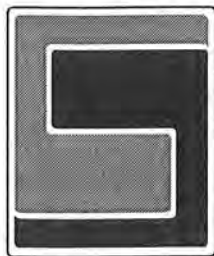


FIGHTING 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION

★★★★ Association, Inc.



VOLUME 53, NO. 3

MAY — JUNE — JULY — AUGUST
2000

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

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

bulletin

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*Deceased

Checkpoint at the Mulde River Bridge

Submitted by: George Gardin, Co. C, 273rd Infantry, June 1945. See Story on Page 44



Mulde River Bridge: Clarence Orr, Stan Sutkowski, Terry Jonethis (playing mandolin), Sgt. Granger, Sgt. Szetela, Russian Soldier, James Dye, George Gardin.



Photo Above Left, At Outpost Cabin: Back Row, Kershner, Russian Officer, Szetela, Russian Officer, Clarence Orr. Front Row: Harlin Wibbing, Stan Sutkowski, James Dye.



Photo Above Right, at Guard Shack at Crossing: Sutkowski, Orr, Jonethis, Wibbing, Dye, O'Brien

Photo Right: Displaced Persons returning home after the war. O'Brien and Szetela on right.



THE MAIL BOX

By Dottie Witzleb, Editor



Company E, 273rd Infantry Regiment
P.O. Box 69
Champion, Pennsylvania 15622-0069
Telephone: **724**/455-2901

Junior L. Ashe, 501 Beaty Road, Belmont, North Carolina 28012 — Co. C, 273rd: I was a member of the 69th Division, 273rd Infantry. I am interested in the Bulletin. I am a 100% disabled veteran, as I was wounded on February 26th, 1945, shortly after entering combat. I lost my right leg to a land mine. I was too busy to learn much about names and places, but would like to know more about the outfit and its history. I learned about the bulletin from a former life long friend and member of the 69th. His name is **John Sawyer** of Bryson City, North Carolina. I am proud to become a member of the association and hope you will add my name to your roster.

Fred H. Budden, Jr., 221 S.E. Arapaho Road, Tecumseh, Kansas 66542-9600 — AT Co., 271st: I was a member of the 69th from May 1944 to August 1945. I am pleased to finally make contact with this publication, never realizing its existence until recently, but that is another story. I hope to contribute some photos in the future. I was placed in the photo lab in Germany after the fighting to keep the shop from being overrun with GIs, and I took advantage of this by obtaining copies of some of the pictures that came through for processing from the 271st. I also have some of my own, as I had set up a darkroom at one or two places along the way. I have quite a few pictures that I scanned into my computer.

Henry Ingraham, 242 Webbs Mills Road, Raymond, Maine 04071-6355 — Co. E, 271st: I was a career soldier. I first enlisted on March 4th, 1940. My first duty spot was the Canal zone. From there I went to Ecuador. I returned to the States and was assigned to a general hospital in Arkansas. I went to England with the hospital. I had a little fracas with the hospital commander over a kiss I had given to one of the nurses and ended up at Tidworth Barracks Infantry School. From there I joined the 69th at Tent City. You know the rest. Because of all my points earned in South and Central America, I received demobilization orders right after V.E. Day.

In October of 1948, I got restless and reenlisted as a Staff and was assigned to Spokane Air Force Base. I was now USAF. We went to Japan at the outbreak of the Korean Conflict, where the Air Force decided it

needed to expand back to 100 wings. So being a medic and their needing MSC officers, I was lucky to jump from Tech Sergeant to 2nd Lieutenant. I rotated back to the States with the 92nd Bomb Wing and was sent to Rapid City AFB. I left there later for the Survival School in Reno. Following my tour there, I went to Altus, Oklahoma. My next assignment was to USAFE where I ended up at Toul Rosiere, France. When I rotated from there, I was assigned to Dow AFB here in Maine. In July 1963, I retired and went into civilian hospital work.

I wish to point out that many of the experiences I had while part of the 69th are etched in my memory and I am not unhappy about them. The Hurtzgen Forest, Maginot Line, Leipzig, especially the potato field where we captured 500 German and Italian troops, and many more that I cannot possibly stretch this letter to include.

I wish all of you the fondest wishes and if ever you have a reunion here in New England, and if I am still able to make it, I will try to be there.

John J. Vargo, 4430 Albertly Avenue, Parma, Ohio 44134 — Co. M, 273rd: I served overseas with Company M, 112th Infantry, 28th Division. I was one of the first to leave Shelby from the 69th Division to serve overseas.

Alexander Miljevic, 425 Webb Lane, Havre De Grace, Maryland 21078 — Co. D, 272nd: I was a First Timer at the Orlando Reunion and enjoyed it very much. It was very well done and I extend my gratitude to the hosts. My daughter and son with their family attended the banquet and enjoyed the party. They are residents of Orlando. To my surprise on Christmas morning, they presented me with a large picture depicting the Elbe meeting, East Meets West.

I was fortunate to share the reunion with two of my comrades from D-272nd, **John Mason** and **John McKeil**.



Alex with his daughter displaying his painting.

(Continued on Page 3)

THE MAIL BOX

(Continued from Page 2)

Mrs. Anna Lanza, (widow of Baptist Lanza), 2348 83rd Street, Brooklyn, New York 11214, Telephone: 718/266-5578 — 272nd Medics: We received a letter from **Ann Marie Lanza**, daughter of the above. She stated: My father, **Baptist Lanza**, passed away in August of last year. Although he is gone, I would still like for my mother to receive the bulletin and for myself. The Fighting 69th was a big part of his life and I would like to keep it in remembrance of him. We would like to hear from any members of the Medics of the 272nd Infantry. Thank you.

Joseph L. Devlin, Sr., 4027 Castor Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania — Co. K, 273rd: I am sending along a little more of a donation for the Bulletin. It does so much to lift our spirits. If you or anyone else in the division knows of any more decals available, please send them or information on obtaining them, as I am proud to display them.

David L. Allen, P.O. Box 414, Hartsville, South Carolina 29551-0414 — Co. G, 271st: I was among those that left the 69th in England after being chosen to be sent to Belgium at Christmas time 1944. I was wounded on January 17th, 1945. Thanks again for the outstanding job that is being done in the Association. The Bulletin continues to be an excellent and informative publication.

Charles W. Mander, Unit #S, 24279 Old Hollywood Road, Hollywood, Maryland 20636-2154 — Hq., 272nd: I completed infantry training with the 69th then was called out and finally wound up in England, and almost immediately I was sent to London, then to Algiers in the U.S. Hq. and with that moved into Italy, Corsica, Southern France and finally the 6th Army Group Headquarters.

Lt. Morris Assael, 8410 Mooring Circle, Boynton, Florida 33427 — Co. C, 272nd: My wife of 56 years reminded me of a true story I told her that almost led to divorce in December of '44.

We were in fox holes on the Siegfried Line and it was freezing cold. I was starved, tired and afraid when we broke through that I would lose a leg to a mine.

When to the rescue, a package was delivered to me from my new bride. I tried to guess what was in it. She always sent candy, cookies, salami and different goodies. I couldn't stand it any longer and ripped open the package. God's truth, there was a pair of socks that she knitted, a small box of soap and instructions on how to wash them. If Charlie Chaplin ate his shoe in one of his movies - I was ready to eat these socks!

Thank goodness she gave up knitting and today is the proud, skinny wife of a husband who said, "I'll never be hungry again," and boy did it show. I don't think I would have fit in the foxhole if I had kept my promise. Time heals all and I am no exception. I took off my excess weight and my children and grandchildren can now wear knitted sweaters, socks and hats.

Let's all do what we can to avoid the back page.

A Note from Dottie

We worked hard to get this bulletin to your homes before the reunion. If you have not sent in your reservations, please do so as soon as possible. We are looking forward to having a nice turnout for this reunion. If you have never attended one and are able to do so, please make an extra effort to make this one. You may meet someone you have not seen for 40 or 50 years. Would that not make your day?

Please continue to send your stories and pictures for the bulletin. All pictures will be returned to you after they appear in the bulletin. Please do not forget to send your stories to William Sheavly for the book he is putting together.

Hope to see you in Atlanta in August 2000.

879th F.A. Buddies

Submitted by: **Bruce L. Young**
114 Still Meadow Drive, Pikeview West
Martinsburg, West Virginia 25401



Camp Shelby, left to right: Red? from Ohio, Howitzer Al Kormas - Ohio, and Bruce Young.

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



Harold E. Ruck

622 Melville Avenue

Chattanooga, Tennessee 37412-2645

Telephone: 423/698-3918

It's time to make your reservation for our 53rd annual reunion in Atlanta, Georgia. Our site committee has selected the high rise Sheraton Colony Square Hotel in downtown Atlanta as our home base while visiting Atlanta. The hotel is luxurious, with large rooms, inside parking, many restaurants in the hotel and in the attached mall and plenty of space for our meetings, hospitality room and lounging in general. All activities except our tours will be within the hotel.

The general planning for our reunion has been under the leadership and guidance of **Joe Lipsius** and his fine volunteer committee. I cannot overestimate the time and effort each and every one has gladly given to make this reunion one of the best you will have ever attended.

The tours will give you an incite of the Old South that existed in Atlanta during Civil War days and the bustling, exciting and modern up-to-date Atlanta that exists today. Joe and his committees have worked long and hard in coming up with a program that will be interesting, entertaining and one you won't want to miss.

So Fellow 69ers join us in Atlanta for a reunion you will never forget.

Fighting 69th Website

The 69th now has its own website. The address is temporary until one involving the 69th name can be obtained which should be shortly.

If you, or a family member are on the internet, the address is:

<http://home.earthlink.net/~annejoelip/index.html>

Read the home page, sign the Guest Book, search the Links. There will be much more forthcoming.

Reunion 2000 for Family and Friends

What better way is there to celebrate The Fighting 69th Infantry Division 53rd Annual Reunion than to have members of your family and friends join you in Atlanta, Georgia, August 27 thru September 3, 2000? There is none!

Many of your children are now approaching the middle years of their life with grown children of their own. Why not bring some of them along at your expense, or urge them to attend on their own? What about your brothers and sisters and their families? All have heard you talk about "The Fighting 69th" and your training and combat experiences. They can attend, and take part in all of the functions, and mingle with you and your old and new found "buddies."

And what about friends and associates who have heard you talk about Camp Shelby and fighting across Europe? There are many out there who have the time and money to join you in this week of revelry if they were asked. So why not invite them?

Just make copies of "The Hotel Registration Form" and the "Individual Registration Form" in this Bulletin and help your family member or friend complete and mail as directed. You'll be glad you did!

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES!

DUES YEAR FOR 1999-2000

August 1, 1999 to July 31, 2000

Regular Membership \$10.00

Ladies' Auxiliary \$ 5.00

Bulletin Donation Up To You

NEW DUES YEAR FOR 2000-2001 COMING UP!

***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: 631/669-8077

Do not send dues to Dottie Witzleb.

**2000
69th Infantry Division
53rd Annual Reunion
August 27 - September 3
ATLANTA, GEORGIA
SHERATON COLONY SQUARE**

188 14th STREET N.E. AT PEACHTREE,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30361

Phone: 404/892-6000

Outside Georgia: 1-800-422-7895, Mon.-Fri. 8am to 6pm

Joe and Anne Lipsius, *Reunion Chairman*
Regimental Headquarters and Cannon Co., 272nd
6314 Deerings Hollow
Norcross, Georgia 30092-1800
Telephone: 770/416-7725
E-Mail: annejoelip@earthlink.net

Harold and Ethel Ruck, *69th Division President*
Company I, 272nd Infantry
622 Melville Avenue
Chattanooga, Tennessee 37412
Telephone: 423/698-3918

Committee:

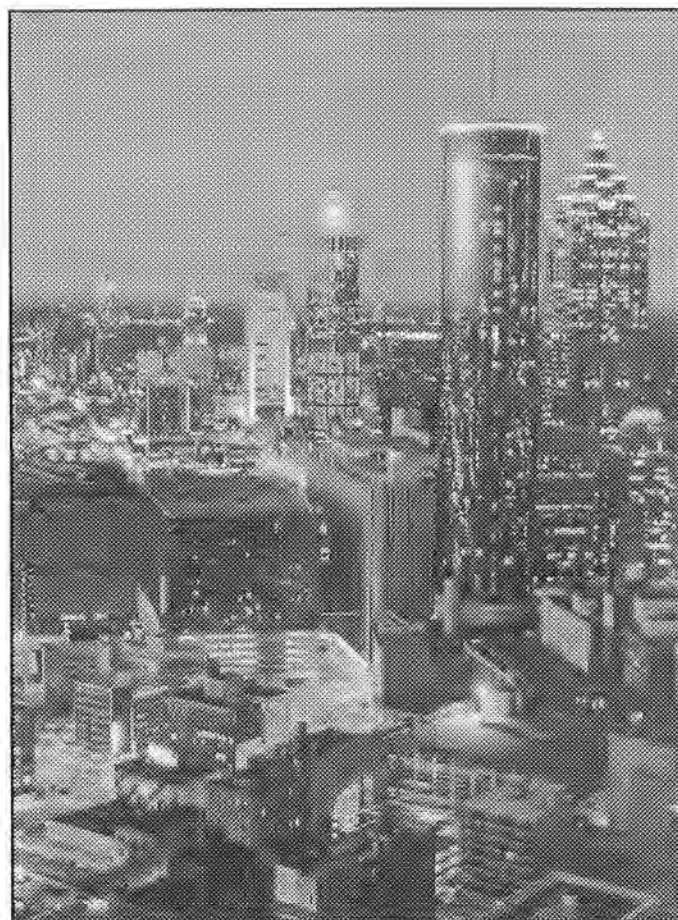
John and Joyce Harvey
Wendell and Sally Freeman
Jim Brooks
Jim and Dottie White
Hugh and Dorothy Milstead
Ruth Combs
Joe and Sybil Conner
William Jackson
Harold and Cynthia Moore

WELCOME SOUTH BROTHERS AND SISTERS!

Welcome to the land of milk and honey, fried chicken, catfish, soul food, beautiful women and so much to see! The Reunion Committee has a program planned that will excite, entertain, and educate you on The Gate City of The South - Atlanta, Georgia!

First of all, you will be staying at The Sheraton Colony Square Hotel, nestled in the quaint, tree-lined neighborhood of Midtown Atlanta, which forms an elegant background for both the leisure and business guest. The Sheraton is situated in the cultural, arts, and entertainment district of the city, only steps from the Woodruff Arts Center, home to Atlanta's symphony, ballet and theater; the High Museum of Art; the Atlanta Botanical Gardens and the historical Margaret Mitchell house.

Nearby you will find headquarters of such leading companies as IBM, AT&T, National Service Industries and a host of others.



Back to the Sheraton for a couple of comments. If you drive, indoor underground parking, on an in-and-out basis is available at a special rate of \$8.50 per day weekday versus regular rate of \$12.00 per day. Weekend rate is \$4.00 per day. Check at the front desk on registration for special rate permit.

Our cut-off date for room reservations is July 28th, 2000. The earlier your reservation is made the better it will be in the block of rooms we have. ALL ROOM ARE INSIDE ROOMS AS FAR AS PARKING IS CONCERNED. The Colony Square is a multi-floor hotel, rooms being reached via elevator, from the indoor garage or lobby.

Planned Tours
TASTE OF THE PEACH

On Tuesday, August 29th, you will not want to miss TASTE OF THE PEACH, from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. Depart with our guide on a driving tour to include an overall look at ATLANTA from its flaming past to its exciting future. Learn about Atlanta's history and how and why it grew, as you see some of the interesting landmarks.

The downtown business district is dynamic with its blend of past and present. The Capitol Complex is the center of local and state government. Visit the grave of the Noble Peace Prize recipient Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Peachtree Street takes you past Portman's

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53rd ANNUAL 69th DIVISION REUNION

(Continued from Page 5)

Peachtree Center, Ted Turner's CNN Center, the World of Coca-Cola Pavilion and Underground Atlanta, Woodruff Park, the fabulous Fox Theater, Colony Square, the High Museum, the Woodruff Arts Center, the Carter Presidential Center and much more.

You will see and be told of the above from the bus, but the highlight of this tour will be a visit to the Atlanta Cyclorama where you will step inside the stories of the armies that fought on July 22nd, 1864 in The Battle of Atlanta.

In the quiet twilight of the Cyclorama amphitheater, distant strains of stirring music signal the beginning of a fascinating journey through time to the events of July 22nd, 1864. When the lights come up, you are at the center of a sweeping panorama of fierce battle accompanied by music and narration. Viewed from the unique vantage of a revolving platform, the Cyclorama of the Battle of Atlanta is so realistic you will feel you are part of the conflict. **DON'T MISS TASTE OF THE PEACH.**

MIDTOWN MEMORIES

Wednesday, August 30th, 9:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. Midtown Atlanta is booming with construction and redevelopment as the city moves a few miles north but there are several treasures we don't want you to miss.

We will begin with a tour of the fabulous FOX THEATER, Atlanta's magical 1929 movie palace. Originally built as a Shrine Temple in 1929, this Moorish masterpiece rivals the interior of King Tut's tomb with more than \$1 million worth of gilt overlay, in addition to other priceless works of art and breathtaking architecture. This treasured landmark is a must see. The Fox has 4,678 seats, making it one of the largest. The Egyptian Ballroom and the Grand Salon are two lavishly decorated ballrooms holding up to 1,500 guests. Its orchestra stage was one of the first to elevate, bringing up its musicians in all their splendor.

From the Fox, we will go to the city's newest attraction, Margaret Mitchell's "Dump." This is the home of the world famous author of GONE WITH THE WIND, where she lived with her husband when she was writing the book. It was an old apartment house located in the midtown area and in need of many repairs. Lovingly, she referred to the residence as the "Dump," and now seventy years later, this building has been newly restored and opened for the world to see. Hear all about this interesting Atlanta native who made the name Peachtree Street a word known around the world. See where the book, which became the next best selling book to the Bible, was written, and continues to sell one quarter million copies each year.

Lunch on Your Own In The Colony Square Hotel Food Court.

STONE MOUNTAIN PARK TOUR

Wednesday, August 30th, 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. No visit to the Atlanta area is complete without seeing STONE MOUNTAIN. Stone Mountain Park is 3200 acres of beautifully landscaped grounds containing the largest mass of exposed granite in the world. This mass holds the world's largest bas-relief sculpture, bigger than the carvings on Mount Rushmore, of Confederate President Jefferson Davis, and Generals Robert E. Lee and Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson on horseback.

You will visit an Antebellum Plantation Estate of 19 buildings and ride on a Swiss Cablecar Skylift. Stone Mountain Park will be a memorable experience. Souvenirs galore available to take the grandchildren!

ATLANTA HIGHLIGHTS TOUR

Thursday, 9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m., with Lunch on your own in the food court at Underground Atlanta.

First, we will go to the new stadium, TURNER FIELD, home of THE ATLANTA BRAVES. Originally built as the OLYMPIC STADIUM, site of the Opening and Closing Ceremonies and track and field events in 1996, it has been restructured to house the champion Atlanta Braves, sometimes called America's favorite team because they are so widely seen on Ted Turner's cable Television Channel. The name "Turner Field" honors the Braves team owner and the baseball glory he brought to the city.

You will see The Locker Room, the Brave's Museum, Coca-Cola Plaza, corporate suites, the press box, broadcast booth and experience the excitement of the finest new ballfield in America.

Then, on a drive of the downtown area, you will be acquainted with the many sites of the city. Then on to the World of Coca-Cola Pavilion, a museum dedicated to the famous soft drink founded in Atlanta in 1886 and an industry that has played an important part in Atlanta's history.

Afterwards, walk across the plaza and visit UNDERGROUND ATLANTA, an entertainment complex filled with unique shops and restaurants. Enjoy "lunch on your own" in the food court and browse afterwards where souvenirs are available.

ATLANTA'S LEGACY OF LEADERS/LUNCHEON TOUR

Friday, September 1st, from 9:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., the crowning achievement of our tour arrangement for you takes place. Atlanta has spawned two leaders who have changed the nation and world through their vision and determination. We will take an informative driving tour of the MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. HISTORIC DISTRICT on "Sweet Auburn Avenue," visit the Church, grave and museum and learn of the inspirations and belief in non-violence of Dr. King in this historic area.

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53rd ANNUAL 69th DIVISION REUNION

(Continued from Page 6)

Then, on to the **CARTER PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY**, a museum dedicated to the American Presidency and Georgia born President Jimmy Carter. See first hand the motivations of this monumental man who continues to make his presence viable in our country and the world.

Lunch will be served at Mary Mac's, a popular downtown restaurant serving home-cooked food for over sixty years.

You will also visit **CENTENNIAL PARK** in downtown Atlanta and see "THE BRICKS" first hand, where thousands of Atlantans have their name inscribed.

ENTERTAINMENT

At our **PX Beer Party**, Friday, September 1st, which runs from 7:30 p.m. to Midnite in the Grand Ballroom, we have engaged "THE CELEBRATIONS," a Seven Piece Band, to furnish us lively music from 9:00 p.m. to Midnite. The late beginning is to give everyone a chance to drink a beer or two and change the "outcome of the war." This proposes to be a time-remembering affair for one and all! **BE SURE AND ATTEND.**

The piece de resistance in our entertainment will be "THE ATLANTA BLUE-NOTES," a 19-piece swing band, comprised of 17 musicians plus male and female vocalist for our **Saturday night dance**, September 2nd. This band was featured at The Fox Theater for "The Glenn Miller Story!" It plays at all of the leading country clubs and Hotels in Atlanta and surrounding area. We are, indeed, fortunate to have this group for our dancers.

Good Ole Days Buffet: On Tuesday, August 29th at 6:00 p.m., join us at The Good Ole Days Buffet for cash bar, talk and good dishes prepared by the Chefs from the Colony Square Hotel. Then listen to some great singing from the Good Times Singers Quartet.

From Scarlet to Rosalynn: Saturday, September 2nd, from 9:00 a.m. to Noon. During the Ladies Auxiliary Meeting, the ladies will have a special treat. Connie Calhoun looks at 150 years of Southern customs and attitudes to help you recognize a "Southern Belle" when you see one! Connie was raised on Coca-Cola and cornbread and is a native Atlantan. Born in what was then a small city, she is still trying to catch up with her grown-up hometown.

Ladies! You will love Connie. Be sure and attend the Ladies Auxiliary Meeting.

Reunion Art Lovers: Exactly one block from The Sheraton, you will find two of Atlanta's most visited tourist attractions. Visual art lovers will be delighted with their visit to **The High Museum of Art** which houses European and American Paintings, African, decorative and 20th Century art, photography and graphics. Admission is \$4.00, Tuesday through Saturday from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Adjoining is **The Robert W. Woodruff Arts Center**, home of four art companies offering Atlanta and the Southeast the finest in visual and performing arts. Including The Alliance Theatre Company, The Atlanta College of Art, The Atlanta Symphony Orchestra and of course, The High Museum which is part of the complex.

Just viewing these buildings is a treat. Just walk out of the hotel, cross and walk down Peachtree Street and you are there.

Be sure and visit here either on Tuesday morning, August 29th, Thursday afternoon, August 31st, Friday afternoon, September 1st or Saturday afternoon, September 2nd.

REUNION 2000 BASEBALL FANS

Members of The Fighting 69th Infantry Division Association who are baseball fans, and will attend The 53rd Annual Reunion in Atlanta, are in for a real treat.

First of all, The Atlanta Highlights Tour on Thursday, August 31, includes a visit to **TURNER FIELD**, home of **THE ATLANTA BRAVES**.

Then, for those diehards who would like to see the **BRAVES** play, the team will be in Atlanta during the Reunion for the following games that do not conflict with the Reunion schedule:

Sunday August 27th vs. St Louis	1:10 p.m.
Monday August 28 vs. Cincinnati	7:40 p.m.
Wednesday August 30 vs. Cincinnati	7:40 p.m.

Transportation may be taken by Marta which puts you within walking distance of the hotel and stadium.

