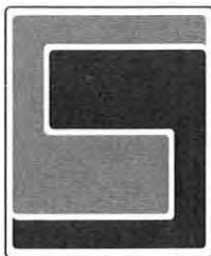


FIGHTING 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION

★★★★ *Association, Inc.*



VOLUME 54, NO. 2

JANUARY – FEBRUARY – MARCH – APRIL
2001

"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



The Watch . . .

*This photo is from the Archives of Clarence Marshall
Anyone who knows who this 69er is, please drop us a line.*

THE MAIL BOX

By Dottie Witzleb, Editor



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

Jim Kidd, 222 Al-Fan Court, Winchester, Kentucky 40391 — Co. F, 271st: I saw the name of **Kenneth V. Cope** listed in Taps in the Sept.-Dec. 2000 issue. There was a rifleman named **Cope** in our unit who was wounded at Buschem our first night in February 1945. I don't recall his first name, but he was from South Carolina. Perhaps **Bob Kurtzman** or someone with more complete records can determine if the **Kenneth V. Cope** was our man in Company F, 271st. At Buschem I knew he had been wounded, but did not know how. He rejoined our company near the end of the war over near Leipzig. When we knew him earlier, he had a smooth, round face, always smiling. When he returned, we learned that a bullet had hit him in one cheek, and passed out the other cheek and did not touch a tooth. He had a dimple in each cheek as mementos of his wounds.

Isaiah U. Lieberman, 3300 Corinth Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90066 — Co. M, 273rd: There is nothing like being 50 years late, but I just acquired a copy of the book "Fighting 69th Infantry Division," not ever having been aware that there was a 69th Division Association. The first thing that struck me upon looking through the book was the photo in the middle of page 19, in which I appear to be the 2nd from the right. Even more surprising is that I have a copy of this exact same photo in my WWII scrapbook and I believe it was taken with my camera. I contacted the man who submitted it, **Justin Bloom**, but he can't remember how he got it either. I have sent in my dues to become a member of the Association.

Carl J. Millner, 1523 Vance, Coraopolis, Pennsylvania 15108 — Co. C, 272nd: Normally one might let things pass as a matter of literary license but 12,000 casualties at St. Lo cannot be dismissed so lightly. Not in a 69th Division publication.

Contrary to Loveland's WWII Memories which on page 52 states: "... the British, Canadian, French and Polish broke through the German stronghold at St. Lo and drove them south ..."

Fact: St. Lo was defended by the German 352nd and the 7th Parachute Division, one of Hitler's best. St. Lo finally fell on July 18th thanks to the U.S. 35th and 29th Divisions; together with U.S. Artillery units and their spotter planes that decimated the 7th Parachute Division.

Franklin Haught, P.O. Box 1386, Sun City, Arizona 85372-1386 — Co. A, 271st: When I got home in 1945 I put the war in the back of my mind and never talked about it, until **Jim Richardson** asked me to fill him in about what happened on Hill 630 on February 27th, 1945. In 1996 Jim and I tried to put it all together resulting in the first article I sent to you. Then came "Company A, 271st" in the bulletin and more from **G. Ray Kehn** and others plus a copy of "Trespass Against Them." This brought to me an overwhelming abundance of names, places and events that I tried to convey to you. I have no idea how you put that together so quickly and with such clarity - far better than I ever could.

I have since talked with many very nice people all around the country name **Thompson** and **Andrews**, but no luck yet. The **Thompson** that moved out here to Arizona, sent to me by our membership chairman, was a member of Company A, 369th Medical Detachment - a doctor, I think. In a very nice phone conversation, he said at Shelby he had transferred to the paratroopers and then remained in the paratroopers long enough to retire.

Dana and I will never be able to thank you enough for your assistance and your patience with us. Stay healthy, stay happy and stay with us. Keep up the good work.

Frederic W. Scherer, 11 Westmoreland Avenue, Montvale, New Jersey 07645-2224 — Co. F, 273rd: Sorry we were not able to make the reunion this year. We have hopes and prayers that we will be able to make the next one. I had an accident. I slipped in my driveway and broke three vertebrae. I have been on medication and seeing the doctor since. Also, my wife is ailing with a form of arthritis that affects both legs between the hips and knees. Only muscle tissue, not bone. I guess this is what they call "the golden years," — bah, humbug!

Walter Jaworski, 658 Humboldt Street, Brooklyn, New York 11222-4103 — Co. A, 271st: In Volume 53, No. 3, I appreciated the article about my Company A, 271st. I was with the company from April to June. This article brought back memories. Some of these articles show how some units took a real beating. Replacements didn't stand a fighting chance. Vietnam proved this. You have to train as a body. I still write to a few 69ers that I was close to after all these years. The bulletin is well written. Stay healthy.

Merrill C. Embick, P.O. Box 3053, Williamsport, Pennsylvania 17701-0053 — Co. D, 271st: I am really sorry that Elizabeth and I couldn't make it to the reunion this year. Please keep the Bulletin coming - my life would be down the drain if I missed one issue. You all do such a great job and we "auslanders" owe so much to people like yourself, **Earl, Clarence** and his sister **Gladys, Bill Matlach** and the rest of the people who have held the association together. All of you have been "top o' the line" throughout the years.

(Continued on Page 3)

THE MAIL BOX

(Continued from Page 2)

LeVerne Loveland, 517 Rosewood Terrace, Linden, New Jersey 07036-5832 — Co. G, 271st: Some sad news to report. On December 7th, 2000, **Ralph Plugge** of Co. G, 271st, passed away. Later that day his son phoned me with the news. And Ralph's wife phoned the following day. I immediately sent notes to all of our Company G buddies so they could send notes and cards to Ralph's family. Ralph was a highly respected member of our company and to me, he was a true hero.

I hope you plan on continuing as editor of the Bulletin. You and **Earl** have done such a great job over the past years in keeping the 69th Division fully informed and you have encouraged all of us to remain active participants. Now the job has fallen on your shoulders alone and I know that is a tremendous and time consuming job for you without **Earl**. I believe he would want you to continue as editor as long as you possibly could.

I met a number of people - younger ones, at Orlando and Atlanta - wives, children and grandchildren of our veterans who have passed on, and they continue to attend the reunions in honor of their beloved veteran. The Bulletin helps to keep their memories alive and the reunions that they attend show that they honor and respect their veteran and his service with the 69th. As time passes, we will continue to lose more veterans, but the future of our Association depends on our continued efforts to show these family members that over time, the 69th Division Association will not just fade away. Your work on the Bulletin is extremely important to the future of our Association.

Also, I received the latest issue of the Bulletin and was pleased that you found my "Memoires" worthy of publication.

MOVING

Please print your new address below:

Name: _____

Address: _____

Please send this form
and your old address label to:

Robert Kurtzman
P.O. Box 105, Wilmot, Ohio 44689
Please allow six weeks advance notice.

A Note from Dottie, Your Bulletin Editor

I hope by now you are beginning to enjoy spring. We here in the mountains of Pennsylvania have had over 80 inches of snow this past winter. This is one of the coldest and snowiest season we have had in a long time. Spring is sure welcome.

A note to the Snowbirds. The bulletins are sent out by bulk rate mail and the Post Office does not forward this mail. They only forward First Class Mail. If you have not received your bulletin while you were away, this could be the reason why. I have received some back as temporarily away and then I sent a bulletin first class and hopefully these have been forwarded. If you are going away for the winter and would like to receive that bulletin, please let me know your winter address and I will forward one to you. Also let me know when you will return to your summer place of residence so that you will be able to receive your bulletin there.

I would like to thank all of you for the notes that I have received concerning the bulletins. I enjoy doing it and hopefully will be able to do it for a few more years. The letters that are sent in are a big part of the bulletin, so please keep them coming. If you have already sent in a story and have another one you would like to send, do not be bashful and send it in.

I am looking forward to attending the reunion this year and hope I will be able to meet with most of you there.

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES!

DUES YEAR FOR 2000-2001

August 1, 2000 to July 31, 2001

Regular Membership \$10.00

Ladies' Auxiliary \$ 5.00

Bulletin Donation Up To You

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

Make checks payable to:
The 69th Infantry Division Association, Inc.

Send Your Dues To:
WILLIAM R. MATLACH, TREASURER

Post Office Box 474
West Islip, New York 11795-0474
Telephone: 631/669-8077

Do not send dues to Dottie Witzleb.

Treasurer's Message



William R. and Jane Matlach

William R. Matlach, Treasurer

Company E, 273rd Infantry

Post Office Box 474

West Islip, New York 11795-0474

Telephone: 631/669-8077 (Note new area code)

In the past two Bulletins you may have noticed references to a Website which has been established for the 69th Infantry Division. While **Joe Lipsius** was working as Reunion Chairman for the Atlanta Reunion, he and **President Hal Ruck** spent a lot of time planning and coordinating reunion events and found that they were both computer buffs. This led to the idea that the Association should have a Website and, although neither one of them had the computer know-how to be able to establish the Website, **Joe** found a friend of a friend who had the capability and the Website now exists. It contains considerable information about the history and accomplishments of the division and is really a most commendable accomplishment. For those of you who have computers, the Website address is "www.69th-infantry-division.com."

Although I possess a computer, I am not tied into the Internet and know little about how it functions so I cannot "visit" the site myself. However, now and then when I visit my son I get a chance to take a peek at his computer and see what the latest additions have been to the 69th display. One of the features of the site is the "guestbook" which is "signed" by the "visitors," of whom there have been a considerable number, many of them 69ers. It occurred to me that with so many of our members familiar with the use of computers, perhaps one of them could volunteer to help the Association with a problem we have.

I have spoken before about our mail being returned by the postal service (both Bulletins and Dues Notices) because of faulty addresses. Obviously, from time to time members relocate, and the normal procedure for the post office is to forward the mail to the new address.

However, after six months the post office discards the forwarding address and the mail is returned bearing a stamped notation "Not Deliverable As Addressed - Unable To Forward" or "Attempted - Not Known." Many years ago we found that by adding the notation "Change Service Requested" printed next to our return address, the postal service would not forward the mail but return it to us with the new address noted on the returned item. This worked great and we rarely lost a member for a bad address. However, the sorting of mail, particularly bulk mail, is now done by automated equipment and our mail is returned for many nonsensical reasons such as "No Such Number," when they have been delivering to that address for the past ten years! Sometimes a member's address is changed from an R.R. Box# to a street address (for 911 purposes) with no change in location, and the post office does not know the new address!

To try to obtain the new address, I send the member a form letter by First Class (not bulk mail) requesting his new address; sometimes that reaches him because First Class mail seems to get better handling than the bulk mail. However, what could really help us would be to have a member available who could make a search on his computer to try to find out the new address of the relocated member. Our Membership Chairman, **Bob Kurtzman**, and I could send the defective names and addresses to this person and perhaps he could save many members from being removed from our roster because of a poor address. In many instances it is possible to obtain a person's address even if you only know his previous town or even just the state. I myself do not know how to do this, nor do I have access to the Internet, but I know it is possible.

I believe it is even possible to locate new members if you just know the town from which they came back in 1945. Two years ago I had a telephone call from a man who asked me if I had ever served with the 805th Signal Service Company. I was amazed at this because I had briefly served in that company for about a month and a half about September 1946 and had had no contact with them since that time. My only purpose for being in that unit had been that when it came time for me to be discharged, instead of shipping me from Berlin back to the States as an individual via the Lucky Strike camps, they transferred me into this unit which was moving back to the USA with a lot of telephone and electronic equipment and they needed me as part of the cadre. However, this man somehow located me via computers, even though in 1946 I lived in New York City and I now live in West Islip.

At any rate, if you are a computer buff and enjoy surfing on the Internet, perhaps you could volunteer your services toward finding current addresses of relocated or lost 69ers. Maybe you have your own ideas of what could be done. If so, please drop me a line.

(Continued on Page 5)

TREASURER'S MESSAGE (Continued from Page 4)

By the way, I am still Treasurer and still collecting dues. In case you forgot to respond to the Dues Notice, you may send in your dues now: Regular Dues \$10.00, Auxiliary \$5.00, and any donations to our Postage/Bulletin Fund will be appreciated. Make checks payable to the 69th Infantry Division Association, Inc.

Renovation of the "Battle of Nations Monument"

Submitted by: **William R. Matlach**

Company E, 273rd Infantry Regiment

19 Barberry Road, West Islip, New York 11795

Most of you remember the Völkerschlacht Denkmal, better known to the 69th as the "Battle of Nations" or "Napoleon" monument, which was a major point of resistance during the battle of Leipzig. The other day I had a telephone call from the American Consulate in Leipzig, Germany regarding the monument. It seems that over the years it has suffered considerable deterioration (some of it during 1945) and the government has decided to perform a major renovation to bring it back into first rate condition. However, their major problem is that they do not have any of the construction drawings, and they suspect that the drawings may have disappeared about the time that the monument was surrendered to the 69th Division. Of course, 1945 was a long time ago, and who knows where the drawings were even at that time, because the monument must have been built way back in the mid-1800's, but the Consulate would appreciate any information our members might have regarding such drawings. If you have any clues regarding this, please contact:

Phillip Linderman

AMCONSUL Leipzig

PSC 120, Box 1000, APO AE 09265

In addition to the problem with the monument, Mr. Linderman, who is an American diplomat working at the U.S. Consulate, has informed us that they have been approached by the city of Weissenfels (southwest of Leipzig) because the mayor wants to honor the GI's that captured the city in 1945. If you took part in that event, please contact Mr. Linderman. (I wonder how they intend to "honor" you?)

Is Anyone Listening?

We are still receiving lots of photo copied pictures and computer scans. This is not acceptable. If you do not want to send your originals, take them to a professional to have them reproduced. You may think you are "enhancing" them on your computers but your inexpensive printers are not putting out the quality we need to reproduce them for publication. Thank you and PLEASE TAKE HEED!

New Men Relocated Since Our Last Bulletin

Edward J. Conry — A.C., 29th Engineers
and 769th Ordnance

28-18 East First Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74104-1706

Daniel Fagan — Headquarters, 272nd Infantry
34 Navarro Court, St. Augustine, Florida 32086

George M. Flore — Company L, 273rd Infantry
4412 31st Avenue, Long Island City, New York

Max Goodelman — Company B, 269th Engineers
1540 N.W. 20th Avenue
Delray Beach, Florida 33445-1458

John Grismore — 69th Quartermaster
1101 S. 15th Street, Centerville, Louisiana 52544

Edwin Humiston — Hq., 3rd Bn., 271st Infantry
1024 Addison Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19147-1213

Roy Jones — Company A, 271st Infantry
404 N. Dickson Street, Raeford, North Carolina 28376

Isaiah Lieberman — Company M, 273rd Infantry
330 Corinth Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90066

James K. Richardson — Company B, 272nd Infantry
26140 Woodward Lane
Denham Springs, Louisiana 70726-6434

Henry J. Sak — Anti-Tank, 273rd Infantry
820 South E., Apt. 108, Oxnard, California 93030

Lester Segarnick — Unit Unknown
155 Preston D, Boca Raton, Florida 33434

Frank B. Thompson — Hq., 3rd Bn., 273rd Infantry
4015 Red Bud Avenue, Martinsville, 46151

French Liberation Medal Available

Submitted by: **John B. Durst**

Company A, 273rd Infantry

1832 Alta Street, Redlands, California 92374-1718

Telephone: 909/793-4711

Anyone interested in receiving a French Medal for the Liberation of France can do so by sending \$24.50 to:

The Federation of French War Veterans, Inc.

18 E. 41st Street, Suite 401

New York, New York 10017

Telephone: 212/213-0812 • Fax: 718/591-3481

Also, send a copy of your Honorable Discharge and the page showing you served in the European-African-Middle Eastern Theatre of Operations, which shows the medals you received.

I was on a train from Le Havre, France and arrived at Tent City before going up to the front in Belgium, near the German border. For this, they gave me the medal. It is a beautiful medal with a very nice certificate to go with it.

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
Fort Mitchell, Kentucky

Reunion Committee Chairpersons:

Bob and Theresa Pierce

Company I, 273rd Infantry

144 Nashua Court

San Jose, California 95139-1236

Telephone: 408/226-8040

Committee Chairmen:

Ed and Louise Hill Registration

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Bob and Jean Ross Souvenir Sales

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Committee Members:

Joe and Peggy Shields

Norman Steffen

Gerard and Carol Frechette

Robert Hogan

Jack Houston

Gerard Gillenback

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. Decore 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 (7) seven miles.

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 incomparable. 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 folklore, "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 7)

UPCOMING 54th ANNUAL REUNION

(Continued from Page 6)

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 skylines.

I saved the best for last. "OOM, PAH, 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.

SCHEDULED TOURS & EVENTS

A tour of Covington and Newport, Kentucky; and, Cincinnati, Ohio. Bus pick-up is at the hotel. The guided tour begins at the Northern Kentucky Convention and Visitors Bureau with a short 13-minute film showing highlights of the tri-cities. The tour will make at least two stops for photo shots and observation.

The Tour starts with a narrated drive through Mainstrasse Village to enjoy the historically strong German heritage. Then to Riverside Drive Historic District with 13 blocks of Riverboat Captains Homes; and Civil War Antebellum Homes with carriage houses, beautiful gardens and life size bronze statues. Tour continues to Riverboat Row, then to the 1 million gallon aquarium before crossing the Ohio River.

In Cincinnati you drive through Eden Park to Mt. Adams, the San Francisco of Cincinnati. Major highlights of downtown will be covered; such as, Fountain Square, Proctor & Gamble Corporation Headquarters, the President Taft Museum, Mural of Cincinnati, the Museum Center at the Historic Union Terminal plus much more.

We return to Mainstrasse Village for shopping and lunch on your own before the return bus ride to the Drawbridge Hotel.

FOREST VIEW GARDENS

Cincinnati's Broadway Music Showplace. A world famous Bavarian style Restaurant where it's always Oktoberfest. Enjoy authentic food and outstanding

entertainment performed by young musicians and singers from Opera Departments and Music Schools, primarily UC's College Conservatory of Music. These rising opera singers serve dual roles of entertaining customers and serving meals. Most artists are graduate students awaiting professional auditions.

Entertainment are excerpts from hit Broadway shows; a new show is performed every month, Fiddler on the Roof is scheduled for September. Numerous Forest View Garden singers have achieved musical acclaim in opera companies around the world. Remember to indicate your lunch meal choice on the registration form.

BB RIVERBOAT DINNER AND DANCE CRUISE

The Belle of Cincinnati side-wheel Riverboat is a beautiful doubledeck classic reminiscent of Mark Twain's Days. My sources swear that their Dinner Buffet is the best on the River.

Passenger loading starts at 6:00 p.m. and the boat departs at 7:00 p.m. There is a great dance band to entertain, cruise returns at 10:00 p.m.

The area reserved for our group has a capacity of just over 200, so get your reservation in early to insure a chair with the group.

ARGOSY RIVERBOAT CASINO

This tour is an adult group sales package restricted to patrons at least 21 years of age. The group sales package price is about half the individual price; however, there are restrictions regarding reservations. Indiana State Law prohibits anyone under the age of 21 from entering the Casino or any venue where alcohol is served. The Argosy Pavilion where the gourmet buffet will be served from 11:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m., is a 200,000 sq. ft., three-level building with specialty restaurants, lounges, and live entertainment.

The Argosy gambling ship is one of the largest gambling riverboats in the world with three decks, each bigger than a football field. There are 108 gaming tables and over 2000 slot machines, plus lounges and entertainment. The boat starts boarding at 1:00 p.m. and departs at 1:30 p.m. The gambling cruise lasts two hours on the Ohio River; enjoy gambling, the entertainment, or just the pleasure of the cruise.

"ARGOSY RESTRICTIONS"

- The registration cut-off date is August 18, 2001.
- An age verification form must be completed and submitted with the registration form for every person taking the tour.
- Final payment to Argosy must be prepaid in full at least a week in advance; and, must be accompanied by a complete manifest of attendees and a copy of the age verification form for each person.
- Conditions of the group package contract mandates that reservations received by the Treasurer after

(Continued on Page 8)

UPCOMING 54th ANNUAL REUNION

(Continued from Page 7)

the cut-off date cannot be accepted. Further, there cannot be any Argosy tour walk-in registrations at the Reunion.

