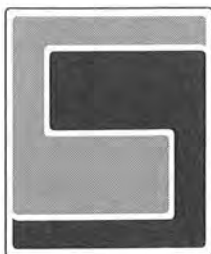


FIGHTING 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION

★★★★ Association, Inc.



VOLUME 54, NO. 1

SEPTEMBER — OCTOBER — NOVEMBER — DECEMBER
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

Returning on the Queen Mary

Anthony Arace, Service Co., 271st: 9000 S. Las Vegas Blvd., #2021, Las Vegas, NV 89193



Sol Rosenblitt, Tony Arace, Manny Bartzel



Tony Arace in Germany.

See page 14 for 271st Regimental Personnel Photo

THE MAIL BOX

By **Dottie Witzleb**, Editor



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

A NOTE FROM DOTTIE: I was unable to make the reunion in Atlanta due to the fact that I had Jury Duty. I hear it was a good reunion with a small attendance. Maybe the timing, the location, or the weather factor had something to do with it. Hopefully, next year we will have a larger turnout.

Here in Pennsylvania we are having very nice weather for this time of year. The fall foliage this year was outstanding in our area. I hope your area experienced the same kind of fall.

I would like to take this opportunity to wish all of you a very blessed Holiday Season and especially, a Healthy and Happy New Year.

* * * * *

Mrs. Martha Colpean, widow of **Carl Colpean**, 1619 Chestnut Street, Saginaw, Michigan 48602-1825 — Co. K, 273rd: I just want to express my thanks and appreciation for receiving the 69th Infantry Bulletin. My husband, **Carl**, was a member of Company K, 273rd Infantry, 2nd Platoon, and talked often of the men he served with. I did not know any of them personally, but their names and battles became lodged in my memory. I look forward to any mention of these men or **Carl** in each Bulletin I receive. Carl has been gone almost 7 years. He was a wonderful father and husband and I'm sure, a good soldier. He is greatly missed.

Veto T. DiPento, R.R. #1, Box 46, East Brady, Pennsylvania 18028 — Co. H, 272nd: After 53 years, I saw in the local New Pittsburgh Butler Eagle that the 69th was going to have a reunion. I telephoned **Joe Lipsius** and he sent me a Bulletin. My wife, Athanasia and I are going to try and make the next reunion. I joined the 69th in December 1944 in Belgium. I took basic training at Camp Wheeler, Georgia and sailed over on the Il DeFrance. I joined H Company, 272nd Regiment in a plowed field in France as a replacement. I was wounded on April 7, 1944 trying to cross the Werra River and they sent me back to a Navy Hospital in France.

LeVerne Loveland, 517 Rosewood Terrace, Apt. 2, Linden, New Jersey 07036-5832 — Co. G, 271st: Just a note to let you know that I believe the 69th Infantry Division Association should be very thankful to have **Bill Matlach** as our Treasurer. Believe me, I know

how much work it involves and he should be commended for the work he does for the organization!

I was a "first timer" at the 1999 reunion and really enjoyed it; the very friendly people I met, as well as the many activities and plan to attend all of those in the future as long as I possibly can. I will also be attending the reunion in Atlanta.

I intend to send a personal letter to all those I met from my unit to tell them I've made my reservations already and encourage them to do the same promptly. Sadly, I see that we have lost **N.C. Harrison** since the last reunion. I hope his wife and family continue to attend the reunions as we are all one big family with so much in common, and though the veteran passes on as we all will do some day, our families should keep attending the reunions just to honor us and be a part of our organization. So Memorial Day comes this weekend. It is one of the saddest days of the year for me and I always shed tears when I hear "Taps" blown as I did at the reunion memorial service. When my brother died last May 8th at age 71 he received the full military funeral, honor guard at the funeral home. At the cemetery the rifle shots and then "Taps" and then my tears started.

How I wish the youth of today could realize the sacrifices that men and women made in the past for Our Country so that they can now enjoy all of the things they now take for granted.

David Allen, P.O. Box 414, Hartsville, South Carolina 29551-0414 — Co. G, 271st: (In reply to a letter from **Bill Matlach**). I received my membership card and decals from you last week. Thanks. I display the decals on both my car and truck (I am a retired farmer!!) but have yet to be stopped and meet another 69er. I hardly expect that since so many of the 69ers are from other parts of the country. I do pickup on references to the 69th on occasion in my reading. It happened just recently while reading the book entitled "Company Commander" by Charles MacDonald. He also wrote "The Sound Of Trumpets" which was very good also. The interesting part of this is that I knew him while we were both college students. He was two years ahead of me but I worked with him on the college paper. We roomed on the same floor and were fraternity brothers. If you read that kind of material and have not read them, you might want to look at them.

You mentioned something in the note to me that I found very interesting and had to do with the manner in which certain members were "chosen" to be sent as replacements on that sad Christmas Day at Winchester Barracks. The question as to how or why I was chosen to leave that day has never occurred to me. I have always considered it as that "that's just how the ball bounced" that day. I know that it was traumatic for all of us - both those leaving and those staying behind. As I recall the events of that day, the other "buck" sergeant and I who were chosen were call into the private room of our platoon sergeant and told the

(Continued on Page 3)

THE MAIL BOX

(Continued from Page 2)

news. My platoon sergeant was **T/Sgt. John Aichele** and he said something like this. "I am not suppose to tell you this but I have to - I think too much of you not to. They are flying you to Belgium this afternoon and they are going to issue you live ammunition before you leave. Things are changing so fast over there and they do not know where they are going to put you down." I know he hated to see us leave and I have never given it a second thought. My combat experience was brief. I was wounded on January 17th, sent back to England and then back to the Zone of the Interior about the first of April for more medical attention. Incidentally, I have had some correspondence with Sgt. Aichele's daughter. He got a battlefield commission and I think he retired as a Colonel.

Thanks again so much for the wonderful work that is being done with "The Bulletin" and in other ways. Even though I left the 69th in England that is where my strongest ties were.

Helene Spurrier, widow of **William J. Spurrier**, 800 West Miller Street, #55, Marengo, Iowa 52301 — Divarty: I am sorry to tell you that my husband has died. He joined "The Fighting 69th" when our son was 4 months old and returned when he was 2-1/2 years old. His experiences from summer in Hattiesburg to Reading, to Remagen Bridge, meeting the Russians, liberating Buchenwald, and especially "The Battle of the Bulge," the wonderful men with whom he served, sometimes taking 4 days by small planes to give services as chaplain to the scattered artillery units - all were very meaningful to him, as I am sure they were to you. Please remember Bill to members of the superb "Fighting 69th."

Louis R. Brewster, 17401 Saddlewood Lane, Minnetonka, Minnesota 55345-2659 — Co. A, 269th: Sergeant, Squad Leader of Company A, 269th: We've never met, but I am a subscriber to the 69th Division Bulletin. I joined the 69th Division in March of 1944 and was put in the 269th Combat Engineers as an "Explosive Expert." I was with the 269th until May 5th or 6th when I was sent back to a general hospital in England to get an injured leg healed. Unfortunately, I did not get back to the 269th, but, fortunately I was shipped to the States about July 1st, 1945 on a hospital ship (Louis A. Milne).

I lost all contact with my former friends in Company A of the 269th. I did see one member of our company a year or two ago in the Bulletin—that was **Sergeant Monteleone** from Vermont (I think). Just recently you had a picture in the Bulletin of our Company Commander **Captain Wolske** under the heading "Where is he now." Did he ever respond? After studying the January/February/March/April 2000 Bulletin, in which you had 5 pictures on the cover, I want to comment on the picture in the upper right hand corner (4 GI's and a group of children). I feel certain those 4 GI's were members of Company A of the 269th Combat Engineers. The one kneeling is **Marion Wozniak** (I

believe he was from Cleveland, Ohio). From left to right the 3 standing are **Mike Milhelajowski** (can't spell Polish names) from New Jersey, **Frank Brownlee** from Pennsylvania, and **Adam Brostoski** from New Jersey. I have not seen or heard from any of those four since I left them in May of 1945 for the English Hospital. Keep up the great work. I look forward to every issue of the Bulletin. Thank you very much for all your effort and the effort of your staff.

Connie Brough, daughter of **Worley H. Smith**, 7213 South Shore Drive, Bear Lake, Michigan 49614 — Co. K, 271st: (This letter was sent to Bob Kurtzman: My folks, **Mae** and **Worley Smith** and I had planned to attend the reunion this year in Atlanta, but decided against it after Mom had a heart attack in May, on Mother's Day. I had thought about attending with a friend as I did last year, but decided I didn't want to be that far away from my folks at this time.

Unknowingly, God was guiding me. Sunday, August 27th, Dad was admitted to the hospital, having suffered a stroke and a heart attack. He had several more strokes during the next few days. He was alert until Friday, September 1st, allowing our family time to reminisce with him of happy times. Dad passed away at 2:00 p.m. on Saturday, September 2nd, 2000.

Dad always looked forward to the reunions. I remember a couple of times we ran into you and Vivian at rest stops during our drive to a reunion city. Whenever we stopped somewhere along our route, Dad would watch for fellow 69ers and strike up a conversation when he found one. Once we arrived at our destination, he thoroughly enjoyed watching for familiar faces to chat with.

In July, 1999, Mom and Dad celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary. Without them knowing, I submitted a picture of the three of us taken at the Houston reunion and announced their anniversary. The cards and letters started coming in from 69ers, some whom we had never met. Mom and Dad were surprised and pleased.

The Fighting 69th Division was an important part of Dad's life and belonging to the Association with him has been an important part of Mom's and my life. Dad watched for his bulletin and read every word of it. After attending many reunions with my folks, I, too, started reading the bulletin. Please continue sending Dad's bulletin, so Mom and I can keep track of our friends.

On behalf of all my family, I want to thank all our 69er friends for their support and friendship over the many years. Hopefully, Mom and I will be able to attend a future reunion.



(Cont. on Page 4)

Mae and Worley Smith

THE MAIL BOX

(Continued from Page 3)

Kenneth D. Hull, 1925 Malvern Avenue, Hot Springs, Arkansas 71901-7787 — Co. I, 272nd: I missed the reunion last year due to many problems with my eyes. I am now legally blind in the left eye. I will be ninety years of age on my next birthday. I guess I am slowing down in ways. I do the best I can. You are doing a very important job.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We received many notes from 69th widows who expressed their appreciation for receiving the bulletin even after they have lost their husbands, and just how much the 69th means to them.)

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES!

DUES YEAR FOR 2000-2001

August 1, 2000 to July 31, 2001

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Ladies' Auxiliary \$ 5.00

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Please print your new address below:

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What the Flag of the United States Means To Me

By: **Nicole Fatzinger** of Pennsylvania, Age 12

Submitted by: **Irvin Hunsberger**

Company A and D, 271st Infantry

HC 1, Box 1800

Tafton, Pennsylvania 18464

This article was written by a young neighbor of mine and I think it's worthy of our Bulletin.

* * * * *

To many of the people of the United States, our flag means practically nothing, but to me it means a lot, because when I think of or see the flag I remember my Grandpa. He fought in the Korean War. When he was alive he used to do a lot of things with me. I would tell him things that I never told anybody before. I would make him special things, too. Recently I went to his funeral, and my Grammie was presented with a flag that my grandpa had fought in the war. I think if my Grandpa saw my Grammie being presented with this flag, he would be very honored also. I'd say he was somewhat stubborn, but on the other hand very strong. I miss him so much. I wish he was here with me now. I actually thought the flag meant nothing to me, but now after someone very special that I did a lot of things with is gone, it means a lot to me. You people that don't care about the flag now might care later when someone big in your life goes away.

I know you still probably think - "So what, why should I care about the flag. I don't know anyone who fought in the war." If you think, this flag is hanging up right now because of people who fought to win it. If we would have lost we all might have been slaves, or we wouldn't be able to dress how we wanted to, even eat certain foods, and probably a lot of other things too! Now because of the people that fought in that war, and we won, we all have the right to be free! I know my Grandpa fought to give everyone a chance to be free, and thanks to my Grandpa and a lot of other people that fought, have now succeeded. That's what the flag of the United States means to me!

*Wishing
You and Yours
A Happy
and Healthy
Holiday Season.
Best Wishes
for the New Year.*



2000 69th Division Reunion in Atlanta

Submitted by: **Stephen Rojcewicz**
881st Field Artillery Battalion
135 Endicott Street
Worcester, Massachusetts 01610-1944

Photos by Chet Yastrzemski



69th veterans attended even if their health was not perfect. The reunion is like a magnet drawing the guys to it; canes, metal lapses, wives with health concerns, distance - nothing will stop them. In my case, a vet friend died in April, two other vets were too ill to come. The one who did arrive said he lost fifty pounds and uses a cane.

But the fellows adjusted quickly to minor imperfections in health, food or service, as they had to do in the U.S. service to major ones.

My visit to the High Museum of Art, just across the street from our hotel gave me new insights to what life was like during segregation. The day trips were excellent. The tour of antebellum homes showed us that the only sure thing in life that exists is change.

Of special note is the Cyclorama where you sit on a rotating platform and view a depiction of the Battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864. The largest painting in the world along two-story high circular wall in 3-D makes you feel as if you were there.

Margaret Mitchell's house was a must. Her book "Gone With the Wind" is exceeded in sales only by the Bible. All our tour guides were superlatively enjoyable. Naturally they pointed out points of interest, but if there was a lull, they entertained us with the region's history with fascinating commentary.

The Home of Coca-Cola proved a pleasant interlude. To me, however, and this is just my opinion, too many ads in our nation feature beautiful girls. Just a diet, caffeine-free coke for me, please. My beautiful girls are six granddaughters. Let me hope they do not model.

Our tour of Turner Field left us amazed: the price of "club boxes" is staggering. It was a thrill to be in the radio, TV, and press rooms and to imagine the excitement of a Braves game. The best seats are \$35.00.



Margaret Mitchell House

Really not bad. Two years ago, in Pittsburgh, my guest seat was in "The Batter Box," an extension behind home plate. We were, believe it or not, closer to the batter than the pitcher. My ticket, a prized souvenir, shows the price - \$75.00.

Stone Mountain - a wonderful place. My tour selections here were the Train Ride and the Antebellum Plantation. Through the ages every tree and all soil have gone and only the huge granite stone remains. The train ride around the base of the mountain featured a mock train robbery. Well done. A high relief sculpture 400 feet high, depicts three heroes of the Confederacy: President Jefferson Davis and Generals Robert E. Lee and Thomas J. Jackson. O.K., Guys: Stonewall Jackson.

The Plantation had many buildings brought over from all over. Flowers, flowers, flowers. By the way, may that nice 69th lady who took the picture as I drew near - ahem, very near, to the southern belle with the white parasol and two attendants please send it to me.

At the buffets, the Barbershop Quartet and Native-American accordion players were well received. When asked if she knew "Habanera" (from Carmen) she played it for me.

My reunion ended a day early as my presence was needed at home. It was a fine reunion. Best of all I learned to appreciate my fellow vets more and realize what segregation must have been like.



Stone Mountain



On left, President Harold Ruck, I-272nd, followed by Frank and Helen Williams, 69th MPs, and Ethel Ruck waiting to go on "Taste of the Peach Tour."



Robert and Dorothy Adsit, H-271st, Anne Lipsius, Frances and Charles Yannul ready for the Friday night PX Beer Party.

*The famous
Olympic Park
Fountains*



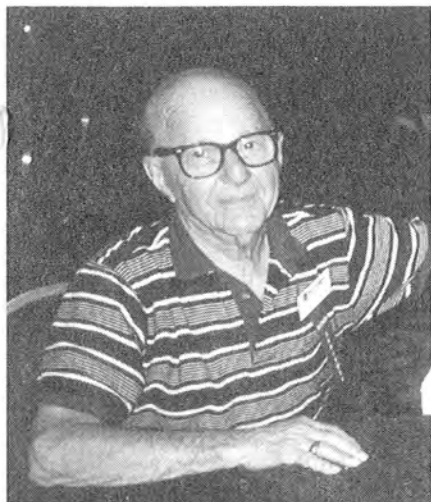
Atlanta 2000 - Company I, 273rd Infantry

Submitted by: **Paul H. Eagon**, 1435 North Avenue, Waukegan, Illinois 60085



*Back Row:
Erwin Sanborn
James Castrale
Robert Pierce
William Armstrong
Justin Bloom
Carl Macknair
Paul Eagon*

*Front Row:
Audrey Castrale
Beverly Armstrong
Robin Bloom
Carmen Sanborn
Elaine Eagon
Berniece Macknair
Theresa Pierce*



Joe Lipsius



69ers lined up in the dug-out at Turner Field



Crandon and Jane Clark



Barb Yastrzemski and Reba Sheavly



Bert Eckert and Bob Haag



Ellen, John Jr. and John McCann



Nancy Reitenbach and Fred Butenhoff



Bill Snidow and Gene Pierron



Fred Butenhoff, Chet Yastrzemski and Raul Nava



Jean and Henry Putala



Alex and Florence Lasseigne



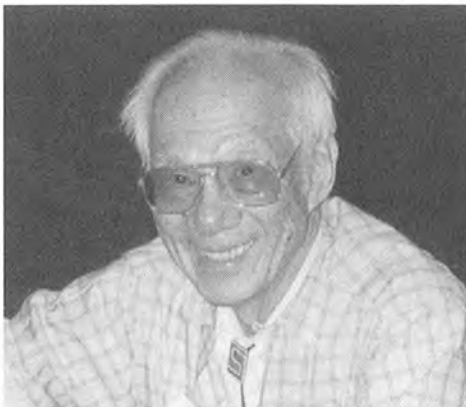
June and David Wittman



Brett Everson and Wife



Marge and Gene Mischke



Bing Poon



Neil Shields



Chet with Bear at Zoo

Atlanta 2000 - Battery C, 881st Field Artillery

Submitted by: **Paul Molinari**, 407 Woodland Street, Manchester, Connecticut 06040



Paul Molinari and new member, Florence Arthofer

Atlanta 2000 - Company E, 271st Infantry

Submitted by: **William J. McCall, Sr.**, 743 Purdue Avenue, Wenonah, New Jersey 08090-1044



Back:
Grace Glaum
Bill McCall
Joe Kurt
Elmer Broneske
Bing Poon
Dorie Glaum

Front:
Catherine McCall
Jane Kurt
Erma Broneske
Betty Dimmick

*Jim Boris
Catherine McCall
Tillie Boris
Bill McCall*

*Both photos
taken at
the Atlanta Banquet*



69th Infantry Division Association

54th Annual Reunion

"First Reunion in the 21st Century"

FT. MITCHELL, KENTUCKY

September 9th thru September 16th, 2001

DRAWBRIDGE INN

2477 Royal Drive, I-75 and Buttermilk Pike
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Gerard

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Stanley Crouch

* * * * *

THE DRAWBRIDGE INN

The hotel is a very large property at Exit 186 at I-75 and Buttermilk Pike, and it is very accessible for travelers. They have over 500 rooms with most in their main complex-which is two-story with elevators. Their ballroom and meeting rooms are separate, but attached to the hotel with access from both inside or outside. Decor of the hotel is Old English sprawled over a large area surrounded with abundant free parking. There are two Olympic-sized swimming pools in the main complex, one inside and one outside. Room rates single or double are \$72.

Across the parking lot is a 100-room two-story motel (no elevators) called the Garrison, that has its own outdoor pool and is next to the tennis courts. Because the Garrison is not attached to the main complex, their room rate is \$65 single or double.

The Drawbridge has three restaurants, two are inside the building and one is adjacent with a very large Old English Gatehouse Tavern (with Drawbridge) that has class and excellent foods. Members of the 69th Division will be given a 10% discount in all three restaurants. Chauncers Restaurant inside the Inn is open 24 hours a day and also serves beer, wine, and liquor.

Free airport shuttle bus service is furnished for hotel guests. Also, city bus service stops at the hotel lobby every 45 minutes. The bus goes to Covington, Covington Landing and Floating Entertainment, Riverboat Cruise Docks; and, downtown Cincinnati with numerous stops. Cost for seniors is currently 50¢ one way.

For you beer enthusiasts, the Oldenberg Brewery and American Museum of Brewing History is within walking distance of the hotel. They have museum tours, a beer garden, and restaurant. The Brewery is ancient, and reminds me of a medieval castle.

FT. MITCHELL, KENTUCKY

Where is Fort Mitchell? It's the neighboring village next to Covington. According to both the Cincinnati Official Visitors Guide and the Northern Kentucky Convention Services, both cities are within the Greater Cincinnati Metropolitan Area; and, the "Southern" side of Cincinnati. The Drawbridge Inn is only five (5) miles from downtown. Cincinnati/Northern Kentucky International Airport, which is also in Kentucky, is seven miles from Fort Mitchell.

Cincinnati, Ohio and Covington, Kentucky are on the Ohio River. Although the Mason-Dixon Line and the River separate the communities, they live in perfect harmony and exploit the attributes of both locations in their pursuits. The beauty and climate of the Ohio River Valley in September is uncomparable. The soft breeze from the river furnishes natural air conditioning and the moisture from the river provides miles of deep green vegetation

COVINGTON COMMUNITY

The contrast between Cincinnati and Covington is notable; Cincinnati is a modern cosmopolitan city, while Covington is casual with both old world charm and southern hospitality. Both cities have a rich ethnic background, notably of German and Italian heritage.

Covington's centerpiece is its historic Mainstrasse Village, five square blocks of a restored 19th Century German neighborhood, even with cobblestone walks. The Village offers old world service, quality merchandise, and fine dining. The Village abounds with arts, crafts and gift shops. Further, there is a German Streudel House, Gasthauses, saloons, bars, Irish and English pubs, a Wine Bar, delis and an ice haus (ice cream), plus Rosie's Tavern and Tracy's Big Bar Cafe.

The Village has a 100-foot tall Glockenspiel Chimes Bell Tower made in German Gothic structure, that plays a 43-Bell Carillon hourly. Music and animated figures depict a lively enactment of the folk lore, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." Located in the center of the village is the Goose Girl Fountain cast in solid bronze. The German Grimm's fairy tale entitled the Goose Girl was the inspiration of the theme to represent the culture of the area.

(Continued on Page 11)

UPCOMING 54th ANNUAL REUNION

(Continued from Page 10)

For those interested in Old World structures, there is the Cathedral Basilica of the Assumption. This is a French Gothic replica of Notre Dame in Paris, featuring 80 stained glass windows, including the world's largest stained glass window.

The real nightlife is Covington Landing, a floating entertainment complex on the Ohio River. The restaurant and entertainment center offers a spectacular view of Cincinnati's skyline.

I saved the best for last. "OOM, PAR, PAH" strike up the band for the Klosterman Family Oktoberfest scheduled for Friday, September 7th thru Sunday, September 9th, 2001. The first beer keg ceremony starts at 5:00 p.m. on Friday. The German/Bavarian Festival includes German and American food; outstanding entertainment; over 100 arts and crafts booths; and carnival rides. Plan to come to the Reunion a couple of days early, and enjoy a great German tradition on September 7th thru 9th.

GREATER CINCINNATI

Cosmopolitan Cincinnati is a beautiful city on the banks of the Ohio River in the heart of America. As expected, the main attractions within the city are devoted to the arts, museums, entertainment and sports. These are but a sample of what's available.

