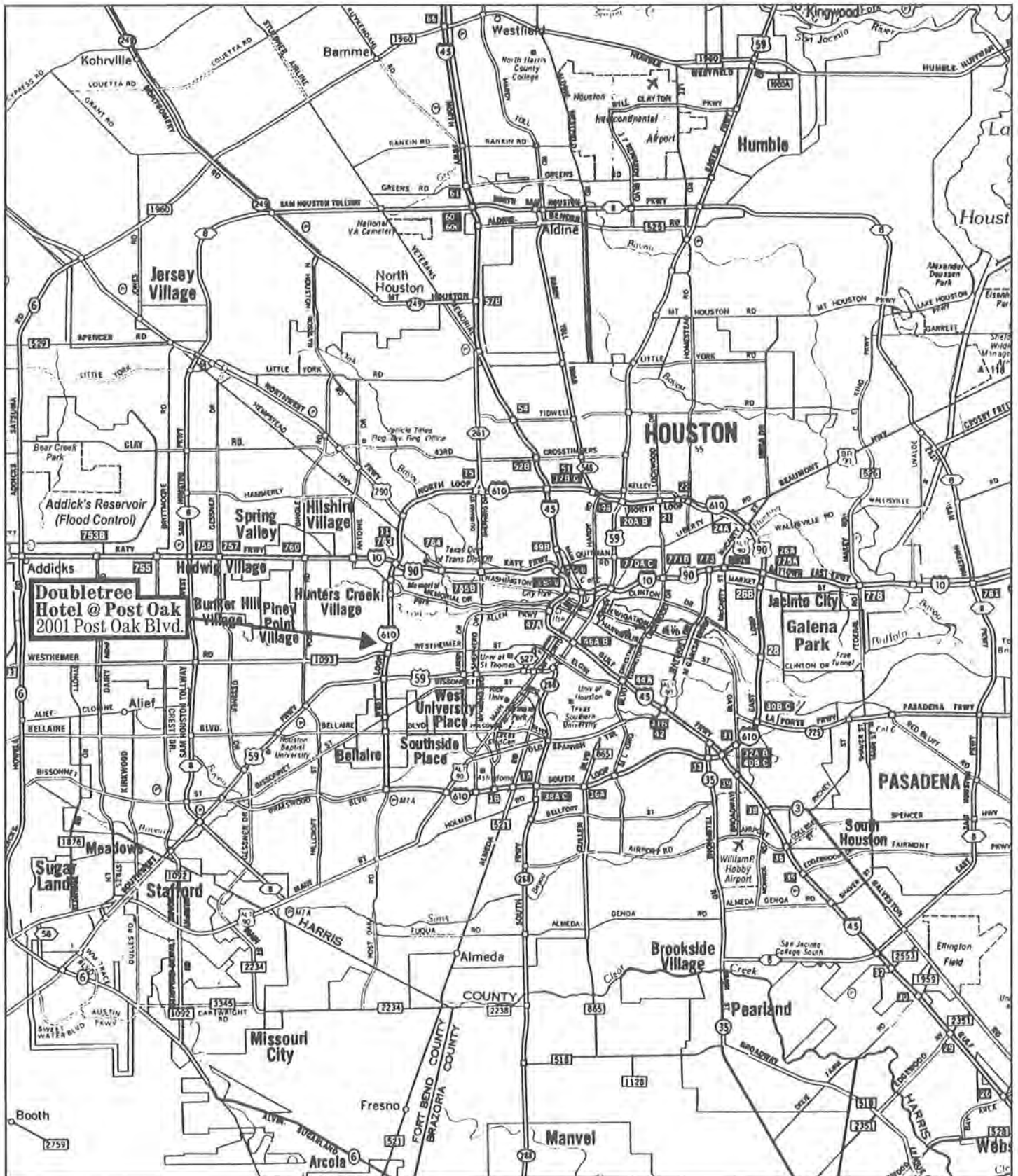
South Main RV Park
10100 South Main
Houston, TX 77025
Phone (713) 667-0120

HISTORIC GALVESTON ISLAND



Houston Area Map

(See Pages 12 and 13 for Hotel Reservation and Activity Registration Forms)



Wartime Shorts

Submitted by: **Gus Wiemann**
Company L, 271st Infantry Regiment
7126 Canella Court
Tamarac, Florida 33321

Recently I found a couple of stories that I wrote many years ago. I was with the 271st Regiment, 3rd Battalion and received my discharge in Germany to take a civilian job with *"The Stars and Stripes."* In 1948 I worked in Nuremberg and while on a three-day vacation went to Prague. "Wartime Nurse," one of the stories, is an experience from that trip. Thanks for your consideration. Following are my stories.

THE WALL AND JOSEF

The recent evening TV and newspaper stories of the Berlin Wall falling refocused fading memories of days in Germany before there was an Iron Curtain.

It was Frankfurt on a late afternoon of a day in July, 1945. Nine G.I.s and I were bouncing through the bombed-out streets in a three-quarter-ton weapons carrier, heading for a G.I.s' club that promised music and girls. Each of us grasped his seat tightly as the truck hit the holes, and beat a dust that seeped under the overhanging canvas and coated us. After about ten minutes our driver braked suddenly.

We jumped over the tailgate and found ourselves in front of an old red brick building. A German band's version of Sentimental Journey drifted from inside onto the street. Small groups of G.I.s loitered in front, whistling at the passing frauleins.

Off to the side of the Americans was a young Russian soldier, probably 20 years old. His cap sat squarely over his round, serious face. A pair of dirty boots and a long tunic bunched at the waist by a heavy black belt accentuated his squat figure.

I approached him and offered him a cigarette. He smiled and accepted it. After he indicated he did not speak English, I asked him if he spoke German. He nodded and answered "A little."

A movie theater was a block away from the club and I asked him if he wished to visit it. "Da, da," he replied and we left the club.

The interior of the movie house was lighted and the feature was scheduled to begin in about five minutes. After I had introduced myself, he identified himself as Josef and mentioned that he worked as a chauffeur for Russian liaison officers. He seemed to want to talk about himself, but apparently was frustrated by language problems.

I told him that we Americans have great admiration for his comrades' achievement at Stalingrad. Josef's eyes suddenly sparkled and a torrent of words and gestures described how Marshal Rokossovsky encircled and destroyed the army of von Paulus. I produced a sheet of paper and a pencil. He excitedly demonstrated Rokossovsky's military tactics.

Just as he completed his sketch, the movie began. During the film, the title of which is lost to memory, I gave him short resumes of significant scenes, to which he nodded.

After the picture we strolled back to the club. Josef put his arm around my shoulder, much to the perplexity of passing Germans accustomed to the growing cold war. "Someday you must come to visit me on my farm. I live near Moscow." He gave me his full name and address. Now with the wall down, perhaps Josef and I may meet again.

WARTIME NURSE

Sometimes we meet a person for a short time, but our view of life can be then forever changed.

In 1948, I was employed in Nuremberg, Germany, to prepare court manuscripts of "The Trial of the Major War Criminals" for the United States Government Printing Office. On vacation, a friend and I decided to visit Prague, only an overnight train ride away.

Shortly after checking into a hotel, we boarded a tour bus where we met our guide, a lady named Maria. She appeared to be about 30, had short dark-blond hair, and exuded an aura of professional detachment. Although the recent Communist takeover of Czechoslovakia was a major topic, she determinedly avoided any political comments.

Our group of about 10 French, English and American civilians were squeezed together in the small bus as it coughed its way through the meandering cobblestone streets bordering the Vltava River. Maria, with her loudspeaker, pointed out the Czernin Palace where Foreign Minister Jan Masaryk allegedly jumped from his office window, killing himself.

Finally, hungry and tired, we reached a small restaurant hidden above the cliffs overlooking the Vltava. A pair of violinists serenaded us as we enjoyed a chicken stew with rice and wine.

Maria, sitting at our table, relaxed now that the tour was over. Someone asked her where she had learned English.

"During the war I worked as a nurse in an English hospital where I helped many wounded Czech fliers," she replied. "We worked 18-hour days, seven days a week, and I became exhausted."

"At home one day, I heard that my family had been killed in concentration camps. I put a bottle of sleeping tablets and a glass of water on my table. Then I wrote a note to the hospital to explain why I couldn't go on."

"Just as I finished, someone knocked on the door. It was a Czech flier who had been severely wounded and recovered."

"I only wanted to stop by for a moment to thank you for bringing me back," he said. "I wanted to die, but you gave me strength."

"Well, he stayed only a few minutes. After I saw him to the door, I went back to the table and threw the sleeping tablets away."

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

	Per Person	Number Persons	Amount
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 9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.	\$ 18.00		\$
Wednesday, August 26th — SAN JACINTO MONUMENT & U.S.S. TEXAS BATTLESHIP - 9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Lunch on your own.	\$ 18.00		\$
COUNTRY/WESTERN SALOON - 6:30 p.m. to 11:00 p.m. Fun Night of Dancing. Tex-Mex Buffet included.	\$ 36.00		\$
Thursday, August 27th — SPACE CENTER HOUSTON, NASA 9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Lunch on your own.	\$ 20.00		\$
GOLF TOURNAMENT — 8:00 a.m. Check registration for details.	\$ 36.00		\$
BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING — 3:00 to 4:30 p.m. Check Bulletin Board			
EARLY BIRD BUFFET , Cash Bar-6:00 p.m., Dinner 7:00-9:00. Tickets required. ..	\$ 36.00		\$
Friday, August 28th — GALVESTON DAY TOUR 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Lunch on your own.	\$ 32.00		\$
PX BEER PARTY — 9:00 p.m. to 12:00 Midnight. Tickets required.	\$ 5.00		\$
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		\$
Sunday, August 30th - Farewell Breakfast - 7:30-10:30 a.m. Tickets required	\$ 14.00		\$
Replacement Cost for Lost or Broken Permanent Badges	\$ 4.00		\$
SUPPORT YOUR HOSPITALITY ROOM: DONATIONS PLEASE!!!			\$
DUES — New Dues Year - August 1, 1998 to July 31, 1999		Reunion Sub-Total	\$
Regular Membership	\$ 10.00		\$
Ladies Auxiliary	\$ 5.00		\$
Postage and Bulletin Donation (up to you)			\$
		Total Amount Paid	\$

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.

Emil Matys, The Man with the Horn

Submitted by: **Gene Tabacchi**
Battery B, 881st Field Artillery Battalion
200 Rex Avenue, Wintersville, Ohio 43953



Good soldier, talented musician, bon vivant, a friend from then and still. That's **Emil Matys**. He recalls the past with reverence, lives in the present with gusto and fears not tomorrow.

He served in Baker Battery, 881st Field Artillery. We who served with him cherish the comradeship kept alive and strong through correspondence and attendance of the annual reunions of the Fighting 69th Infantry Division.

Many more who served in the 69th from May 1943 until June 1945 may know him best as a troubadour. He and a saxophone he fell in love with six decades ago entertain us all during the dinners and the PX parties. As a raconteur, he makes hospitality rooms the highlight of the all too brief annual assemblies. Come to Houston in August and hear him play his saxophone again and reap his harvest of laughter.

The annual 69th reunions have been the catalyst for an expanding ring of friendship. They provide an extension of the comradeship of young soldiers sweating in Mississippi, freezing in Belgium and enjoying the spoils of victory in Germany. Emil evolved from a good looking, shy young man in Shelby to an effervescent personality, captivating and entertaining audiences across and up and down the country.

You see, he also evolved into "A Young Man with a Horn" from Chester, Pennsylvania to a not yet gnarled old ex-soldier with a song in his heart, a smile on his face and a wit on full throttle. With this, he pumped vim and joie de vivre into the many formal and informal occasions during annual association meetings. That's how many who didn't know him then know him now.

As a youngster and one of six children, his father saw to it that all of the children got some type of musical training and they put together a group. After the war, **Emil**, along with his brothers, continued to play in various clubs.

Emil Matys was a boy soldier once. He drove a jeep, operated a radio and helped string telephone wire. His work made the life of the guys up front a little easier. After all, isn't that what an artilleryman is supposed to do? Oh yes, **Emil** also played a very solid third base for the battery softball team.

A Heartfelt Thank You from Paris

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

While in Paris last spring, and riding the Metro, I noticed on the map a station called *May 8, 1945*. I asked at the information counter if there was a memorial or something worth seeing. The fortyish lady who spoke English, said, "No, it is just the name of the station." She asked me if I had been over here at that time. I said yes, and she responded with a simple but heartfelt, "Thank You." I was moved and appreciated it to no end. Therefore, I am passing it on to all of you, letting you know that even though she wasn't alive at that time, she was well aware of America's contribution to her freedom, and she thanks you.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In the last issue of the bulletin, Edgar sent in an article entitled, "The Discharge from Hell." However, we made a big boo-boo and called him Earl. Wonder where we got that name? Anyway, we apologize for the mistake, Edgar. Thanks for forgiving us!)

**DEADLINE FOR MATERIAL FOR
BULLETIN VOL. 52, NO. 1 - SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER
SEPTEMBER 30th, 1998 - Get Your Material In On Time!**

A Shocking Surprise

Written and Submitted by: **Le Verne Loveland**
Company G, 271st Infantry Regiment
517 Rosewood Terrace
Linden, New Jersey 07036-5832

I was totally surprised, and I might add, very pleased when I received from you the letter I had written to **Bill Matlach** on January 16th with the notation that it would be printed in the Bulletin. I originally had requested in my letter to Bill, when I sent in my dues and a contribution to the Bulletin, for the address of **Sergeant Jensen**, G-271st.

For years I've seen pictures and read things about **Sergeant Jensen** at the reunions with his wife. When I served overseas in A-359th, 90th Division, my 1st sergeant was **Sergeant Jensen** and I believed that it was the same person. I could never recall the first name of my 1st sergeant in the 90th Division, but the name **Clarence Jensen** seemed to be so familiar to me. I wrote to **Sergeant Clarence Jensen** at the address Bill had sent me. My 90th Division 1st sergeant was from Currie, Minnesota. **Sergeant Jensen** phoned me and said he had lived his whole life in the Pen Yan, New York area and never in Minnesota. **Sergeant Clarence Jensen**, G-271st, had joined the 69th Division at Camp Shelby in June 1944 about the same time I was shipped out to eventually become a replacement on July 16th with the 90th Division in Normandy. There were, however, many NCO's that I trained with during 1943 till June 1944 who went overseas with the 69th Division and I've noted over the years their attendance at reunions. I do have an interesting update that which is very meaningful to me and possibly to many other members of the 69th Association.

As a result of my letter to Bill Matlach, I felt the urge to visit the grave of my buddy who was killed on November 1944 when we in A-359th, 90th Division, made the Moselle River crossing. On January 31st, 1998, I wrote a letter to the mayor of my buddy's home town. Since most cities and towns usually have a monument of deceased service members, I figured his name would be on it and they probably would know of the burial site or could find it out from the family.

It had been 53 years since we crossed the Moselle River and immediately were bombarded with mortars and artillery. We hit the ground and said silent prayers as the shells landed all around us. As soon as they stopped, we got the word to move up out of that area. My buddy lay close to me and I kept shaking him to get up but got absolutely no response from him. It's hard to estimate the amount of time I shook him, but suddenly I realized that he was dead. And so I ran with the rest of my company up and out of those woods. I wrote all of this in my letter to his home town mayor. One week later I received a phone call from a representative of the city hall. The man said he'd seen my letter and investigated and hoped that I was sitting down. He told me that my buddy, and he had

verified it, was alive and gave me his address and phone number.

For all those years every time I heard the name of his home state, I'd think of him. I phoned him and discovered that he had no memory of what had happened on November 9th. Both of us were attached to service with the company headquarters. I was the radio man and both of us carried carbines. All he remembers is that 30 days later he found himself carrying an M-1 in an I & R Platoon. A total blank, to this day, as to what happened. But you have no idea how I felt when I learned that he had survived.

From the middle of July 1944 to that day in early March 1945 when I was wounded, I fought with a fine group of soldiers. Many had trained with the 69th Division and we were very proud of that Division. And in combat we also lost many of those fine soldiers. My heart goes out to their families and to all families who lost a loved one and to those who received serious wounds that restricted their normal life styles. We, as a democratic nation, continually try to promote democracy and freedom every chance we have in so many countries. We are succeeding - slowly - but we do have great resistance. Frankly, I don't expect to see too many important changes in the next 20 or 30 years as far as a unified agreement between nations. I sure hope the next generation will do better than we did, but with a feeling of doubt, who can foretell what the future holds. We'll just have to sit patiently by and see for ourselves and rely on our influence upon them. Only time will tell the outcome.

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES!

Hope You Paid Your 1997-1998 Dues,
and if not, you better mail it in
because the New Dues Year is Upon Us!

NEW DUES YEAR FOR 1998-1999

August 1, 1998 to July 31, 1999

Regular Membership \$10.00

Ladies' Auxiliary \$ 5.00

Bulletin Donation Up To You

**Keep the Bulletin Coming.
Send Your Dues in Today!**

Send Your Dues To:
WILLIAM R. MATLACH, TREASURER
Post Office Box 474

West Islip, New York 11795-0474

Telephone: 516/669-8077

Do not send dues to Earl Witzleb.



Dottie Witzleb



Rosemarie Mazza, President
6664 Glen Arbor Way
Naples, FL 34119
Telephone: 941/348-2332

THE AUXILIARY'S PAGE

by - **Dottie Witzleb**
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5417 Halifax Lane
Minneapolis, MN 55424
Telephone: (Send to Dottie)

A Message from your Ladies Auxiliary Editor, Dottie Witzleb

Dear Ladies of the Auxiliary:

Do you believe it is time again for the 69th Division Reunion! As they say, "When you get older, the years go by faster." It is hard to believe that a whole year has passed by again.

I would like to remind you to get your quilts, slippers and socks in order and remember to bring them along to the meeting. The articles will be given to the veterans hospital in the Houston area. We also have a grab bag gift during the meeting. The gifts should not be more than \$5.00. The entertainment will be enjoyable I am sure, but so far I don't know what it will consist of.

Earl and I will not be able to attend the reunion this year, but we both wish all attending an enjoyable and pleasant time. We do hope we will be able to go to Florida next year.

Ladies, please try to get some interesting stories of your time in Hattiesburg to us so that we can put them into the Auxiliary pages. Your stories can also be of the

times you spent waiting for your beloved husband to return to you after the war. Please send your stories on to me at the address above. The Ladies Auxiliary page can only be as good as the members want it to be.

All of you please take care, and have an enjoyable summer. Hopefully, **Earl** and I will have the pleasure of seeing you in 1999 at the Florida Reunion.

- In Memoriam -

"LADIES' TAPS"

PATRICIA CONNELLEY

wife of **William Connelley**, Co. A, 273rd Infantry

MILDRED KIMMEL

wife of **Donald N. Kimmel**, Co. C, 271st Infantry

ETHEL LOVELACE

wife of **Paul Lovelace**, 461st AAA

NORMA SAMPLES

wife of **Ralph Samples**, Co. A, 269th Engineers

BARBARA WALSH

wife of **James A. Walsh**, Co. B, 271st Infantry

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).

California Western Chapter

John S. Tounger, President
One Pine Hills Court
Oakland, California 94611-1530
Telephone: 510/531-8011

Report on the Sixth Annual Spring Round-Up April 19th thru 23rd, 1998

The Queen Mary Ship which served in World War II as a troop transport, and is now a floating hotel, berth - the Long Beach Harbor, was the site of our Sixth Annual Spring Round-Up held April 19th-23rd, 1998.