Ticket prices are: Club Level	\$29.00
Outfield Pavilion	\$17.00
Upper Level	\$12.00
Upper Pavilion	\$ 5.0

Tickets available by phone: 1-800-326-4000 or write: Atlanta Braves, P.O. Box 4064, Atlanta, GA 30302-4064. Add \$6.00 handling charge to total order.

TRANSPORTATION

The Sheraton Colony Square Hotel is situated at Peachtree and 14th Street N.E., about 2 miles from the heart of Atlanta known as "Five Points," where the 5 arterial streets met until Whitehall was changed to be a continuation of Peachtree. These streets are Peachtree, Edgewood Avenue, Decatur Street and Marietta Street.

From the Sheraton, the City bus runs downtown and is accessible to other areas. A half block away is access to Marta, the rail line which goes to all areas of the city and to the airport.

From the airport, The Sheraton may be reached within a half block on Marta, or the Airport Shuttle, \$10 one way or \$17 round trip.

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DRIVING TO REUNION 2000

If you are driving to The Fighting 69th Infantry Division Association 53rd Annual Reunion, these direction may be of some help:

SOUTHBOUND ON I-85: Take Exit No 84, immediately beyond Marietta-Chattanooga Exit. Be careful. You can easily overdrive Exit No. 84. When you reach the traffic signal you are at 14th St. Turn left and proceed past Spring St., West Peachtree St., then you will reach Peachtree St. Turn left at the traffic light and immediately turn right into Office Building Underground Parking Lot which adjoins Sheraton Colony Square Hotel.

SOUTHBOUND ON I-75: Take Exit No 250. Proceed to traffic light at 14th St. Turn left and follow directions above to Sheraton Colony Square Hotel.

NORTHBOUND ON I-75 or I-85: These two Interstates will join. Take Exit No 250 at 10th St., turn right and proceed past Spring St., West Peachtree St., then you will reach Peachtree St. Turn left at traffic light and follow Peachtree St. to 14th St. and park as above.

EAST or WESTBOUND on I-20: Either direction will run into I-75 I-85 North. Take Exit No. 250 at 10th St., turn right and proceed as above.

Special note: You will be parking from Peachtree St. which is secondary. If you go down 14th St. for a half block and turn around, you can park using Main entrance. Both will have signs reading FULL - CARD HOLDERS ONLY. Ignore these signs.

When you register, check at desk about credit on your Parking Ticket.

REGARDING TIPPING

The price of each tour and each reunion affair includes tip and gratuity. Please, do no embarrass your server, entertainer, etc. by leaving or handing out a tip. Please, No Tipping!

Hope to see all of you at the reunion. If you have not done so, please, register immediately.

New Men Relocated Since Our Last Bulletin

Nathan Alterman — Company D, 273rd Infantry
7549 Ace Road North, Lake Worth, Florida 33467

General Robert G. Moorhead — Div. Headquarters
7939 Beaumont Greens Place
Indianapolis, Indiana 46250

James Hindman
462 Tiffany Street, Johnstown, Pennsylvania 15905

Wilmer Vallnogle — 880th Field Artillery
210 Carmel Street, Greenville, South Carolina 29607

69th Bulletin Loses a Most Valuable Gem

For those of you who are unaware, for many years, **Gladys Braun**, sister of former editor, **Clarence Marshall**, read proof on the bulletin and assisted to some degree at editing. She volunteered herself in any way that she could help, even offering to rewrite and retype articles. She continued to do this for us even after Clarence's death. She was an excellent proofreader and a stickler to detail.

We regret to inform you that on Tuesday, April 4th, 2000, **Gladys** passed away. The 69th sent a donation to the *Make A Wish Foundation* in her name.

For those of us who put this bulletin together, she will be sorely missed. May God bless her. She was, in every sense of the word, a real gem.

E-Mail Addresses

Bob MacDougall
Headquarters Company, 273rd Infantry
BMD17WE019@aol.com

Bing T. Poon
Company E, 271st Infantry
bing.poon@mail.com

Look for other e-mail addresses at the top of articles listed with addresses and phone numbers.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED

For the 69th Infantry Division Association 53rd Annual Reunion in Atlanta, Georgia
Assist with Tours, Sale of Souvenirs, Registration, Seating, Golf Tournament and Hospitality Room.

ALL ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE. YOUR PRESENCE ONLY IS NEEDED.

I WILL HELP!

Name _____

Unit _____ Arrival Date _____

COPY AND MAIL TO: JOE LIPSUS, 6314 DEERINGS HOLLOW, NORCROSS, GA 30092-1800

OR CALL: 770/416-7725 • E-MAIL: annejoelip@earthlink.net

Today we honor the "Greatest Generation"

Submitted by: **Walter Haag**
Battery B, 881st Field Artillery
420 Paramount Drive
Millbrae, California 94030-1327

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article appeared in a newspaper on Veterans Day 1999. No identification of the newspaper or writer was included.

Cryptic references to that brief, but enduring part of their lives appear daily in obituaries:

"Navy veteran," "Army veteran," "served his country in the U. S. Navy," "Army Air Corps," "U. S. Navy veteran who retired after 20 years of service," "U. S. Marines, World War II," "served in the U.S. Army during WWII."

"During WWII, Sally drove a military bus."

"Served at the Navy Medical Center at Bethesda, MD . . . retired as a captain in 1954."

"Philippine-American veteran who served during World War II."

She was "a civilian employee of the U.S. Army and was responsible for routing troop and freight trains."

"Served in the U. S. Army, 918th Air Engineer Squadron from 1942 to 1945."

"A decorated veteran of World War II, serving as a medical technician in the U.S. Army."

It is both fitting and proper on this day, Veterans Day, 1999 - the last of the 20th century - that we pay special tribute to the veterans - men and women - of World War II.

They are arguably, as Tom Brokaw in his best-selling book, *"The Greatest Generation"* of our fading century and one of the finest in our nation's short, glorious history.

They are the men and women who defeated fascism on two fronts, blocked the spread of communism and eventually made its walls come tumbling down.

They are in their 70s and 80s now and their numbers are rapidly dwindling.

They were born in the rousing optimism of the 1920s and raised in the hardship and poverty of the Great Depression, which, along with the war that followed, forever shaped their lives.

They were callow youths in trying times with unformed visions of the future when the war erupted. Some were women who stayed home or migrated to industrial and military centers and performed the jobs of men, only to be swept back into the roles of mothers and wives when the boys came home.

Those who came home returned from the beaches of Normandy, the heart of war-torn Europe, and out-of-the-way Pacific islands with such funny-sounding names as Okinawa and Guadalcanal.

In winning that war they became loyal, dedicated, honorable and serious young adults determined to better themselves and the world they had already helped shape.

Without missing a beat, they took jobs, acquired educations through one of the most ingenious pieces of government largesse ever conceived, the G.I. Bill; married, raised families, prospered, populated affordable houses built in rapidly expanding residential communities called suburbs, and built the greatest economy and most powerful society in the history of mankind.

Displaying infinite wisdom, they even helped rebuild the economies, infrastructures and societies of the nations they defeated.

They also began breaking down traditional barriers of race and gender.

They became the architects, artists, business owners, clerks, designers, doctors, entrepreneurs, farmers, inventors, laborers, lawyers, mechanics, public officials, pundits, salesmen, scientists, secretaries, teachers and writers of our time.

If you aren't one of them, they were your fathers and mothers, aunts and uncles, grandmothers and grandfathers, neighbors and older siblings.

And time is slowly but surely taking them from us. Little do we realize what we're losing with them.

We owe them more than we will ever be able to repay. They have been our mentors, our wizards, our teachers, our healers, our role models, our inspirations, our guiding lights.

Whether we attend Veterans Day parades and ceremonies or not, let us all pause for a moment this day, 54 years after the end of that great conflict that consumed both sides of the world, and thank those who made the sacrifices then and all the years thereafter. In retrospect, the costs were gargantuan but well worth it. For nothing less than the world and freedom we enjoy hung in the balance.

All that we have and are came to us through that generation. We are their children and can take great pride in that fact.

They earned the right to be called The Greatest Generation.

SUPPORT YOUR HOSPITALITY ROOM!

On your reunion registration form, there is space asking you to contribute in support of THE HOSPITALITY ROOM. To overcome the expense of The Hospitality Room, your generosity will be greatly appreciated.

**69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION
2000 53rd ANNUAL REUNION
461st AAA BN. - 661st T.D. BN. - 777th TANK BN.
Sheraton Colony Square Hotel
MIDTOWN ATLANTA, GEORGIA
AUGUST 27th thru SEPTEMBER 3rd, 2000**

SEND THIS RESERVATION FORM TO:

ATTENTION: RESERVATIONS

SHERATON COLONY SQUARE HOTEL

188 14th STREET N.E. AT PEACHTREE, ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30361

Telephone: 404/892-6000 • Outside Georgia: 1-800-422-7895, Mon.-Fri. 8:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. EST • Fax: 404/876-3276

HOUSING: Please reserve one of the following:

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

\$89.00 + Quadruple - 4 persons _____ ALL ROOMS ADD 14% 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) _____, Aug.-Sept. _____, 2000. (Check in after 3:00 p.m.)

I / We plan to depart (day) _____, September _____, 2000. (Check out before 12:00 p.m.)

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

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

Send Confirmation to: (Please Type or Print)

Name: _____

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

City / State / Zip: _____

Telephone / Area Code: _____

IN ORDER TO CONFIRM RESERVATIONS, One of the following *MUST* accompany this form:

Check or Money Order (One Night's Lodging) payable to the SHERATON COLONY SQUARE HOTEL, 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 SHERATON COLONY SQUARE HOTEL
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 28th, 2000**. 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 can only be offered for the dates of the reunion. 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

2000 53rd ANNUAL REUNION

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

SHERATON COLONY SQUARE HOTEL, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

AUGUST 27th thru SEPTEMBER 3rd, 2000

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

P.O. Box 474, West Islip, New York 11795-0474 • Telephone: 631/669-8077

I/we will attend the 69th Infantry Division Association Reunion in Atlanta, Georgia during the week of August 27th thru September 3rd, 2000 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. GEORGIA ROOM (Check the Bulletin Board for Changes)			
Sunday, August 27th — Early Arrivals on your own.			
Monday, August 28th — Check Bulletin Board and Habersham/Hospitality Room			
Tuesday, August 29th — On Your Own Walking Tour to HIGH MUSEUM and/or WOODRUFF'S ART CENTER - 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. \$4.00 per person			
TASTE OF THE PEACH Orientation Tour - 1:00 to 4:00 p.m.	\$ 26.00		\$
GOOD OLD DAYS BUFFET - Crown Room Cash Bar 6:00 p.m., Buffet 7:00 p.m., Barbershop Quartet 7:30 p.m.	\$ 29.00		\$
Wednesday, August 30th — MIDTOWN MEMORIES - 9:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.	\$ 33.00		\$
Lunch On Your Own Hotel Food Court			
STONE MOUNTAIN PARK TOUR - 1:30 p.m. to 5:30 p.m.	\$ 32.00		\$
Thursday, AUGUST 31st — GOLF TOURNAMENT at Bobby Jones G.C.	\$ 35.00		\$
ATLANTA HIGHLIGHTS TOUR - 9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Lunch on your own	\$ 35.00		\$
BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING — in Roswell Room, 4:00 p.m.			
EARLY BIRD BUFFET , Ballroom North, Cash Bar 6:00 p.m., Buffet 7:00 p.m.	\$ 37.00		\$
Friday, September 1st — ATLANTA'S LEGACY OF LEADERS	\$ 41.00		\$
Luncheon/Tour - 9:30 to 2:30 p.m. (Lunch Included)			
PX BEER PARTY, Grand Ballroom — 7:30 p.m. to 12:00 Midnight	\$ 6.00		\$
Saturday, September 2nd — COFFEE AND DANISH - 7:30 a.m. to 9:00 a.m.			
GENERAL MEMBERSHIP and LADIES AUXILIARY MEETING 9:00 a.m. to Noon			
BANQUET, Grand Ballroom — Cash Bar 6:00 to 7:00 p.m.	\$ 36.00		\$
Selections: Prime Rib served Medium Rare, Potato Crushed Breast of Chicken			
MEMORIAL SERVICE — 7:00 to 7:30 p.m.			
DINNER DANCE - 8:00 p.m. to 12:00 Midnight			
Sunday, September 3rd - Farewell Breakfast - 7:30-9:30 a.m.	\$ 15.00		\$
Replacement Cost for Lost or Broken Permanent Badges	\$ 4.00		\$
SUPPORT YOUR HOSPITALITY ROOM: DONATIONS PLEASE!!!			\$
DUES — New Dues Year - August 1, 2000 to July 1, 2001		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.

Co. K, 273rd Photo Brings Back the Past

Submitted by: **Jim Mynes**
Company K, 273rd Infantry Regiment
1411 Regency Boulevard S.E.
Decatur, Alabama 35601

SUBJECT: Company K 273rd Infantry, 2nd Platoon Photo which appeared on Page 29, Vol. 53, No. 2 Issue, Jan. thru Apr. 2000, your last issue.

I wish to make a few honorable comments about the photograph submitted by **Lawrence Wegener**, of Lake Charles, Louisiana. Maybe, we can visionarily prod our memory banks by going back 55 years.

First off, I am not in the photograph because I left the platoon May 10th 1945. I developed blood poison and almost lost a leg. **Wendell "Doc" Meggs**, our Aid man assigned to our platoon knew most of men in the photograph. He is now a retired methodist minister, living in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. His address is 1215 White Boulevard, Murfreesboro, Tennessee 37129. Also **Walter Hajdamacha**, who spoke Russian is located in the photo, 1st man 3rd row, left to right, starting from the bottom of the photograph. His last known address: 337 N. Main Street, Manville, NJ 08835-1346. Others that may help with identification are: **Robert Hoffman**, 128 Linwood Ave., Ridgewood, NJ 07450, **Oliver D. Coker Jr.**, 1567 Meimerstorf, Russelville, Arkansas 72801, **Lloyd H. Lippman**, 1805 Joslyn 92, Helena, Montana 59601-2716, **J. Tutt Snodgrass**, 1723 Applewood Lane, Louisville, KY 40222-4215, **Ewell Meadows**, 363 Azelea, Apt. M23, Mobile, AL 36609, and **Gerald Sheehan**, 4348 Katonah Ave., Bronx, NY 10470.

I'll make the following comments to assist those living to recognize those young soldiers in the photo. We first lost our Platoon **Sgt. Padlock**, who was a great baseball player, who I believe played for the Columbus Redbirds. He was on a recon patrol and was wounded by a stock mine. Then on the same patrol, we lost our beloved platoon leader **Dwight Brooks**, from California. He wore dark sun glasses, and volunteered the platoon for extra assignments. He was wounded along with **Podlak. Ralph Bishop**, who was on the same patrol wasn't so lucky; he was killed instantly! **Charles McBroom**, who was from Richmond, Virginia and I recovered **Bishop's** body out of the mine field.

I can't help thinking about **Jim Telenko** and **Al Moyer**, both who appear in the photo. We were on a five man recon patrol along with **Sgt. Andrew Malum**, **Charles McBroom** and myself and scared to death. The snow had melted but the grass was frozen. Each time we took a step it was crunch, crunch. The Germans knew we were there. Then we called for a mortar concentration to find our way back. In the meantime, we came very close to being killed by

our own friendly fire. We tried to read a map and compass in the bright moonlight. On coming back towards our lines, we witnessed a loud explosion and a fireball that lit up the sky for miles around. This was during the time we lost all those men in one house explosion, circa February 1945.

Prior to April 25th several of us were sent out on a "chicken safari" while **Hajdamacha**, our Russian speaking buddy in the platoon, was trying to link up with the Russians. We found lots of chickens and the platoon ate well that day.

I guess we were a lucky bunch, someone was watching over us while in the ammo dump. We would set off large sticks of black powder and watch it fly through the air like a rocket. Then we got an old steam roller working, driving it up and down through the area. My bed was on shelving in one of the buildings as well as others.

Then on May the 8th, 1945 **Col. Shaughnessey** had the 3rd Battalion assembled in the ammo dump, wherein we had prayer services for our fallen comrades. At the same time they handed out (CBI) combat infantry badges.

After many years, we found out who knocked the gasoline bottle over in the bunker while on the Siegfried line. That was the day we lost all of our equipment in the fire, plus our weapons.

As a memory stimulating thought; I was the one who always sang, *I traced his little footprints in the Snow* and since my name was MYNES, we always said MINES is out there.

To all my comrades of the 2nd Platoon and Company K, may God bless.

Listen Up! Men of Co. D, 273rd Infantry

Submitted by: **Nathan Alterman**
7549 Ace Road North
Lake Worth, Florida 33467-3143

I served in Company D, 273rd Regiment and was honorably discharged. I was hospitalized in Germany from April through July 4th, 1945 for trench foot (my feet had been frozen). Unfortunately, my medical and service records were destroyed by fire in St. Louis. All I have is my discharge papers.

I have been trying to locate the Company Clerk or either of the two members of my company that were on a special detail who picked me up on July 5th, 1945 and returned me to my company.

I need a notarized statement from anyone from my company who can remember my hospitalization.

You may call me collect at 1-561-964-5334 or write to me at the address above. Your help will be very much appreciated. Thank you.

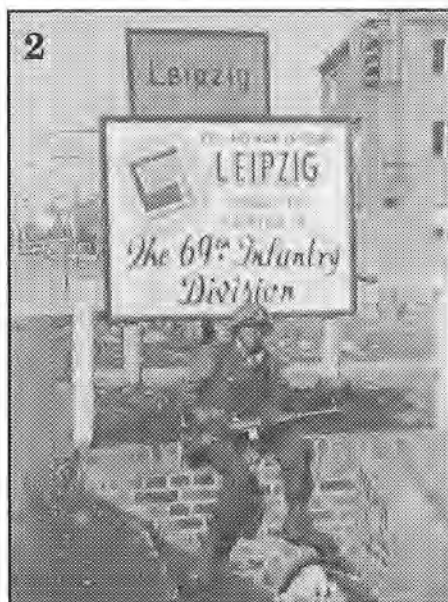
Headquarters Company, 272nd Reg't (Bloodyaxe)

Submitted by: **Joseph H. Green, Jr.,** Headquarters Co., 272nd Infantry Regiment

4 Green Lane, Georgetown, Delaware 19947

Telephone: 302/856-2437 • E-Mail: jcgreen3@juno.com

Using a cheap German camera and poor film, I took a few pictures but I thought some of the guys might get a chuckle and could help me in identifying some of my squad friends.



1. This picture was taken by a Russian soldier carrying a Thompson sub-machine gun. We were all celebrating the link-up at Torgau.

2. Rugged Joe at Leipzig sign.

3 and 6. Our gun in place guarding the road where General Reinhardt made the official meeting with the Russian general, and then party time.

4. Our cannon was not a 37mm but the next one larger. I can't remember if it was a 48 or 84mm. Colditz Castle Tower in background.

5. My group beside monument in a church road - Top left, a corporal, the G.I. with accordion, lying down on left is Thom McCann, on right is 3/4 ton cannon carrier and ammo truck driver. The G.I. at top right I don't remember. This is the place I got my hernia trying to pick up the spreads of the anti-tank cannon by myself to move to another position.

The "Postant" at Ronshausen, Germany

Submitted by: **Amber R. Keene**

Widow of: **Nestor Keene**

Service Company, 272nd Infantry Regiment

P.O. Box 52, Boalsburg, Pennsylvania 16827

From your memory banks, do any of you remember the "Postant" in Ronshausen, Germany? The advance quartering party went there in June 1945 to prepare for the company's arrival.

Here it is in 1997. It is still occupied by Anna Muhler who, with her mother, Analese Ehmer, her daughter-in-law and Anna's two daughters, cooked for the Advance Quartering Party until the Company arrived.



Formerly the Post Office in 1945, when Service Company arrived, it became Headquarters.

Through a picture of Ronshausen (pre-1945) that I sent to the Postmaster of the village, I located the now grown, then 5-year-old daughter of Analese Ehmer, Ursula Wollenhoupt. Ursula and I have become friends through telephone conversations and postal correspondence.

The lady on the stairs is Anna Muhler at age 82 in 1997. Analese passed away at age 97 in 1987.



Please check your memory banks again. Does anyone remember the 3 teenage German boys who helped in the Ration Breakdown Section of Service Company?

Heinrich Funk was 16, loved to go hunting with the fellows and appreciated the food he was given for his family. Then there was Carl Ehmer who, at age 16 too, assisted in Ration Breakdown for food, cigarettes and chocolate.

Heinrich is now confined to a wheelchair. He lives in Bosserode which is about 10 km from Ronshausen. Karl and his family live in Frankfurt, Germany. He suffered a severe stroke about 6 months ago and remains in a nursing home.

Karl's younger brother, Ernest Ehmer and I correspond occasionally. He has sent beautiful pictures of the now modernized village.

Ursula's fondest childhood memories are of the chocolate candy given to the children and she remembers "Uncle Jimmy" as they called **Lt./Capt. James Demetriatis** and a soldier whose name was Eric.

My late husband, **Nestor Keene**, was in Ration Breakdown of Service Company during the company's stay in Ronshausen.

I would like to hear from any of you who have recollections of the area and your stay there.

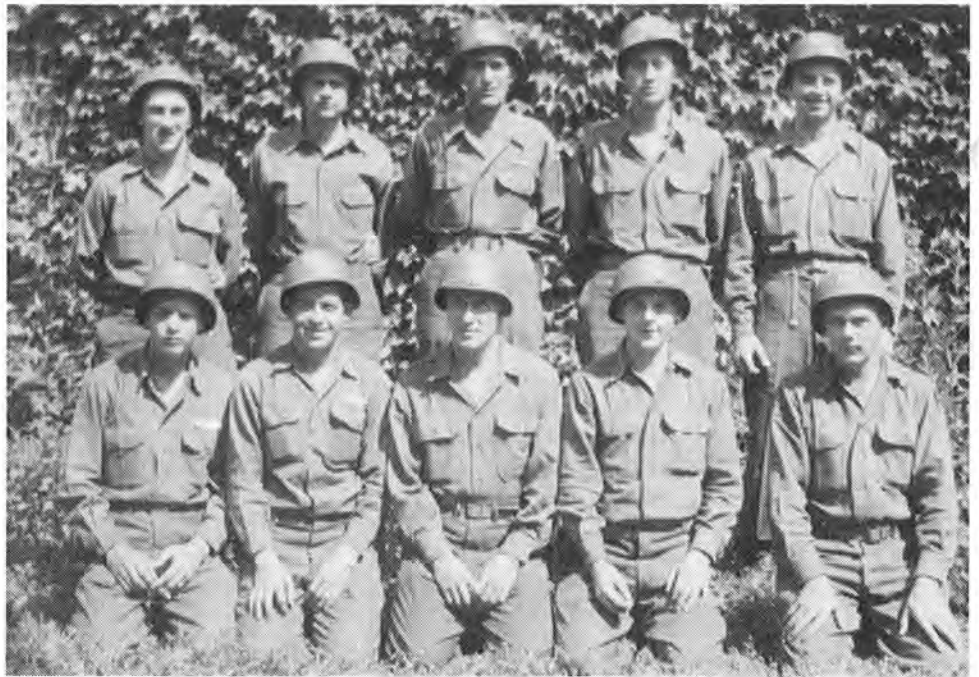
**NEWS MATERIAL AND PICTURES
FOR THE BULLETIN SHOULD BE MAILED TO:
FIGHTING 69th BULLETIN, P.O. Box 69, Champion, Pennsylvania 15622-0069
ADDRESS CHANGES, NEW MEN AND TAPS SHOULD BE
MAILED TO OUR MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN:
ROBERT KURTZMAN, Membership Chairman, P.O. Box 105, Wilmot, Ohio 44689
DO NOT SEND DUES TO DOTTIE OR BOB!!
DUES GO TO OUR TREASURER, WILLIAM MATLACH.**

Company A, 273rd Infantry Regiment

Submitted by: **Ed Lucci**
30 Lenox Road - 3K
Rockville Centre, New York
11570-5248

2nd Squad, 2nd Platoon. Top Row: Pfc. John W. Hibbard, Pfc. Hugh E.D. Taylor, S/Sgt. Thurman E. Allison, Pfc. James C. Robison, Pvt. John T. Pagoda

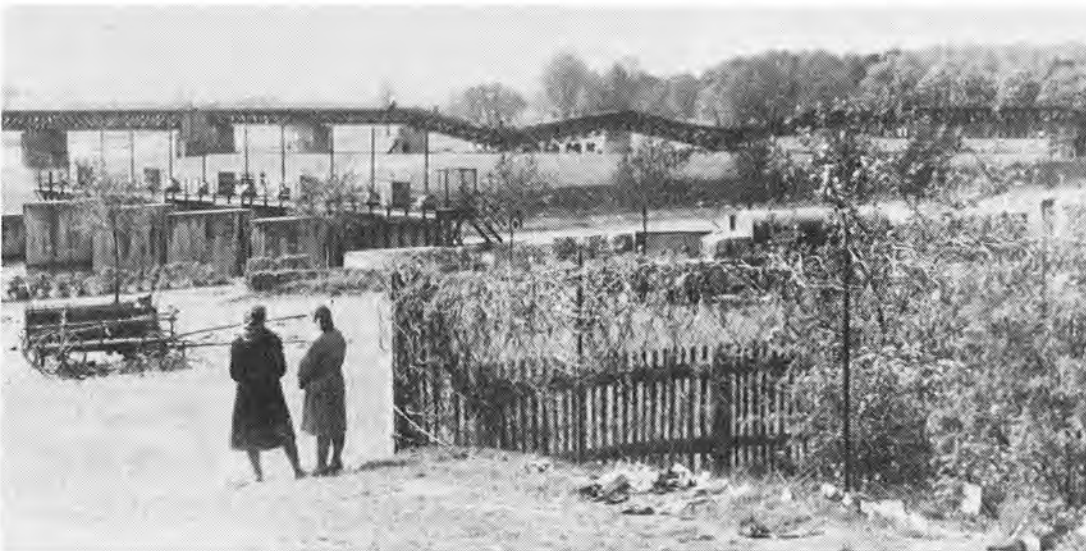
Kneeling: Pfc. Willie C. Lindsey, Pfc. Jake Waldrup, S/Sgt. John Lazeration, Cpl. George E. O'Bryan, Pvt. Wilber E. Shaw



Edward L. Lucci - Somewhere in Germany, 1945



*Grimma, Germany 1945
2nd Platoon, 3rd Squad Members
Walter Reardon, John Durst, William McDermott*



View of bridge across the Mulde River at Wurzen, Germany. Foot bridge is in the foreground. As seen from the East Bank of the Mulde River in Wurzen. Two women are German Nationals.