Performing Arts: Fifth Third Band Broadway Series; Professional Broadway productions. Arts Association; Center for Arts and Music Hall. Ballet; over 30 programs presented annually.

Opera Music Hall: Second oldest opera company in USA.

Playhouse in the Park: Professional theater with a mix of play and world premieres, pops orchestra, and symphony. The Playhouse draws over 200,000 people annually.

Downtown Theater Classics: Showboat Majestic live theater. This is an original 1920's showboat permanently moored on the river. It's a bonifide historic landmark featuring the best in musicals, comedies, and dramas.

Riverbend Music Center: Outdoor Amphitheater with top names in entertainment from country, to rock, to adult contemporary acts.

Museums: There are 11 in the area featuring every conceivable area of interest, ranging from historic; ice age; Civil War; visual arts; contemporary arts; ancient cultures; fire engine/fire devices; Union Terminal, a renovated art deco train station and historic landmark with over one million visitors yearly; Jewish Institute of Religion-skirball, core exhibit is "An eternal people, the Jewish Experience." National Afro-American Culture Center; Railway Exposition with Pullman sleepers, diners, coaches, caboose, engine cars, kitchen,

postal cars, and troop carriers. All tell the history of the railroad; and finally, the William Howard Taft National Historic Site, birthplace and boyhood home of the 27th President of the United States.

There is one more museum that should be of major interest to every World War II Veteran, the United States Air Force Museum at Wright Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton Ohio. The museum is the world's oldest Military Aircraft Museum with over 300 aircraft and missiles, and thousands of artifacts from the days of the Wright Brothers to the present.

It's more than aircraft - there are actually four distinct segments, each of special interest. The first is World War I created with the atmosphere of trenches, barbed wire, actual battle equipment and realistic battle scenes. World War II is divided into two separate areas; battles of the Pacific and the battles of Africa, Sicily, Italy and Europe. Both are very graphic with battle maps, photographs, and equipment tracing the war from Pearl Harbor to Tokyo and, from North Africa to "D" Day to Berlin.

The last segment walks you through separated displays of actual fighting aircraft including the Nola Gay that dropped one of the atomic bombs on Japan, to the most incredible plane ever built, the B-19 flying wing constructed with over 600 miles of electric wiring.

Entertainment is endless.

Visit the Cincinnati Zoo and Botanical Gardens; Paramount's King Island Amusement Park; Coney Island Water attraction; Americana Amusement Park; the Beach Waterpark; Newport Aquarium; or, the Ohio Renaissance Festival. Cincinnati also has a German Oktoberfest typically held the week after the Covington Festival. In 2001 it will be on the Cincinnati River front Friday September 14th to 16th.

Casino and Riverboat gambling are both nearby in Indiana about 20 miles west of Cincinnati or Covington. They are the Arbosy Casino and Grand Victoria Casino. The Argosy is the largest Riverboat Casino in the world.

The location for the Reunion is actually tri-city centered on the Ohio River at the junction of the Licking River, Cincinnati, Covington, and Newport. There are eight bridges connecting the three cities. There are seven Ohio Riverboat companies that take passengers for select cruises, i.e., sightseeing, dinner, etc.

The tri-cities are conveniently connected by a Southbank Shuttle Service that stops at every shopping, entertainment, and restaurant in all three cities. Shuttles operate continuous routes daily with variable times based upon the day of the week; typically, they run every 20 minutes until 10:00 p.m. weekdays, and every 15 minutes until 1:00 a.m. weekends.

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UPCOMING 54th ANNUAL REUNION

(Continued from Page 11)

SHOPPING

There are several large shopping malls in the metropolitan area, two are near Ft. Mitchell; Crestview Hills and Florence Malls. The largest mall is Tower Place in downtown Cincinnati, at I-75 and Fifth Street. It covers two city blocks with three shopping levels. The top level has a skywalk that connects the complex together.

Cincinnati/Covington is obviously an outstanding location for our Reunion full of possibilities for tours and events. The choices will make it difficult to choose; however, I promise at least one night out on a Riverboat Dinner Cruise.

The next Bulletin will feature much more information with Registration Forms, etc. included. Please consider coming to this 2001 Reunion. We look forward to see all of you there!

Fighting 69th Website

The temporary website address announced in the last bulletin has been changed. The new and permanent address is:

www.69th-infantry-division.com

If you have problems reaching the site, you can e-mail us at: annejoelip@earthlink.net.

Read the home page, sign the guest book, search the links. It will be a great site for all of us to visit.

Joe Lipsius

6314 Deering Hollow, Norcross, Georgia 30092-1800

Telephone: 770/416-7725

69th Division Flag Sought

Paul Staub, Headquarters, 273rd Infantry
20 Snowbird Lane
Levittown, New York 11756

On the last Father's Day, my daughter and her family presented me with my own 20-foot flagpole. Needless to say, I love it. Every morning the flag goes up and every evening, the flag comes down. The children in the neighborhood rush to help fold the flag when it comes down and when there are not kids around, some of the parents come over to help fold.

I have always been proud of my service in the 69th and would like to fly the Division flag from my flagpole. Can you tell me where I can get such a flag? Perhaps someone in the Association has one they are willing to give up or sell or maybe someone knows where I can purchase one. I would be very grateful for any information.

Anyone that can help Paul, please write to him at the above address.

A Message from the President



Harold E. Ruck

622 Melville Avenue

Chattanooga, Tennessee 37412-2645

Telephone: 423/698-3918

Dear Members of the Fighting 69th Division:

Ray Sansoucy has agreed to accept my appointment to interim Vice President of the Fighting 69th Infantry Division Association effective September 14th, 2000. Ray will fill the unexpired term of **Bill Taylor**, our Vice President at the time, who resigned this position on September 3rd, 2000. Ray's term of office as Vice President will expire next year at our Annual Meeting. At that time the Nominating Committee, chaired by **Chet Yastrzemski**, will present a new slate of officers for your consideration.

I know you join me in thanking **Bill Taylor** for all the work he did on our behalf during his term of office as Vice President.

For your information, **Ray Sansoucy** was in the Anti-Tank Company of the 272nd Infantry Regiment. I feel very confident that Ray will do an outstanding job for us as Vice President of our Association.



**Our New
Vice President**

Ray Sansoucy
Anti-Tank Company
272nd Infantry
23 Paradox Drive
Worcester,
Massachusetts
01602

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(Continued on Page 14)

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Notice from the 2001 Nominating Chairman Chet Yastrzemeski

Any member of the Association desiring to run for Vice-President please contact the Outgoing Director of your unit or contact me. The same holds true for anyone desiring to be a Director.

We are hoping to have some response from anyone who is interested. It is becoming increasingly difficult to get people to volunteer for these very important roles in order to maintain our 69th Division Association. Thank you.

Outgoing Directors

Charles Walsh, Co. B 271st Regiment
Chet Yastrzemeski, Co. E 272nd Regiment
Arthur Hall, Co. B 273rd Regiment
William Beswick 661st Tank Destroyers
William Ruebsamen 724th Field Artillery

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Service Company, 271st Infantry

Submitted by: **Anthony Arace**, 9000 S. Las Vegas Blvd., #2021, Las Vegas, NV 89193



Trespass, 271st Regimental Personnel: Starting, bottom row: 5th - Manny Bartzel, 8th - Connelly. 2nd Row: Loar Quickle (Past President of 69th), 3rd - Vaughn, 5th Cyrus Ruckhold, 6th - Capt. Kahn, 8th - Mertz, 9th - Sol Rosenblitt (Past President). 3rd Row: 1st - Tony Arace, 3rd - Marshall, 4th - Perry. 4th Row: 11th - Baird, 13th - Keller.

"The Black Market - Everybody Did It"

Written by: **Arthur S. Moore**
Battery C, 881st Field Artillery
55 Highgate Road, C-4
Newington, Connecticut 06111

Note from the Author: After writing this article, I reread it many times, trying to determine if anyone could get hurt by it as it was illegal to do what we did. There were only four characters in the story and I'm the only one living now and hopefully, the Statute of Limitations has expired - and Janet Reno has enough problems to keep her busy elsewhere!

* * * * *

Why this method of trading was called "BLACK MARKET" I suppose we'll never know. The Army said it was illegal and that's all one had to know. Just don't get caught.

When we got to Berlin the war had been over for about seven months. While we were getting ourselves accustomed to a new phase of army life waiting for our number to be rotated home, life was boring. If you had money you could tour all the places in Europe that you read about in school. You could further your education by attending classes of your choice in England, France, Italy, Scandinavia and other places I've forgotten.

As a GI our transportation anywhere in Europe was paid for by Uncle Sam. Anything else that struck your fancy came out of your pocket. Although we were the best paid army in the world (and paid every 30 days), the GI was always broke. The food was good and there was plenty of it. Of course, there will always be gripers. In some European armies the soldier got a liquor ration. I don't recall such a deal. But Uncle Sam bought our cigarettes and that amounted to over \$100 on the Black Market. I don't recall how many cigarettes a GI got per month. I personally did not smoke so that was all money in the bank. If you were a nice guy you gave your cigarettes to your buddy. If you weren't buddies, you sold them to him.

As newcomers to Berlin and seeing all the nice things money could buy on the black market, we wanted some of those things too. All of Berlin was not devastated as one would think. The news reels showed you the damage and devastation but there were sections that were not touched by the war. There was no purpose in destroying residential areas. Bombs and ammunition cost money and the transportation to get them there was costly. For the Germans there was little food. If it wasn't for the GI many German families would have starved. They would barter their valuables - jewelry, stamp and coin collections, paintings, glassware, hoarded liquor, cameras and even automobiles. All the GI had to do was figure a way to get that stuff back to the states.

Not all GI's dabbled in the market, only the brave or the fools. As with the stock market, if you didn't have the money all you could do was look on and wish.

Our billets were in the Kaisers Artillery College on the third floor. A huge building that received little damage during the war. In the morning, whoever thought of it, put out the waste baskets so a detailed crew could empty them. As I was passing one basket I saw something that looked like a typewriter. Who is throwing away a typewriter? I took it out of the waste-basket and noticed the other half still in the basket. The carriage had come off from the main body of the machine. I took that out of the basket also. Upon a quick visual inspection I decided to look it over more closely later. I brought it into my quarters and put it in my locker till I could inspect it more closely. Then, with my bugle tucked under my arm I went to my post and blew Chow Call and quickly got out of the way for the hungry herd of GI's. After morning chow the B.C., (Captain Neal) reported in to the orderly room. When his business was over I asked him if I could sign out a jeep and told him why I needed one. He OK'd the pass and shortly after the noon hour, I drove into Steglitz in the American side of Berlin. In my previous jaunts into our area of Berlin, I had checked out most of the shops and restaurants etc. that were opened and doing business. I parked in front of a typewriter repair and sales store, took my two pieces of typewriter with me and entered the store. A short, crippled man came forward to greet me. "Good afternoon Corporal. I am Otto Brausch. Welcome to my establishment. What can I do for you?" I showed him my broken down typewriter and asked him if it could be repaired. "Did you drop it" he asked. No, I replied, I found it this way." He explained the typewriter to me. It was made of bakelite, (a forerunner to what later would be called plastic.) The brand name was Torpedo Six. It was a naval, perhaps submarine, typewriter. Nothing was broken but for some reason, perhaps an unseen part was missing. It would take a few weeks before I could get it back. "My repairmen will be happy to get it back into operation" he said, and gave me his card. Told me to drop in anytime to see how he was progressing with the repairs.

On the way out I noticed some beautiful glassware displayed in his window. I stopped, picked up a piece that caught my eye and Otto was suddenly at my side describing the piece. I asked him if these were still being made in the local factories. He told me "No." These are survivors of the war. He told me that he had six men working for him that go around to German homes asking if they had anything of value that they might wish to sell or trade for items and things that could make life easier for the time being. I picked up a vase that was perhaps 8 inches tall studded with ivy leaves. I asked him how much it was. He told me and a quick evaluation of marks to dollars told me the vase

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THE BLACK MARKET - EVERYBODY DID IT

(Continued from Page 15)

was priced at \$25.00 American dollars. I bought the vase. I had it appraised perhaps 12 years ago and the appraiser valued it at \$275.00.

Your probably wondering where this story is leading to. Bear with me because at this point I didn't know what the future was going to be either.

This was the winter of 1946. I learned and was learning more about this trading business as I liked to call it. My cigarettes were money in the bank. A carton of regular cigarettes brought \$150 dollars a carton, Pall Mall brought \$200 per carton. I was interested in diamonds, stamp collections, small objects of art or anything that caught my eye. Most every night a friend and myself would go to Steiglitz in the Berlin section and see what would pop up. You would be surprised to see the German civilians out on the street trying to sell various things just to get some chocolate candy or cigarettes. I was able to pick up many items of value that I shipped home as soon as I was able. I kept my German carpenter busy making plywood boxes. Everything got home in good shape. Even my typewriter. I even had a pair of bronze and marble busts of ancient warriors which probably weighed nearly 50 pounds each. Every now and then we would get a scare that the postal department along with the military government was going to open and censor all packages. Anything that resembled contraband would be confiscated. I had perhaps 10 diamonds that I had bought. I removed the band from them and threw the bands away. A most popular and inexpensive fountain pen at the time was the Eversharp. It had its own ink supply via the bladder in the shaft. I removed the bladder, inserted my diamonds and replaced the bladder. Believe me, that pen never left my shirt pocket. At one point I had to have two pens.

Our captain's wife had a birthday coming up shortly and the captain wanted to know what he could get for her. **First Sgt. George Custis** asked him what he would like or had in mind. We mentioned things trying to give him an idea of what was on the street. He finally said "How about a gemstone ring." Custis said "Can do. We will need the jeep one night, permission to carry side arms and plenty of marks." The captain looked worried but Custis calmed him down and explained why we needed all three. The captain wanted to give us some money but Custis refused money. He wanted to see what we could get first. So, it was agreed. I would drive the jeep directed where to go by Custis.

At seven o'clock right on the dot the captain entered the orderly room and he and Custis went to the motor pool and signed out a jeep. They were to drive one block and wait for me. In a few moments I was where the jeep was waiting for me. They both got out, I got behind the wheel, Custis got in and the captain gave us last minute instructions. If we got in trouble of any kind that would detain us, we were to call the officers club and ask for him. He would be there till 11:00 p.m.

Custis and I had to be in before 11:00 pm as I had to blow TAPS at 11:00. We all saluted and off we went.

Some streets were lit by street lights and some were not. We tried to avoid the darkened streets. I asked Custis where we were going. He said, "We are going to see an Otto Brausch." I said "Who?" He said "Otto Brausch. Do you know him?" I mentioned my typewriter problem and Custis answered, "That could be the same guy. He is about 5 feet tall? He has a stiff leg and a hump in the middle of his back about the size of a mans head?" I said, "YES." He said, "Old Otto. He is one of the biggest black marketeers in Berlin."

I asked Custis if he had been here before. He said he had been in this district often by day and by night. Said there should be no trouble. Custis told me where to turn, left here, right there. There was no traffic on the street and I hoped we didn't look too conspicuous. We finally parked the jeep in what looked like someone's back yard. A darkened figure suddenly appeared and said something in German. Custis answered in German and we were asked to "Komen ze heer bitte." Someone flashed a light quickly in our faces and someone else was tapping us down. When the guy patted our left underarm he told us to leave the pistols with him. Custis said, "They stay with us" and held the man's wrist as he tried to take the pistol out of its holster. Someone tried to do the same thing with me and I told him the same thing, it stays with us. His answer was, "We are armed also." Custis answered, "We'll remember that."

Part of a board fence opened up and we were escorted to another board fence which opened up upon a guttural command from our escort. Then we entered a darkened building that still had blackout curtains over the windows. Our escort had a flashlight which he used so we would know where we were going. We went up two flights of stairs and finally into a lighted room where there were about five men working at benches repairing various things. Apparently these were some of Otto's repairmen. The more we walked, the better the interior of the building looked until we finally got to Otto's "salesroom." Custis greeted Otto and Otto greeted Custis. Custis said "Do you know my corporal?" Otto adjusted a pair of pince nez on a black string on his nose and with his nose somewhat in the air looked at me and smiled and said "ahhhh herr corporal....Moore is it? Welcome to my establishment. I hope I have something that you find you cannot live without." We all had a polite laugh. Otto got out some cognac and small glasses and we sipped our cognac and made with small talk. I did more listening than talking.

When the glasses were empty and the talk began to wane, Otto asked Custis what we were looking for. Custis answered gemstones, and I said, diamonds. He called out someone's name and in a few moments the man brought out two trays of beautiful gemstones. "Ve vill look at zese first den ve vill look at some beautiful diamonds. O.K.?" We picked out a beautiful blue stone

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THE BLACK MARKET - EVERYBODY DID IT

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about the size of a man's thumbnail surrounded by four respectable diamonds. We both looked it over then Custis asked how much? Without hesitation Otto answered, "Eleven thousand RM." "Wrap it up," Custis said. And Otto comes up with, "Veher do you think you are, in Macys?" and we all laughed.

"Now Herr Moore you want to see some diamonds, ya?" I answered, "Yes." "Diamonds are hard to get," he said, "They have been snapped up months ago but there are still some around." He takes a handkerchief out of his jacket pocket with eight diamond rings tied in a knot. I look them over one by one and selected a beauty 13 diamond set in a cluster that resembled a chrysanthemum in a platinum setting. "How much Otto?" He answered, "Sixteen thousand RM." "You can wrap that one up too Otto," I told him. And I dug deep into my German billfold. Their money was almost the size of a 5 x 7 photograph or a bit smaller. Custis and Otto chatted a bit longer and I interrupted them and asked Otto if I may look around, and he told me to shop at my pleasure.

This place was a warehouse of some sort once upon a time. There were baby grand pianos, uprights, organs, musical instruments of all kinds and sizes, tuxedos, gowns, swords and suits of armor, paintings and objects of art, even three automobiles, an English taxi, a pre-war Mercedes and a pre-war Maybach which must have been 18 feet long or a bit longer. These items were all on consignment from Germans of class and wealth who found they couldn't survive on these luxuries and rather than peddle them themselves, signed them over to Otto for a fee. I asked Otto if he would ever sell them all. He said as soon as the civilians and discharged soldiers went back to work again and things began to look brighter, all of his four warehouses through out the city would be vacant, and I will go back to selling and repairing typewriters.

At this point I thought it wise to inform the 1st Sergeant that it was getting late and to not push our luck. He agreed and within a few minutes we shook hands with Otto and were on our way through the maze that we had entered a few hours earlier. The 'gate keepers' were still 'on duty' guarding Otto and his merchandise. The jeep still had four wheels and tires and started immediately. The sergeant gave the gate keeper a few Reich Marks for making sure no one tampered with our Jeep. We talked about our purchases and the merchandise Otto had in his care. Incidentally, as we were saying our good-byes to Otto, he informed me that my typewriter would be ready in three days and I could pick it up at my convenience. He said, "Unfortunately I do not have delivery service - yet." We all laughed over his joke and continued on our way.

We were lucky, the MP's didn't stop us for identification. The sergeant knew the back streets and we made it back to the fortress we called home with 15 minutes to spare. He dropped me off at our quarters

and I grabbed my bugle and he continued on to the Motor Pool, turned in his pass and walked over to the bugle mound and waited for me. I blew TAPS and we walled back to our quarters. Bed Check was being conducted by a 2nd lieutenant and an NCO from another battery. We quickly doffed our boots and jacket, ties and shirts, quickly set up our chess board and pretended we were in a difficult chess situation. When they came to our room they checked those that were sleeping, watched our game for a moment and wished us a good night and continued on their appointed rounds. We inspected our purchases and Custis mentioned if the Captain didn't like the gemstone, he would keep it for his wife. But, upon seeing the gemstone after chow the captain was very pleased and later paid Custis the equivalent in cigarettes for what he had paid.

The following week I picked up my typewriter from Otto Browsch's Typewriter Service and Repairs. I used it for a short time then had my German carpenter make a crate for it and shipped it home to the states. It arrived in perfect condition and about five years later, I sold it for \$50 to a college student who worked on my construction crew building Dow Air Force Base in Bangor, Maine.

At this point I should explain the monetary system to the reader as best I can to explain why a GI in occupied Berlin or other large cities in Germany were so wealthy. Too many years have gone by for me to remember how much a Reich Mark was worth to equal a dollar in the early stages of reconstruction. But it didn't take the German population long to realize that things could get better - or worse. Financiers, both American and German, were trying to control and eradicate the black market as they called it. Before it was placed under control, many American GI's were making money hand over fist and sending it home to their families or to bank accounts. Finally for the GI, the bubble burst. Too many were profiting from the war or post war and that was a no-no.

Let's say a Private in the U. S. Army was earning \$30.00 a month, THAT WAS ALL HE WAS ALLOWED TO SEND HOME LEGALLY. He could allocate any amount to anyone back home as long as it didn't exceed \$30.00 in one month. Other ranks were similar as long as they didn't exceed their limit. Now, what was the poor GI to do with all that other black market money? It didn't take him long to find a way. Cigarettes were his lifeline to high finances. He would buy merchandise and send the merchandise home for his wife or family to sell in the states, pawn at pawn shops or do whatever he wanted to do to turn the merchandise into hard cash. Talk about money laundering. Who is the richest country in the world? (Possibly thanks to the American GI). Where there is a will there is a way. German merchandise was coming into this country of ours by the boatload. Diamonds

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THE BLACK MARKET - EVERYBODY DID IT

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and other jewelry, musical instruments, violins, accordions, pianos, Jeeps, YES, JEEPS. New shoes, ladies under garments, silk stockings, food from our own Mess Kitchens, toothpaste, and Hershey candy. Stamp collections, coin collections, pistols, rifles, swords and a variety of military hardware. Anything the Germans had of value was wanted by the American GI. Many were getting rich. That was the idea. American industrialists made a profit from the war, why shouldn't the soldier that fought it. When it came time for the soldier to go home he either sold his reserve of black market money to anyone who had the contraband, watches, cameras or whatever for 5¢, 10¢ or 15¢ on the dollar. Many times he gave it away to German families he came to know.

And that's the way it was — as I remember it.

Meditation of an American Soldier

By Morton Harold Rose, circa 1944

As quiet descends o'er all our earth
This nite so still and black;
And us still wondrous of our worth,
The chips still in the stack.

This dawn may filter rays of light
Or shadows may remain,
For this may be our day of fight,
Our destiny so plain.

When tomorrow is also done,
We seek to unveil the cloud
Which lingered on, and our thoughts run
Endlessly to unloose this black shroud.

The ones we killed lest they destroy us,
Of what do they ponder now:
Their bodies lying in the dust
Their fields no more to plow.

Devastation wrought by killers cruel
On cities, woman and child;
The world it was that they would rule,
And Adolf that they hailed.

We're glad some of us have the chance
To crush, destroy these beasts,
That people once again will dance,
And peace shall have its feasts.

Though some of us may not return,
In body, still in soul,
When liberty its torch shall burn,
We're glad we were the toll.

O'er a free world you can bet
The setting sun, again will rise,
As "the rising sun" itself will set,
For us, this is the prize.

So mother, for us you need not cry,
In freedom all will rejoice
And you now know the reason why
We are the people's choice.

Does Anyone Remember Capt. Morton Harold Rose?