Catalina Island is a one hour ferry ride from the Queen Mary. Many members opted to take advantage of this boat ride from the Queen Mary and see the beauty of Catalina Island which included different tours, two of which were the scenic bus tour of the skyline and scenic glass boat. This was an outing enjoyed by all.

The business meeting took place Wednesday afternoon in the Hospitality Room. Minutes of the 1997

Monterey meeting were read by the Chapter Secretary, **Walt Harpin**. Treasurer, **Lee Wilson**, passed out the treasurer's report to members; 1997 year ended with a \$765.00 balance. **Donna Philpot**, membership chairperson, provided updated membership information that we now have 75 members, plus spouses, and nine associate members.

New Business: **Bob Pierce**, past president, gave us a report that the Sands Hotel in Reno, Nevada, is the site for our 1999 reunion which will be held April 25-30, 1999. Bob told us with humor how he got a very low room rate of \$39.00, per night. We are planning ahead which will include a tour of Historic Carson City and Virginia City. **Al Gwynne**, vice-president, announced that the year 2000 round-up will be in Santa Barbara with side trips being arranged. Looking ahead to 2001, the round-up will be in the Napa Valley Wine Country. Now that is what we call thinking ahead.

Wednesday evening's Memorial Service and Banquet were held on the Queen Mary. Chaplain **John Pereira** conducted the memorial service.

(Continued on Page 18)

CALIFORNIA, WESTERN CHAPTER SPRING 1998 ROUND-UP

*Chaplain John Pereira
Director Eldon Atwood
Vice President Al Gwynne
President John Tounger
Director Harold Faulkner
Secretary Walter Harpin
Director Stan Hawk
Treasurer Lee Wilson*



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

(Continued from Page 17)

After our dinner, members were asked if they would share different experiences or stories of what had happened to them during their time in the 69th Division. Participants shared stories worth publishing.

The 69th attendees came from different states, including California, Massachusetts, Florida, Washington, Idaho, and Arizona. A bottle of wine and cheese was given to the couple who traveled the greatest distance.

The California-Western Chapter has no dues. It is supported entirely by the generous contributions of members which attended and a special thank you to members which mailed contributions and were unable to attend. These donations are used for the expense of mailing and the hospitality room.

List of the Attendees:

Cy Abrams and guest Woodland Hill, California
Eldon and Margie Atwood San Diego, California
James and Nancy Bann Walnut Creek, California
Jim and Mary Battin II Monterey Park, California
Norman and Kay Barratt San Mateo, California
David and Edith Cohen Canoga Park, California
Tom & Ruth-Ellen Elliott Seattle, Washington
Harold and Nancy Faulkner ..Walnut Creek, California
Edgar and Anne Frimann Clayton, California
Tom and Lou Gallagher Long Beach, California
Eddy Gildner Desert Hot Springs, California
and two guests
Al and Bobbie Gwynne Novato, California
Walt and Shirley Harpain Fresno, California
Stan and Lois Hawk Lemoore, California

Fred and Nan Johnson Sedona, Arizona
Sylvan Katz and guest Santa Monica, California
Homer and Patricia Lind Grass Valley, California
Richard and Judy Levy Encino, California
John and Joan Mason Berkeley, California
John and Mary Pereira Roseville, California
Del and Donna Philpott..... Sunnyvale, California
and four guests
Bob and Theresa Pierce San Jose, California
and two guests
John Rosenbrock N. Hollywood, California
Bob and Jean Ross Wilbraham, Massachusetts
William Ruebsamen Morrieta, California
Richard and Claire Sodorff Sandpoint, Idaho
Jim and Dottie Stacy Escondido, California
John and Dena Tounger Oakland, California
Lee Wilson and guest Stockton, California
Russ and Irene Rounds Hunting Beach, California
Earl and Matilde Ramsey Sylmar, California
Ken Sawyer and guest Melbourne, Florida



Photo Above

John Tounger, President
in front of the Queen
Mary.



Photo Left

The California Western
Chapter 69ers waiting
to board the Catalina
Express boat for the 1
hour trip to Catalina
Island.

(Continued on Page 19)

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

(Continued from Page 18)

Mid-West Group

Fran and Zita Enright, News Reporters
7304 West Georgia Avenue
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53220

1998 Spring Meeting

The Mid-West Group met at the Midway Hotel on May 14th, 15th and 16th, 1998. Twenty people were present and we spent most of Thursday afternoon in the hospitality room with dinner that evening at the hotel.

Only four people played golf on Friday - the number gets smaller each year. The rest of us visited the plant displays at the Mitchell Park Domes, had lunch at Mader's German Restaurant and toured the Miller Brewery. Dinner that evening was at the Open Hearth Restaurant.



Ralph Plugge, Jo Plugge and Evelyn Pierce



Front Row: Thora Miller, Jo Plugge, Ruth Thomas, Marilyn Mischke. Back Row: Chuck Walsh, John Barrette, Pat Walsh, Ralph Plugge, Zita Enright, June Mussay, Evelyn Peterson

Those who attended were:

John Barrette Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin
Headquarters, 271st Infantry
Fred Butenhoff Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Company E, 272nd Infantry
Fran and Zita Enright Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Battery A, 881st Field Artillery
Thora Miller
Eugene and Marilyn Mischke... Spring Valley, Illinois
Company B, 273rd Infantry
Marshall and June Mussay Glenview, Illinois
Company H, 272nd Infantry
Curt and Evelyn Peterson Madison, Wisconsin
569th Signal Company
Gene Pierron Belgium, Wisconsin
661st Tank Destroyers
Ralph and Jo Plugge Calumet City, Illinois
Company G, 271st Infantry
Phil and Harriet Sparacino .. Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Battery B, 881st Field Artillery
Gaylord and Ruth Thomas Waupun, Wisconsin
777th Tank Battalion
Chuck and Pat Walsh Glendale, Wisconsin
Company B, 271st Infantry



Marsh Mussay, June Mussay, Marilyn Mischke, Gene Mischke, Thora Miller, and Pat Walsh



Jo Plugge, Evelyn Peterson, Curt Peterson, and Gaylord Thomas

I have sent this article written by Catherine Coyle near the end of the war. It was printed in a Detroit newspaper and sent to me by my mother while I was in Germany.

I still remember thinking at the time that it was about time that someone "back home" realized that the 69th was over there!

Benjamin F. Hart
Battery B, 879th Field Artillery
170 Greenbrier Road
Sunbury, Ohio 43074

A Tribute to the Fightingest Outfit

By Catherine Coyle

The 69th Infantry Division, the Fighting 69th, which made the exciting juncture with the Russians at the Elbe River in the move that virtually ended the war in Europe, is one scrappy outfit I want on my side. Right now, though it's one of my favorite Divisions, it's definitely not on my side.

My falling out with the Fighting 69th, which used to call itself the Frightened 69th before it became famous, came about when falling in line with the boys themselves, I teasingly labeled them an "upstart" Division.

I should have known better, because I was acutely aware of the fanatical, magnificent pride of the soldier in his "outfit," a pride that led many a wounded man to pass up an opportunity to go home just because he feared separation would mean assignment to a different Division.

I don't know the entire Division, but I got to know many of the boys in Able and Charley companies of the first battalion of the 271st Infantry Regiment, the outfit that pushed aggressively forward to hasten the finish of the squeeze play of the Russians and the Yanks against the Nazis.

In my dictionary, an upstart is one who has risen suddenly from the humble position. The 69th shot up suddenly to prominence. Up to the time of the juncture, nobody had given the slugging, hard hitting Division credit for its accomplishments - not even Stars and Stripes, the G.I. Newspaper which gave the erroneous impression, in the account of the fall of Leipzig, that an armored division rather than the 69th had taken the third largest city in the Reich.

Frightened Germans gave them credit. They knew a good outfit when they saw it. And anyway, they were certain that the 69th's red and blue and white divisional insignia, with the figures 6 and 9, forming a modernistic block, indicated an American SS or Elite Corps.

They were elite soldiers, make no mistake about that. They were extraordinary in many ways: they were top notch soldiers. They were aggressive. They

had magnificent curiosity. They were impatient. They had impudence in their gaiety - and they had lots of gaiety! Those were the characteristics that led that reconnaissance jeep to the Elbe for that historic meeting of the Allies of the east and west.

In those exciting days of April it was impossible to get a 69th Division man to be straight forward in his report of Divisional activities, everyone was too happy to be historical, so when a soldier talked about the capture of Leipzig, for example, he told more about visiting the zoo than about the bitter fighting experienced. That was a strange modesty those boys had, a modesty hidden beneath boisterous, contagious humor.

I know because I was with them. Never was a correspondent welcomed with such warmth and friendly enthusiasm as I was when I jeeped to the Mulde River to watch the frantic exodus of suddenly freed allied nationals from imprisonment, and the obscene scramble of German soldiers to surrender in a sunlit meadow between a pleasant canal and the river that marked the foremost American line.

First Battalion was handling these swarms of hysterical peoples. It was a gigantic task but every soldier found time to talk, to explain what was going on. Again and again gifts were pressed on me - a tiny camera from one boy, a magnificent storm trooper dagger, a compass, and a silver cigarette case on which the date was scratched with a hairpin.

There was no ceremony, no dignity, no stuffiness. Everyone was bubbling with hard to suppress excitement and laughter, because each of us was sure that this mass surrender of undignified Germans meant the end of the war. This was what we wanted more than anything on Earth. The next-best thing we wanted was, of course, that long awaited link up with the Russians and we got that that night.

Lt. Joseph K. Kovarik of New York, lanky Battalion Supply Officer urged a friend and me not to leave the Battalion lest we miss that link up. We teased him about his confidence, for we knew that two other Divisions were sure they were fated to make that historic juncture.

"We'll do it," Kovarik said. "Stay and have supper with Charley Company and I'll find a bed for you girls."

We had supper with Charley Company, which included "liberated" champagne in our honor, then crossed the river just in time to witness the arrival of that first jeep load of Russians, an arrival in the pleasant little town of Wurzen that sent frightened Germans into panic and one suspected Gestapo man to suicide.

The Chaplain gave up his feather bed and room for us that night. And in the morning the boys took us to Torgau to see the Russians encamped on the other side of the Elbe.

(Continued on Page 21)

A TRIBUTE TO THE FIGHTINGEST OUTFIT

(Continued from Page 20)

The Russians were wonderful in their exuberance, but they couldn't match those boys of the Fighting 69th. The boys forgot that day the hardships, the horrors, the suffering and death of the long, hard fighting of February, March and April.

Their good spirits were irrepressible. In their generosity some of the boys inquired if we would like to have the honor of "capturing" a German community which would be a cinch because the Germans were so terrified of the might of the 69th down there by the Mulde River!

I don't know how many Germans the 69th captured during those late April days. I remember when I returned to the Mulde from Torgau, we entered the courtyard of a big paper mill that was filled with German prisoners. They huddled on the cobbles in little groups, some of them around little fires on which they were heating their own rations.

We were in **Kovarik's** Jeep and the lieutenant was driving because his driver had become lost in the maze of Russians at Torgau. Our Jeep driver had disappeared too - on a "liberating" from which he returned with a case of German chocolate and a fiddle.

We had with us, too, three Britons and a Yank we had picked up on the road. The British men had been prisoners of war since El Alamein and the Yank had been one of those captured when Von Runstedt men broke through the 106th Infantry Division in December.

One of the British boys stood up in the Jeep and calmly surveyed that vast assemblage of grey-green figures. These were the men who had imprisoned them for so long and from whom he had escaped only a week before. "How do you like it now, you?" He screamed.

Most of the Germans didn't understand him. One who did came and stood by our Jeep and said in calm English, "It's alright, my boy. The shoe is on the other foot. I don't like it, but it's alright."

The 69th Division was never on the defensive. It entered the line in February and pushed forward until it met the Russians. Its record is excellent. The excellence with which those fighting men were able to handle the great parade of refugees from Nazi barbarism as well as the frightened German soldiers is one of the major achievements of those last days of the war.

Perhaps they were able to do what they did because basically the men of the 69th Division are real men - men with hearts and understanding, men of innate kindness and generosity, men who could laugh.

That is, they could laugh until someone, this writer, dared to tease them by labeling their Division as "upstart." Many of them have "told me off" and I am ready to yell "Uncle," because I love those aggressive, high spirited soldiers who played a stellar role in bringing to a close the European half of the most terrible war in history.

Inspiration for everyone: Lloyd Conklin ends athletic career

(EDITOR'S NOTE: For those of you who don't remember, Lloyd Conklin played softball for the 69th during World War II, and played it very well. Following is where he went with his career after the war.)

FROM "YOUR INDEPENDENT ADVISOR" NEWSPAPER

If someone complains they are too old to try something new; just mention the name **Lloyd Conklin**. The 80-year-old Henderson resident has had his share of athletic successes topped by his induction into the Michigan Amateur Softball Association Hall of Fame in 1988.

Lloyd Conklin gave most of himself to Fast-Pitch Softball during a career spanning five decades. He rates as a softball pioneer who enjoyed no small amount of successes as a fast-pitch pitcher. His career in softball spans more than five decades.

He earned his revered softball hall of fame honor by performing like a little dynamo on the mound. He hurled teams to 29 league championships, 12 district crowns, and six regional titles in addition to hurling nearly 30 no hitters and winning more than 600 games.

He played on 10 league championship teams in his last 11 years. "That's special to me, going out like that," he said. "I adjusted my style in the later stages of my career, relying more on deception to get batters out."

He admits being voted into the hall of fame was his greatest athletic thrill. "This was absolutely the top thrill of my sports life. "Until then, pitching back-to-back no hitters (July 29th and August 4, 1942) when I was in the service was my greatest thrill."

Conklin took up golf at the age of 47. One of his goals was to golf his age, something he did (with a handicap) in the Owosso Country Club (OCC) Seniors Tournament in 1985.

He was 65 years old when he carded 64 in the tourney. **Conklin** has captured all of the country club crowns except the open-flight championship since taking his hacks on the links.

Conklin didn't start playing golf until he felt he was too old to play fast-pitch. "After June (his wife) my first love has always been fast-pitch softball," Conklin said. "It then became golf and playing the piano, which I've taken up since my retirement."

After a total hip replacement, Conklin's illustrious athletic career ended, although he still could hit the links if he desired. "I spend a lot of time in the yard, mowing and replacing the crab grass. I also get out the softball and throw it around some and play ball with a few of the neighbor kids, which I really enjoy."

Lloyd Conklin

Division Headquarters, T/3 Sergeant
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Memories from Schmidtheim

The Chamber Bucket Mystery

Written and Submitted by: **Clifford E. Brenner**

Headquarters Battery, 881st Field Artillery

Liaison Section

45 7th Street, Box 44

Mount Wolf, Pennsylvania 17347-0044

I remember the day we entered Schmidtheim. It was rainy and foggy and just down right miserable. After a short time, **Captain Miller** came up to us and said he had found us a house. It was shot up on the bottom, but the upstairs was pretty good. We were liaison from the artillery, attached to the 273rd Infantry and **Colonel Salladin**.

Well, we moved in the house which had a small hallway and two rooms side by side. Later on in the day, **Captain McGlaughlin** moved his liaison section into the room next to us, all on the second floor.

Now, when we were in Schmidtheim, if you didn't have the G.I.s, you weren't cool, man.

In the back of this house was a large shell hole between the two backyards. Well, I got a call to "go" which only a G.I. knows the feeling, so I went out back and sat down about halfway into this shell hole. I sat there, it seemed like for a half hour, and all I had to show for it was about a three inch in diameter wet spot in the ground. What I didn't realize was the people next door were still living in their house and as I sat there, a young German woman came out and walked out along this shell hole and there I am mooning her big time.

Well, I looked up at her and she looked down at me. I smiled at her and she smiled at me. I think the only reason she smiled at me was because my face was her favorite color of red.

When I returned to the house and was going up the stairs, I saw this G.I. come running down the hallway opening his pants. He got to the top of the steps and there sat a porcelain pee pot. He dropped his pants, grabbed the handle, missed the pot completely, going right over the top. I was about halfway up the steps and he looked at me and said, "I didn't quite make it." For a short time I thought he was spray painting the wall.

What a lucky day. We got a coke ration and mail. **Captain Miller** got a box of goodies and his wife recorded a message on a record and sent it along.

There was an old wind up Victrola in our room and he put it on, wound it up and it sounded like someone trying to speak and swallow frogs at the same time, so it didn't work out too well.

Captain Miller's driver, who was from Wisconsin, also got a package that same day with about six packages of cheese spread and crackers and other goodies so we had a real party.

We went to bed and at about 2:00 a.m. I got the old G.I. feeling. I jumped up and dressed because time was precious. I went out the door and didn't relish the thought of going out and sitting in that hole at two o'clock in the morning.

I went out in the hall and there was my answer. **Captain McGlaughlin** also had the G.I.s, and somewhere, some how, came up with a chamber bucket and a nice roll of tissue neatly sat along side. I thought for a second, because time was running out. I thought, "Oh! Why not?" So I quietly removed the lid, did my duty, replaced the lid quietly and went back to bed.

The next morning I heard, "Who's the bastard that used my bucket. If I get the S.O.B., I'll shoot him." He was really upset. I stayed mighty quiet and kept my distance all day.

At noon, we went up to the school where the mess tent was and set up in the school yard. Some guys looked across the street and saw a young kid sitting at the upstairs window on one of the houses with a 22 caliber rifle. Well, it wasn't long before he had more company, a bunch of blue flies on a pile of poop.

I never found out what they did with that kid. But I was kind of hoping they would have taken him to **Captain McGlaughlin** so he could get that shooting business out of his head before he found out it was me that used his bucket and toilet tissue.

Well, finally I went to the aid station for the G.I.s. Funny how a shot of paregoric smoothed the whole thing out.

Attention: All Members of the I & R Platoon, 272nd, Battle Axe Regiment

**I HAVE OBTAINED 30 CAPS
WITH A DISTINCTIVE
"I & R" LOGO ON THEM.**

For your cap at no cost to you, please
write to me at:

Wallace J. "Mo" Moulis

6565 Snow Bell Lane

Falls Church, Virginia 22042

*From your "ole" (and I do mean old)
ex-platoon leader*

The Bridge at Remagen

Submitted by: **Charles R. Hoffman, Jr.**
Headquarters, 3rd Battalion, 273rd Infantry Regiment
12195 Fritz Court
Lillian, Alabama 36549

The History of the Bridge

The bridge at Remagen was built during the First World War at the urging of the German generals, so that more troops and war materials could be brought to the Western Front.

The bridge was designed by Karl Wiener, an architect from Mannheim. It was 325 meters long, had a clearance of 14,80m above the normal water level of the Rhine, and its highest point measured 29,25m. The bridge carried two rail lines and a pedestrian walkway. It was considered one of the finest steel bridges over the Rhine.

In 1928 a devastating fire took place on the bridge. Damage was, however, minimized, largely due to the efforts of the Remagen fire department. The fire department received a reward in the amount of 1500 marks from the National Railway.

The Capture of the Bridge

On the 7th of March 1945, an advance element of the 9th U.S. Armored Division, led by Lieutenant H. Timmermann, an American of German descent, reached the last intact Rhine bridge, just after the German defenders twice failed in their demolition attempts.



The capture of the bridge is known in the annals of the war as the "Miracle of Remagen." General Eisenhower stated that "the bridge is worth its weight in gold." In the days immediately following, the German High Command made desperate attempts to destroy the bridge by bombing and even by employing frogmen.