Photo taken April 25th, 1945 before Lt. Robertson met the Russians.



T/Sgt. Forest Mooney, T/Sgt. Herb Smith, S/Sgt. Carl Van Compernelle, T/Sgt. Jack Hubbard, S/Sgt. William Hoilman (rear)



*Lt. William R. Nettles
Grimma Germany, May 1945*



Photo Left:

1952 Reunion, Washington, D.C.

Starting with woman at end of table: Unidentified 69th wife, Unidentified 69er, Larry Kolarik, Elsie Kolarik, William R. Matlach, Jane Matlach, Ed Lucci, Johanna Lucci.



*Photo Left:
Ed Lucci
Pierce Rice
Marilyn Rice
Jane Matlach
Bill Matlach
Ann Lucci (sister)
Johanna Lucci
having a good time
at the reunion.*



Earl Witzleb, Ann Lucci (Ed Lucci's sister) and Ray Pugliese at the reunion.

"While Some Complained About Rationing . . . Our Hearts Bled for Them!"

Submitted by: **George Haddad**
Company E, 272nd Infantry
30180 Cheviot Hills Drive
Franklin, Michigan 48025
E-Mail: gmhaddad@mediaone.net

FROM THE FARMLAND NEWS TUESDAY, SEPT. 7, 1999

By Del Gasche

According to official records, slightly more than 16 million Americans served in the military during World War II.

Only a very small percentage of them saw combat in both the Pacific and European theaters of operations. And only a few of those fought first in the Pacific and later in Europe.

Bob Greek of Montpelier, Ohio did just that. He was born in Kunkle in 1917. His father had an auto franchise and after graduation, Bob worked for his father for several years. But then, World War II intervened.

In February 1941, Bob entered the Army. "I wasn't exactly drafted," he said with a smile. "I knew I was going to go anyway and I volunteered to go early so I could be with a bunch of guys from my area. It was supposed to be for only one year, but they soon informed us that our tours of duty had been extended indefinitely."

The outfit Bob joined was the Ohio National Guard's 37th Infantry Division, the Buckeye Division. He was in Company A, 1st Battalion, 148th Infantry Division. The all-Ohio 37th Division had received its original designation and authorization on July 18th, 1917. It was one of the first to take the offensive in the Meuse-Argonne sector at Verdun in the autumn of 1918 in the last great battle of World War I. Though it was well below full strength, the division survived the period between the wars. And by February of 1941, it was back to full strength ... more than 18,000 men, all from Ohio, with Major General Robert S. Beightler commanding.

We went to Camp Shelby, Mississippi for basic training," Bob said. "Originally, I was in a rifle platoon. But later I went into the 60-millimeter mortar section. The saying in the outfit was, 'The good go to Heaven. The bad go to hell. And the very bad go to Shelby!'"

"In June, we moved to Camp Clairborne, Louisiana for maneuvers. In July we returned to Camp Shelby and trained in the field with the 38th Division. Camp Shelby looked awfully good compared to the rain and mud and mosquitoes of Camp Clairborne."

In August and September, the 37th returned to Louisiana while the First and Third Armies squared



Buck Sergeant Robert Greek taken at Camp Shelby, Mississippi in 1944, after he'd been wounded in the Pacific and before he headed for Europe to serve there.

off in the Carolinas and the Fourth Army divided and opposed itself in the Pacific Northwest.

"We were in the field on maneuvers from June through September," Bob said.

"At about noon on Sunday, December 7th, 1941, the first scattered reports of Japanese airplanes bombing Pearl Harbor crackled out of radios at Camp Shelby. Most of the men were away on pass. I was on pass with some other guys at a movie theater in Hattiesburg. When we left the theatre that afternoon, we heard the newsboy hawking an Extra edition. And that's when we learned about it. Everyone was ordered back to camp. The next day, President Roosevelt asked Congress to declare war. We knew something was up when our tours of duty had been extended indefinitely. But we really hadn't expected war."

He, like millions of other servicemen, was now in for the duration and his one-year obligation was on its way to becoming four and a half. The 37th Division was one of the few units in the United States with sufficient training for immediate overseas service.

"In February, we were shipped to the Indiantown Gap Military Reservation in Pennsylvania," Bob said. We trained there until April and then moved by troop trains to San Francisco. They hauled us out there in wooden standard seat cars, Pullman cars and interspersed baggage cars for kitchens. Freight trains of boxcars and flat cars hauled our vehicles, equipment and weapons. It took 29 trains to move the entire division."

(Continued on Page 19)

WHILE SOME COMPLAINED ABOUT RATIONING ...OUR HEARTS BLED FOR THEM!

(Continued from Page 18)

After a period of relative relaxation in San Francisco, the division shipped out for the South Pacific on May 26th aboard four liners that had been converted to troop carriers. The troop ships were escorted by the cruiser USS San Francisco and two destroyers. The 37th was destined to become intimately acquainted with Fiji, Guadalcanal, New Georgia, Bougainville and Manila.

On June 6th, the New Zealand light cruiser HMAS Leander and two destroyers joined the convoy, which then broke into two groups. The Leander and two destroyers escorted two of the troop ships to a docking at Suva, Fiji on the 10th. Meanwhile, the USS San Francisco escorted the other two troop ships to Auckland, New Zealand, where they docked on the 12th. Bob landed in Fiji. The division's vehicles also landed in Fiji and they picked out everyone who could drive and were made truck drivers for a while.

"I drove truck from 6:00 p.m. to 6:00 a.m. for several weeks unloading supplies. I don't really remember how long . . . time passed in kind of a blur. I drove one of the older kitchen trucks, which had short cargo bodies and high racks. I was kind of lucky because they picked out those trucks to haul the nurses from the ship to the other side of the island. One rode in the cab with me and that was a pleasant break in my routine."

Fiji was the last defensive strong point in the supply line between the United States and Australia and the 37th Division's mission was to hold it against any attempted Japanese invasion. Following the decisive U.S. naval victory at the Battle of Midway on June 4th and 5th, Japanese pressure on Fiji vanished.

On August 7th, 1942, the United States Marines launched America's first offensive push in World War II, striking Guadalcanal and Tulagi in the Solomon Islands. The 37th Division stayed on Fiji until April 1st, 1943, when it made the 1,100-mile voyage to Guadalcanal.

"The fighting on Guadalcanal had pretty much ended about six weeks before we arrived," Bob said. "There were still a few stragglers roaming the hills, but most of the Japanese troops who had survived the fighting had been evacuated. We policed up brass and artillery shells and stuff like that . . . general clean up work. We fought the Battle of Salvage, according to the 37th Division's historical account. There were incredible quantities of ammunition, rations, equipment and other ordnance strewn all around the island. There were Japanese air raids now and then, but mostly it was pretty routine. We stayed on Guadalcanal until July 4th, when we left to invade the island of New Georgia."

The island, 25 miles wide and 40 miles long, lies about 200 miles northwest of Guadalcanal. It was one of the stepping stones on the road to the Philippines. The island's Munda Airstrip was a key link in the chain of defenses screening the major Japanese base at Rabaul, which guarded New Guinea. The 37th Division received its baptism of fire on New Georgia.

"We began the invasion on July 5th," Bob said. "My outfit went ashore on July 18th, after the beaches were more or less secured. The supply dump at Zanana Beach where we landed had been attacked the night before and artillery had been shelling the perimeter all night. Everything was a mess."

Bob's experience on New Georgia was brief but intense.

"Because of some personnel problems, I was the only experienced squad leader in the mortar section of the weapons platoon," he said. "On the night of the 18th, I was told to attach my mortar squad to the first platoon that moved out the next morning. On the morning of July 19th, the 1st Battalion started up the Peep Trail. Their route led past Butcher's Bridge, where the mutilated bodies of 16 Americans had been discovered the day before. The advance party had passed a bend in the road before the Japanese opened up on the column from a concealed machine gun nest. A bullet from that machine gun hit my helmet and blew small pieces of it into my face and some large pieces into my right shoulder. I still have the pieces they removed, along with my Purple Heart. The kid right beside me on the trail was killed. He never made a sound. Someone said, 'I think he's hit,' he was dead. He'd been out on the flank as a guard and the jungle got so thick he couldn't get through. So he headed back into the column and that's when the machine gun opened up."

It was in this same general area that Congressional Medal of Honor winner Private Rodger Young from Tiffin was killed on July 31st. He was in B Company and I was in A Company. I'd seen him around, but I didn't really know him very well. His platoon was pinned down by machine gun fire from a pillbox. Even though he was wounded many times, he crawled forward and destroyed the pillbox with grenades before he died. It might have been the same machine gun that wounded me."

Bob was flown back to Guadalcanal in a PBY Catalina seaplane. "I was there for about an hour and then I was transferred to a hospital ship that eventually took me to a Naval hospital in New Caledonia. I was there for about a month and they took out most of the pieces in my arm. Everybody thought I was lucky to be wounded and going home."

Bob was shipped back to San Francisco and from there to Greenbrier, West Virginia to a resort that had been converted to a hospital. He was there for a short

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WHILE SOME COMPLAINED ABOUT RATIONING ...OUR HEARTS BLED FOR THEM!

(Continued from Page 19)

time and then got to go home for 30 days. Then it was to Fort Thomas, Kentucky for a check-up and on to Camp Shelby and the 69th Division.

Bob stayed at Camp Shelby for about a year, field training 60-millimeter mortar crews. He was promoted to sergeant and had three mortar sergeants under him. The 69th was transferred to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, where they were processed for overseas shipment. Bob arrived there on November 2nd, 1944.

On November 15th, Bob was shipped on the Santa Maria, a converted freighter, in a convoy of 35 ships with a destroyer escort. On the 25th, a German submarine was detected and the destroyers dropped their depth charges. On the 27th, he landed at Southampton, England and moved into an empty camp at Danebury Down. The Battle of the Bulge started on December 16th. And by Christmas, a steady stream of replacements were being sent in from England.

"We sailed for France during a blizzard on January 21st and landed at Le Havre on the 23rd," Bob said. "We loaded into the beds of open trucks and rode standing up all night in a blizzard. With our field packs and duffel bags, we were packed in so tight we couldn't move. When we finally stopped, we were billeted into the stables of an old castle near Forges Les Eaux, France. We stayed there for about a week and received replacements. The replacements were all fresh out of basic training. After all the field training we non-coms had given to other men, we were being sent into combat with fresh recruits who hadn't had any field training!"

By February 12th, Bob and his companions had been moved by boxcar to Born, Belgium and from there into the Eiffel Forest. He was in the 1st Army, V Corps, 69th Infantry Division, 272nd Regiment, 2nd Battalion, E Company.

"We relieved the 99th Infantry Division," Bob said. "It was cold, wet and very muddy. The mortar section occupied a log bunker. We couldn't stand up in it, but it kept the snow off and it protected us some from the German artillery."

The events from the middle of February until the second week in March kind of ran together for Bob.

"I remember going back to our field hospital to have a tooth pulled," he said. "Afterward they wanted to send me on back to the Evac Hospital to guard against infection. But then I would have been assigned to another outfit, so I refused. I told them I'd take my chances with an infection. I stayed overnight and went to regimental headquarters in the morning. That night, I caught a ride in a Jeep taking chow up to our company. But the driver lost sight of the officer leading the way and took a wrong turn. After not seeing

anyone else for quite some time, I told the driver that things didn't look good to me. So we turned around and retraced our way back to where we'd taken the wrong turn. Later we found out that we'd come very close to driving into enemy territory."

When Bob returned to his outfit, he found that the company had moved into the bombed-out village of Reschied. "We were in front-line fox holes receiving heavy artillery and mortar fire," he says. "We were on a ridge, and about 2,000 yards to our front, the Germans were on a ridge running parallel to ours. We established outposts about 1,000 yards to our front. The German pillboxes had been built into the hill and they were very hard to see, as were the German troops in their white snow suits. By contrast, our dark uniforms were very easy for the Germans to see against the snow.

After a few days we advanced toward Wittschied. It was so dark that we couldn't see the man in front of us. We'd gone only a short distance when we lost a Jeep and two men to a land mine. We moved into Wittschied and holed up until dawn. We were deep inside a heavily mined area. At dawn, we received orders to retrace our steps through the mine field to Reschied. Our 1st and 3rd Battalions had broken through the Siegfried Line at another location and we were ordered to follow.

V Corps advanced through many road blocks to Dahlem. We enjoyed some relative quiet there. But I did have one close call. The mortar section was living in a partially destroyed house. The first sergeant brought me a broken German typewriter to see if I could fix it. I was sitting on the floor working on it while the squad members were cleaning their weapons. The mortar was also sitting on the floor. While he was cleaning his .45 pistol, one man accidentally fired off a round. The bullet hit the mortar base plate and ricocheted out through the doorway where I was sitting. It missed me. But judging from the angles, I was in the direct line of where it should have gone."

One morning, while Bob's outfit waited for the 9th Armored to move through, an officer told them that President Roosevelt had died. On March 8th, the 9th captured the Remagen Bridge. They waited in Dahlem while they tried to get all the armor and heavy equipment they could across it. By the 20th of March, Bob was in the vicinity of Waldorf. "We pulled guard duty along the river's banks to keep the Germans from floating explosives down to blow up the bridge," he said. "The bridge finally collapsed, killing a number of engineers who were working on it. Then we loaded onto trucks and followed the Rhine south to a point north of Coblenz where we crossed the Rhine on Navy LCI's ... landing craft infantry."

The 69th Division participated in the capture of Fort Ehrenbrietstein, where the last troops of the American

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WHILE SOME COMPLAINED ABOUT RATIONING ...OUR HEARTS BLEED FOR THEM!

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Army of Occupation had been stationed following World War I. "The World War I troops lowered the flag and left the fort in 1923," Bob said. "That flag had been kept in Washington, D.C. and it was flown back to Fort Ehrenbrietstein and raised again in a special ceremony on April 6th. In our offensive, we captured 1,200 prisoners and 35 towns. The villages weren't badly damaged. In fact, some showed no war damage at all."

V Corps advanced deeper into Germany along the Lahn River. "At first we were slowed by the deep, sticky mud," Bob said. "Our trucks would sink in to their axles and have to be winched out. We had details loading stones from the demolished buildings and dumping them into the roads. The weather improved and the 1st Army advance gained speed. We took Kassel and relieved elements of the 80th Division.

At Ermschwerd, our machine gunners took up a position on the crest of a hill overlooking the village. Not long afterward, a German soldier approached with his hands up to surrender. He walked to the exact spot where the machine guns were. He evidently marked the spot for German observers because it wasn't long before a machine gun fired on the position. The rifle squads had started their attack and I was following with the weapons platoon lieutenant and the mortar section. We'd just started around the side of a hill when we heard incoming artillery and hit the dirt. Just as we dropped, the German machine gun opened up on the position. We didn't get hit, but the rifle squads weren't as lucky. Our artillery was called in, but nobody told them to raise their fire before the rifle squads were ordered to move forward and some of them were hit by our own artillery."

Gertenbach, across the Werra River, was the next village Bob's outfit attacked. "Our objective was a bridge across the river," he said. "A railroad also ran along the other side. The land was level and it was very late in the afternoon. My platoon lieutenant told me to follow the lead platoon with the mortar section. But I disregarded his order and stationed two squads at the jump-off position. We could see all the way to the bridge and reach it with our fire, so I couldn't see any reason to expose the whole mortar section to enemy fire. As it turned out it didn't matter because we were immediately pinned down by German fire. We dropped some mortar burst on the other side of the railroad embankment and scared some German soldiers into running, and our riflemen picked them off. Then our tanks came up and placed fire on the area. The Germans then blew the bridge and we backed out under covering fire from our tanks. We lost quite a few men in that battle and gained nothing."

V Corps moved back and crossed the river on a pontoon foot bridge near Witzenhausen. "We crossed in a heavy fog and enlarged the beachhead," he said. "A Bailey bridge, a portable steel bridge, was built so the tanks could cross. We were under very heavy fire during the bridge building. We continued to advance and attacked Arenhausen after and I halted it. I said to the guy, 'The Germans are only about 100 yards ahead.' He said, 'I've got two trucks loaded with gasoline for the tanks. 'Where are they?' 'Out of the pitch black came an infantryman's voice from across the road. 'The tanks are in the rear, on their dead behinds!' he said. 'Where'd you think they'd be?'"

"I took the Jeep driver to our command post and he soon got the gasoline supply trucks out of there. One tracer round in one of them and we'd have all been in trouble. By daylight, we were in possession of the bridge."

On the night of April 9th, V Corps passed through Naumberg, meeting only light resistance. "We moved through several slave labor camps and liberated several hundred British POWs," Bob said. "Some of them had been prisoners for four years."

On April 13th, the group billeted in Dobergast. "A routine patrol discovered a nest of anti-aircraft 88s and we were sent to capture them," he said. "Our trucks transported us to a spot behind a hill and we spread out. We heard tanks rumbling and we got a little uneasy until we discovered that they were ours." "Oh boy," we thought. "The tanks lead and we follow, just like in the movies." 'About that time, an 88 fired and the tanks backed around behind the hill. After that, the tanks ran up the hill and fired, then backed down."

"There was a lot of firing and what seemed like a lot of shrapnel. But I couldn't see any 88 shell explosions. I found out later that the 88s were firing almost level at point-blank range and the shells were skipping across the ground instead of exploding. Then the high brass called and told our lieutenant to take the mortar section across the open ground. The lieutenant argued, 'The 88s are coming in there!' The brass answered, 'Take them across between rounds!'"

We got across and set up behind our machine gunners. Our artillery began dropping air bursts over the 88s. And after a while the Germans surrendered. We captured 36 88s in that battery and 474 prisoners."

On the 16th of April, V Corps and the 1st Army started a motorized dash for Leipzig. "We were moving at night and we had information that 2,000 SS men, many 88s and lots of machine gun positions were in the area we were moving through," Bob said. "We outdistanced our armor and got out in front of the entire 1st Army and even out of contact with Division. It was dark and foggy and we continued for miles into enemy territory. It was the weirdest movement I was on in

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WHILE SOME COMPLAINED ABOUT RATIONING ...OUR HEARTS BLED FOR THEM!

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the Army. We were at Zweenfurth when dawn came and we set up a 360-degree perimeter defense and started digging in. When daylight came, the people there all hung out white flags and there wasn't any fighting. A few hours later, we moved to Borsdorf to prepare for the attack on Leipzig. On the 18th of April our battle patrol with a platoon of tanks moved out to capture Paunsdorf, a small town that was almost a suburb of Leipzig. The battle patrol met heavy resistance, but soon cleared the town and we passed through at 1530 hours and attacked Leipzig from the east. The battle patrol led F and G companies into the city and we followed in reserve. People stood in their doorways and along the streets watching us. Quite frankly, I think they were glad to see us because they knew the air raids would end.

Two points in the city put up the stiffest resistance. There was a huge monument that provided cover for the Germans and held up the advance for a while. Next came the railroad station, which had been built like a fortress. Leipzig was only the fifth largest city in Germany, but it had the largest railroad station. The fire coming from inside was fierce and the station just shed our tank shells like raindrops. Finally, one of our tanks crashed through one of the walls and went on a rampage inside the building, machine gunning the German soldiers. After two days and nights of constant fighting, only mopping up remained. We moved out of the city to an assembly area and spent five days cleaning up our equipment and ourselves."

After the capture of Leipzig, Bob's outfit was assigned the job of securing the road from Eilenburg to Torgau. "We overran a factory that made poison gas and an ammunition dump of gas shells," Bob said. "When the German military abandoned the factory, they left two experienced men to guard against gas leaks. They didn't use the poison gas because they were fighting in their homeland and they knew that our retaliation on their people would be devastating."

"We had a deluxe camp here and our kitchen crew never had it so good. They had better equipment to work with than they'd had stateside. While we were in this camp, the 69th made the first contact with the Russians on April 25th on the Elbe River at Torgau. Then we had to clear the area adjacent to the highway and stand guard to assure the safety of the high brass traversing the highway to meet the Russians. One of the high brass was General Omar Bradley, who participated in the official ceremony.

After the capture of Leipzig, the Germans began surrendering to us in large numbers to avoid being captured by the Russians. We never harbored the intense hatred for the Germans that the Russians had."

"On May 8th, Germany formally surrendered. We were still billeted at the poison gas factory. We heard the news on the radio and it was a big relief for me. We were relieved of our duty by the Russians and it was the first time Americans had surrendered ground they'd won to the Russians."

Bob's outfit was trucked to Nassau, where it remained for several weeks. "In our push through Germany, someone in the weapons platoon had liberated a photo enlarger, developing supplies and lots of 35-millimeter film," he said. "Just before we attacked Leipzig, one of the men had come across several cameras and brought them to me. He took one, told me to take my pick and then give the rest to whoever wanted them. I picked out a Zeiss Icon, which is quite valuable and still takes fine photographs. We set up a darkroom at Nassau and were able to take, develop and print quite a few pictures.

While we were there, we wanted an American flag to fly over the company command post, but couldn't find one. So one of the privates scrounged up some material and sewed together quite a nice flag which we proudly flew."

Nassau was a farming village and Bob saw how hard the war had been on the common citizens of Germany. "As we left our mess hall after each meal, the local kids would line up and beg us to give them our leftovers. Some fellas wouldn't do that and emptied their leftovers into the garbage cans instead. Local women then salvaged the garbage from those cans and always washed the cans up neat and clean."