- e. Absolutely no cameras or videos are allowed in the Casino.
- f. The group will remain on the busses until an Argosy sales representative comes on the bus where you will be checked off the manifest and individually provided with tickets to proceed to the Pavilion for lunch. Photo ID may be required to verify age. This procedure will take some extra time and patience; however, it will provide an organized process to preclude a mad rush to the buffet. The buffet seats 400 people with open seating, so everyone will be accommodated before the boat sails.

69th Infantry Division Assn. ARGOSY CASINO & PASSPORT BUFFET

Thursday, September 13, 2001

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

Date of Birth _____

(DAY, MONTH, YR.)

— AGE VERIFICATION FORM —

69th Infantry Division Assn. ARGOSY CASINO & PASSPORT BUFFET

Thursday, September 13, 2001

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

Date of Birth _____

(DAY, MONTH, YR.)

— AGE VERIFICATION FORM —

U.S. AIR FORCE MUSEUM

The United States Air Force Museum is located at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base six miles from Dayton, Ohio. It was established in 1923 and has grown into the largest and oldest Aviation Museum in the world. The Museum covers over 10 acres of exhibits with nearly 60,000 aerospace vehicles and artifacts, 8,405,000 documents and 418,476 historic images and photographs. Over 1.2 million people visit the Museum annually.

It's more than an Air Force Museum - there are graphic displays, equipment, and videos in each of the four galleries that cover WWI, WWII, Korea, and Vietnam. Many displays use life-like State of the Art mannequins with realistic poses. Following summarizes the galleries:

Early Years Gallery

The history of flight from the development of the Wright Brothers Aircraft, the 1909 Wright Flyer to the early 40's Curtis P-40. There are over 40 aircraft in addition to displays of the Mexican Punitive Expedition; World War I; R&D in the 1930's, and the United States Preparation for World War II. Videos feature "the forces of flight," "World War I," and "the 0-38 Recovery in Alaska."

Air Power Gallery

This gallery concentrates on the World War II period. History displays cover World War II European and Pacific Theaters of Operation, the birth of the United States Air Force, and examples of pursuit aircraft and bombers continuing through the earliest U.S. jet aircraft. There are over 60 aircraft in this gallery. Video features include "tribute to Glenn Miller," "how the Atomic Bomb works," and B-25B Tokyo Raiders."

Korean War/Vietnam Conflict Gallery

This gallery covers the history of flight beginning with the Korean War of the early 50's through the Vietnam era of the 1960's and 1970's. This gallery is dominated by the massive Convair B-36J.

Space Gallery

These gallery exhibits present the development of large and powerful rocket engines and boosters that first lifted America's aircraft into orbit and eventually the moon. Featured are the Apollo 15 Command Module, McDonnell Gemini spacecraft, Mercury spacecraft, and the Martin X24B. The video is "Man in Space."

The largest and newest indoor display area is a "Modern Flight Hanger" with over 70 aircraft from the 1940's through the 1990's. Highlights include the F-117, XB-70, SR-71, F-15, and latest prototype jet, the YF-22. Videos include "Air and Sea Rescue in Vietnam" and "Project Turnkey: the construction of Tuy Hoa Airbase."

Presidential and R&D Hangers

About a mile from the Museum, located inside the military compound, is a twin hanger facility open to the public that houses over 30 aircraft. These hangers provide indoor protection for the Museums Presidential Aircraft and experimental planes.

The Presidential Hanger is home to nine Presidential aircraft: Franklin D. Roosevelt's C-54 "Sacred Cow," the first official Presidential aircraft; Harry Truman's personal plane nicknamed the "Independence"; Dwight D. Eisenhower's Lockheed

(Continued on Page 9)

UPCOMING 54th ANNUAL REUNION

(Continued from Page 8)

VC-121E christened "Columbine III," by Mrs. Eisenhower; "Airforce One" a VC137C. This Presidential aircraft served every American President from John F. Kennedy to William J. Clinton. Known as SAM 26000, the Boeing 707, carried President Kennedy's body back from Dallas to Washington, D.C. and was the place where President Johnson was sworn into office.

Other Presidential aircraft on display: Beechcraft VC-6A "King Air" used by the Johnson family; a North American T-39A "Sabreliner" used by President Johnson; a Lockheed VC-140B "Jet Star" used by Presidents Nixon, Ford, Carter, and Reagan; and, a Bell UH-13J "Sioux" helicopter and a L-26 Aero Commander, both used by Eisenhower for short trips.

Air Force Museum Tour Info

Busses will pick up at 8:30 a.m. for a 60-mile ride to the Museum, arriving about 9:45 a.m. A typical tour is 2 to 2-1/2 hours without visiting the I-Max theater which is not scheduled in this itinerary. Lunch is on your own in the museum cafeteria that has a capacity of 400 people.

Since the President Aircraft Hanger is located within the military compound, special passes are required.

Ethel Glaser writes . . .

Widow of Al Glaser, Company I, 273rd Infantry

38753 Ryans Way • Palm Desert, California 92244

I am writing regarding my husband, **Alvin H. Glaser** who was in Company I, 273rd. Al and I were married in Camp Shelby on November 20th, 1943. He was such a wonderful man and he died just before our 57th anniversary on November 13th, 2000.

Al saw a lot of action and was on the Siegfried Line, one of the first to meet the Russians. He didn't talk much about the war and he lost a lot of his buddies in the battles they fought in. He was in Leipzig, etc. He received a citation from General Reinhardt and also from General de Gaulle and a Bronze Star Medal.

Do I sound like a proud wife? I AM. He was a great man and I was blessed to have him as my husband.



Al Glaser, Chicago and Leroy Eacret, Piper City, Illinois

The bus drivers will obtain special bus passes for our group. Busses will pick up the group at 2:00 p.m. for the short ride to the Presidential Aircraft hanger. Please watch the time! Busses are expected to depart NLT at 3:30 p.m. which should give enough time for a walk-through of the large Presidential aircraft and a walk-by of the smaller planes. Aircraft are equipped and furnished exactly like they were when in use by the President.

FOOD SERVICE

The Reunion Theme this year is obviously German since we are in a predominated German heritage location. For the Early Bird we have planned a German/American buffet, entertainment will be a German band in Bavarian costumes.

The Banquet Dinner is something different this year, instead of no choice, or Beef/Chicken choice, there will be a dual combination dinner. Dinner will be both a Filet Mignon Steak and Chicken Breast covered with Lobster and Crabmeat.

I felt slighted last year with the small Farewell Breakfast Plate, so this year I dictated a good Southern-style Breakfast Buffet into the contract: fresh fruit, juice, scrambled eggs, bacon and sausage, hash browns, biscuits and gravy, Danish and coffee, tea, decaf. Enjoy!

On a final note, **Dan Rufo**, who also died recently, and my husband kept in touch all these years and we got together every year. They have both gone to be with the Lord now.



In Belgium after our first shower in two months.

**69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION 2001
54th ANNUAL REUNION
461st AAA BN. - 661st T.D. BN. - 777th TANK BN.
Drawbridge Inn, Fort Mitchell, Kentucky
SEPTEMBER 9th thru SEPTEMBER 16th, 2001**

SEND THIS RESERVATION FORM TO:

ATTENTION: RESERVATIONS

DRAWBRIDGE INN

2477 ROYAL DRIVE, FORT MITCHELL, KENTUCKY 41047-3599

Telephone: 606/341-2800 or 1/800-354-9793 • Fax: 606/341-5644

HOUSING: Please reserve one of the following:

MAIN BUILDING

\$72.00 + Single _____ \$72.00 + Double _____ \$72.00 + Triple _____ \$89.00 + Quad _____

GARISON BUILDING

\$65.00 + Single _____ \$65.00 + Double _____ \$65.00 + Triple _____ \$65.00 + Quad _____

ALL ROOMS ADD 10.24% TAX

Print full names of ALL persons sharing room: _____

NOTE: Special accommodations required: (if available)

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

I / We plan to arrive (day) _____, September _____, 2001. (Check in after 3:00 p.m.)

I / We plan to depart (day) _____, September _____, 2001. (Check out before 12:00 Noon)

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

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

Send Confirmation to: (Please Type or Print)

Name: _____

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

City / State / Zip: _____

Telephone / Area Code: _____

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

Check or Money Order (One Night's Lodging) payable to the DRAWBRIDGE INN, or

Major Credit Card and Date of Expiration. The following Credit Cards are accepted:

American Express, Master Card, Visa Card, Diner's Club, Carte Blanche and Discover.

Credit Card Name _____ Number _____ Expires _____

I, (your signature) _____ authorize the DRAWBRIDGE INN to make charges on my credit card. Date: _____

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

Reservations must be received not later than **August 9, 2001**. After this date the group's blocked rooms will be released for immediate resale. Reservations requested after this date will be on a space available basis at the group rate. Group rates will be honored for five (5) days prior to and after the reunion, based upon availability at the time of the original reservation. If a particular type of room is unavailable, the next most suitable room will be assigned. No particular room, room type, or location can be guaranteed. Deposit returnable on 48-hour cancellation notice prior to your arrival date.

69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

54th ANNUAL REUNION

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

DRAWBRIDGE INN, FORT MITCHELL, KENTUCKY

SEPTEMBER 9th thru SEPTEMBER 16th, 2001

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

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

I/we will attend the 69th Infantry Division Association Reunion in Mitchell, Kentucky during the week of September 9th thru September 16th, 2001 and will attend the following activities:

Name: _____

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

City / State / Zip: _____

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

Unit: _____ Wife's Name: _____

Guests: _____

| Daily Events | ALL PRICED EVENTS REQUIRE A TICKET | Per Person | Number Persons | Amount |
|---|------------------------------------|------------|----------------|----------------------------|
| Registration: Monday thru Friday , 9:00 a.m. to Noon and 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. | | | | |
| Saturday, 1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. | | | | |
| Sunday, September 9th — Early Arrivals on your own. | | | | |
| Monday, September 10th — Check Bulletin Board and Hospitality Room | | | | |
| Tuesday, September 11th — TRI-CITY TOUR , 9:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. | | | | |
| Lunch on your own at Mainstrasse Village | | \$ 15.00 | _____ | \$ _____ |
| Wednesday, September 12th — FOREST VIEW GARDEN , 11:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. | | | | |
| German food and live Broadway musical entertainment; lunch included | | | | |
| Lunch Choices: Pork Schnitzel _____ Chicken Rosemary _____ Broiled Scrod _____ | | \$ 26.00 | _____ | \$ _____ |
| BELLE OF CINCINNATI RIVERBOAT DINNER AND DANCE CRUISE | | | | |
| :00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m. | | \$ 38.00 | _____ | \$ _____ |
| Thursday, September 13th | | | | |
| BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING — 8:30 a.m. to 10:00 a.m. | | | | |
| ARGOSY RIVERBOAT CASINO, Gourmet Lunch and Gambling | | | | |
| 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., Lunch included | | \$ 20.00 | _____ | \$ _____ |
| EARLY BIRD BUFFET , Cash Bar 6:00 p.m., Dinner 7:00-9:00 p.m., Tickets Required | | \$ 32.00 | _____ | \$ _____ |
| Friday, September 14th — U.S. AIR FORCE MUSEUM, Wright-Patterson | | | | |
| 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. - Lunch on your own at Museum Cafeteria | | \$ 16.00 | _____ | \$ _____ |
| PX BEER PARTY — 8:30 p.m. to 12:00 Midnight, Tickets Required | | \$ 5.00 | _____ | \$ _____ |
| Saturday, September 15th — COFFEE AND DANISH - 8:00 a.m. to 9:00 a.m. | | | | |
| GENERAL MEMBERSHIP and LADIES AUXILIARY MEETING 9:00 a.m. to Noon | | | | |
| BANQUET : Cash Bar 6:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. | | | | |
| MEMORIAL SERVICE — 7:00 to 7:30 p.m. | | | | |
| DINNER DANCE - 8:00 p.m. to 12:00 Midnight, Tickets Required | | | | |
| Menu: Fillet Mignon and Chicken Breast | | \$ 30.00 | _____ | \$ _____ |
| Sunday, September 16th - Farewell Breakfast - 7:30-9:30 a.m. Tickets Required | | \$ 12.00 | _____ | \$ _____ |
| Replacement Cost for Lost or Broken Permanent Badges | | \$ 4.00 | _____ | \$ _____ |
| SUPPORT YOUR HOSPITALITY ROOM: DONATIONS PLEASE!!! | | | | \$ _____ |
| DUES — New Dues Year - August 1, 2001 to July 31, 2002 | | | | Reunion Sub-Total \$ _____ |
| Regular Membership | | \$ 10.00 | _____ | \$ _____ |
| Ladies Auxiliary | | \$ 5.00 | _____ | \$ _____ |
| Postage and Bulletin Donation (up to you) | | | _____ | \$ _____ |
| Total Amount Paid | | | | \$ _____ |

Make Check or Money Order Payable to: **69th Infantry Division Association**

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

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

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

Headquarter Company, 2nd Battalion, 271st

Submitted by: **Richard L. Levy**
Headquarter Company, 271st Infantry Regiment
 5316 Lindley Avenue
 Encino, California 91316-2902
 Phone: 818/996-4911 • E-Mail: dtax@earthlink.net

I have sent in the list of officers and men of Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, 271st Infantry Regiment of the 69th Division. The list is taken from the Book about the Regiment called, "Trespass Against Them." "Deuces Wild" is about the 2nd Battalion. Both stories were written by **John F. Higgins**, 1st Lt. and were complete histories of the Battalion Regiment and Headquarters Company. I am fortunate to have both copies. My copy of "Deuces Wild" is autographed and as of last year, **Colonel McCormick**, **Lieutenant Fox** and **Chaplain James May** were still living.

If anyone inquires about the Combat Patrol (cld) which only shows the list of soldiers of the 271st, these men were Black African Americans assigned to Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion. We called them the "Night Fighters" and on Saturday morning inspection in Baunersroda, they had more medals and decorations than we knew existed. If any of these men are still living, it would be a great pleasure to know them and shake their hands. I'm sure that their exploits, if known, would fill a book.

These names are only a few because there were 115 men in the Company and some of them have died. If their names are recognized, perhaps they can write to you, or me so we can talk again.

Headquarters & Headquarters Company Second Battalion

Battalion Headquarters Staff

| | | |
|------------------------|---------|---------------------|
| McCormick, Aloysius E. | Lt. Col | Battalion Commander |
| Gatens, Lawrence M. | Major. | Executive Officer |
| Gorrell, John S. | Capt | Adjutant |
| Boyd, William B. | 1st Lt | Intelligence |
| McCoppen, Donald C. | Capt | Plans and Training |
| McGee, Dale F. Jr. | Capt | Plans and Training |
| Bennett, Francis W. | 1st Lt | Supply |
| Miksch, Levin A. | 1st Lt | G.R.O. ans S.S.O. |
| McCarthy, Maurice M. | 1st Lt | Motor Transport |
| Higgins, John F. | 1st Lt | Communications |
| Barker, Robert G. | 2nd Lt | Anti-Tank |
| Fox, Earl F. | 2nd Lt | Ammo. & Pioneer |

Headquarters Company

| | | |
|------------------------|---------|-------------------|
| Gorrell, John S. | Capt | Company Commander |
| McCarthy, Maurice M. | 1st Lt | Executive Officer |
| Christianson, Carl R. | 1st Sgt | First Sergeant |
| Blake, James B. Jr. | T/Sgt | Bn Sgt. Maj |
| Gustafson, Carl T. Jr. | S/Sgt | Operations Sgt |
| Beszczak, Frank P. | T/Sgt | Intelligence Sgt |
| Luckie, Stanley J. | T/5 | Asst Intel. Sgt |
| Kelly, Harold P. | Cpl | Bn Clerk |

Headquarters Platoon

| | | |
|------------------------|-------|-----------------|
| Vanderwoude, Daniel S. | S/Sgt | Mess Sgt |
| Hopkins, Philip F. | S/Sgt | Supply Sgt |
| Heagy, Willis | T/5 | Armor Artificer |
| Bare, Leslie M. Jr. | Sgt | Co. Clerk |
| Levy, Richard L. | T/5 | Gas NCO |
| Fry, Wayne O. | T/4 | 1st Cook |

Communications Platoon

| | | |
|-----------------------|---------|---------------------|
| Higgins, John F. | 1st Lt. | Plat Leader |
| Tyler, Charles R. Sr. | S/Sgt | Plat Sgt |
| Bonura, James A. | S/Sgt | Radio Chief |
| Carris, Richard E. | Sgt | Msg Cen Chief |
| Kieska, Andrew | Sgt | Wire Chief |
| Cusimano, Raymond J. | Cpl | Ass't Radio Chief |
| Pierce, George E. | T/5 | Ass't Msg Cen Chief |
| Canna, Frank J. | Cpl | Ass't Wire Chief |

Anti-Tank Platoon

| | | |
|--------------------|--------|--------------------|
| Barker, Robert G. | 2nd Lt | Plat Leader |
| Mayr, George A. | S/Sgt | Plat Sgt |
| Jennings, John A. | S/Sgt | Squad Leader |
| Kadell, William J. | S/Sgt | Squad Leader |
| Reed, Jim L. Jr. | S/Sgt | Squad Leader |
| Hall, Donald T. | Pfc | Ass't Squad Leader |
| Bunnell, Vernon L. | Pfc | Ass't Squad Leader |

Ammunition and Pioneer Platoon

| | | |
|-----------------------|--------|--------------------|
| Fox, Earl F. | 2nd Lt | Plat Leader |
| Mallory, Raymond A. | T/Sgt | Plat Sgt |
| Connelly, Donald P. | Sgt | Squad Leader |
| Pandolfo, Conno T. | Sgt | Squad Leader |
| Barron, George E. Jr. | Sgt | Squad Leader |
| McKenzie, Cletus E. | Pfc | Ass't Squad Leader |
| Paulson, Walter L. | Pfc | Ass't Squad Leader |

Combat Patrol (Cld)

| | | |
|-----------------------|--------|--------------------|
| Town, Charles H. | 2nd Lt | Plat Leader |
| Williams, Howard | S/Sgt | Plat Sgt |
| Pierce, Claude L. Jr. | S/Sgt | Plat Guide |
| Holt, Eleazer | S/Sgt | Squad Leader |
| Logan, Chester L. | S/Sgt | Squad Leader |
| Ferguson, James D. | Sgt | Ass't Squad Leader |
| Bess, Daniel | Sgt | Ass't Squad Leader |
| Horton, Leonard A. | Pfc | Ass't Squad Leader |

**NEWS MATERIAL AND PICTURES
FOR THE BULLETIN SHOULD BE MAILED TO
DOTTIE WITZLEB AT:**

FIGHTING 69th BULLETIN, P.O. Box 69, Champion, Pennsylvania 15622-0069

269th Engineers

Submitted By: **Frank Nemeth**

Company B, 269th Engineer

66 Gaping Rock Road, Levittown, PA 19057-3410

Hi Engineers,

Hope this finds you all doing well and making plans to attend the 69th Reunion at Fort Mitchell, Kentucky this September. Heard from **Lloyd Roth** (S-2, H&S) and he sent me the words to the 269th Engineers song we all sang in Camp Shelby while on Bivouac! **Sgt. James Whittaker**, Co "B" wrote the song and sang it a lot. He lives in Kentucky and didn't go overseas with us. He shipped out as a S/Sgt. on Cadre to Camp Van Dorm, Mississippi. The photos of him were taken while out on bivouac somewhere in Mississippi. So see you in Kentucky in September.

Your "Ole" Buddie,

Frank C. Nemeth



Sergeant James Whittaker, "Combat Soldier"

Bill Beswick writes . . .

Battery B, 661st Tank Destroyers

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

This is an open letter to all of the people that went on our trips to Europe and Torgau, Germany in 1985, 1990, 1995 and 2000.

Jo and I would enjoy hearing from any of you. Just how you are, what you have been doing and what excitement you have been involved in. It would be a pleasure hearing from you. We always enjoyed your company.

Best Regards, Bill Beswick

The Fighting Engineers

By **Sergeant James Whittaker**

Company B, 269th Engineers

Oh brave men without fears, they join the engineers,
Where they feed you till your belly drags the ground.
They feed you beans and meat as much as you can eat,
A better place never could be found.