Hitler irately convened a summary court which condemned five officers to death, four of whom were actually executed in the Westerwald Forest.

On the 17th of March 1945 the bridge collapsed due to overloading and 25 American soldiers lost their lives.

A memorial now stands in one of the preserved bridge towers on the actual historical site. The tower contains pictures, documents and other exhibits which recount the history of the bridge. Much reconstruction and effort has gone into this project.



Memories of Shelby Part II Company G, 272nd

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

This is a continuation of a booklet that we began publishing in the last issue of the bulletin. This booklet was put together for the men of Company G, 272nd.

BOB FRIDELL

"Memories of Shelby . . . snakes, snakes, snakes."

First, when bivouacing in the field, they had a habit of curling up next to your sleeping bag to keep warm. Just don't roll over. When going to the garbage pit the coral snakes seemed to love our leftovers.

I can remember wading through swamps in waist deep water and meeting water moccasins head-on. They said they never bit when in the water. But I just as soon let them have full possession of the swamp.

Finally, one of the aid-men assigned to our platoon loved to chase the harmless black snakes. I can remember him chasing one by me and into a thicket. Suddenly he came running back. It seems the thicket the black snake had chosen to hide in was also the home of a nice large copperhead rattler. The snake was in hot pursuit, with about a foot of his body raised like a periscope, and gaining ground. Finally someone got the snake with a bayonet. There was no more black snake chasing after that.

Memories of Shelby, oh yes, snakes!!

HERB ENGLEMAN

One of the many days out in the field at Camp Shelby we were sitting under the trees as a lieutenant was lecturing. At one point he asked a question of someone but was not satisfied with the answer. I was half asleep with my back against a tree when he asked me the same question and answer, I jumped to my feet and replied, "I don't believe I can elaborate on the subject any further, SIR." The lieutenant gave me a funny look and then burst out laughing.

I understood why he was laughing a few days later when another lieutenant called me aside and told me that I should stop using big words. When I asked what he was talking about he said that lieutenant-so-and-so didn't know what "elaborate" meant. On a withdrawal maneuver, night retreat, I as one of the company runners was assigned to answer the phone at the company C.P. After all of the company staff left the C.P. the phone rang and "The Voice" (TV) on the other end asked if all of the company was still on the line or if some had already started the withdrawal. Since no one had informed me, I told TV that I didn't

know. TV said that he thought some of the company had pulled back and he wanted to know if **Captain Danahy** was in charge of that part of the company that was still on the line.

I left the C.P. and had to travel through the blackness several hundred yards to find that part of the company still on the line. I was smart enough to ask the lieutenant in charge to give me a runner because I couldn't leave the C.P. unattended and I didn't want to make the trip again.

I told TV that **Captain Danahy** wasn't in charge of the group still on the line. The conversation then proceeded as follows:

TV: Who was in charge since **Captain Danahy** wasn't.

Herb: I don't know the lieutenant's name since he had just come with the company a few days before.

TV: Find out his name! (Sent runner)

TV: Don't you know what is going on?

Herb: Hell no, does anyone around here know what is going on?

TV: Do you know who you are talking to?

Herb: No!

TV: This is **Major Wells**!

Herb: Do you know who you are talking to?

Major: No!

Herb: It's a damned good thing!

Major: Silence . . . followed by a good laugh.

This ended the conversation and I never heard any more from it.

VALENTINE FRAUENHOFER

When I first arrived at G Company in Shelby, I was put (I think) in the 2nd Platoon. Since I was heavy-set (fat) they gave me a BAR to carry around. That made me even heavier.

I never cared much for stew before I was drafted into the Army, but one night we had a field problem (when I still had that BAR). We marched all over that forest in the rain and the Leaf River was way over flood stage and we had to cross it on a foot bridge. When we finally got back to camp that morning - wet, cold and bedraggled, they gave us a breakfast of beef stew. Man was that good. I've liked beef stew ever since.

Later on I was interviewed by **Captain Wordley**, the Company Commander at that time. He explained that while I had civilian experience as a baker, there was no opening in an infantry company for a baker, but he could put me in the kitchen as an assistant cook. If I could put out some baked goods that the men liked, it would be fine with him. So I lost my BAR.

George LaBove was the Mess Sergeant and **Nels Nelson** was the First Cook. Also little **Mac McClung** and **Big Mac**, **Bill Murphy**, **Bill Morgan** and **Virgil**

(Continued on Page 25)

COMPANY G, 272nd MEMORIES OF SHELBY (Continued from Page 24)

Shippey were in the kitchen at one time or another. **Aaron Goodman** from Mississippi was in the kitchen crew in England, but I don't remember him from Shelby though he might have been there.

For about a month or more, I can remember that Sunday morning breakfasts were so poorly attended and the kitchen was tied up for so late as the men came dragging in, that someone (probably **Nels**) decided that on Sunday mornings we would serve breakfast in bed to the troops. So we went from barracks to barracks, taking orders and serving the food to them there.

It made me think of the song (popular then) "*This Is The Army Mr. Jones*," which had a line, "You've had your breakfast in bed before, but you won't have it there anymore."

While in Shelby they sent me to Cooks and Bakers School. We had classroom instruction part of the day and practical experience in the kitchens of the Camp Shelby Reception Center.

Shelby had a large number of draftees in these companies who could not read, write, or do simple arithmetic. At the Shelby Center they were trained in these basics. It was strange to walk past their classrooms and hear them reciting in their deep adult voices, "cat - C.A.T.; dog - D.O.G., etc." Makes you think how disadvantaged they were, and wonder how long the Army allowed the time to train them. Anyhow, these were the men we would practice cooking for. I was assigned to T Co. - shows how many men they were training.

They couldn't write their Congressman to complain about the food at least.

Bivouacs were interesting, kinda. We had 6"x6"x6' pits dug for the garbage. The semi-wild pigs would root them up.

Getting the mess kit washing facilities ready was always a problem. The brown G.I. soap was hard to dissolve. It wasn't like today's detergents.

The gasoline immersion heaters for the wash and rinse water were an adventure to light up. It wasn't hard to lose eyebrows when they ignited with a "swoosh."

You might have gotten this sooner, but we didn't get snowbound until now.

ED ROSS

I received my basic training at Camp Grant, Illinois. From there I was sent to Fort Bragg, which must have been a great place according to your complaints of Shelby. While you were enjoying the luxury of Camp Shelby, I was already in England, enjoying the air raids and buzz bombs every night.

One night in England I was riding the subway when suddenly it stopped running. Being near the exit, I walked to and up the exit, just in time to see the sky was all lit up brighter than day. A buzz bomb dropped, hitting a theater and killing over 500 people. I was lucky - I was only knocked down. I always felt more in danger in London than I did with the 69th.

STEVE HUDZINA

We were going on maneuvers and **William "Bill" Doran** and I were in one of the jeeps. I was doing the driving, crossing a wooden bridge about 60 feet long. There was a plank missing at the end of the bridge, or a broken piece. **Bill** and I hit that hole and we just spun around and turned over in the jeep, throwing the two of us out onto the bank. **Mike Jarzek** was in the second jeep. He never stopped to check on us. We were out for a few minutes. I hurt my back and left leg. **Bill** got a few bumps. They took **Bill** and I back to the Camp Hospital. We laid there for a few hours and then they let us go. Later I asked Mike, "Why in hell didn't you stop to see if we were really hurt?" He said, "I went to get the Major." I said, "You #@*!@!!, you could have said the same thing the Major said, "How bad are you hurt?"

ANEES BARAKAT

After meeting in San Francisco with **Carter, Vogel, Lehman** and **Fraze**, I thought I better stick something in here concerning Camp Shelby. We sure don't want to hear about **Fraze's** life from two to kindergarten.

Memories of Shelby are dim, but I never could understand why I never got sick or had a cold, with all the rain, wet shoes and clothes, and sun and hiking (also in Europe), because when I was growing up my mother never let me out without my rubbers and raincoat, etc.

ED CURTIS

Of course, there are memories. I guess knowing so many wonderful men and then realizing a number didn't come back. There was one particularly fine kid named **Corporal Hilty** (I believe). He was in my platoon. I learned much later he was KIA.

Another splendid guy was **Sergeant Holman**. He was a great help to me. One time he and I composed a song, or words to go with the tune *Pistol Packing Mama*. Our words related to infantry soldiers in the field - foxholes, etc. and about how **Colonel Lanham** would come around with his cane and inspect the depth, etc.

It was all very clean, in good humor and, we thought, cute. I do believe **Colonel Lanham** would have enjoyed it. But **Holman** and I never had a chance to sing it for him.

There were so many men I admired - a **Sgt. Kertis** was a special friend - and **Sgt. Ted Majewski** and I

(Continued on Page 26)

COMPANY G, 272nd MEMORIES OF SHELBY

(Continued from Page 25)

were very close friends. **LeRoy Honea** lives in Marshall, Texas. We touch base with each other every so often.

These guys, and many others, are the people I think of when Shelby is mentioned.

CLARENCE BURKE

Don't know what you want on Camp Shelby, but what about this —

Going to the PX after supper and chipping in on a case of beer, then getting a table in the "garden" and having a BS session while we drank.

Being out of breath from racing **Herb Engleman** back to the company area on the way back from a company hike.

Getting a medical exam with nothing on but our raincoats and shoes and sweating like a pig. (Boy, did I feel good to get out of that raincoat!)

When it rained, knocking the props off the shutters of the huts so the rain couldn't blow in. (Bang, bang-bang, bang-bang-bang, bang-bang-bang-bang).

Salt tablets on the tables in the Mess Hall.

Buying a watermelon from the back of a farmer's truck when we were out on bivouac, and then having to smash it up when the lieutenant found out!

Sleeping in on Sunday mornings!

Crap games on the pool table in the rec. room on paydays!

BILL DANAHY

I remember one painful but comical incident that happened in the Officer's Latrine that served officer's tent row. Regiment detailed a man each day to care for this important facility. His duties were to keep the place clean and fire the boiler. First Sergeants (not unlike our **McGinnis**) were responsible for picking a soldier for these important duties (usually they would pick a Rhodes scholar candidate). On this day an energetic and well meaning lad was picked who was intent on doing an exceptional job.

He overfed the boiler with fuel all day long to the extent that the high pressure backed all the water out of the lines, leaving them filled with raw hot steam. A Captain from the 1st Battalion stopped in to gain some relief and, while seated on the john, reached back and pressed the flush lever. SURPRISE!

They prepared a shelf in the rear of the Officer's Mess so he could eat standing up.

JOHN SHUMAKER

My memories of Camp Shelby are rather dull and not very humorous.

The barracks impressed me as WWI leftovers which seemed to go on and on over the sandhills. Being a private wasn't very glamorous, but educational. I still

do pots and pans and dry, so it wasn't a total loss. All part of growing up.

The rifle marksmanship training was a great confidence builder, but to this day peanut butter and jelly sandwiches are still my least favorite food. Our cooks did very well for us and I did learn to like liver and onions. Not the greatest nutrition they tell us after 50 years. The prisoner guarding at the coal yard was also enlightening. The guards had to wear suntans with a tie and after 8 hours of coal dust it was a toss up for grime champion of the day - the guard or the prisoner. More education.

PAUL ZIATS

I hated to start this, because I have nothing but bad memories and as a result, a loathing for the place, Camp Shelby. But here goes, regardless. I left a cushy, Senior Instructor of Infantry at Camp Wolters, Texas. As a cadre I had privileges. The grounds were neat, in order, and the transportation to town was never a problem, from August 22nd, 1942 to September 1st, 1944. I got a furlough before I reported to Shelby.

When I got off the train at Hattiesburg, I knew things were going to be different. Compared to Wolters, Shelby was a pretty bad sight. I guess I was spoiled, no matter. Every weekend was spent in camp - no time outside, ever. The busses were constantly full and would not stop to pick up anyone. That situation did not help. If it wasn't for the boys in our company, who after a couple of days greeted the new squad leader, all would have been bad - that is good for any man's soul.

RAY LEHMAN

About the only thing that sticks in my memory is that I joined the 69th Division on the Sunday the division went into the field for the last time at Shelby - remember that 30 day stint?

Anyhow, I got to Shelby on Sunday, was issued all my gear and early the next day I was sent to join the 3rd squad, 2nd platoon, G Company, and **Staff Sergeant Halpern**.

I remember distinctly reporting to him in his over-size camouflage "jumpsuit." He was my squad leader, and at that time, I was not impressed. But, over time, I learned to like the guy. And, of course, the others, too.

The only thing that sticks in my ~~eraw~~ mind (funny how that word always jumps out at me when I think of Shelby) is, during those 30 days in the field is that, on night problems, I always seemed to be stuck with digging my "foxhole" in a bed of solid rock. Why is it, or has time again warped my memory? Of course, we did get through the 30 days without any serious problem, but we went back to our "home away from home" to a 30-day quarantine prior to moving out overseas.

(Continued on Page 27)

WILL FRAZEE

My other short memory in these pages was to fill out a small spot for which there was nothing else available. This one is to balance off Ray's memories to provide a full page. This dag-nabbed copyfitting is a chore.

The frequent mention of snakes by the other contributors reminded me of one time I was sitting in front of my pup tent with my tentmate in the piney woods when G Company was on a field exercise.

Being generally unaware of the different types of snakes, I said, "Look at that pretty little snake," and my tentmate went crazy. He jumped to his feet and yelled in a frightened tone something on the order of, "It's a snake!" or perhaps, "There's a snake!" which I considered to be a silly exposition because it was more than obvious. After all, I had told him. He ran from our tent as fast as possible.

The snake was so little and so cute that I attributed his behavior to a phobia in regard to snakes and an acting out of his extreme and irrational fear. In fact, I continued to think that until he turned from fifty or sixty feet away and yelled, "That's a coral snake!"

Co. C, 272nd Regiment

Submitted by: **Eddie O'Donoghue**
1426 35th Street
Sacramento, California 95816



George Yost, Raymond Strasbaugh and John Walker who is from York, Pennsylvania. Eddie is one of our newest members.

True Tale of "Taps" blows away early misinformation

Submitted by: **Lester Hart**
Battery C, 881st Field Artillery
7916 Hayes Road, Williamsfield, Ohio 44093

This article appeared in Dear Abby sent in by one of her readers as the true story of "Taps."

Over the years there have been many accounts of why "Taps" is played at military funerals.

The following is a condensed version of the origin of "Taps" taken from many published accounts, including a U.S. Military District of Washington fact sheet:

The 24-note melancholy bugle call known as "Taps" is thought to be a revision of a French bugle signal, called "tattoo," that notified soldiers to cease an evening's drinking and return to their garrison. It was sounded an hour before the final bugle call. The last five measures of the "tattoo" resembles "Taps."

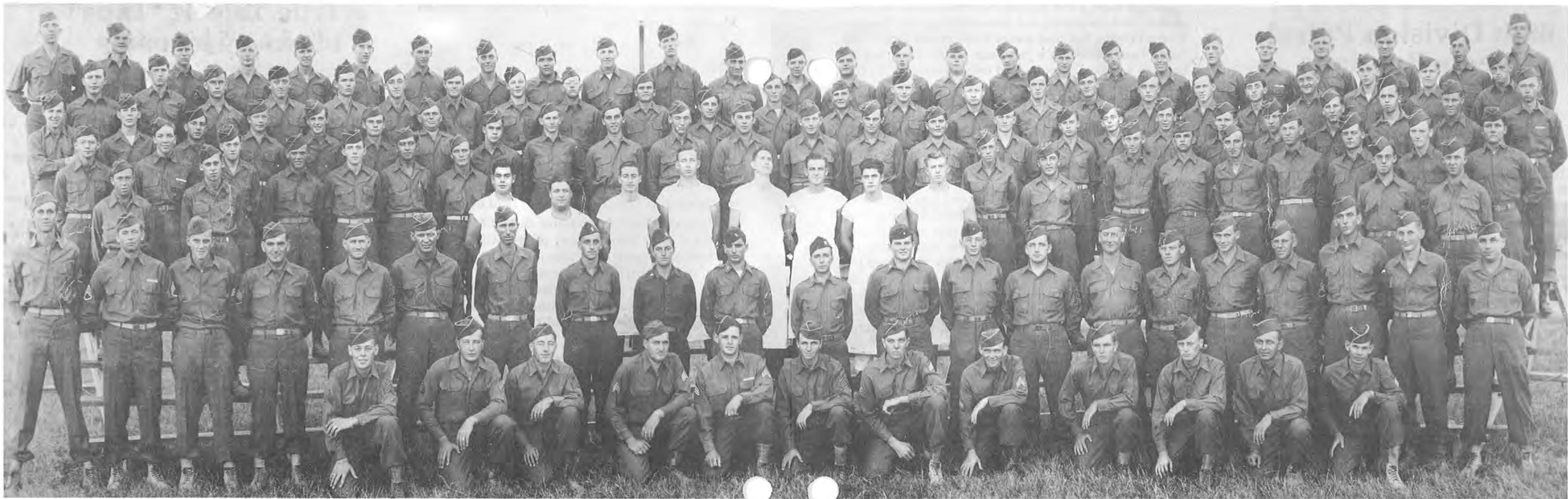
The revision that gave us the present-day "Taps" was made during the American Civil War by Union General Daniel Adams Butterfield, heading a brigade camped at Harrison Landing, Virginia, near Richmond. Up to that time, the U.S. Army's infantry call to end the day was the French final call, "L'Extinction des feux." General Butterfield decided the "lights out" music was too formal to signal the day's end. One day in July 1862, he recalled the "tattoo" music and hummed a version of it to an aide who wrote it down in music. Butterfield then asked the brigade bugler, Oliver W. Norton, to play the notes and, after listening, lengthened and shortened them while keeping his original melody.

He ordered Norton to play this new call at the end of each day thereafter, instead of the regulation call. The music was heard and appreciated by other brigades, who asked for copies and adopted this bugle call. It was even adopted by Confederate buglers.

This music was made the official Army bugle call after the war, but was not called "Taps" until 1874.

The first time "Taps" was played at a military funeral may also have been in Virginia soon after Butterfield composed it. Union Captain John Tidball, head of an artillery battery, ordered it played for the burial of a cannoneer killed in action. Not wanting to reveal the battery's position in the woods to the enemy nearby, Tidball substituted "Taps" for the traditional three rifle volleys fired over the grave. "Taps" was also played at the funeral of Confederate General Stonewall Jackson 10 months after it was composed.

"Taps" now is played by the military at burial and memorial services, to accompany the lowering of the flag, and to signal the "lights out" command.



Company D, 273rd Infantry - Camp Shelby, Mississippi - October 1944

Submitted by: Ken Maynard, 12711 Montana Avenue, Yuma, Arizona 85367 — Telephone: 520/342-1059
Ken Sawyer, 2311 Skywind Circle, Melbourne, Florida 32935 — Telephone: 407/254-7175

I recently talked to Ken Sawyer as to whether D Company's picture has ever appeared in the bulletin. He, having been a member of the association far longer, cannot recall its ever having been published. Several of us have valiantly tried to compile a list of the men, however, you can readily see we fell short. We may have erred unintentionally, of course, in our efforts to be accurate. After all, it has only been a trifle over fifty-three years, which should give us license to make one or two mistakes.

Former members of D Company are welcome to write to myself or Ken Sawyer with any correspondence or if they wish to provide us with names or corrections. Incidentally, our company commander was Captain Edward B. Taylor. He is standing in the second row, eighth from the left.