After a couple of weeks, Bob's outfit was trucked to Naumberg where they guarded 40,000 prisoners. "I had plenty of discharge points and had already turned in my equipment. I'd been processed and was just waiting for transportation, so I volunteered for guard duty in the women's compound. I had an opportunity to visit the Buchenwald Death Camp near Weimer. And even though it had been cleaned up, I'll never forget it. Finally, I was trucked back through Frankfurt, Rheims, Verdun and Compiègne to Camp Lucky Strike at Le Havre, where I boarded a ship for the USA.

When we arrived in Newport News, a tugboat came out to meet us. There was a group of young women on the deck waving and that was our welcome home - no bands, no parades. I was taken by train to Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania where I received my discharge. I took a train to Toledo and a bus to Bryan, and then I walked into my parents' home early in the morning on July 19th, 1945. I* hadn't told them I was coming because I wouldn't believe it until I was really home for good.

About six weeks later, Japan surrendered and that was the end of World War II. I was lucky in some ways. Lucky to get wounded early on in the Pacific and miss the worst of that fighting.

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**WHILE SOME COMPLAINED ABOUT
RATIONING ...OUR HEARTS BLEDED FOR THEM!**
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The Germans were better equipped and better trained than the Japanese, probably better equipped and trained than we were. But fighting in those Pacific island jungles - just being in them - was miserable. The European countryside - especially Germany more so than France - was nice, sort of like home. The cities were bombed out, of course, but much of the countryside was still relatively untouched. By comparison, the Pacific islands were hot and humid and uncomfortable. In the jungle, we couldn't get a breath of air and the humidity just clung to us day and night.

World War II was an intense, lengthy, complicated time and those involved experienced it in many different ways. The Japanese, the Europeans and the Russians suffered terrible hardships. Those of us serving overseas in the military understood those hardships, but the Americans at home never really understood what the war was like.

Perhaps those who lost sons understood.

Most Americans were complaining about rationing and shortages . . . while making more money than they'd ever made before.

Our hearts literally bled for them."



Bob's medals, patches, ribbons and stripes bring back memories of the days when the 60-millimeter mortar round he's holding was the real thing and not a replica.

Robert Greek
Company E, 272nd Infantry
10-482 County Road 13
Montpelier, Ohio 43543-9634

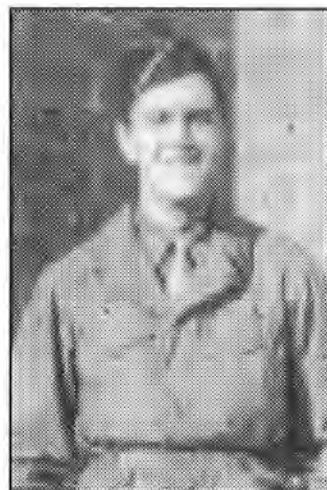
~ Volume 53, No. 1 Bulletin, Page 2 ~

**Does Anyone Remember
George Rome Woodworth?
You Bet They Do!**

Submitted By: **Lloyd W. Perkins**
1702 Ridgeway Drive
Sherman, Texas 75092

Thanks to you printing my letter in the above bulletin, his best friend, **Tom Russell** of Santa Fe, New Mexico, and his platoon leader, **James R. Kidd**, First Platoon, Company F, 271st Infantry, both wrote to me. Their letters were answers to my prayers. They both wrote superb letters.

(George was killed in action and Lloyd, a cousin of George, wrote to us requesting if anyone had any information about the circumstances of his death.)



*George Rome
The last photo we received*

The bond between the soldiers of the 69th is glorious and Godly. Your remembrance of and affection for one another is an excellent model of tolerance, reverence for life, brotherly love, and mutual support in any community or society.

Tom Russell sent pictures of **George** and **Tom** at Camp Shelby. Tom learned that George's body was returned to Port Arthur, Texas when he visited Henri Chappelle Cemetery in Belgium. Tom also visited the site of George's death in the attack on Bushcem, Germany. The maps of the Hellenthal area were greatly appreciated.

Kidd recalled **George Rome** sharing the boxes of cookies that he received from home with buddies. Mom and Aunt Dorothy took great pride in preparing and sending these.

Kidd actually saw **George Rome** and a **Sergeant Gambino** fall from machine gun fire. **George** was approximately 20 feet from **Kidd's** left.

I realize it was difficult for these men to write me, but they realized how desperately we wanted answers to over 54 years of unanswered questions. At last, we know - when **George** fell, he was among his brave, gallant and sacrificial buddies and friends.

With inestimable gratitude, I am sincerely,
Lloyd W. Perkins

P.S. I really enjoyed your bulletin. It was full of relevant, realistic, well-written and informative articles. Well done!

Foreign Medical School has Hopes of Hanging Its Shingle on U.S. Soil



*Robert Ross, 69th member & founder of Ross University
From the New York Times Weds., June 30th, 1999*

The idea seemed simple enough. Ross University, a medical school in the Caribbean island nation of Dominica, would open a branch in the United States - in Wyoming, to be specific, which lacks a medical school of its own.

Casper, the city chosen for the branch, would get 200 jobs and a projected \$10 million a year in economic development. Ross would get a mainland campus for 600 to 1,000 students - the first for-profit medical school to open in the United States in nearly a century.

The plan was embraced by local business leaders and many residents. Gov. Jim Geringer backed the idea, as did the state's Congressional delegation.

But the devil was in the details, and now the project has stalled amid fears that permitting a foreign medical school to operate in the United States would lead to a proliferation of unlicensed and unregulated schools.

The dispute provides a vivid example of the tight hold that American medical schools, their regulators and the American Medical Association maintain on the medical education system. These groups control not only the number of doctors practicing medicine but also which students get an education and where they study.

Robert Ross, a member of the 69th, established Ross University in the Dominican Republic over 20 years ago in 1979 at the suggestion of an employee whose son had been unable to win admission to a United States medical school. The university has been educating prospective doctors, many of whom were turned down by medical schools in the United States.

The students, primarily Americans, spend about two years in the classroom in Dominica, and complete their medical training with two years of clinical studies at United States hospitals. The total cost is about \$84,000 compared with \$100,000 for a typical school education in the United States.

Like other foreign medical schools, Ross is not accredited in the United States. Its only accreditation comes from the medical board in Dominica; graduates must pass rigorous licensing exams to practice medicine in the United States.

The Federation of State Medical Boards of the United States is made up of 69 state and regional medical boards which license doctors to practice medicine in each state. Most state boards refuse to grant licenses to doctors from unaccredited schools. The group believes that any medical school existing on United States soil is a U.S. school. A school existing in the U.S. would need to come under accreditation in the U.S. The United States has 125 accredited medical schools. For more than a decade, the number of students accepted by these schools has remained stable at about 16,000 a year. About 20 percent of the doctors practicing medicine in the United States were educated abroad. Thus far no foreign medical school has been able to establish a campus in this country.

The Liaison Committee on Medical Education, a regulatory agency sponsored by the A.M.A. and the Association of American Medical Colleges that accredits United States medical schools, does not accredit foreign schools. For United States medical education officials, the solution to the Ross problem is simple. The University should move its charter from Dominica to the United States and seek accreditation as a domestic school. But Mr. Ross refuses to move his school and seek domestic accreditation on the ground that the university provides a lift for the economy of Dominica. And despite the A.M.A.'s opposition, Ross's administrators and its supporters in Wyoming are moving ahead with their plans.

Mr. Ross says he is willing to put \$35 million of his own money into the venture. The Casper Area Economic Development Alliance has bought 32 acres of land for the school; 60 additional acres have been donated. Plans call for 600 to 1,000 students to be enrolled for four semesters of basic medical education. A fifth semester, before clinical rotation, would be spent in Dominica. George Howley, president of the alliance, stated that he felt it would be a pretty controversial process but added that "we're all pretty excited about bringing a medical school to Casper."

But as Mr. Ross made clear in a recent interview, nothing is certain. "Wyoming students must have the same privileges as if they attended the whole five semesters in Dominica," he said. "If I cannot get those assurances, I am going to abort the deal. We've been fighting the establishment for 20 years. We've come a long way, but I'm not going to fight city hall again."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In 1994 Robert Ross (I-272nd gave a full scholarship worth \$45,000 to Christopher P. Corbitt, grandson of Dale F. McGee (E-271st).



Dottie Witzleb



Wally Richardson, Vice President
2717 Glendora Avenue
Orlando, FL 32812

THE AUXILIARY'S PAGE

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

or
183 Pineslope Road
Acme, Pennsylvania 15610-9606
Home Telephone: **724**/455-2901



Gloria Czyzyk, President
30 Duke Drive
New Hyde Park, NY 11040-1239
Telephone: 516/627-6580
E-Mail: kzyzyc@juno.com



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

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

Ursula Goebel, Chaplain
5417 Halifax Lane
Minneapolis, MN 55424
Telephone: 612/927-5319

A Message from your Auxiliary President, Gloria Czyzyk

Dear Ladies of the Auxiliary and Friends,

March was delightfully warm and comfortable on Long Island. When Stanley and I left for Florida on April 7th, it looked as though all the flowering trees were ready to burst. We left Long Island in time to miss showers of snow and rain with dark, cold dreary days stunting the spring growth. We returned May 2nd, the trees and spring flowers were just beginning to open. We came back to an array of beautiful spring colors. It seemed as if we brought back the wonderful warm weather we enjoyed in Jacksonville. The time we spent with our grandchildren, Charlie and Janie, in our daughter's home was enjoyable. Lorraine was joining her husband, Jim, in Greece to participate in his "Change of Command" as an officer in the Navy.

Ladies, the time for the next reunion is near, the lap robes (45 x 36), booties and other items for the veterans at the hospital in Atlanta should be completed. A \$500.00 check will also be presented to the hospital representative to be used for personal items for the

veterans. If you receive spare greeting cards in the mail from charitable organizations please bring them with you to our next meeting. The veterans surely can make use of them. Don't forget to bring a small gift (about five dollars) to be exchanged at the Saturday morning ladies meeting. It would be greatly appreciated if the past officers of the auxiliary could bring an extra gift for the new members.

In recent years the Ladies Auxiliary has dropped the formality of electing officers through nominations. When I accepted the office of secretary, I was told the next office would be the Vice Presidency and then the Presidency. The term of each office is two years. When an office is vacant in an election year, volunteers will be accepted. Anyone with organizational or administrative skills and a desire, interest and willingness to perform the duties of the office, will be a good candidate. Besides the attendance register there will be a sign in register for "Office Volunteers" at the Auxiliary meeting Saturday morning.

Stanley and I are looking forward to the reunion in Atlanta August 27th through September 3rd. We hope to see many familiar faces and new friends. We are wishing all good health and a safe trip.

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THE AUXILIARY'S PAGE

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The following letter was received by our Chaplain, **Ursula Goebel**, by the husband of **Naomi Murphy**.

Dear Mrs. Goebel,

I received with appreciation and thanks The Ladies Auxiliary expression of sympathy in the death of my wife, Naomi. We were married over sixty years and she was a devoted wife and my best friend.

In April of 1991 two other buddies and myself hosted a Fighting 69th reunion for our Tri-State Group at the Holiday Inn at Grantsville, Maryland, at which time Naomi got to know many of the wives attending.

In memory of my wife and appreciation of the work of The Ladies Auxiliary, I am enclosing a \$50.00 donation for whatever the need may be. Again thanks for your kind thoughts.

Sincerely,

George A. Murphy

Headquarters 1, 272nd Regiment

17213 Mt. Savage Road N.W.

Frostburg, Maryland 21532-3023

E-Mail: gmurphy@hereintown.net

Military.com

Dear Fellow Veteran:

Staying in touch with friends you served with just got easier!

Since I left active duty, I've tried to stay in touch with friends I served with using e-mail, letters, and phone calls. As you know, it's certainly not easy to stay in touch! That's why we created Military.com, a new site that will help you and your group stay connected for life. Best of all, it's free!

We've started by building nearly 20,000 homepages for units, ships and squadrons. Each homepage is a single point of contact for everyone ever affiliated with the unit. You can connect with people you know, meet people who served in different eras, post announcements and photographs, share stories, plan reunions, and contribute to the living history of your unit.

Also, these 20,000 unit homepages are starting points for people like you to build your very own page for your unit or group. Building your own page is simple, quick and free. In about 5 minutes, you'll be sharing news and photographs.

Military.com invites you to find your unit's page, to participate in building the community, and to keep your group connected more conveniently than ever before. We're building the alumni association for the U.S. Military and invite you to be a charter member. Join us in creating the online home for the millions of Americans with ties to the military.

We look forward to seeing you at www.military.com.

- In Memoriam -

"LADIES' TAPS"

MARY BATTIN

wife of **Colonel James Battin, II**
Company A, 272nd Infantry Regiment

GLADYS BRAUN

sister of **Clarence Marshall, former Editor**
69th Division Headquarters
Honorary Member - Bulletin proofreader for many years

LUCILLE DIONNE

wife of **Francis Dionne**
Company E, 273rd Infantry Regiment

DORIS FALCONER

wife of **Harry Falconer**
Company B, 271st Infantry Regiment

PAULINE GOFF

wife of **John W. Goff**
Company A, 271st Infantry Regiment

JANET HAVEY

wife of **John Havey**
Headquarters 1, 273rd Infantry Regiment

ELMA "PEACH" HENRY

wife of **James Henry**
Company F, 272nd Infantry Regiment

WANDA LEE LINCOLN

wife of **Dale Lincoln**
Company I, 273rd Infantry Regiment

ISABELLE MARSHALL

wife of **Harold E. Marshall**
Headquarters-3, 271st Infantry Regiment

NAOMI MURPHY

wife of **George A. Murphy**
Headquarters 1, 272nd Infantry Regiment

DORIS NOCK

wife of **Albert Nock**
Company K, 271st Infantry Regiment

MARIA REININGA

wife of **Harold Reininga**
Company D, 273rd Infantry Regiment

Attention Ladies WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER FROM THE WAR??

Ladies, if you can think of anything that occurred during war times that might be of interest to other women of the Ladies Auxiliary, please write us and we will include it in the Ladies Auxiliary pages. Please send your stories to:

Dottie Witzleb

P.O. Box 69 • Champion, PA 15622-0069

The Battle for Altengrotzsch

Submitted by: **Robert L. Muckel**

Company I, 273rd Infantry, 3rd Platoon, 1st Squad
655 South Chiques Road
Manheim, Pennsylvania 17545-9156

Our long convoy of trucks came to a stop on a big open plain. On our right front, the green grass covered ground starts to slope gradually upward to a plateau. On here the enemy has twenty-eight of their big eighty-eight millimeter cannons. This position occupied by the enemy, is our objective. Climbing down off the trucks, we stand around, waiting for orders. Suddenly shells begin exploding overhead. I look up at the blue sky. As each shell explodes, it forms a small white cloud which instantly turns coal black and then disappears. I look around for some kind of shelter to shield me from the hot pieces of steel being hurled down at us from above.

About a hundred feet to my left, is one of our trucks. I headed for it, running as fast as I could go, hoping it's heavy steel bed would protect me from the steel shrapnel. Arriving there, I found three African-American truck drivers who had the same thought in mind as I had. They were sitting in a round hole in the ground facing each other with just their shoulders and heads exposed. Looking at them sitting there reminded me of the nursery rhyme, Rub A Dub Dub, Three Men in a Tub, the Butcher, the Baker and the Candlestick maker. They must have dug the hole first and then drove the truck over it. Peering under the truck, I asked them, "will its steel bed protect us?" One of them looked up and said, "Yes, from anything but a direct hit." I then said, "Do you mind if I join you?" They answered, "No go ahead." I said, "Thanks." One of them was holding a small portable radio, listening to the music. Suddenly the music stopped. The station made an announcement. It is with regret we must inform you, our President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, has just died. After hearing the news, we all looked at each other with a bewildered expression on our faces.

We are informed by our officers that another company, I believe it was K Company, was going to charge up the hill. After a short interval of time, our company, Company I, would follow them. I watched the scattered group of soldiers as they slowly walked up the long grassy slope. The sky was dotted with bursting shells. I waited, expecting to see some of them fall to the ground after being hit. Nothing happened. They all made it to the top, then disappeared from view.

Suddenly we heard the sound of small arms fire. The Germans had waited until the men had gone over the hill and then opened up on them. Our company was given the order to advance. We formed lines and started up the hill.

On reaching the top of the hill, we saw the results of the previous charge made by the first company. The area was dotted with the dead bodies, both American and German. The big cannons, which had fired on us, were sitting there alone, unmanned. We walked slowly over the now quiet battle ground. I came to the body of a German soldier and stopped to look at him.

He was a young guy, like most of us. He looked like he had just stepped out of one of those news reels, showing hundreds of them marching by, goose stepping in perfect formation. He was lying on his back, dressed in the gray-green uniform with high black leather boots and steel hob-nails on the soles. He was wearing full field equipment. Around his waist was a black leather belt holding small leather pouches containing clips of bullets for his rifle. The belt buckle was large and looked to be made of some kind of white metal. My attention was focused on the raised letters on it. They said, "GOT MIT UNS, (GOD'S WITH US)." I thought, wait a minute, something doesn't make sense here. In the first World War, this was the regulation German army belt buckle, but here in the second World War with Adolph Hitler's well known public denunciation of all churches, how does this fellow get away with wearing it? And in full view of his officers and comrades? Now both of our sides can't be right. One of us has to be wrong. Well I guess in his mind, (twisted as it was), he really believed he was doing God's work.

Hanging from the belt were his brown cloth-covered canteen, his bayonet and intrenching shovel. On his back is his field pack, made of cowhide with black and white patches of hair still on it. Wrapped across the top and down the sides of the pack in a U shape, was a gray woolen blanket tied to it with black leather belts. His left hand was resting on his belly, palm down. His right arm was stretched out to his right side with the palm of his hand facing up and his fingers clenched. Lying across the right hand was his Mauser rifle.

On his head was the familiar black steel coal scuttle helmet, with its black leather strap coming down the sides of his face and under the chin. His hands and face look as if they were made of wax. He had a pleasant expression on his face, as though he were asleep and having a nice dream. Right between his eyes, on the forehead, was a small round, bluish black hole where the bullet had entered. I turned away and continued walking. I did not want to look at any more dead bodies. As there is nothing to fear from the dead, its the living ones who pull the triggers, we were told to stop and stay where we were, and await further orders.

I did not feel like standing out there in the open and making myself an easy target for some sniper who may be hiding close by. I looked around for some kind

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THE BATTLE FOR ALTENGROTIZSCH

(Continued from Page 27)

of shelter. Nearby was a small, one story farm building. I crept over to it and peeked into all of the windows. There were two rooms, both empty. I then came around to the front door and entered it. The only thing there was a few pieces of old furniture. I then checked the cellar, this too was empty, not even a bottle of wine. As I came back up the steps, I heard my name being called. Our assistant squad leader, **Corporal Earl Riley** came to the door and said, "We are going to pick up the dead bodies and put them all in place to make it easier for Graves Registration to find them, and at the same time make a list of their names for the records.

I looked at him, and said, "I don't care too much for that job." He looked at me and answered, "If your dead body were lying out there, you would want someone to carry you off too, wouldn't you?" He has a good point there. I didn't say another word, I went along with him. We were formed into groups, four men to a stretcher.

The body of the dead American soldier lay there on the ground face down. With his legs spread slightly apart, his right arm close to his side, his left arm in a ninety degree angle, with the fingers of the hand clenching the ground. He was a real big fellow. His shirt was missing, probably removed by the medical corpsman who had given him first aid emergency treatment. On his back, just below the left shoulder, was a blood stained bandage, held in place by a band of narrow cloth tied around his chest. The man had either died from the wound or bled to death before he could be carried back to an aid station in the rear and receive full medical treatment. We sat the stretcher down on the ground beside the body.

No one made a further move. Every one just stood there staring down at the body, me included. "Well" I thought, we can't just stand here all day. I then reached down and grabbed the body by the wrist, with the intention of using the body's stiff arm as a lever to help me turn him over onto the stretcher. As I grabbed his arm the other fellows began to help me. As we pulled the body over on its side and dropped it down on the stretcher, a loud gurgling sound was heard. It came from the body. Startled, we all jumped back with a surprised look on our faces. We looked down at the corpse, a green liquid was coming from the mouth and running down the chin. It was probably stomach acid and the sound we heard was made by gas in the stomach. Recovering from the shock, we then picked up the stretcher and started walking. I never knew a dead man could be so heavy, even with four of us carrying him.

After carrying him some distance, the load became too heavy and we began to stagger. Setting the stretcher down on the ground, we took a short break then picked

him back up again and continued walking. Up ahead of us was our destination, a farm house. On arriving there, we found that quite a few stretcher bearers had been there before us, as there was a long row of bodies lying side by side along the front wall of the building. We put our body down on the ground at the end of the line. We then stood there quietly, looking at the bodies, with many thoughts passing through our minds.

Interesting Tidbits with Company I, 273rd

As we entered a small village, walking down the street, the Germans begin shelling us. I ended up standing at the corner of a brick home at an intersection of the street. Standing there listening to the shell bursts, I was not too concerned, as the explosions were about a city block away. The shelling stopped. I stood there for about twenty minutes. Suddenly I heard footsteps. I peered around the corner of the building. Coming my way, strutting down the street was a tall slim German. He looked to be about fifty years old. He was wearing a blue uniform with a high peaked blue military cap with a black visor. He had on a long heavy wool coat, reaching well below his knees. His black leather boots were highly polished and shining. On his coat over the left breast was a row of ribbons. Over his left eye was a glass monocle. His skin coloring was brown. He had a serious, determined look about him. He appeared to be a person with a lot of authority, accustomed to giving orders. I thought, this fellow must be a high ranking German officer. I waited until he got to the corner, then I stepped out and pointed my rifle at him and hollered out, "Hande Hoch." With a surprised look on his face, he quickly threw both arms straight up in the air. I stood there for a minute or so, looking him over. He was not wearing a weapon. About this time, my assistant squad leader, **Corporal Earl Riley**, came up to me and said, "Well Muckel, it looks like you have a big one there." I said, "Yeah." He said, "I'll take him off your hands for you." I said "O.K." After they left, I kept standing there, thinking, "Yep, that German might just be a high ranking military officer. I could just see them reading the newspapers back in my hometown now, "Local boy captures big shot German officer." Maybe I'll even get a medal. About fifteen minutes later, Corporal Earl Riley comes back and says to me, "Muckel, that German you captured - you know what he is?" I said, "No." He answered, "A conductor on a railroad train." Well I'll be darned, there goes that dream. Later on I learned, these Germans are all crazy over uniforms of all kinds.

Right after Corporal Riley left, the shelling started again. This time they were landing too close for comfort. I looked around for a place to help shield me from

(Continued on Page 29)

INTERESTING TIDBITS WITH CO. I, 273rd

(Continued from Page 28)

the shell bursts. I tried the door knobs on the homes along the street. The first two were locked, the third door opened. I went inside, quickly looking around and shutting the door behind me. There were three rooms there. In the middle room was a long table, sitting there with his back towards me, was an old man. He had a long white beard and he must have been ninety years old. He had his head bowed and was leaning on a cane waiting for the food to be served. In the other room, a small kitchen, was a young woman, the haus frau. She was about thirty years old and making the dinner.

She stood there looking at me and holding a platter of food in her hands. And standing behind her, with her little blond head and a frightened look on her face, her small hands tightly clenching her mother's skirt, was a small girl about five years old.

I thought to myself, there are three people in here. I look at the table, there were three place settings there. That meant there must only be three people in the house and no more were expected. At least not at the present time. No one said a word. I stood there as though hypnotized just looking down at the food on the table. Boy did that ever look and smell good. It seemed ages since I had had a good, hot, home cooked meal. The haus frau must have realized I was hungry because, she spoke to me in German and at the same time made motions for me to sit down at the table. I sat down with my rifle between my legs. The old man sat there not speaking or moving and leaning on his cane. I took a good look at the food on the table, we were having mashed potatoes, sauerkraut and dough balls.

The old man was on my right, the mother on my left and the little girl sat across from me.