Submitted by: **Mrs. Amy Rose**

210 Palmetto Avenue, Pacifica, California 94044

Phone: 650/355-8105

E-Mail: amyjrose@pacbell.net



My father-in-law, **Dr. Morton Harold Rose**, passed away on June 6th, 1991, in Bethesda, Maryland. Morton was always reluctant to talk about the war. He was a heroic doctor who saved many lives on the front lines and helped liberate one or more concentration or slave-labor camps, which must have been a gut-wrenching experience for a 24-year-old Jewish doctor.

I would like to hear from anyone who can provide more information about his service. If I can find out where he fought in Europe and which camp(s) he liberated, someday I'd like to travel there to honor his memory. I know he was in the 69th Infantry but not which company or regiment he was in, or any other details than this:

He served tours of duty at various hospitals before late October 1944, when he was transferred to Europe. He earned a Bronze Star when he was riding in a medic vehicle across a bridge in Germany and the Germans shot at them. He and his driver jumped off the bridge and the driver was killed, but Morton made it to the wounded American soldiers.

After the war, Dr. Rose became a cardiologist in Bethesda, Maryland, and Washington, DC. He married and had three children, and he used to receive the bulletin.

(Anyone that can help Amy Rose, please write or call. Read the poem on the left written by Morton.)

Company D, 273rd Infantry Regiment

Submitted by: **Kenneth Maynard**

12711 South Montana Avenue, Yuma, Arizona 85367-8612



Frank Manckiewicz and Ken Maynard - Mississippi, 1943



Dominic Migneco (NY) and Ken Maynard - Mississippi, 1943



*Russ "Stoop" Williams
Chilboton Downs*



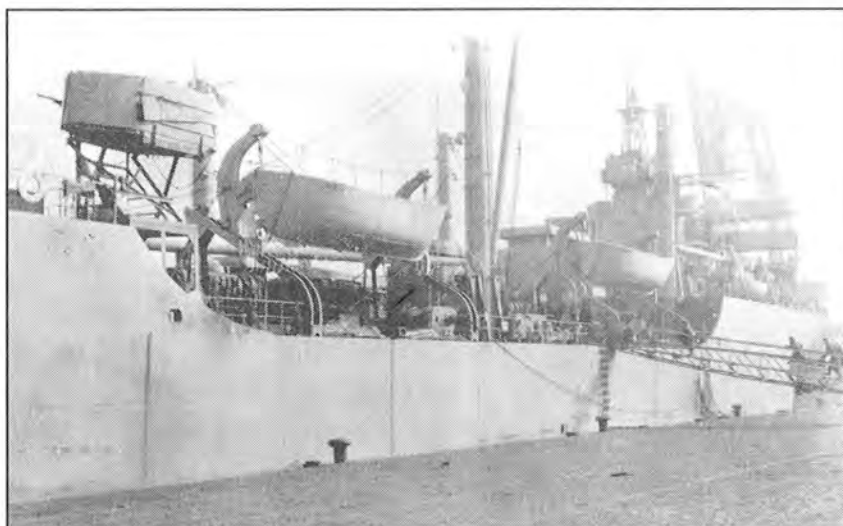
*Joe ?? - Medic
Chilboton Downs*



*Cozy or Kozak
Medic
Chilboton Downs*



*Richard King (NV)
Now lives aboard his
boat on the ocean!*



Across the Channel - January 1945



Tent City, January 1945 - REAL MUD!



*Tom Hepburn
Ammo Bearer*



*Ernest Casdorph
Died 6-5-79*



*Standing, °Kneeling: *W. Kruper (with pipe), °R. Williams, °C. Pinelli, °C Atterbury (no helmet), °G. Thomas (no helmet), °N. Beck, °R, Frick (laying on elbow), *E. Casdorff, *E. Matyjasik (with pipe), *L. Tennex, *H. Kaminski, *L. Ericson (no helmet), °J. Oplt (partially hidden), *T. Hepburn, *C. Ensminger. Who's between Thomas and Beck, Hulbert?



Top: Kenneth Maynard - 1st gunner, John Oplt - died 12/96, Tom Hepburn (deceased). Bottom: Don Millikin - 2nd gunner, George Thomas (know he's alive), Sgt. Nelson Beck - Squad Leader. Photo taken in Torgau or Grimma, I think.



Typewriter I acquired during WWII. Sold it before returning.



Chuck Atterbury - Indiana



Ed Kline - Detroit, Michigan
Richard King - Rochester, New York



Kassel, Germany - September 1945



As the Company Split Up - Where are we?

The War Interlude

- PART II -

Written by: **Horace R. Drew, Jr.**

881st Field Artillery Battalion

861 Waterman Road N.

Jacksonville, Florida 32207-5240

On the Siegfried Line

Our small advance party of the Division went across the Channel, which was kicking up 30-foot waves at the time, in a leaky British landing ship (dubbed LST) on a stormy night. We landed at war-torn Le Havre and disembarked with our equipment, Armor, and, running gear. After a very difficult march over icy, slippery roads and through a blizzard, we came to the small town of Forges LesEaux in north central France.

There was a contingent of the 82nd Airborne at the local tavern. Our Division managed to drum up a fist-fight with them just to let off some of the old fighting spirit that we all had built up. The 82nd Airborne started the fracas when they contended that any one of them could lick any ten soldiers from any other unit. They then went about to prove their point quite handily. In any event, we had a damn good fight and everybody went away with no hard feelings and very satisfied for having vented our anger in a fairly harmless, though bloody, sort of way.

The altercation was no doubt aided by Calvados, a distilled, 120 proof French brandy that was rather potent. My jeep driver, **Edmunds**, managed to get a snootful of this one night and was bat-blind for three days afterward.

The next day going into Belgium was the worst I had ever experienced. A blizzard produced a fine driving snow the consistency of beach sand that managed to filter into every part of your clothing and boots and into the jeep itself. Our lunch was a canned C-ration warmed on the jeep radiator. We all shivered and shook from the extreme cold. The temperature was well below zero and there was no break in the blizzard that blew continuously across these icy, snowy fields of Northern France.

From Forges Les-Eaux we made our way through the howling blizzard to Luxemburg, Belgium and the German border where the Division entered the Siegfried Line at the little German town of Helenthal. We supplanted the 99th U.S. Infantry Division which had been chopped to pieces by Von Rundstedt in the December attack ("The Battle of the Bulge"), and had only cooks and bakers and a few surviving units remaining to do the fighting at the end. The land was chewed up with dead cattle, horses and broken German and American tanks everywhere, with bodies lying around in between.

I will never forget the night we approached the Siegfried Battle Line. It had stopped snowing and the moon was out. The snow was quite deep on both the

roads and the landscape. The constant thunder of artillery in the distance and the glare of continuous explosions across the entire Eastern horizon to our front looked like the end of the world and perdition itself!

While we hesitated at a crossroads in deep snow, trying with the aid of a shielded flashlight to decipher our battle map, we heard a noise that was to become quite familiar during coming days. "Sewing machine Charlie" was coming over from the German side for aerial observation by moonlight. Before he had gotten overhead, we had doused all lights and hit the deck so that he would not observe our location. Detection by the Germans meant immediate destruction. "Sewing machine Charlie" had a uneven rhythmic sound like the old fashioned sewing machines for which he was nicknamed, and you could distinguish the noise of his engine anywhere along the front.

From that point on, my memory is somewhat blurred. I do remember being sent on repeated liaison missions at night with my driver and jeep down very dangerous, deeply rutted roads, complete with snipers and minefields, to the neighboring 28th Division, The Bloody Bucket as it was called, situated at Heartbreak Corner in Belgium. The daily password changed before we arrived the first time and we were nearly shot in the darkness by the Commanding General of the 28th Division because we didn't know the right password. Our rudimentary knowledge of American baseball was all that saved our skins that night!

Within perhaps a fortnight, the Bloody Bucket was supplanted by the Second Infantry Division (code name "Ivanhoe") at Heartbreak Corner. I remember they were commanded by a fine combat general by the name of Robertson. They were a fine and efficient outfit and a pleasure to work with.

In our frequent journeys down deeply-rutted roads at night, through the mud and stench of the German countryside and mine fields, we would frequently encounter snipers and dead German soldiers lying where they had fallen on the ground and on fallen trees along the road. Recognizing the constant danger of our mission, we carried a dozen hand grenades rolling around on the bottom of the jeep plus automatic weapons and our general issue of 30 caliber carbines.

My driver, Edmunds, was a good shot, as was I, and we usually managed to get through unscathed. These forays took their toll, however, and after a week or so, we were still pretty nervous about these night-time liaison trips. I remember that whenever we encountered a dead German soldier, Edmunds would dryly remark, "There's a goodun'." During the war, it was us or them and so we all felt much as Edmunds did.

We sometimes sought shelter from the brutal weather, deadly German snipers and German Artillery fire in a steel-reinforced concrete German bunker at

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THE WAR INTERLUDE

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Heartbreak Corner. Although the bunker had some safety features, a major disadvantage was that whenever there was any "incoming mail" (in the form of artillery or small arms) from the Germans, the bunker rang like a thousand church bells and reverberated in your ears for days afterward. Often during these times, I would think about the combat training I'd received in the States and how it prepared me for the war in which I now fought.

Heartbreak Corner and the Siegfried Line

The Second Division was located at "Heartbreak Corner," which was an intersection of roads so named because it had been taken and retaken from the Germans so many times and with so many casualties that everyone had lost count.

When we first approached Heartbreak Corner, the Allies were in the process of retaking it from the Germans. This was evident by the rifle fire popping through the forest all around us. Edmunds and I immediately sought protection in the German concrete bunkers to keep from being mowed down in the fire-fight. We finally located a well-camouflaged dug-in tent where we checked in and made our report on the location of our own 69th Infantry Division to the Second Division G-3. That night we holed up in yet another cold German bunker that rang like a clarion each time a German artillery shell came into the area. However, we were so tired that we still managed to grab a little sleep in the early morning hours anyway.

Curiously enough, the Germans who'd inhabited the bunker before us had left behind a considerable number of German postage stamps, both old and new. Thinking of my father, an avid stamp collector, I managed to gather some of them from the floor of the bunker where they had been blasted by a shell, put them in a large envelope and mailed them to the United States. My father later acknowledged them with a great deal of enthusiasm, not knowing the hazardous circumstances under which they'd been found. Of course, our heavily censored letters could convey no information as to our location or real situation in combat.

Our trips at night back and forth between our Division and the 2nd Division with orders and locations of our troops were fraught with danger. There was the constant threat of snipers and mines along the deeply-rutted, muddy road. We never knew when we would make it and when we wouldn't. We, of course, traveled without any lights and this made the trip even more hazardous. Liaison officers were especially at risk because a sniper could lie in wait and capture the valuable intelligence documents they carried. This scenario happened often, making the longevity of a liaison officer pretty short.

Going back to our first night at the Siegfried Line at Helenthal, we found it fairly uneventful. There was a German counter attack the next night however, and some of our soldiers were taken prisoner. The Germans made these hapless men a liability to us by shooting each one carefully through both kneecaps. When we counter-attacked the next morning and found our captured troops in that condition, it became very difficult for our Division Intelligence Officer to have any live German prisoners brought to him for a number of weeks. Quite understandably, our soldiers just couldn't seem to return German prisoners without shooting them first.

Around late February, 1944, the Allied line facing the Siegfried line, beginning with Montgomery and the British in the North, began to peel off from the North following an intense and prolonged artillery bombardment during which the very ground shook under our feet. It was hard to imagine a single German soldier being left alive after such intense preparation of artillery fire. Sure enough, early morning came and we found the Siegfried Line sparsely populated by Germans; they had strategically retreated behind the line because of the artillery fire and the flanking movement by the British from the North. We then fought our way through the Siegfried Line and made our way to the Rhine River. Despite pockets of resistance, our movement was fairly constant although with casualties.

The Rhineland and On To Leipzig

One moonlit night we came to the Rhine River and crossed over in a leaky naval landing craft we thought was going to sink before we made it across. So did the naval lieutenant who drove it. The German artillery to the south of us lit the scene eerily. I remember they were shooting white phosphorus that lit up the river and sky like fireworks. Nevertheless, we made it safely across and then it was time to ride the tanks of the 2nd Armored Division to speed up our advance.

After the Ruhr was encircled, we started to advance on the axis of Magdeburg, Kassel, Naumburg, Leipzig, and Dresden. Kassel was an automobile manufacturing city that also produced wonderful gin, which we enjoyed en route on occasion. At one time we assigned one 2-1/2 ton truck just to carry our supply! However, the German resistance was still heavy and there were many fire fights. The SS Troops, in particular, were fanatical fighters.

Some weeks later we fought our way across Germany to Wizenfelds, a suburb of the much larger city of Leipzig, the City of Music, where we paused to regroup. I was in the Division command tent one night with our Commanding General when the well-known war journalist Hal Boyle came in and began to encourage our General "Ducky" Reinhardt (successor to General Charles G. Bolte) to attack Leipzig at night.

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THE WAR INTERLUDE

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We all knew that our troops were not familiar with night attack maneuvers and the Germans had a nasty habit of using panzerfaust, a wicked, hand-thrown anti-tank grenade, from the tops of buildings. Boyle was with our Division because the 2nd Division was in disfavor with First Army through some mishap and had been assigned the more difficult job of attacking Leipzig from the East, whereas we had the easier Western approach.

While there was no particular hurry at this point, our General finally caved in to the demands from First Army Headquarters and pressure from General Hal Boyle, and to the disbelief of his troops, decided to attack at night. Our losses were more severe than they might have been during a day attack. In addition to the heavy toll taken by the panzerfausts, the Germans turned their powerful 88-millimeter anti-aircraft guns to ground level and blasted our troops and tanks unmercifully.

My most pleasant recollection along this advance was a brief overnight stop at Bad Nuennahr in the Rhine Valley where the German baths were available. These were very elaborate steam baths constructed over hot springs along the Rhine River in an enclosure attended by German civilians of both sexes. The baths were in deep pools or tubs in the manner of a sauna today and the water was bubbly as champagne. To relax in one of these deep tubs with the bubbly warm water flowing around you after the fear and grime of combat for all that time was a complete and utter luxury. The attendants furnished us with plenty of soap and towels and assisted in laying out our clean clothes. I had nursed one set of clean combat woolens in my pack for a long time and I brought these out in celebration of the occasion. In short, when I climbed out of the baths and went back to duty, I felt like a new man for the first time in a long time.

This euphoria was short lived. The heavy snow came down again. The liaison work became heavier and more hazardous than ever. The main difficulty was to maintain communication between our fast moving regiments.

Achtung! Minen!

I have a vivid recollection of one rainy, snowy afternoon when Edmunds and I were bringing a dispatch from the Second Division to our own 69th Infantry Division. The countryside was bleak and the Germans had largely fled in the wake of our advancing troops. It was a dangerous time because there were scattered areas of resistance (in the form of SS troops) and a lot of sniper fire. We had over-run Army maps and were using maps supplied by the U.S. Air Force. These were rather sketchy since the Air Force uses a much smaller scale than Army due to their wide-ranging planes.

On this occasion, we had not been over the terrain before and we found that the only road back to the Division had been blocked by fallen trees caused when the Germans exploded dynamite "necklaces" around the large trees lining the road. We noticed the tell-tale tracks of the small German carts used to move land mines from one area to another. We discovered that, through careful examination of the road ahead of us, we could determine the holes where the mines had been laid because the road was open and it was clear that no other vehicle had used the road since the mines were laid. After some discussion with Edmunds, I got out in front of the jeep in the rain and sleet and carefully guided the jeep through the mine field on foot, in many cases straddling the mine holes in the road. In a couple of places, there were trip wires stretched across the road which we cut, causing detonations. When this happened, we would duck down behind the shoulder of the road for protection.

After going about a block or so, we discovered that the mining wagon tracks and the traces of mines disappeared. Not trusting our foes, we nevertheless continued to follow our same careful pace with me leading the jeep foot by foot until we could be sure that we were out of danger. Finally, we were able to get back in the jeep and find our way to our Division.

In our attempt to avoid sniper fire and the mines placed on the road by the Germans, Edmunds and I did not give a thought to warning those coming behind us that the road was mined. There was no sign, of course, except the tracks left by the German wagons and these were undoubtedly erased by the rain. In any event, our division cannon company commander **Captain Trudell** and his first sergeant, we understand, came along a short while later in their jeep and failed to see the tracks indicating the mines on the road. They had gone only a short distance when a mine blew up under their jeep and killed them both instantly.

In retrospect, I deeply regret that we did not mark the road in some way to warn our troops that it was mined. Under the stringent circumstances of the moment, this thought simply did not occur to us, but we have wished many times that it had.

"Operation Werewolf"

During these fast moving days of our advance across Germany, there was, of course, no thought of where you would spend the night or whether you could even afford to stop. The German SS had devised a terror tactic of dropping troops by parachute disguised as wolves to kill and terrorize the advancing Allied forces. This was known in Allied Intelligence as "Operation Werewolf." We had been alerted to this new danger.

One night we were lucky enough to have a chance to rest in a small German town named, coincidentally, Wolfhagen (which means "house of the wolf" in German). My driver had dropped me at a little farmhouse which had a crude bedroom on the first floor and a hayloft on the second floor.

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Heavy snow covered the area and there was no one else in sight. I was so tired that I threw my bedroll on the featherbed and was immediately asleep. I was awakened around midnight by the banging of a door and what sounded like footsteps. The mystery and fear of the werewolf legend was vivid in my mind and I grabbed for my carbine and hit the floor. This action was not unwarranted since Allied soldiers were being killed every night by terrorist German troops.

After lying on the dirty farmhouse floor for some time in the dark and bitter cold, I finally realized that the slamming of the door was caused by the wind that had arisen during the night.

It also occurred to me that large farm rats in the hayloft above me were responsible for the sound of footsteps that I thought I heard. Looking back on this little episode, it seems rather amusing now, but under the stress and constant fear of the time, this episode was pretty hair-raising especially because of its meta-physical aspects. Needless to say, I did not sleep any more that night. We hit the liaison trail early the next morning in search of our troops.

The Nazi SS were most conniving in trying to impede our advance across Germany. Mines, Fire-fights, Artillery and Tanks were not enough, nor were the werewolves! So the devious and clever SS arranged to stretch thin wire cables across the roads intended to sever the necks and heads of their advancing enemy.

In thickly wooded areas and at night these wires were practically invisible and actually decapitated many of our troops driving in open jeeps with the wind shield down. Thank God our engineers had an answer in the form of a metal A-frame attached to the front of the jeep with a sharp edged apex to sever the deadly cables before they beheaded the occupants of the vehicle! In practice this worked very well, and these decapitating cables were soon obsolete.

Leipzig

There were a number of such episodes some more scary and bloody than others, as we moved across war-torn Germany towards our ultimate rendezvous with the Russians at Leipzig. Life became even more miserable when the snow that had been falling steadily turned to cold rain and sleet, leaving us not only cold and scared but also wet, hungry and miserable most of the time.

Edmunds and I were on the road most of the time. I employed several devices to survive the tough conditions under which we traveled. One was to sit on my plastic map case in a sometimes futile attempt to keep at least my bottom dry. Another device was to develop the habit of cat-napping while en route from one unit to another. This was not easy to accomplish because the deeply rutted roads tossed the occupants from side

to side and made riding in an open jeep a precarious situation. (Seat belts in combat were unheard of.) Also, we were constantly on the lookout for mines and snipers lying in ambush. To this day, my darling wife wonders how I can doze off while sitting up and in less than comfortable circumstances. Believe me, I come by this ability honestly!

One of the most spectacular elements of the attack on Leipzig was the attack on Napoleon's Monument on the outskirts. This was a beautiful monument to the Emperor Napoleon built with a waterway on either side and a mammoth bell about two-thirds the way up.

The Germans decided to take cover in the Monument. The SS Troops took the best positions as usual down below in the monument, making the very young and very old soldiers in the German Wehrmacht to rim the outer unprotected defense perimeter where they were more vulnerable. Throughout the night our American artillery slammed into the monument. Though the monument continued through the shelling, the enormous gong in the top rang constantly from artillery fire, like the sound of doom itself. The monument itself sustained extensive damage. The Germans surrendered and this was the end of the organized resistance at Leipzig, except for some holdouts among the fanatic SS Troops, and the German women fighting over food.

Elements of our 273rd Regiment under **Col. Craig** met the Russian Army East of Leipzig to much fanfare and celebration. This occurred at Torgau on the Elbe River in April 1945. This momentous event was covered by The Stars and Stripes in Europe, all world newspapers and again in Camp Shelby's newsletter, The Reveille. I proudly sent the article from The Stars and Stripes to Shelley, who turned it over for publication in her Camp Shelby paper, The Reveille.

The Furstenhoff Hotel

Following this initial meeting on the Elbe River, arrangements were made for the Russians to meet with General Hodges and his staff at the Furstenhoff Hotel in Leipzig. So we, in Division Headquarters, were allowed to take a room and, for the first time in many months, have a hot bath and a good meal.

I clearly remember being greeted in my room by a beautiful blonde German girl as I emerged from my bath. She was standing there holding a towel out to me. She reminded me of blond Betty Grable, a popular movie star and G.I. pinup of the time, who, as I distinctly remember, also had lovely physical proportions. This girl presented herself as much more than a hotel attendant, however. She went over to the queen-sized bed and sat down. She then cozily patted the cover next to her indicating that I should join her. And although no one has believed me to this day, I told that beautiful girl to "Rausch!," which is the German word for "scram." She looked amazed and disappointed, but

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complied with my stern order and left my room. In all honesty, I was disappointed too, albeit physically, but with the wonderful memories of my recent marriage fresh in my mind, I could do no less!

Later I was glad that I had resisted the beautiful German fraulein's invitation because the next day many in our Division were being court martialed or threatened with court martial for fraternizing with such German women. The desperate and clever German SS troops had recruited quite a large corps of unusually beautiful German women whose instructions were to use their feminine wiles to demoralize and distract our advancing troops.

It was an ingenious ploy and in some instances worked quite well just like the mines, "werewolves" and stretched wires.

I recall that one evening a meeting and formal seated dinner was set up at the Furstenhoff Hotel between General Hodges, Commander of our own U.S. 1st Army, and General Zukov, commander of the Russian Ukrainian troops on the eastern side of the Elbe River. The Russians arrived 4 hours late in captured German vehicles pushing each other in boxcar fashion because they had run out of gas. Despite this ludicrous entrance, however, they were spiffy in their dress uniforms. After formalities and toasts between the two Generals, there was a session of drinking vodka and gin in toe to toe "toasts" with the Russians. As the evening progressed, the party grew more rowdy and we were entertained with some wild Russian dances by the Russian troops. I felt sorry for the poor Leipzig orchestra who entertained us that night at the Furstenhoff Hotel because they were quite pale with terror of the Russians. Nevertheless, they made good music all evening and by and large the occasion came off in good humor despite a few fights at the end between the feistier members of the two Armies.

The End of War and The Road Home

We had not been in Leipzig long when the war ended on May 7, 1945. I received orders to leave the Division and report to the Headquarters of General Simpson's Ninth army in Maastricht, Holland. I was furnished with a jeep and driver to make the trip. I recall the day I arrived in Maastricht. I was still dressed for combat with weapons and shoulder holster filled and loaded, combat fatigues and boots, steel helmet, and all the other regalement of a combat soldier. The people of Maastricht had long since reverted back to civilian status and were somewhat repelled and shocked to see an American soldier dressed for combat in their midst. I stored my shoulder holster and other weapons and changed my uniform to dress woolens to be more presentable to our Dutch Allies.