Row 1, L to R

- 1 Gayle Dunn
- 2 George Johnson
- 3 Art Lohrbach
- 4 Dick Barlup
- 5
- 6 Mike O'Malia
- 7 Nelson Beck
- 8
- 9 Chas Ensminger
- 10 Gil Cross
- 11 Leon Majeski
- 12 Jack George

Row 2, L to R

- 1 Iver Shiver
- 2 Lorenzo Butts
- 3 Edmond Ogden
- 4
- 5 John Loyless
- 6 Granville Bond
- 7 William Fleming
- 8 Edward Taylor
- 9 Bob Hogan
- 10 Ed Koury
- 11 John McNulty
- 12 Bob McCarty

Row 3, L to R

- 1
- 2
- 3
- 4 Dom Pizzimenti
- 5
- 6
- 7
- 8
- 9
- 10
- 11 D. Casdorph
- 12 Jim Sprinkle

Row 4, L to R

- 1
- 2 Larry Haby
- 3
- 4
- 5
- 6 Guerero
- 7 James Winstead
- 8
- 9
- 10
- 11 Lewis Tenney
- 12 Jim Delucia
- 13
- 14 Preston Smith
- 15
- 16 Vin Miscione

Row 5, L to R

- 1
- 2
- 3
- 4
- 5 Dick Cross
- 6 Art Duhamel
- 7 Lynn Erickson
- 8 Roscoe Gilbert
- 9
- 10 Chas Pinelli
- 11 Seth Mohr
- 12 Edwin Matyjasik
- 13 Hank Kaminski
- 14
- 15 Ed Kline
- 16 Dan McHugh
- 17 Dick King
- 18 Wayne Kruper
- 19
- 20 George Thomas
- 21 Ray Kozek
- 22 Arthur Ayres
- 23 Robert Sorsdahl
- 24 Harmon Yokley
- 25

Row 6, L to R

- 1
- 2
- 3
- 4 James Betz
- 5 Bob Harris
- 6 Bob Newberry
- 7
- 8 Paul Gorbein
- 9 Curt Jeske
- 10
- 11 John Amabile
- 12
- 13
- 14
- 15
- 16 Dan Murphy
- 17 Frank Mankiewicz
- 18 John Mellin
- 19 Howard V. Wells
- 20
- 21
- 22
- 23
- 24 Elliott Ward

Row 7, L to R

- 1 Russ Williams
- 2 Ken Sawyer
- 3 Ken Maynard
- 4 Steve Brion
- 5
- 6
- 7
- 8 Bob White
- 9
- 10
- 11
- 12 Norman Quimby
- 13
- 14 Kaufman
- 15 John Van Auken
- 16 Barry Bond
- 17
- 18
- 19 Ed Case
- 20 Allan Blackmar
- 21 Bob Gardiner
- 22 Donald Anderson
- 23
- 24
- 25
- 26 Wimpy Smith

Our Treasurer submitted the following story.

69th Division Patrol Meets Russians at Czechoslovakia

Submitted by: **William Matlach**

Company E, 273rd Infantry Regiment

19 Barberry Road, West Islip, New York 11795

You have all heard many times about the three patrols that linked-up with the Russians on the Elbe River, namely the ones led by **Lt. Kotzebue**, **Lt. Robertson**, and the one known as the "Craig" Patrol led by **Lt. Thomas Howard**. But very few of you have ever heard of the 69th Infantry Division patrol which linked up with the Russians in **Czechoslovakia**! For many years I have been meaning to prepare this narrative for posterity but somehow have never gotten around to it. The time has finally arrived.

In early June 1945, the 2nd Battalion of the 273rd, following Allied plans, had pulled back from Trebsen on the Mulde River to the small city of Borna, about 16 miles south of Leipzig. I believe that E Company was located in a village just outside of Borna. One day, **Larry Kolarik** came over from F Company, our close neighbor, to visit me. **Larry** was the Mail Clerk of F Company and by pure coincidence was married to my cousin **Elsie**. He told me that **Chaplain Nolan Howington** and his jeep driver were going to Czechoslovakia and that **Larry** and his buddy Staff Sergeant **Fred Scherer** (also from F Company) had made arrangements to join the Chaplain on the trip. **Larry**, like me, was of Czech parentage and was hoping to visit an aunt of his who lived in a small town about 15 miles outside of Pilsen. **Larry** proposed that I ask my Company Commander, **Capt. Davisson Dunlap**, to lend me a jeep so I could join them and perhaps visit some of my relations.

At that time, I was a Rifle Platoon Leader with the rank of 1st Lieutenant, so I had a little more influence than a Private, but that was of little importance. I told **Larry** that borrowing a jeep was out of the question because a Rifle Company had only two jeeps, for the purpose of transporting mortars, machine guns, ammunition, supplies, going on motor patrols, and to take the Company Commander to Battalion Headquarters and other places on business, and there was no way the CO could "lend" me one of those two jeeps to go on a junket to Czechoslovakia for 3 days! **Larry** insisted that I should try.

I approached **Captain Dunlap** and told him about the Chaplain's trip, and explained that I had relatives in Czechoslovakia which I would like to visit (my father's sister, my mother's brother, and numerous cousins) and would it be possible to borrow a jeep for that purpose. With surprisingly little discussion, he agreed to do so, and I had my jeep. I concluded that either he had unbelievable confidence in my capability and reliability or that he was mentally deficient, most likely the latter.

So now I had my jeep but, believe it or not, **I did not know how to drive!** I had been born and raised in the big city (New York) where I was able to exist without an automobile until I went into the Army, using public transportation. (My daughter who lives in New York City is 41 years old and still does not know how to drive!) I approached one of my Squad Leaders, Staff Sergeant **William Aldredge** and asked him if he would like to go to Czechoslovakia. At first he stared at me as if I had asked him to go to the moon, but eventually he agreed to go. I asked him if he could drive a jeep and he replied, "I don't know - I never tried!" However he could drive an automobile and we agreed that it had to be pretty much the same. To authorize our absence from the 69th, we went to 2nd Battalion Headquarters and obtained two Three-Day Passes (See Fig. 1 below). Normally, a three-day

(Continued on Page 31)

Name <u>WILLIAM R. MATLACH</u>	No. <u>A.G.S.</u> <u>72</u> <u>PAGE</u>
Grade <u>1st Lt.</u>	(Circle one) Good for not over <u>3</u> consecutive hours
is authorized to be absent	<u>WILLIAM R. MATLACH</u> <u>1st Lt</u> <u>0556213</u>
From <u>190600 June 1945</u>	(Name in full) (Grade) (ASN)
To <u>220600 June 1945</u>	Co <u>E</u> <u>273d Infantry</u> <u>417</u>
To visit <u>Kotna Hora, Czechoslovakia</u>	(Organization) (APO No.)
No. <u>A</u>	is authorized to visit <u>Kotna Hora, Czechoslovakia</u>
(Circle one)	From <u>190600 June 1945</u> To <u>220600 June 1945</u>
ETO TPM Form 8 (Rev. March 1944)	(Hour and date) (Hour and date)
10-20461-1	Location of lodging <u>Kotna Hora, Czechoslovakia</u>
	<u>William T. Boone</u>
	<u>WILLIAM T. BOONE</u> <u>Capt</u> <u>273d Inf.</u>
	(Name) (Grade) (Organization)
	ETO TPM Form 8 (Rev. March 1944) <u>Bn Adjutant</u> (Commanding)
	10-20461-1

69th DIVISION PATROL MEETS RUSSIANS AT CZECHOSLOVAKIA

(Continued from Page 30)

pass is a document issued when you want to leave Camp Shelby and go into Hattiesburg for a long weekend. You will note that this three-day pass gave me official authorization to go from Borna, Germany to Kutna Hora, Czechoslovakia, a different country, and not only that but a country occupied by Soviet forces! Kutna Hora is a city located about 40 miles east of Prague, which was deep within the Russian Zone. But then, the Russians were our friends, so there should be no problem! As you can see the pass was signed by **Capt. William T. Boone**, Bn. Adjutant, and it was approved on the back side (not visible in this illustration) by **Major Fred W. Craig**, Executive Officer, so everything was official!

On the morning of June 19, 1945 we loaded up the jeeps, added two 5-gallon cans of gasoline to each for emergency, and started on our way. Jeep #1 consisted of **Chaplain Nolan Howington** (HQ-273), his driver **George Rico** (SV-273), **Larry Kolarik** (F-273) and **Fred Scherer** (F-273) and Jeep #2 carried **Bill Alldredge** (E-273) and myself. We headed due south which was about the shortest way to Czechoslovakia. After about an hour of driving, the Chaplain's jeep developed a flat tire and we had to stop for repairs. *Fig. 2* shows **George Rico** changing the flat while the rest of observe and supervise. After completion of repairs, we continued southward until at Zwickau we encountered our first Russian outpost (*See Fig. 3*). At that time, the Soviets had a kind of "outpost boundary" at which they had guard posts or checkpoints, but we were allowed to proceed beyond that point without opposition. Eventually, we arrived at Jeleny Skok, (German name "Hirschen Stand"), which translates to "Deer Leap," and that was a positive boundary which we were not permitted to pass. This was a tiny town just about on the Czech/German border and manned by both Russian guards and Czech border police. *Fig. 4* shows a mixture of these two groups.

After 53 years, my memory starts to go dim in some places, but I believe that at this point we were advised to go back to the Soviet Headquarters in Chemnitz in order to obtain permission to proceed further. I believe that **Alldredge** and I volunteered for this mission, and

Fred Scherer decided to join us for the trip. We found the Soviet district headquarters in the main square in Chemnitz - it was a three story building with long red banners hanging from the top floor almost to the ground. We went inside and presented our request for permission to travel into the Soviet Zone of Czechoslovakia and we were told we would have to wait for a decision from the General. While we waited, our jeep attracted the attention of a considerable number of children and a few adults (*See Fig. 5*): Chemnitz was occupied by the Russians and the appearance of Americans was relatively rare. After waiting about two hours, we received our answer from the General: "Nyet!"

(Continued on Page 32)



Figure 2. Repairing a flat tire. Left to right are Bill Alldredge, Bill Matlach, Larry Kolarik, George Rico (working) and Chaplain Nolan Howington.



Figure 3. First Russian outpost at Swickau. Left to right are George Rico, Nolan Howington, Fred Scherer, Russian Guard, Larry Kolarik, Bill Alldredge.

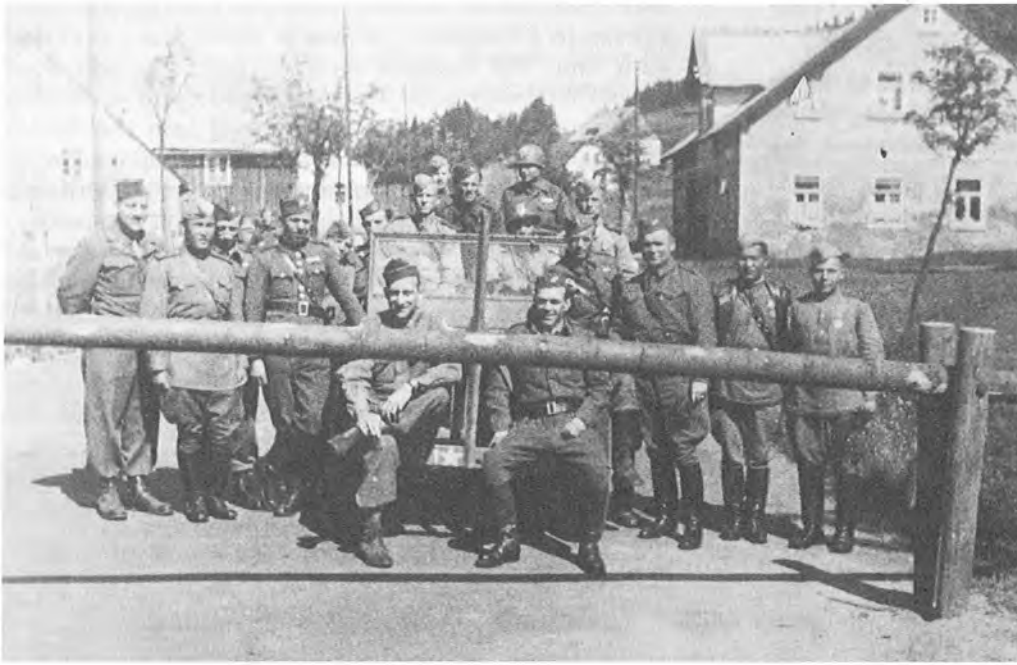


Figure 4.

Czech border at Jeleny Skok, Czechoslovakia. Left to right are Nolan Howington, Fred Scherer, Bill Alldredge, George Rico among 13 Soviet soldiers and Czech border guards.

Figure 5, right.

At Soviet Headquarters, Chemnitz. Bill Alldredge, Fred Scherer and many children.



Figure 6, below.

Kraslice (Grosslitz). Bill Matlach asking for directions back to Jeleny Skok after an unsuccessful session with the Russians at Chemnitz. These are Czech border troops.



Figure 7. Bill Matlach and Bill Alldredge at Kraslice.

69th DIVISION PATROL MEETS RUSSIANS AT CZECHOSLOVAKIA

(Continued from Page 32)

On the return trip from Chemnitz to Jeleny Skok we made a wrong turn somewhere and at Kraslice (Grosslitz) we stopped to ask for directions to Jeleny Skok. Kraslice was a town in Czechoslovakia near the border and, speaking in Czech, I asked some border guards for directions and got into an extended conversation (See Fig. 6). Figure 7 shows the E Company jeep on the street in Kraslice. Note the cable cutter mounted on the front bumper to prevent decapitation by cables stretched across the road at night. We eventually found our way back to Jeleny Skok, rejoined the other jeep, and spent the night somewhere in the area.

The next day, **Bill Aldredge** and I headed for Pilsen to try to obtain documents from the Czechoslovakian government to authorize our travel through Czechoslovakia. We could reach Pilsen because Patton's forces had been able to enter an appreciable distance into Czechoslovakia before the war end and were occupying the area around Pilsen. The Czechs had no problem with our traveling through Czechoslovakia and issued to us the document shown in Figure 8 below which is printed in Czech, Russian, and English. However, we eventually found that the Russians paid no attention to this travel permit.

On our way back from Pilsen we suddenly found that the jeep refused to move when we put it in gear, neither forward nor reverse, nor any speed. We observed that the jeep had two more short little gear shift levers and we started to play around with them to see if we could make the jeep move. Finally, we found a combination of positions which "worked," so we drove off again. However, we found that in third gear with the engine racing we were moving at about 10 miles per hour. We drove about ten miles that way until we found a Motor Pool. The Motor Sergeant examined the jeep, moved some of the gear shift sticks around, and told us we had a broken rear axle. He said he was not able to fix it, but he told us that an armored unit in Pilsen could do it. We left for Pilsen and found that the jeep was operating again in a normal manner. Apparently, **Aldredge** and I had put the jeep in front wheel drive which allowed the jeep to move but we had also put it in a low, low gear at the same time and we were afraid to change anything. The sergeant took it out of the low gear and for the time being we were okay.

We arrived at the armored unit in Pilsen about 5:00 p.m. and I asked the CO if he could repair the jeep for us. He said that since it was so late in the day, we could have supper with them and they would put us up for the night. He said he would have a couple of

(Continued on Page 34)

Národní Výbor v Plzni - National Council at Plzeň

Народный Комитет в Пильзени

Národní Výbor v Plzni nemá námitek, aby pan /paní/

Народный Комитет в Пильзени не имеет возражений, чтобы тов.

The National Council at Plzeň has no objections that Mr./Mrs./

William R. Matlach a William T. Aldredge
.....
William R. Matlach a William T. Aldredge

odcestoval do Kutné Hory a zpět

уехал в *Кутную Гору и обратно*

leaves for Kutná Hora and back with a car.....

za účelem na návštěvu

с целью *посещения*

to ..visit their relatives.....

Plzeň, 20. 6. 19 45.

Пильзень,



69th DIVISION PATROL MEETS RUSSIANS AT CZECHOSLOVAKIA

(Continued from Page 33)

mechanics repair it overnight. (What more could you ask? This was a great way to travel! And whenever you needed gasoline, you just gave the motor pool an empty 5-gallon can and they gave you a full one in return, a fair trade, never a problem!) That evening, one of our hosts took us to a local beer hall and we spent the evening drinking Pilsner Beer in Pilsen! In the morning we had breakfast, the jeep was ready, and after I gave the two mechanics a bottle of brandy for their trouble, we were on our way again to rejoin the other jeep.

However, by this time the others had given up waiting for us and had started moving on their own. By sheer coincidence, as we drove down the road we passed by the other jeep moving in the opposite direction. We rejoined forces, and tried to find a Russian road block which would let us through, but to no avail. Time and again we would get stopped, usually by a short little Russian soldier with a rifle and bayonet about as tall as he. We would show him our papers which he would examine and then call the sergeant. And the sergeant would call the lieutenant, and the lieutenant would call...., until someone said "Nyet."

In the afternoon we decided to try to find **Larry's** aunt who lived in a farm village about 15 miles outside of Pilsen. Luckily her village was in the American-occupied area and **Larry** was welcomed with many tears and hugs. She butchered a goose and we had it for supper in celebration of our visit and stayed for the night. In the morning **Bill Alldredge** and I mounted up and headed back to Borna.

The rest of this narrative will be a little sketchy because the events were related to me by **Fred Scherer** and I was not present on this part of the excursion. It seems that **Fred** and **Chaplain Howington** had not given up on piercing the outer shell of the Russian Zone, and **Fred** was obsessed with breaking through all the way to Hungary, where he had relatives! They took a road eastward and continued to try to find a way through the roadblocks. This was next to impossible because during the previous three days we had even tried to by-pass the roadblocks by driving the jeeps cross-country for a mile or two, but even that did not work. Eventually, Jeep #1 found its way into an area where it should not have been and the whole group was arrested by the Russians. They were taken to Zwickau and held under guard in the central square for three days.

Eventually they were released; and having learned their lesson they started homeward. However, while on their way, they were stopped by a Russian Major riding in a civilian vehicle who demanded to see their Passport or Visa. However, it appears that Jeep #1 personnel were not as well documented as Jeep #2 personnel, and **Scherer's** explanations in German to the Russian Major turned into an altercation. The Major drew his pistol and became very threatening toward **Fred Scherer** and **Fred** felt he was in serious danger. Somehow, **Fred** managed to get his wallet out

without being shot and showed the Major his Class A Pass from Camp Shelby. This satisfied the Major and he turned them loose. **Fred** claims that his Class A Pass saved his life! From there on, Jeep #1 proceeded homeward without event and arrived safely in Borna.

Figure 9 photo was taken at the 1996 reunion in Schaumburg. It shows three of us who took part in that "patrol": **Fred Scherer**, **George Rico**, and **Bill Matlach**. **Fred Scherer** is now 86 years old but in reasonable health and has attended most reunions in recent years. **George Rico** has other talents besides driving a jeep and changing tires: in 1945 he played the organ at religious ceremonies besides performing other services as Assistant to **Chaplain Howington**. He is a Music Teacher and at the Schaumburg Reunion he made arrangements for the Honor Guard and played the piano at the Banquet. **Bill Alldredge** lives in Chattanooga, Tennessee and I saw him at a couple of reunions a few years ago. **Larry Kolarik** was in the advertising business before he retired. He passed away in July 1995. **Chaplain Howington** is retired as a minister but still finds time to perform services for the church from time to time. He lives in Nashville, Tennessee and **Fred** tells me that he ran into the Chaplain at the Nashville Reunion. I also attended, but my timing was poor and I missed seeing him. Figure 10 shows a memento given to me by the Chaplain during the course of the 1945 patrol. Its present condition indicates that it has seen a lot of use during the past 53 years.