Oh they give you shots and vaccinations,
And a stiff examination,

Now we have a number, not a name.

Our clothes they are too large,

They look just like a barge.

But after all we love it just the same.

From mornings early light till away late at night,

We tramp the roads beneath the burning sun.

We carry a heavy pack upon our weary backs,

Our canteen - cartridge belt and rifle too.

We come in and stand retreat,

With lots of blisters on our feet,

So glad to know our days work is nearly done.

Then we await the call from the old mess-hall,

Where sergeant Littleton thinks he's king of all.

For extra details here they pick the volunteers,

They just step up and point, out you and you.

We have a good top-kick, he really is a trick,

But lots of times he's full of brew.

Oh when we go on sick-call

We end up in the mess-hall

Scrubbing down the tables and the floors.

And though they treat us rough

We don't mind it for we're tough

We're members of the Fighting Engineers.





Dottie Witzleb



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

THE AUXILIARY'S PAGE

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

or
183 Pineslope Road
Acme, Pennsylvania 15610-9606
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Edith Zaffern, Sunshine Lady
22555 Hallcroft Trail
Southfield, MI 48034-2011
Telephone: **248**/357-4611
Note: new area code

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

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This message was to be printed in the last issue of the bulletin, but it missed the deadline. Thus, the reason for two messages from Gloria.)

A Message from your Auxiliary President, Gloria Czyzyk

Dear Ladies of the Auxiliary and Friends,

The Atlanta reunion was a success in spite of the fact many committee members were ill and could not attend. **Wendell Freeman** managed to handle the reservations table all week long with the help of volunteers from the Ladies Auxiliary. **Jane Matlach** and **Vivian Kurtzman** lent a hand at his table whenever they were free to do so. Many thanks to these ladies and to all others who helped when I wasn't there. **Joe Lipsius** and his committee deserve a round of applause for setting up informative and interesting tours. Atlanta with all its historic sites was a lesson in history. The new buildings are aesthetically beautifully. The business district was impressive and many famous names come from Atlanta.

Thanks to my officers **Jane Matlach**, **Edith Zaffern** and **Ursula Goebel** for all their help in

conducting a successful meeting. Many thanks to **Vivian Kurtzman**, **Edith Chapman**, **Ellen Snidow** and **Alice Wolthoff** for their support in all the little tasks which needed attention, such as arranging the tables for signing in, picture taking, handing out gifts to all the ladies and helping to place the lap robes into boxes for **Cynthia Barnard** the Volunteer Specialist from the VA hospital. And to the guardian angels who packed the 69th banners into my carrying case. Talking about lap robes, I would like to commend the 17 ladies who took time out of their daily schedules to make the lap robes, bed jackets and booties for our veterans and it is time again to start making lap robes, size 36x45, for our next reunion to be held in Kentucky September 9 thru 16, 2001.

Jim Boris made his yearly visit at our meeting to ask the ladies to encourage family members who were in the military and need medical help to use the Veterans Hospitals. By the way, it was good to see **Tillie Boris** recovered from her illness and looking so well. **Vice President William Taylor** and Reunion Chairperson **Robert Pierce** also informed the ladies of the tentative plans for the reunion in 2001 and 2002.

(Continued on Page 15)

THE AUXILIARY'S PAGE

(Continued from Page 14)

This was a very enjoyable reunion both for my husband, **Stanley** and myself. The only affair we missed was the Banquet. But this year we had a good cause to miss it. We had to be at a fiftieth wedding anniversary in Indiana on Sunday.

I hope all the members of the 69th Infantry Division Association and their families had a Happy Holiday and each and everyone have a Happy Healthy Year.

Yours sincerely,
Gloria Czyzyk
Ladies Auxiliary President



Officers of the Auxiliary at the Atlanta Reunion: Gloria Czyzyk, President; Jane Matlach, Secretary; Ursula Goebel, Chaplain; Edith Zaffern, Sunshine Lady



Gloria Czyzyk presenting the check and lap robes to Cynthia Barnard, VA Volunteer Specialist.

Second Message from Auxiliary President, Gloria Czyzyk

Dear Ladies of the Auxiliary and Friends,

It was disappointing to see the Ladies Auxiliary page missing from the last bulletin. Since the deadline wasn't met, my letter to the ladies could not be printed. My apologies.

This year is an election year in the Ladies Auxiliary and we need either nominations or volunteers to fill the officers positions. The length of office is two years. Ladies with a desire to fill these positions can call, write or send me e-mail. Also, current Officers of the Auxiliary, let me know your status in filling the next office in order of precedence.

Another reminder, lap robes size 45x36, booties and bibs can be knitted, crocheted or quilted and should be washable. These items will be presented to the local Veteran's Hospital in Fort Mitchell, Kentucky where our next reunion will take place. The dates for the reunion are September 9th through 16th, 2001. Other items that can be presented to the veterans are greeting cards. Unsolicited cards we receive in the mail and usually throw away. Please bring them.

We are looking forward to narratives from the ladies lives during the war years and thereafter. I am sure we all have some event we experienced in our life that is meaningful and would be worth writing about.

I will be posting a notice at the reunion for a meeting with the present officers and past presidents to be held either Thursday or Friday of reunion week. Please look for it.

My wish to all in the 69th Infantry Division Association both ladies and gentlemen is peace and happiness and with that you will all have good health. Here is a recipe for Happiness: Patience, a heart full of Love, Generosity, Laughter, Understanding, add plenty of Faith, sprinkle generously with Kindness and spread to everyone you meet.

Yours sincerely,
Gloria Czyzyk
Ladies Auxiliary President

P.S. Two weeks after the Atlanta reunion, my husband **Stanley** had a heart attack. He was in the hospital five days being prepped for a cardio vascular procedure. The doctors in the VA hospital in New York City decided on the angioplasty process of opening up his arteries. The procedure took two and a half hours. Twenty-four hours later he was discharged to come home. The marvel of modern medicine is awesome. He is also going to a four-month program of physical therapy at the VA hospital. This is the third consecutive year **Stanley** had surgery at the Veterans Administration Hospital and is very pleased with the results and so am I.

Minutes of the Ladies Auxiliary Meeting Atlanta, Georgia September 2nd, 2000

President **Gloria Czyzyk** called the meeting to order at 9:10 a.m. and welcomed the ladies to the 49th annual meeting of the Ladies Auxiliary of the 69th Infantry Division's 53rd Annual Reunion. **Chaplain Ursula Goebel** gave the opening prayer and **President Czyzyk** led the members in the Pledge of Allegiance.

Before the regular meeting began, **President Czyzyk** introduced **Jim Boris** who spoke to the members. He urged all the ladies to have their husbands registered with a VA hospital. This enables any veteran to receive low-cost medication and hearing aids. Veteran hospitals will be closed if there are not enough veterans registered.

President Czyzyk introduced the officers of the auxiliary: **Sunshine Lady - Edith Zaffern**, **Chaplain - Ursula Goebel**, and **Secretary - Jane Matlach**. **Vice President Wally Richardson** was absent.

Secretary Jane Matlach read the minutes of the 1999 meeting in Orlando. The minutes were accepted as read.

Ninety past members and three first timers attended the meeting. The new members are **Emily Cochran**, **Elizabeth Harrison** and **Anne Lipsius**.

Sunshine Lady Edith Zaffern reported she has sent 2,243 birthday and anniversary cards during the last year. The Sunshine expenses were \$300 in postage and \$275 for cards for a total of \$575. **Edith** read a card she had received from **David Bolte**. **President Czyzyk** presented **Edith** with a thank you gift from the auxiliary.

Gloria said she also wanted to express appreciation to **Dottie Witzleb** for all the work she does as editor of the 69th Bulletin. **Dottie** has requested that the ladies of the 69th write to her about their own personal lives and events during the war. Their stories will be printed in future editions of the bulletin.

Gloria requested that any lady at the meeting who is interested in becoming an officer in the auxiliary sign the list at the rear of the room.

Vivian Kurtzman reported that 35 lap robes, 1 pair of slippers, 4 pairs of booties, several bags of toiletries, and several packs of new stationery have been donated by the ladies for the VA hospital today. **Margaret Schaffer**, the mother of a deceased 69er, also sent an afghan. **Gloria** introduced **Cynthia Barnard**, who is a Voluntary Specialist from the Atlanta VA hospital. **Ms. Barnard** said several VA hospitals have closed, and veterans must register with the VA so the hospitals can receive funds from the

government. 20% of the veterans are homeless, and 812 female veterans are registered at the Atlanta hospital. **Gloria** presented a \$500 check to **Ms. Barnard** from the 69th.

Gloria introduced **Vice President William Taylor** and Reunion Chairperson **Robert Pierce** to the members. The next reunion will be at the Drawbridge Inn in Fort Mitchell, Kentucky from September 9 to 16, 2001. Room rates will be \$72 per night. The 2002 site will be at the Holiday Inn in Hampton, Virginia from September 22 to 30, 2002. The room rates will be \$55 per night. **Gloria** thanked the two men for their information.

Chaplain Goebel led the meeting in prayer in remembrance of the 20 ladies of the auxiliary who died during the past year. A moment of silence was observed in their honor.

Gloria closed the meeting at 10 a.m.

Gifts were distributed to all the members.

Our guest speaker, **Connie Calhoun**, who is a 5th generation native of Atlanta, spoke about the Southern Women from Scarlett to Rosalyn. This was a very interesting talk about the life styles of southern women.

Respectfully submitted,
Jane Matlach
September 2, 2000



Marjorie Fain, Gloria and Stanley Czyzyk



Guest Mrs. Jwankow, Cecilia Schultz, Alex and Florence Lasseigne and Ellen McCann in Atlanta

Memories of a World War II Bride

By: Esther Caine Towers
Wife of T5 O. H. Towers Jr. (Okie)
H & S, 269th Engineers

101 Linwood Drive, Hueytown, Alabama 35023



Okie home after Basic Training and Esther, after her first baby. That was my wedding dress. It served as a Sunday dress during the war.

Okie and I married on August 1, 1942. I was 18, just graduated from high school, and he was 21. We bought a new house in Hueytown, Alabama and went there for our honeymoon. What a year!

By our first anniversary, we had a baby boy named Jan. Okie was at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. Army Private pay didn't cover house payments, not to mention food, utilities, and proper care for a baby. Okie was an only child and I was the oldest of 5. Our parents lived only 2 houses apart in Bessemer, Alabama. We rented out the new house, and baby and I moved into his parents' home.

I made all of Jan's baby clothes and sewed my own clothes on my little portable machine. There were no washing machines, so diapers were washed on a tub board and boiled on the stove. Many things were rationed. Stamps were issued for shoes, gas, sugar and anything not rationed was just plain scarce. Everyone in the neighborhood, had chickens and a garden. The 'Company Store' where I had worked before we married was within walking distance. There was plenty to eat, a warm house and loving grandparents.

After basic training, Okie came home on leave. He had never been so thin but he looked great to me. He was at Camp Shelby about a year and a half. It was only about a 6 hour trip by bus. Every opportunity he got he would catch the bus and come home. Anytime day or night we would get a call from the bus station. Sometimes he was home for only a night and two half days. Jan was a healthy growing baby boy but he had colic for almost a year. Sometimes Okie would be glad to get back to camp for a good night's rest.



Clyde Dickert and Okie, 1943

Okie made a friend, **Clyde Dickert**, while at Camp Shelby. The Dickerts had a baby boy about the same age as Jan. There was a competition on who did what first. Jan walked at nine months and Okie took pictures to prove it. Clyde visited us once and Okie visited his family in Quakertown, Pennsylvania when they were on their way to New York to be sent overseas. In the meantime, his wife Dottie and I began writing to each other.

I had relatives in Hattiesburg, Mississippi at the time, so I went there several times, without the baby to be with Okie. Well, we got together once too often. About the time I found out another baby was on the way, they shipped him overseas. We wrote each other every day. Sometimes they arrived in bunches and sometimes none at all. There was plenty of work at home to keep me occupied and help time pass, but there was always that nagging thought "What If" and the helpless feeling of having no control over the situation.

The months passed, he was getting closer to action and I was closer to having a second baby.

When Ronald arrived on May 31, 1945, I stayed in the hospital 2 weeks. There were very few babies in the nursery at the time. The government paid for all of it. That was the only bargain from the government while Okie was in the service. My pay was very low. Imagine! Taking care of two babies on about \$75.00 a month, for the three of us. Most of Okie's needs were issued to him, so he sent most of his allowance home.

Over two weeks passed. No letter from Okie. The radio and newspapers were headlining, "The Belgium Bulge." It didn't sound good.

We sent a cablegram to Okie announcing Ronald's arrival. It had four or five countries stamped on it by the time he got it. When it reached him he already had a letter with the news. (He was moving so fast, they couldn't find him). Finally "Happy Days"; I opened the mailbox and there it was, the letter saying he was O.K. He drove a supply truck for the 269th Combat Engineers. He and **Ludwig Steinbruner** spent much of their time on the road away from their company. He had been keeping a journal of daily "movements". His letter speaks for itself.

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MEMORIES OF A WORLD WAR II BRIDE

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May 16, 1945, 9th. Army - Germany

Dear Baby,

The pictures enclosed are places that we passed or were in or saw. I have a few more of the places we stayed that I shall send later. I can't get my film developed but maybe it will keep. We are allowed a lot more information now about where we are. Right now we are in a little place outside Leipzig named Grosduben. It is a nice place - swell houses-all three or four-story with huge yards, swimming pools, and everything. It looks like Hollywood.

This is our trek across country.

January 20th, 1945: We left Winchester for France. We hopped the channel from Weymouth on the 22nd. In an L.S.T. and had a rough crossing on the channel.

January 25th: We disembarked at Le Harve and drove to Forges Les Eaux. Le Harve was the flattest large town I've seen to date. Some of the smaller ones were worse, but not many. At Forges Les Eaux we moved into an old hotel that wasn't fit for pigs but we had rather been there than outside. The drive from Le Harve was in snow and sleet. The roads were so slick until on one of the hills I watched a truck turn completely around on the edge of a bad drop. I held my breath half the way. However the trip was made without an accident, except for the fact that we were nearly frozen. I was so cold that I began to get sleepy from it. Several guys in the infantry had frozen feet, but we were lucky.

February 1st: At our first stop we had good barracks but everything was still snowed under. Here I sprained my ankle.

February 6th and 7th: Went to Paris for the first time. I got to drive around and see the sights.

February 8th: Got back to Sissone late the night before and packed to move to the front. We left before the convoy for Paris again to pick up lighting generators. Stayed several days this time - saw more of Paris and surrounding territory.

February 11th: Left Paris loaded to the brim. We don't know where to go except to follow up and ask when we get near the front. We headed for Aachen then changed for more easterly direction. In the middle of the night with Staffer driving, I woke up with a bog hole around my ears. The first taste of the front. We spent two hours getting the truck and trailer out of this place plus two other trucks. The next day we spent driving across Belgium. The country is very beautiful.

February 13th: Tonight we found our Q.M. Depot. We stayed overnight. We waited for a ration truck to show up, to follow them in. The area is covered with abandoned American and German equipment. We find that we are in the "Bulge" near Krinkelt and St. Vith. We drove up to the Company just in time to move without even getting out. Towns leveled and dead men

and animals everywhere - Tanks by the dozens knocked out. En-route to the next place we watched a Flying Fortress plane crash off the road on our left. All bailed out but one guy's chute did not open. We had blown up a tank and a dead German boy from the tank was about twenty feet from the chow house. Too cold for him to stink but somebody finally pulled him off the side.

February 15th: Krinkelt, Belgium - Two miles from Siegfried line. Thousands of planes passing over, Artillery was firing day and night. We finally got used to it, until some son-of-a-gun moved a 155mm about 50 yards to the left of us. Every time it fires it raises you off the ground. On guard tonight - can see machine gun fire off to the left. Very pretty-but wicked.

February 17th: We moved to Wirtzfeld to the left of Krinkelt. Dead cows, Germans and cow manure all over the houses that are left standing. I got a room that had one good window and we tacked blankets over the rest. The snow is gone in most places and mud is showing up something fierce. Rain has started.

February 19th & 20th: Picked up dead Germans, horrible mess, most have started to rot. Flesh entirely gone from some of the faces. Carried them to the bone yard - another mess too terrible to explain.

February 25th: One soldier was killed by a regal mine two houses down. The first killed in our company. He was blown all to pieces-Unable to find parts of him. Several line company men killed yesterday by mines.

February 26th: Delivered Company's A rations up in the line. Passed through three sets of Dragon Teeth. Got there at dusk and rather than spend the night in

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Okie and his 'trusty truck'

MEMORIES OF A WORLD WAR II BRIDE

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that hell hole I drove back in blackout. The worst roads I have ever seen or rather couldn't see. My first time across Purple Heart Hill.

February 27th: Got a bath for the first time in a couple of weeks. Nice feeling!

March 4th: **Sgt. Kitchens** wounded by a mine today. He is in the Hospital. Looks like S-3 is vanishing.

March 7th: Tomorrow we move to Germany. Dahlen. Not a bad place. Some guys got polluted on German liquor.

March 16th: Received 2 boxes from home.

March 17th: 24 years old. Received another box from home and letter from Esther. Not a bad Birthday considering.

March 22nd: Retreat Parade. I was awarded a Bronze Star along with several others.

March 23rd: Company moved from Dahlen to Heimerheim on the Rhein. We moved into a brewery. Half the Company was polluted.

March 27th: Crossed the Rhein today at 9:30 o'clock at Honningenn near Remagen Bridgehead. Moved up river opposite Koblenz to Ehrenbreitstein. Billeted in German barracks - very good but they have bugs. I moved out.

March 29th: Got ready to move again.

March 30th: Moved to Giessen.

March 31st: Packed to move again, prisoners everywhere by the thousands.

April 3rd: Moved to Kassel. On guard from 3:30 until 6:30 p.m. Left at 7:20 p.m. Went back to Koblenz. Picked up water point and returned to Kassel.

April 8th: Moved to Witzenhausen.

April 10th: Moved to Roleda last night. Plane came over. Bombed and strafed the area and town. Several nice size holes in our house.



Okie with Colonel Holmin awarding him the Bronze Star Medal.

April 11th: Moving up on Weissenfels. Supposed to be moving into town but the town hasn't given up. Several thousand SS Troopers a bit stubborn. Moved to a dump outside the town. Guns, planes and prisoners. Everything moving or going crazy.

April 12th: Company A lost five men in an assault crossing.

April 13th: Set a water point up in Naumburg. Captured my first German. Couldn't shake him off. He wanted a ride.

April 15th: "A" Company's man shot on the street by someone in passing convoy.

April 17th: Moved around Leipzig to Naunhof. Artillery set up everywhere firing into Leipzig.

This I copied out of a notebook I kept, so it may not make much sense. The rest of the time we stayed in Naunhof until we captured the town of Leipzig and met the Russians. Then we were assigned an area to patrol. We moved back to Groitzsch then to the mansion that I sent pictures of - then to this place we are in Grosduben. How long or for what we will be here I don't know, but the quarters are better than we have ever had, so it is good in one respect. I have quit keeping notes because there isn't anything doing at all. Everyday we go to Wissenfels for rations and look at the girls riding bicycles with their legs showing and we sweat it out. Last Sunday I went on tour of Leipzig in a truck. The place is pretty well torn apart. I saw the Napoleon Monument and was in it. A huge pile of rock with several dozen figures in and around it, as big as Vulcan (A local statue in Birmingham). The artillery damaged it some, but not badly.

Hope to see you soon,
Love Okie

When the fighting ended in Europe, they began separating parts of the 269th Battalion. They placed Okie in the 9th Army, 29th Division for occupation. His friend Clyde Dickert was sent back to the States with plans to send his outfit to Japan. The atomic bomb changed those plans in a hurry and Clyde went home. We still stay in contact with the Dickert family. With letters, visits and fun times together.

THE WAR ENDED, "PEACE IN THE WORLD."

On the radio I could hear a huge celebration in the big cities like New York. Bells ringing, horns blowing, people were shouting with joy. I wanted to run up and down my street and shout. Instead, I quietly thanked God; we had both survived those hectic years. There were letters of anxiety and boredom coming from Okie while he waited four more months to get home. Ronald was 6 months old by then and Okie had never seen him. Jan was 2 and he had to get reacquainted with his dad. Finally; we were all together safe and sound.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In the next issue of the bulletin, Esther's story, "Memories of an Unusual Friendship," will be published. Stay tuned . . .)