Though Maastricht had been devastated during the War, the industrious Dutch townspeople rebuilt it in a fairly short time.

After two months in Maastricht, I returned home via LeHarve, France on the S.S. Kungsholm, the same ship that had brought me to Europe nearly a year before. Most of my possessions and loot from the war were lost when the landing net carrying my footlocker onto the Kungsholm broke and the contents were spilled into the harbor. The excitement of going home, however, dulled any pain I suffered from this unexpected loss.

After a rather uneventful trip across the Atlantic, I arrived at the Port of Debarkation in New York City. From there I was sent to Fort Bragg, North Carolina where I was given two weeks leave in the latter part of July 1945.

The States and Family Life

World War II ended in Europe on May 7th, 1945. Germany was in shambles. Displaced persons (D.P.s), clogged all the roads, many had no homes to return to and others appeared to be dazed and perpetually on the move.

On my return to Ft. Bragg about July 30, 1945 we were given all of the honors of returning war heroes and veterans, plus a thirty-day leave. I made fast tracks to Camp Shelby, Mississippi where my lonely bride of nine months awaited me eagerly.

We chose a cottage at the old Clearwater Beach Hotel on the Gulf of Mexico in Florida and continued our honeymoon which had been cut short by the war. We swam and fished, but mostly we made up for lost time! After enduring blizzards in Europe, the Florida sunshine never felt so good! We both got badly sunburned! In these golden moments we didn't even notice time or sunburn, and the thirty-day leave went by all too quickly.

We were both aware that I would be summoned to war again, this time as part of the planned invasion of Japan. However, prior to my returning to duty, while we were still opening our wedding presents in Jacksonville, Florida, President Truman gave the order to bomb the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The Japanese forces surrendered shortly thereafter. I believed then, as I do now, that President Truman's decision was completely appropriate under the circumstances. Many of us in the military were convinced that had we mounted a land attack on the main island of Japan, many many thousands of lives on both sides would have been lost.

Instead of returning to the war, I was ordered back to Ft. Bragg, North Carolina, to be mustered out as a Major in the Army Reserve. I then returned to civilian life in Jacksonville to seek a living for my family.

Shelley was still in the Army at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. I helped her obtain a medical discharge in January, 1946, getting her "in a family way." Our daughter, Shelley Louise, was born on May 9, 1946, at Riverside Hospital in Jacksonville, Florida.

New Men Relocated Since Our Last Bulletin

Charles Ivy — Company G, 273rd Infantry
9510 Primrose Lane, Shreveport, Louisiana 71118

Charles Franklin Wheatley — 69th M.P.s
1239 Hudson Road, Cambridge, Maryland 21613

Vita Di Pento — Company H, 272nd Infantry
P.O. Box 46, R.D. #1, East Brady, Pennsylvania 16028

Hilton T. Lytle — Company M, 273rd Infantry
1902 Howard Drive, Monroe, Louisiana 71201

Andrew Simon — H&S, 269th Engineers
24-1/2 Erie Avenue
Glassport, Pennsylvania 15045-1304

Philip B. Welsh — Company F, 271st Infantry
10 Hillery Court, #A-22
York, Pennsylvania 17402-7892

Edward Kline — Company D, 273rd Infantry
9932 Arbuckle Drive, Las Vegas, Nevada 89134

Lewis Guy — 569th Service Company
1165 Broadwood Drive, Pinellas, Florida 33782

Robert Dewester — Company E, 273rd Infantry
1986 Highway 77, Graceville, Florida 32440

Donald M. McGee — Company H, 272nd Infantry
510 Eddy Avenue, Joshua, Texas 76058-3362

Don G. Wolfcale — Company E, 273rd Infantry
16230 Drake Road, Strongsville, Ohio 44136

John McKay — Battery A, 879th Field Artillery
545 East Davis, St. Louis, Missouri 63111-3657

Calvin L. Reeder — Company B, 272nd Infantry
R.R. #1, Box 99, Wesley, Arkansas 72773-9801

Walter A. Rosenow — Company A, 272nd Infantry
P.O. Box 361, Hazen, North Dakota 58545

John H. Gerster — Company C, 369th Medics
5227 Silver Bluff Drive, Oceanside, California 92057

Kevin L. MacDonnel — Company C, 271st Infantry
2815 S. Trenton Drive, Trenton, Michigan 48183-2433

Russell M. Sloss, Jr. — Company K, 271st Infantry
6900 August Drive, Clemmons, North Carolina 27012

A Note About Photos

Many of you have been sending in computer generated images of photos. Many of these pictures are unusable because they are not scanned properly or the printer that they are being printed out on is of poor quality. We will not print extremely poor photographs when they are so bad, you can't even make out who they are. If you are afraid to send in your photos, at least send a disc with the photos on them. Our printer can then, hopefully, improve the quality. **Always remember, we prefer the actual photo and WILL return them to you.** Thank you, Dottie Witzleb

A Note from Your Membership Chairman

Robert J. Kurtzman, Sr.

Company I, 272nd Infantry

P.O. Box 105, Wilmot, Ohio 44689-0105

Telephone: 330/359-5487

Sorry that we have to inform you that in this issue of the Bulletin, the Taps list has reached 80 for the first time.

At the present time our roster stands at 4,356 total. We have 310 Widows listed, 47 listed as Associates and Honorary and 12 Regiments that receive our bulletin, leaving 3,987 comrades on our roster.

We have no way of knowing how many have passed away that we have not been informed of.

Please keep your addresses up to date so you can continue receiving the Bulletin. Thank you.

"Life Begins at 80"

Wendell L. Perry

Company A, 661st Tank Destroyers

14 Downing Place

Presque Isle, Maine 04769-2115

I have good news for you. The first 80 years are the hardest. The second 80 are a succession of birthday parties.

Once you reach 80, everyone wants to carry your baggage and help you up the steps. If you forget your name or anybody else's name, or an appointment, or your own telephone number, or promise to be three places at the same time, or can't remember how many grandchildren you have, you need only explain that you are 80.

Being 80 is a lot better than being 70. At 70, people are mad at you for everything. At 80, you have a perfect excuse no matter what you do. If you act silly, it's your second childhood. Everybody is looking for symptoms of softening the brain.

Being 70 is no fun at all. At that age they expect you to retire to a house in Florida and complain about your arthritis, (they used to call it lumbago) and you ask everybody to stop mumbling because you can't understand them. (Actually your hearing is about 50 percent gone).

If you survive until you are 80, everybody is very surprised that you are still alive. They treat you with respect just for having lived so long. Actually, they seem surprised that you can even walk and talk sensibly.

So please, folks, try to make it to 80. It's the best time of life. People forgive you for anything.

If you ask me, life begins at 80.

European Tour of the 69th Infantry Division

Submitted by: **Bill and Jo Beswick**
 Battery B, 661st Tank Destroyers
 P.O. Box 576 • West Point, Virginia 23181
 All Photos by Chet Yastrzemski



Paris

Some of the members of the 69th European tour departed Dulles Airport, Washington, D.C. April 17th, 2000. Other members departed from various airports, closer to their home. But, we all joined at the Sofitel Hotel in Paris, France. We took a day of rest after our transatlantic flight. The air turbulence was awful going over, from Dulles.

After a day of rest and a good evening meal, we enjoyed an evening of champagne and stage entertainment at "LIDO'S," which is excellent. If you ever go to Paris, be sure to stop in.

The next stop was Brussels, Belgium, to visit various places of interest, including the most famous and fabulous town square in most of Europe.

We visited Henri-Chappelle Cemetery, where **Chet Yastrzemski, Don Connelly** and **Don Durst** placed a wreath. Then on to Margraten Cemetery, where **Hilton Spokony, Bob Ross** and **Welkos Hawn** placed a wreath. While there, we visited our friends' graves. One fellow stated that he had waited almost 55 years to do that. Visiting these cemeteries is a MUST-DO when visiting Europe. At least, I think so. Roses were placed at each 69ers grave prior to our visit. **Ralph Goebel** gave a Prayer of Remembrance.



Ralph Goebel, Dutch Hawn, Hilton Spokony, Bob Ross



Ralph Utermohlen in Uniform with other 69ers



Chet Yastrzemski at grave of 69er, Silvio Formosa, Jr.



Office of Tourism - Reims, France

EUROPEAN TOUR OF THE FIGHTING 69th

(Continued from Page 27)



John Tounger with Flag



Archie Brooke, Fred Avery, George Kjos

Our next stop was the Reischeid, Geischied, Meischeid and Seigfried Line (DRAGON'S TEETH) area. This brought back many memories for a lot of the fellows. To bring it up a bit. There were forty-four of us on this trip and a great group of people.

We visited Koblenze, down at German Corner, where the giant horse sets atop a pedestal. Then BAD EMS for a little shopping, then on to Fort Ehrenbrietstein (sic) for a view of German Corner where we had departed a couple of hours ago. I believe you can see forever, when looking out over the high cliff. It is so high up in the air. This is where the Mosel and Rhine Rivers converge.

The Hercules Monument was also visited by our group as some of the people went up to the higher level. Again it was at a high level to see everything.

After our visit to Kassel and the Remagen Bridge sight and Museum, we continued on to Eisenach, where we attended Church services at "GEORGENKIRCHE." Fifty seats had been reserved for us, so we would not miss Sunday's Easter Service. This is one of the oldest and historic churches in all of Europe. Then on to Leipsig, where we checked into Renaissance Hotel, where we had an evening meal.

The next morning we were to depart for Colditz, where we had been invited by the mayor. This is the sight of the famous "COLDITZ PRISON," where many prisoners were kept from all of the countries, mostly FLIERS. In fact, most of them were from England.



Street Scene - Aachen, Germany



Remains of Bridge



*George Kjos, Dutch Hawn and Ralph Utermoehlen
at Dragon's Teeth*



Fortress - Ehrenbreitstein Koblenz

EUROPEAN TOUR OF THE FIGHTING 69th

(Continued from Page 28)

Many of them were from other countries. The prisoners erected a glider plane on one of the roofs, hoping to get it to fly, so they could escape, but it crashed in the attempt. After World War Two, a society was formed to try the same attempt. They erected a glider that did fly and they accomplished the escape attempt.

The Burgermeister and townspeople received us with an outstanding reception and refreshments. A book on Colditz was presented to Norbert McGettigan, of Philadelphia, since he was one of those veterans that was at Colditz in WWII. Part of the 273rd Infantry Regiment were part of the liberators of Colditz Prison, along with forces of the Ninth Armored Division.

Our next stop was Torgau and a reception by Mayor Wolfgang Gerstenberg with a reception by him, his staff and townspeople and a welcoming address. Afterward, he accompanied us to the "69th Division Flag Memorial," on the East Bank of the "Elbe River" where a wreath was placed by **John Tounger, Ralph Utermohlen** and **Valentine Frauenhofer**.

Everyone had the opportunity to try German cooking for lunch today. You know, "Veinerschitzel," I hope the spelling is correct. I had several during our visit to Europe on different occasions.

Wreaths were placed at the "Russian Monument" on the West Bank of the "Elbe" by **Fred Avery, Archie Brook** and **Gordon Kjos** and at the Russian Cemetery by **Joe Mancuso, Richard Roberts** and **David Theobald**. We were also accompanied by a group of Russian Veterans, who also placed wreaths. They also placed wreaths at all of the locations with us. We each placed a single red rose on **JOE POLOWSKI'S** grave, which were handed out by **Bing Poon**.

We departed for Strehla after our visits to the Memorials in Torgau, where we placed wreaths on all the sights of Remembrance. We were received by Mayor Andreas Haberland at the Strehla Memorial. Addresses were given by Mayor Haberland, a Russian general, whose name I forget, I'm sorry, and **William R. Beswick**. Afterward, we went to the reception given by Mayor Haberland and the officials of Strehla and his staff. It was very nice, indeed. Most of the afternoon was spent in Strehla. After which we went to Zwethau for our Banquet.

The "55th ANNIVERSARY BANQUET" was held at Wenzels Hof Restaurant in Zwethau, Germany, just across the Elbe River from Torgau. Over one hundred "69'ers" and guests of Russians and Germans enjoyed a fabulous dinner. It was actually more than we could eat and very tasty. I know no one went away hungry.

The next morning, April 26th was our farewell to TORGAU and it's environs. I believe everyone enjoyed their visit to a city of long ago.



City of Bad Ems



Hercules Monument



Kassel, Germany

Three or four stork nests were spotted on roof tops or electric poles. There were storks in three of them. The "stork alert" would come out from someone, 'Stork on the left, stork on the right' so everyone would have the opportunity to see it.

We traveled the super highways at a zesty speed of one hundred kilometers per hour, which in our speed is sixty-two miles per hour. Their highways were just like ours, torn up for rebuilding and a doggone nuisance.

EUROPEAN TOUR OF THE FIGHTING 69th

(Continued from Page 29)



Group of 69ers at Elbe River



69th Memorial on the Elbe River



Torgau on the Elbe River



Mayor Gerstenberg at center mike



Bill Beswick with German interpreter

EUROPEAN TOUR OF THE FIGHTING 69th

(Continued from Page 30)

About three o'clock in the afternoon, April 27th, we felt the bus slow down, as a car was approaching from the left rear in a zig zag motion. The bus driver swerved to the right a little, then to the left and then a small auto crossed in front of the bus, went off the right side of the road, hit a tree, bounced back into the side of the bus and went careening down the side of the road, flipping end over end, three or four times. The young lady was air lifted out of the area by a helicopter. She was still alive. The Lord only knows how she survived. We had two nurses on board, who went to assist her. After they got her stabilized, the cops came, and soon after, the helicopter came on the scene. **Mona Yockus**, daughter of **Don** and **Emily Durst**, and **Jim Lansford**, son of **Ed Lansford**, went to her aid and got her stabilized before the rescue arrived. So much for a quiet afternoon. No one or any of the luggage was hurt, only the bus.

We had been entertained by several fellows on the bus. **Ralph Utermohlen** with his "Ralph's Ramblings" who had some type of jokes and his play by play of rebuilding his Jeep. Also **John Tounger** about his rebuilding a Jeep and a couple of his stories. Then **Dave Theobald** gave a few brief comments. The comment came up about how the Jeep got it's name. I said that if Vice President Gore could take credit for inventing the "Internet," then I could take the credit of naming the Jeep, but I don't believe anyone accepted that. Oh well!!!, It was worth a try.

We had planned to stop by "DACHAU," but our altercation prevented that. We were at the scene of the accident too long.

The Schweizerhof Hotel in Munich was a very fabulous and swank hotel, where we spent the night, with excellent food. I've found out, if you have problems trying to convert their money, put it on your Visa or whatever credit card you may have.

St. Moritz, Switzerland was out next stop. We went between buildings on the main roads, where two small cars could not pass, much less a monster of a bus.

We arrived at the Ambassador Hotel which was very nice and overlooked a monstrous lake, covered with ice. It was not extremely cold there, but it gave you the opinion that it was. It was raining slightly. Some of us braved it for a walk around town, with some shopping.

The next morning we took a short bus ride to the train station, to board the "Glacier Express" for the seven hour train ride through the "Swiss Alps," with plenty of snow. It was easily seen, as the snow was six or more feet deep. Some beautiful scenery and well worth seeing. Some of the mountain curves were so sharp, you could see the train and some of the cars ahead of you. The Swiss villages in the valleys looked like a village in a child's toy village. Lakes looked like a drop of water on a table top. We had to



Betty Jo McCarty and Daughter Michelle



Jean and Bob Rosane



Doris and Ralph Utermohlen



Ursula and Ralph Goebel

EUROPEAN TOUR OF THE FIGHTING 69th

(Continued from Page 31)

change from the train to a bus that ferried us around a section of the track that was being rebuilt. Now that was an exciting ride, then we resumed our journey to **Zermatt, Switzerland** on the train.

It was a little more nippy in Zermatt. After all, we were at a very high altitude. We had the balance of the day free for shopping, sleeping or just plain looking around. We needed a little rest.

The next morning we were to board the **Gornegrat Train** up to the **Gornegrat** station. The train does go higher, but there was too much snow for the train to continue. The Gornegrat station is 10,266 ft., the "**Matterhorn Peak**" is 14,658 feet. But, we were a little disappointed, because the Matterhorn was sacked in with clouds, so that is all we could see. The air was mighty thin at about 10,266 feet. It would not permit me to breathe very well, so I did not accompany some of the others up to the summit, which was about another 150 feet. I must not leave it out that it was snowing, not a gale, but still snowing.

The part of the railroad that went to the Gornegrat was a cog railway. There is a center rail that has teeth, with the train that has gears, that meshes with the track, which grips to hold back or helps the train pull better. If it did not have the teeth, the train could not go up the very steep incline or down without holding the train back. If you could see the incline, you would understand why.

After the excursion up to Gornegrat, we returned to Zermatt for a day of shopping and relaxation. Some nice gifts were purchased and various foods were tried, some very good. As much as I hate to admit it, Jo and I did try McDonald's (where I do not go, even in the states). Jo wanted a hamburger and our decision was that they taste the same as in the states.

After the visit to Zermatt, Switzerland and the sightseeing, we were to travel to **Baveno, Italy**, with a stay at "Dino's Hotel" now that is a snazzy hotel and luxurious place.

John and **Dena Tounger** had planned to go to another city, Milan I think, for a visit, but decided to stay in Baveno and travel to Milan. I did not blame

them. Dino's Hotel overlooks "Lake Maggiore" and some of us had rooms overlooking the lake.

May 2nd was departure date from Baveno, Italy, to the good ole U.S.A. and the final day of the tour. Some very good friends were made and I'm very sure some will be everlasting.

Some of the places visits were repeats from before, some we had never visited. The purpose of this was for people that had been there before and those that had not. In other words, something for everyone. I do know that Jo and I enjoyed it and met lots of very nice people. We had two bus drivers. Werner was our first bus driver. He was a very efficient, polite and helpful driver. I will always believe that he handled the bus in such an excellent manner that he prevented what could have been a disastrous event. He drove well. We had a second driver, named "Marco," who drove well and was extremely helpful and polite.

One person on our tour whom I will not forget and I am sure none of the other people will not either, was our tour director. You always save the best for last. Our Tour Director, Eileen Mitchell was a lady with a vast knowledge of all of Europe and could easily answer our questions with a well learned response. No!! we will never forget her and I believe she will never forget us. A very lovely person to work with.

This is written as to what most of us did, some people had little different things to talk about and what they did. But, I can't cover them all. I certainly **HOPE THEY ALL ENJOYED** it.

Anyhow, **THANKS** to all of the **WONDERFUL** and **PATIENT PEOPLE**, **JO** and **I ENJOYED IT ALL**.

We are very sorry that the several people that had planned to go on the tour, were unable to go for one reason or other.



Bill Beswick

Tour Guide, Eileen Mitchell



Bing Poon



Chet Yaz on the Elbe River

EUROPEAN TOUR OF THE FIGHTING 69th

(Continued from Page 32)

Those who attended:

Fred Avery Division Headquarters Company
 Archie Brooke Division Headquarters
 Vivian Bailey Daughter of Archie Bailey
 Janice Atkinson Friend of Vivian Bailey
 Bill and Jo Beswick 661st Tank Destroyers
 Don Connelly Headquarters, 271st
 Donald and Emily Durst Anti-Tank, 271st
 Mona Sha Vona Yockus ... daughter of Don and Emily
 Valentine Frauenhofer Company G, 272nd
 William Gill Brother in law of Don Connelly
 Gordon Kjos Division Headquarters,
 Edwin Lansford Company H, 271st
 Jim Lansford son of Edwin Lansford
 Bob and Jeanne Rosane Company A, 273rd
 Ralph and Ursula Goebel ... Cannon Company, 272nd
 Joseph and Pearl Mancuso Company H, 272nd
 Bing Poon Company E, 271st
 Richard and Pat Roberts Company C, 273rd
 Robert and Jean Ross Company C, 271st
 Hilton and Elizabeth Spokony .. Headquarters, 272nd
 David and Jean Theobald Company F, 272nd
 John and Dena Tounger Company D, 271st
 Chester A. Yastrzemski Company E, 272nd
 Welkos and Jeanne Hawn Headquarters, 69th
 Norbert and Doreen McGettigan ... Company I, 273rd
 Robert and Margaret Shaw Company B, 273rd
 Ralph and Doris Utermohlen Company I, 271st
 Betty Jo McCarty Company D, 273rd
 Wife of Robert McCarty who is sick
 Michelle McCarty Jacobs .. daughter of Robert McCarty



Scene of Eilenburg



Liz and Hilton Spokony



Dena and John Tounger



Janice Atkinson and Vivian Bailey



Bob and Jean Ross



Emily and John Durst

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

We are interested in all news from Chapters, Groups, Branches, Companies, Battalions, Regiments, Recon, Artillery, AAA, Units, T.D.'s and minis for this column. Mail your date(s), location, banquet cost, activities and room rates, plus a good write-up to **Fighting 69th Division Bulletin**, P.O. Box 69, Champion, Pennsylvania 15622-0069 or 183 Pineslope Road, Acme, Pennsylvania 15610-9606, as early as possible. Then follow through with a write-up immediately after the event(s).

Mid-West Group

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

2000 SPRING MEETING

The Mid-West Group met at the Fox Hills Golf Resort and Conference Center in Mishicot, Wisconsin from May 24th through May 27th, 2000. Twenty-one people were present (a better turn-out than last year). The food was very good in the resort dining room and at an outdoor cookout.

The golfers got in two good days on Thursday and Friday, with the rain holding off until Saturday. Non-golfers visited the Kohler Company display building at Kohler, Wisconsin on Thursday, and they were on their own on Friday.

Everybody agreed that Fox Hills is a good place for a meeting and **Gene Pierron** plans to repeat the arrangements for the Spring of 2001, perhaps with the help of the **Bichlers**. Those who attended were:

John Barrette Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin
Headquarters, 271st Infantry

Richard and Marge Bichler .. Belgium, Wisconsin

Fred Butenhoff Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Company E, 272nd Infantry

Nancy Eisenreich Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Bob and Joanne Brunsell .. Evansville, Wisconsin
Service Company, 271st Infantry

Fran and Zita Enright Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Battery A, 881st Field Artillery

Leslie and Marie Kindel DeWitt, Michigan
661st Tank Destroyers

Eugene and Marilyn Mischke Spring Valley, Illinois
Company B, 273rd Infantry

Curt and Evelyn Peterson Madison, Wisconsin
569th Signal Company

Gene and Ethel Pierron..... Belgium, Michigan
661st Tank Destroyers

Gaylord and Ruth Thomas Waupun, Wisconsin
777th Tank Battalion

Chuck and Pat Walsh Glendale, Wisconsin
Company B, 271st Infantry



Back Row: Gaylord Thomas, Gene Mischke, Fran Enright, Curt Peterson, Fred Butenhoff. Middle Row: Ruth Thomas, Marilyn Mischke, Zita Enright, Evie Peterson, Nancy Eisenreich, Pat Walsh. Front Row: John Barrette, Gene Pierron, Ethel Pierron, Marie Kindel, Les Kindel, Chuck Walsh



*Fred Butenhoff
on the Golf Course.*



*Gene Mischke at the Buffet.
Go, Gene!*

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

(Continued from Page 34)

Company I, 271st Infantry

H. Lynn Jones, *News Reporter*

1081 Meadowbrook Drive
Milan, Tennessee 38358

The Annual Company I, 271st Infantry Reunion was held in Englewood, Colorado (the Denver Area) on July 13th to 16th, 2000 in the Hilton Denver Tech Hotel, hosted by **Marty** and **Edie Miller** of Littleton, Colorado. Members were greeted by Our Company "I" Welcome Poster in the lobby (thanks to the **Haines'**), and a Gift Bag in each spacious room (thanks to our host). A well stocked Hospitality Suite and meeting place was provided on the same floor as all the rooms. A deluxe bus had been arranged for transporting us to and from all the planned activities during our stay.