Figure 9. Fred Scherer, George Rico and Bill Matlach at 1996 Schaumburg Reunion.

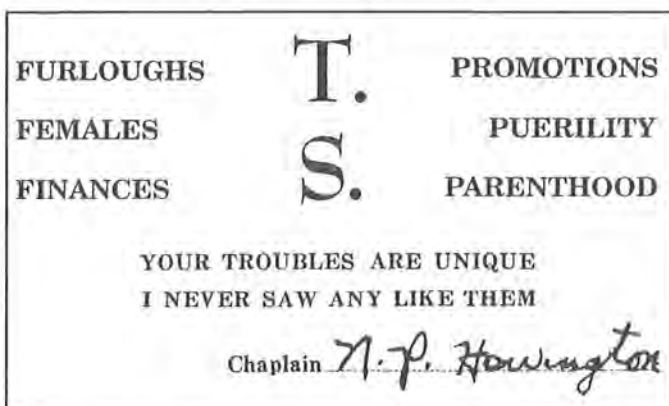


Figure 10. Official Chaplain Nolan P. Howington T.S. Card.

Controversy over status of Black Soldiers in 69th continues

Raymond C. Norris

Company F, 271st Infantry

642 Law Street, Aberdeen, Maryland 21001

In response to the letter from **Jim Kidd** which appeared on page 36 of Vol. 51, No. 1 Bulletin, and the letter from **Richard Levy** which appeared on page 29 of Vol. 51, No. 2, there is some confusion. The Recon and Combat Patrol was formed in France prior to going up to replace the 99th Infantry Division by volunteers from within the 2nd Battalion, 271st Infantry. I was the first and only Platoon Sergeant assigned to the Patrol. All the other members were assigned from within the Battalion. Our 1st Platoon Leader was from Company F and he was not with us long. We were without a Platoon Leader until **Lt. Town** was assigned. I went on every patrol from day one, behind enemy lines, both night and day. Most were for reconnaissance, but we did have to fight our way back or change routes several times, and when we were not on patrol we provided security for the Bn. C.P. On the move, we were used to scout ahead and spearhead the Battalion's advance across Germany.

The members of the Combat and Recon Patrol that I can remember are **Sgt. Leroy Parks**, who now lives in Weirton, West Virginia and **Corp. Herbert Erhart**, a retired doctor and big game hunter in Eagar, Arizona. Other members were **Lt. Charles Town**, **Pfc. Hannaway**, **Pfc. Lafave**, **Pfc. John Ingram**, **Cpl. Perrico**, **Pfc. Taylor**, **Pfc. Robert Hosea**, **Pfc. McGuire**, **Pfc. Robert Cascart**, **Pfc. Ingersal**, **Pfc. McDade**, **Pfc. James Lewis**, **Pfc. Robert Wheeler**, and **Pfc. Ashell**. These are the soldiers I remember. They were all white and went all the way to Torgau on the Elbe. **Herb Erhart** may have names of the other patrol members. I am sure **Col. McCormick** and **Chaplain May** could substantiate all this because we had many meetings with **Col. McCormick** and a good rapport with the chaplain.

The black soldiers reported to Battalion Headquarters approximately 10 days after the war in Germany ended. The Combat and Reconnaissance Platoon was disbanded and all members sent back to their respective companies, except me. I remained along with **Lt. Town** to help the black soldiers get settled in, even though they had their own platoon sergeant. Their mission was to provide Battalion Security. I was informed that they had been at Division Headquarters for several weeks, had not been in combat units, but had served in several service type units and had been in Europe several months. I then requested to be returned to Company F, 2nd Battalion as Platoon Sergeant of the Second Platoon.

They were not addressed as a "J" platoon by anyone in the Battalion. I have known **Lt. Jim Kidd** since he was assigned to Company F just prior to our departure for England. In fact, he was the only officer in Company F to make it through the war, the others being killed, wounded, or transferred. I am sending **Lt. Kidd** a copy of this letter.

I enjoy the Bulletin very much and appreciate the good job you, **Bob**, and **Bill** are doing and everyone should be happy to send in their dues to keep it going.

Remembering Occupation

Submitted by: **Homer Rager**

Company G, 273rd Infantry

2469 28th Street S.W., Akron, Ohio 44314

Seldom mentioned in the stories making the pages of the bulletin is Occupation.

When the 69th and 29th merged at war's end, I was in the 175th Infantry Regiment, 29th Division for the rest of my stay in Germany. The town, which escapes my memory, had light damage. We talked about when we would go home. It was a lot like basic training. Most people passing through were DPs. Some had no place to go, others were in route to friends or looking for loved ones. We had to listen to numerous stories and accounts of their ordeal. It was pitiful and sad.

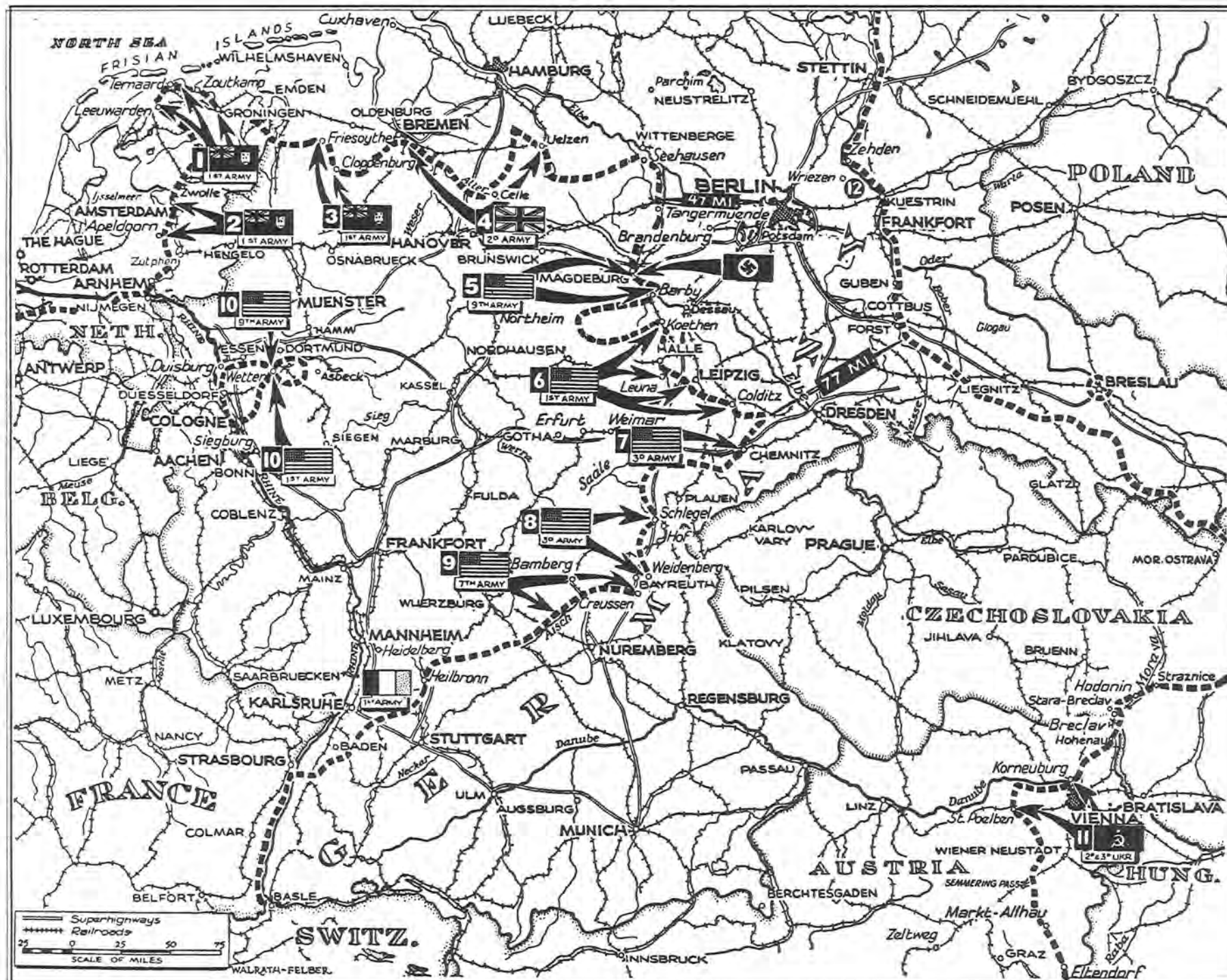
After Ike lifted the fraternizing ban, our work was much easier and soon things began to take shape and make our tour of duty more pleasant. There were few men or German husbands. The women felt the same as a lot of us GI's and nature took its course. The children learned to like the GIs and we gave them our goodies. We had plenty and they needed it more than we did. Some of the older residents resented us, but they stayed in their place.

The frauleins were very obliging and we discussed war and the spoils of war frequently. Lots of tear jerkers. I learned to speak Pennsylvania Dutch before I went off to war and it came easy for me to understand the German language. They picked up English quickly. We had fun together and time went by quickly. We had a New Year's Eve party in 1945. It was a sad and glad time. When the party broke up, we sang Silent Night in English and German, and said our goodnights and goodbyes.

On January 1, 1946 we picked up our gear and we were on our way home. We played pinochle every day on the journey. My arrival home after 14 months overseas was greetings of another kind. All 4 of us brothers were discharged and through the prayers of friends and parents, we all returned safe and sound.

I have only visited a couple of G, 273rd 69ers: **Willie McGee**, **Edson Stag** and **Mrs. Haverly** and daughter.

Sorry, but I can't make the reunion. Let's hear from some more of you Company G, 273rd members.



World War II Map Where were you?

Map dated April 16, 1945 - Stars and Stripes

Submitted by: **Leon Yablon**

Company C, 269th Engineers

10 Centre Lane, Bayonne, New Jersey 07002

MAP LEFT — Canadians captured Leeuwarden, reached the North Sea above Ternaard and at Zoutkamp and battled inside Groningen (1). Driving westward they took Zwolle and fought to dislodge the foe from Apeldoorn (2). Driving northeastward they seized Friesoythe and Cloppenburg (3). The British, fighting toward Bremen and in Uelzen (4), registered little change in their positions. At the Elbe River, the American Ninth Army (5) lost its bridgehead near Magdeburg, but deepened another near Barby to four miles. The First Army (6) entered Koethen, besieged Leipzig, took Leuna and reached the Mulde River near Colditz. The Third advanced to Chemnitz (7) and drove through both Schlegel and Bayreuth (8). On its right flank the Seventh (9) reached Creussen and the Aisch River northwest of Nuremberg. Behind the American lines the Ruhr pocket was cut in two when the Ninth and First Armies joined near Wetter (10). The Russians captured St. Poelten and Korneuburg (11) in the Vienna region and were reported by the enemy to be attacking east of the town of Wriezen (12) on the eastern approaches to the German capital.

Submitted by: **Lowell McFarlin**

Battery C, 880th Field Artillery

Box 236, 89 North High Street

Jeromesville, Ohio 44840

Following is a reading that Bob Williams gave at the business meeting of Battery C, 880th Field Artillery. Read it slowly for the proper effect.

Reflections

I want to talk to you about our nation, - the United States. Men in this room fought in wars that either "saved the world for democracy" or to stop "communist aggression." Let us pause and reflect upon this great country we live in. In the turmoil of the times, we Americans have become inoculated with a false feeling of guilt. There are those that would have us believe that we have failed in our dream of democracy, and that we, too, will follow in the footsteps of Rome. As Americans we have been called greedy, grasping, arrogant, meddlesome, and on and on. To this we Americans plead - Not Guilty.

Mobs stone our embassies - Americans are ridiculed in foreign lands - dissenters at home defy our laws and make a mockery of our freedom - we are called selfish, smug, self-satisfied and unfair - we are told to hang

our heads in guilt and shame - to this we Americans plead Not Guilty.

They call us inhumane, but when disaster strikes anywhere in the world, or areas are ravished by flood, or earthquakes level entire cities, or famine strikes a blow in a foreign land - it is we, Americans, who are the first nation to offer aid - not just sympathy, but food, clothing, medicine, and money - and they call us selfish?

Each year we Americans contribute billions of dollars to charity - most of it coming from the nickels and dimes donated by "Mr. Average American" - As a nation, we have been called "Uncle Shylock," - but what other nation in the history of the world sends its young men and women into battle on foreign soil to help win wars, and when victory was accomplished, taxed itself to the breaking point in order to restore the war torn lands of its enemies. To this we plead Guilty.

Critics often scoff at our "New World Ways" - but in two hundred years we have cleared a wilderness and have become the "breadbasket" for the world. We have used our natural resources to become the arsenal of democracy and freedom, - still - there are those who continue to say that we are crude and uncultured, - but - in those 200 years we have built a nation of 175,000 schools, 2,200 colleges and universities, 1,000 symphonies, 100,000 libraries, over 75,000 hospitals and over 250,000 churches.

Two hundred years ago children worked in the coal mines and were old men at the age of 14, - debtors were stripped of their freedom - no man's home was his castle. These things are no more, thanks to the American dream that places a high priority on a man's life.

There are those who call us intolerant - but men of color and other faiths sit in our Senate and House of Representatives writing laws for all the people. There are over 200 million Americans who never owned a black slave - there are over 200 million Americans who never started a war or envied another man's land - they have never ransacked a nation or looted a stranger's home - or forced any man to bow to a loser's yoke. There are over 200 million Americans who have never scoffed at another man's God, or defiled his Temples. Thousands of American soldiers are buried in foreign soil - they died fighting so others could be free. Cynics and dissenters still cry that the American Dream is gone - **THEY LIE**. Millions of Americans still live with their neighbors in Peace and Harmony. Millions of Americans still live with the spirit of charity and compassion in their hearts. Millions of Americans still pray, pay taxes, obey the law, and govern themselves. To our critics we say **THIS NATION SHALL THRIVE AS LONG AS THERE IS ONE VOICE TO SPEAK OUT FOR FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY!** You see - there is nothing wrong with America that the **FAITH, LOVE OF FREEDOM, INTELLIGENCE AND ENERGY OF HER CITIZENS CANNOT CURE**. And one last thing - if the United States has so many faults - why are the people still wanting to come to the United States? **AMERICANS MUST BE DOING SOMETHING RIGHT!**

The following article appeared in a newspaper back in 1945. It is the experiences of Bernard W. LaDue since leaving home written in a letter to his wife and daughter.

Tells Experience In Army Since Leaving Home

Submitted by: **Bernard W. LaDue**
Company B, 272nd Infantry Regiment
P.O. Box 8, Hilton, New York 14468-0008

Germany, May 21, 1945

Dear Mabel and Linda,

I am writing this letter during the noon hour. We had a swell dinner today - chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, peaches, bread, butter and coffee. They really put out some good meals.

Guess what. They don't censor our mail here anymore in the company, only at the base censor in England. Then they only censor 15% and that won't catch all of them. I am glad, because I can say what I want to, more or less.

Now I will tell you the story from the time I left the states until now. The night I called home, I was at Camp Miles Standish in Boston, a port of embarkation. The next day we left there and went to the Boston port January 7th, and went aboard the Ile-de-France, a French troop ship, the fifth largest in the world. We sailed January 8th and were at sea for seven days. After two days out, we were followed practically all the way by two German U-boats, but our ship was faster. We came along the coast of Spain, the long way. We went past Ireland and I could see it just as plain as day. We landed in Glasgow, Scotland. From there we went by train to England and boarded L.S.T. invasion barges and crossed the English Channel. I never in all my life saw anything as rough as that channel. We had to cross during the night on account of German planes. We landed in Le Havre, France. Everything was a wreck there from D-Day. I saw my first German pillboxes there. We stayed there over night and went on to some railroad station and boarded 40s-8s. They are nothing but box cars they had in the last war. We traveled all across France in those miserable things. I guess we rode about three days, then we hit Belgium.

We stayed in Belgium at the 483rd Replacement Depot at Romadenes for about a week. There we were assigned to the 69th Division and had to go back in France to join them. Then we all moved from France into the Ardennes Forest, where the breakthrough was. I never saw such a place in all my life and never hope to again. It was dark and dreary and everything smelled dead. There were both Americans and Germans laying in the houses and knocked-out tanks. That was the first taste. Then we moved further into the Ardennes. That is where we were strafed by a German plane.

The next move was the Siegfried Line. There we really ran into trouble. After we got through the line, we kept on moving. I was one of the first to win my combat infantry badge for going through a German road block to stop our vehicles. The going was tough all the way, but you never heard a man complain. There we stayed in foxholes for about three days and nights with Jerrys just over the hill about 500 yards. They threw mortars and 88's at us and we fired our 105 howitzers back. Finally they pulled out and we moved on. In one place I got a nice pistol and a pair of field glasses from a German. Three other fellows and I went upon a large hill and brought down about sixty prisoners. Then we went on riding tanks and tank destroyers, going from one town to another. In every town we found resistance.

Then came the big one - Leipzig. You probably read more about it than I can tell you or would want to. Then we went to Torgau and met the Russians. We were honor guards for all the generals and big officials that went through. After Leipzig we had no more assignments over here. We were through fighting in the E.T.O. We were all glad to hear that, as we had had enough. I was up in front from the day I got over here until V-E Day, and that was plenty long enough without any relief. Now we are waiting to come home, I hope.

I have a beautiful German watch. It is gold and has a cover over the face. I wish I could send it home, but I am afraid it would get lost. I also have two pistols, a German Luger and a P-38. I am hoping to get them home.

We've had a physical already and I am O.K. I'll probably end up going to the Pacific. I guess we are going to get three stars on our E.T.O. (European Theater of Operations) ribbon. One for the Siegfried Line, one for the Rhine crossing, and Central Germany. We might get one for the Ardennes Forest. I got the Combat Infantry Badge. We are up for a Presidential Citation. Hope we get it as everything like that counts.

Anyone Remember Corporal Jervis? 272nd Infantry Regiment

I'd like to get in touch with **Corporal Jervis**, his heirs, or anyone who served with him in the 272nd Infantry, 69th Division in the E.T.O. I've tried without success to obtain his address from government agencies. I have an autographed memento of his outfit which I wish to deliver. Anyone with any information, please write to:

R. J. Miller

8740 Marsden Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19136

Although the enclosed is about 99ers crossing the Remagen Bridge first, I was also a 69er, Company I, 272nd Infantry. Therefore, the claim may also be made that a 69er was the first American across the Remagen Bridge. This article was not written to detract from the glory or valor of the 9th Armored Division. They did an A-one job. It was written, however, to set the record straight as to who crossed the bridge first.

Looking forward to seeing you all at Houston this summer. I remain as ever, a loyal 69er.

Ninety-Niners were First Across the Remagen Bridge

Submitted by: **Emanuel Rind**

*Company B, 394th Infantry Regiment
and Company I, 272nd Infantry, 69th Division
320 Central Parkway
Newport News, Virginia 23606-3726
Telephone: (757) 596-7934*

At this time, most people consider it an established fact that the 9th Armored Division was first across the Remagen Bridge. It would be heresy to claim otherwise. However, that is exactly what I'm going to do, namely, claim that it was two dogfaces from the 99th Infantry Division who were the first Americans to cross that bridge. Until someone else comes forward to supercede this claim, it shall have to stand. This is the way it happened.