Annual Meeting of Officers and Board of Directors 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSN. AUGUST 31ST, 2000 SHERATON COLONY SQUARE HOTEL ATLANTA, GEORGIA

President Harold Ruck called the meeting to order at 4:00 p.m. The invocation was given by **Chaplain Snidow** and the Pledge of Allegiance was made by the entire group.

Secretary's Report: **Secretary Goebel** said that the minutes of the annual meeting of November 18th, 1999 had been published in the Bulletin for January-February-March-April 2000. Motion was made and seconded that the minutes be accepted. Motion carried. **Secretary Goebel** reported that a rose and a flag were placed on each of the overseas graves of our 69th Infantry Division comrades on April 20, 2000. The management of the two principal cemeteries were really on the ball and couldn't have been more helpful. A total of 159 graves were decorated at a cost of \$3 per grave. **Secretary Goebel** suggested that we should consider the possibility of a single floral piece at each cemetery in place of individual grave decorations. After some discussion of the matter **President Ruck** appointed **Secretary Goebel** and **Bill Sheavly** as a committee of two to look into the matter and report back at the next Reunion.

Secretary Goebel reported that a \$5,000 check had been sent to the VFW WWII Memorial matching gift program, enclosing the names of those killed in action from the 69th Infantry Division to be entered in The Registry of Remembrances. The Division is now a member of the VFW WWII Memorial Advance Guard. The Association received a lapel pin and an attractive certificate of membership.

Secretary Goebel also reported that a \$5,000 check had been sent to the Armed Forces Museum Foundation in Camp Shelby.

Treasurer's Report: **Treasurer William Matlach** submitted two reports. The first report covered the period January 1, 1999 to December 31, 1999. It showed receipts of \$102,181.93 and disbursements of \$106,544.28 for a net change of -\$4,362.35. The second report covered the period January 1, 2000 to July 31, 2000. Receipts were \$64,041.08 and disbursements were \$35,855.31, resulting in a net change of +\$28,185.77. All these financial reports become part of the minutes of this meeting. Motion was made and seconded to accept the reports as submitted. Motion carried.

Auditor's Report: **Auditor Edward Lucci** reported that he had examined the financial records and all funds were properly recorded.

Membership Report: **Membership Chairman Bob Kurtzman** reported that the membership roster which was 4,534 as of October 1999 is now 4,356.

Bulletin Report: **President Ruck** said that **Dottie Witzleb** was unable to attend the meeting; consequently, there will be no report.

Nominating Committee Report: The Committee is in the process of completing its work. The Committee will submit its report at the annual meeting of the membership.

Future Nominating Committee: The Nominating Committee in the year 2001 will consist of the members of the Board of Directors of the class of 2001.

2001 Reunion: **Bob Pierce** said the year 2001 Reunion will be held at the Drawbridge Inn and Convention Center in Fort Mitchell, Kentucky from Sunday September 9th through Sunday September 16th, 2001. Room rates will be \$72 per night.

2002 Reunion: **Bob Pierce** said that the year 2002 Reunion will be held at the Holiday Inn Hampton Hotel and Conference Center in Hampton, Virginia from Sunday September 22nd through Sunday September 29th, 2002. Room rates will be \$55 per night.

Other Announcements: **William C. Sheavly** said that his son, **William H. Sheavly** was not getting enough material, especially individual stories, for his proposed book. Also, **Joseph Lipsius** said the Fighting 69th Infantry Division Association now has a web site: www.69th-infantry-division.com.

Note: Please consult the minutes of the Annual Meeting of the General Membership which was held on September 2nd, 2000 to obtain greater detail on some of the above items.

Meeting adjourned at around 5:30 p.m.

Respectfully submitted,
Ralph H. Goebel
Secretary

Annual Meeting of The General Membership 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSN. SEPTEMBER 2ND, 2000 SHERATON COLONY SQUARE HOTEL ATLANTA, GEORGIA

President Ruck called the meeting to order at 9:00 a.m. The invocation was given by **Chaplain Snidow** and the Pledge of Allegiance was made by the entire group.

President's Comments: **President Ruck** mentioned what he had learned about the Association, and the people involved, during the last two years. He then

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ANNUAL MEETING OF THE THE GENERAL MEMBERSHIP

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spoke in some detail about the contributions that the other officers have made relative to the well-being of the Association. He emphasized that in an organization such as our Association, you have to have the finances straight, the addresses straight and the publicity straight. Finally, he noted the outstanding job that has been done by all the presidents and board members that have gone before which helped make the Association what it is today.

Secretary's Report: Secretary Goebel stated that the minutes for the Annual Meeting of the General Membership held on November 20, 1999 were published in the Bulletin for January-February-March-April 2000; however, the Bulletin incorrectly stated that the Annual Meeting took place on November 18, 1999. Motion was made and seconded that the minutes be approved as published. Motion carried.

The Secretary then reported that a rose and a flag were placed on each of the overseas graves of our 69th infantry Division comrades on April 20th, 2000. The cemeteries of Henri-Chapelle and Netherlands American (at Margraten) were visited by a group of 69ers (including the Secretary) on that date. The management of these two cemeteries were really on the ball and couldn't have been more helpful. The Secretary reported that at the Board of Directors Meeting he had suggested that we look into the possibility of having a floral decoration or other item in the main building of the cemetery, in place of putting a rose and flag on each grave. In accordance with the Secretary's suggestion, **President Ruck** designated the Secretary and **Bill Sheavly** as a committee of two to look into the matter.

At the annual meeting on November 20, 1999, it was moved, seconded and approved to send \$5,000 to the World War II Memorial Fund. On June 30, 2000, the Secretary sent a check for \$5,000 to the VFW WWII Memorial matching gift program. He enclosed with the check the names of those killed in action from the 69th Infantry Division to be entered in The Registry of Remembrances. The Division is now a member of the VFW WWII Memorial Advance Guard. The Association received a lapel pin and an attractive certificate of membership.

Also, at the annual meeting on November 20, 1999, it was moved, seconded and approved to send \$5,000 to the Armed Forces Museum Foundation in Camp Shelby. A check for \$5,000 was sent to the Foundation on June 30, 2000 and an acknowledgement of the gift was made in a letter from the Director, Armed Forces Museum, to the Secretary dated July 11, 2000. Also the Secretary received a copy of a letter, dated August 2, 2000, written by the Director, Armed Forces Museum to **Edgar Parsons**. The second paragraph of this letter reads, in part, as follows: The walls of the current museum cannot sustain the weight of the bronze plaques commemorating the 69th Division's service

during World War II. Part of the funds will be used to reinforce the wall for display of the plaques... The remainder of the funds will be used to construct the exhibit in the new museum building dedicated to the 69th Division's training and combat service during the Second World War." Then **Edgar "Bud" Parsons** added that he wanted to make sure that any money given to the Museum Foundation should first be used to highlight any display relating to the 69th Infantry Division. Finally, motion was made and seconded to approve the Secretary's report. Motion carried.

Treasurer's Report: Treasurer **Bill Matlach** submitted two reports. The first report covered the period January 1, 1999 to December 31, 1999. It showed receipts of \$102,181.93 and disbursements of \$106,544.28 for a net change of -\$4,362.35. The second report covered the period January 1, 2000 to July 31, 2000. Receipts were \$64,041.08 and disbursements were \$35,855.31, resulting in a net change of +\$28,185.77. The Treasurer said that "A few years ago we decided that, instead of giving away our Treasury to charities upon dissolution of the Association, we would gradually downsize the surplus by returning the funds to the membership by subsidizing the reunions." Consequently, the past couple of reunions have been budgeted to produce a loss on the order of about \$6,500. He summarized the reports. The Orlando Reunion ran an unexpected loss of about \$10,000 due to excessive charges by the hotel for our not having met attendance guarantees. He mentioned that the cost to produce the Bulletin does not go down very much even though the membership is steadily decreasing. The major cost in printing the Bulletin is in all the layout work that must be done. He mentioned that the cost of overseas flowers now runs about \$500 a year. At one time the cost was less than \$200 per year. With respect to the second report, he mentioned that a CD was cashed in to provide the necessary money to pay for the two \$5,000 donations. All these financial reports become part of the minutes of this meeting.

Auditor's Report: Auditor **Edward Lucci** reported that he had examined the financial records and that all funds were properly recorded. Then, motion was made and seconded to accept the Treasurer's Report. Motion carried.

Membership Report: Membership Chairman **Bob Kurtzman** said that on October 18, 1999 the roster was 4,534. In March 9, 2000 he put 57 taps in the Bulletin. On May 12, 2000 he put in 64. This only covers two Bulletins instead of the usual three which cover a full year. During that time there were 25 new members and 31 were taken off because of no forwarding addresses. Since that time he has sent in a bunch of changes taking us down to 4,356. At one time there were over 7,000 on the roster. Motion was made and seconded to accept the Membership Chairman's report. Motion carried.

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ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GENERAL MEMBERSHIP

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Bulletin Report: Bulletin Editor **Dottie Witzleb** was not present but she asked to be remembered to the membership and she wished to encourage people to send articles and pictures to her. A big backlog of articles exists right now that needs to be published, but she always can use more material.

Legal Advisor's Report: None.

Reunion Chairman, Atlanta: President **Ruck** said that, initially, no one wanted to be Reunion Chairman for the Atlanta meeting. He had a couple meetings with various people from the Atlantic area and finally, one day, he got a call from **Joe Lipsius** who said he would be willing to serve as Reunion Chairman. He said that **Joe** was willing to take the initiative in getting the job done. For this position, **President Ruck** said, you need someone who is on the ball and anticipates problems - and then gets them solved. You want someone who keeps you informed. And you want somebody that is not afraid to make decisions. **Joe Lipsius** responded that he had enjoyed his job as Reunion Chairman. He hoped that next year the people in charge of the Reunion will have as much fun as he has had. He said that it has been a pleasure and he hoped that the Reunion has been a success. **Joe** received a rousing round of applause.

Nominating Committee Report: **Eugene Mischke**, representing the Nominating Committee for the year 2000, presented the nominations to the Board of Directors for the group whose terms will expire in the year 2003. They are: **Robert Ross** for the 271st Infantry Regiment, **Joe Lipsius** for the 272nd Infantry Regiment, **Eugene Mischke** for the 273rd Infantry Regiment, **Charles White** from the 777th Tank Battalion for Special Troops, **Walter Haag** for the 881st Field Artillery Battalion. Motion was made and seconded to approve the nominations. Motion carried. **President Ruck** then mentioned that the Nominating Committee for next year would consist of the members of the Board of Directors whose terms expire in the year 2001. **Chester Yastrzemski** will be Chairman of the Nominating Committee. It will be responsible for making nominations for all the officer positions and for the members of the Board of Directors for terms expiring in the year 2004.

Future Reunions: **Bob Pierce** discussed the problems he was having in choosing reunion sites and getting people to chair the various committees. The criteria has been to look at locations where 25 or 30 69ers reside. With this in mind he concentrated on the Cincinnati metro area and Virginia Beach. He found willing workers but no one who wanted to take the responsibility of chairing a committee.

Bob has come up with a plan to have permanent chairmen for the following committees: Registration,

Hospitality and Seating Assignment. In addition, he will function as Reunion Chairman for the next two years. Since individuals do not want to take these jobs unless they get some kind of compensation, he has felt it appropriate to grant these permanent chairmen free rooms for 7 nights. He would like to implement this plan at the Fort Mitchell reunion September 9-16, 2001. He will serve as Reunion Chairman, **Edward Hill** as Registration Chairman, **Earl Sanborn** as Hospitality Room Chairman and **Robert Crowe** as Seating Assignment Chairman, in most instances ably assisted by their wives. If this experiment is successful, he would like the plan to become permanent.

To summarize, during his negotiations, **Bob Pierce** has been able to obtain three full-paid suites and a number of room credits. By foregoing certain upgrades he was able to obtain four two-room suites, complementary. Taking into consideration the use of room credits, we have complementary rooms (for 7 nights) as follows:

- Two-room suites - for President, Treasurer, Membership Chairman, Reunion Chairman
- Standard room - for Bulletin Editor, Sunshine Lady, Reunion Coordinator, Registration Chairman, Seating Assignment Chairman, Hospitality Room Chairman
- Half-paid standard room - Vice President, Secretary

He said that Fort Mitchell is 8 miles from downtown Cincinnati, a kind of suburb of Covington, Kentucky. The Drawbridge Inn, where the Reunion will be held, specializes in accommodating army reunions. It has over 400 rooms plus a convention center. There is free shuttle service from the airport and the room rate is \$72 per night in the main building. There will be a favorable cost arrangement on liquor and a 10% discount on food service in the Inn's restaurants. There is a large parking lot in the back and on the other side of that lot is a motel. The rooms are the same size as at the main building and the furniture is of the same type, with the room rate being \$65 per night. Also, in this parking lot there is RV parking at \$15 per night with electrical hookup only (no water).

The 2002 reunion will be held September 22-29 in Hampton, Virginia at the Holiday Inn. This will be the 55th annual reunion of the 69th and the Inn has agreed to a room rate of \$55 per night in recognition of this anniversary. He also noted that there are no penalties in the contracts with the two hotels for short falls in registrations, banquet reservations, etc.

It was then moved and seconded to adopt the report that **Bob Pierce** had given. Motion carried.

Comments by President: **President Ruck** just got a notice from **Bob Kurtzman** that since the last Bulletin we have had 65 on Taps. There are still two months to go for this year.

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ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GENERAL MEMBERSHIP

(Continued from Page 22)

Web Site: President Ruck said that he had received a call from **Ken Sawyer**, shortly after the Orlando Reunion, asking if the 69th was on the Web. It turned out we were not. At a meeting with our Reunion Chairman, **Joe Lipsius**, he mentioned this to **Joe**. He sensed there was a degree of interest on the part of **Joe**. He asked **Joe** to look into it. And now he asked **Joe** to approach the microphone to tell us what he has done as far as the Web is concerned.

Joe Lipsius said that we are in a new age of communication and in a new age of storing and searching and looking at information. As far as the 69th Infantry Division is concerned, this storing and searching is called a web site. In a web site the history of the Division can be stored now and in the future and can be used to locate friends and people you served with and finding out who has passed away and such as that. In January, **President Ruck** told him about this inquiry concerning a web site and he agreed to look into it. Based on information he picked up at a computer store, he was able to find the web site of the 96th Infantry Division which was the Division he had been in at one time. From this web site, after 65 years, he learned that the 96th Infantry Division went to the Pacific, landed on Okinawa, landed on Leyte, had many casualties, had medal of honor winners. This Division has what is called a guest book. He signed in on the guest book and he mentioned that he had been in the 96th Division. A few days later on his computer he received a message from the web master. The web master wondered how he happened to get into the 96th. Then ensued communication back and forth. He didn't know where the web master lived. Later, he found out that the web master lived in Wisconsin. The two of them communicated back and forth and became fast friends. The web master said the web site of the 96th had been created by his son-in-law. He asked the web master: How about getting your son-in-law to help us?" The web master said: You'll have to ask him, I can't ask him." The web master sent him his son-in-law's e-mail address. The son-in-law turned out to be a young fellow in his middle 30's. After a couple minutes, he told **Joe**, "I heard so much about you that I will be happy to work on your web site." He had a full time job as a "platform engineer" with a large insurance company in Wisconsin. His job, with two or three others, was to keep the company's computers working. He told me there would be a charge for this which would run about \$200. **President Ruck** and **Joe** decided, after a conversation with **Bill Matlach**, to go ahead with the project. The 69th now has a web site. There is now a fair amount of information on the web site and there will be much more in the future. So far \$100 has been spent on the web site. The address is: "www.69th-infantry-division.com." **President Ruck** said that **Joe** had done an excellent job. **Joe** mentioned that some of the information on the web site was furnished by him, some by **Crandon Clark** and some by **Harold Ruck**. **Joe** said that the

three of them had communicated back and forth many times. **Bing Poon** volunteered that many public libraries have computers with Internet connections for accessing web sites.

Bill Sheavly said his son is writing a book on the 69th. First of all, his son was sorry that he was unable to attend the Reunion. Nevertheless, he wanted to thank each 69er who had sent him material. He still wants stories that you can tell him about the good, the bad and the ugly - stories that, you may recall, happened to you during your service with the 69th. In the last Bulletin is given his name and address. He has quite a task in going through the Bulletins for nearly 40 years and editing the information that is obtained. He commented that his son is not a novice, having written a number of articles for financial publications.

Bretsell Everson said that last year at the Orlando meeting he asked about how many people from the 69th had gone overseas on the U.S.S. Santa Maria. He said that it would be nice if we could gather personal information on what happened to those 69ers who went on the U.S.S. Santa Maria. He has obtained a certain amount of information and would appreciate getting additional information. He also talked about his secret training for the invasion of Japan and how grateful he was that Harry Truman authorized the dropping of the atom bomb. **Thomas Yelcich** also talked about his secret training for the invasion of Japan.

President Ruck recognized **Wendell Freeman** and the work he has done as Registration Chairman. He said that **Wendell** had volunteered, when **Bob Pierce** was here in Atlanta for an organization meeting, to be Registration Chairman. About 5 or 6 weeks ago, he received a call from **Wendell**. **Wendell** said that he was having some problems. He was diagnosed with cancer and had to have 36 radiation treatments. Last week was his last radiation treatment. Despite all this, he said he would be there for the job of Registration Chairman. Also, his wife has been in and out of the hospital but may be able to attend the banquet tonight.

Jim Boris recommended that all of us should go to our local VA hospital to get registered even if we never take advantage of the benefits. He described how you could get eyeglasses, hearing aids and prescriptions for reduced prices at your VA hospital. He said you would need a copy of your discharge. He said that you will be assigned a primary physician. Also, you need to take a copy of your prescriptions for both medicines and eyeglasses to the VA in order to take advantage of the savings. He also said that the VA needs donations of clothes.

President Ruck then mentioned the memorial service to be held that evening. Everyone was asked to be in the banquet hall by 7:00 p.m. The retired directors will be the rose bearers, augmented by a few volunteers.

Meeting adjourned at around 12 noon.

Respectfully submitted,
Ralph H. Goebel
Secretary

Attendees by State at the 2000 Atlanta, Georgia Reunion

| STATE | ATTENDANCE |
|----------------------|------------|
| Pennsylvania | 48 |
| Florida | 37 |
| Georgia | 21 |
| Ohio | 19 |
| North Carolina | 17 |
| Illinois | 16 |
| Massachusetts | 16 |
| New York | 16 |
| California | 14 |
| Tennessee | 14 |
| Virginia | 14 |
| New Jersey | 13 |
| Michigan | 12 |
| Arkansas | 10 |
| Maryland | 10 |
| South Carolina | 10 |
| Iowa | 9 |
| Wisconsin | 9 |
| Alabama | 6 |
| Connecticut | 6 |
| Missouri | 6 |
| Nebraska | 6 |
| Texas | 5 |
| Indiana | 4 |
| Louisiana | 4 |
| Mississippi | 4 |
| Minnesota | 3 |
| Colorado | 2 |
| Kansas | 2 |
| Montana | 2 |
| New Hampshire | 2 |
| Oklahoma | 2 |
| Oregon | 2 |
| West Virginia | 2 |
| Nevada | 1 |
| Wyoming | 1 |
| Unknown | 3 |
| Canada | 2 |
| | 370 |

| SUMMARY | MEMBERS | TOTAL |
|----------------------------|---------|-------|
| Total Attendees | 178 | 370 |
| First Time Attendees | 5 | 7 |

TOURS & ACTIVITIES:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Taste of the Peach | 108 |
| Good Old Days Buffet | 104 |
| Midtown Memories | 70 |
| Stone Mountain Park | 145 |
| Atlanta Highlights | 129 |
| Early Bird Dinner | 133 |
| Atlanta's Legacy of Leaders | 98 |
| PX Beer Party | 263 |
| Banquet | 325 |
| Farewell Breakfast | 100 |

2000 53rd Annual Reunion Attendees Atlanta, Georgia

AUGUST 27 - SEPTEMBER 3, 2000

The following is a list of the attendees at the 2000 Reunion in Atlanta, Georgia including members, wives, widows and guests. If your name does not appear, it is because you failed to fill out a Registration Form during your visit.