Members attending were:

Dale and Peg Thompson Florida
Doug and Nathalie Buckstad..... North Carolina
Hy and Mae Rita Kurfirst Washington
Bob and Phyliss Jorgenson Wisconsin
Bob and Carol McMillen Ohio
Richard and Jane Haines Massachusetts
Lynn and Lou Jones Tennessee
John Noone New York
(John's son from Louisiana joined us Saturday)

Five of our regular attendees had prior engagements and missed the reunion. (YOU GUYS MISSED A GOOD ONE).

We located two of our members. They are:

John Sawyer

245 Stephenson Branch Road
Bryson City, North Carolina 28713

Albert Bonotto

1849 Van Ness Avenue
Klamath, Oregon 97601

The activities started with a tour of the United States Air Force Academy with lunch in the Officer's Club, then on to a guided tour of The Garden of the Gods, with a great view of Pike's Peak in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Dinner was in Kittridge, Colorado, 30 miles west of Denver, at Deer Run Restaurant with a choice of a beef dish, fish dish, or lamb dish. Saturday we went to Canon City, Colorado where we boarded a train for a tour of the Royal Gorge along the Arkansas River, past the Royal Gorge Bridge, some 1053 feet above the river. Box lunches and drinks were provided for the trip. We had great picture taking opportunities and watched lots of white water rafters on our round trip.

We were treated to a great backyard and pool Italian Buffet at the **Miller** home, with their children and grandchildren present (assisting **Marty** and **Edie**-thanks). We cannot find the words to properly express our gratitude to **Marty** and **Edie** for their graciousness in providing the bus, the tours, and the hospitality suite (with rations) THANK YOU.

Mr. Robert Schlegel sent a notice to Marty asking if anyone could give him information on his uncle **Farrell D. Kvasnicka** who was a member of Company I and KIA on February 28, 1945. **Haines** and **Jones** were in his squad and met with Robert to give him the details as they remembered them. **Jones** had spent the 27th on outpost with **Farrell** and remembered their talking about our planned attack the next day, and **Farrell** stating he would be killed then. His concern was for his grandmother's hurt at learning of his death. The second squad of the second platoon had been made a demolition squad and required adding a second BAR Team to the squad, and

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Dale and Peg Thompson, Doug and Nathalie Buckstad, Bob and Carol McMillen, John Noone, Edie and Marty Miller, Phyliss and Bob Jorgenson, Lou and Lynn Jones, Jane and Dick Haines, Mae Rita and Hy Kurfirst.

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

(Continued from Page 35)

Parker and **Farrell** were assigned to the team. Our squad was to attack Oberreifferscheid down the left side of the road leading to the town. We left the woods and started across a field. 30 to 40 yards into the field we were hit by a mortar and "88" barrage. **Parker** and **Kvasnicka** were hit with the first salvo. **Parker** was severely wounded, but **Kvasnicka** was killed. **Parker** did survive.

Robert made a video of **Haines** and **Jones** conversation to send to his mother in Dodge City, Kansas. We spoke with Robert's mother (Farrell's sister) Mrs. Glenna Schlegel by phone who said Farrell's body had been returned and buried in Kansas; however she said the state of Kansas had never acknowledged his death. I did not understand what was going on, but she had been unable to get any help. How about some Kansas 69'er (**Merrill Wertz - Ralph Utermohlen**) see if you can help the lady clear this up: Telephone 316/227-6400.

While at the Garden Of the Gods a young man asked us if we were with the 69th Division. He wanted to thank us for ridding Germany of that "Hitler Fellow" and providing such a wonderful life for him and his parents (who still live in the Kassel and Wetzlar area). He is married to an American girl and they live in the states. So 69ers, here is your thanks, 55 years later.

We hope everyone who attended and other Company I, 271st members will make plans to join us at Highland Park Hills Inn, in Lake Wales, Florida on March 15th to 18th, 2001. Contact **Dale** and **Peg Thompson** at 1223 W. Cody Villa Road, Babson Park, Florida 33827. Telephone 863/ 638-2044.

Company D, 273rd Infantry

Kenneth A. Sawyer, News Reporter
2311 Skywind Circle
Melbourne, Florida 32935
Telephone: 321/254-7175

Company D had a fair turnout in Atlanta. I counted 17 of us. The overall attendance was a bit light this year, so we done good. A few of our regulars had schedule conflicts this year. Perhaps we can hit the 20

mark again. Next September would be a good time. The 2001 reunion will be in Kentucky, across the river from Cincinnati, Ohio. Look for details elsewhere in the Bulletin.

As usual, we hailed from all over the country: Oregon, Texas, Florida, New York, Michigan, and points in between. In attendance were **Nat Alterman** from Florida, **Bob** and **Betty Ammons** from Michigan, **Allan** and **Mary Blackmar** from New York, **Ed** and **Mary Case** from Pennsylvania, **Lawson** and **Sharon Clower** from Georgia, **Roland** and **Jan Hendrickson** from Oregon, **George** and **Barbara Johnson** from Virginia, **Betty Jo McCarty** from Texas, and **Ken Sawyer** from Florida. The **Case's** son, Ed Jr., joined us on several occasions. **Fran Collard** from Florida was my guest.

We lucked into a suite at the Sheraton. All 17 of us gathered there frequently to enjoy our special relationship. It was Nat's first reunion since New York in the 40's. We last saw Lawson in Orlando in 1984. Bob made it two in a row (Three if we count the company reunion at Myrtle Beach in 97). I hope this foretells many more good turnouts. Kentucky is an easy trip for many of us, let's see you all there.

Anyone know the whereabouts of Sgt. Edward Houlehan?

Submitted by: **Franklin Haught**

Company A, 271st Infantry
27277 N. Lake Pleasant Road
Peoria, Arizona 85382-9724
Telephone: 623/566-8612

Sgt. Edward Houlehan was listed as a Squad Leader of the third Platoon in the story "Trespass Against Them" which was sent to me by **G. Ray Kehn**.

I also looked in the 69th Division Association Roster of the book called, "The Fighting 69th Infantry Division" and he is listed.

If anyone out there has an address on him or any information, I would really appreciate a response. Please write or call me at the above address. Thank You

DEADLINE FOR MATERIAL FOR BULLETIN
VOL. 54, NO. 2 - JAN., FEB., MARCH, APRIL 2001
JANUARY 31st, 2001 - Get Your Material In On Time!

Looking for My Shadow

Written by: **Franklin Haught**

Company A, 271st Infantry Regiment

P.O. Box 1386, Sun City, Arizona 85372-1386

~ Introduction ~

In putting this piece together, it's embarrassing to say that I don't remember the name of, or as in this case, the names of the people who played a large part in one of the most memorable moments of my life.

If any excuses are appropriate, I offer three: 1) The fact of my nearly fourscore years, 2) These memories are from over fifty years ago and 3) I offer a mitigating one by alluding to the huge turnover of personnel during the times at Shelby and even those replacements sent out as late as in Winchester, England, who were still being replaced during the time we were moving in to relieve the 99th Division. The records show the division sent out over 15,000 men and officers as replacements equivalent to 100% of its total strength.

I dedicate this writing to the one I must refer to as **My Shadow**, where and if there are such records, his name would be listed as one who was a member of the Third Squad of Company A, 271st Regiment, 69th Division. He was wounded in the wrist on the evening of February 27th, 1945 in a German mine field just north of Hollerath, Germany and I also dedicate this to everyone who ever wore the red six and the blue nine patch proudly on his left shoulder.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We received a letter from Franklin after we had received his story. In the bulletin Volume 53, Number 2, there was a story entitled Company A, 271st in which the name of Andrews was mentioned as one of the wounded. Franklin wrote to us and believes that he possibly could have been his shadow. We'll keep you posted on this as he researches this further. If anyone can help, please contact Franklin.)

* * * * *

Because of books and movies, and of course, the fiftieth anniversary of D-Day, a great nostalgia has brought about requests for those of us who served during World War II to share some memories of those long ago times. Most of us now are nearly eighty years old and our memories play tricks on us. We thought we would never forget the great friends we made, yet their faces and even their names, fade with time.

I dedicate this writing to one I must refer to as my Shadow and if there are such records, his name would be listed as one who was a member of the 3rd Squad, 3rd Platoon, Company A, 271st Regiment. He was wounded in the wrist on the evening of February 27th, 1945 in a German mine field just north of Hollerath, Germany.

Most of the things I write about in this piece will come from letters I sent home, letters I received from many of those who were shipped out as replacements, some pictures taken at Camp Shelby and my good friend, (now deceased) **James A. Richardson** and a special thank you to **G. Ray Kehn**.

I was present when the 69th Division was activated at Camp Shelby, Mississippi on May 15, 1943. I was assigned to the Third Platoon, Company A, 271st Regiment from day one to combat. I remember the two hot, muggy summers, the snakes, chiggers, mosquitoes, swamps, heat, dust and long marches. Who could ever forget that cold, damp winter, the rains and the mud. We trained through it all. Eighteen months of drilling, learning maneuvers, sending out thousands of replacements and then receiving new men followed by more training and maneuvers.

In October 1944 we finally shipped out to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey and then on to England. While in England at the Royal Guard Barracks in Winchester, many of our men were taken as replacements. I received a letter from **John J. Cupina**, one of those who left Company A, Third Platoon, Second Squad, along with his two best friends also from the Second Squad, **Eugene Jenkins** and **Hershal Martin**. I lost his first letter but I'm sure he said that many of those replacements from Company A did not make it.

John went on to say that he and his buddies stayed together in the same squad in the 83rd Division and they got their baptism of fire shortly after leaving England and arriving in Belgium. After the war, they served with the 42nd Division as occupation forces until they were sent home. John said that after returning home to Binghamton, New York, he went to work for the city Department of Engineering until he joined the fire department. He remained there until he retired in 1985. He returned to Winchester, England on two different occasions. He visited the barracks in which he stayed and it is now a museum, but the city remains much the same as it was. He also said that he remembers **Staff Sgt. Thompson**, his squad leader in Company A.

I will list as many names as I can round up and state whatever information I can find. The first company commander was **Captain Edwards** and then came **Captain Austen** who was with the company all through the war and he retired as a colonel and passed away at his home in Virginia. His first executive officer was **1st Lt. Estes** who was replaced by **1st Lt. John Jones** at Schmidheim, Germany early in 1945. The original 1st sergeant was **Sgt. Johnson** and then he was replaced by the Third Platoon **Sgt. James Parks**. **Sgt. Parks** was the original Third Platoon sergeant with **Sgt. Bates** as his guide. I was the First Squad Leader, **Sgt. Thompson** had the Second and **Sgt. Richardson** had the Third. When **Sgt. Bates** left **Richardson** moved up to Platoon Guide. When **Parks** moved up to 1st Sergeant, **Richardson** moved up to Platoon Sergeant and I moved up as his guide. **Pfc. Bonello** was moved up to Company Clerk from the Third Platoon. I remember one of the many staff sergeants that came in and out of the Third Platoon. His name was **Staff Sergeant Palmer**. I heard but do not know for sure, that he was killed in action in North Africa.

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LOOKING FOR MY SHADOW

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I sent some pictures in to the Bulletin of men from the Third Platoon with six that were unidentified. **Jim Richardson** wrote to remind me of two of their names, **Pvt. Kamelhair** and **Sgt. Ed Houlihan**. If you see in your mind's eye a big young man with a bar, the name **Burnbaum** should jump out at you. Some fine young soldiers who shipped out in the first group were **Tony Grazios**, **Charles Cuttner** and **Jim Tyree**. I heard but have not confirmed that **Jim Tyree** was killed in action. **Pvts. Gold, Bradley** and **John Gower** also shipped out with them. **Pvt. John Gower**, like the aforementioned men, was a skilled, highly trained infantryman. He had a great sense of humor and if you went with him to the Hattiesburg riding stables and saw him on a horse, you would know that he loved horses. He was always talking about his palomino. I once asked him to be my assistant squad leader. He said, "No, you be the hero and wear the stripes. I'll just take care of my rifle." Sometime after he shipped out, I got a letter from him. As I remember it, he said, "Dear Hero, Maybe you better think about taking those stripes off. Over here they made me a staff sergeant and now I'm in an English hospital all shot to hell." I wrote to him but I never heard from him again.

My hometown is a littler pottery town called Chester, West Virginia, about thirty-eight miles south of Pittsburgh, PA on the Ohio River. A man I went to school with, **Frankie Sayre**, was in Company B, 273rd. He left with the first group to ship out. He was captured by the Germans during the landing at St. Lo, Italy, taken back to Germany and released after the war. He was still doing fine after I moved from there to Arizona. Talk about a small world. At Camp Shelby, Frankie used to hike down to the PX across the street from Company A and meet me and **Sanford (Sam) Graham** from the 2nd Battalion Medics and **S/Sgt. John Fred Morris** from Company H, 271st. Each of us hailed from the little town on the Ohio, Chester, West Virginia. Sam and John went over with us and both made it back. Both passed away in the late nineties. I will mention Sam later in this writing.

A few things I do remember about Shelby, was the experience I had as a member of **Col. Harmony's** Regimental Boxing Team. **Col. Harmony** went on to become a brigadier general and took a division into combat in Italy. I can not remember the 1st lieutenant who was our trainer. I remember the night that Joe Lewis refereed the bouts at the Camp Shelby gym. I also remember the time I tried out for the regimental baseball team. I played in place of the absent first baseman with **Spud Chandler** pitching. I remember saying to the coach, "If I get back in time from the march to the sea, I want to use a catcher's mitt." My hand was still stinging from his pick off throws when we got to Gulfport. Also during basic training I was a

company runner until I made corporal. I made expert rifleman on the range and then I was named company snipe and issued the 03 with the telescopic sight. I demonstrated it at an Infantry show for the fly boys at Keesler Field. I also remember during basic I pulled guard duty at the Camp Shelby Headquarters bakery and suddenly three horsemen trotted into view and I gave them the, "Halt who goes there," order to you know who. During those eighteen months I was much impressed with the many classes on mine warfare, hand grenades, bayonet and infiltration courses and I still think the hardest thing physically that I ever accomplished was earning the expert infantry badge. But the pride of having earned it helped you forget the pain along the way.

When we got the platoon leaders, **2nd Lt. Kramer** came to the Third Platoon and I remember **2nd Lt. Moore** came to the Second Platoon. I remember **Lt. Moore** since he was always bugging me to apply for OCS as my test scores exceeded that required for entry and I'm sure he had something to do with **Jim Richardson** signing on.

I can still see the faces of the two medics assigned to the Third Platoon in Company A. Even though I thought they were two of the finest people I had ever met, I can't remember their names. One was a barber, maybe **Cook** or **Cooper**?

In a letter I sent to my father, a WWI veteran, I told him that the arrival of the officers seemed to have brought rhyme and reason to the ever changing rules, regulations and orders being handed down and made what I thought was the best company in the division even better.

The man responsible for the pride and unity in the Third Platoon during the summer of '43 certainly was **Platoon Sgt. James Parks** who would later become the first sergeant of Company A. When he chose those of us he wanted to be squad leaders, he told us that when he was first picked as a squad leader, his sergeant told him the best way to gain the respect of your men is to give them your respect for who they are. Just before we went overseas, **1st Sgt. Parks** suffered a ruptured appendix followed by complications. That kept him from going over with us. After fifty years had passed, I met him at the first 69th convention held in Arizona where I moved to many years ago. It was a great reunion and we stayed in touch until he passed away. We never discussed the war, and until just recently I never knew that he had finally been able to rejoin us until he once suffered medical problems and replaced by **Sgt. Bishoff**. The fact that he was awarded the Bronze Star for heroic achievement does not surprise me.

Jim Richardson left Shelby just before we shipped out and I moved up as temporary platoon sergeant. **2nd Lt. James A. Richardson** became a platoon leader in Company B, 271st in time for the February 27th action. He made it through the whole thing until he got some teeth knocked out in Eilenburg, Germany

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and when the 69th was sent home, he was assigned to the 3358 Trucking Company as company commander based south of Frankford. Three months later he was assigned to the 7th Army post exchange in Heidelberg as assistant exchange officer and shared an apartment with **Lts. Wrigley** and **Jones** of Company A, and he added, we had a ball. He left the service in August of 1946 as a 1st lieutenant. He then resumed his retail career with the Woolworth Co. and retired in 1984 after 43 years as a senior buyer. We stayed in touch until he passed away in Havorsford, PA. He joined the 69th Association at the very first. He was listed in Company A, 271st. After meeting **Sgt. Parks** in Arizona, I put him in touch with **Richardson** and they stayed in touch until **Sgt. Parks** passed away.

In 1946 **Richardson** asked me to tell him what happened on February 27, 1945 and I filled him in. When I decided to put this thing together back in 1966, I asked him to fill me in on what I said in the letter fifty years ago. He said he would do his best, but that he had lost the letter. So much of the accounts of that day will be a combination of our memories - kind of like the blind leading the blind. The plan to write this down was curtailed by a busy life and only gathered dust until I received the letter from **John Cupina** so I got started again.

I was convinced that all the groups that were trained and then sent out as replacements from the 69th Division would speak well for themselves and for the training they received at Shelby. Again I say it's a small world because after the war I met an old friend Bob Finley of Chester, WV. He was with the 99th Division at Hollerath the night we replaced them. I learned a lot of things about that great division and their trials and tribulations as they battled to take Hollerath, Germany not once but two times.

Many of the men I led into Hollerath had been integrated in the the Third Squad within the last two weeks prior to relieving the 99th Division, the days following and up to the evening of February 27th, 1945. The men in each squad of the Third Platoon, some new to the division, all untested by combat, serving under untested leaders, performed like seasoned troops. I always felt the men who were trained in the 69th Division at Shelby and sent out to other units as replacements would speak well for themselves and for the training they received at Camp Shelby.

Hollerath was on a hill and the German lines were within our visibility on the surrounding hills. The town had been almost torn apart leaving most of the company quartered in basements that had survived the countless bombardments from both sides. We in the Third Squad however, were stationed to the rear on the left flank to guard against enemy infiltrators. Our kitchen was located down to the right of us and

we had a good view of them the time they received the heavy artillery bombardment damaging all the equipment and both jeeps, but no one from A Company was injured. I think they must have considered our position here in the rear left flank as an inpost since we never heard about it. Two days after we arrived we had our first casualty, when **Stanley Waskiewicz** was brought in wounded in the face while on outpost duty. About this time the screaming meemies really started sounding off. But we did hear about the reconnaissance patrol from the Third Platoon being discovered in enemy territory and our BAR man, **Burnbaum**, had mowed down a German in a delaying action as the patrol withdrew.

The first days on the line for those of us in the Third Squad consisted of trying to keep warm, especially on those nights that dropped below freezing, as we were residing on the ground in holes and tents.

But finally we were pulled out of our feather beds in the middle of the night and told to report to the C.P. When we arrived, I saw a fairly short lieutenant, (**Lt. Estes**, I presumed) standing in the dark and **S/Sgt. Henry "Hank" Mitchel**, whose voice I recognized from Camp Shelby, was getting kind of high like something had scared the bejabbers out of him, and he was saying, "Now, I want you boys to be quiet and if you make any noise I'll - -." I said, "Sergeant, you just sent all the way across the company area and back to the rear to get the best squad in Company A, so tell us what you want and let's get on with it." The lieutenant spun around and started walking down the road toward the enemy positions, followed by Hank, so we followed them.

We walked a good distance down the road and stopped. The lieutenant said, "Station yourselves along the road and intercept anyone who comes up here." He indicated from the direction of the enemy and walked off. I said, "I hope to hell their not expecting a lot of tanks," and some one said, "Me too, I left my anti-tank gun in my tent." The weather by this time was not getting below freezing at night and the tall dried grass we were snuggled into was really cozy compared to the conditions we had been putting up with. Some time later on, the lieutenant came out of the night and said, "Follow me." I signaled the men to come with me. We were led back to the CP and dismissed. We went back to our area and every one said, "What the hell was that?"

We later were sent to man the outpost. We were told to speak softly on the phone in the daytime and blow on the phone at night in order to answer questions from the CP and I'm sure there was some kind of mix up on the night the Third Squad went on the mystery patrol. The only excitement for us was a visit from Major Dunlop as he took notes on Hill 630, and it must have been pretty tense up there since the night **Waskiewicz** was wounded.

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On the afternoon of February 16, 1945, we prepared to start what would be a thirty hour day. As we left to advance on our objective, Hill 630, **Captain Austin** told me to take the Third Squad and cover the right flank down the hill to the valley that separated us from the hill. The right side of the road dropped off very steep and I knew from flanking experiences in training at Shelby, that we would never keep up with the company.

I did not believe we would run into any German soldiers, but I was concerned about booby traps and claymore mines that I had learned about in the many classes I had attended during training. Perhaps I had attended more of these classes than most, but I had developed a keen respect for the German mine warfare program. We were taught that the German soldiers were prone to scatter them all over but particularly along the roadsides.

After a long hard hike through rocks and boulders and brush, I led the squad back up to the road as darkness settled in. When I asked someone where I could find A Company, I was told they were up ahead. We hurried on forward and I checked again and someone said, "Walk along with me and I'll show you where they are." Later he said, "The trail to the right should lead you to them." I said, "Thank you and good luck." and he said, "Thank you and good luck to you, sergeant." To this day I think he was **Major Dunlop**, Battalion Commander, soon to be Lieutenant Colonel.

A short distance up the trail we found the Third Platoon and I dropped the men off and went up to the C.P. to report back in. I said, "Captain, Sgt. Haught reporting back in from flanking duty, all men present." He said, "Thank you, sergeant." That was the last time I ever talked with **Captain Austin**.

We were to move up as close as possible to the enemy during the night and when the artillery fire that was directed at the enemy on the top lifted, we would rush in and take over the hill and anyone trying to resist. We had slowly and silently wound our way down the hill to the valley and stream between us and the enemy. Then we got across the stream and through no-man's land and up the hill near the top. The stage was set for taking Hill 630. It was here I learned the Third Platoon would follow the First and Second Platoons ready to cover either flank when needed.

On the morning of the 27th, we attacked when the artillery went silent. The first thing I heard was a German machine gun open up on the First and Second Platoon areas and someone yelled, "Sgt. Haught, flank that gun." I yelled, "Yes sir," and started to run to the left. The gun then zeroed in on my voice and as I hit the ground and started crawling to get into position to charge the gun, I heard a voice behind me say, "I'm going with him." This is the one I referred to as "My

Shadow." (I have since learned his name. It was **Pfc. Andrews**. No first name or contact yet). As I crawled left to get into position to rush the gun, it occurred to me that after all the training in Camp Shelby in hand grenade throwing, I did not have a single one on me. So plan B was to get to a cleared area and rush the gun and hope to get off the first good shot when I noticed the gun had stopped firing and as I jumped up to start running in, someone yelled, "Never mind sarge, the Captain took care of it. Bring your men up to the CP."