As I have written in previous articles, I came into the 99th Division as a non-com replacement somewhere about December 20th, 1944. On January 15th, 1944, we launched an attack against the Germans in the Ardennes Forest, opposite the Elsenborn ridge. I believe that most Americans involved in this attack were from the 394th Infantry Regiment. I don't know how many personnel were involved.

We left the point of departure at 1630 hours and, at about 2000 hours, the battle was over. I was seriously wounded by mortar shell fragments, while in the German lines. I laid there till about 2030 hours when the Germans came out to pick me up. They carried me on a litter to their company aid station and then to a building which had been used as a hunting lodge and now served as a field hospital holding station. Finally, I ended up in a hospital in the Cologne Plains. Since I was unconscious most of that time, I don't know how I got there. Another American who was seriously wounded and taken prisoner at the same time, S/Sgt. Clifford E. McDaniels, claims that we were taken to a hospital in Kloster Steinfeld. From conversations I later had with the baroness, she informed me that she and her husband, Baron Friedrich von Tilghman, had turned over their home to the Third Reich for the duration, for use as a military hospital and that's what

we were in. The Germans wouldn't tell us where we were; but a letter fell out from among the pages of a book the baroness had lent me (she was acting librarian) that was addressed to either Baron or Major Friedrich von Tilghman, Koln Stolz. Since each room or ward had a crucifix on the wall and the nursing was done by nuns, Clifford McDaniels could be right. Maybe we were in Kloster Steinfeld. On the other hand, it could have been a baronial mansion belonging to the baroness and her husband like she said and as the letter seemed to confirm. To this day, Mac and I have not resolved this problem. He says "Kloster Steinfeld," and I say, "The baron's home."

At this time, let me clarify a point. Mac and I, as far as we knew, were the only Americans in this hospital and we were POWS. A couple of weeks later, they told us that they also had an American fighter pilot as prisoner. He had hid out in basements for three days and since he was starving, he surrendered. We never met him because the Germans said that he was an officer and that they couldn't put him in with us as we were non-coms. Let me also add, that the rest of the patients in this hospital were wounded German soldiers.

There were thirteen beds in the ward which, I later learned from Mac, was the dying ward. Mac had been brought into it about two or three days after I had been in it. Thus, the ward had two Americans and eleven wounded German soldiers. The rooms or wards adjacent to ours had head wound cases in one and belly wound cases in the other.

When we had been in this hospital about five weeks, from the conversations going on in the ward among the German G.I.s, we gathered that our troops had approached to within 17 kilometers of the hospital. The Germans started to try to evacuate the hospital and move us farther inland. Due to strafing of the roads and railroads by our air force, this wasn't possible. When our troops had come within 2-1/2 kilometers of the hospital, the Germans moved us out in ambulances at about 0400-0500 hours.

There were 13 patients in the ambulance. Nine were litter cases and four were ambulatory. The litters were stacked three across and three deep. The ambulatory patients shifted for themselves in the space near the doors. A young SS man, about 17 years of age, was in the litter next to mine. He had a plaster cast on his right arm which he kept smacking me with every time he turned. I was in a plaster cast from below my ribs to my feet. I said, "Cut it out, that hurts." He turned and hit me again. I said, "You son of a bitch, if you do that again, you'll regret it." He did it again and I gave him a sharp jab on his bad arm. He let out a groan and turned to his other side and quit bothering me.

(Continued on Page 40)

NINETY-NINERS WERE FIRST ACROSS THE REMAGEN BRIDGE

(Continued from Page 39)

From conversations at the hospital in Koln Stolz, we gathered that we were going to travel 40 kilometers. After we had been traveling awhile, we stopped. From conversations among the Germans, inside the ambulance, I learned that we had come to some bridge. This was February 28th, 1945. I don't remember where Cliff McDaniels litter was relative to mine; but, I do remember telling him, "Mac we've reached a bridge. I didn't hear anybody challenge us. We can take this damn bridge." I don't remember what his reply was.

We traveled a short distance further and arrived at our destination. When we were carried out of the ambulance, the sun was shining and I guessed that it was about 0800 hours. We were carried up some stone stairs through doors above which was a stone lintel incised with the word KRANKENHAUS (Hospital) in capitalized German script.

Mac (Clifford McDaniels) and I were put in beds arranged in tandem. I think, at this time, they brought in another American who had been taken as a P.O.W. His name was Robert Irons. He was a private and hailed from Missouri - that's all we knew about him. He too can claim crossing the Remagen Bridge before the 9th Armored Division. This hospital was in Linz, Germany.

If you look at a map, Koln Stolz, (The Cologne Plains), Germany is on the west bank of the Rhine River. Linz is on the east bank of the Rhine. The only bridge in that vicinity is the Ludendorf Bridge or the bridge at Remagen. When we were recaptured by American troops on March 10th, 1945, we re-crossed the Remagen Bridge. Therefore, since we crossed the Remagen Bridge on February 28th, 1945, admittedly, in a German ambulance, and the 9th Armored Division crossed it March 7th, 1945, Mac and I stake the following claim: Until we hear differently, we claim to be the first American troops across the Remagen bridge; and we are both 99ers.

Looking for his stripes

I was wondering if anyone out there could find me Tech Sergeant Stripes or could tell me where I could get them. I have all but that one, from PFC on down. It could be used or new. I thank you in advance for your assistance.

If you have that information, please write to me at:

Mitchell D. Porter
Company E, 272nd Infantry
454 North Washington Street
Knightstown, Indiana 46148-1064

George La Moree writes

Headquarters Company, 3rd Battalion, 272nd Infantry
4241 Edenhurst Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90039

Last Pearl Harbor Day happened to come on a Sunday. I was reminded of times gone by and composed a short liturgy which I thought appropriate to a very significant day.

December 7, 1997! This is an important day in American history and was a very significant time in my personal life.

Exactly 56 years ago this Sunday morning I was on top of Mt. Waterman where an acquaintance of mine was putting the last touches on a ski lift. It was my hope that I could learn to ski when the snow arrived.

About 10:30 a hiker came up from the valley floor and gave us the stunning news of a very heavy attack on Pearl Harbor.

Since I was in the reserve I knew that my life was changed forever. Sure enough, in a few days I received my notice to report for a physical examination, and by January 23rd I reported for active duty which lasted for almost four years.

When the war was over many things had changed. I came home to a wife and daughter. Also my interests were different. I never learned to ski and I have never been back to Mt. Waterman.

The United States was considered to be victorious in the war, that is if anyone can be the winner in a catastrophe that is 90% destruction. It is the nature of the peace that is appropriate to discuss in this liturgy.

The United States was dragged into the First World War and was largely responsible for the success of the Allies which ended in an armistice with the German army intact and in possession of most of the conquered areas. A harsh peace by the old world powers was imposed which insured 20 years of hatred and culminated in World War II.

World War II ended in quite a different way. The opposing military forces were destroyed, and the enemy countries were either occupied or terribly damaged.

The United States had the greatest authority in settling this conflict and an American brand of peace was the result. A few individuals considered to have committed crimes against humanity were punished but no attempt was made to penalize the defeated people. In fact substantial aid was provided to the defeated countries so that within a few years they had recovered to prosperity, and are allies today.

The hatred of the 20's and 30's is gone. Instead we have enjoyed 50 years of peace and cooperation with our former enemies. I want to give thanks for this peace settlement that is more important to remember than Pearl Harbor whose anniversary is today. This was a peace inspired by the basic Christian values which bring us together today.

I want to give a personal praise for having been a small part of this grand design which began in hatred and ended in friendship.

Kudos for WWII Vet

From the Outpost Magazine
U.S. Army Yuma Proving Ground
Yuma, Arizona 85365



Kenneth Maynard (left) proudly shows his Bronze Star Medal with "V" device certificate after Colonel Robert Filbey, YPG commander, pinned the medal to his shirt.

Fifty-three years later - almost to the date, World War II veteran, **Kenneth Maynard (D-273rd)**, received the Bronze Star Medal with "V" device from Colonel Robert Filbey, YPG commander during a ceremony held in the commander's conference room.

Due to a prolonged period of hospitalization of Pfc. Kenneth Maynard, the original recommendation of the Bronze Star Medal was not presented to him. Recently, however, Maynard devoted 15 months to inquire how he could get the action to happen. "I always knew that I deserved my medal, but I just kept putting it off," said Maynard. "I finally realized that I was not getting any younger and began the research needed to get the medal," he continued. Agreeing that "It's better later than never" Charlene Fernandez, Congressman Ed Pastor's aide, assisted in the paperwork for processing Maynard's medal.

The medal that Maynard justly deserved was presented to him for heroic action in conflict with enemy troops in the city of Leipzig, Germany on April 19, 1945. In the course of severe house fighting within the city of Leipzig, Germany, Company B, 273rd Infantry supported by the second platoon, Company D, 273rd Infantry in which Maynard was a machine gunner; was pinned down by intense mortar fire emanating from a German mortar platoon emplaced in the grounds of a German hospital.

Realizing the immediate need for eliminating the enemy's strongpoint, Maynard, without regard for his personal safety and in the face of intense enemy small

arms and bazooka fire, carried his machine gun and tripod up three flights of stairs to an open room overlooking the entrenched German mortar position. There, from an exposed position, he directed withering machine gun fire on the entire German position, inflicting severe casualties upon the enemy personnel. This resulted in the complete reduction of the enemy's strongpoint, enabling the attacking rifleman to continue the advance.

The actions of Maynard in the above incident were in keeping with the finest traditions of the military service and our country.

Maynard, who retired from Metropolitan Life Insurance in Colorado, resides in Yuma with his wife, Jean, and daughter, Pamela.

Nicholas Hentosh, *Company K, 273rd Infantry*
5216 Dorchester Road
Charleston, South Carolina 29418-5609

Being a past member of Company K, 273rd Infantry during World War II, I am enclosing a Base Paper of Charleston Air Force Base with the notice of a Russian medal to be awarded to veterans that were involved in the victory over the Nazis in World War II. I would think that a large number of GIs of the 69th might be included here.

Russian Medal for Eligible WWII Vets

Applications are being accepted by the Russian Embassy from qualified U.S. veterans for their "The 50th Anniversary of the Victory in the Great Patriotic War (WWII) Medal." This Russian government medal is being made available to U.S. World War II veterans who participated in transporting war supplies to the Soviet Union via the Barents Sea, the Persian Gulf, the Black Sea or the Sea of Okhotsk during the period June 22, 1941 through May 9, 1945. Air Force veterans who participated in "Frantic" missions may also qualify. Applications must be typed or clearly printed and sent to:

Embassy of Russia
Attn.: Office of Public Affairs
2650 Wisconsin Avenue N.W.
Washington, DC 20007

Requests must contain your full name, current mailing address, date of birth, phone number, copy of DD Form 214 or other proof of service in a particular operation, dates and brief description of operation in which you participated and what you personally did. Next of kin can also apply by supplying the above information and documentation requirements. Each application must contain a check or money order for \$4.00 made payable to the Embassy of Russia. To expedite your request, on the bottom left front of your envelope write the word: MEDAL.

Liberation: The Little Countries Rejoiced

Submitted by: **Arthur Moore**
Battery C, 881st Field Artillery
55 High Gate Road, Apt. C4
Newington, Connecticut 06111-5251

The Czechs: Nick of Time

Liberation came almost too late for the Czechs. On May 6th the Czech underground rose in Prague, hoisted the red, white and blue national flag over the ancient Hradcany Castle, and proclaimed the restoration of the republic. The Germans immediately took measures to suppress the rising with force. The American Third and two Russian armies rushed to the rescue of the beleaguered Czechs as fast as their tanks would carry them. But only the surrender of the Germans in Berlin on Tuesday brought final liberation to Czechoslovakia.

Even the Germans Cheer Liberation of Denmark

On May 6, British transport planes landed on the Copenhagen airport and disembarked a small force to accept the surrender of some 300,000 German troops in the small kingdom. The Danish underground had cleaned up about 1,000 Hipomen, the Nazi-controlled police, who holed up in Gestapo headquarters, and arrested 10,000 quislings. King Christian, who retained the confidence and affection of his people during the occupation, immediately formed a new government around Dr. Vilhelm Buhl, the Premier the Nazis had ousted in 1942.

The Magic of English. So intense was the enthusiasm that King Christian's advisers had asked him to refrain for the moment from resuming his habit of taking an early morning ride through the city on his white horse - he would most certainly be mobbed by cheering crowds.

The few British soldiers and Anglo-American newsmen here had a tough time themselves keeping the joy-maddened, kind-hearted Danes at bay. On Saturday it was as much as one's life was worth to go a single word of English in public - it meant being surrounded and almost torn to pieces by well-wishers, particularly women. Britons found it prudent to remain indoors the first day of liberation. A couple of words of English opened all doors and broke all police lines. There were no taxis available, but all an English-speaking person had to do was to wave to a resistance-movement automobile - the driver would give you a lift gladly to any place you wanted to go.

The answer in a nutshell as to why the Danes were so glad to get rid of the Germans was found yesterday on a visit to Dagmarhus, a massive concrete office building on a block in the center of the city. There Nazi governor Dr. Werner Best held sway until he was forced to flee Saturday after begging the Danish patriots almost on his knees to protect his life. In Dr. Best's office, prominently displayed on the wall, was an

expensively framed drawing of an obviously Teutonic savage with a spiked club, some cabalistic sign resembling the Elite Guard device and this motto: "God helps him who helps himself."

Another thing which was seen was German soldiers killing themselves Jap-fashion down in the harbor, where lie the cruisers Prinz Eugen and Nurnberg and many smaller units. One soldier shot himself and two others jumped into the water to drown, preferring death to defeat. But most Germans here were glad it was over. When capitulation was announced, Germans in the crowd which jammed the city's central square, cheered as enthusiastically as the Danes they had been helping to oppress.

Holland Rises Gingerly

Blighted Holland showed an amazing contrast to the comparative comfort in which Denmark celebrated its liberation from Germany. With one-fourth of its territory flooded after the Nazis opened North Sea dikes, with some 4,000,000 of its people lacking clothes and facing starvation and with disease such a menace in the western regions that all inhabitants had to be placed under immediate quarantine, the Netherlands seemed prostrate. Yet emaciated men, women and children found strength to dance in the streets at the news, defying the fire of unrepentant Nazi troops.

The Dutch bedecked even their famous windmills with flags to celebrate the German surrender. Flying to Amsterdam, you could see farms, city houses and public buildings all flying red, white and blue flags and the standard of the House of Orange. Masses of Dutch civilians thronged roads and streets waving small flags at the food planes. The planes crossed the Dutch coast at The Hague, flew beyond Amsterdam and back to sea without sighting a single German.

Comparatively little damage could be noted in either city, but much of the country west of Amsterdam was under water. In most areas it seemed about 2 or 3 feet deep, judging from its height against the buildings. Between the flooded areas were many fields bright with yellow and purple tulips.

The Curse: Lt. General Charles Foulkes, commander of the Canadian First Corps in Holland, laid down surrender terms for Field Marshal Johannes Blaskowitz and learned that he would get a prisoner bag of 120,000 plus assurances that the Nazis would remove all explosives hidden in the dikes, he relaxed his military formality long enough to remark: "Not so bad!" But the Dutch reaction, as expressed by Johann Fabricius, the noted poet, was bitter. Speaking over the American Broadcasting Station in Europe (ABSIE) on a program beamed to the German people, Fabricius concluded his remarks by saying: "Let this be known: You marched into Holland against our will. Today your soldiers march into captivity. And the curse of the Dutch population follows them!"

The following is part 3 of a book we will be printing over the course of several bulletins.

Company K - Our Story Part 3

By the Men of Trespass Blue King

Submitted by: **Robert J. Albert**

Company K, 271st Regiment

4550 NY 43, Rensselaer, New York 12144

THE FIRST PLATOON

At Lutzen the First Platoon was in reserve on the right, behind the Second Platoon. It set up defenses along the railroad track before we all pulled out for Pegau. Lutzen was an easy deal all around and the First had the easiest. But the next day, they were the Company point.

The point squad was the third under **Kirkland**. As they moved on Audigast, a panzerfaust struck our lieutenant, then **Sergeant Henderson**, and wounded **Gallion** who became the platoon's first casualty in the action. In the town of Audigast, **Knapkic** and **Gage**, with the only two operating BAR's in the Company, helped our tanks clear out a road block.

On the way through Audigast, the First moved across an open field of about 300 yards using marching fire, with J Platoon on their right. While the rest of the platoon was fighting its way across the field, **Ellis** sent **Byalek** and **Catlett** to burn down a barn which stood in the field and which held snipers. The third squad moved out very fast and went all through the town coming out on the other side about 300 yards away. Here **Delucia** and **Eubanks** spotted an enemy machine gun nest and fired on it. Then all hell broke loose. The Jerries threw everything they had and the barrage killed **Kirkland**, **Huff** and **Eubanks**. **Fisher** and **Byalek** captured 18 prisoners in a cellar which was then converted into an aid station in time to receive what was left of the third squad as well as the casualties. **Alverado** got 14 direct hits with his bazooka but all were duds. For the rest of the day, the men of the First who didn't become casualties watched the steady stream enter the aid station they had set up. That night, what was left of the First platoon - 14 men, spent the night in a hole, 10 by 5, and sweated out the Jerry barrages.

The next day the First Platoon wasn't committed. That evening it moved to the next town with the Company, where it was combined with the remaining elements of the Third Platoon which had also been hard hit. One night of rest and the Company was off for Leipzig by way of Borna, which was the assembly point.

The attack plan failed as the Company got pinned down and had to withdraw to wait till morning. That day, aside from patrolling and helping the Second

handle their prisoners, the First Platoon sent two BAR teams to a burning house to fire at a gun emplacement and draw fire so that elements of the Second Platoon who were pinned down could withdraw. The mission was accomplished, but minutes after leaving the burning house, the men saw it blow up, for it developed that it was an ammo dump.

That ends the story of the First Platoon. They had the only BARs in the Company that worked, suffered more casualties, and generally had one of the roughest deals in Flak Valley.

THE SECOND PLATOON

The Second advanced on Lutzen to the right of J Platoon, and while J Platoon was routing Jerries out of holes, the Second tackled the cement works at the edge of town, with **Marion's** squad bringing out about 50 prisoners. Moving to the railroad track, they set up a defense line and sent patrols through the town, with **Korte** and **Trotter** bringing in more prisoners. Loading on TDs, they left Lutzen for Pegau where they got their first chance to sleep in 51 hours.

Their approach march on Audigast was as follows: Behind the First Platoon, on the left side of the road with **Marion's** squad out as flank guards. They later joined the First Platoon in their marching fire across the field toward those Flak guns. **Fredericks** and **Johnson** took their squads to the extreme right of the town, thus covering J Platoon which was in the process of extracting prisoners from a hillock. Moving to the railroad, they captured 13 prisoners and staged a little malmedy in the yard. They afterward reconnoitered both sides of the track, bringing back seven more prisoners. On the road between Audigast and Kobschutz the platoon was pinned down by artillery and mortar fire with **Stone** and **Hunt** getting killed. **Blythe**, seeing **Trotter** get his legs almost blown off, administered first aid under especially heavy fire and then called **Lindow**, **Ivens** and **Pearson** to help him get **Trotter** to the aid station.

During a lull, the Platoon beat it to Kobschutz where they set up a defense which they maintained all that day and night. The next morning they moved out in attack formation - First Second, Third squads - with the machine gun section in support. Moving down the railroad track they got pinned down for an hour and a half. After that they withdrew to their old position, and advanced with the Company to take the next town that evening.