An asterisk (*) indicates a First Timer.

69th DIVISION HEADQUARTERS AND HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Fred Avery Virginia
Guest: Patricia Avery
Archie Brooke Virginia
Guest: Vivian Bailey
Gordon Kjos Minnesota

69th MILITARY POLICE COMPANY

Frank and Helen Williams Pennsylvania

269th ENGINEERS

Frank and Stefania Nemeth Pennsylvania
Stephen Sholtis Ohio
Guests: Steve, Jr. and Phil Sholtis

569th SIGNAL COMPANY

George Hepp New York
John Kastanakis Alabama
Donald and Lois Pierce Pennsylvania
Carl and Mildred Stetler Pennsylvania

271st INFANTRY REGIMENT

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

John Barrette Wisconsin
John and Barbara Davis Pennsylvania

COMPANY A

Robert and Jean Ross Massachusetts
George and Rita Wolff South Carolina

COMPANY B

Lumir and Patsy Bocek Nebraska
George Burrows North Carolina
Guests: Fred and Judy Burrows
Kenneth and Dorothy Curran Florida
P. J. and Ruth Delphey Pennsylvania
Earl and Millie Hansen Tennessee
Ted Heilman Florida
Adam and Margaret Lee Pennsylvania
Harold and Cynthia Moore Tennessee
Charles and Roseann Nicely Pennsylvania
Orrie Pullen Michigan

(Continued on Page 25)

2000 REUNION ATTENDEES ATLANTA, GEORGIA

(Continued from Page 24)

COMPANY B (cont.)

William and Jo Sheehan New Jersey
Kenneth and Lillian Upton Louisiana
Charles and Pat Walsh Wisconsin
James Walsh Connecticut

COMPANY C

Robert and Florence Klein Illinois

COMPANY E

Elmer and Erma Broneske Colorado
Robert and Betty Dimmick Georgia
Grace and Doris Glaum Illinois
Joseph and Anna Kurt Iowa
Guest: Jeff Kurt
William and Catherine McCall New Jersey
Bing Poon Pennsylvania
William Taylor Florida

COMPANY F

*Grace Roberts Cope South Carolina
Guests: Lt. Cdr. Melvin and Jan Steedly,
Jonathan and Heather, Julia Kirk
Arlene Fuller Pennsylvania

COMPANY G

Edward and Jacquelyn Chando New Jersey
Frank DiFrancisco New York
Cecil Fernandez, Jr. Florida
Guest: Debbie Raub
Clarence and Lena Goon Ohio
Guests: Three
Zane and Zelma Gray Arkansas
N. C. and Elizabeth Harrison Tennessee
Guests: Alan and Emily Cochran
Glenn and Nadine Hunnicutt Nebraska
LeVerne Loveland New Jersey
Emery and Pat Nagy Tennessee
Ralph and Josephine Plugge Illinois
Guests: Mike, Sandra, Pat and Jill McAdaragh

COMPANY H

Robert and Dorothy Adsit Michigan

COMPANY I

Douglas and Nathalie Buckstad .. North Carolina
*John Sawyer North Carolina
Guest: Clita Conner

COMPANY K

Robert and Irene Bishop Massachusetts

COMPANY M

William and Reba Sheavly Maryland

ANTI-TANK COMPANY

Arthur and Candie Datnoff South Carolina
Francis Tomczuk New Jersey
George and Lina West Pennsylvania

CANNON COMPANY

Alfred Blain Massachusetts
Guest: Estelle George
Harold and Nancy Faulkner California
Sanford Posey Alabama

272nd INFANTRY REGIMENT

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Joe and Anne Lipsius Georgia

COMPANY A

Dominic Dezio Michigan
Sanford Firsichbaum New Jersey
Edgar and Frances Parsons North Carolina

COMPANY B

Crandon and Jane Clark New Jersey

COMPANY C

Charles Weaver Ohio

2nd BATTALION, HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Bretsell and Betty Everson Pennsylvania
David and June Wittman Montana

COMPANY E

Fred Butenhoff Wisconsin
Guest: Nancy Eisenreich
Chester and Barbara Yastrzemski New York

COMPANY F

Neil Shields Pennsylvania

COMPANY G

Barbara Barakat Pennsylvania
Freda Carter Texas
Guest: Kay White
Will and Barbara Frazee Ohio
Clement Hadacek Missouri
Guest: Rosella Kochner
Ray Lehman Iowa

COMPANY H

Leonard Stahl Pennsylvania

COMPANY I

Edward and Jennie Ambrose Pennsylvania
Frank and Clare Aplan Pennsylvania
William and Dorothy Edge Maryland
Wendell Freeman Georgia
Guests: Four

Kenneth and Edrus Hull Arkansas
Robert and Vivian Kurtzman, Sr. Ohio
L.A. and Janice Lushbaugh Maryland
Harold and Ethel Ruck Tennessee
Thomas Yelcich, Jr. Michigan

COMPANY L

Walter and Arlene Elsner Florida
Bernard and Edith Zaffern Michigan

(Continued on Page 26)

COMPANY M

Norville and Myrtle Kendrick Alabama
Joseph and Kathryn Makosky Pennsylvania
Floyd and Melva McCalip Mississippi
Richard and Claire Sodorff Indiana
Raymond and Alice Wolthoff Florida

ANTI-TANK COMPANY

Donald Calhoun Florida
Urno and Evelyn Gustafson Pennsylvania
*Frank III and Patricia Hadden Mississippi
Joseph Huber Wisconsin
Russell and Betty Koch Missouri
Raymond and Janet Sansouey Massachusetts

CANNON COMPANY

Ralph and Ursula Goebel Minnesota
*William Graham Michigan
Charles and Mary Wentz North Carolina
Guests: Billy and Frances Ferguson

273rd INFANTRY REGIMENT

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Norman and Juanita Pickford Illinois
1st BATTALION, HEADQUARTERS COMPANY
Ralph and Cecilia Scholtz Florida
Guests: Ed and Doris Gaitan

COMPANY A

James Brooks Georgia
Guests: Barbara Pitman,
Robert, Lynne and Kaitlin Thompson
James and Mary Carroll Texas
James and Allamae Ezell Arkansas
Wilbert and Rosemary Haas Iowa
Guest: Kathy Chamberlain
Willie Lindsey Georgia
Edward Lucci New York

COMPANY B

Eugene and Marilyn Mischke Illinois

COMPANY C

Stanley and Gloria Czyzyk New York
Gerald and Bernice Gilgenbach Ohio
Richard and Patricia Roberts Florida

COMPANY D

Nathan Alterman Florida
Robert and Betty Ammon Michigan
Allan and Mary Blackmar New York
Edgar and Mary Case Pennsylvania
Guest: Ed Case III
Phineas and Sharon Clower Georgia
Roland and Janice Hendrickson Oregon
George and Barbara Johnson Virginia

Betty Jo McCarty Texas
Kenneth Sawyer Florida
Guest: Fran Collard

COMPANY E

Joseph Aiello New York
Carl Bugg North Carolina
Guest: Carl Bugg, Jr.
Martin and Mildred Connor Massachusetts
Robert Crowe Massachusetts
*Lloyd and Bonnie DeWester Florida
Francis Dionne Connecticut
Arthur and Marian Hume Michigan
William and Jane Matlach New York
Harold and Peggy Sprang Ohio

COMPANY F

Jack and Marjorie Fain Florida

COMPANY G

Doris Beecher Florida
*William Jackson Georgia
Joe and Diane Panganiban California
Edson and Tory Stagg New Jersey

COMPANY H

Joe and Elner Bell Florida
Bert and Rhoda Eckert New York
Robert and Maxine Haag Indiana
Leland and Lola Jones Kansas

3rd BATTALION, HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Charles and Patricia Hoffman, Jr. Alabama
Robert and Judy Miller Maryland
Earl and Anna Walters Pennsylvania

COMPANY I

William and Beverly Armstrong Iowa
Justin and Robbie Bloom Maryland
James and Audrey Castrale Nebraska
Paul and Elaine Eagon Illinois
Carl and Bernice Macknair Pennsylvania
Paul and Aldona Mickiewicz Florida
Robert and Theresa Pierce California
Guests: Frank and Doris Pierce,
Mike Visilso

Erwin and Carmen Sanborn New Hampshire

COMPANY K

Oliver and Vera Coker, Sr. Arkansas

COMPANY M

Raul Nava California

CANNON COMPANY

Arlie and Parley Boswell Illinois
Lee Wilson California

HEADQUARTERS, DIVISION ARTILLERY

Charles and Edith Chapman Virginia
Guests: Claire Janssen, Larry Coltharp

(Continued on Page 27)

724th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

BATTERY A

Paul Kitner Pennsylvania
William Ruebsamen California

BATTERY B

Thomas Heath New York
Guest: Thomas Nile

BATTERY C

Steven and Luisa Arndt Florida
Guests: David Arndt, Kristina Arndt
Coy and Erline Horton North Carolina
Bob and Libby Inyart Illinois
Charles Martens Wyoming
Brownie and Anna Belle Parsons .. West Virginia

879th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

James Andrews Florida
Guests: Cathy Milano, Mike Reese, Brian Reese,
Paul Hemmen, Sarah Hemmen
James Little Georgia

880th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

Mike and Lucille Pendrick Arkansas
William and Katherine Suckel Ohio

881st FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

Jim and Tillie Boris Pennsylvania
Joseph and Sybil Conner Georgia
George and Ruth Ehll Missouri
Walter Haag California
Guest: Dorothy Vasiloudis
Emil Matys Nevada
Hugh and Dorothy Milstead Tennessee
Paul and Florence Molinari Connecticut
Gilbert Rocco Pennsylvania
Guests: Two
Stephen Rojewicz Massachusetts
Daniel and Margie Sparks Pennsylvania
George and Jennie Vasil Massachusetts

661st TANK DESTROYERS

Eugene and Ethel Pierron Wisconsin
William and Ellen Snidow Virginia
Charles and Frances Yannul Virginia

777th TANK BATTALION

Alex and Florence Lasseigne, Sr. Louisiana
John and Ellen McCann Massachusetts
Henry and Jean Putala Connecticut
Gaylord Thomas Wisconsin
Charles and Edna White Oklahoma

HONORARY MEMBERS

Wilfred and Ollie Ferda Ontario

69th Website News

www.69th-infantry-division.com

Submitted by: **Joe Lipsius**

6314 Deerings Hollow, Norcross, Georgia 30092-1800

Telephone: 770/416-7725

E-mail: annejoelip@earthlink.net

The website of The Fighting 69th Infantry Division Association has been busy, busy, busy. 69'ers, spouses, children, grandchildren, in-laws and friends have been writing to obtain information of training and overseas activities of their loved ones and locating "buddies."

The U. S. Consulate General in Leipzig, Germany has been seeking information for the City of Leipzig and the town of Weissenfels, Germany.

Click on all of the links. Sign the Guest Book. Be sure to include your full postal and e-mail address and the Unit to which you or your veteran belonged. **Do not sign a private entry.** In the comments section, feel free to write as much as you like.

If you do not have a computer, the nearest public library or school will accomodate you.

We now have an assistant website editor in **Amy Rose**, wife of **Harvey Rose**, son of the late **Morton Rose**, Battalion Surgeon, 3rd Battalion, 273rd Infantry Regiment - amyjrose@pacbell.net

Also, offering technical support is **James K. Richardson**, Communications Sergeant, Company B 272nd Infantry Regiment - kb5nb@home.com

Welcome, Amy and Jim!

* * * * *

Pictures Sought

Also, The Fighting 69th Infantry Division is planning to add posed pictures of all Rifle, Heavy Weapons, Headquarters and Headquarters and Support Companies; Artillery Batteries; Medical Detachments; Division Support Units and Attached Units organizations to its Website. Please mail suitable pictures to:

James K. Richardson

26140 Woodward Lane

Denham Springs, Louisiana 70726

Pictures will be used and returned immediately.

Capt. Morton Harold Rose

Update to "Does Anyone Remember Capt. Morton Harold Rose" on pg. 18 of the Sept./Oct./Nov./Dec. 2000 Bulletin. Through my posting on your website and helpful communications from veterans and relatives, I've found that my late father-in-law, **Dr. Morton Rose**, was a battalion surgeon in the 3rd Battalion of the 273rd Infantry Regiment. Captain Rose was also in charge of caring for the survivors of a slave-labor camp in Colditz. If you have any related information on him, please contact me.

Mrs. Amy Rose

210 Palmetto Avenue, Pacifica, California 94044

E-Mail: amyjrose@pacbell.net

The Birth of the Association

Submitted by: **Mary Alice Cheek Gabbard**

Daughter of: **Garvey Reece Cheek**

Company A, 271st Infantry Regiment

1829 Grubb Road

Lenoir City, Tennessee 37771-7128

Phone: 865/988-0080

E-Mail: gabbardalex@worldnet.att.net

Our Treasurer, Bill Matlach, sent the following document from the daughter of a deceased 69er. Apparently she had discovered our Association through our website. The letter she sent, composed by the General, is a historic document as far as the Association is concerned, signifying its birth. However, it was not printable in its original form. It reads as follows:

Major General E.F. Reinhardt, U.S.A. (RET)

324 Ridgemont Avenue

San Antonio 2, Texas

To The Members of the Fighting Sixty-Ninth Division:

For several months, I have been engaged in compiling a roster of the names and addresses of the men who went overseas with the 69th Division and those who joined in Europe prior to VE Day. This roster is being made in order to distribute the 69th Division Pictorial History. These histories were printed in Europe but completed too late for distribution before the Division was demobilized. With no records immediately available, this work has been slow and tedious but with the splendid cooperation of many men in the Division and also the great help given me by **Major Fred W. Craig** and **Lt. Col. John C. Dinsmore**, the roster now numbers about 12,000 names and addresses.

After many discouraging delays, our Histories have now reached the United States and are ready for distribution. Originally, it was my intention to furnish them free to all members of the Division, who by their splendid fighting spirit, made the History possible. VJ Day brought almost immediate demobilization and all funds were turned in the Army Central Welfare Fund. This agency consented to pay for the cost of printing and shipment to New York but all expense of distribution must be met by making a moderate charge for the book. I have therefore set a price of \$.50 per copy, which will cover the cost of distribution and leave a fair balance to cover initial expense in the organization of the "Fighting Sixty-Ninth Division Association." I feel sure that most of you will be interested in such an association which will have as its purpose to keep alive the spirit and tradition of our great Division; distributing news bulletin; holding reunions; memorializing our heroic dead; helping former comrades in distress; keeping names and addresses up-to-date for your information and for many other purposes.

No doubt, you are interested in knowing what kind of a book you are getting. It is a modest sized Pictorial History which will bring back many scenes which are

familiar to you. While the Division had a fair sized fund, 15,000 histories were considered necessary and an elaborate book in that quantity would have cost far beyond the size of the Division Fund. This history is made up mainly of pictures with a brief sketch of the Division history running through the book.

A copy of this history is to be sent free to the nearest of kin of our buddies who now rest in National Cemeteries in Europe. They will be sent with your expression of sympathy for those loved ones cannot return.

You will recall that about 2200 of your buddies were taken away from the Division Christmas, 1944, while we were in England. Many of them lost their lives in the Battle of the Bulge and also later while serving with other units. They have not been forgotten, but I have no means of knowing the names of these men. I have a record only of those who lost their lives while serving with the 69th Division. It is therefore certain that this notice will be addressed to a number of our former buddies who died while serving with other units. To the nearest of kin to those men, I extend the deepest sympathy of the men of the 69th Division. If this letter is delivered to one of you who lost a loved one overseas, please write me and I shall be glad to send you a copy of the History with the compliments and good wishes of the 69th Division.

I have done all in my power to compile an accurate list of the men in the Division. However, errors have been made and many addresses have been changed. In many cases, this letter will be addressed to you at two different addresses in the hope that one will reach you. No doubt, many will be returned to me for lack of proper address. You can help me greatly in this important work by filling out the enclosed card accurately, even though you may not desire a History. It will help me to correct addresses and bring my locator card file up to date. Maybe you know the names and last addresses of your buddies. You may also know the name and address of a close relative of one of our men who lost their lives in Europe. I have enclosed a form for this purpose. If you have not already done so, please send me the names and addresses that you know as I am still short a few thousand names and addresses of men, especially those who joined us in Europe. PLEASE SIT DOWN NOW AND MAKE OUT YOUR LIST AS I WISH TO REACH EVERY MAN WHO SERVED WITH US OVERSEAS.

Payment for histories may be made in cash, check or money order. PLEASE DO NOT SEND STAMPS. Checks should be made payable to "69th Division History Fund." Make money orders payable to "E.F. Reinhardt" omit rank. A small coin envelope is enclosed for your use. Response up to the present indicates that there will be an ample supply of histories. You may therefore purchase as many histories as you wish at the above quoted price. They will be mailed to you as quickly as possible, many of your friends may be pleased to have one from you. Whether you desire a

(Continued on Page 29)

THE BIRTH OF THE ASSOCIATION

(Continued from Page 28)

history or not, PLEASE FILL IN THE ENCLOSED CARD AND MAIL BACK TO ME. I have had hundreds of inquiries for addresses and try to fill each request except for rosters of organizations. When distribution of histories is completed, I wish to organize the Division Association. You can help by sending for your histories NOW. DON'T DELAY.

I have retired from active service in the Army and it is a pleasure for me to continue to be of service to you

in the distribution of the History. Nothing that I can do will ever adequately express my appreciation to all of you for the splendid fighting spirit which made the "FIGHTING SIXTH-NINTH DIVISION" a Division of which we may all be proud. In over forty years of service, my greatest privilege has been to be your Division Commander. To all of you I extend my warmest greetings and best wishes for the future.