The CP was located on the east end of the German trench that had the machine gun in it. From that position looking out toward the enemy was like seeing a huge rough golf course. You could see for miles but down over the hill in front of the CP was a bunch of trees. The trees were bare during this cold time of the year and a light coat of snow covered the fallen leaves so we could see a good distance down through the trees. We were told to go forward and take a position where we could see any signs of German troops massing for a counter attack.

Then we saw **Lt. Edwin Moore** on the ground and as far as I knew, he was the first man to die from A Company. The lieutenant was much liked and highly respected in A Company. I don't think he was killed by the machine gun fire. All I saw was a small mark above his left eye. I immediately thought of a German sign I saw as we advanced to relieve the 99th Division. "Minen."

The mines are made up of small bits of metal and an explosive charge held together by cement with a detonator connected to a trip wire on stakes about fourteen inches high and would go off when someone tripped on it. Other kinds would explode when the wire was cut. My fear or respect of mines would play out this evening in a drastic manner.

We went part way down the hill to where we could see and watch for any movement of the German troops. We lined ourselves out in the prone position and although it was out in the open with no cover, we could see for miles in all directions and very well down through the group of trees to our immediate front. I don't know how long we were there when someone on the right side of the squad started firing at some German soldiers who were running down the hill on our right from a small town at the top from which my friend **Lt. James A. Richardson** and the rest of the men from B Company, 271st were evicting them. The whole squad was soon firing at them still thinking of **Lt. Moore** when someone yelled, "Cease fire, they might be Americans." We stopped firing and I yelled back, "They are wearing blue overcoats." This discussion was finished when all hell broke loose.

Artillery fire and rockets that became well known to the GI as screaming meemies started pouring in on Hill 630 and I yelled, "Dig in, we're not going anywhere." I hoped that all the men had been trained in digging in while in the prone position. Those screaming meemies seemed to be passing about a foot over my

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head and the artillery shrapnel seemed to be just inches from my ears as a piece hit my shovel laying in the dirt in front of me and the next time I saw my shovel, it had no handle. Finally, the German fire was lifted and silence reigned.

There was no sign of the running targets we had prior to this interruption. Someone yelled, "Sgt. Haught, bring your men to the CP." I was really relieved when I saw all the squad get to their feet. I thought, "I don't think its nine thirty a.m. yet but we are four times lucky already." Covering flanks on a roadside in Minen country, under machine gun fire, under artillery and screaming meemie fire, out with no cover and digging in safely under fire. One of the squad had tracers in his M1, a no-no since they can be traced both ways, and finally never start a fire fight when you have no cover. I resolved also, never go into a battle without a few hand grenades hanging on me. At the CP, they told us to go along the back of the trench to the left until we found the rest of the Third Platoon.

When we got to the platoon, **Lt. Kramer** said, "The Captain wants you to go down into those trees in front of the CP and check it out." I said, "My squad needs a break so I'll do it myself." I turned to the first man I saw and said, "You" and he said, "But Sarge, I..." and I interrupted him and said, "You take my place here and relay any signals I might send back and keep the men deployed." I saw a man standing away off to the left and I said, "You keep an eye on the left flank, let's move out." I went straight ahead down to where I could see to the right the trees in front of the CP. I then stopped to see what the man on the left flank was trying to bring to my attention. Far down to the left in the valley was a short bridge and on the other side was a tank. I signaled back that there was something to see down there.

I motioned to the man that I was going to the east towards the trees and I turned and ran as fast as I could into the trees far enough so the rest of the platoon could come into the cover of the trees when they come down. The thing that irked me at the time was the fact that a young man on my left had run past me like I was standing still and I always considered myself a pretty fair runner. But I had an idea that something was wrong with my feet since it felt like I was running while wearing a pair of those wooden Dutch shoes. I figured then that those cold nights with frozen feet had something to do with it. But who knew?

When the lieutenant came down with the men he said, "Keep your squad here while we check it out." Later he came by and said, "The Captain wants us back up the hill." The lieutenant went to the CP and returned with a German who had surrendered earlier. He said he would lead us to about thirty German

soldiers wanting to surrender. The lieutenant pointed down to a circle of trees to the north and west of us and between us and an area that looked like a rough golf course. The lieutenant said, "We will hike along the back side until we come to (I think he said B Company, 272nd Regiment) and then we will move up through them and have a shorter distance to cover to the trees." In my mind, I figured we were going around to avoid artillery fire or some German mines scattered throughout the open area.

When we came to the other company we went forward to where a man was directing us to step over a mine wire and he shouted loudly to me, "Minen Country." **Lt. Kramer** led the way with the first and second squads and I followed my squad over the wire. The man at the wire said, "I'll see you later, sarge." We were still strung out pretty good, heading for the circle of trees when all hell broke loose for the third time today. Screaming meemies came pouring in waves and we ran as fast as we could to get to the trees. Run some then hit the ground, get up and run some more, hit the ground then do it again. I was bringing up the rear when a shell hit next to me and I went rolling like a bowling ball. When I got to my feet I saw the last of the platoon turn left into the trees and I saw no one down. I had to hit the ground several more times before I got into the trees and then as darkness was settling in, the firing stopped. I could just make out a small clearing in front of three bunkers on the left and then I noticed a long cut at an angle across my right hand. It was bleeding a little so I took a clean handkerchief from my jacket pocket and wrapped it around my hand.

I figured that the lieutenant would be glad to hear that everyone had made it into the bunkers, so I went on to the third bunker. I figured he would drop the first squad off at the first bunker, the second squad at the next bunker and take the third squad to the last one. It was a good guess because when I opened the door there, **Pfc. Andrews**, my shadow, said, "Is that you Sarge?" I said, "Its me," and **Lt. Kramer** said, "Sgt. Haught, you better go out and watch for any German soldiers," and Andy said, "I'm going, too." Andy and I walked down to the edge of the trees in the direction of the enemy and watched for some time and then the moon started shining bright, making it easy to see anyone who moved.

Andrews came over to me and said, "I think they are moving out." I said, "I don't think they would leave without telling us," and he said, "Look." I turned around and sure enough they had formed up and were starting to move out in the direction we had come from, so we went back up to the bunker area. We could see that they were traveling at a good pace, but in the wrong direction as they had not made a half right out of the trees to return to man at the wire.

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I told Andy, "We better catch them and head them in the right direction. There's no telling what they will run into out there." We went after them at a pretty good clip but before we could catch up to them, we heard the first mine explode and then another one and another one before we could reach them. The first man I got to was the First Squad Leader, **S/Sgt. Ed Houlehan** and I said, "Where's the lieutenant?" and Ed said, "don't know." I couldn't believe it. "Who is in charge?" and he said, "**S/Sgt. O'Brien**," and I said, "Tell him not to move an inch and I'll be right back and get them out of there. I'm going back for **Lt. Kramer**."

I turned and ran as fast as I could back toward the bunkers. I knew without looking that **Andrews**, my shadow, was right on my heels. A few clouds were going across the sky but the moonlight was hanging on pretty well. As I ran, I was trying to think of the best way to get the men out of the mine field and at the same time, I was worried about the lieutenant and why he wasn't with them. The only thing I could think of was that he was wounded when he gave me that last order and might need help now.

Then **Andy** and I saw something coming out of the trees and by the time we got to them, I had decided the best way to get the men out of the mine field was to approach the nearest men on my hands and knees while feeling for wires and backing them out, then doing the same thing over and over until I got to **Sgt. O'Brien**. I hoped the moon would keep on shining.

We met the lieutenant and a Pfc. assisting another Pfc. who was wounded (PFC Ray), I think. I told **Lt. Kramer** that Andy and I had set up a listening post at the east edge of the trees. As we watched for the enemy, **Pfc. Andrews** spotted the platoon moving out. When we saw that they were going in the wrong direction, we chased after them to turn them in the right direction, but they were too far ahead and marched into the mine field. When **Sgt. Houlehan** told me you were not with them, I said, "Don't move, I'll be right back, but first I'm checking on the lieutenant."

We hurried back to the mine field but before I could tell the lieutenant my idea for getting them out, he ran into the mine field and a knee jerk action caused me to go after him and I should have known that Andy was right on my heels.

The lieutenant tripped a mine wire and pitched forward as I went over backwards. I saw my shadow, **Andrews**, fall and at the same time I saw someone else go down and it turned out to be the German.

I saw **Andy** get up and then the German got up so I got up. I found that **Andy** was wounded in the wrist and the German was hit in the opposite wrist, so I put their hands in their partly open jackets to serve as slings. I told them to stand still and we will get out of here. My fear or respect for the mines was talking to me as I walked carefully up to **Lt. Kramer**. I could

barely see him in the dimly moonlit area and he said, "Sergeant, you will have to get us out of here," and I said, "Yes sir."

I said to anyone who might be listening, "You are in a mine field do not move, I'm going to walk out of here and then I'm going to walk back in the same way and take you men out of here." They must have had more confidence in me than I did because no one said a word.

The plan was based on the fact that I had already made a trail with three maybe four people standing along side marking it. So I turned and started walking out very carefully and was surprised to see another man on the left side. This helped very much. I had missed him coming in but in this direction, he was silhouetted against the sky. I said, "Stay right there." I then passed **Andy** and the German and the next thing I know, I'm standing with **Sgt. Houlehan**.

I said, "Sarge, I'm going back in and I will send the men who are wounded out first but I want you to send someone back to find the right trail to the man at the mine wire." Ed said, "We already have, sarge." I said, "Good, now remember, no one gets left behind." When I got back in to **Lt. Kramer**, it seemed to me to be harder to see the men on the ground by **Sgt. O'Brien**. But thank God for the men silhouetting the way out. I said, "Two of you pick up the sergeant and step out to me and I will show you the trail out." As they proceeded out past my shadow, **Andrews**, I asked someone in the dark to help the lieutenant out next. I think he was hit in the right hip. I was searching hard in the dimly lit area to make sure everyone was out of this mess so I don't know if he was assisted or carried out.

I started to follow them out. I came to the man on the left and told him to step into the line and go with them. I then came to my shadow, **Andrews**, and the German and followed them out to **Houlehan** who was waiting there and I said, "I'm the last one." As we walked back to the man at the wire, I became aware that I had sprained my ankle. Finally we were all back over the wire with the platoon intact. The litter bearers were sent for and all we could do was wait.

When the medics arrived with the litters I heard a familiar voice, the man in charge of the group was my home town friend "Sam" Sanford Graham, 2nd Bn. Medics from Chester, West Virginia. That small world again.

Sam said, "I need a hand to carry this last litter down to the half track." I said, "I'll do it," and took the litter handle in my left hand and we started down the hill. Part way down I stepped on a stone and yelled. Sam came running back to see what the noise was all about. I told him I had sprained my ankle earlier so he took the litter handle and helped me hobble down to the waiting vehicle.

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After a real rough ride back to a field hospital, I went into the tent to be checked out. A man with a small flashlight said, "Sam, he has a sprained ankle, let's get the boot cut off." A piece of shrapnel had entered my boot on the top right of the arch and then into my foot and spun around under the arch and was sticking out of my boot on the lower left side. Sam gave me a shot in the arm and the curtain came down. The next time I would see Sam would be in Chester, West Virginia. Each time I see a program like MASH, I think of that dark night as I watched them separate and process nearly a dozen wounded and take them into the blacked out tent hospital in a matter of seconds as I waited by the half track.

I have always felt that not enough information has been put into writing about combat medics and their backup units and not just about their skills, but about their dedication to duty and their bravery and valor shown as they performed their duties.

The next thing I remember upon opening my eyes was seeing a Catholic priest standing over me. I said, "Don't worry about me Father, I'll be alright and besides I'm a Protestant." He laughed, "It makes no difference to me, I check on everybody."

I heard a voice coming from the litter at my feet say, "Is that you Sarge?" It was my shadow, **PFC Andrews**. I said, "Its me." He said, "I thought you did real well out there today," and I said, "I thought you did real well too. How come you stayed so close to me all day?" and he said, "I felt safer with you." Then he said, "I wonder when they are going to feed us?" I said, "Father would you give him that box of K-rations from my field jacket." And while he was opening the box for him, the curtain dropped again. That was the last time I ever saw my shadow, **Andrews**. I have wondered so many times over the years how he made out. He sure was a lot of help to me. I should rename my article, Looking for My Right Arm," since that is what he was to me that long day. He was another set of eyes and ears and a back-up rifle. The Third Squad, mostly young replacements, performed flawlessly and those members of the platoon not entangled in the mines worked well with **S/Sgt. Houlehan**.

Some of the other men who were in the mine field and wounded that night were some of the men who helped carry out the sergeant and the lieutenant. Those men who were wounded in the mine field that I have not named were **Bodins, Taylor, Cheever, S/Sgt. Thompson, Fitzgerald, Dorenzo**, along with **Sgt. O'Brien** and **Lt. Kramer**.

These men were representative of the first rate caliber of men who picked up the torch, crossed the Rhine River, blew away Leipzig and ended the war at the Elbe.

The six men who gave their lives - **Lt. Moore, Anastassion, Chumney, Jorday, Arendts, Lt. Fleagle**, along with seventy-three plus who were wounded and all the others who placed their lives on the line in a company, should be remembered as the young men who were called upon and took care of business.

I was to reside in many hospitals for the rest of the year. remember the hospital in Paris and then flying to England and seeing the white cliffs of Dover as we flew in low to land near a hospital close to Winchester where the man in charge of the ward I was placed in was none other than Earl Glendenning of Chester, West - by God - Virginia, a friend of mine. It is a small world, isn't it?

After hospitals and an honorable discharge near the end of the year, I went back to work in January 1946. The only one I heard from just after the war was **James A. Richardson**.

I went to tool and die engineering college and then to work for REMCRU, Remington and Rand and Crucible Steel Company while they were developing titanium. After pulling a long hitch in a Virginia hospital for my lungs, I took some good advice and moved to Arizona. I bought some acres and ran a small cattle ranch. I have no cattle now but I still live on the ranch for almost forty years now. Over the years I ran a landscaping business but I'm retired from steel mills, cattle ranching and contracting and since cactus plants are growing short in numbers, I'm now propagating cactus plants. They grow very slowly so I have the easiest job in the world and lots of help from over a dozen great grandchildren who come out to the ranch often to help me watch cactus grow. When the convention was held out here, I found a business associate of mine, **Col. Bob Meyers** was with the 69th and **Bob Ellis**, a cook from A Company who lived in Tucson, Arizona.

And after all these years I'm still looking for my shadow, **Pfc. Andrews**.

Thanks to **Ray Kehn's** article called, "Company A, 271st," I now know that I am looking for a **Mr. Andrews**, A Company, Third Platoon, Third Squad, 271st Regiment who was wounded in the wrist or arm on the evening of February 27th, 1945 in a mine field just north of Hollerath, Germany.

**SEND YOUR STORIES,
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Anti-Tank Company 271st Infantry

Submitted by: **Michael Watkins**

Nephew of **Leonard Yendral**

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My great uncle, **Leonard Yendral**, passed away last spring. He didn't talk much about the war until last winter. He was a sergeant in the Anti-Tank Company, 271st Division. From him I learned the difference between Shutzen and Shitzen. I also learned a lot more from him than I knew about the war. The photographs are a record of my uncle and his buddies from Boot Camp to The Elbe. **Sgt. Camara**, **Cpl. Pugh**, **Sgt. Daniel Cass** and **Sgt. Rose** are among the men in the photos. It is apparent from his stories and these snapshots that **Sgt. Yendral** was in good company during his enlistment.

If there is anyone who might have any memories of my uncle or the men in these photographs, please write, call or e-mail me.



Kagan, ??, Yendral, Millsaps, Bekier, Coss sitting down.



Yendral third from left.



Squad Leaders Sergeant Camara, Staff Sergeant Daniel Cass and Staff Sergeant Yendral. Cagan's Squad outside of Hellenthal crossed bridge and set up on road to Dickersheid.



Leonard Yendral



Back of photo reads, "Corporal in my platoon."



Yendral on right.



One of the fellows in my platoon, taken in Muchlen.



On the road to Berlin.

Co. C, 269th Engineers

Submitted by: **Cy Abrams**

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Woodland Hills, California 91367

Please let me know where I can get a cap and jacket with 69th decals or press on decals with the 69th emblem. I could not make the trip for the Reunion as I had a stroke 3 years ago leaving me paralyzed on my right side. I did attend the Western Division Group Meeting and I had a nice time.

I was sent from Camp Shelby for Special Assignment to California. I was married for over 3 years prior to voluntarily enlisting into the Armed Forces. I had the privilege of living off base with my wife. We lived in Stockton, California at the Milnes Hotel. I traveled to my army base seven miles away to Lathrope where I was temporarily attached to Lathrope Engineering Depot where German Prisoners of War were held - hard core, diehard, fanatics. I served as Mess Sergeant and my wife worked as secretary to a colonel. I also did some work with Prisoners of War.



Friends I made while in England. I am to the right in the picture. Two boys from the Royal Navy and one R.A.F.



Jewish Service Personnel attending a Friday night service in Stockton. I am in the top row, fourth from left.

"The Promise"

Written by: **Thomas L. Watson**
Son of **1st Lt. William A. Watson**
of Company B, 369th Medical Battalion
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1st Lt. William A. Watson, U.S. Army

THE PRINTS

"I promise Dad." Those were the words that I spoke to my father as we smoked our last cigarette and stared at the setting sun in May 1996. We were sharing what would be our last day together before he passed away from the cancers that racked his body. "I promise Dad, I'll try to return the prints." What I said that day took 53 years to complete from when it began in World War II. I was left to help a dying man correct a mistake he had done so many years ago.

I was born in 1950, the second of three children born to Bill and Jackie Watson. When I was 10 years old my parents had a bitter divorce that left me without a full-time father and a life of self direction. I was to see my father on "occasions" with a few short phone calls each year. It would become many years before we started to repair the damage and become friends again.

It was not until I went to the funeral of my Dad's second wife, Mary, in December 1994 that my Dad began to tell me what he did during the war. He told me of some prints that he had won in a dice game coming back from the war on a troop ship. It seemed they may have some value and he wanted to pass them on to his children after he died. Each print had a small oval embossed seal in the lower right hand corner that read, 'Städtisches Museum Leipzig.' It did not help to fully understand what it meant, not knowing the German language. My Dad also showed me photos, postcards, silver pieces, coins, stamps and figurines that he picked up during the war. He said, "All of these will be up to you children to divide when I pass on."

It was that day, near the end of my Dad's struggle with cancer, that he looked at me and said, "You remember those prints? I didn't win them in a dice game, I took them. If you think they are worth something try to sell them. If not try and return them to where they came from. Promise?"

My Dad passed away on August 7th, 1996 in Denver, Colorado after being ill for a long time.

A month later I met my brother and sister in Sierra Vista, Arizona for my father's Veterans of Foreign Wars funeral ceremony. Afterwards we sat in a motel room and split my Dad's few possessions as he requested. I received a few stamps, coins, silver, war photos, postcards and four prints. These four prints would consume my life for the next two years as I tried to keep a promise to my father.

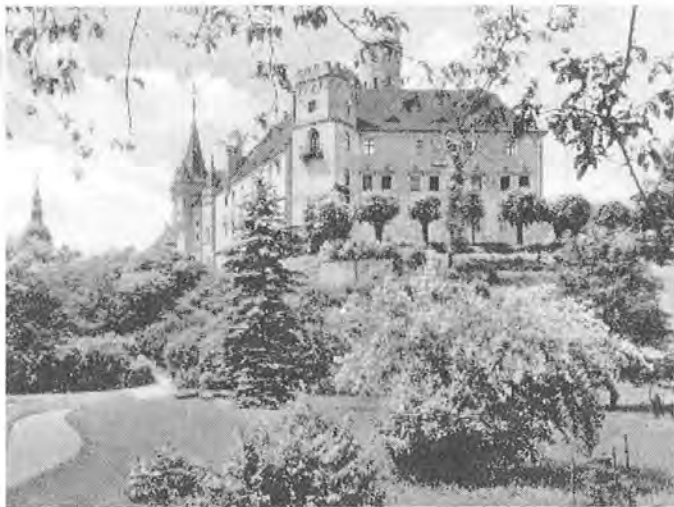
As it turned out these were not prints but originals. Each one had a small, half-inch embossed seal in the lower right corner that translated into 'The Municipal Museum of Leipzig.' Each was a pencil drawing of bridges, buildings or churches in the local area of Germany. Each one was signed by the artist. Some were titled, numbered and dated.

I tried to find information on the individual artists and history of the area around Leipzig. I looked for reference material from the local libraries, online information services, and government agencies. I was not having any luck with my request for information or history of these times. I sent an e-mail to an individual I found on the Internet, who lived in Leipzig and requested an address of the local museum to see if this might shed light on the prints that I had in my possession. He told me to write down all that I knew about the prints and send photos to the Museum der Bildenden Künste (Museum of Pictorial Arts) in Leipzig, Germany.

I received back a letter from Dr. Herwig Guratzsch, the Director of the museum. He stunned me when his reply indicated that the four prints I had mentioned were in fact restored, as was most of the museums' art in the Castle Püchau during the war and taken away by American troops in 1945. He indicated that the group of missing prints is essentially larger and that soldiers and the local people had taken much of the art for their personal use. He asked if my father found them in local houses or if he ever spoke of the Castle Püchau. This castle had become the temporary home of the contents of the Municipal Museum of Leipzig and other cultural displays of the city that was bombed very heavily by the Army Air Corp on December 4th, 1943.

Dr. Guratzsch's museum records were very accurate. The records listed each print by artist's name, print's title, date the museum acquired it, the museum's inventory number, and the annotation in 1945 that it was taken by American troops. He also mentioned

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Castle Püchau outside Leipzig.

that the prints did not have any great value in the art market. He was very happy to hear that I wanted to return them as they were part of the history of the museum and now had become part of the history of my family.

My Dad wrote to Sotheby's Auction House in New York, in March 1991 requesting their opinion on how he could dispose of the prints. Should he return the prints to the Leipzig Museum or capitalize on whatever value they might have? Sothebys wrote back in April 1991 that these prints would not bring enough at auction to warrant this method of sale and recommended contacting a local print dealer or art gallery.

These prints were identified as:



1. Roland Anheisser (1877-1949): *Basil*, Inventory # I. 2039. 1st displayed December 1911. Taken by American troops in 1945. Returned 1998.



2. Alfred Frank (1884-1945): *Brücke*, Inventory # NI. 6460. 1st displayed May 1930. Taken by American troops in 1945. Returned 1998.



3. Hermann Hirzel (1864-?): *Die Brücke*, Inventory # 2659. 1st displayed January 1926. Taken by American troops in 1945. This print was destroyed by being made into a decoupage. I was granted permission to keep it.

4. Rudi Hammer (1882-?): *Kölner Dom*, Inventory #NI 6562. 1st displayed July 1931. Taken by American troops 1945. Returned 1998. (Too large to copy)

I wanted to return the prints right away but I also wanted to learn the history that surrounded the prints so I could try to understand why and how they entered our lives.