At Leipzig the third squad went up to a 240mm Jerry gun emplacement. They were guided by **Holte** and **Beale** of J Platoon. **Huddleson** with **Grey**, **Bartlett** and **Williams** of J Platoon sneaked into the Jerry field hospital at Gaschwitz, and directed mortar fire on the railroad yards across the street. After a good pounding by the M Company mortars, a Colonel surrendered himself with 250 officers and men. The surrender was made to the Second Platoon which, for the whole action, topped the prisoners score for all the units of the Company.

(Continued on Page 44)

THE THIRD PLATOON

The unlucky Third Platoon drew all the odd assignments from Lutzen to Leipzig. They missed the looting and shooting at Lutzen because they were left to guard the artillery. The Third Platoon and the artillery went to a town that hadn't been cleared and after digging in at the edge of town, they were shelled twice for a total of five hours. About 4:00 o'clock they pulled out to meet the Company at Pegau. On the way they were shelled and one man became a casualty, **Willie Smith**. After picking up their sacks for a good night's sleep, they were disappointed because they were again pulled out to guard the artillery. After another sleepless night they rejoined the Company just before the jump-off.

During the approach march to Audigast, **Armstrong** led a patrol on the left flank, **Becker** on the right flank. **Armstrong** got one Jerry as he tried to run across an open field. Being the reserve platoon, they were on the right, just behind J Platoon. **Armstrong** was the Assistant Squad Leader and before we took off on this patrol, we were told there might be Tiger tanks in the area and I helped **Army** put the grenade launcher on his M-1. I was the scout for this patrol and was in the front, **Army** was back in the middle, as we were double timing over this plowed field. I can still remember a row of trees on our left and about 6 feet to our right you could see the MG bullets hitting the dirt in the plowed field. As we got near the end of this field I spotted 3 Krauts in long coats heading down a depression, 2 were carrying the light MG and the third apparently the ammo. I hit the prone position and took two shots at the one on the left end of the MG. He went down and the other 2 fell over him. With that we were told to pull back so I do not know for sure just what did happen. When we got to the rest of the platoon **Armstrong's** M1 still had the anti-tank grenade attached. He had never fired his rifle and I don't think he even saw these Jerrys. In the town, **Whitaker** and **Earles** got a sniper who had played dead in the church steeple as elements of the Company had passed.

The Third squad under Squad Leader "**Pappy**" **Dodge** spent several days attached to the MP's to help with POW's, who at the time were giving up in droves. During this time period we were herding a large group down this village street, when a German soldier stepped out of this house kissed a woman and 2 small kids goodbye and fell in line with the rest of the group. An MP went over and relieved him of his rifle, he said "Danke" and kept walking. Eventually we loaded the POW's in German trucks with a trailer behind them and took off for the rear. Every hill we came to the Germans had to get off and push these wood burning trucks up the hill because of lack of power and then we had to load them all back on and off we went.

One of the last days we had this detail we stopped in this small town, because it was supposed to contain

Jerrys, but all we found was an empty barracks and mess hall which apparently had been a training spot for K-9's as there were about 8 dogs still in pens. So I told First Scout **David Thomas**, "Cover me and I will open the doors and let the dogs loose." Maybe I was wrong to let these dogs out but I wasn't worried about the townspeople. Just maybe the dogs would survive if freed. None of the dogs made a move to attack me but just took off, except one German Shepard, who followed us.

The rest of the squad was checking out the mess hall for food but the pantry was bare, except for a barrel of wine and a barrel of dill pickles, which **Pappy Dodge** had loaded on the truck and down the road we went with the dog in the truck with us. **Pappy** and a few members of the squad were sampling the wine. All of us tried the pickles and the dog was having some of both. Somewhere along the way we picked up 5 or 6 POW's and then we stopped in this town where we, the POW's and dog were billeted in this big barn for the night. This building was in an "U" shape. The farmer and his family lived in the right side, the barn was in the middle and in the left side lived the DP's the farmer was using to work the farm. In the middle of the barn was this small stone chicken house. Both of the living quarters were built of stone but the barn was made of wood, with all these buildings connected together.

When we went in the barn I had a tough job climbing over the wooden wall to get into the part of the barn where the hay was. We were only asleep a short time, when I heard a lot of shouting. I woke up and the top of the barn and the hay stored there was afire. Everyone started jumping over the wall and out of the barn, except "dumb" me. Most of the GI's had left their weapons and ammo in the barn when they ran out so I am gathering up the gear and tossing it over the wall and out on the barn floor near the door and some of the guys did come in and drag it out. All of a sudden I either sensed and/or felt something was wrong and I looked up and saw this pile of burning hay coming from the top of the barn and about to land on me. I ducked my head and put my left hand and arm up to ward it off. After it hit me I got out of the barn post haste and had no trouble going over the same wall that gave me trouble on the way in. I remember the GI's trying to get the farmer's pigs away from the barn. They tried pushing, pulling, prodding with bayonettes and kicking, but the pigs were so scared they laid down in the middle of the barnyard and would not move. Then we had a commotion in the front of the DP's quarters, so I went to check it out and there was a pregnant female, who looked like she was due any minute stuck in the upstairs window. (They could not get out any other way as the only other exit was a set of wooden stairs next to the burning barn). So 2 of the lighter GI's - one was **Dave Thomas**, stood on the

(Continued on Page 45)

COMPANY K - OUR STORY - PART 3

(Continued from Page 44)

shoulders of 2 of the bigger guys and pulled this woman, window frame and all, out of building and the rest of us formed a crowd to cushion her fall. After the barn burned to the ground a GI went over and opened the door on the chicken house and out flew a bunch of squawking fowl. A couple of the pigs got scorched but none died that I know of and we never saw that German shepard again. He probably figured he had better get away from us guys. When this was all over they took me to a medic. I had a slight burn on the left side of my face but the back of my left hand was cooked pretty good. The Medic put ointment on my face and hand and wrapped my hand in a bandage. We were then billeted in this house for the rest of the night.

We had to sleep on the floor with 1 blanket for 2 of us. All night long **Dave Thomas** kept saying I can still smell the fire. Come morning and daylight he stated, "No wonder I could smell the fire all night, the fire burned the back out of your sweater." Apparently when the burning hay landed on me it burned my sweater and I did not realize it. The next morning they sent me to see a doctor and as I was telling him what happened and he was cutting off the bandage, in walked the pregnant female from the night before and the doctor asked me if it would be O.K. to check her out first and she looked like she needed his attention more than me. The doctor spent quite a bit of time with her and when he got back to me, because my hand had been exposed to the air, the skin had stretched and filled up with liquid and it hung about 4 inches off my hand. When he cut the skin it sounded like someone had dumped a pail of water on the floor. He put more ointment on my face and hand, rebandaged my hand and wished me good luck.

We were told later a patrol from the 2nd Division was making a hookup with us and along the way they got into some schnapps and one of them had tracers in his weapon and had fired at the barn for "kicks." Shortly after we were back with K Company they were taking off for Leipzig but **Lt. Gluckstern** would not let me go with my hand done up in that white bulky bandage, so I was left behind with some of the others to guard our equipment. Shortly after the Company left, our detail came under "88" fire.

To prove Napoleon's statement that fortune is a whore, we can cite the case of **Sergeant Mixer**, the popular platoon sergeant of the Third. He was hit in the leg with an 88 shell that was a dud and he came out all right. But when the Third was called up to relieve the First as point, and they were pinned down in an open field, **Mixer** was killed by a direct hit from a flak gun, while he was observing for gun emplacements.

The word came to withdraw and during the move **Whitaker** was hit by a tree burst. About 500 yards

back, **Lt. Gluckstern's** platoon set up a defense line. Here **Bevilles** and **Moore** were hit by snipers, and **Klinger** was hit while trying to bring them in. When night came **Goodwin**, **Shoff** and **Earles** spotted a Jerry patrol and got four men. The Platoon CP was set up in a burned house but on finding it was an ammo dump, the men were forced to move as quickly as possible. The next day they got pinned down with **Sgt. Ferris'** second platoon along the railroad track and had to withdraw. The platoon advanced with the rest of the Company that evening.

Although incorporated with the First Platoon after Flak Valley, the Third Platoon was called out again to guard - this time the 4.2 mortars. They joined the Company in time to capture 14 prisoners, including several officers. The Third had the lions' share of sleepless nights and dirty details.

THE WEAPONS

The story of weapons is the story of the work of two definite sections, the mortars and the machine guns. In the attack on Lutzen the only "casualties" were **Pietrobono**, **Beck** and **Baker** who liberated a large quantity of schnapps. The weapons didn't get a chance to search the town because they had to set up immediately for a possible counter attack.

The machine gun section had it rough enough in Flak Valley, however. At first it was employed to protect the flanks of the Company, but it was soon called up to aid the First Platoon in Audigast. Here sniper fire got **Coff** and **Hatton**. After that, Jerry shells and flying debris and panzerfaust rounds from an ammo dump set off by **Gee** and **M. Jones**, the bazooka team of J Platoon, forced the section to the CP where they check ammo and set up again facing the next town.

Gilpin's MG squad got hit especially bad; they were in the middle of town covering the front when the big stuff started to fall. **Blake** was killed and the rest of the squad was hit and became casualties, thus putting the No. 2 gun out of action. The first squad was set up in the CP all that day and night. During the early part of the night, **Turner** spotted a Jerry counter-attack. **Lt. Nock** directed mortar fire on it. The next day the remainder of the three squads under **Fleming**, **Curran**, and **Pietrobono** moved up to support the second platoon. Again they were pinned down, this time losing **Barker** and **Turner** through wounds. By the time they got back to Kobschutz there were only enough men to operate one gun properly. The MG's were not committed at Leipzig.

The mortar section was committed neither in Lutzen nor Audigast, but in following up the Company, **F. Anderson** was killed, **Bush** and **Poland** wounded. That afternoon when the Jerry artillery curtain was lifted, the mortars were committed to repulse a counter-attack, a task which they completed successfully.

(Continued on Page 46)

COMPANY K - OUR STORY - PART 3

(Continued from Page 45)

The next day they put down a preparatory fire for the Company's attack, and covered the subsequent withdrawal. At Audigast and Kobschutz the weapons platoon covered all the leading elements of our advance and broke up at least one counter-attack.

The medics had a tough job to handle, but we shall not soon forget the work of **Corporal Hunyadi** in the aid station - work that went on despite his own wounds. The runners too had an unenviable job as they ran around with their walkie talkies. Those of us who had an idea of what was going on remember **Johnson, Lines, Bradley, Peresheek, Driggers** and **Joseph**, to name only a few. Among the other sights we will remember of the battlefield were the tanks of the 777th Tank Battalion who lost one officer and two tanks, "All American," and "Always Arlene."

And remember that hot meal **Sgt. Fox** had for us in Leipzig - and that mail call in Leipzig, where stacks of mail went uncalled for because the men they were addressed to were killed or wounded.

From Leipzig the Company moved to Deuben where we had a rest that was welcome. Our only task there was to set up a defense line on the river bank at 4:00 every morning. But for K Company as a whole, the days of sweating out those barrages were ended. We now began to sweat out better billets, wine rations, training schedules and things like - well - V-E day which is the subject of the next section.

FROM V.E.

V.E. Day . . . How we dreamed of this day! How we discussed, pro and con, when it would come, and under what conditions it would come! Those among us who were optimists just knew that the war was all but over, that the enemy had no alternative and must surrender - and the pessimists insisted that Jerry could not surrender, that he would fight on and on, even when there was no longer any hope of his winning. And some of us didn't think very much about it, but hoped that it would all be over soon. We argued about it, and even had bets with one another about it, and every time an issue of the Stars and Stripes came down, which wasn't as often as it should have been, the discussion would start all over again. Yes, V.E. Day was going to be a big day for G.I. Joe in the E.T.O . . . We were all going to shoot our guns off, kick the officers in the pants, and raise all kinds of hell!

And finally V.E. Day did come . . . and somehow no one got terribly excited. We didn't shoot our guns off, no one kicked an officer in the pants, (it's a good thing), and we didn't even raise very much hell . . . Perhaps it was because it had dragged on so long after most sectors of the front had surrendered, or because we had begun to read so much about redeployment, the C.B.I. etc., or maybe it was just that the various

and sundry kinds of manure we had been absorbing in Nepperwitz and Deuben, and now in Leisenau, had dulled us to the point where we just didn't give a damn anymore . . . Yes, V.E. day had finally come, and somehow no one seemed to care very much. A few of us did drink a few toasts to celebrate the occasion; in fact, now that I think of it, some of us really got plastered; but all in all V.E. day was somewhat of a disappointment. The training schedule was carried out as usual, no celebrations, no days off, just a little more chicken - not the kind you eat . . .

We left Leisenau pretty much the same way as we left other towns. Got up bright and early and had early chow . . . Then we sat around for a couple of hours waiting for transportation. Army tradition probably, hurry up and wait . . . And when the trucks did come, as usual there weren't enough of them, but we piled on and started off on our way. It was a bright, sunny day. The countryside looked pretty good, especially since we were moving West.

That was really some caravan, a couple of the boys from the Third platoon were sitting on the cab of a truck wearing top hats, and a fellow from "J" platoon played his trumpet all the way to Karsdorf. We were a little disappointed in Karsdorf; we had passed so many decent-looking towns, and finally stopped in this tiny, manure infested village, got into our billets, and the next morning started right off on our training schedule.

And now that the war was over, at least for those of us in the E.T.O., we could begin to look forward to some entertainment. The Stars and Stripes had announced all sorts of wonderful things for us: plays, concerts, shows, etc. We are still looking forward to them. I guess that way down deep in our hearts we didn't really expect very much, after all we were still in the Infantry, and a line Company at that! And it's a good thing too, because we didn't get very much of it. A few went into Leipzig to see a play, some had a chance to see a movie, and others went sightseeing in Leipzig. Other than that, all the entertainment we had was what we made for ourselves; our softball games, our track meet, some impromptu parties, usually on the nights when wine or champagne was issued. There was some talk of various classes . . . just talk, we never had them. Some of the boys took to playing cards, others bet on the baseball games, and it's rumored that there was some fraternization . . . however that couldn't be true, fraternization was verboten! And we all took to arguing again, this time whether or not we would get a furlough at home before that long boat ride. And the longer we had time on our hands, the more rumors we heard. We were transferred from Army to Army, from Corps to Corps, from Berlin to Paris to New York, until our heads were swimming. We got a little equipment, pulled a little guard, wrote letters, and most of all, we just sat around and waited for news of our future.

(Continued on Page 47)

COMPANY K - OUR STORY - PART 3

(Continued from Page 46)

We were given few hints of what that future was to be. The only clear fact was that K Company as we knew it was being broken up. As time went on, the training schedule became less demanding and our lives in K Company became more pleasant and less like the army. Twenty years from now we may look back at our life in Karsdorf and Berneburg and say it was damn good. But there is little satisfaction in this statement for men who are civilians at heart and who want to go home as badly as we do. Although it becomes harder and harder to find something to bitch about, we are going to bitch until the day we get that PAPER, and from where we sit, it looks like a long way off.

THE FIFTH PLATOON OF COMPANY K

This is the story of the Fifth Platoon of Company K, otherwise known as J Platoon, and the men who made it up. During the latter part of December, 1944, when the army was pressed for reinforcements, the brass decided to let Negroes volunteer for infantry assignments in combat proven divisions.

The volunteers who were gathered at the training camp in France were a varied lot. There was **Richardson**, who had landed on D-Day, **Strange** whose regiment built bridges all over Europe including the famous one at "Carentan," and there were a few old men like **Bailey** who had two sons in the service. Strangers all, they soon got to know one another, for they had one thing in common - the desire to do something more than work for victory, the desire to get back at the Jerry who planted the mine that got a friend, the Jerry artilleryman who bracketed in on their convoy, and the pilot who bombed their billets in England. These men never forgot such things. They were tired of their own inglorious role in the war. Steeled thus, with hate in their hearts, anticipation in their minds and an intensive training behind them, they left France to join the units to which they had been assigned.

Joining Headquarters Company of the Third Battalion during its siesta in Schmidtheim, our fervor was dulled by rifle inspections and a training schedule. We stayed with Headquarters from Schmidtheim to Kassel, during which time the platoon underwent several changes. **Skurdy** became platoon sergeant when **Green** went back to I Company. We lost **Lt. Pitton** for **Lt. Lovejoy**, and **Lt. Lovejoy** for "**Rudy**" (**Lt. Rudof**). At Wetzlar we received some reinforcements from the 106th. Aside from looting, the town of Obernhof will always be remembered for the champagne which ran like water, and it was the place where **Brown** and **Lampley** captured our first prisoners.

We joined K Company as we were leaving Kassel, putting an end to rumors concerning our new assignment. The first thing we did with the Company was to

take a hike. Although no two men will agree on the actual distance, we all agreed it seemed a thousand miles. It was on the hike that **White** and **Bryant** captured two SS men who held up the Company's advance.

The next morning, after one or two dry runs (one was a walk of two kilometers), we finally loaded onto artillery trucks. Our ride with them was marked by three distinct things, dust that you couldn't escape from, Chow-Time-Charlie, the last of the Luftwaffe, who came over every day at chow time until the AA boys knocked him down, and **Pate** who blew the "Bugle Call Rag" on a battered German trumpet as we passed through the small German towns.

Digging in outside Weissenfels, we waited and listened to artillery and more rumors, which were wrong as usual. Remember that field we pulled into with the foxholes already dug? We thought we would stay there all night, but we had to leave a little while after chow to check ammo and rifles, for we were off to Lutzen.

Lutzen was easy for we caught the Jerries sleeping, and after sending out some patrols we moved on to Pegau. We all got sleep that night for at Lutzen we were so tired we just didn't give a damn. Pegau will be remembered, for here the Platoon became officially assigned to K Company, and the acting non-coms got some ratings.

"M.P.'s slept there last night, so just expect sniper fire. Mission to follow tanks through town" - that was our introduction to "Flak Valley" before the jump-off.

The story of Audigast and Kobschutz is written elsewhere, but we can note that we did get that fire alright - straight from the mouths of flak guns and 88's at point blank range. To mention a few of the highlights of the Battle: the First squad had the lead tank knocked out from under them, and after hitting a hillock, Washington shouted to some Jerries on the other side, "Ergeben oder sterben!" Some came over and surrendered - quite a few died. Audigast was the place where everyone dropped grenades, indiscriminately, in all cellars, and it was here that **Gant** had his backside torn by a civilian sniper.

Coming to Kobschutz, **Skurdy** captured a Jerry captain, dressed in civilian clothes, who was giving away our positions. Before dispatching him, **Skurdy** found a detailed map of German gun positions, which he turned over to **Lt. Rudof**. Many of the boys say it was this day that made them take K Company into their hearts, and surely it was here that the men of J Platoon showed the rest of the Company that they could fight and die for what they believed, and do it in the best of American tradition.

Loading on TD's at Kobschutz, we moved to Borna, and dug in around the town while awaiting orders. The orders came, "We move on Leipzig tonight." Nobody said a word. "The marching order is Second

(Continued on Page 48)

COMPANY K - OUR STORY - PART 3

(Continued from Page 47)

squad, Third squad, and First squad." Then Rudy smiled, for he noticed the relieved expression on **Washington's** and my face, for the First squad always led the Platoon and we were the scouts in that squad.