Very sincerely,
Emil F. Reinhardt
Major General, U.S. Army (Retired)

Company A, 271st Infantry

Also Submitted by: Mary Alice Cheek Gabbard



Garvey and Buddies, March 1944



Corporal Garvey R. Cheek



A little free time in Riverside

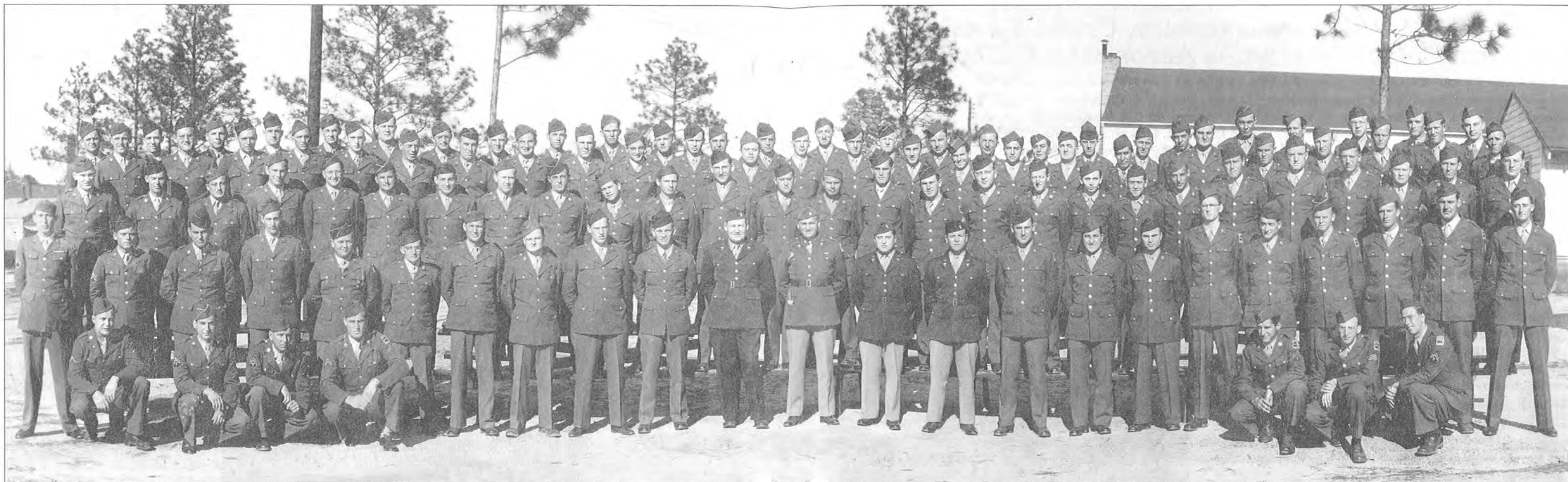


*Above: Garvey Cheek
Atlantic crossing,
November 1944.*

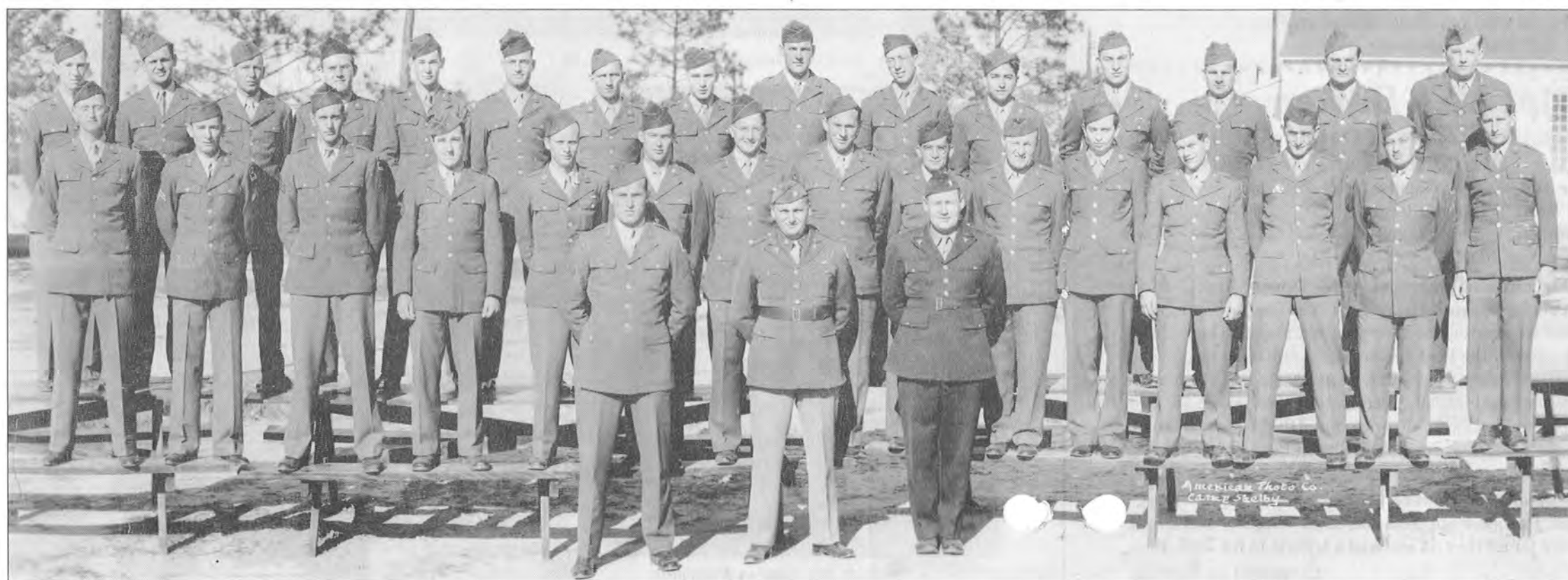
*In Europe, January
1945 to the Elbe, met
Russians at Torgau
on April 24, 1945*

Returned to US 9/45.





Medical Detachment, 273rd Infantry, Camp Shelby, Mississippi - October 1944



**PHOTO LEFT
Third Battalion**

Top Row, 4th from left
Frank B. Thompson

Top Row, extreme right
Albert Yuhaz

Middle Row, 7th from right
Joe Raba

Middle Row, 5th from right
Thomas Hilsky

Middle Row, 6th from right
Howard Jinks

Front Row, Middle man
Major Underwood

Photos Submitted by:
Frank Thompson
4015 Red Bud Lane
Martinsville, Indiana 46151-8686

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).

Company H, 273rd Infantry

Murry Schulman, *News Reporters*
21922 Cypress Drive
Boca Raton, Florida 33433

On January 27th, 2001, three members of Company H and their wives got together in Naples, Florida for a mini reunion. In attendance were **Maxine** and **Bob Haag** of Indianapolis, Indiana, **E.R.** and **Jackie Sams** of Pinnacle, North Carolina and **Helene** and **Murry Schulman** of Monticello, New York.

We each drove approximately 115 miles to meet in Naples. We spent a glorious day together having lunch and later said goodbye until the next time.

In 1955 we were in a group of 9 veterans that went to Moscow, Russia to help celebrate the 10th Anniversary of our meeting with the Russians at the Elbe River in Germany on April 25, 1945. **Joseph Polowsky** was the leader of this group and is now buried in Torgau as he requested.



Maxine and Bob Haag, Helene and Murry Schulman and E.R. and Jackie Sams

461st AAA Battery

Reunion Report of October 14th, 2000
Roanoke/Salem, Virginia

Mac and Madge Morris, *News Reporters*
630 North Oakland Street
Arlington, Virginia 22203
Telephone: 703/527-2796

Our meeting was opened by **Louis Jones**. **Mac Morris** had opening prayer and **Ed Moore** said grace before we started the lovely buffet. **Pat Musselwhite** had selected the food for the buffet and as usual, it was excellent. After the buffet, **Lou** started the program with his usual jokes . . . really, they were good. He and **Ruth** are going to France for 10 days with their daughter and her husband. Please keep them in your prayers.

Several visitors were present and they were recognized. **Pat** gave appreciation to **Al Whitley** and **Cecil Twigg** for all they do and had a tribute to his Dad, Tom.

(Continued on Page 33)



E.R. Sams, Bob Haag and Murry Schulman in Naples, Florida

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

(Continued from Page 32)

We had 13 veterans present this year. Our first meeting was in the year 1983.

Linda gave each lady an Avon product ... we all liked that. The charge for each person was \$20.00 for the dinner and a small amount to Cecil for the many pictures he takes.

Pictures were taken following the meeting. See you next year (hopefully).

A special thanks to **Allen** for the delicious apples and to **Steve** and **Cyndy** for the cups, to **Mac** for the monthly planners and, of course, to **Linda** for the Avon product.

Attending were: **John** and **Elsie Chambliss**, **John** and **Connie Lane**, **Bill** and **Romona Gravett**, **Bobby Morris**, **Cecil** and **Irma Twigg**, **Ralph** and **Isabel Yingling**, **Sarah** and **Karen Wedl**, **Mary Smith**, **Ed** and **Belle Moore**, **Paul** and **Bertha Kowalchek**, **Howard** and **Maxine Sandefur**, **Ben** and **Linda Truitt**, **Joe Bryson**, **Dorothy Whitley**, **Carrie Scott**, **Allen Whitley**, **Betty** and **Wally Ullery**, **Louis** and **Ruth Jones**, **Charles Ed Griffin**, **Benny Raphael**, **John** and **Judy Chambliss**, **Pat** and **Brenda Musselwhite**, **Frances Musselwhite**, **Mac** and **Madge Morris**, **Barbara Morris**, **Ken** and **Faye Morris**, **Becky** and **David Carson**.

In the year 2001, we will plan to meet October 12th and 13th here at the Quality Inn. Pat agreed to set up the date and buffet again. Thank you Pat.

Company D, 273rd Infantry at the Atlanta Banquet

Submitted By: **Kenneth A. Sawyer** • 2311 Skywind Circle, Melbourne, Florida 32935



Rear:
Mary and Allan Blackmar
Betty Jo McCarty
Jan and Roland Henderson
Fran Collard
Ken Sawyer
Mary Case
George Johnson
Edgar Case
Nat Alterman

Front:
Sharon and Lawson Clower
Barbara Johnson

Rear:
Allan Blackmar
Roland Henderson
Ken Sawyer
George Johnson
Lawson Clower
Nat Alterman

Front:
Edgar Case
and
Edgar Case, Jr.



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

(Continued from Page 33)

Battery C, 724th F.A.

Coy Horton, News Reporter

1705A Highview Street

Burlington, North Carolina 27215-5652

Telephone: 336/227-7785

Battery C, 724th Field Artillery Battalion had a reunion in conjunction with the rest of the 69th August 27th through September 3rd, 2000 in Atlanta, Georgia. We had a dinner meeting on Friday night September 1st. We all had a great time and hope to meet again at the annual reunion in Kentucky.



Charley Martens 724th, Charles Weaver of the 273rd (deceased as of November), Coy Horton and Bob Inyart, both of the 724th



Bob and Libby Inyart



Steven Arndt, Kristina Arndt, David Arndt and Luisa Arndt. Family and son of Ted Arndt.



Coy and Erline Horton

Mini Reunion Group to be Revived - Participants Wanted!

Submitted by: **James E. Boris**

Battery B, 881st Field Artillery

6800 Henry Avenue, Philadelphia 19128

Telephone: 215/483-2064

I am trying to revive the Central Pennsylvania Mini Reunion group. This is for members from Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Maryland, Delaware, and anyone else who would like to join us. This will be a weekend event sometime between the months of the big reunion to more or less keep in touch. Old members of the group will automatically get a mailing in the near future to see if they are still interested. Anyone else who is interested, please contact me. Thank you.

**DEADLINE FOR MATERIAL FOR BULLETIN
VOL. 54, NO. 3 - MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST 2001
MAY 31st, 2001 - Get Your Material In On Time!**

"Now I Understand"

By: William H. Sheavly

Son of William C. Sheavly

Little Neck Towers, Suite 200
3500 Virginia Beach Boulevard
Virginia Beach, Virginia 23452

Driving north on Interstate 59 at Slidell, Louisiana, I began to get a few butterflies in my stomach. Although I had almost a hundred miles yet to drive, I couldn't help but wonder what the day held for me and how I would react. Would the day be as emotional as the previous day had been, or would I be able to just look the other way if I got choked up?

The past twenty-four hours had been a real roller coaster for me. For months I had talked to my parents about joining my wife, Seba, and I on a trip to New Orleans. She had to be in "The Big Easy" for the 2001 DEMA Show, which is the worldwide conference for divers, scuba manufacturers, tour operations, and the like. It is a huge convention attracting professionals from literally all over the world. As a marine biologist with the Center for Marine Conservation, it is the premier event of the year for her - a must attend.

We had taken similar vacations with my parents in the past - the Outer Banks of North Carolina - even San Juan, Puerto Rico, but this was to be very special - two full days of World War II - a day at the National D-Day Museum followed by a full day at Camp Shelby. My goal was to immerse myself in World War II history like I had never done before. Sure, I had read all the important books ranging from Cornelius Ryan's book - "The Longest Day" - up to and including "Victors" by Stephen Ambrose, the noted historian plus all the 69th histories and bulletins, but this was going to be very different. I was going to spend two unforgettable days reliving history with no guide better - my own father.

As I drove south on Route 49 towards Gulfport, Mississippi, I had been told by my contact at Camp Shelby, Chad Daniels, the Executive Director of the Armed Forces Museum, to bypass the first Camp Shelby gate - the north gate - and drive a few miles further down the road towards Gulfport and the south gate.

Thursday, January 26th, 2001, the day before, had been a day of both discovery and emotion at the National D-Day Museum on Magazine Street in New Orleans. When we entered the museum, my dad, my mom, and I, were greeted with a Higgins boat, the original landing craft which carried the troops ashore at Normandy, plus an assortment of other artifacts including a Sherman tank, a jeep, a motorcycle, a half-track, and two German staff cars. Hanging majestically from the ceiling by wire were a small bomber and a little green reconnaissance plane - a "grasshopper." Behind the round ticket booth was a table, not much more than a card table really, and sitting behind it



My mother Reba Sheavly looks over my dad, W.C. "Bill" Sheavly's shoulder at the National D-Day Museum in New Orleans, as he signs the World War II Honor Roll book.

were a gray haired man and woman. As we approached the table, I thought that they were selling memberships to the museum. "No," I was told, "We are signing up World War II Veterans to be on our honor roll," she said politely. "Well," I replied, "You have one right here," as I stepped backward and motioned for dad to sit down and sign the register. As he signed his name to this list, I stepped back to take a picture and was caught off guard by the sudden lump in my throat. I fiddled with the camera for a few seconds while I turned away so that he couldn't see the tear welling in my eye. I was proud to be at this wonderful new museum with my parents, both of whom endured the rigors and ration books of World War II. They gave Dad a special identification tag that hung around his neck that said "World War II Veteran." It made him feel special when, during our visit, several young people came up to him and shook his hand and said "Thank you" for serving his country.

Coming up on my right was a green sign that said "Camp Shelby-South Gate." Turning left onto an entrance road I heard my dad say, "This is the intersection where **Nat Green** was killed." **Nat Green** was a 69th buddy of my parents who, very tragically, had been killed at this very intersection years ago right after attending the dedication of the 69th Memorial. My dad was devastated by **Nat Green's** death and rarely spoke about it or how it had occurred. What a sad and tragic twist of fate, that he had survived all of World War II only to be killed leaving Camp Shelby after attending a 69th reunion function.

We drove past the Three Little Pigs, a local barbecue joint, then up a hill with an abandoned gas station on the left. We passed the Army National Guard building at the top of the hill then down the other side of the

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"NOW I UNDERSTAND"

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hill toward the post, and there it was. The sign. The sign that I had waited so long to see. The sign that represented a part of my father's past that I had never been able to connect with before. The sign that had meant so much to my dad 58 years before as a 19-year-old kid fresh out of basic training at Camp Wolters, Texas. The sign that read "Welcome to Camp Shelby."

I pulled over onto the grassy shoulder so that I could take some pictures of the sign and then more pictures of my dad with the sign. I fumbled with the car keys to unlock the trunk of my rental car. Suddenly the lump came back and I once again fiddled around with my camera as both mom and dad exited the car.

"Get on up there, dad, and put on your Fighting 69th hat so I can take a picture of you." Slowly but steadily, he shuffled toward the sign. While the years had slowed his body somewhat, his mind and his spirit were strong and he picked up the pace as he approached the sign. As I focused my 35mm camera, I couldn't help but wonder what he must have been thinking. Was he thinking, "Could it really be 58 years ago? I was just a kid."

One of the pleasures of being at the D-Day museum was in listening to these "mature Americans" tell their stories – not just the exhibits, but the visitors themselves. When I sat in the theater for the 48 minute D-Day movie, I looked around the room at the audience. Sadly, but not surprising, it consisted of what Tom Brokaw called, "the greatest generation." For every one "baby boomer" like myself, there were nine seniors. Why, I wondered? Is it that my generation doesn't care or is it because we have become too accustomed to our BMW's and cell phones, to stop and think about how lucky we are to have the freedom of choice to purchase them in the first place? When these folks are all gone, I thought, who is going to remind us all what a devastating price was paid for these freedoms?

Winding through the exhibits, I saw diagrams and pictures of all the things I had only seen in pictures or read about. I saw how the bunks were made in a mock cabin, what the A-B-C-&T gas stickers looked like and spools of radio wire stacked from the floor to the ceiling. I saw a display which explained how copper was needed for the war effort and how the mint had changed over to the use of steel to manufacture pennies so the copper could be used elsewhere. The walls were covered with wartime posters all depicting conservation of materials and gasoline – even cooking grease. One I especially liked said, "They have more important places to go, then you do" and pictured a group of GI's bouncing around in a jeep, urging the saving of gasoline. Unabashed patriotism was virtually everywhere in the museum. As I focused the camera to get just the right amount of light on the gasoline ration stickers, a nice woman walked up to me and said, "I worked in the office that used to issue those gas stickers." For

the next few minutes she kept me engrossed as she told me what each sticker meant, how the ration books were used, and how soldiers got one gallon of gas for every day of a furlough.

Pulling up in front of a well-worn building that said, "Armed Forces Museum," I was not surprised when I saw the sign that read, "Closed." I knew that to the general public the museum was indeed closed, but for us, they were going to roll out the red carpet. For weeks prior to our arrival, I had been in contact with Chad Daniels, the Director of the museum. He and I had looked forward to meeting each other and as a young, tall fellow rounded the corner and opened the glass doors, I knew it had to be Chad. For the next four hours, he never left our sides. We toured the current museum and saw every display accompanied by a personal narrative from him. We lingered a long time at the 69th display so I could take dozens of pictures. He had even pulled out additional 69th memorabilia from his archives to enhance the exhibit for our visit. He let dad climb into a jeep to get his picture taken and took down the sign that read, "Please do not climb on jeep." He was as gracious as any southern gentleman you would ever want to meet and he knew that the man who wanted to sit in the jeep for just a few minutes was not some eight year old kid with sticky fingers from an ice cream cone, but a man who had courageously driven a similar jeep all over Europe with bombs exploding all around him.



Dad enjoying a few minutes sitting in the driver's seat of a Jeep at the Armed Forces Museum at Camp Shelby.

As dad sat in the jeep, after much difficulty climbing in, you could see the excitement in his eyes. His love of that four wheel drive mule had never diminished. He explained to me all the gearing and shift knobs, how you sat on top of the gas tank, and where the shovel and ax went. He also showed me the metal box behind the drivers seat that was supposed to contain chains for getting out of the mud. He confided in Chad and me that he never carried any chains with

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"NOW I UNDERSTAND"

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him when he drove his Company Commander, **Jim Stacey** of the 271st Regiment, M Company, a heavy-weapons company. "I got rid of those chains as soon as I could and instead stocked the box with K and C rations which seemed a lot more practical." Food instead of chains seemed to make a lot more sense to Chad and myself as well. As we were talking, another museum employee joined our group. It turned out to be Mr. Jim Darrah, a retired Army Colonel and West Point graduate who lived in Hattiesburg and had the title of "Museum Assistant." He assisted Chad in our tour, providing a wonderful "color commentary" on the exhibits. He and I hit it off really well, I think, because I called him "Colonel" throughout our visit. Like Chad, he was another "southern gentleman."

After an exhaustive visit with Chad, the "Colonel," and Celeste Young, the administrative assistant, we were off to see both the 69th Memorial and the under construction "new" Armed Forces Museum.

As we all rode in the car, Chad explained the layout of Camp Shelby and some of the history, including how during WWII it housed as many as 100,000 troops at a time. Rounding a corner we saw the parade grounds, a fairly flat wide-open area a little bigger than a football field. Off to one side pointing down range, sat a 105mm Howitzer like it was aimed and ready to take on an imaginary enemy.

To our right sat "monument row," granite monuments proudly announcing their respective divisions. There, majestically standing in the middle of the row of six monuments, in the most prized position of them all, sat the 69th monument. Almost on cue, the lump

in my throat reappeared. Here it was, what I had flown almost 1,000 miles and drove another 100 miles to see. My quest for the "holy grail" of the 69th Infantry was here. This was why I had come all this way. Not only to honor my father, but to honor and pay respect to all of his fellow 69ers who never made it home and to stand there on behalf of the sons they never had.

After numerous pictures with several cameras and different poses, the pictures were finished. We spent the final 45 minutes of our visit touring the new Armed Forces Museum while road graders leveled piles of red Mississippi clay for the parking lot and a concrete truck poured concrete into forms for a sidewalk out back. We saw the inner courtyard of the museum where the "Walk of Fame" will be. For his birthday in August of 2000, I had purchased a "brick" to be laid at the new museum for dad with the inscription, "PFC W.C. Sheavly, 69 Inf 271-M, Bronze Star." I think he was more proud of that brick than any other gift I had ever given him. My only regret was that none of the bricks had been laid yet.

We dropped Chad back off at the current museum and said our goodbyes to the staff. There was much hand shaking and goodwill among all of us and we all promised to keep in touch in the coming months and years.

After some really great barbeque and coleslaw at the Three Little Pigs, Mom, Dad, and I began our trip back to New Orleans. Mother, with dad's coat covering her, quickly nodded off to sleep in the back seat while dad and I spoke very little separated by long silences. I knew that he was going back through the day in his mind the same way I was. As the sun began to set in the winter sky, I couldn't help but think about the last 48 hours and what it had meant to me. My mother, in her own very special way, had faded off when she knew Dad was telling me something important. She knew that, even though she was there, that this was really time for Dad and I and I thank her with all of my heart for her understanding. God blessed her with a wonderful sense of timing.