I came up empty on my research after reading volumes of literature concerning the war. I had spent many hours looking at records from the National Archives and the history of the Monuments, Fine Arts and Archives (MFA and A), section of the Office of Military Government of Germany (OMGUS). The stories of plunder, looting and greed by members of the military, art dealers and individuals during the war

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THE PROMISE (Continued from Page 47)

were incredible. All this research yielded nothing on the history of the prints, the Museum of Leipzig or the Castle Püchau.

My break came this past summer when my sister found my Dad's wartime diary while going through some of his old papers. This turned out to be the key I was looking for, a first hand account in his words. I looked at my father's diary many times to try to figure out what he was thinking and if he had access to the art and treasures that was stored at the Castle Püchau. This small green and tattered book that only covered the last months of the war spoke to me about the past and helped me recreate the history that has eluded me for almost 2 years.

This is a recreated war story of my father, 1st Lt. William A. Watson, during the end of World War II and Company "B" of the 369th Medical Battalion, under the command of Capt. James W. Williams, part of the 69th Infantry Division of the United States Army. Its' duty was to tend to the wounded and to evacuate casualties from forward aid stations, saving untold lives.

My Dad's company arrived on European shores in January 1945 and over the next 4 months marched to the Elbe River in Germany to meet up with the Russians. This union would mark the end of the war with Germany on May 8, 1945.

The spoils of war go the victors and along the way my Dad's company would acquire, requisition, or take "war trophies" to help ease the conditions of war, weather or greed. It was very common to seek shelter in a home or a barn to escape the bullets or relief from the cold. The soldiers would take anything along the way from weapons, medals, gold, jewelry, and including food or booze. To escape the pressure of war many soldiers would pay children with chocolate and cigarettes to bring them schnapps or whiskey as older adults would trade anything of value for food, sugar or dry goods. Near the end of the war my Dad's company arrived outside of Leipzig, Germany and on April 21 entered the Castle Püchau compound formerly occupied by the von Hohenthal family.

My Dad's diary completed the story when he wrote about the final two weeks of the war with the following inscriptions:

April 21, 1945: "Moved to Püchau, quartered in medieval castle of Von Hohenthal. What a lay out! First hot bath in a hell of a long time - Mail coming in - no action. What a welcomed rest. Supposed to contact Russians today - still sweating them out."

April 22, 1945: "Same place. No activity. Went up on ramparts tonight and watched our artillery pound the hell out of Eilenburg, GR. White flags were hung out twice."

April 25, 1945: "Quiet - still at Hohenthal. Russians are really slow getting here. Letter from my girl. John Frick visited scene where 70 Poles and Russians were herded into a barn and barn set on fire, those that ran out were shot - May go myself tomorrow - S.S. Troopers - typical."

April 26, 1945: "Went to the slave labor camp today - never will I forget the sight. The camp was near Taucha and was called the Tekla Compound. At last Ivan has made contact, not in force though."

April 28, 1945: "69th got hell for taking Leipzig and meeting Russians ahead of schedule - Time-Life and brass had meeting planned. Radio tells of Germany's offer of unconditional surrender to U.S. and Britain. Celebrated anyway, got nice buzz on. Three letters from Jackie."

May 2, 1945: "Moved to Grosbothen - news of Hitler's death last night."

May 7, 1945: "It's over!!" V-E day at last. Corks are popping, 00:41 - 7 May 1945." (V-E Day, Victory in Europe, is officially observed on May 8.)

Now that I have found answers to the mystery of the prints, I am sending them home to where they belong. Dr. Guratzsch, Director of the Museum der Bildenden Künste in Leipzig, promised to publish a notice of thanks in their daily newspaper for returning the prints and taking the time to rediscover the history and secrets surrounding them.

I started out to keep a promise to my father and in the process I have been touched by the differences of two cultures. I have been changed forever by the process of repatriating the prints back to the German people and to them I say *danke schön*. I hope they accept my father's postponed apology. More than anything, now that I finally completed my promise, I wish my Dad was here to share it with me.



William A. Watson
1919-1996

Notes on related subjects:

Alford, Kenneth D. *The Spoils of World War II: the American military's role in stealing Europe's treasures*. New York: Carol Publishing Group, 1994.

Feliciano, Hector *The Lost Museum: the Nazi conspiracy to steal the world's greatest works of art*. New York: Harper Collins Publishers, Inc., 1997.

Nicholas, Lynn H. *The rape of Europa: the fate of Europe's treasures in the Third Reich and the Second World War*. New York: Random House, 1994.

Letters from Dr. Herwig Guratzsch, Director of the Museum der Bildenden Künste, Leipzig, Germany. Dated 1-10-1997 and 11-14-1997.

269th Engineers

Submitted By: **Frank Nemeth**

66 Gaping Rock Road, Levittown, PA 19057-3410

Hi Ya 269th Engineers,

I went to the Reunion in Atlanta and had a nice time, but I almost froze in that hotel. It was really cold and everyone had to wear a jacket at all times. We didn't have a very good turn out, only two 269ers showed up. It was good to see **Steve Scholtis** once again. I hadn't seen him since the Williamsburg Reunion, which was a while ago. I met his two sons, Phil and Steve and they said they'll

be at the Fort Mitchell Reunion next year! We were wondering what happened to **Mary and Ernie Krause** they always make it, but I found out they had car problems and cancelled at the last minute! **Bill and Bill Riggle, Jr.** didn't make it, and I don't know why! But next year it will be a much shorter drive for most of the Engineers to Fort Mitchell, Kentucky! So I'm looking for a much better turn out from all the Companies of the 269th. I've enclosed a couple of photos from the Orlando Reunion of **Steve Scholtis** and family and also of **Steve Scholtis** and **Ernie Krause**.

Your Ole Pal, Frank



Steve Scholtis (H&S) and Ernest Krause (Co. B)



Steve Scholtis with 4 sons and 2 daughter-in-laws.



269th Combat Engineers, Company C, 2nd Platoon, 2nd Squad: First Row: Joe Sears, Ovel DeGrennia, Tony Milano, Tony Nair, Eugene King, Tony Francino, Henry Maloy. Second Row: F.H. Taylor, Louis Stinziano, John Archer, Stanley Rucido, Alfred Simpson, O.E. Wallingfeld, Curtis Wood.

Photo Submitted by Joe Sears

LeVerne Loveland's WWII Memoires

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

I thought the enclosed might be of interest to you and possibly worthy of publication. Back in 1995 when I realized that my health problems were giving me cause for concern, I wanted my brother to know about the time I'd spent in the Army and some of my thoughts regarding all of it. He was only 3 years younger than me and had served in the occupation of Japan and as you know most veterans rarely discuss their military activities with family or friends. But I wanted him to know so it could be passed on to our descendants after I had passed on.

Unfortunately, my brother died last year and as I helped clean out his home, I found the letter that I had written to him in his personal file. In this letter I tried to express my love for our country and the need for protecting, defending and honoring it just as our forefathers and mothers had done, and hopefully our descendants would do also.

But now I have an addendum to that letter. On November 9, 1944, my 20th birthday, when we crossed the Moselle River and received very heavy artillery fire and hit the ground, my best buddy was beside me. The orders came to move out and I kept shaking my buddy to get up but got no movement or response from him. He looked like he was dead, so I had to leave him there and move with our company. For 53 years the picture of him lying there motionless had remained in my mind.

In 1997 I decided to drive to Hampton Virginia to visit the grave of my great grand uncle who died in the civil war and was buried in the National Cemetery there. Then I thought I'd like also to visit my buddy's grave where ever that was. I knew he was from Lawrence, Kansas so I wrote to the mayor's office. They had read my letter and hoped I was sitting down because my buddy was alive and well and still living in Lawrence. They passed my letter on to him and in a few days he phoned me. I was so overjoyed to hear his voice. It seems he had been slightly wounded but knocked unconscious and had no memory for 30 days and ended up in another unit. We corresponded and in 1998 he, his wife, daughter and son-in-law flew into Newark, New Jersey airport and I met them. We had a great reunion before they drove to Washington and Arlington Cemetery to visit his brother-in-law's grave and then to tour Virginia. I saw them again before they departed back to Kansas and we now correspond regularly. It was something like you only read about in a storybook. Now I've been able to erase that memory of him lying dead in those woods and replace it with a very proud grandfather surrounded by a very large family.

So my letter to my brother does have a somewhat happy ending since I told him about our reunion after all those years.

With kindest regards to all,
Mr. LeVerne Loveland

* * * * *

This is a story which is not unlike that which millions of American young men and women could tell of their experiences or of what they had learned from those who served in the military during World War II. In 3 months I will be 71 years old and many of the things that I experienced have faded from my memory, and I am happy that they have, but I still have a natural instinct to duck down whenever a sudden loud noise resembling a shot or explosion is heard. And I still shed tears whenever I hear "Taps" blown, and I rise with pride whenever our National Anthem is played. I'm proud that I was able to serve my country when it needed me and thankful that I was a survivor. I'm not a hero, I was just fortunate to have lived through those tragic years. The heroes are the ones who gave their lives for Our Country and those who risked their lives by accomplishing unbelievable feats and survived, many who suffered severe disabilities. These are the people who are heroes and they join all of the thousands who came before them in the fight to establish Our Country, and all of those through our history who fought for their beliefs to make Our Country a better place to live and raise our families.

Our Civil War was a tragic conflict between people who disagreed on many things, and had brother fighting against brother. It was a dark and sad period in our history. After that our country was again united and expansion and growth continued to make us a strong and vital part of the world community. As history records, we were drawn into the European war in 1917, which was known as World War I and our men sacrificed their lives against aggressors and for democracy. During the early 1930's, Adolf Hitler began his rise in Germany appealing to the needy of that country and recruiting many followers. In succeeding years he managed to build up great support and eventually became Chancellor of Germany. His purpose was to avenge the defeat of World War I and to win back it's lost territories. He built a vast war-equipped army and started aggressive moves to regain the Sudetenland in Czechoslovakia in 1938. That same year he invaded Austria and took control of it. And in 1939 he declared war on Poland and that precipitated World War II. He had an alliance with Russia and they attacked and split up Poland. In 1940 Germany invaded The Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and France and started to bomb England. In 1931 Japan had invaded Manchuria and was trying to conquer China. With Hitler's success in Europe, Japan signed an alliance with Germany. Then on December 7, 1941, as our family gathered around the radio, and we heard

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LEVERNE LOVELAND'S WWII MEMOIRES

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President Franklin D. Roosevelt announce that the Japanese had attacked our Hawaiian base at Pearl Harbor and that a state of war now existed between our two nations. On December 8th we declared war against Japan and on December 11th we declared war on Germany and Italy, it's allies. We were now involved in another World War!

In June 1942, I graduated from Linden High School at age 17 and found employment at Lawrence Engineering Company in Linden as assistant time-keeper. The company founder was Charles Lawrence, inventor of the auxiliary power engine which was used in PT boats for the navy. Mr. Lawrence was a fine friendly person but nearly every week I had to see him because his time card was incomplete. I enjoyed working there, security was tight, we were at war.

On November 9th I turned 18 and in March 1943 I received a letter of "Greeting" from the Selective Service System requesting my attendance for a physical exam. When I got there, I saw many of my school buddies who also had been called. We were stripped to our skivvies or briefs and lined up for the exam and blood test. I saw a few guys faint when the needle was pushed into them, but it was no big deal, some people just can't stand pain. Just routine exams, and unless you were crippled or blind, you passed the exam.

On March 31, 1943 I was inducted into the armed forces and on April 7th I entered military service and was shipped to Ft. Dix, New Jersey. I don't recall how long I was there, but it wasn't too long before I was shipped by train to Camp Shelby, Mississippi. This was the first time I had ever gone further south than Washington, D.C. It was a very interesting trip to see parts of this country that I had only read about or learned about in geography.

When we reached the end of our long ride, we were in Hattiesburg, Mississippi and all of us wondered what our base would look like. At Ft. Dix we were put up in tents - it was called "Tent City" because as far as we could see there were tents. Would Camp Shelby be another city of tents? We loaded on trucks and drove the short distance to Shelby. There we found low one-story barrack huts-row upon row. There were a few 2 story buildings but they were for administration or other purposes. But as far as the eye could see, it was just rows of one-story barrack huts. I was assigned to Company G, 271st Regiment, 69th Infantry Division. I learned that the 69th Division was being re-activated and that the non-commissioned officers (NCO's) had come from a post in Texas. I was further assigned to the 1st platoon of G Company and found that my fellow soldiers were from many states and not just from Jersey. They were from Tennessee, Virginia, New York, Maryland, and many southern states. We had quite a mixture, but none of them were from my city. I was

thrown into a group of total strangers. But we all made friends quickly - we were all in the same boat and knew it was best to work together.

We went through our basic training, the daily exercises, marching, hiking and lectures on guns, mines, tactics, the gas chamber, enemy aircraft identification, and anything that would make us good soldiers. Thankfully, my years in boy scout training made a lot of difference for me and much of this military training came easy to me.

The draft age was up to 45 years and one man in my platoon was drafted at age 44, but was now 45. He was from New York and just couldn't keep up with us younger "kids." It just seemed so unfair that he had to go through all of the strenuous activities that we had. He was just not goofing off, he was trying his best to keep up with our training and strenuous routine, but physically it was impossible for him to do it. Our hearts went out to him and we tried so often to help him, but he was within the required age limit and he was breathing and so he was drafted. I often wonder whatever happened to that poor "old" man.

After our basic training was completed, the orders can down to ship out many of our recruits. He went with them and we all knew they were going to the European Theater of Operations. More replacements came in and we again went through all of the basics and advanced training. We made a march at least 50 miles from Shelby down to the gulf coast to Biloxi, with short exercise problems along the way and rest periods. When I reached Biloxi on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, I contacted my cousin, Charles Metzger, who was now stationed at the Air Force Base at Keesler Field. We had a great visit even though it was short. When we returned to Shelby, the new list of recruits for transfer was posted and I was on it.

We shipped via rail up to Hampton Roads, Virginia why, I don't know, because this was a Marine training base, then we were shipped to Fort Meade and finally to Camp Kilmer, N.J. That's when I and some other buddies slipped under the fence and had a quick visit with my loved ones at home. Someone, I can't remember who, drove me back in time so I wasn't listed AWOL.

The next day I was shipped out to England and landed at Liverpool and then trucked to a camp in south England near the towns of Stourport and Kidderminster. I recall one night as I lay on my cot hearing the drone of airplanes, I looked out and the sky was filled with planes all flying in the easterly direction. I have never before seen so many planes in my whole life and my prayers went up to them. This had to be sometime in early July 1944 after the Normandy landing. Shortly thereafter I was shipped out with other G.I's and we landed in Normandy and were trucked to our new units. Several of us were assigned to Co.A, 359th Regt., 90th Infantry Division

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LEVERNE LOVELAND'S WWII MEMOIRES

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at a town named Periers. Our company commander was Capt. Hart of Montclair, N.J. He met with us replacements and pointed to where the enemy was and said, "We're concerned about what they may do and we're all scared, BUT we do not fear them!"

I was assigned the job of bazooka man and with a loader was taken to an empty foxhole which some previous occupant had dug. I was now on the front line but had no idea how far it was to where the enemy line was suppose to be. We were in a wooded area and there was a river or creek on the far side of the woods. The enemy was on the other side of that stream. We were there for a few weeks and both sides would occasionally exchange artillery, mortar and machine gun and rifle fire. When there was no more firing from the enemy, we learned that they had pulled out and so our company was loaded on trucks and moved to another area a few miles from there. It turned out to be miles of farm grazing fields bordered on all four sides by hedgerows. As I recall, most of the fields were about 100 yards square and bordered by mounds of earth about 3 to 4 feet high with bushes and trees growing from them. It seemed like each hedgerow had enemy troops and tanks behind them. My loader and I would move back and forth and fire when we thought a tank or artillery piece was firing. I don't know if we ever hit our targets, but we also had our own tanks supporting in these battles and it was a slow process as we gained ground. We also had good air support and they did a great job in knocking out many of the enemy tanks and troops.

About this time the British, Canadian, French and Polish forces broke through the German stronghold at St. Lo and drove them south. Our army then moved south and east to form a pocket and surrounded the German 7th Army at what was known as the Falaise Gap. My regiment was trucked to Le Bourg St. Leonard, a small village on the rim of the encirclement. My company was dispersed in that village. Later in the day we heard the sounds of tanks approaching from the east and watched and waited until we saw a line of German tanks coming toward the village. They drove over the creek bridge and up the hill and onto the main village street. My loader and I were between two buildings back away from the street, but near the edge of the village. As we saw the first tank appear, we shot and hit it. Further up the street our tank destroyers were in position and also fired at the enemy. They were stopped and could go no farther. They all were sitting ducks and quickly surrendered. Of course, our planes had been bombing heavily in that pocketed area and very few Germans escaped. It was the end of the German 7th Army and thousands of soldiers marched out of there, tired, wounded and disillusioned at what had happened to them.

When we had a chance to go into that pocket to bring out the surrendered soldiers, it was a sight of unbelievable devastation- tanks, guns, carts, smoking fires, dead bodies all over the place, dead horses - the smell of horror and death. I have never seen such a sight and hope I never see it again!

I believe after that our division was assigned to the Third Army under the leadership of Gen. George S. Patton. We loaded on trucks and moved south and east below Paris, stopping occasionally to fight in small pockets of resistance and then moved on toward the eastern part of France. Paris had been liberated, and when our division was put on reserve for rest and rehabilitation, I was able to get 3-day pass along with many of my buddies for a trip to see Paris. It was a most unbelievable and enjoyable relief to get away from what we had been exposed to since we had landed in Europe. I toured the city and saw all of the famous sites, enjoyed the Folles Bergere, went under the Arch de Triumphe, went up to the Eiffel Tower, visited the Cathedral, and spent some time in Pigalle. It was a time I'll never forget. Let's face it, what did I have to look forward to?

We were halted for a time because of fuel shortage, but somehow managed to get re-supplied and then drove on toward Metz. There we found heavy resistance and strong pillbox fortifications. Many we neutralized, and some we just by-passed and then captured Metz and moved to the banks of the Moselle River. Gen. Patton was a brilliant tactician and he believed in keeping the enemy on the run, and that's what we were doing. It was November 9, 1944 and it was my 20th birthday and we boarded boats and with smoke coverage, we crossed the Moselle River.

By this time I was assigned to company headquarters as the radio man and carried a heavy radio unit on my back. Suddenly we were attacked by heavy artillery and mortar fire. I looked over to my buddy, Bernard Kennedy from Lawrence, Kansas, and he had been hit and was dead. *(As referred to in the letter on the first page, he would find out years later that his buddy was not dead.)* Nothing can be said as to how I felt at that moment! The captain yelled, "Let's get out of here" and we all just got up and ran forward. I followed him up thru the woods until we reached a road and then we moved on up that road in the gully on the left side toward a farm house. Suddenly the enemy opened fire on us from a two story brick farm building across the street from the house we were trying to reach. I got up and along with several other rifleman, we ran to the house we were headed for. The captain remained in the gully and moved back for cover and eventually got back to set up his command post.

The house we entered from the rear was a stable with two floors of living quarters above it. A couple of our rifleman had been hit and had minor wounds.

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LEVERNE LOVELAND'S WWII MEMOIRES

(Continued from Page 52)

which the medic in our group took care of. We went to the front windows and shouted, "Kommen sie auf mit die hande hoch." The enemy displayed white rags or towels and when we showed ourselves in the windows, they fired on us. We tried this several times and got the same response-white surrender rags and then more firing on us. So I radioed back to headquarters and asked for artillery fire. The artillery came in, hitting our building, the street and sometimes the enemy building. I kept giving them the results of their firing and eventually they kept hitting the enemy. In the meantime another company of our troops had taken the hedgerow area overlooking our building and were firing on us when we tried to sneak out the back doors. We were stranded, they didn't know we were friendly troops. It was getting late in the day and we certainly didn't want to be there after dark so I asked for smoke bombs in the field behind our house. When they came we all evacuated, carrying the wounded, and got back to our unit. We finally learned that the enemy in that building had surrendered after their SS officer had been killed. I was recommended for, and received the Bronze Star for action that day. But nothing can ever replace the loss of a best buddy, and when I saw that, I had the feeling that I'd never see my 21st birthday, but thankfully I did, and 50 more besides.

Well, we continued on in tough fighting thru the Siegfried Line and finally to the Saar River. Our company ended up at Merzig on the Saar River opposite Dillingen. We spent Christmas there and our headquarters was in a large chateau overlooking the river. It must have been owned by some "big-shot." We found a wine cellar there that was filled with just about any kind of liquor anyone would want. We cut down a pine tree and decorated it. We bathed in the bathtub with hot water. It was truly a great Christmas celebration along with our religious services. And just across the river we could also hear the Germans celebrating. And yes, during that period we would also see a few very low flying German planes come directly over us, but they didn't drop bombs-thankfully!

In early January we received orders to move up north to help out in the Battle of the Bulge. We travelled for a great many hours on trucks up through Luxembourg and Belgium and fought to eliminate Germany's last big thrust at winning the war. I remember one night we stopped to rest in a barn. We were cold and our feet were frozen and suddenly one of our sergeants just went completely out of his mind. It was a case of combat fatigue. I'd seen that before but never with a non-commissioned officer. And it was very sad to witness. We all understood and continued to do as instructed.

After the Bulge we were assigned to drive toward the Rhine River and Mainz. During that drive we were held up by enemy artillery fire and ordered to disperse

and dig in. This was March 6, 1945 and we all tried to dig slit trenches. The ground was frozen but we dug as best we could and got into our holes. The artillery barrage continued and suddenly there was an explosion near me. I was stunned. My head ached badly and when I raised my head I saw that the bush at my head was completely stripped of its branches and leaves. I felt an aching in my lower body. When I tried to get up my buddies told me I'd been hit. My jacket had been shredded and my buttocks was bleeding. The medics put me on a stretcher and on a jeep and the next thing I remember was that I was in the hospital and they said it was the summer home of the Duchess of Luxembourg. I was operated on there and they removed some of the shrapnel and then they shipped me to Paris and then to England. There I received treatment and was released on May 8, 1945 which was V-E Day.

Since I had 14 days leave before I had to return to my unit, a fellow buddy released at the same time and I decided we'd like to see Scotland. We boarded the train for Glasgow and started on the trip. When we reached Birmingham, England the train halted, we got out and found a joyous group of people celebrating. Someone from a veterans organization grabbed us and took us to his lodge where we all drank and celebrated. Then we finally got back to a train which was going to Glasgow. We found rooms in the Bath Hotel, slept and then went to Loch Lomond where we rented a boat and rowed out into the Loch. It was so beautiful and peaceful until it started to rain. We got drenched. Back in Glasgow I had my picture taken in full Scottish regalia. I felt so proud even though I wasn't a Scot.

Somehow I managed to report back to my regiment on time and they were now stationed at a former post previously used by the Germans, a complex of many three-storied buildings with a large parade ground in the center. As I entered the complex, I saw a sign reading "Pond Barracks" and knew that it had been named in honor of our late regimental commander, Colonel Pond, who had been killed in action.