We all sat there eating together, suddenly we heard the scream of an artillery shell, it exploded right over the roof of our building. Plaster and dust from the ceiling fell down on the table. The little girl started screaming and crying. Her mother got up from the table, quickly rushed over, put her arm around her waist and ran down the cellar steps. I sat there looking at the old man, waiting to see what his reaction would be. He kept on eating, then said in German, "Die kreig is nay gut, nay gut." I agreed with him. I said, "Ya, nay gut."

Shortly, the mother brought her little girl back up the stairs. I thanked her for the food and before I left, I gave her one of those rock hard, K-style chocolate bars for the little girl.

I then left the three civilians sitting at the table and went outside to the street. Just in time too, as my company was now leaving the village. While walking up the street, I noticed a building with two big wooden doors and a latch holding them shut. Being a curious

person, I stopped, threw up the latch and opened one of the doors, cautiously on the alert for whatever danger awaited me in there. I slowly went inside, and what to my wandering eyes did appear. But shelf after shelf, about ten feet high, and row after row, filled with alcoholic beverages of all kinds, from every country in Europe. There was Napoleon cherry brandy, all kinds of brandies - Italian, French, Polish, Russian. And all kinds of whiskies and wines. You name it, it was there. I stood there feeling like Ali Baba in his treasure cave.

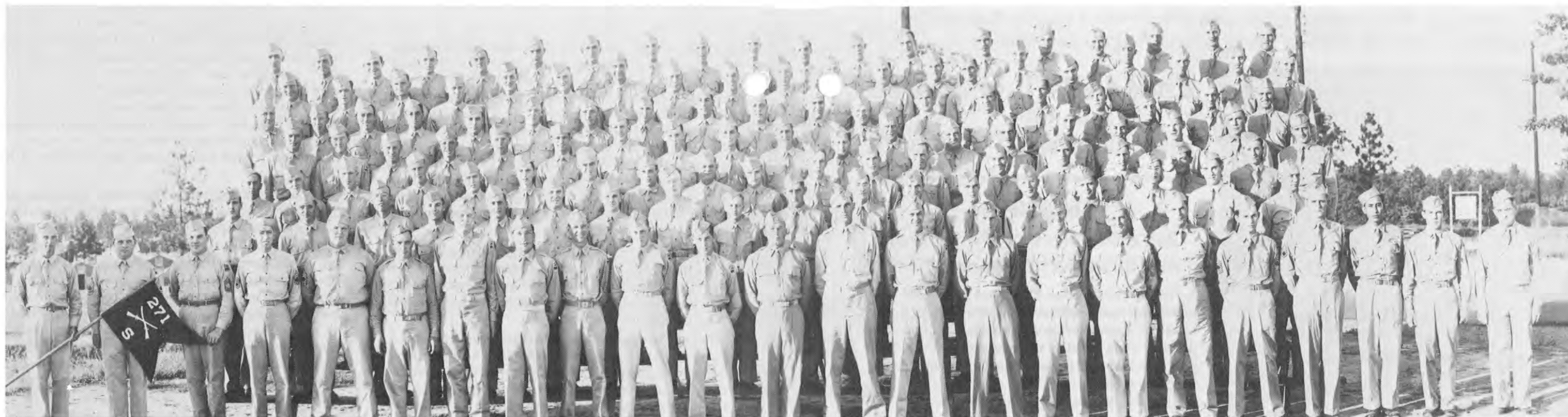
I started opening bottle after bottle, sampling each one. Ahhh . . . how sweet it is! I grabbed three closed bottles and ran out the door and up the street, running to catch up to the tail end of the company. They were far up the street, almost out of sight. Just outside of the village was a vacant German trench. It ran in a zig zag fashion, left to right, as far as the eye could see in both directions. We were ordered down into this trench as our officers were expecting a German counter attack. In the trench we stood almost shoulder to shoulder with our rifles resting on the ground above us and the butts and trigger housings sticking out within easy reach.

Looking over the top of the trench, we kept searching the area in front of us for any sign of an approaching enemy. Time passed, still no enemy and we were becoming restless and bored with inactivity and the waiting.

Someone hollered out, "Does anyone have a cigarette?" Nobody answered. All was quiet. Suddenly, a voice cried out, "I got one." He lit up and passed it down the line. Each man took a drag, and passed it on to the next man. The guy beside me said, "Boy could I use a drink right now." I took the three bottles of wine out of my jacket. When he looked at the bottles his face lit up like a Christmas tree. Pulling the corks we then passed the bottles up and down the trench. Before traveling very far, the wine ran out. The other men asked where their share was. I asked two of the guys to go along with me. I know where there is plenty more.

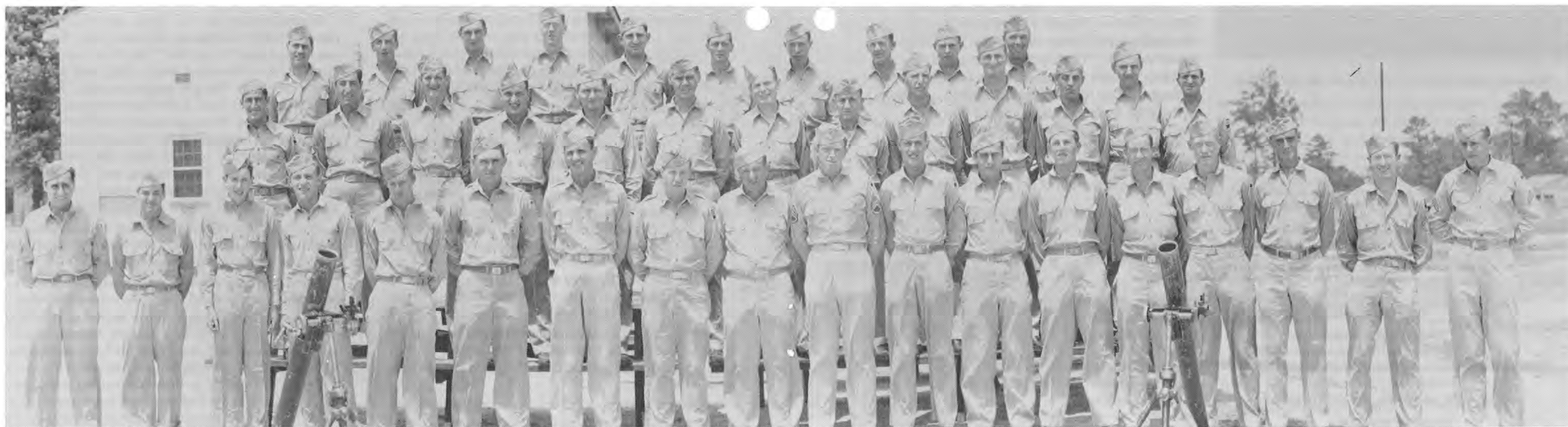
Grabbing our rifles, we headed back to the warehouse in the village and loaded up with as many bottles as we could carry, we started back to the trench.

About half way there, a hidden sniper opened up on us. There being a small empty farm house nearby, we made a run for it. Going inside to get out of sight of the sniper, we killed some time looking around. I opened up a wooden cabinet and found a lot of long stemmed colored glasses. I put these in a bag which I found on a table. The three of us then crawled out a back room window of the house and ran back to the trench. Once there, we passed the wine and bottles around. This was just enough to get the men in the mood for more. Some of the men went back to the warehouse, returning not with two or three bottles, but full cases of them.



Service Company, 271st Infantry - Camp Shelby, Mississippi - August 1943

Submitted by: **Robert J. Miller**, P.O. Box 21, Dowell, Maryland 20629-0021



3rd Platoon, Company H, 273rd Infantry - Camp Shelby, Mississippi - April 1944

Submitted by: **Sylvan L. Katz**, 111 Marguerita #B, Santa Monica, California 90402-1619

The link-up of the United States Army 69th Division and the Russian 58th Guards on April 25, 1945 on the Elbe River, Torgau, Germany:



Bottom panel in the poster states the following:

Excerpt from: "Report by the Supreme Commander to the Combined Chiefs of Staff on the Operations in Europe of the Allied Expeditionary Force, 6 June 1944 to 8 May 1945."

Meanwhile, although the Allies had penetrated to the southeast of Leipzig, the enemy fought back strongly to its west and southwest. After 2 days of bitter struggle the 69th Division of V Corps cleared the city on 19 April. The enemy salient which had extended westward from the line of the Mulde to the Leipzig-Halle area had now disappeared and Allied elements cleared to the river.

On 25 April patrols of the 273d Regiment, 69th Division, under V Corps, which had probed eastward from the Mulde, met elements of the Russian 58th Guards Division in the Torgau area, on the Elbe. The junction of the Eastern and Western Fronts had been effected, and Germany was cut in two. The object of the central thrust had been achieved."

Dwight D. Eisenhower
Dwight D. Eisenhower
Supreme Commander, A.E.F.

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All of you 69ers owe it to yourselves to own this colorful memento of WW II. Your family, friends, children and grandchildren will be proud that you contributed to one of the important events of WW II. Have it framed and hung in your den or office.

"The Sign" has been featured on National TV. The History Channel showed a close-up of the sign at the beginning of "Sworn to Secrecy: The Cold War—Inside the CIA." "The Sign" also appeared in Hollywood Movie Producer George Stevens' "D-Day to Berlin". "The Sign" appeared a number of times in the VFW, American Legion, World War II Magazines, and numerous newspapers.

"The Sign" was the background for photos taken of individual GI's, squads, platoons and dignitaries to show positive proof of being at the Elbe.

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Order "The Sign" color print now and receive as a BONUS, a left-over 50th anniversary 15 1/2" x 19 1/2" poster, "Forget? Hell No." This poster will be a constant reminder to be "vigilant," no more Pearl Harbors. This poster sold for \$9.95 plus \$3.95 S&H in 1995.



Additional posters: \$5.00

The War Interlude

- PART I -

Written by: **Horace R. Drew, Jr.**
881st Field Artillery Battalion
861 Waterman Road N.
Jacksonville, Florida 32207-5240

~ Introduction ~

Horace sent us a wonderful book entitled, *Our Story*, which covers the history of his family. Several chapters of his book, of course, document his service history and his marriage to **1st Lt. Shelley Rae Berger**. We hope you find his story just as interesting as we did. Good job, Horace!

* * * * *

Military Training and Life

I had enrolled in the ROTC when I had first come to the University of Florida in pursuit of my law degree. After three years as a trainee, in the summer of 1939 (my fourth year) I was given a six week Officer's Training Corps course at Ft. Benning, Georgia.

This advanced course was popular then for several reasons that varied in importance: the handsome boots and uniform, the compensation, (small though it was \$75.00 a year), the prestigious Military Ball held in March each year on campus, and finally, and most important, it was seen as one's patriotic duty during a time when national pride ran high.

It was 1940 and President Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Democratic Congress had allowed our military strength to dwindle to almost nothing. We trained with wooden rifles and 1903 Springfields. Our artillery was the ancient horse-drawn "French 75" of World War I vintage. We rarely were allowed live ammunition because it was too costly. So we drilled, drilled, and drilled with dummy weapons!

I was put in the horse artillery where riding soon became a way of life. Many of our horses were remounts from Texas and required some breaking in.

Our sessions instructing the recruits on riding, however, were pure pleasure! On weekends we would select our favorite mounts and ride through the forests and game trails around what was then rural Gainesville.

By 1939 it was clear that Mr. Hitler meant business when he invaded the low countries in Europe (Holland, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Belgium). After graduating from law school in the summer of 1941, I was immediately inducted into the Army as a second lieutenant in the Field Artillery.

An old family friend, Lieutenant Colonel Ellicott Freeland of the Regular Army, was instrumental in getting my first assignment to the Fourth Corps Area Headquarters in Jacksonville, where I continued until America declared war on Japan and Germany on December 7, 1941 after Pearl Harbor. I then went to Camp Blanding, and then to Camp Carabelle (later Camp Gordon Johnston) situated south of Panama City on the Gulf of Mexico, an amphibious training camp.

Following a number of months at Camp Carabelle, I was assigned to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, for intensive officer training in the artillery. Next came an all-summer camp at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, on the artillery ranges. There I learned how to shoot artillery from every angle and under combat conditions. The summer temperatures on the Fort Sill ranges averaged about 110° Fahrenheit in the daytime, and it was common practice to fry eggs on our steel helmets! The salt from our bodies formed like snow on the shoulders of our fatigues in the intense dry heat!

Following this vigorous training I returned to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, to take over Company A of the Artillery Training Corps there.

After several months at Fort Bragg, I was sent to Camp Shelby in Mississippi and assigned to S-3 operations of the 881st F.A. Battalion of the Division Artillery, Sixty-Ninth Infantry Division. I believe this was in the early spring of 1944.

One day I was called on to fire from our Observation Post on the Artillery range under the supervision of my battalion commander, **Lt. Col. Brooks**. The target consisted of several small pine stumps situated on a small hill a mile or more away - barely visible through field glasses and an almost impossible target. I was unaware that while I was issuing the requisite commands to the gun battery, **Brigadier General Robert Maraist**, our 69th Infantry Division Artillery Commander, had driven up to the O.P. in his jeep and was quietly watching. Through a series of lucky commands my airburst on "Fire for Effect!" exactly bracketed the pine stumps that represented dug-in enemy infantry. Typically, there was no comment from General Maraist at the time.

The following week I was suddenly assigned to Division G-3 (Operations) under **Colonel Conran**. This assignment was a real promotion. I believe it came about by a combination of lucky shooting and fact. **General Maraist** needed another artilleryman in Division HQ to help him obtain "more ammo" for his beloved artillery. This Assignment later had a profound and beneficial effect on my survival during combat in Europe, where I otherwise would have been in a foxhole with the infantry directing our artillery fire as a Battalion Forward Observer.

In the Spring of 1944 the Division went on war maneuvers in the DeSoto National Forest, situated between Camp Shelby near Hattiesburg, Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. These war games closely simulated combat and were extremely vigorous and realistic.

To break the tension, we were given the night off once in a while to cool down. On this particular occasion, **Lt. Colonel Quinn**, the Division Communications officer, and **Lt. Colonel Thurman**, Division G-2, accompanied me. We were not allowed in town, so we

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THE WAR INTERLUDE

(Continued from Page 33)

stopped at a restaurant on the outskirts of town. Little did I foresee what would next occur with its profound effect on my future and progeny: The restaurant was down in the cellar of this establishment. When we entered, **Colonel Quinn** immediately went over to a table occupied by several female officers and enlisted personnel. They explained that they were "fraternizing" with their enlisted people outside of Camp (enlisted and officer personnel were not officially allowed together socially under the army regulation of the time) in order to say goodbye to the enlisted girls who were being shipped overseas.

In any event, we managed to get a good-looking blonde (Lt. Monty) and a good looking redhead (Lt. Shelley) over to our table for a drink. After some socializing and a drink or two, I managed to make a date with Shelley, a first lieutenant and Signal Property Officer at Camp Shelby, for the following weekend. **Colonel Quinn** knew Shelley well since they were both in Signal.

As it turned out, by the following weekend, I had developed an enormous infection on my left thigh that only got much worse under intense field conditions. We finished with the war maneuvers on Saturday and returned to Camp Shelby. After the grime of months in the field, I immediately headed for the showers.

While basking in my first good shower in months, the Division Surgeon happened to join me. He took one good look at my badly inflamed left thigh, and ordered me at once to the base hospital. I did not even have a chance (or a phone) to call Shelley and let her know that our date was off. She managed, however, to send word by her friend, **Colonel Quinn**: "Tell that Captain (referring I think to me) to call me before noon or our date for tonight is off." Shelly was quite indignant over the broken date; however, when she later heard that I was in the base hospital with a serious thigh infection, she relented somewhat.

The next Sunday I was playing a little poker (winning as I recall, three straight hands at a modest profit) on a blanket in the sunshine outside the hospital, when I notice a gorgeous redhead, in this red and white checkered dress (leaving little to the imagination) coming up the hospital entrance with a big pitcher of ice cold grapefruit juice in one hand and a book of poetry in the other. I guess she figured that if I couldn't come to her, she would come to me!

As she came closer I recognized First Lieutenant Shelley Berger and wondered just who she had come to see. I was truly dumfounded when she marched up to my hospital bed in all of her civilian female finery! (By then I had been warned and had returned to my sick bed before she came in.) Well, one thing led to another, and during the summer of 1944, we had a number of dates. Clearly, Shelley's grapefruit juice entrapment had worked! So much for female intuition! She didn't know I had been raised on an orange grove.



Horace Drew and Shelley Rae Drew

In October 1944 our Division was ordered to combat with a scheduled departure date sometime in mid November, 1944. It was a closely guarded secret as to whether we would be sent to the Pacific or European Theaters.

Shelley and I had grown quite close by then and we discussed this new development and what it would mean for our relationship. We finally decided to get married before I went overseas rather than wait. I sent for my parents, and we were married on October 28, 1944, in the Episcopal Church in Hattiesburg. Colonel Eric Storm, two of Shelley's army friends, and my parents served as our witnesses and attendants. My parents thought they were coming up only to pick up my car and were surprised and shocked to learn of the impromptu wedding. Shelley and I then enjoyed an all-too brief honeymoon at the then famous Edgewater Gulf Hotel in Biloxi, Mississippi.

The War was quickly becoming an intrusive part of our lives. This was brought home by an incident that occurred shortly after Shelley and I were married. I sent a Red Cross Telegram from Camp Shanks, New York (our departure point under a communications "blackout" at the time) to Shelley, and was later reprimanded for my breach of security. I merely wired her a request for ten dollars, but Division G-2 thought it was a prearranged code between Shelley and me. Unfortunately it was not! Despite all of this, while the wire didn't work, through our Division Red Cross Officer, I was able to entice my bride of three weeks to New York. Wartime restrictions limited hotel stays to one night, so we were forced to stay in several different hotels for the few days before my Division departed. Although the time was terribly strained by what we all knew was to come, the occasion was still a joyous one and will never be replaced in my memory.

Her godfather who gave her away when we were married, was Colonel Eric Storm of Vermont. Colonel Storm was a dear and close friend to us both and met with us during our brief second honeymoon in New

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THE WAR INTERLUDE

(Continued from Page 34)

York. I felt better having him available at Camp Shelby to look after my new bride after I left for Europe. He was in charge of the Signal Corps at Camp Shelby, Mississippi where Shelley was assigned as Signal Officer. We both looked upon him as a sort of foster father, but in truth, he was much more!

The Division departed by train for the New York Port of embarkation from Camp Shelby and on or about November 9, 1944 at 4:00 a.m. Shelley and my parents saw us off in a tearful farewell. We truly did not know whether we would ever see each other again!

During the first month I was gone, Shelley, in honor of her marriage, decided to learn to drive. She picked as her victim, a new jeep from the motor pool at Camp Shelby, and set out to break it in. When she came to a curve, instead of following the bend, she continued to go straight and struck a large pine tree, doing great damage to the jeep. Apparently, through the influence of Colonel Storm, the later Military Board of Inquiry, in some convoluted fashion determined that the pine tree had absolutely no business growing where it did, and was therefore solely at fault in the accident. I still kid her about this "court martial." She was completely vindicated in the course of the proceedings, and the pine tree was the one indicted.

On The High Seas: The Kungsholm

It was Thanksgiving 1944. The Mid-Atlantic was at its worst. Mighty 35 foot waves broke over the bow of the SS Kungsholm sweeping the ship from stem to stern. The 60-ship convoy, of which the Kungsholm was the flagship, pitched, rolled and wallowed on either side and behind us.

Because the seas were so tumultuous, we knew that the ever present German wolfpack was unlikely to attack, and our normal zigzag pattern was modified to a forward motion. The 3,000 soldiers of the United States 69th Infantry Division packed on board had gotten over much of their seasickness during the first three days from New York. However, many of the men enclosed tightly below ship were still very ill and the stench was unbearable below the decks.

The Kungsholm, or John Ericsson (as it was also known), was reputed to be the luxury flagship of the Swedish Merchant Marine. We were told that she was built before the war by the King of Sweden for the Swedish movie actress Greta Garbo. Her fittings were in gold and ivory and the ship probably would have been luxurious under different circumstances. However, we were cramped with six officers in a small stateroom and enlisted men stacked six deep in hammocks below deck.

We were bound for Southampton, England, and we all knew our chances of getting there were not that good. The German wolfpacks had been preying heavily on the Allied Convoys to England.

Our only real diversion from fear, seasickness and the rough weather was a baby Canadian "flattop" carrier, that rode the waves only a few hundred yards astern of the Kungsholm. Her sole distinction was that she carried on board some Canadian WACS. Even in their stiff woolen uniforms it was a welcome sight to see them come out on the landing deck and strip down for their morning exercise in view of the entire convoy. At that point, much of the work on board would cease, and everyone would get out their field glasses to enjoy the view astern.

The small destroyer escorts flanking the convoy would go entirely out of sight between the monstrous waves, and we on board this 20,000 ton ship felt great sympathy for the sailors on those small vessels and the hardships they were enduring in those mammoth seas. We were most grateful to them for keeping company with us and in deterring the wolfpack attacks in the absence of the larger convoy destroyers that had been called to even more urgent duties.

The signal lamps from our flagship constantly signaled the other sixty-odd vessels of the convoy to remain close to guard against a U-Boat attack. In these very heavy seas, the skippers were reluctant to do this for fear of collision, so there was a constant "sheep-dogging" of the lagging old liberty tankers and other vessels whose top speed did not exceed ten knots, and who held the convoy down to the speed of the slowest of them.

We all came to dread those rare interludes when the rough weather abated and the seas became relatively calm. It was at this time that the wolfpacks would move in and the sky would be livid with burning oil from the tankers on our flanks who received hits. At these times, the individual ships of the convoy were each pretty much on their own, and would spread out in order that each ship could do a zig-zag pattern in irregular directions so as to avoid the torpedoes. These were very tense times and each man was aware of it by the knots of apprehension in his stomach.

During these times, the destroyer escorts and other escort vessels would lay down patterns of mines and the sea and air would reverberate with the constant detonations from these attempts to deter the wolfpacks. As valiant as these attempts were, they were no match for the seasoned U-Boat skippers, and invariably the Nazi submarines would score hits on the ships of our convoy.

Unfortunately, the ships of the convoy were under strict orders not to stop to succor a torpedoed ship and thereby become sitting ducks! Instead, the destroyer escorts were to bravely attempt to do this by momentary pauses in the sea to pick up survivors. This was not always successful. The burning oil made survivorship from torpedo attacks most difficult and rare. Nevertheless the will to live was strong in all of us, and we each thought we would survive to fight Hitler in Europe in the next few weeks.

(Continued on Page 36)

THE WAR INTERLUDE

(Continued from Page 35)

My brief honeymoon was only a sweet memory in this late November 1944, as the huge waves of the North Atlantic storm smashed against and over the Kungsholm. For the next two weeks, we at times zagged through the submarine wolfpacks, completely blacked out and running at flank speed. During these times, the only light came from the burning tankers on the edges of the convoy who were unlucky enough to take hits from live torpedoes.

On Thanksgiving Day, the officers enjoyed turkey with all the trimmings in the beautiful dining salon on board this luxurious vessel. We all sneaked some food down to our friends in the enlisted quarters where the chow lines ran around the clock, but were not so luxurious nor the food so good.

Winchester

We finally made southern England after Thanksgiving 1944 and the convoy broke up. The Kungsholm, with advance elements of the Fighting 69th Infantry Division on board, made her way up the Thames (Tems) River some 20 miles to the southern port of Southampton. There we disembarked and went up to Winchester, the ancient capitol of England, some 60 miles south of London.

In Winchester those of us comprising the advance division headquarters gathered the elements of the 69th Infantry Division around us for final training and equipping. The Division Headquarters was situated in the Boys School at Winchester. The old British families still situated near the ancient capitol did their best to make us feel at home. There were several weekend dances and I remember that a favorite dance was the "*Lambeth Walk*." The great-grandson of Alfred Lord Tennyson was one of our hosts. I remember him well; he was a jolly fellow with a bulbous nose and usually tipsy. He closely resembled the actor W.C. Fields.