As I finish this, we are on our final approach into Norfolk International Airport and home. The results of the last two days have had a profound impact on me and I think Seba, my loving wife of 23 years, can sense it. God gave her a wonderful sense of timing, as well, as she let me write this when she would have much rather spent the time talking with me.

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One of my most treasured photos ever taken - My Dad and myself with our 69th Infantry hats standing aside the 69th Memorial at Camp Shelby. Behind us stands the new Armed Forces Museum.

"NOW I UNDERSTAND"

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Last year, in 2000, the 69th took what might have been their last trip to Europe. I desperately wanted to go with my father on this trip, but a serious bout of syatica, that left him almost unable to walk for 30 days, put an end to those plans. There would be no trip. I would not be able to stand with him at the Siegfried Line or visit Margratten cemetery or Torgau. It was not meant to be.

This trip, then, was my journey into my dad's past. I got a chance to hear more about World War II, the 69th, and Camp Shelby than a lot of sons will ever hear. For them, I am sad that they will not be able to experience such a trip. For me, it was an unforgettable two days' journey into the past. While I am not an expert on World War II, I suspect that I know a lot more than most "baby boomers." I know about D-Day and ration books and Garand rifles and even "Bouncing Betty's." I know about duty, honor, and courage, and above all, I know about pure patriotism. As I hear the sobering fact that "the greatest generation" is leaving us at the rate of 1,000 per day, I agree with actor Tom Hanks, who has been a great advocate of the World War II Memorial in Washington and performed magnificently in "Saving Private Ryan" when he said, "This generation did nothing less than save the world." I can now humbly and proudly say, "Dad, now I understand."



Dad holds one of the sample bricks and will soon have one engraved with his information.

A Visit to Camp Shelby and D-Day Museum

Written by: W.C. "Bill" Sheavly

Company M, 271st Infantry

218 Sacred Heart Lane

Reisterstown, Maryland 21136-1414

Father of William H. Sheavly



A young Bill Sheavly

Picture taken in June of 1945 in Germany

On a recent visit to New Orleans we visited the D-Day museum. For those of you who have visited this site I am sure that you will agree that it is a marvelous arrangement of representative items that we all experienced during the period of December 7th, 1941 up to the end of the War. When entering, a registration desk is set up for Veterans to register their attendance. During that registration a card was given with a ribbon to hang around your neck to identify you as a Veteran.

During that visit I wore my 69th cap and was approached by one individual who identified as having an uncle in the Division. I encouraged him to have his uncle attend a reunion; unfortunately, his uncle had passed away about two years ago. (It's later than you think, don't miss the next reunion).

Further, later on a young couple came up and shook my hand and thanked me for my service, which I thought was extremely touching and appreciated.

We went to Camp Shelby to visit the Museum, it was closed. However **Bill, Jr.** had called ahead and made arrangements for the Director, Chad Daniels, to give us a tour. For those of you who have seen this Museum, it is a tribute to members of the 69th Division as well as others who have trained there. Director Daniels invited all those who had memorabilia that

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A VISIT TO CAMP SHELBY AND D-DAY MUSEUM

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they would like to donate to please contact him. All of these donations plus the ones already there will be put into a new building and open to the public about October 2001. The State of Mississippi built this large new building and the new Museum will be open to the public with no admission charge.

We visited the 69th Monument which has been placed on a slight incline near the parade ground and adjacent to one of the base chapels.

While there, we were amazed to find that very few of the members had bought a brick (the bricks will have members names plus units molded into them) to place around the base of the 69th monument. Frankly I am ashamed to tell you how few have been purchased them. If there are 300 purchased then they will be put around the base of the monument. However, in the event that we do not get that many, they will be placed in the Court Of Honor located in an open area in the very center of the Museum. The standard 4" x 8" bricks are \$50.00 each; in addition there are several different prices, styles and sizes available.

In discussing Camp Shelby with Director Daniels we discussed the huts that we used during our period there. The pictures he showed me were NOT the types of buildings that we used. He would like to get a picture of one of these huts, and hope that by means of this message someone will come forth with a good picture, and one that might possibly be enlarged to show our accommodations.

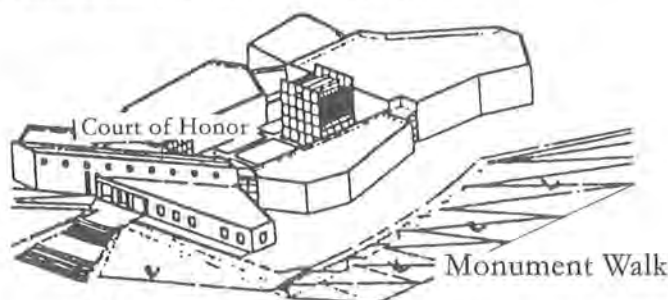
If you are interested in donating unwanted historical items or interested in purchasing a brick, either in honor of or in memory of a family member, please contact:

Mr. Chad Daniels, M.A., M.S.

Building 350

Camp Shelby, Mississippi 39407

Mr. Daniels will have order blanks available. If you have not previously thought about this type of honor then may I suggest that you do so. At the end of this article a sample brick is being shown.



Sample
Brick

JAMES L. SUMPTER
LTC CO 1ST BN
261ST INF

Escape from Colditz

Submitted by: **C.R. Hoffman, Jr.**

Headquarters, 3rd Battalion, 273rd Infantry
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E-Mail: crhjr1@gulftel.com

Last year Adam English, a co-producer of the third segment of **Escape from Colditz** notified me that the Imperial War Museum had scheduled a gathering for October at which five of the men who were POWs at Colditz would speak, after which wine would be served and the replica of the glider Colditz Cock would be viewed before being put on permanent display. Pat and I promptly decided that we would attend, especially since Adam said we would be guests of the museum for the meeting. All of us looked forward to this event as it appears that this would have been the first time any of the men had met anyone who had been a 69er. Thus, it was not only disappointing but frustrating to learn, as we checked in at the Victory Services Club, that the meeting had been canceled, due to the ill health of three of the five and notification by another one that he, too, felt he should not attend.

All was not lost, however, for Adam English and Melissa Parker, the other co-producer of the show, came over and we spent a pleasant evening learning of the problems encountered during the filmmaking, tales of the men not heard previously and the near cancellation of the project to build the glider. The next evening Kenneth Lockwood, one of the main narrators in the film, called and apologized for the meeting not being held and offered to send copies of publications dealing with Colditz, an offer I readily accepted.

I had taken 69th Division shoulder patches as a souvenir for each of the five so I sent one to Lockwood and gave the others to Adam to distribute. Lockwood wrote and expressed his appreciation for his patch and said he was honored to have it. He also sent a Christmas card that the prison commandant had handed out to the prisoners to be sent home. Bill Goldsmith wanted to know if it would be O.K. to mount his patch on the rudder of a seaplane he was building, so I sent him a decal as it would have a longer life in that atmosphere. Adam said he received thanks from the others, to be passed on.

Lockwood informs me that the meeting was just postponed and will probably be put on again when the weather warms. I'll be happy to forward any information concerning that to anyone who wants it.

For those pc users who are interested in teaming more of Colditz, go to **www.colditz-4c.com**

It should be noted that, contrary to what has been reported, the glider at Colditz was assembled only after units of the 69th arrived but no attempt was ever made to fly it. Later, in February 2000, a replica which had been built to the original plans was flown to demonstrate that it was a viable design. The replica is now on display at the Imperial War Museum in London, along with the original construction tools made by the POWs.

Anecdotes of World War II

By: Seymour F Kuvin, M.D.

Company H, 271st Infantry Regiment

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We are talking about a heavy weapons company (81 mm mortars and water-cooled machine guns). I was a squad leader for eight men and carried the sites in by pot - and six shells (three front and three back) - and packed, - canteen, dinnerware and a pistol (45 caliber). Here is an 18-year-old kid weighing in at about 140 lbs, trying to command a squad. Number two carried the tube, number three was baseplate man. The others were ammunition carriers, but the others had a carbine. It shoots better. The pistol was a joke, but I did qualify with it at the range.

I learned why it was called "the infantry." The reason was because that's where you learned to walk in infancy - infantry - I learned to walk. I walked and walked and walked, except for the few times we road in the truck. I actually learned to drive in the infantry, but I will tell you about that later. There were trucks around, but most of the time we walked.

As a matter of fact, we had a jeep and trailer assigned to our squad. I rarely sought it out. It was usurped by the platoon for various transportation reasons. This time, however, we had it in our possession. Most of us rode to town atop the jeep. On the road, we had discovered a cache of three star Hennessy Cognac marked "fur deutsche wehrmacht" and it was loaded on the trailer. The booze displaced a few shelves, but we had a great supply and we could always supply our company (sure!). Anyhow, we parked the jeep and trailer (tarp concealed the booze). That night, though, the Germans pulled an air-raid. "By the bombs early light." Through the noise and clutter, one could hear the platoon sergeant lying under the jeep trailer, shouting "lie on your backs, and open your mouths don't let this stuff go to waste." Shell fragments had struck the cache in the trailer, and it was dripping through the trailer floor. Many of the personnel were well under the influence, and I am afraid the German raid had a negative effect. Did you ever see cognac in the gutters of the streets? There was a bit of levity to alleviate the misery of serving in this active infantry.

Murder He Wrote

Let me stop for a moment to discuss a severe case of depression I suffered when I was released from Service. I did nothing but sit at home all day long. My mother told me to do something - work, school, etc. and psychiatrists were not in fashion then, so I had no benefit from that end.

Actually, I had killed two German youths - I plain stabbed them with my bayonet when I was confronted in the field. They kill you, or you kill them was the rule. However, they were only teenage kids, and I had to be the one that killed them. This stuck in my mind (and even still does).

So my mother gave me the ultimatum, and got me a job with the Newark Police Department as assistant chemist. I made moulage casts of footprints; tested

panties for semen; put shattered headlight fragments together; checked hamburgers for horsemeat; and on and on. I didn't like working, so I went back to college, and went on to graduate school, medical school, and here I am.

When you look back on it, war is simply legalized murder. The guys on your team are the good guys. The guys on the other team are the bad guys. Get them before they get you. But, in the infantry, you have to walk there.

How Did It Begin?

My mother was a saint. She was widowed when I was nine, in the midst of depression times, and had two kids. Naturally, I had to take the roll of man in the family. My grandmother had a six family house. I was the electrician, painter, and general mechanic. "Seymour, Mrs. Smith needs her socket fixed." Since my mother was a widow, and my grandmother was a widow, my grandmother became my mother, and my mother had to work. She got a job with the WPA (Works Progress Administration) under F.D.R. as an assistant librarian at the local high school. This did not pay enough money, so when the civil service exam came up for a police matron, she took it. After all, \$5,000 was a lot better than \$3,500. However, this was devastating to me. Did you ever try to argue with a Jewish mother-cop? It is impossible she always won. I became Momma's boy, first class.

Growing Up

The Service did a lot for me, and I learned independence; how to solve problems; how to get along with others; and all the properties of manhood. However, it was a hard way to learn. I graduated from Momma's boy to a grown-up through the war years. There is no way to describe them here to other fighting men, you all know what it was like. I just pray, however, that it will not happen too often as it has in subsequent wars. They have often said in the recent Bush-Gore fiasco in Florida, "Thank God that there was a collection of attorneys rather than a collection of guns." I am a member of the 69th Division Association so that I can now reflect on it all in my brain rather than use any brawn I had. I can share with others and I am glad to be a member of an organization where there are others like me, and have the same roots. Looking back, I enjoyed the Service even though it was a horrible life. How can one hate and enjoy simultaneously? Well, join the Army!

About that driving. I was only 17 when I enlisted and never drove nor had a license. One day, I was ordered to drive a truck in a convoy from Kassel to Paris. I tried to protest that I didn't know how. My sergeant ordered me to drive no matter what. Who knew from double clutching, 8 speeds forward, several reverse speeds. Anyway, I drove. I started in first gear and, after some hours, managed to get into second. Needless to say, by the time we arrived at our destination, I needed a new transmission. They then put me in the carburetion shop after that. I knew nothing about mechanics but, after a time, I knew how to replace carburetors. So, every truck that came into my shop got a new carburetor I couldn't fix the old one. Well, that's all for now. I'll try again in a few issues.

The War Years according to Segarnick

Written by: **Lester Segarnick**

Service Co. and Regimental Supply, 271st Infantry

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CHAPTER I

In March 1943, shortly after I turned 18, I was inducted into the Army of the United States and was transported quickly to the Infantry Replacement Center (IRTC) at Fort McClellan, Alabama, for a gruelling fourteen weeks of infantry basic training. It didn't take the army very long to turn a city-bred Brooklyn boy into a toughened, disciplined, combat-ready soldier. Near the end of the training period, rumors were rampant as to which infantry division we would join up with, and to which theatre of operations we would be sent... and at that moment in time lady luck played a hand - and a very meaningful event in my life occurred.

Reveille was trumpeted throughout our barracks area early one very rainy morning in June, and we slogged our way out of our barracks through the red clay of Alabama that had been turned into gooey red mud, to line up in the company grounds. After roll call, we trudged towards the mess hall for breakfast. As I passed the bulletin board my eye caught my name listed along with two other names. "The following men are to report to Company Headquarters immediately"... very unusual, and somewhat disturbing to say the least. Why we three out of 240 soldiers? What did we do?

I reported to the company headquarters right after breakfast and was told to report to the Day room two days later to take a written exam that would take six hours to administer. When I asked "why only we three?", I was informed that only the three of us had army IQ scores 125 or higher. I still hadn't the faintest idea why we three were to take the test?

In any event, two days later we marched into the Day room at 8:00 a.m., sat there for six long tedious hours answering grammar questions and doing math calculations and problems ranging from fundamental arithmetic through algebra, geometry and trigonometry, in a sweltering and humid non-air conditioned Day room. I would rather have been outdoors with my rifle squad on the firing range. We finally finished the test and we were told to rejoin our outfits, nothing more.

That experience was quickly forgotten in the excitement of our final few weeks of training and anticipation of what combat division we might be assigned to and which theatre of war - European or Pacific - we might be shipped to.

Two weeks later and just one week before my company learned that it was going to join up with a division destined for combat in North Africa (and

eventually Italy), I was called into Company Headquarters and was told to pack my belongings and gear and get ready to board a train the following morning. I was being separated from my Company and I was ordered to report to the Registrar at the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. "No questions, soldier" I was told. "You will be given further information by the Registrar when you arrive there."

Two days later, all alone (I don't know what happened to the other two test-takers), lugging a big duffel bag, I wandered into the Registrar's office and handed him a sealed envelope that had been given to me when I left Fort McClellan. I was then told to return to the dormitory to which I was assigned and told to check a certain bulletin board every morning at 10:00 a.m. to see if my name was posted, nothing more. On the third morning I found my name on the board. By that time I was very excited. What I read was: "Private Lester Segarnick: Bard College, New York." I had no idea what that meant, nor where Bard College was in New York.

First I ran to the college library and learned that Bard College was a very small, 700-student, liberal arts private school located at Annendale-on-Hudson, N.Y., about 90 miles north of New York City, my hometown! Then I ran to the Registrar who told me I was to report to the Commandant at Bard College for further instructions. When I arrived at Bard along with about 600 other soldiers from army camps all over the country, I learned for the first time that I was now in the Armed Services Training Program (ASTP), Basic Engineering, an army unit formed to train soldiers to serve in the Army of Occupation after the Germans and Japanese had been defeated, to help in the reconstruction effort after the war ended.

Thus, as fate would have it, I, a well-trained, physically fit, combat-ready infantryman, found myself removed from the dust and dirt, clay and mud, rifle and artillery noises, and dropped into the midst of a clean, quite, pastoral and serene Ivy League college setting ready to attend classes taught by the finest professors the government could find.

One could almost guess the epilogue. I corresponded for a while with many of my basic training buddies who did ship overseas to go into combat in North Africa and later Italy. I soon learned that some were killed in action, others were wounded, and some of my letters came back marked "location unknown." There is one additional oddity involved in this story. One of my professors at Bard College was Dr. Franco Modigliani, then a young teacher of mathematics, who inspired me to complete my college education after the war and become a teacher too. This same Prof. Modigliani who in 1943 was a young 25 year old teacher, is the same Dr. Franco Modigliani who forty years later was honored as the winner of the 1985 Nobel Memorial Prize in Economic Science.

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CHAPTER 2

After ASTP,

Across the Atlantic to England Under Siege

After spending nine months as a basic engineering student-in-army-uniform in the idyllic setting of Bard College at Annendale-on-Hudson, New York, a time I have come to call my "gestation" period, the army shut down most of the Army Services Training Program (ASTP) in engineering and I was shipped out to Camp Shelby, Mississippi, to join up with the 271st Infantry Regiment of the 69th Infantry Division. Thus, instead of being "born normally" as an army engineer, I was "delivered (kicking) by Caesarean" as a combat infantryman once again.

While I reacclimated to the life of an infantryman, and the 69th Infantry Division prepared itself for its overseas combat role in the European Theatre of Operations, D-Day took place in early June of 1944, and the war in Europe began to rage in earnest as the allied forces began to claw and crawl their way back onto the continent, across France and Belgium towards the German Fatherland.

Our unit finally received orders to ship overseas in the fall of 1944. About 5,000 of us with full battle gear boarded a Victory ship, "The Hagerstown Victory" in a New Jersey Port of Embarkation and the vessel headed out under cover of darkness into the cold, rough waters of the forbidding Atlantic Ocean, destination unknown, at least to the soldiers huddled together in the very close, cramped quarters down below deck. The word we got over the loudspeakers aboard ship was that we were restricted to the quarters to which we were assigned throughout the voyage, except for meal times, latrine requirements and exercise periods, all of which would be strictly controlled and enforced. Also, we were warned repeatedly not to light up anytime we were on deck topside or near a porthole after dark for fear of being spotted by enemy submarines.

Besides trying to sleep in the quaint but extremely uncomfortable hammocks strung three-high, most of the time was spent talking and thinking about what lay ahead; and gambling, with poker and dice being the predominant games of choice. The only other activity of any consequence had to do with how to avoid or deal with seasickness, a malady which afflicted at least four out of every five soldiers aboard ship.

On the third day out things went from bad to worse. The 'til then relatively calm seas began a wild unpredictable and irrepressible "dance." The sea rose and fell, the waves crashed over the bow of the ship and raced astern, and the skies darkened ominously as the rain pelted down and lightening flashes cracked like a giant whip across the tumultuous heavens. All the while, our little Victory ship was tossed about, carried aloft on slowly building waves, then dropped suddenly

with a crunching thud as the wave dropped out from under the ship. The rate of seasickness rose from about 80% to 100%, considering that for the duration of the storm, which would last about three days and nights, we were ordered to remain in our bunks or hammocks below deck to avoid being swept overboard. The stench and heat below decks became unbearable; and fights broke out as patience waned and tempers flared.

By the end of the second day I was so sick and weary of lying in my own sweat and vomit that I decided I would probably be better off dead than continuing to remain in this hell-hole. I dragged myself up about four decks to topside, swiftly and silently pulled myself out onto the open deck, all the while hanging on to ropes and rails to keep from being swept off the deck into the raging sea by the wind and waves that roared and pounded continuously. Although I was scared silly I still felt better feeling the wind and rain in my face; at least the stink was gone and I had forgotten about the nausea. If I was to survive the night I realized that I had to secure myself somehow so that I would not be washed overboard. I spotted a large canvas-covered cargo hatch partially hidden from view by an overhanging walkway, with many heavy, criss-crossing ropes. This then was my salvation, I figured. I quickly crawled onto the hatch-cover, located myself in as obscure a position as possible and tied a loose end rope very tightly around my waist, thereby securing myself to the canvas hatch cover. There I lay, soaked to the skin, but happy ... sleeping fitfully 'til dawn. I don't know if it was real or a dream, but I seemed to recall hearing big guns being fired on and off during the night. By the time I awoke, the storm had subsided somewhat, and I was very hungry for a change. I had not eaten for about two days. I learned later that submarines had been spotted that night and some of our navy support units had come to the defense of our convoy after at least one troop ship had been torpedoed.