Some of the new replacements had fears that they would be transferred out and be shipped to the Pacific area to fight the Japanese. But everyone was more interested in the point system which would tell them how soon they would be transferred home for discharge. I knew that based on my points total, it would only be a few months before I could leave. I was correct and finally I was shipped out and assigned to the 150th Engineer Combat Battalion and shipped down to Marseille, France, where I waited but enjoyed all of the pleasures of that beautiful city!

Finally, on November 19th I left there for home and arrived in New York on November 28th, just missing my sister's wedding by a few days. It's interesting to note that when I left the States, I traveled on the Italian luxury liner, Leonardo da Vinci which had a

(Continued on Page 54)

LEVERNE LOVELAND'S WWII MEMOIRES

(Continued from Page 53)

different name and was converted over for troop transport. Since we were at war with Italy, we had seized control of the ship and I believe we renamed it the Hermitage. I returned home on a Victory ship built by Kaiser shipyards of USA. No seasickness going over, but it was rail-side for the return trip. But it was worth it! Finally on December 4, 1945 I was discharged and returned home to my loved ones, safe and happy to be alive.

This period of my life I feel proud that I gave to my country, and am thankful that I returned as a survivor, but my heart goes out to all those who lost a dear one and those who returned with major disabilities. President Truman was right when he ordered the dropping of the A-Bomb for it saved the lives of thousands of Americans and probably millions of Japanese.

War is a stupid and inhumane way of solving differences between peoples, but as long as people find reasons to disagree, there will always be wars, and there will always be power-hungry tyrants to fuel the flames for their own benefit. We must constantly be alert to stop them whether they be in our local neighborhood, our cities, states, country or in some foreign country. I know this will not be easy to achieve but it must be the goal of every human being on Our Earth!

Yes, I have not described the ugly and gruesome sights that I have seen. There are enough pictures around that show all of that. I wish I could wipe those scenes from my memory but unfortunately they are etched there and will remain with me to my dying day, unless of course, I become senile and lose my memory.

Well, that's my story and some of my thoughts, and it is not unlike the story that a great many other veterans could relate if they choose to speak about it, but instead prefer to just try to forget and suffer in silence.

Looking to I.D. Photo

Submitted By: **Eugene Mischke**

Company B, 273rd Infantry

1021 West 3rd Street

Spring Valley, Illinois 61362-1118



Among my souvenirs I found this picture which was taken in Germany in April, 1945. At our last reunion in Orlando, I showed this picture to many comrades. They suggested the picture was taken at an Air Base we captured near the town of Polenz or near Leipzig, Colditz (Castle), Zweenfurst, Wurtzen or Altenheim.

Can anyone of you readers out there help me identify the location or the two individuals on either side of me. I would appreciate any help you can give me.

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

DUES SHOULD BE SENT TO OUR TREASURER:

WILLIAM R. MATLACH, P.O. Box 474, West Islip, New York 11795-0474

**DO NOT SEND DUES TO DOTTIE OR BOB!!
DUES GO TO OUR TREASURER ONLY.**

Russian View of Meeting on the Elbe

Submitted by: Roland Hendrickson

Company D, 273rd Infantry

P.O. Box 1054, Prineville, Oregon 97754

I am sending along a newspaper article that was sent to me from a Russian veteran that I have been writing to since 1990 when I met him at Torgau. Perhaps it might be of some interest to our members. I have received several articles from him over the years, but couldn't get them translated every time.

* * * * *

There are days which belong to history. April 25th, 1945 was one of them. On that day far away from Europe and war, in San Francisco, the representatives of 50 countries gathered together for a conference to talk about the methods of prevention of wars in the future and to lay the foundation of the organization of the United Nations. On the same day the First Belorussian and First Ukrainian fronts formed a steel ring around the capital of Hitler's Fascist Germany. "But the biggest event happened not in Berlin, but on the Elbe, where our troops met with Americans," said Marshal I.S. Konev in his book "The 45th." "Exactly here in the center of the Wermacht, Fascist Germany was cut in half. In the same book I.S. Konev writes: "The meeting on the Elbe was a symbol of Soviet-American camaraderie."

The meeting of allied troops on the bank of the Elbe was an unusual event of historical significance. Hitler's Germany and its military forces were cut into two parts. In a week Berlin capitulated and in some days the war in Europe was finished.

The meeting on the Elbe was an important historical event, which was reminisced during the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Victory Day, May 9th, 1995 in Moscow. In Red Square they hung a big cloth pictorial which showed the moment when soviet soldier Alexander Silvashko and an American scout, William Robertson, met on the Elbe. Meeting on the Elbe carried great significance such as, the battles for Moscow, Stalingrad, Kursk and Berlin.

The meeting on the Elbe, April 25, 1945, became a symbol of friendship of two armies, two peoples. Since then, every five years we meet with Americans on the bank of the Elbe in Germany.

I was a direct participant of the meeting on the Elbe in 1945 and I would like to tell you some details of it. First of all, on the way to the Elbe we had to break a strong enemy defense, getting over water barriers, forests, swamps and mine fields. Nonetheless, our division fought its way 150 kilometers in seven days, from the 16th till the 22nd of April, to the Elbe. On the way we liberated over 150,000 POW's from various Fascist Camps, twenty thousand English people among them. I saw these prisoners of the fascist camps. They were dressed in striped prison uniforms, walking hand in hand because they lacked the strength to walk

alone. It was scary to look at them. It was difficult to believe that it was possible to exhaust a man to such a degree. These people didn't have any strength to express gladness; they were walking like shadows in silence.

Our division was the first who came to the Elbe on April 23, 1945. Then was a strange pause . . . we were not allowed to go further. It turned out that we reached the line of the meeting of the allied troops.

By order of our commander, on April 25, 1945, Major T. Bitarov and I and another two soldiers went to the bank of the Elbe to investigate the place in case of possible crossing to the west side of the river. It was at 11:30 near a small built-up area Kraimits, two kilometers from Torgau City. Standing on the bank we saw how several cars with soldiers were going on the opposite side of the river. On the hood of each car there were big white five-pointed stars.

We assumed that they were Americans and let off a red rocket. In reply we got a green rocket, it was our conventional sign if we meet. Americans came out of their cars and started to shout "Moscow-America." Americans came across to us on a ferryboat, which was on their side of the river. It was a patrol of their 273rd infantry regiment of the 69th Infantry Division. The patrol consisted of twenty-one soldiers and one sergeant, and as a commander was Lieutenant Albert L. Kotsebue. Using some English, German and Polish words we agreed that the commander of the 69th American division, General Reinhardt, and the commander of our 58th division, General V. V. Rusakov, come here next day on April 26th at twelve p.m. Next day that meeting took place.

I would like to share with you some of Kotsebue's memories, "When we had driven several hundred yards we noticed a river. We tried to see what was going on on the opposite bank of the river. I saw on the road a column of broken cars. Looking through my field glasses I saw people in soldiers shirts. I assumed that they were Russians, because I saw that medals were gleaming on their shirts. And I heard they put on their medals going into a battle." Really, we never took off our medals when we going into a battle. Not because it gave us pleasure, we just didn't have a place to keep them.

After the official meeting with Americans, our command organized a small reception. During this reception an interesting thing happened. I noticed that one black American didn't sit down at the table. I cordially invited him to sit with me. Some white Americans looked at me with displeased expression. After dinner the black American shook my hand long and vigorously. I gave him a star from my cap, which he then carefully placed in his pocket. However, there is no such discrimination of black people in America today, I became sure of this during the meetings with Americans in 1990 and 1995. So on April 25, 1945 the historical meeting of the allied armies came to be on the River Elbe in the heart of Germany. The spirit of kinship derived from this meeting still lives on today. As for me, I receive many letters from American participants of this meeting.

Retired Major: A. Karelin

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, 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.

2001

JANUARY 31st, 2001

Deadline for news material and pictures for:
Bulletin Volume 54, Number 2
January, February, March, April 2001
Bulletin expected mailing date is late April or early May.

* * * * *

MARCH 15th to 18th, 2001

COMPANY I, 271st INFANTRY DIVISION
LAKE WALES, FLORIDA
Highland Parks Hills Inn

For Further Information Contact:

Dale and Peg Thompson
 1223 W. Cody Villa Road
 Babson Park, Florida 33827
 Telephone 863/ 638-2044.

* * * * *

MAY 6th thru May 10th, 2001

CALIFORNIA WESTERN CHAPTER
2001 SPRING ROUNDUP
SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA
Los Robles Lodge

1985 Cleveland Avenue, Santa Rosa, California 95401
 Telephone: 800/255-6330 or 707/545-6330

Room Rates: \$69 Single/Double

Please call 30 days prior for reservations and mention the 69th Infantry Division Association.

Program:

Sunday, May 6th: Registration

Monday, May 7th: Visit the Luther Burbank Museum Home and Garden; and, the Charles Schulz' "Peanuts" Museum

Tuesday, May 8th: Enjoy a Sonoma Wine Country Tour with visits and tasting at several wineries.

Wednesday, May 9th: A short business meeting with time to visit the restored Historic Railroad District and other interesting sections of Santa Rosa.

Our Memorial Service and Dinner will be in the evening from 6:00 to 10:00 p.m.

Thursday, May 10th: No Host Breakfast and Farewell!

For Further Information Contact:

Al Gwynne
 6065 Timberlodge Lane
 Roseville, California 95747
 Telephone: 916/771-9995

MAY 23rd thru May 26th, 2001

MIDWEST GROUP SPRING MEETING

MISHICOT, WISCONSIN

Fox Hills Golf Resort and Conference Center
 250 West Church Street
 Mishicot, Wisconsin 54228

Reservations: Write to the resort or call 920-755-2376 or 800-950-7615. A block of rooms will be held for us until April 23, 2001, so don't delay. Mention the 69th Infantry Division when making reservations.

Rate: \$79.00 plus tax.

Location: North on I-43, East on State Highway 310, North on County Trunk B to Mishicot.

Program:

Wednesday, May 23rd: Check-In Time is 4:00 p.m.
 Hospitality Room, Dinner at the Resort

Thursday and Friday, May 24th and 25th: Golf, Sightseeing for Non-Golfers, Dinner to be Arranged

Saturday, May 26th: Check out 11:00 a.m.

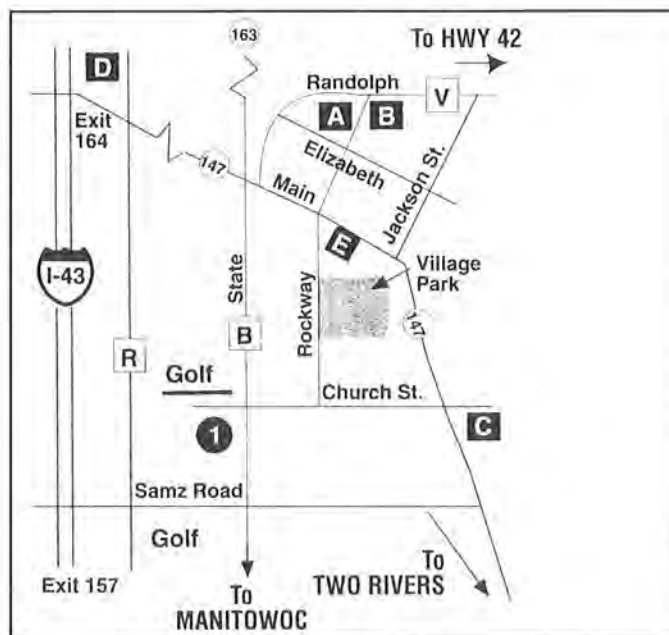
For Further Information Contact:

Fran and Zita Enright
 7304 West Georgia Avenue
 Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53220-1114

Eugene J. Pierron

2310 Highway D, Belgium, Wisconsin 53004-9754
 Telephone: 262/285-3702

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

(Continued from Page 56)

September 9th thru 16th, 2001

69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

54th ANNUAL REUNION Fort Mitchell, Kentucky

DRAWBRIDGE INN

2477 Royal Drive, I-75 and Buttermilk
Pike, Fort Mitchell, Kentucky

Much to see and do in this area.

We are sure all will enjoy the location.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT:

Bob and Theresa Pierce

144 Nashua Court

San Jose, California 95139-1236

Telephone: 408/226-8040

See write-up elsewhere in this bulletin.

69er Salutes One Who Could Not Serve

Submitted by: **E.P Haynie, Co. B, 273rd Infantry**
2850 Haynie Drive, Huntington, West Virginia 25704

I am sending in 2 newspaper articles that appeared in "The Voice of the People," The Herald Dispatch of Huntington, West Virginia. The first letter was written by Warren Moore, a man I bowled with several years ago. His letter prompted me to respond.

Ear Drum Problem kept him out of WWII

There is something I want everyone to know before it is too late. I was 20 years old when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. When I received my draft notice, I went to the old Vanity Fair to take my physical. My country told me that I was 4F and they didn't want me for military duty because I had a hole in my ear drum that was caused by scarlet fever. That was 59 years ago and ever since that day, I have had a guilty feeling that everyone thought I was a coward because I stayed home while the other men my age were over there fighting and dying for their country.

Every year when our country honors the veterans of that war, I still get that "guilty feeling" that they think I wasn't man enough to fight for my country.

Today, I am too old and too tired to carry that guilt any longer. I want everyone to know that it wasn't my fault that my country didn't want me and it was God's

will that I had scarlet fever. That is the only reason I didn't have the chance to serve and fight for my country.

Warren Moore, Sr.

Haynie's response follows:

I was deeply touched by a July 18 letter in "Voice of the People" by Warren Moore Sr. I know Warren. He's a fine, upstanding man. No veteran that I know would fault him for not being accepted into the service. I never knew that he had been rejected for service. I am certain that he would gladly have served and willingly risked his life, had he been called on to do so. I am also sure that he can be proud of his work that he did at home, which was also essential to the war effort.

I believe all of us are afflicted by guilt feelings during our lifetime, most of them by happenings that we are unable to control. I was a 17-year old high school senior when Pearl Harbor was attacked. After I turned 18 in August 1942, the draft age was lowered to 18 in September. I was told that I couldn't enlist in the branch I wanted and had to be drafted. I agreed to have my name put at the top of the list and was drafted with the 20 and 21 year olds.

I arrived in England shortly after D-Day. I was stricken with guilt for being in a non-combatant job while others were giving their lives in Normandy. "Walking wounded" soldiers were coming into our outfit daily. I told my lieutenant that I wanted to transfer to the infantry for combat service. He told me I was crazy, that I could be assured of keeping my job as postmaster, with a promotion to sergeant, and could safely ride out the war in England. I ignored his advice and volunteered for transfer to the infantry. I soon sailed from Southampton and landed on Omaha Beach.

Later, when a buddy was shot through the heart, at my side, the thought crossed my mind that the bullet should have hit me. You see, I had a New Testament in my shirt pocket over my heart, with a metal shield on the front. I was sure it would not have harmed me. I was directly behind another friend when he was killed and again I felt guilty that it was him instead of me. The feeling was made worse when, a few weeks later, a chaplain's assistant asked me "Do you think God loved you more than he did Spike?" when I told him how sorry I was to lose Spike and was thankful I was still alive.

Years later, just as Private Ryan stood at his captain's tombstone in the movie "Saving Private Ryan," I stood at Spike's Memorial in Michigan (his body was buried in Holland and left there by his family), and felt guilty, feeling that I could have done something to save him. I felt that, just as Jesus died to save my spiritual life, Spike died instead and saved my physical life. Had our positions been reversed at the moment, he would be the one growing old, with a wife, children and a grandchild, and standing at my memorial.

Guilt takes many forms and affects us all at times. I would say to Warren, "You served admirably in the way God picked out for you, and I think your feeling of guilt is, maybe, a natural feeling, but not one that is deserved." We need more men like you.



"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.

Edward A. Neuman
5738 Sherbrooke
El Paso, Texas
Unit Unknown

C.W. Brincfield
608 Forrest
High Point, North Carolina
C - 461st AAA

Kenneth V. Cope
110 Pecan Road
Waterbord, South Carolina
Unit Unknown

John Monaghan
P.O. Box 164
Hibes, Pennsylvania
B - 272nd

Herbert W. Walley
1143 Brush Creek Road
Lucedale, Mississippi
Service - 273rd

R.W. Baxter
29 Spruce Court
Hilton Head, South Carolina
G-272nd

Woodrow Boyd
1710 S. Elm Street
Greenville, North Carolina
C-661st TD

Henry Elters
152 Neal Road
Coatsville, Pennsylvania
Service - 273rd

Harry Regrut
P.O. Box 1284
Coraopolis, Pennsylvania
Unit Unknown

James Vanore
2863 Walnut Hill Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Unit Unknown

Walter E. Boyd
87 Coolidge Road
West Yarmouth, Massachusetts
B -661st TD

Robert N. Cramer
16 Canaan Road
Waymart, Pennsylvania
B - 461st AAA

Robert W. Rinehart, Sr.
6055 Dover Street
Arvada, Colorado
B - 271st

Harold A. Sorenson
1729 Barnabee Road
La Crosse, Wisconsin
Service - 273rd

Robert Gefken
560 Fawn Drive
San Anselmo, California
Hq. - 271st

Nestor Nemoreck
352 Aitken Avenue
Belle Vernon, Pennsylvania
M - 272nd

William A. Spurrier
14 Landfall Street
Falmouth, Massachusetts
Divarty

Michel Stephens
48 Burgess Street
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
A - 661st TD

Philip Roy
100 Crescent Hills Road
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
F - 272nd

Leonard Miglieta
RR #8, Box 174C
Greensburg, Pennsylvania
A - 269th Engineers

Raymond A. Velde
1800 Village Circle
Lancaster, Pennsylvania
H2 - 272nd

Fred Huston
1834 Madison Street, A-1
Clarksville, Tennessee
H - 273rd

Henry E. Dennis
24 Hubbardston Road
Dorchester, Massachusetts
Division Headquarters

George Liddle
2 Brush Run Court
Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania
D - 273rd

Donald W. Rogers
540 Memorial Drive
Huston, Texas
H3 - 271st

William Worthington
3 St. Johns Lane
Mulica Hill, New Jersey
L - 271st

Leroy A. Keller
8221 Galway Lane
Richmond, Virginia
Service - 271st

Joseph Kotsko
164 Miramar Drive
Enon, Ohio
569th Signal Co.

Ray E. Jones
249A Ridgeway Court
Perkasie, Pennsylvania
Hq. - 271st

Edwin W. Beers
15 Aspetuck Pines Drive
Millford, Connecticut
AT - 271st

Ralph L. Kennett
109 Horseshoe Drive
Cooper, Texas
Hq. - 661st TD

Richard H. Schedler
17604 Fort Street
River View, Missouri
AT - 271st

Henry C. Wietmarschen
1495 Cottingham Drive
Cincinnati, Ohio
B - 724th F.A.

Anthony Concetelli
55 Morion Street
Hartford, Connecticut
AT - 272nd

George L. Dendle
21 Clyde Street
West Pittston, Pennsylvania
Unit Unknown

Harry Poulton
P.O. Box 172
Croton, Ohio
A - 881st F.A.

Nicholas J. Rose
3526 Ashworth Avenue
Seattle, Washington
Medic - 271st

Gerald W. Blank
P.O. Box 31
Corriganville, Maryland
A - 661st TD

Robert O. Easton
2222 Las Canoas Road
Santa Barbara, California
B - 272nd

Elwood S. Neiss
348 East Fulton Street
Lancaster, Pennsylvania
I - 273rd

Andy Spinder
4165 Cypress Street
Butler, Pennsylvania
Service - 880th FA

Paul W. Koeninger
6334 Graceland Avenue
Cincinnati, Ohio
B - 724th FA

John P. Weber
5428 Garfield Avenue
Penn Saken, New Jersey
No Unit

(Continued on Page 59)

"Taps" *(Continued from Page 58)*

James W. William
317 New Copeland Road
Tyler, Texas
B - 369th Medics

George Reaves
6290 Willow Gate
Dallas, Texas
B - 661st TD

John D. Frandsen
425 North 78th Street
Ft. Dodge, Iowa
D - 369th Medics

William Leet
60 Westbrook Road
Pittsford, New York
A - 273rd

Claude S. Stanley
612 North D. Street
Duncan, Oklahoma
B - 881st FA

T.F. Summit
104 College Circle
Swannada, North Carolina
J - 461st AAA

Walter Forth
1442 Worden Street
Detroit, Michigan
D - 461 AAA

Solon Hathorn
P.O. Box 24
McLain, Mississippi
69th Recon

Thomas W. Clarke
805 North Evergreen Street
Burbank, California
HS - 269th Engineers

Robert Sutton
111 Highland Place
Harrtensburg, Virginia
769th Ordnance

John L. Nelson
35 Prosper Street
New Brunswick, New Jersey
L - 272nd

Worley H. Smith
7213 South Shore Drive
Bear Lake, Michigan
K - 271st

Walter W. Quiley
22795 Smith Avenue
Gerber, California
C - 880th FA

Donald B. Stillman
29 School Street
Rockport, Massachusetts
L - 271st

Adrian C. Davison
654 Breeze Park Drive
St. Charles, Missouri
G - 271st

Delbert P. Wright
3137 West 32nd Street
Anderson, Indiana
M - 271st

Aaron B. Taulbee
4740 SR 73 West
Wilmington, Ohio
A - 273rd

Wilson C. Harrel
P.O. Box 143
Kelford, North Carolina
M - 272nd

Alick Rowland
P.O. Box 643
Richland, Maryland
D - 461st AAA

Thomas D. Wilson
56 Capt. Curtis Way
Orleans, Massachusetts
69th Recon

Daniel Rufo
2515 Boston Street
Baltimore, Maryland
I - 273rd

Arthur L. Long
217 E. High
Monticello, Illinois
Hq. - 273rd

Victor B. Walton
5549 Kiowa Drive
La Mesa, California
K - 273rd

Richard March
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Middletown, California
HQ-Divarty

T. Col. Louie Rodgers
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Memphis, Tennessee
Division Headquarters

Douglas L. Mason
1720 Myrtle Beach Drive
Lady Lake, Florida
E - 272nd

Harold E. Stambaugh
20920 Nerine Court
Potomac Falls, Virginia
69th Recon

Charles E. Kidd
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High Point, North Carolina
C - 461st AAA

Lloyd J. Walker
2314 N. Ellsworth Avenue
Salem, Ohio
69th Recon

Richard Robison
P.O. Box 135
Parker Ford, Pennsylvania
Hq. - 880th FA

Roger E. Larson
Rt. 8-4375 Lot 189
Donna, Texas
Service - 271st

Harry G. Elsass
7795 Bristol Park Drive
Tinley Park, Illinois
Hq. - 879th FA

Sam Rasken
21 Primrose Court
Baltimore, Maryland
A - 369th Medics

Earl Ramsey
1435 Foothill Blvd.
Sylmar, California
Hq. - 879th FA

Leonard H. Frankel
Wellington Apartment
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
A - 272nd

John F. Hahn
Nottingham Way N.
Clifton Park, New York
H2 - 272nd

Sherwood Ennis
2740 Myrtle Avenue
Schenctady, New York
69th Quartermaster

Jack Bagley Anderson
Billins, Montana
D - 273rd
Was not on Roster

Ladies' Taps

LIBBY CALHOUN
Wife of Donald C. Calhoun
Anti-Tank Company, 272nd Infantry

EVA FOURNIER
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the 69th

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Men of the 69th on the 2000 European Tour. See inside for story and more photos.

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. However, reunion information is given priority. Thank you.

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