Although the area was muddy and not suitable for the housing of a division, even under field conditions, everyone made the best of it, and the British did their best for us during the short time we were there.

I spent only a few days in Winchester. Then as a Division G-3 Liaison Officer, I was sent to the U.K. Base, Eisenhower's Headquarters at Grovesnor Square in London. (In war, G-3 controls division combat operations.) Along with other liaison officers from other units of the United States Armed Forces, I was briefed daily in the War Room at U.K. Base, and in turn relayed this information in person or by courier to my Division in Winchester so they would be up to date on the battle situation in Europe across the Channel.

London At War

The first night I arrived in London was cold, foggy, and memorable. It was in early December 1944. I was given a billet in an old English house about six blocks from Grovesnor Square that required an hour to find in the war blackout and heavy fog. The Irish landlady

had endured several years of intense air bombing and obviously had little respect for newly-arrived American soldiers. The rockets and other weapons Hitler used were aimed directly at London.

Displaying typical British hospitality, however, my austere landlady guided me to my room and dutifully followed with a cup of tea. We had barely settled in our seats by the window when a V-2 (Vengeance 2) rocket from across the Channel came in and hit a few blocks away. Those blocks were completely destroyed. The large window at my elbow suddenly burst inward with the blast, and debris followed. We both ducked to the floor. This was my initiation to war in England. My landlady and I suffered only minor cuts and abrasions from the V-2 Blast and continued our tea. However, the poor American WACS in the Selfridge Annex a short distance away were not so lucky and were obliterated. What a relief it was to know that Shelley was safe in the States.

During my succeeding weeks in England, the V-2s continued to come in, usually around 4:00 a.m. in the morning. The first sound you would hear would be this enormous blast that would take out several city blocks, and then seconds later a sound like a nearby freight train approaching at full steam. This was the following sound wave behind the V-2 rocket traveling faster than the speed of sound.

Just to keep things interesting, the Germans interspersed the V-2s with the infamous V-1 or "Buzzbomb," at all hours of the day and night. British Ack-Ack on the coast did their best to shoot these V-1s down, but invariably some got through. These little, unmanned planes would fly over us at considerable height and were completely safe to the watcher until they ran out of petrol, and then they would take a straight dive to the earth. Woe be to anyone unfortunate enough to be beneath a V-1 when this happened!

As harassing and annoying as the V-1s and V-2s were, with the uncertainty of their targets, they were nothing compared to the previous saturation bombing of London that had taken out the old part of the town and the City Docks completely. During that earlier period, much of London gathered in the underground (The London Subway), far below the surface of the city and waited the destruction out. Even when I arrived, many Londoners still lived and slept in the underground, but most took their chances going about their everyday duties since the V-1s and V-2s were, for the most part, like lightning, unannounced by the air raid sirens.

At the United Kingdom Base in London I was given secret intelligence information for the Division from a huge war map in the top secret War Room of the Base daily. This room was kept under constant guard. We were admitted only briefly each morning to view the disposition of all the troops on both sides fighting on the European Continent, and to be briefed and make our notes to our respective Divisions.

(Continued on Page 37)

THE WAR INTERLUDE

(Continued from Page 36)

Around December 8, 1944, it became apparent to most of us from the war maps that the Germans were building up a heavily armored force just east of the Ardennes in preparation for some sort of strike. This turned out to be all too true, and on or about December 16, 1944, German General Von Rundstedt lunged through the Ardennes to try to reach Antwerp on the Dutch coast and to establish a new port and supply line for a beleaguered Germany. This later became known as "The Battle of the Bulge." For the next few weeks, it was the Allies' bad luck that the weather closed in preventing the use of our superior air power against this powerful German ground force.

Unhampered from the air, the German armored forces made great progress through the Ardennes and trampled our troops to bloody smithereens in the process. Some divisions, such as the 99th Infantry Division (which my Division supplanted), were almost completely wiped out, leaving only a few units and cooks and bakers to fight alone against the approaching Mighty German Panzer Divisions.

I have learned only recently that my good friend John Drummond was with the 99th Division when it was struck by Von Rundstedt. He was in one of the surviving units that succeeded in deflecting the German advance southward.

By Christmas 1944, our own Division troops were scattered around the fox farms and small villages on the perimeter of Winchester during final training. It was about this time that two regiments of the fully combat-loaded U.S. 66th Infantry Division, while crossing the English Channel, fell victim to Hitler's midget German submarines. This attack was part of Hitler's ploy to interrupt the arrival of our supporting troops.

During this time my Division was required to supply about 2,300 Infantry reinforcements to the 99th, 2nd, 106th and 28th Infantry Divisions that had been decimated in the "Battle of the Bulge" on the Continent. Thus it was that our engineer battalions and replacements were suddenly retrained as combat infantry to replace the vacancies so created in The Infantry Regiments of our own Division. This caused a momentary pause in our progress toward the European front and the Siegfried Line.

It was not all work in London during the month or so that I stayed there. On Christmas, 1944, I remember going to a cricket match outside London on the Underground, and on other occasions, to several good British plays in Piccadilly. The progress of these plays was very often interrupted by the air raid sirens announcing the German "buzz bombs" or the V-2s. When these sirens sounded, all of the audience managed to quickly find a place on the floor of the theater, and the players would also hit the deck on the stage, leaving a quiet lifeless theater during the continuance of the air raid. The British seemed used to this and the

show would go on just as soon as the air raid warnings stopped howling.

I clearly remember seeing an excellent performance of the play "Blythe Spirit" starring the famous actors Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontaine. These seasoned actors would show their disdain for Hitler by continuing the play uninterrupted despite the air raids. This was theater at its best! I enjoyed it all the more because these were rare interludes in a bitter and bloody war.

During our G-3 training visits to the English fox farms for supervision of the Engineers' Infantry Combat training, I remember how grateful our British hosts were. They not only welcomed us, but fed us bountifully and, on occasion, even offered us a night with their wives. These ladies were usually somewhat older than us and although I did not find this situation appealing personally, I could not help but be profoundly grateful for their complete and generous hospitality.

In January 1945, all of these good things in London came to an end and I was assigned to an advance unit of the 69th Infantry Division. Our assignment was to cross the English Channel and spearhead the way to a designated fighting area of the Siegfried Line for the Division's advance there.

Part II will appear in the next issue of the Bulletin beginning with the Siegfried Line.

A new book by Ralph H. Baldwin,

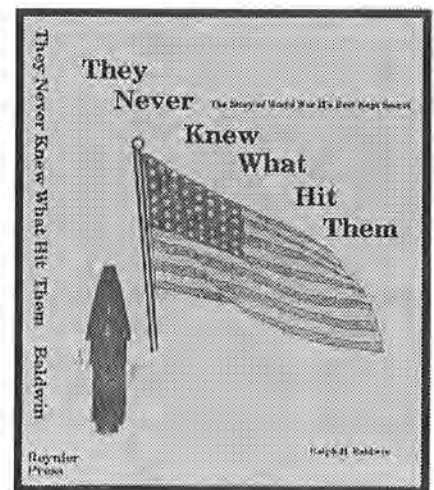
They Never Knew What Hit Them

Tells the history of the main secret weapon of World War II, why it was needed, and how it was designed, made, tested and used. It was the world's first "smart weapon," the radio proximity fuze.

As an anti-aircraft weapon, fired from 5"/38 naval guns, it protected the fleet from Japanese planes, allowing it to venture into Japanese waters far sooner than originally planned. It stopped the German buzz-bomb attacks on London and Antwerp. As an anti-personnel weapon it devastated the German infantry in the Battle of the Bulge using howitzer shells. This magnificent fuze had a five tube (glass) radio in its nose. When it sensed its emitted radio waves reflected from a target plane or ground, it caused the shell to burst in the most lethal position.

This tremendous effort by American science and industry shortened the war by perhaps a year and the enemy General Staffs never knew of it.

Submitted by: **Howitzer Al Kormas, Hq., 879th F.A.**



Bill Tidwell writes . . .

Company L, 271st Regiment
9850 Orion Lake Circle
Navarre, Florida 32566
Telephone: 850/939-8165



First, I would like to tell you a little about my military track record. Perhaps someone from Company L will remember me.

I enlisted in the army in 1940 in the coast artillery. I dodged Fort Benning, Georgia, and was assigned to Fort Taylor, Key West, Florida, at \$21.00 a month. Beer was five cents a glass. After a few months I went to Fort Eustis, Virginia and then to an army base in Lynn, Massachusetts. I spent two years at St. Loucia in the British West Indies. In March of 1944, I was assigned to the 69th Infantry Division at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. There I got it all from "Bolte's Bivouacing Bastards," as we all remember.

In Company L, we did our part preparing young soldiers for combat. I was raised in the cotton fields of Texas, living under conditions similar to training for combat, heat, cold and long hours in the field. I was able to withstand "The Three B's" combat training. I stayed with Company L until the end of the war. I was awarded the Bronze Star on high points. I was returned to the states for discharge at Camp Atterbury, Indiana. I was discharged a T/Sergeant and given the famous ruptured duck and back to Texas I went. I got married and was struggling to make a living. After nine months, I re-enlisted in the army again. As a Pfc., I was assigned to Fort Hood, Texas. After a couple of months, I shipped out to Japan assigned to the 25th Infantry Division, Osaka, Japan. After three years I was discharged again. Back to Texas I went, struggling again. In 1949, after 5 months, I reenlisted in the Air Force as a Staff Sergeant. For the next 14 years I spent 6 years in Japan, (2 hitches), three years in France and the other five years I was at Travis AFB, James Connally AFB and Perrin AFB in Sherman, Texas where I retired in

1963 as a Master Sergeant. I must say I had a fabulous career with many memories while serving my country.

Today, I am 83 years old, married and I have 6 kids, all doing well. I live at Navarre, Florida, six miles from Hurlburt Field, AFB. When I get old, I hope I feel as good as I do now.

Now, onto my wet story that sticks with me and no doubt, three others. As the war was winding down, Company L was dug in on the Mulde River. We were getting some incoming artillery fire and a few German patrols. That didn't stop four of us; **Capt. Davidson**, our CO (a very brave man and leader), two other G.I.s, that I remember well but can't recall their names, and myself. We took it upon ourselves to go across the river to a village and get some beverages. We went to the river, (it was about midnight), got a two man boat and the four of us got in the little boat and shoved off. As we got about 3/4ths of the way across the river, (it was very deep and swift), the boat went CHUG! There we were getting rid of our rifles and swimming for our lives to reach the bank. Fortunately, we were all good swimmers and made it to the bank onto dry land in enemy territory. We were wet and cold, jumping up and down, flapping our arms and trying to keep warm. After a couple of hours a friendly patrol spotted us. They got a boat and rescued us. The rest you can imagine. Needless to say we were lucky and happy with a memory that doesn't go away. We never did get the beverages!

This is an Andy Rooney write-up in a textbook that my daughter uses in Kansas.

APRIL 25, 1945: GIS MEET SOVIET TROOPS

Lilacs bloomed and the sun shone on April 25, 1945, as American soldiers battling the Germans from the west approached their Soviet allies fighting from the east. Victory was in the air, and as the armies neared the Elbe River south of Berlin, small patrols of Americans drove out in jeeps to meet their Soviet comrades-in-arms. Throughout the day Soviet and American soldiers embraced for the first time. Andy Rooney, staff writer for the armed forces newspaper, Stars and Stripes, caught the moment:

There was a mad scene of jubilation on the east and west banks of the Elbe at Torgau as infantrymen of Lt. General Courtney H. Hodges swapped K rations for a vodka with soldiers of Marshal Kornian's Ukrainian Army, congratulating each other on the link-up.

Men of the 69th Division sat on the banks of the Elbe in warm sunshine today with no enemy in front of them or behind them and watched their new Russian friends and listened to them as they played accordion and sang Russian songs.

The Russian soldiers are the most carefree bunch that ever came together in an army. They would best be described as exactly like Americans, only twice as much. You get the feeling of exuberance, a great new world opening up.

— Andy Rooney, April 28th, 1945
"Good Soldiers Meet," *Stars and Stripes*

Company C, 272nd Infantry Regiment

Submitted by: **Eddie O'Donoghue**
1426 35th Street, Sacramento, California 95816-5310



*Raymond Strausbaugh, John Walker,
William Strickland and Edwin E. (Don) O'Donoghue*



Keel, Germany: Anthony Cucinotta, Fraulein, Frank Himes and Junior L. Moser.



The Firing Squad. Fooling around outside Torgau.



*2nd Lt. Langdon H. Tannehill
Platoon Leader*



*Photo Center:
S/Sergeant
Raymond Brown
Squad Leader*



*Photo Right:
Pfc. Edwin
O'Donoghue
fooling around*



Pfc. George R. Casey



*Part of the
Ukrainian Army*

*Photo taken
outside Berlin - 1945*

One-Two-Three Artillery

Submitted By: **Stephen Rojewicz**

881st Field Artillery Battalion

135 Endicott Street

Worcester, Massachusetts 01610-1944

The Fighting 69th Infantry Division, as did all, had 15,000 men of whom 2,000 were in division artillery or Divarty. My combat days were as a wagon soldier so permit me to give a few words of praise and honor to American artillery which was very, very good.

There were 3 battalions of 105's and one of 155's. A battalion of 105's had a headquarters and service battery (company) and three firing batteries, A, B and C. The projectiles were separate loading and consisted of high explosive, armor piercing, phosphorus and propaganda.

When a combat area was reached, the guns were laid. The cannon are properly called guns. To call the rifle our great infantry carried a gun was incorrect.

Almost all communication was by phone lines strung by headquarters battery. Officer forward observers, up front with the infantry, equipped with calibrated field glasses, phones and a chart of the area, would spot a target and call Fire Direction Center, saying, for example, "Enemy tanks. Checkpoint Charley is 200 over and 100 yards left. Request smoke" (phosphorus).

Flag Direction Center was where our association president, **Jim Boris**, and yours truly operated. Assorted officers, including **Colonel William Brooks**, specialists and technicians were on hand.

The target area was quickly plotted and an officer would designate a battery (or batteries) for the mission. For example: "Baker-fire mission" and the coordinates of the target would be given. The other guns would also adjust. Very soon was heard, "On the way." The FO would see the burst and make needed corrections. When the fire round was within 50 yards of the target, he said, "Range correct, deflection correct; fire for effect." All the guns then continued firing until the FO said, "Cease firing; end of mission."

Sounds simple but there was so much to it. Weather reports came in and only **Jim Boris** understood the numbers which translated to the strength of the powder charge for our separate loading ammo. Sometimes the missions were directed by an airplane so radio was used.

My job was to subtract - still doing it with my never balanced checkbook. On a clipboard were the three firing batteries and what ammo each one had. Only once was it necessary to announce, "Baker has no more high explosive." Glory be. It was right.

What's this about the horrible word "propaganda," and by Americans yet? It was like this. When we knew that we were near the Russians, and not wanting to hurt anyone, we were ordered to fire base-ejection propaganda shells. Paper leaflets are harmless, of course.

My first introduction to the artillery was hearing an officer saying "niner." Every number had to be said separate and "niner" was said for "nine" so as not to confuse it with "five." You adapted quickly, same as for the 24-hour clock.

Our artillery was superb. At one time the order came for a "T on T" or time on target. Each gun had to fire two shells, one at a high angle and one lower and both were to land at the same time on the same target. The seconds between firings and the elevation and depression of the guns was figured out at once. Imagine 24 shells all bursting at once in one spot. Well, we did it. The only comment from the general who ordered this volley, as relayed to us by NCO **Jim Boris** was "The battalion was well massed." This "T on T" could have all the 48 guns of the division in action and even have nearby other divarty involved. It was said that the top of a mountain could be removed.

In retrospect, wars are an awful waste. But our country was at war and the Fighting 69th did its part to a T.

Hitler's Killing Machine

Submitted by: **James R. Kidd**

Company F, 271st Infantry

222 Al-Fan Court, Winchester, Kentucky 40391

The article you ran in the Sept.-Dec. 1999 Bulletin was quite interesting and should prove informative to many who have known little about what Hitler and the Nazis did and planned.

Of course, no exact figures on the numbers of Jews eliminated by the Nazis will ever be known. However, I found some interesting numbers in the 1999 Time Magazine Almanac. It gives the numbers killed in each country in Europe.

Russia, Poland, Baltic	4,500,000
Hungary, Romania	750,000
Germany, Austria	290,000
Netherlands	105,000
France	90,000
Greece	54,000

The Time Almanac also notes that in addition, 9,000,000 to 10,000,000 "undesireables" in all areas of Europe were exterminated. The "undesireables" included Gypsies, Slavs (Poles, Ukrainians and Belarussians), homosexuals and the disabled.

I have read that a number of battalion-sized German units followed the German armies into Russia. These units had the purpose of exterminating all those Hitler wanted eliminated.

Hitler's long-range plans, according to information dug up in recent years, were first, eliminate all Jews in Europe. Then, he would wipe out the entire populations in the vast areas of Russia and Poland. Then, he would populate those areas with Germans.

Much can be learned from reading recent histories of the World War II period. One of the best I have read is the book, *The World at Arms* by Weinberg.

Tracing Our Steps

Submitted by: **Walter Haag**

Battery B, 881st Field Artillery Battalion

420 Paramount Drive, Millbrae, California 94030

On June 10th through June 21st, 1999, I made a trip through Germany. I traveled across the area our 69th Division covered from the Rhine River east to Torgau on the Elbe River. In particular, I attempted to see the towns, cities, etc. that my outfit, Battery B, 881st Field Artillery went through back on March 28th through May 1st, 1945. Bonn, Coblenz, Kassel and Leipzig were the large cities. It was a thrill to see after 54 years and think back of then and now.

I have sent some photos of places I found which we had occupied or gone through. I didn't find them all but those I recorded were Bonn (Remagen), Ft. Ehrenbreitstein (Coblenz), Landwehrhagen (Kassel area), Luttenberg, Hedemunden (Hann Munden area), Heiligenstadt, Schlotheim, Borna, Threna, Liebertwolkwitz (Leipzig area), Grethen and Leuna. Leuna is where we occupied the I.G. Farben Complex (Leuna-Werke) at war's end. It manufactured synthetic products and had been bombed 18 times in 1944 and 45.

From Leipzig, I drove to Torgau on the Elbe. I ended my Deutschland trip by visiting relatives in Esslingen. All in all I drove 2,432 kilometers. (EDITOR'S NOTE: More pictures will appear in next issue of bulletin.)



Walt Haag at Ludendorf Bridge destroyed by the Germans. 69th Division crossed the Rhine on Pontoon bridge adjacent to this site 28 March 45.



Main gate of I.G. Farben plant. We billeted here at the end of the war until the Russians took it over.



Ft. Ehrenbreitstein in Coblenz, Germany. The Quad Parade Ground. We were here in March of 1945.



Napoleon Monument. 69th F.A. fired on this in the Battle of Leipzig from Liebertwolkwitz 6 miles out.

Company B, 269th Combat Engineers

Submitted by: **Frank Nemeth, Company B**
66 Gaping Rock Road.
Levittown, Pennsylvania 19057-3410

Well, the days are getting closer and we'll be in Atlanta for another reunion. Hope you guys are making plans to attend since it's supposed to be a good place for a reunion. Glad to see that **Clyde Dickert** sent in some photos of "H&S" Company. It was good to see some of those faces again. I'm sure a lot of you have photos to send in of our time in the 269th and it would be nice to see Co. A and Co. C photos also. Dottie will return your photos to you, that's for sure.



*Sgt. Webb, Hall, Thorpe and T/4 Foster
heading for Gulfport*



*Podbelski, Leo Stecker, Fred Ellis,
Charlie Myers, Harry - March 1944*



Company B, 2nd Platoon: 1st Row: Lt. Nehmer, John Lenihan, unknown, unknown, John Bijack, Elmer Stump, Oscar Davidson, Nick Figaro, Bill Letts, unknown, unknown, Joe Meter, Sgt. Clem Sorenson. 2nd Row: unknown, unknown, Darrell Orn, Buddie Banhart, Billy Blackburn, Frank Nemeth, John Pszekaza, Jr. Edmundson. 3rd Row: unknown, Frank Smith, Deacon Stevenson, unknown, David McCullum, Fred Lewis, unknown, Darrell Shepherd



Al Bono and John Lenihan at Camp Shelby



Don Reynolds at Camp Shelby

**Anyone Recognize
These Fellows?**



Hey guys, we need your help. This photo is from our archives. From the back of the photo, we believe the first man's name may be McCorkle and the second man we are pretty sure is Michael Sontas but we don't know the details. We are waiting to hear from you.

**National D-Day Museum
Opens in New Orleans**

A new World War II museum has opened in New Orleans and promises to be the best of its kind anywhere in the world. The museum is a 16,000 sq. foot gallery divided into four state-of-the-art interactive exhibits that will include oral histories from veterans worldwide, artifacts, documents, photographs, hands-on activities and never before seen film footage.

The displays start by describing life on the home-front in preparation for the upcoming conflict and how all Americans contributed to the war effort. Then you will go on to the section that describes the preparations being made for the D-Day invasion and be confronted with what faced Allied planners in 1944. There is a large recreation of a concrete German command post on the Normandy coast. It features viewing slots that give you a panoramic view of the English Channel and the open invasion beaches. Also there is a display of a concrete bunker that lets you see the scale and complexity of the German fortifications. Of course there is a rich collection of Allied and German artifacts that include guns, weapons, uniforms and equipment. Here you can pick up, put on and examine different pieces of equipment to get a feel for the gear, and much more.

The Museum celebrates the spirit, the teamwork, optimism, courage and sacrifice of the men and women who won World War II and promotes the exploration and expression of these values by future generations.

NATIONAL D-DAY MUSEUM

945 Magazine Street • New Orleans, Louisiana 70130
Phone: 504/527-6012 • E-Mail: Info@DDaymuseum.org

My U.S. Army Experience During WWII

Submitted by: **George Gardin**
Company C, 273rd Infantry Regiment
1978 Bel Air Avenue
San Jose, California 95126-1503
E-Mail: georgenhank@yahoo.com

30 March 1944: Order to report for induction from Local Board #111, 991 Main Street, Santa Clara, California, Order #13674.

26 April 1944: Boarded the train at 4:30 p.m. at the S.P. Depot in San Jose, California for the ride to the induction Center at the Presidio of Monterey, California.

27 April 1944: Was sworn into the U.S. Army. Attended orientation classes and received shots, clothing and a GI haircut. After a few days, was allowed to go home on a pass before leaving for Infantry Basic Training in Camp Joseph T. Robinson near Little Rock, Arkansas.

6 May 1944 (approx): Boarded Troop Train for trip to Arkansas via Amarillo, Texas. After many days of being side tracked from time to time with forward and backwards movement on the rails and sleepless nights we arrived in Little Rock and were trucked to Camp Robinson. This was to be our new home for the next four months.

14 May 1944 (approx): Basic training begins as we are assigned to our barracks. We attended orientation sessions and were assigned to a company platoon and squad for this training period of Army life. The first things we learned were how to "Police the Area" which means to pick up anything on the company street area that did not "WALK or CRAWL." We were directed in the proper way to make our beds and to keep our foot locker in order for barracks inspection days. We also were scheduled for R.P. and Guard Duty from time to time. We were assigned an M1 Rifle and learned the proper way to dismantle, clean and put them back together in record time. The Cadre taught us how to "Stand at Attention" at "Parade Rest" and how "Close Order Drill" should be performed. We learned that we have a left foot and a right foot and how to skip a step when marching off cadence. We were introduced to mosquitoes, ticks and chiggers while on maneuvers in the back country of Arkansas. We made short and long hikes and marches with day packs and full field packs on our backs. We learned how to get through rifle inspection without getting our thumb smashed the second time while releasing the bolt on the M1 rifle.

June 1944: I earned a medal for becoming a marksman with the M1 rifle. I qualified on the 1-2-3-4 and 500 yard shooting range distances. While at the shooting range we also fired the B.A.R. (Browning automatic rifle) and the 30 caliber machine gun at targets.