A final weapons check and we moved out, marched about an hour and stopped at the Battalion A and P platoon for a short break and final orientation. K Company is to contact any opposition and I and L Companies are to by-pass it - that was the final word. As we moved out again somebody shouted, "Give 'em hell boys!" A feeling of restlessness overtook us, for that expression was bad luck to the Platoon.

The beginning - that's what it was - the beginning of what was to become legend in the Battalion - of J Platoon's trail of Jerry blood. The beginning was sort of hazy, hitting the ground, having soldiers pass over your head, getting up and passing them, hearing a muffled snarl when you stepped on somebody, and finding yourself out in the middle of nowhere pinned down by mortar and machine gun fire. That's the way it was until **Lt. Rudof** and **Big Dave** opened up on that car full of Jerries, giving away our position.

During this time, the Platoon broke down into two groups, those who got through and those who didn't. The group that didn't get through remembered the gun positions and the next day **Holt** and **Beale** showed the Company where they were.

The group that did get through moved down the road several hundred yards during the lull, but they were held up, for there were some foxholes that held sleeping Jerries, and these holes needed clearing. At this time the sharp click of boot heels was heard. It was a German guard relief of 25 men coming down the road. In a hedgerow, **Jackson** was waiting with his machine gun, and when they got in range he opened up, getting everyone, for they fell in place like planted trees row on row.

When passing through Gaschwitz we went by a field hospital, dropping a few grenades while **Burwell** and **Clark** called Jerries out of their holes to death. The rest of the night we followed a river with the star flares illuminating the sky in our wake. When morning came we were on the outskirts of Markkleeberg and it was here Washington convinced a Jerry platoon sergeant to surrender his whole platoon. Putting the column of prisoners in front with a great white flag, we entered Leipzig where we turned the Heinies over to the Second Division. Here a lucky few got some hot coffee before we set out again with our members strengthened to 18 men, for **Jones**, **Poole**, **P. Davis** and **D. Davis** had come through also. The rest of the day was highlighted by the capture of 23 more prisoners

whom we turned over to the 272nd, who tried to get us in on their Monument Battle, and by the drinking at a beer hall we had commandeered.

Aside from the guard relief, every man in the Platoon, including those who didn't make it, got at least one kill; and the most unforgettable things of that night included **Burwell** and **Clark** calling Jerries out of their holes and shooting them - **Bailey**, who was high, leaving his bayonet in a Jerry when he couldn't get it out - little **Pate** who fixed up a Jerry he had wounded, with his own first aid packet, and then after leaving him there, walking back a hundred yards to shoot him with his own gun because he was moaning too loud. That night we killed more men than any unit our size in the Battalion. We were also the only ones to get into Leipzig, and yet this was accomplished without a casualty.

From Leipzig we went to Deuben, where our last mission was a disastrous patrol sent out to contact the Russians. We carried **Byalek** from the 1st Platoon as an interpreter. However, the patrol was spotted and after shooting a guard who leveled down on us, we beat it back to the other side of the river, leaving **Clark** and **Richardson** behind in the Mulde.

We left Deuben for Nepperwitz and Nepperwitz for Leisenau and Leisenau for Karsdorf, where **Big Dave**, **Judge Gray** and **Coon** left us to go home, and **Bailey** commercialized on Jerry wine.

Now, like the rest of the Division, we are sweating out what is to become of us, but no matter what our fate, "Blue King" will always be our Company. The men in the Company have our appreciation for making our association a pleasant one. We hope they never forget the Fifth Platoon of our Company K.

THE MEDICS

No story about a rifle company is complete without a mention of the medics. The men of the infantry risk their lives so often that death and injury become almost commonplace. The fact that they can view such personal disasters so calmly is traceable in a large measure to the assurance they have of selfless medical aid when they need it.

To the infantryman, the man who gives that treatment is no commonplace person. The medic is someone special who goes into combat without arms but with a mission as important as that of the man who pulls the trigger. From the time that the man with a red cross first stuck a needle in to protect us from disease to the days when the needle injected morphine, we have been conscious of the wonderful medical organization that stands beside us, and we have been comforted. The only fitting tribute we can now make is to say to the medics, "We remember Kobschutz and the Monschau Forest, and thanks a hell of a lot."

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

Lt. William V. Crossman Special Staff, 69th Ordnance Officer

Submitted by: **Roy C. Patrick**

Division Headquarters

519 Scotts Way, Augusta, Georgia 30909



Lt. Crossman, (deceased) entered the service on November 25, 1940. His stint with the 69th started in December of 1944 as Staff Ordnance Officer with the 69th Infantry Division. His assignment was to plan, supervise and train personnel, provide maintenance and repair facilities for the division (approximately 16,000 combat troops and equipment) and to plan on continuous maintenance services for equipment even though the average advance against the enemy was 30 miles per day - this was in France, Belgium and later Germany. He moved through Cologne, Kassel and Leipzig and later met the Russians at Torgau.

On April 6, 1945 he was awarded the Bronze Star for meritorious service.



Berlin Airlift

West Bank Memorial at Elbe River Completed

The 69th Infantry Division Memorial Fund Committee, Inc., consisting of **Dillard Powell**, **Edgar "Bud" Parsons**, **Bill Snidow** and myself, **Bill Beswick**, recently dedicated a Memorial on the West Bank of the Elbe River at Torgau, Germany, June 12th, 1998, during Saxony Days and in the rain (doesn't it always rain when we go to Torgau). It is located near the sight that General Reinhardt met Marshall Ivan Koniev and the Red Army, adjacent to the area where they had their first meeting.

I am sure that all of you would be well pleased with the Memorial. It has been completed, except for about twenty square feet of sod that is to be placed on June 22nd, 1998.

Now we need to turn to you for more assistance. We have had to borrow \$675.00 in order to complete the project and are requesting that you help us meet this expense.

Please forward your donations to:

William R. Beswick

P.O. Box 576

West Point, Virginia 23181

The flags are five feet by eight feet in size and are very noticeable from the Elbe River Bridge.

This is our second Memorial on the Elbe River, one at each site of the American, Soviet meetings. This should honor those fellows that participated in this historic meeting, as well as those that fought for their part in making this possible.

Another European Trip? Anyone Interested??

This is not too soon to ask you. Are you interested in another Tour of Torgau and Europe?

We should start now, as it takes a long while to make the plans and arrangements.

Don't you want to see and visit the Memorials that you have built in Strehla and Torgau?

If you are interested, please let me know, so I can get an idea of how many plan to attend.

Don't make the comment, "I'M TOO OLD." AW, COME ON. LET'S GO. It's probably our last chance in the year 2000.

Call or Write:

William R. Beswick

P.O. Box 576

West Point, Virginia 23181

Telephone: 804/843-2696

Hope to see you all in Houston!

Len Sturm Remembers

Submitted by: **Len Sturm**
Company M, 273rd Infantry Regiment
816 North Cherry Street
Ottawa, Kansas 66067-1618

Due to the recent publication of photos I submitted for the bulletin, I received letters from **Jim Cantlin**, **Mark Flanagan, Jr.** and **Jay Lowenthal**. Jay was one of my drivers in the 3rd Platoon and I think **Jim** drove a jeep in the 2nd Platoon. Shortly after the two letters came, I received another from overseas. It was from **Michael Booker** in England. He is editor of the Colditz Society bulletin and the current newsletter accompanied his letter. Colditz Castle was Oflag IVC. He wanted to know if I had the negative of the shot I made of the bridge he called the "Adolf Hitler" bridge, with the castle in the background. He never mentioned in any of his correspondence with me, but from the contents of the newsletter, I came to the conclusion he was a POW there.

In February 1943 I went to Camp Sibert, Alabama. Basic training was infantry plus my M.O.S. as a mortarman. Sometime before basic was over, I did a non-no to the initiated. I volunteered when I signed up for ASTP. At the end of basic, I went to the University of Alabama to take a battery of tests. Those that did not go to be tested, went as replacements that were chasing Rommel all over the Sahara. Incidentally, I understand that a chemical battalion knocked out more of Rommel's tanks than the mobile artillery did.

When taking the battery of tests, we were timed in an unairconditioned school room with the outside temperature close to 100°. Terrific environment for testing. I think you needed 90 to enter ASTP and 110 for OCS and I got 118.

Off to Manhattan College in New York City, just 200 blocks north of Times Square. Great things continued to happen until about March of 1944. So school closed down for me. I did manage 1 1/3 years of credit accepted at the University of Kansas.

So I ended up as a driver of Jeep M-13 and that was the Mortar Platoon at that. I could be a backup as a mortarman on the 81mm mortar. The usual in the Desoto National Forest - the black snake in the glove-box bit. I might add that several times, homemade southern fried chicken highlighted the bivouac area by some of the generous natives around the area.

My next recollection seems to be aboard ship heading to Europe. The dates are vague since I did not have a desk calendar at hand nor a watch that told me everything when I asked it. I was not assigned any duty on the way over but roamed all over during the trip. I can't even remember who it was, but someone got hold of a couple of those white chef coats and I found out it was a badge to go anywhere aboard. The North Atlantic route got a little rough at times. The kid from Flatland, Kansas did not get seasick.

I ended up in Basingstoke, England. We were billeted in mushroom barns. They were two stories high but just the ground floor was in them. They also were constructed of stone. Of course, we did not have our issue of vehicles so shortly after we arrived, we boarded some six-bys and went to Liverpool. It was several hours before they rolled all our vehicles. During that time I climbed into a tank retrieval vehicle. I think the driver sat higher in the driver's seat than the pilot of a C-47.

We finally left the staging area in our company vehicles. We headed back to Basingstoke. My jeep stalled on the way back. The Motor Sergeant stopped and wanted to know what went wrong. I told him the stall felt like the gasoline was plugged. I told him to go on and I would blow out the line. I found the tire pump but no tool bag. Idea!! Take the cap off the gas tank and blow. I hit the starter and it turned right over. Didn't miss a lick. So I headed back. When a fork in the road showed up, I went down the road on the right. The road was heading in a westerly direction. I don't know how far I had driven but up ahead the road made a turn to the right around a small hill. As I entered the curve, I knew immediately what I would see. Halfway up the hill would be a stone house with a thatched roof and a wisp of smoke coming out the chimney. On the left would be a small inlet of sea water with some fishing boats with their nets drying moored to the docks. When I did see what I had expected, I flipped. I think I sat in my stopped jeep for well over five minutes taking in the scene. All the details fell into place. I had the feeling I had been there before. I took a U-turn and went down the proper road to Basingstoke and the mushroom farm.

I am compelled to tell you this bit of drama. I may have been the only observer to hear a certain conversation. The routine for M Company was to have the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Platoon jeeps without a trailer drive our CO around for a day. It was either Christmas Eve or Christmas Day. It was my day to drive the CO, so **Captain Paris** called a company meeting. He had been getting some bad news about the Battle of the Bulge. The captain started out by saying today he was losing 33 men in his command for replacements on the front. All the officers were to have helped to make up the list. Then the list was read which was entered by rank. Before the reading was finished, everyone in the company knew what list it was. Then good luck to those departing. Before the company was dismissed, gloom had descended on all of us. Very sobering.

Standing behind the captain, I saw most of the men leaving for their own bunks while waiting to drive him where he needed to go. **Willie Vines** from Louisiana came up to the captain. "Captain, you know and I think you know that I know it was your 'shit' list. But I still have several buddies left in the company who will see to it that you wife will get your Purple Heart posthumously awarded."

(Continued on Page 51)

LEN STURM REMEMBERS

(Continued from Page 50)

I think that it was close to Valentine's Day that we moved into the support position on the line. I went up with the last jeep of the mortar platoon. It was a little before midnight when I got there. I found out that all the jeeps were ready to go back, so I went with them. It was back to our motorpool area where the mess tent was. The next afternoon we got word that we had lost **Captain Paris**. He was in the forward OP with the first platoon sergeant when they caught a direct hit with an 88. **1st Lieutenant Lord** took over the company. After we met the Russians and were stationed at Polenz Airport someone got word that **Willie Vines** lost both legs from a land mine. Supposedly, he was the last man on the trail when he stepped on it. That was twice, after we crossed the channel, that my heart did several flip-flops.

We had been assigned to some kind of combat command where all the infantry were on vehicles. We were held up by some German infantry supporting a king tiger tank. It had a coal gas generator to provide fuel. During the skirmish, one guy came back to see a medic. While meeting the German infantry, he caught a burp gun slug that went between his raincoat folded over his cartridge belt and his buttocks. The slug did draw blood. Then another man came back from where the other guy was with a slug that entered the very front center of his helmet, passed between the steel and the liner, and exited the steel at the rear. Some officer found him a spare and told the guy that he would see to it that it would be shipped to his home.

I have to insert here that the Trans. NCO left for the Bulge. **Corporal Capaldi** was my 3rd platoon Trans. NCO. I fell in line and made corporal with **Reg Deitzel** as my driver. So while we were heading for Torgau, I had a little more freedom to look around.

I don't remember for sure if it was entering Kassel or Colditz, but the road was alongside a river. The road was elevated a bit. As I glanced towards the river, the pilot of a P-47 seemed to be on the same level as me. It also grabbed me.

The next recollection I have was outside of Leipzig. We were pinned down by 88's in ack-ack position. It was part of the perimeter air defense. We could see the mobile artillery from the rear. Our mortars had been set up and we also fired some rounds from the mortars. The artillery spotter flew over our position once, I guess to direct the firing of the artillery. The second time it came over us, an 88 round exploded right over us. The spotter dropped down and headed back. I was sitting by a jeep trailer when it exploded. I heard a blurr beside me. I looked down and there was a shell fragment on the ground. Then I saw where it had hit the trailer tire. I reached over to pick it up and it was hot. About that time the platoon sergeant hollered at me to have **Deitzel** bring the jeep up. He needed to

take a guy back to the aid station who was lying on his stomach. He got hit in the back. **John Hitt** was the second KIA in our company.

Well the rounds kept coming. A thought came to me from my basic training. I told the sergeant to throw a few rounds of white phosphorous to get the barracks attached to the 88's on fire. A short time after that, we moved into Leipzig. Somewhere along the way, I fired up two different German vehicles. One was a motorcycle. I could not get it running right away when I found it, so when we stopped for the night, I had my driver take me back to it and we towed it back. I put fresh gas in it, checked it out hurriedly, kicked the starter and it took hold. I drove it around a couple of days and then was ordered to leave it. The next vehicle was a light Ford troop carrier. It was an air-cooled V-8 and had the identical radiator grill of a 1953 Ford pickup from the states. When I lifted the hood, there was a belt driven fan on each bank of the motor. Otherwise it looked like the regular pickup. I wished I could have spent more time looking it over. The motor resembled the little 45-horse motor that was over here. I think that the rear suspension was a half-leaf spring for support. It was attached only to the frame towards the front. The Ford logo was on the hood and cast on the exhaust manifold. I do wish that I could have sent it home but I probably would have had to disassemble it for the trip.

The next memory jumps to Polenz Airport. I think it was only a couple of miles away that the Russians were building the bridge across the Mulde River. One day my driver and I went over there to see the construction. We got out of the jeep and a couple of Russians came over to us greeting us with a bear hug and pounding on our backs. The common word spoken many, many times was "comrade." They spoke no English and we no Russian. They then grabbed us by the arm and took us behind a truck that looked a lot like an old Model-T or A. One guy put up 4 dirty water glasses on the bed of the truck and he pulled the cork out of a 2 gallon crock jug, poured the glasses full, handed each of us a glass and said "nostrovia." We did not want to upset them in any way. I got my glass down in two hitches but **Reg** had to take his in about 3 and a half. We headed for the jeep waving and hollering "comrade." I think that they had a still in the back of the truck. I know that that was pretty hot vodka. It took a couple of days for my throat to feel normal.

One day one of my drivers, **Jay**, asked if I could cover for him for an hour or so. I said, sure. About an hour or so later, he's back with a trailer load of Mums champagne. I think there were 10 or 16 cases. He went across the river on a tramway bridge into the Russian side. He took pictures without film in his camera and found out the Russians did not want the champagne. So he had to liberate it. Happy hour was extended for several days.

(Continued on Page 52)

LEN STURM REMEMBERS

(Continued from Page 51)

Before I came home with the 29th Division, I was assigned to the Denmark Leave Center. It was located in Bremerhaven at the German naval compound. It was a 6-day R&R in Copenhagen. The Danes supplied the buses and drivers. I saw to it that the buses were gassed and serviced for the next trip. One day **Bill Duval** came through for the tour. He was the Trans. Corporal for the first platoon. I broke out a fifth of scotch. We split it down the middle, drink for drink. We both hit the sack. The next morning we both got up, had breakfast, I checked the Danish drivers out and he got on the bus for Copenhagen.

I got out in March 1946 and entered the University of Kansas. I made the Army Reserves for a few extra bucks for beer. I graduated in the class of 1949. Then in October of 1950, Harry called me up to be a policeman in Korea with the 2nd Division. So now I have met the Russians in Torgau and the Red Chinese.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Len Sturm's picture spreads appeared in Vol. 50, No. 1, and our most recent bulletin, Volume 51, No. 2, if anyone wants to look back.)



Skipper on the hood of Dog Company Jeep.



Breadline in Leipzig, Germany



Sorry fellows, no I.D. But I am sure this pic hits home.



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.

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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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

1998

AUGUST 23rd thru 30th, 1998

BATTERY C

724th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

HOUSTON, TEXAS

in conjunction with the

69th Division 51st Annual Reunion

Battery C, 724th Field Artillery Battalion, will have a Dinner Meeting on Friday, August 28th, 1998, time and place to be announced later. Please contact me for further information.

Coy Horton

1705A Highview Street

Burlington, North Carolina 27215-5652

Telephone: 336/227-7785

SEPTEMBER 9th to 12th, 1998

69th CAVALRY RECON TROOP

WEST POINT, NEW YORK

Hotel Thayer - 1-800/247-5047

On the grounds of the U.S. Military Academy

Reservations have come in real well for our West Point Reunion. Mike had 30 rooms blocked and most of them are gone. He tried to get 5-10 more rooms and was told that none were available for our reunion time frame. He 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. Saturday evening will be our dinner banquet.

For troopers who have not yet made reservations call the Thayer Hotel now at the phone number above.

(Continued on Page 54)

CALENDAR OF EVENTS (Continued from Page 53)

Make sure you let them know you are with the 69th Recon reunion. If you are unable to get into the Thayer there are two motels approximately one-half mile away. They are:

Best Western Motel: 1-800/528-1234

U.S. Academy Motel: 1-914/446-2021

Committee:

Mike Moscaritolo

19 Trotters Circle

Kissimmee, Florida 34743-7727

Telephone: 407/348-6527

Robert (Bones) Schueler

1484 Stahlheber Road

Hamilton, Ohio 45013-1916

Telephone: 513/869-6970

Harold L. Gardner

2929 Mason Avenue

Independence, Missouri 64052-2962

Telephone: 816/254-4816

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

OCTOBER 9th and 10th, 1998

HEADQUARTERS & MEDICAL DETACHMENT,

461st AAA BATTALION

SALEM, VIRGINIA

Quality Inn

For further information contact:

Mac and Madge Morris

630 North Oakland Street

Arlington, Virginia 22203

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

* * * * *

1999

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.

* * * * *

APRIL 25th thru APRIL 30th, 1999

CALIFORNIA WESTERN CHAPTER

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Fax: 510/531-3623

Internet: jt.pappou@aol.com

All 69ers

Welcome!





“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.

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M - 272nd

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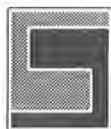
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(Continued on Back Cover)



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"Taps"

(Continued from Page 59)

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