July/Aug. 1944: We continued to perfect all phases of training in the field. Challenging the obstacle courses and daily exercise kept us in top physical shape. The crawling on our backs under barbed wire while live fire tracer bullets passed overhead was a critical experience. During our training it was not all work. We were able to get weekend passes and board a bus to Little Rock. There were "Off Limits" areas of the city for G.I.s so we stayed clear of these Posted Areas. We enjoyed going to the downtown movie shows and the recreation parks. One of the large parks had a large swimming pool and high diving boards and also many fun rides for everyone.

9 Sept. 1944: My Basic Training at Camp Robinson was completed. I was allowed to board a train for my hometown San Jose, California for a well deserved two week furlow. I visited with family and friends for about a week and then boarded the train again to arrive in Camp Shelby, Mississippi on the time allotted.

21 Sept. 1944: Reported to 69th Division Headquarters in Camp Shelby near Hattiesburg, Mississippi. Attended orientation sessions and then was transported to the back country of Mississippi where war maneuvers were in progress, the beginning of a 30 day event. I was assigned to the First Platoon of Company "C" of the 273rd Infantry Regiment. Our activities involved "mock" situations where the "Red Army" is in battle with the "Blue Army." At times the field monitors would tell us that we were under enemy fire and were considered wounded or dead. Everyday was a new battle and we were considered alive, so we did not have a chance to "Dog It" by being captured or presumed dead for very long. All bridges crossing streams were considered to be blown up. All crossings were to be waded across, small or large, with rifles held high above our heads. Shoes and clothes would get wet but they dried out in a short time due to the heat and humid weather there. Our boots would slosh with each step until they too would dry out after a mile or so. The best parts of these field maneuvers in the back country was the location of melons and moonshine areas. We would enjoy the fresh fruit and take a nip of booze to ease our aching muscles. These battle simulations we encountered during our maneuvers, I feel put us steps ahead in readiness for combat. After we returned to camp from field maneuvers we were allowed passes to visit the town and bars of Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

31 Oct. 1944 (approx.): Boarded troop train in Hattiesburg for Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, the Overseas Processing Center. Spent about two weeks at this location. Checked off list of required equipment and attended orientation sessions. Was allotted two weekend passes to New York. Got together with **Joe Lanza** who lived in Mamaroneck, New York for a visit and to meet his family and sister Mary whom I dated on the second weekend pass. They were all very nice

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people and made me feel at home during these visits. I thanked them for their hospitality before leaving for overseas and promised to write often when possible.

14 Nov. 1944: Boarded train for New York Port of Embarkation with all of our gear such as full field pack, gas mask, M1 rifle, steel helmet, overcoat and duffel bag. As our last names were called we answered with our first name, etc. and proceeded up the gang-plank onto the ship. This ship was either a "Victory" or a "Liberty" type troop ship. I was glad to finally get on board because it was a long walk and wait from where we got off the train to the ships berth. The Red Cross people were there to serve us coffee and donuts while we waited in line. When on board we were assigned to wall hanging canvas bunks far below deck level. With all of our equipment laying about there was not much room for movement. When allowed we all tried to go on deck to get some fresh air since the sleeping quarters were humed with stale air. I got sick on the third day out, because the weather got bad and the ocean became rough. The ship rocked, rolled and vibrated constantly. Quite a few men got sick and the ship's galley and washrooms began to take its toll. Litter from food trays and vomit hit the floors and sloshed back and forth following the ships movements. The washrooms, toilets and showers were all located in a large open room. Salt water showers added to the humidity and this area also became a mess and had to be washed down constantly. The G.I. curse was going around so we tried to eat only fruits and cheese and crackers. As Thanksgiving Day approached all was going well until the stench of mutton began flowing up the stairway from the ships galley. My stomach did a double take and I did not make it to the washroom. To this day my stomach cannot stand the smell or taste of lamb or mutton.

28 Nov. 1944 (approx.): Much to our delight we arrived at the port of Southampton, England. We boarded trucks which transported us to an area near Andover. Our billets were half round corrugated metal building called "Quonset Huts." For heating they were equipped with coal burning pot belly stoves. In the evenings they were stoked with coal and burned red hot all night. These billets were built on high ground and on a clear day, you could see across the valley to a large airport near Newberry, England. We were told that this was one of the main supply airports operating to and from the front lines. We saw many C-47 cargo and Red Cross aircraft taking off and landing day and night, especially during the Christmas time "Battle of the Bulge" action.

25 Dec. 1944: The "Battle of the Bulge" breakthrough by the Germans was bad news for all of us. Orders came down that 60 men from each rifle company would have to pack up and leave as replacements

for front line duties. The list of names was posted on the company bulletin board and we were advised to check it carefully. Thank goodness my name did not appear on this listing, but a few of my close buddies names were there and we did not hear from them again. Our stay in England lasted approximately a month while waiting for stateside replacements. While waiting we were allowed weekend passes to visit various cities. On one of these outings I got together with **Stan Sutkowski** and we visited the sights of London, England. We also checked out some of the pubs in the famous Piccadilly Circus area. When we got hungry one day we tried out some of the British "fish and chips" from a sidewalk vendor it was very good. Stan took in a stage play while in London. He was lucky someone offered him a free ticket.

10 Jan. 1945: We celebrated my 19th birthday on this date at a local pub with a few of my buddies in England.

22 Jan. 1945: The time had arrived when the 69th Division must be on the move again. We boarded transportation vehicles which took us and our possessions to the Port of Southampton where we boarded an English troop ship for La Harve, France. It took us approximately 20 hours in rough seas to reach our destination. Some of us ran out of food so we asked the British sailors for something to eat and were given tins of sardines which were not very appealing or agreeable with the motion of the ship in rough seas.

23 Jan. 1945: We arrived in the Port of La Harve during a winter storm period and the troop ship dropped anchor off shore. Dragging our duffel bags and all of our possessions we had two choices of exiting the ship to the waiting L.C.I. barge type landing vehicles far below. Most men went over the side and climbed down large cargo nets, others like myself, chose to go down the large canvas chutes with the duffel bags etc. to the landing craft below. When we were finally packed like sardines on this craft they moved us to an off ramp on shore. With all of our possessions, we off loaded through water, slush, snow and rain to a convoy of waiting open racked semi-trailer truck vehicles for an all night ride across France. We had to position our duffel bags and full field packs against the racks to try and shut out the cold weather from reaching us as the vehicles were in forward motion. Again we were packed like sardines but it helped us keep warm. I feel that this 10 hour and 80 mile trip will not be forgotten in the minds of men of the 69th Division who rode with us on that night. We encountered snow, rain, sleet and worst of all, the ice cold foggy mist which lingered about. Thank goodness for the good drivers who allowed us a relief and stretch period after every hour of travel. These stops allowed us to pee, walk around and get blood circulation in our limbs to prevent frostbite.

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24 Jan. 1945: We arrived in the area of Forges Les Eaux, France where we spent several days in and about a large barracks type building. While waiting to acquire replacements we stood formation each day and received orientation. One such day our company commander addressed the formation. He said, "We will be going into combat in the very near future and I want all of you men to get a haircut like mine. He removed his helmet and exposed a G.I. haircut. To my recollection, his orders were carried out during that day and the next before we moved again to a new location.

31 Jan. 1945: On this date we and all of our possessions boarded the famous "Forty and Eight" boxcars for our next move closer to the front lines to a place called "Tent City" near Sissone, France. For heat in these boxcars while traveling we had a coal burning modified 50 gallon drum which had vent holes punched out on the bottom section and a cut section on the top side for feeding the fire. I do not remember any vent pipes attached to this unit but I do remember that we were black with soot from the coal fire when we reached "Tent City." The long lines to the hot showers were worth the wait in the mud and rain. It was also nice to get a hot meal at the transient mess tent for a change. At this point we received some more replacements to fill our vacancies and were issued some ammo.



Transient Mess Tent, France

7 Feb. 1945: About this date we were told to give a thorough search of all of our equipment to see that nothing was missing and all was still in working order, because our next move would take us to the front lines. I believe this is where we left our duffel bags with our extra personal stuff. We boarded the "Forty and Eights" again for a ride to the area of Heppenback, Belgium. We stayed here for several days again picking up a few more replacement personnel. Our squad was still short a B.A.R. man (Browning automatic

rifle) to fill the T.O. of our platoon. Our original B.A.R. man from the states was taken from us in England during the call for troops in the "Battle of the Bulge." I was asked by our squad leader if I would like to fill this position. I told him that I was acquainted with the B.A.R. rifle since during my basic training period I also fired this weapon and learned to disassemble, clean and reassemble it in record time. I then turned in my M1 rifle and picked up my new weapon and harness to carry extra magazines. In all I was equipped with nine magazines, eight in my harness and one in the B.A.R. rifle. I loaded the magazines with either regular tracer, incendiary or armor piercing rounds and a marked mixture of each to accommodate any situation of fire power required.

12 Feb. 1945: We boarded trucks for a ride to Bullingen, Belgium and on to a forest area near Udenbreth. As we dismounted the trucks in this wooded area, we could hear artillery firing and explosions in the distance. We looked at each other and said, "I guess this is it" and I said a quiet prayer for us while getting ready to move up to the front lines. We formed a column and proceeded to walk into the woods following a trail through the trees. We were told to stay on the trail because of the possibility of personnel mines planted in the area. The column slowed as we passed our first sighting of a dead German soldier laying in a foot or more of snow and ice which covered the ground. We were again reminded not to go off the trail or go near any dead soldiers because the area had not been cleared of mines as yet and the bodies may be booby trapped.

After a long hike, we reached our designated area to occupy at the edge of the forest. From this defense position we could see approximately 100 yards in front of the main border highway between Belgium and Germany and the valley below extending about a mile or two beyond the Siegfried Line where pillbox emplacements were located. We could also see the village of Meisheid, Germany about 1,000 yards down the hill from our location which was occupied by "B" Company of our 273rd Regiment. I was assigned to a two man dugout which was vacated by the 99th Division troops that we had relieved. The dugout was approx. 5x5x5 feet with an opening approximately 2 feet wide. This hole in the ground was covered with small logs and tree branches and dirt.

After getting situated I had time to think of where we were and the steps we had taken to get us here. It all seemed like I was coming out of a dream at this period of time. Putting together all of the events which have taken place in my tour of duty up to this point made me realize that this was all real life and a point of no return. All the training that I had received and acquired would now come into play if I was to go through this war alive.

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During our stay at this location we had many days when a fog mist would blow in and linger for a long while. On one such night we were called on alert by the weapons platoon covering our right flank. They had heard sounds of movement in front of their position and called for a "Halt" and the "Password." Getting no response they again called but the movement continued and no response. They elected to fire a machine gun burst in the direction of the sound. After this burst of fire no movement was heard. We remained on alert status all night until the next morning when the fog had lifted. All were surprised to see a dead horse laying in the field between the road and the forest.

We held our position here in Reserve from the 12th of February 1945 to about the 27th of February 1945. We were harassed almost daily by the German artillery rockets called "Screaming Meemies," which did not do much damage in our area but scared the crap out of us. Our latrines were slit trenches dug in back of our positions in the woods. If you needed to use these facilities at night, knowing the correct password for the day was critical. Due to the eating arrangements here, many of us had the G.I.s and we traded for C or K rations with cheese and crackers. The cheese and crackers diet helped to curtail the extra trips to the slit trenches.

My assistant B.A.R. man replacement arrived from the states and he shared my dugout hole in the ground. His name was **James Hart**. We took turns on guard for a few hours each night. By this time I was able to become awake instantly when any unusual sound was heard. I did not enjoy waking up to the sound of his snoring when he was suppose to be awake on guard protecting me. From the day he arrived he told me that this Army Infantry life was not for him and he wanted to go home. I am sorry to write that he did get sent home but sadly he was killed on the first day of our combat action in the Village of Kamberg, Germany on the 27th of February 1945 when he became separated from our group during an enemy artillery barrage on this village.

As the days passed at our location, reconnaissance patrols were sent out from time to time to gather information in enemy territory which would be useful for a follow up combat patrol action. Since I was a B.A.R. man and the next recon patrol wanted extra fire power available in case of a problem, I joined with the patrol to check out a route through a mine field between the village of Miescheid and pillbox fortification #17 across the Siegfried Line. Our column followed a lead man who operated a land mine detector and placed a marker on each one found. Each time a mine was detected the word was passed back through the column quietly, "A Mine." After reaching our objective

limits we returned by the same route with out incident documenting the route taken, mine locations, etc. - information needed for future combat patrols.

22 Feb. 1945: In the village of Miescheid men from "A" & "B" company were making preparations for an attack on pillbox #17. During their final orientation and briefing in the basement of the farmhouse an accident occurred. It was suspected that one of the fuses on a satchel charge was somehow accidentally started which set off an explosion killing approximately 51 men and injuring many others. Hearing the report of this accident made this a sad day for all of us back on the line.

27 Feb. 1945: Our company, acting as a support unit in reserve, pushed off on the offensive leaving our dugout positions behind. We crossed the main highway and down the lane through the village of Miescheid. As I remembered we crossed the valley and followed the Pether River around the hills to a point looking up to the village of Kamberg which was occupied by the lead elements of our 273rd Regiment. This village was approximately 1000 yards up this open hill area with no cover anywhere.

After resting for a while we were ordered to move out and follow the dirt road up the hill. When we got about half way up the hill, the Germans fired a barrage of 88 artillery shells which burst and created large craters near the edge of the village. Everyone hit the dirt. As we did so, we could hear shrapnel and debris singing over our heads and some dropping nearby. As I looked up after saying a prayer, I saw some of the soldiers jump into some of these craters for protection. After a few minutes a second round of artillery shells exploded on the village. I did not hear of anyone getting hurt from this action because we were all on double time moving up the hill and being directed to various building and basements in the area for cover. I remembered being holed up in a basement which was also used as a company command post. While here we were able to get some food and rest. There was only one more barrage of shelling from which we felt the vibrations. Some of our men in our squad got separated during the shelling so we had to regroup and get new orders before moving out. My assistant ammo carrier, **James Hart**, was not accounted for at that time but we found out later that he was killed in action that day. (No other detailed information available.)

The next day we were told to move out to the northern outskirts of the village and to dig in temporary slit trenches and wait for new orders. This was an open area with only a few trees and a wooded area a few hundred yards away. The ground was hard. As we dug slowly we looked up and saw a P-38 in a dog fight with a M.E.-109 high in the sky. We lost them in the clouds after a while.

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As we proceeded to dig deeper we could hear the German large railroad guns firing at targets. These projectiles sounded like a freight train flying across the landscape and they hit with a thud - no explosion. The loud swooooooshing and growlllll sound made the hair on the back of your neck stand up. Just about the time our slit trenches were dug, we had a surprise attack in which several small caliber mortar rounds sent pinging sounds around our area as they exploded. We hit our slit trenches and waited for the next volley but none came. The next sound we heard was that of an armored tank coming down from the north which turned out to be one of our own Sherman Tanks. We felt that the sound of this American tank saved our platoon from the likelihood of more mortar rounds being fired on our position and some of our men getting hurt.

After this incident we proceeded on the road north to the area of Schmidtheim for a breather. From this location we continued to remain in Reserve acting in support for our offense combat teams spearheading the drive into the heart of Germany. Most of our travel from here on was done by either walking or riding trucks or tanks between towns, villages or cities. Most of our time was taken up by follow up action in searching of German guns, ammo and stray German soldiers who were by-passed or left behind by their fleeing units.

We occupied towns and villages only long enough to clear the areas, find a place to sleep and rest and also to await for our supplies to arrive. Some of our guys found good wine to drink and a supply of fresh eggs to eat and also some good German dark bread. In this same area we found a vacant home with nice down feather beds to sleep upon and a kitchen to cook some food. Of course we made the beds when we left.

27 March 1945: On this approximate date we reached the Rhine River. As we disembarked from our convoy of trucks we were greeted by Red Cross trucks which treated us to coffee and donuts. We waited our turn as flat bottom boats ferried other soldiers across to a village on the other side. Each house in this village displayed a white flag. We made a house to house search and found a few small hand guns. The Burgermeister delivered a few stray German soldiers and their rifles who wanted to surrender. No other serious action was encountered during this period.

28 March 1945 through approx. 5 April 1945: We walked and rode on tanks (elements of the 661st Tank Destroyer Battalion) as our movement proceeded in the direction of Kassel, Germany. As we were approaching the bombed out city, we observed a lot of burned out tanks, halftracks and other war vehicles on the sides of the road and fields. Some were still smoldering. The sound of artillery could be heard in the distance as we got closer to the city. The 69th Division's

forward spearhead combat units were engaged in an attack towards the town of Hann Munden. Our group skirted the Kassel area and entered a forest for a rest.

5 April 1945 (approx. date): Following lead elements of the 3rd Battalion we remained in the woods for a period of time in reserve. Later we were ordered to move up through the woods near the outer perimeter of the forest. From this area we could see across a large open circular meadow down to a small village and the woods on the other side. At this same time we could hear and see some of the forward combat troops being pinned down under enemy fire along the road in this open area. It appeared that around this period of



*Sgt. Gaylord Enos
Taken June 1945 at
Mulde River Bridge
outpost cabin near
Colditz, Germany.*

time that our Platoon Leader, **2nd Lt. Daniel L. Schuler** and our Platoon Tec\ **Sgt. Gaylord Enos** had a confliction of ideas on how to take action and proceed. It also appeared that **Lt. Schuler** had ordered **Sgt. Enos** to direct some of the platoon in an exercise which **Sgt. Enos** felt was a foolish move and would put our men in a dangerous position. It appeared that **Sgt. Enos** defied a direct order and was told by **Lt. Schuler** that he was relieved of his command as Platoon Sergeant at that moment on the spot. **S\ Sgt. Pete Pavlik** was appointed temporary platoon sergeant

for the remainder of our war days.

Later our platoon was formed into small combat patrols and our group took the right flank and skirted the edge of the woods. We came across a gun emplacement and spotted German uniforms moving about. They were challenged to surrender and emerged with their hands up over their heads. As we approached them, we could see that they were only young boys about 10 to 14 years of age in German uniforms. They told us that they did not want to fight because they ran out of ammo and that there was another group of boys manning a flack gun emplacement who were also out of ammo and wanted to surrender. This group gave up freely displaying a white flag. Before moving on we made both of these gun emplacements inoperable.

At this point we regrouped and our first scout, **Vernon Grissim**, took the lead in the direction of the village through the woods. It appeared that during this movement he spotted a German sniper ahead who was giving fire to some of our lead troops in the open area. At this point he opened fire and put this one sniper out of commission. After the village was taken

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under control by the lead combat spearhead force, we entered the village. It was at this time that we learned that **2nd Lt. Schuler** was killed on the way back from a visit to the site of where the German sniper was shot by our first scout. We were told that **Lt. Schuler** went to the location to verify for the records that this was a kill. He then approached the dead soldier and turned him over. While doing so, he saw a souvenir ring on the finger which he removed. (The rumor on how the ring was removed remains a question.) On his way back to the village, enemy fire of some kind was the cause of his death.

6 April 1945: We followed a lead column in the direction of Hann Munden through the forest and the closer we got to this area, the more war activity was going on over our heads and beyond. As we proceeded more and more into the forest, the sounds of artillery escalated and rounds of shells were heard fluttering right over the trees. Some of the projectiles sounded like a 2 cycled motorcycle puttering over our column as they went by. Later in the day we were stunned by the sound of German burp gunfire and then machine gun fire from the area ahead where the leading elements of our column were walking. What we heard was a German automatic rifle which fires rounds so fast that it sounds like a burp. We all dispersed and hit the ground at that point and waited for orders. We found out that the forward element troops were being ambushed by a large group of German soldiers and they were fighting it out. They surveyed the situation and worked up more fire power from the column which moved forward to overtake the enemy forces. After much action from both sides, the German soldiers began waving a white flag. The shooting subsided and some of our soldiers moved out in the open thinking that the battle was won and the enemy perhaps was out of ammo.



German prisoners taken in battle in forest between Kassel and Hann Munden - April 7th, 1945.

Apparently not all of the German soldiers wanted to give up because one of the enemy guns fired on our men. When this occurred our troops became fighting mad and returned their fire and at the same time flanking the remaining enemy soldiers and blasted them with everything they had in firepower. The shooting stopped when there was no German movement. After checking all of the bodies we found the count to be approximately 40 enemy killed, a few wounded and 15 captured alive who played dead during the last part of the fight. These 15 German soldiers were guarded by our squad at the edge of the woods next to the Autobahn Highway all night long and were taken over by other G.I.s the next morning who arrived driving up the Autobahn in a Sherman Tank and a supply truck.

While we were spending a cold night guarding prisoners, our company continued on along the Autobahn towards Hann Munden. There were a few other G.I.s who spend the night with us who spoke German and their job was to get information from the prisoners. By the next morning we found out that some of the prisoners could understand and speak some English. They said that they were glad that the war was over for them and that they were still alive. They talked about having relatives in the U.S. and before they left, we traded some of our hard cookies for some of their black bread. I think we got the best of the trade because the black bread was much more filling than our hard tack cookies, so we offered them some hot coffee to drink. With our assignment completed here we followed along the Autobahn and joined our company in the vicinity of Lauback, Germany.

9 April 1945 through approx. 18th April 1945: Hann Munden fell to our lead fighting forces and we mounted trucks and some of us on tanks and hit the road in the direction of Leipzig. Again following up in reserve behind our Divisions spearheading units, we did not encounter very much combat action. On occasions we had to dismount from our rides and walk through villages making sure it was O.K. to proceed. Most of these small towns or villages displayed white flags on the buildings but a few did not and they had to be checked out before proceeding. Near the area of Naumberg our ride vehicles were dispatched in another direction so we commended a couple of German buses, filled them up with fuel and rode them for many miles across open countryside to the city of Weissenfels then on to the outskirts of Leipzig.

18 April 1945 or 19 April 1945: We entered the outer city limits of Leipzig walking along both sides of the roadway in combat readiness formation. The lead spearheading troops of our Division were already engaged in the fighting in the city itself. They were under a lot of heavy fire from

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Bus used for transportation from Naumberg to Weissenfels in route to Leipzig. Sgt. Peter Pavlik riding shotgun.

the many flack gun emplacements mounted around the city. As we moved slowly into the city, bursts from flack guns were all over the sky trying to hit two piper cub spotter planes flying circles over our area directing fire for our forces. The sounds of Burp guns rifles and machine guns were heard going off in the distance constantly. As our platoon moved forward we came into range of the flack guns and pieces of shrapnel began falling all around us. A hot fragment hit the backpack of one of our men and caught fire quickly before he had a chance to take it off. We were pinned down for a while and were forced to stay put until the flack guns were spotted covering our area and put out of commission. Eventually most of those units were destroyed by our forward unit troops and we moved slowly into the city proper just before nightfall without any other serious engagements. We spent the evening regrouping, setting up assignment for protection and trying to get some rest while wondering what was going on in other parts of the city. While we secured our assigned area of the city that first night and the

next day, other units of the 69th Division went on to capture and secure the bulk of the city at the cost of many lives. I thanked them with a quiet prayer that on this day they made this our last major event in combat.



Leipzig Town Square Clock Tower taken as we were leaving Leipzig. George Gardin in right corner.

21 April 1945: Approx. this date we had the pleasure of walking through the streets of Leipzig and passing the main square in the central part of this city. As we left the city we boarded trucks which transported us to a small village on the road which went to the city of Wurzen. Our billet here was a two story home and animal shelter built together within a courtyard. Their milk cows were sheltered next to the kitchen downstairs while the bedrooms were upstairs. Access to this courtyard was through a large gated opening through a high wall on the street side. Our temporary duties while at this location were to set up outposts in the outside areas around the village to detect any German soldier movement and to take prisoners when necessary.

My outpost was located at a large haystack out in the middle of a hayfield. I did not see any German soldiers on my watch but we had reports that one of our other outposts near a farm yard found 3 German soldiers hiding in a haystack after investigating mumbling sounds coming from that direction. They gave up freely without incident and were taken prisoner.

During the time we lived here we witnessed many hundreds of German prisoners being led by an armored American Jeep walking by in columns the width of the road from the direction of Wurzen. This



Entering Leipzig - city limits sign post shown.

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road was the direct route from Wurzen where many American and Allied Soldiers and Displaced Persons were held in a large Prisoner of War Facility. Seeing that the war was over for them, most of the German Garrison guarding this area surrendered to the American forces because they did not want to be captured by the Russian Soldiers. All movement was in the direction of the American occupied sector. Two of the American Pilot Prisoners that were liberated from Wurzen stopped by our billets for a while. We fed them some hot food and drink as the told us the story of their war history and capture, etc. They told us that they were so happy to see American Soldiers and happy that they were free and that they were going home at last. We all took turns hugging with tears in our eyes as they left happy with an extra supply of food in hand. From this location we moved to Grimma, Germany for a short stay and then on to the city of Colditz.



April 22nd, 1945: Surrendering German soldiers in village on the road to Wurzen.



German soldiers in village on the road to Wurzen. Sergeant Spratt, our Squad Leader, taking photo.



*Left:
Sgt. Pete Pavlik
Center:
1st American
POW Pilot
Robert Kershner
Right:
2nd American
POW Pilot
POWS were
released from
POW Camp
in Wurzen.*



George Gardin on his haystack outpost near the village on the road from Wurzen, about April 20th.

8 May 1945: V.E. Day. We were in Colditz when we heard that the war in Europe was over on the radio while we were enjoying life in the backyard patio of our billet. My buddy, **Terry Jonethis**, brought out his new Mandolin string instrument which he had acquired and played a medley of tunes that we sung accompanied by a guitar played by **Clarence Orr**. (See photo below) A short time after this date we got a new assignment and part of our first and second squads were sent a few miles out of town to man a bridge crossing guard post at the Mulde River.



Sgt. Charles Granger, George Gardin, Terry Jonethis, Charles O'Brien, CO Runner, Pete Pavlik, Clarence Orr

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MY U.S. ARMY EXPERIENCE DURING WWII

(Continued from Page 51)

10 May thru June 1945: These dates we lived, I felt, the life of Riley. We were furnished a two story hunting lodge type home which had beautiful colored tile, and built in fireplaces in almost every room in the house. It was located on the west bank of the Mulde River next to the road and bridge crossing. We had a German civilian woman come in every day and she would clean the house from top to bottom on hands and knees each time. There were fish in the river and deer in the woods, so we made sure that she and her family were provided with fresh meat and fish to eat. She rewarded us by cooking us some good home cooked meals from time to time. We had no fishing poles so we used our left over foxhole dynamite cubes to fish by going out a little ways on the bridge, lighting the fuse and dropping it into the water. A small boom was heard and fish came floating up to the surface. We would then wade or swim out and retrieve what we wanted and those that floated downstream were taken by the civilians. We set up an outside shower and bath tub in the back patio area. The weather was always warm, as far as I can remember, and no rain.

Now getting back to our duties at this location. We maintained a guard post and crossing gate checking the I.D. and travel permits of all Displaced Persons wanting to enter the American Sector. The Russian soldiers maintained a similar post on their side of the bridge. The first group of Russian soldiers that were there when we arrived were mostly young and very friendly. We got along very nicely and were invited over for drinks and dinner many times. The dinners were great if you could stay sober during the bottoms up toasting that went on and on. We had a few Polish men in our squad who spoke and understood a little Russian. They got invited back many times. A few times they staggered back across the bridge pretty well loaded with booze.

Some of the Russians could also understand and speak a little English. A while later this first group of Russians were transferred out and we were sad to see them go since we became such good friends. The second group of Russians were an older rough and wild bunch of men. They drank a lot and were up singing most of the night till morning. They had many horses which they rode having fun by whooping it up. One of them fell off his horse and injured his head. This group did not stay long at this location and we were real glad to see them leave.

The third group of Russian soldiers were friendly and we again began to enjoy the dinner invitations and visits of their officers and men. The Russian booze was very potent. I believe that some of the fluid that we drank during our visits with all of these Russians soldiers was taken from the tanks of a German V-Bomb factory. A glass of water with each drink was a

must in order to catch your breath, but this was quite an experience. We also had a few other fun things to do here such as riding a railroad push cart up and down the railroad tracks nearby for exercise. Most of our time spent here at this location was done in moderation and when the time came to leave, we bid a farewell to our Russian and German friends. Our German neighbors were sad to see that we were leaving because they did not look forward to the Russian Army of Occupation force in charge of their area.



All photos show Displaced Persons on their way home after the war at bridge crossing. (Cont. on Page 53)

MY U.S. ARMY EXPERIENCE DURING WWII
(Continued from Page 52)



Visiting the Russians on their side of the bridge.



Displaced Person and Russian Interpreter, Charles O'Brien, 2 Russian Officers, Sgt. Ed Szetela



Russian and Terry Jonethis



Herb Miller with Russian Soldiers



*Mess Cook
Baumback, Germany*



*Mess Sergeant
Baumback, Germany*

*Too much
partying
on the
Russian
side.*

*Wibbing,
Russian
Szetela,
Sutkowski*



*Herb
Miller,
Chuck
O'Brien,
and
Terry
Jonethis
The
fun days -
Railroad
hand cart*



*Backyard of Mulde
River Bridge outpost
cabin. Portable bath.
Terry Jonethis in tub
and Sergeant Granger
washing his back.*

(Cont. on Page 54)

MY U.S. ARMY EXPERIENCE DURING WWII

(Continued from Page 53)

1 July 1945: Approx. date that we made the big move from the Colditz area because of an agreement made by our Government and the Russian government that their soldiers would move into this sector as the Army of Occupation on the first of July 1945. During the first week of this month we traveled across Germany to a village called Baumbach. We stayed here for a few weeks taking classes in speaking German because we were to stay in Germany for quite a while as part of the Army of Occupation in the American sector. We were told that the 69th Division was going home as a unit and only men with the highest points earned, time in service, etc., would be leaving Europe with the Division. All lower point men from our Division will be transferred out into some of the units that the high point men left.

Once the movement began, new men were coming in as 69th men were being transferred out. One day our company barber got orders to leave so we had to improvise. I did some hair trimming before coming into the service and had acquired from a barber shop during our combat days a nice barber comb, two pairs of scissors, one regular and one thinning pair, along with a manual operated hand-held trimmer and three spacers. I did a few free hair trims for some of my buddies at first, then others came to me once they saw that I did not scalp anyone. I even had our Company Captain come in for a free hair trim.

Our mess hall where we were served food was the company street. Every day the cooks would bring out large pots of cooked food and line it up on the edge of the street. We would line up with our mess gear open and were served scoops of food and coffee. Once in a while the honey wagon pulled by two cows would come by slowly on this main street on their way to fertilize the fields and the drippings would cause a bad smell for a while. The days went by very fast and it became my time to be transferred out of the 69th Division to a new experience yet to come. We turned in our combat gear, rifle, pack, etc., before leaving this location.



August 1945: Sometime between the end of July and the beginning of August I was transferred to the 3409 Ord. Tank Maintenance Company located near Bettenhausen in the southern suburbs of Kassel, Germany. Our billets were in barrack type building located near a very large two story machine shop factory and yard. The yard was full with many types of American tanks and halftracks. We arrived at this location with no direction to take so after a while we got restless and found something to do. Some of us being familiar with the operation of a tank got into them and found that they had a good battery and fuel. From our war days riding tanks we learned where the master switch was located to engage the electrical system in the tanks and start them. We then maneuvered them for a short ride around the facilities and back. Some of the other vehicles ran out of fuel and never got back to their parking area. No one said anything to us because the officer in charge thought that the soldiers that arrived were tank maintenance people testing the equipment for shipment and not ex-infantry soldiers having some fun. Being brought up on a farm and doing tractor work before the war, I was familiar with the turn control handles and brake systems.

After being assigned to our lodging and sleeping quarters, we settled down for a while and attended some orientation and instructional sessions. We were offered a chance to learn a trade by attending a service offered training program to become a machinist, a mechanic and other trade fields. Also we were offered a chance for R&R vacations to various locations in Europe for a duration of two weeks. Some went to Paris. I went to the Riviera in Nice, France. I had a lot of fun and slept in one of the best hotels.

After returning to 3409 Ord. Tank Maintenance Company, we were assigned to various duties. One of which was to help clean up part of the second floor of the old factory to make it into a recreation facility for our company personnel. When it was completed, it was called the "Bubble Inn." You were required to have a pass signed by the company commander to gain entrance. This area had a large bar and an area for dancing to records. Many of the guys had girlfriends that would attend on Saturday nights for drinks and dancing.

23 August 1945: I was issued my first army driver's license for the ability to drive a 2-1/2 ton truck. I drove this 10 wheeler to Koln, Germany in a convoy to pick up supplies of drinks, etc. for distribution in the Kassel area. Also made a trip to bring back coal from that wine country location for winter use in this area.

19 Sept. 1945: I was issued my second army driver's license upgraded to and for the ability to drive 4 ton vehicles and larger. Our company was moved to a new location in Hersfield, Germany. My new job was to be assigned as an assistant driver of a large 5 ton wrecker

(Continued on Page 55)

MY U.S. ARMY EXPERIENCE DURING WWII

(Continued from Page 54)

vehicle with a buddy named **Donald Hoven**. From here on we put in a lot of miles driving all over Germany picking up wrecked vehicles and hauling them to various collection points. We were given Army issued 45 automatic pistols and holsters while on the road for protection if needed and ate at transient mess halls in various locations.

November 1945: We were transferred to the 533 Ord. Company which was located in the northwest suburbs of Kassel, Germany. This new area contained one of the largest war vehicle collection sites located in Germany. During the war it was the site of a large factory which made and tested airplane and rocket parts. In two of the large factory buildings, between two and three blocks long, the Army had set up several production lines to rebuild Jeeps, 4x4s and 2-1/2 ton trucks. There was a machine shop, a welding shop, a body and fender shop and a paint shop. The U.S. Army employed approximately 400 German civilians in this Work Processing Center. This work force created an all new vehicle by the time the old vehicle was processed through these lines. All of these vehicles were sold to the German Government for the total sum of one dollar. Because of the surplus parts sent over seas during the war, most vehicles ended up with new motors, new transmissions, new front and rear axles and new tires.

I worked from this location for about 5 months and was promoted to a T/5 grade in rank. As the months went by, the company got smaller as men were leaving and going home. There were lots of openings in the Company T.O. for various grades of sergeant. We were offered any one of these openings and a bonus if we would sign up for a 6 month extension to our Army of Occupation tour of duty in Germany. Some of the single men who had steady German girlfriends here did sign up, but not me.

24 April 1946: I was issued my third Army driver's license which allowed me to drive and operate 4 ton and larger vehicles, special wrecker and prime mover. During these last months of our tour of duty, **Don Hoven** and I traveled to near Bremen and Hannover, Germany in the north hauling wrecked and disabled vehicles to collection points in many locations.

We hauled and transported vehicles south on the Autobahn highways to Frankfurt and on to Wiesbaden where I visited my brother whom I had not seen since induction day into the army which was over two years.

I enjoyed very much the days and months working with Don Hoven who taught me much of the rules of driving large vehicles in the winter snow and on icy pavements. He was a truck driver before being drafted into the service and was used to winter driving.

30 April 1946: Saying goodbye to buddies and friends, I left Kassel, Germany on the first leg of my journey heading home. Our first stop was Bamberg on



Don Hoven and myself.



Me and my brother.

2nd May and on to Nanur on the 4th of May and finally arriving at Camp Phillip Morris in France on the 13th of May 1946. Most of this journey was by train. We spent several days at this location to get any medical needs taken care of before moving out. I had a tooth filled and a wart removed from the back of my neck. I was going to have my tonsils removed because I was prone to getting tonsillitis but I chickened out when I saw a soldier in the hall way who just had this operation performed and he was bleeding badly from the mouth. We had a chance to convert some of our German and French Occupation money to American dollars but it really was not worth the effort at 100 for 1 in exchange.

17 May 1946: We left Camp Phillip Morris for La Harve, France and boarded the "U.S.S.R. Victory" ship for the trip across the Atlantic which took around eight days.

25 of May 1946: We arrived in the New York Harbor Pier #15 on Staten Island. From here we were taken to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey by ferry train. The last leg of my journey was by rail to California. I arrived at the Camp Beale Separation Center near Marysville, California arriving on the 31st of May 1946.

2 June 1946: I was Honorably Discharged from the United States Army credited with 2 years, 1 month and 6 days of active service - one year, six months and twelve days of this time in overseas service. I enlisted in the Inactive Reserve for a period of 3 years on this same day.

My Rank and Service Unit Technician 5th Grade, "C" Company, 273rd Infantry Regiment, 69th Division. Medals: March 1945 Combat Infantry Badge. European African Middle Eastern Campaign Medal. W.W. II Victory Medal. Good Conduct Medal. Army Of Occupation Medal. M.I Rifle Marksman Medal June 1944.

14th August 1997: This concludes the story of my Army Days as well as I can recollect each incident and dates from photos and from information printed in the Fighting 69th Division "Bulletin" Publications.

(Continued on Page 56)

MY U.S. ARMY EXPERIENCE DURING WWII
(Continued from Page 55)



German Tiger Tank on railroad car in route to U.S.



May 4, 1945: Namur, Germany. Second stop in route to France.



Photo Above: May 2nd, 1946. Bamberg, Germany. First stop in route to Camp Phillip Morris, France from Kassel, Germany.



Photo Left: May 17th, 1946. LaHarve, France. Boarded U.S.S.R. Victory Ship for trip to the U.S.

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 **Bulletin Headquarters, P.O. Box 69, Champion, Pennsylvania 15622-0069 or 183 Pineslope Road, 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 27th thru September 3rd, 2000 69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION 53rd ANNUAL REUNION Atlanta, Georgia

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FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT:

Joe and Anne Lipsius, *Regimental Headquarters and Cannon Co.*, 272nd

6314 Deerings Hollow, Norcross, Georgia 30092-1800

Telephone: 770/416-7725

E-Mail: annejoelip@earthlink.net

Committee Members: Harold and Ethel Ruck, John and Joyce Harvey,

Wendell and Sally Freeman, Jim Brooks, Jim and Dottie White,

Hugh and Dorothy Milstead, Ruth Combs,

Joe and Sybil Conner, William Jackson, Harold and Cynthia Moore

Registration Forms, Details of Tours, etc. elsewhere in this issue.

Please register as soon as possible.

(Continued on Page 58)

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

(Continued from Page 57)

JULY 27th thru 30th, 2000

661st TANK DESTROYER BATTALION

HOLIDAY INN - AIRPORT

6626 Thirland Road

Roanoke, Virginia 24019

Telephone: 540/336-8861 • Fax: 540/366-1637

Room Rates: \$59.00 + Tax

Specify that you are with the 661st Tank Destroyers to get the discount rate (regular rate is \$85.00).

Banquet: Saturday night, Approximately \$20.00

Hotel is at Exit 2 on I-581 in sight of the airport.

Courtesy shuttle from airport. Come days prior to the reunion or stay later at the same rate.

Make your own reservation with the hotel.

Cancellation 24 hours before registration.

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Bill and Ellen Snidow

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* * * * *

SEPTEMBER 13th thru 16th, 2000

BATTERY C, 880th FIELD ARTILLERY

THE COMFORT INN

Grove City, Pennsylvania

A variety of events have been planned and time for great camaraderie. Further information will become available in an upcoming newsletter.

Hosted By:

Frank and Marie Habay

8008 Marmion Drive

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15237

* * * * *

SEPTEMBER 13th to 17th, 2000

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Hotel is right near the Battlefield. Many historic sites.

Tours of the Battlefield and Eisenhower Farm.

Committee:

Charles and Barbara Fox

2110 Spencer Road

Silver Spring, Maryland 20910

Telephone: 301/585-6384

Harold Gardner

2929 Mason Avenue

Independence, Missouri 64052-2962

Telephone: 816/254-4816

E-Mail: RCNTROOP@aol.com

OCTOBER 13th and 14th, 2000

461st AAA AW BATTALION

HEADQUARTERS & MEDICAL DETACHMENT

SALEM, VIRGINIA

Quality Inn

Hosted By:

Mac and Madge Morris

630 North Oakland Street

Arlington, Virginia 22203

Telephone: 703/527-2796

* * * * *

SEPTEMBER 30th, 2000

Deadline for news material and pictures for:

Bulletin Volume 54, Number 1

September, October, November, December 2000

Bulletin expected mailing date is late November or early December.

One Last Salute, Old Friend

Submitted by: **Ralph Utermoehlen**

Company I, 271st Infantry

2221 Stonepost Road, Manhattan, Kansas 66502



Ralph wears his suntans to pay respect at the grave of squad member, **Ronald Bremner** from Michigan who lost his life April 15th, 1945. The picture was taken at the Margraten American Cemetery in Holland April 20th, 2000 when Ralph and his wife Doris participated in the 55th Link-Up European Tour.



“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.

Paul Mickiewicz
832 St. Clair Circle
Venice, Florida
I - 273rd

Lamuel Shoemaker
Route 2
Union Grove, North Carolina
D - 369th Medics

Joe Stephens
2833 Tanglewood Drive
Owensboro, Kentucky
E - 272nd

Albert W. McMunn
7410 Loretto Avenue
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
H3 - 273rd

Norman Kent
P.O. Box 56
Taneyville, Missouri
H3 - 273rd

Clarence J. Kubec
HC61, Box 954
Salmon, Idaho
C - 661st Tank Des.

Charles W. Wilkins
331 Harding Boulevard
Recotter, Arkansas
D - 661st Des.

Andrew Souerwine
265 Dale Road
Wetherfield, Connecticut
G - 272nd

Gladys L. Fox
4321 Donnybrook Place
El Paso, Texas
Honorary Member

Neil Corcoran
7843 Kenvale Avenue
Skokie, Illinois
C - 777th Tank Bn.

James Rush
1609 Brices Road
New Berns, North Carolina
Unit Unknown

Robert Guillen
Route #2, Box 44
Dogsboro, Delaware
B - 272nd

Irvin Cherno
4325 L Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
A - 269th Engineers

John Fred Morris
206 Plutus Avenue
Chester, West Virginia
H - 271st

Herschel Forrest
2727 Crown Point Circle
Anderson, Indiana
Divarty

Hugh H. Colvin
3403 Avenida Madera
Bradenton, Florida
L - 273rd

James D. McNally
R.R. #2, Box 42A
Waynoka, Oklahoma
A - 777th Tank Bn.

Emile Rellstab
36 Hand Land Drive
Amangansett, New York
K - 273rd

George W. Maznicki
26 Partridge Hill
Essex, Connecticut
C - 880th F.A.

George Harvey
212 Kenmar Drive
Monroeville, Pennsylvania
Service - 273rd

Harold J. Lavell
1412 Old Forge Road
Annville, Pennsylvania
H2 - 272nd

Robert L. Gardine
4114 East Apple Valley
Tucson, Arizona
D - 273rd

R.J. McCarthy
36725 Utica Road
Clinton, Michigan
A - 880th F.A.

Fred Baiber
2200 West 36th Street
Loran, Ohio
Recon - 661st Tank Des.

Parley Pasket
493 E. 100th South
Provo, Utah
A - 273rd

Joe L. Kurtz
424 Brookview
Atlanta, Georgia
Medic - 273rd

Joseph C. Mahoney
5525 Hansen Road
Edina, Minnesota
M - 272nd

John Movchan
33 W. Arthur Place
Eselin, New Jersey
H3 - 272nd

Leroy Partain
R.R. #2, Box 2648
Alton, Missouri
F - 272nd

Arley E. McKay
1564 Thaggard
Carthage, Mississippi
Medic - Hq., 273rd

Allen Speir
8 Evergreen Terrace
Durham, Connecticut
H - 272nd

Libro Fulvi
75 Washington Avenue
Hamden, Connecticut
Unit Unknown

Harold Lins
818 Catino Street
Arlington, Illinois
D - 273rd

Tom Stanish
7252 East Buena
Scottsdale, Arizona
Hq. - 880th F.A.

William Fannuchi
4421 Sandhurst Circle
Glen Ellyn, Illinois
A - 777th Tank Bn.

Morris Greenberg
1420 Locust Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
H2 - 271st

J. Eugene Kissell
2039 Timber View Drive
Cincinnati, Ohio
724th F.A.

Carl E. Tanksly
P.O. Box 55
Chatsworth, Georgia
E - 273rd

Tim Van Alstyne
28359 Austin Road
Albermarle, North Carolina
Hq. - 272nd

Joe Lotsko
164 Miramer Drive
Enon, Ohio
569th Signal Co.

Albert Larson
107 Maple Street
Tehel, Missouri
L - 272nd

William H. Harms
812 Secon Avenue S.E.
Le Mars, Iowa
A - 369th Medics

Sam Nucci
147 North River Court
Mt. Clemens, Michigan
A - 273rd

Nicholas Hantosch
5216 Dorchester Road
Charlstone, South Carolina
K - 273rd

Leonard Kessler
15023 Village Road
Jamaica
A - 271st

Marty Gussman
11742 Lapeer Drive
Beverly Hills, California
F - 272nd

William Russell
9 Union Street
Winchester, New Hampshire
B - 661st Tank Des.

(Continued on Back Cover)



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“Taps”

(Continued from Page 59)

Jack Goldman

1618 Hilltop West
Virginia Beach, Virginia
H3 - 273rd

Garry Graham

921 Chestnut Street
Emporia, Kansas
69th Band

Bruce V. Winkworth

436 67th Street
Niagara Falls, New York
Unit Unknown

Merle Douglas

P.O. Box 1465
Ocean Springs, Mississippi
Hq. - 369th Medics

Henry J. Kwasniewski

P.O. Box 392
New Milford, Connecticut
69th M.P.

Glen A. Lyren

R.R. 1, Box 219
Hudson, South Dakota
H - 272nd

Frank P. Castaldo

12 Colin Street
Yonkers, New York
F- 272nd

John Bonner

5678 Margardio Drive
Oakland, California
Hq. - 461st AAA

Jacob Viverette

P.O. Box 2001
Southern Pines, North Carolina
AT - 272nd

Anton Perushek

139 South Central Avenue
Ely, Minnesota
K - 271st

Hilder L. Fey

8263 Royal Height
Cincinnati, Ohio
E - 271st

William Poorman

1005 Charleston
Mattoon, Illinois
569th Signal Co.

John J. Gillen

6175 Van Tuyl Road
Barryville, New York
Hq. - 269th Engineers

William Tillon

51 Wyndmere
Hendersonville, Tennessee
Hq. - 881st F.A.

Vincent Ignatosky

226 Chestnut Street
Birdsboro, Pennsylvania
A - 880th F.A.

Thomas M. Moore

435 Lee Circle
Alamo, Tennessee
M - 272nd

James D. Moen

HCR2, Box 102
Kelliher, Minnesota
B - 881st F.A.

BULLETIN STAFF

Dottie Witzleb

Editor

P.O. Box 69
Champion, PA 15622-0069
Telephone: 724/455-2901
**Send Articles, Pictures,
and Material**

William R. Matlach

Treasurer

P.O. Box 474
West Islip, NY 11795-0474
Telephone: 631/669-8077
Send Dues to Bill

Bob Kurtzman

Membership Chairman

P.O. Box 105
Wilmot, OH 44689-0105
Telephone: 330/359-5487
**Send Address Changes,
New Members
and Deaths to Bob**

Dottie Witzleb

Ladies' Auxiliary Editor

P.O. Box 69
Champion, PA 15622-0069
Telephone: 724/455-2901
**Send Ladies Auxiliary
Material to Dottie**

NOTE: We received an OVERWHELMING amount of material for this bulletin. If you submitted material for this bulletin, and did not see it published in this issue, it will be published in an upcoming issue. We cannot always find room for everything that we receive. Material is entered on a FIRST-COME, FIRST SERVE BASIS. Please be patient and your number will come up soon. Thank You