The rest of the trip was relatively uneventful and our ship finally docked in Southampton, England, ten days after our departure from New Jersey. We disembarked very quickly, were herded aboard 2-1/2 ton U.S. Army trucks and were driven to Winchester Barracks where we would spend the next two months assembling and organizing while awaiting further orders.

Thus, fate played another trick on me. Turning point No. 1 had occurred when the Army decided to take a well-trained, physically-fit, combat-ready infantryman and drop him into the midst of a quiet, clean, pastoral, Ivy League college setting; and, nine months later, reverse the situation and dumped a now docile, softened college student right back into the dust, dirt, mud, noise and danger of the foot-slogging combat infantryman. What a revolting turning point that was!

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CHAPTER 3

England, France and Belgium (The Maginot and Siegfried Line; the Battle of The Bulge)

Life in the southern part of England was relatively quiet and uneventful in the fall of 1944. The war on the continent raged on, with both sides taking heavy losses. Allied troops left England for the continent with new, bright and clean equipment and uniforms; and filthy, bedraggled and war-weary soldiers returned, wounded in body, mind and spirit.

By the time winter had rolled around I had gotten to know the countryside of southern England quite well, and my buddies and I had learned to like beer British-style...warm, sudsy and bitter; sometimes with a dash of lime in the bottom of the glass, before the brew splashed in from the tap. I also got quite good at darts while frequenting the local pubs; and got used to hearing the pub owners chant around 10 p.m. "Drink up now, gents-pub's closing in 5 minutes, ya know!" One thing I really never got the hang of was the English "drive on the left side of the road" traffic rules. Invariably, I looked instinctively to the left as I prepared to step off the curb, and I almost got creamed by vehicles coming from the right! Thank God for good brakes and quick reflexes. The then war-torn England observed nightly black-outs, of course, with German air raids being a constant threat. I got to know the location of designated bunkers (air raid shelters) very quickly everywhere I went in England - one's life depended on it.

Shortly after the Battle of the Bulge took place, around Christmas time, 1944 (and about D-Day plus 180), my original combat unit, the 69th Infantry Division, was disbanded and we were shipped across the English Channel as replacement infantrymen for the 29th Infantry Division which had suffered severe losses. I was assigned to Service Company of the 116th Infantry Regiment, along with Butch Gilberti and Harold Brooks. We moved swiftly across France, into Belgium, stopping only briefly from time to time when pockets of German army units were encountered along the way. Basically, it was a "mop-up" operation, capturing stragglers who couldn't keep up with the main German retreating forces.

We marched and drove past the heavily fortified, famous French Maginot Line and the German Siegfried Line, both no longer operative or manned, or offering any kind of threat to advancing Allied forces. There were some minor skirmishes along the way, with some brief fire fights, usually at long range; and two or three times our advancing columns were attacked and strafed by German fighter planes hoping to slow our advance, rather unsuccessfully.

The initial problem I encountered with my feet and toes happened about that time when, because of the inability of the supply lines to keep up with the rapidly advancing troops, I was not able to stop long enough to find a change of socks or boots, and I went for a period of about two weeks wearing the same wet, dirty socks and boots.

When my toes and feet began to itch and blister, I went to the medics who painted my feet and toes with Gentian Violet, a then commonly used cure-all for infections, rashes, and the like. There was just no time or inclination then to be concerned or to seek additional medical help. Everything and everyone was on the move, and we'd worry about such "inconveniences" later!

CHAPTER 4

Across Germany; The "Link-Up" with the Russians

Christmas 1944 was by no means merry for those who were fighting to finish off the Germans on the continent. In fact, the German high command had decided to mass as many men, machines and weapons as possible, and launch a massive attack on allied forces which quickly came to be known as "The Battle of the Bulge." Initially, the miserable, snowy, frigid and foggy weather was in the German's favor, enabling their surprise attack to crash over and through almost all the allied defenses, except for a very few isolated pockets of desperate but determined allied soldiers. But the sun finally broke through the fog and haze, and the skies cleared sufficiently for our all-powerful and dominant air force to go on the attack against the German armor and infantry, abruptly stopping their all-out, last ditch, fierce attack in its tracks, leaving the roads and fields strewn with burned-out tanks and bodies. The final German "putsch" had been halted, and the race was once again on to see who could capture and or kill more Germans before it was all over - we or the Russians - who had the Germans on the run from the east.

It was shortly after the Battle of the Bulge that the 69th Infantry Division was dissolved into smaller combat units; and I, along with many of my good buddies, like Butch Gilberti and Harold Brooks, was shipped across the English Channel to replace many GI's of the 29th Infantry Division who had been killed or wounded in the battles recently waged in southern and central Germany. The "mop-up" phase of the war was on, and it was clear to one and all that it was only a matter of time before Germany would be forced to capitulate.

It was about mid-April 1945 that elements of my division, the 29th Infantry, linked up with forward units of the Russian army at the Elbe River. We remained on the west bank of the Elbe, and the Russians stayed on the east bank; and both were involved in cleaning out small pockets of German resistance, which didn't amount to much - although we

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all realized that the actual fighting in Europe would soon end - and no one wanted to become a casualty at such a late date of the war!

We heard through the rumor mills that the Supreme Allied Commander, General Dwight Eisenhower, was in our area, and was going to meet with the chief military officer of the Russian forces in order to lay final plans for the mop-up and eventual German forces surrender.

My company, the Service Company of the 116th Infantry Regiment, 29th Infantry Division, announced on or about May 3, 1945 that three lucky G.I.'s would be given 72 hour passes to go back to Paris, France, for "R&R" (Rest and Recuperation), the winners to be drawn in a lottery. As fate would have it, I was one of the lucky three to win a 3-day pass, and was told to get myself ready to leave by railroad train on the morning of May 7th. I was elated, and scrambled to round up as many cartons of cigarettes, G.I. wool blankets and chocolate bars, etc., as I could get my hands on - not money, but things - because that is what the gals in Paris really wanted and needed. So Sgt. Slotterback, Cpl. Royal Taylor and I began a rough, tiring, 2-day train ride back through central Germany, Belgium and France - and we finally pulled into the Gare-du-Nord railroad station in Paris in the early evening of May 8th, 1945 ... and, upon hearing hysterical screaming, shouting, laughing and crying outside, we opened the car windows and were greeted with the most heart-warming, magnificent sight of our lives - people everywhere were holding up French newspapers with the blazing headlines, "La Guerre est Fini!!" (THE WAR IS OVER). Could any war-weary G.I. be in a better place at such a time than Paris, France?

What happened during the next 72 hours is a whole other story!

CHAPTER 5

Romantic Interludes Along the Way

Early during my tenure at Bard College, I got a weekend pass and headed for home in Brooklyn. It was one of those magnificent fall days in the mid-Hudson Valley region when a buddy, Russell, and I hitched our way down old Route 9 to Poughkeepsie, New York, to catch a train into New York City.

The plan was for us to travel together into Penn Station where we would split up - he, being a Tennessean, sightseeing in Manhattan, and me visiting with my family in Brooklyn. We planned to meet at Penn Station again on Sunday afternoon and head back to Bard together.

When we arrived at the railroad station in Poughkeepsie, I suddenly realized that Vassar College, the famous, then all-girls school was located nearby, because there were dozens of pretty, young ladies milling about, waiting for the New York City-bound

train. Russell and I struck rather handsome figures, in our neatly-pressed khakis and dress caps worn at a jaunty angle. The young Vassar girls ogled us, but kept their distance. We had about an hour to kill before the train was due to arrive, so we went into the snack shop for coffee and donuts. We looked around, but all the tables and counter seats were taken. As we waited to be seated, I caught the eye of a pretty girl seated with her girlfriend at a table of four. With a nod of her head and a wave of her hand, she invited us to join them at their table. We quickly introduced ourselves as infantrymen on special assignment to Bard College, on a weekend pass heading for the Big City for a good time; and they volunteered that they were "Victory Girls," also going to New York for the weekend to do their part for the war effort by doing their best to cheer up the G.I.'s and help take their minds off the war. They also told us that they had reservations for two rooms at the Hotel Edison on 34th Street for the weekend, and we were invited to stay with them if we wished ... Of course, we wished! Needless to say, neither Russell nor I saw much of New York City that weekend. In fact, we hardly ever left the hotel room, day or night.

We began to realize that our stay at Bard College was not only going to be very educational, but very social as well. As things eventually worked out, we did not need to travel into NYC for entertainment and female companionship ... a reciprocal arrangement was quickly worked out between Bard and Vassar administrators, whereby Vassar girls were invited to dance socials at Bard once or twice a month, and the G.I.'s at Bard were invited to Vassar as well, a mutually very satisfactory and beneficial arrangement indeed.

I had my first romantic encounter in Europe when I met a pretty, young English lass at a dance one evening outside London. We had a few warm beers and dances together, and I offered to walk her home. When we reached her house, surrounded by a white picket fence, just a short ways out of town, she stopped, told me she "had to spend a penny," and walked briskly into what appeared to be an outhouse. She was back in a few moments, asked me if I liked her, put her hands around my neck and kissed me hard on the lips. It wasn't long before I tried to get her to lay down with me on the grass near the fence, but she resisted, saying that if we were "going to do anything," it would have to be standing up, because she feared that she would become pregnant if we had intercourse lying down. I hurriedly agreed, of course, and she quickly turned around, bent forward while holding on to the picket fence with one hand, and raised her skirt with the other. I needed no more invitation, and quickly consummated the relationship, kissed her goodbye and, as fate would have it, never saw her again. I did head directly for the medical station on base for a prophylactic kit, just in case.

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Once we crossed the English Channel and arrived on the continent, I resolved that I would be as careful as possible and not be promiscuous because the "horror" stories showed to us in G.I. training films depicted the possible dire consequences of careless, random sex, and I wanted none of that. Thus, during the subsequent 18 months or so in the European theatre of operations, I did meet and become romantically involved with, for varying lengths of time, just three girls, namely: Janine, a very pretty, vivacious French girl who I met in Paris; Gertrude, a young, lovely German girl who I met in a small, central-German town called "Laucha" located on a small river called the "Unstrut"; and, finally, a young, tall, sweet German frauline named Annaliese, who I met in Bremen, Germany. These relationships became very meaningful to me in many ways, but, primarily, they tended to take my mind off the horrors of war that were everywhere present, and gave me the feeling that I was not being denied some of the pleasures that a young man such as myself would be experiencing in civilian life, if it were not for the war.

I met Janine on the very first evening I arrived in Paris on May 8th, 1945, the very same day the war ended in Europe ... yes, it was "V-E Day," and Sgt. Russell Taylor and I were in Paris, having just arrived by train from the front lines in central Germany.

As we were walking from the north railroad station to our hotel located in a section of Paris called Place Pigalle, we saw two very pretty, young ladies coming towards us, with broad smiles on their faces, and arms outstretched. Foolishly (and naively), we sought to side-step and pass them; but they were wiser, and would have none of that. Obviously, they saw two young, good-looking American G.I.'s who piqued their interest, and were going to make contact which they did in a big, friendly way, by throwing their arms around us, and giving us a big kiss right on the mouth! It turned out that they both spoke English fairly well, and when we told them that we were just in from the German front on a 3-day pass, they insisted that the four of us would remain close together for all of that time, eating, drinking and celebrating the end of the war in Europe together. So, arm-in-arm, Janine led the way to a small, boisterous bar in Place Pigalle, where began 72 hours of non-stop eating, drinking, dancing, singing, love-making and general merriment ... never once closing our eyes for one minute for fear of missing something during this time of feverish, unrestrained and long-delayed gaiety and revelation.

Of course, all good things must come to an end, so at the end of day three, we said our tearful goodbyes, after exchanging local home addresses (hers being a small farming community about 100 miles south of Paris; mine being my Grandma's Brooklyn address),

and promising to do our best to keep in touch somehow. (We did correspond with one another for a while after I got home in mid-1946, but soon lost track shortly thereafter, never to hear from Janine again.)

My relationship with Gertrude lasted much longer. I met her in a small German village, "Laucha-on-der-Unstrut," not far from the Elbe River in central Germany, where the 69th Infantry Division linked up with the advancing Russian armies in the early spring of 1945.

It was during a break in our Regimental Supply Company activities, and a buddy and I were sitting on the grassy bank of the Unstrut River, relaxing and contemplating the war's end, when two very shapely, pretty girls sat down close to us, and began speaking softly to one another in German - but their eyes darted towards us constantly while they chatted. We, of course, were in our combat fatigue uniforms, wearing helmets and our 45 caliber pistols holstered on our sides.

I quickly decided to try out my "Yiddish/German" on them, in order to strike up an acquaintance; so we moved even closer to them, and I began a conversation with them. One's name, I learned, was Gertrude, and the other's name was Durit. Thus, between my "broken" German and their "broken" English, we struck up a friendship. It wasn't long before we were lying side-by-side, holding hands, along the now peaceful Unstrut.

Interestingly, a young German man dressed in civilian clothes walked by with a severe limp because of an obviously deformed leg, playing a guitar. I learned from Gertrude later that night that the guitarist was her ex-husband, who had been a Luftwaffe fighter pilot who was shot down and severely injured in the crash of his plane about a year or so earlier.

Gertrude and Durit showed us where they lived, and invited us to visit them that evening. We said we would try, but could not be sure we could, as much as we wanted to. The big problem was that there was a strict "non-fraternization" policy in force, which meant no contact or relationship whatsoever between allied forces and the Germans. But, being young, vital and fool-hardy, we decided to tempt fate and go visit our new-found girlfriends that night, come what may. After we finished our chores that evening, and everyone had bedded down for the night, we quietly slipped away from our Company area, and carefully and stealthily wended our way towards town to Gertrude's house. It was totally dark because there were no lights on whatsoever - the war was still on - so it was not easy finding our way around with only a little moonlight to light our way. It was all rather scary, but we finally managed to find the house. Once inside, we found a family scene consisting of Gertrude, her father and mother, Durit, and Durit's infant son - all sitting in a rather large kitchen. After some brief "Hello's," and

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after giving them some coffee, sugar and candy, Durit led Royal upstairs to her bedroom, and Gertrude and I went upstairs to another bedroom. That was the last we saw of the rest of the family that night, as we all went to bed. Royal and I had earlier agreed that we would have to leave their house about 4:00 a.m. in order to get back into camp under cover of darkness, unobserved, which we did. It wasn't easy; the trip back to bivouac area was even more risky and dangerous for a number of reasons. We had to be concerned about by-passing our own guards on duty; possible German soldiers stragglers; and Russian soldiers hearing or spotting us from the eastern side of the river, where the Russians were entrenched. What a night!

This "arrangement" continued for about two weeks, and Gertrude and I grew very close to one another. We finally were given our "move out" orders by our commanding officer, and we broke camp to head up to Bremen, about 300 miles north. Gertrude and I said our sad farewells, I believing that we would never see one another again, and off we went in our 2-1/2 ton trucks and jeeps.

About three days later, we rolled wearily into Bremen, and set up our Regimental supply depot once again, occupying confiscated homes in town as our sleeping quarters. The house I was assigned to occupy was "26A Vor Strasse," together with Butch Gilberti, Cpl. Harold Brooks and Sgt. Royal Taylor.

By this time, V-E Day had taken place, I had had my 3-day pass to Paris, and I had left Janine and Gertrude behind. It wasn't long before I met a sweet, innocent-looking young German girl (age 19) named Annaliese, at a party held one evening in one of our Day Rooms, and we became very close, very quickly. Annaliese and I lived together for a number of months, sometimes sleeping in my quarters; other times in her house a few streets away, until I left Bremerhaven to ship home in late April 1946, when we said our goodbyes.

One rather unusual, and not-so-pleasant, interlude occurred one day when a buddy told me that he had just seen two gals bicycling into town, and they looked like Gertrude and Durit. Sure enough, it was them, and I soon learned from Gertrude that they had bicycled the 300 miles to reunite us, asking G.I.'s along the way where our unit was located. But she also told me that our time together was limited, because they had to return to Laucha in a week. (I had to make quick arrangements, of course, to keep Annaliese and Gertrude apart that week, which I managed to do with considerable ingenuity.)

I boarded a Victory ship that was to take me home to the States in late April, for eventual discharge from the Army at Fort Dix, New Jersey on May 17th, 1946, with World War II, and all my sad and happy experiences behind me, none the worse for the wear and tear involved, all things being considered.

CHAPTER 6

"Trench Foot" Near War's End

(Resulting Eventually in my being declared a 10% Disabled Veteran)

The problem with my feet finally caught up with me shortly after the war ended in Europe, and we found ourselves way up north in Bremen, Germany, and the great German seaport of Bremerhaven.

The itching, scaling and discoloration would not go away; and I didn't like the looks of an angry-looking, darkish red line that was moving up the inside of my ankle. I showed it to my Sergeant one morning, when my feet were so painful that I could hardly walk, and he immediately ordered me to "Sick Call" to see a doctor. After one look the doctor ordered me into the "appropriated" hospital in Bremerhaven, where they put me into bed and began around-the-clock treatment with various drugs in an effort to stem the tide of infection before it got out-of-control completely. The Army doctors finally put me on Penicillin, one million units every three hours around the clock, in a final effort to curb the infection and save my toes, or worse, my feet. (I did overhear the nurses talking softly late one night when they thought I was asleep that they would probably have to amputate if I didn't respond to the Penicillin within the next 48 hours.)

Fortunately for me, the advancing red line creeping up my leg stopped the next day. The Penicillin, an antibiotic drug which was manufactured by Pfizer Chemical Company, Whipple Street, Brooklyn, New York, a street on which I used to play stick ball and softball as a teenager, had worked.

I spent approximately one month all told in the hospital, the last two weeks recovering and getting back on my feet, so to speak, so that I could return to active duty.

By the winter of 1945-1946, the war had ended in Japan, too, and G.I.'s all over the world awaited shipment home to the States and discharge from the service. A "point system" had been developed, one which gave each serviceman a point count based on his length of service, combat duty, etc., which determined the priority under which one would be eligible to rotate to the States and home.

While I awaited my turn, I was assigned to a Military Police unit to serve out my Army duty in Bremen and Bremerhaven, Germany, while waiting for my ship to come in and take me home.

Although I had incurred the sever "Trench Foot" condition while on combat duty in Europe, I did not apply for a disability status upon separation and discharge from the Army at Fort Dix, New Jersey on May 17, 1946, primarily because I was very anxious to get out of the Army and back to civilian life after 3-1/4 years; and the disabled vet application claim process would have delayed my discharged by at least another

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month or two while the military researched my records and my claim. In retrospect, of course, this action, or lack of action, was very dumb on my part, because it resulted in my not being certified as a 10% disabled veteran, until I finally and very belatedly filed my claim in 1973, about 27 years late, which cost me at least \$10,000 in lost disabled veteran monthly payments!

CHAPTER 7

Military Police (M.P.) Duty in Bremen

The last few months of my Army career were spent attached to a Military Police Battalion when the 29th Infantry Division was disbanded, and I was assigned as an M.P. until such time as my priority number was reached and I was to be shipped back to the States. Two or three incidents stand out in my mind when I recall the duty I was required to perform as an M.P.

Early one morning, a large contingent of the M.P. Company I was assigned to was ordered to report to dockside in Bremerhaven, to stand guard over the unloading of a large cargo vessel. At first, I thought the ship carried ammunitions and military equipment, but when I saw the first platform of wooden cases lowered to the dock, I realized that we were guarding the unloading of a huge shipment of "Class VI" supplies (Military code name for liquor), for distribution to the officers on duty in our area, as their monthly ration of booze. Most of the cases were labeled "3-Star Hennessy," a popular bourbon at that time, and a vast assortment of other alcoholic beverages such as scotch, rye, gin and vodka. I believe each officer was entitled to receive free-of-charge four bottles of whiskey of his choice each month.

The actual unloading was done by a combination of enlisted men and civilian dockhands, while we M.P.'s stood guard on deck and at dockside to ensure that no pilferage took place. From time to time, though, we would hear a case crash to the ground and, while some of the bottles would be broken, others would roll free, unscathed. Of course, these "loose" bottles of whiskey became fair game for any of the workers (and M.P.'s) who cared to partake of their contents. As one could imagine, it wasn't very long before everyone in the area, dockhands as well as M.P.'s was feeling high, happy and loose as a goose. I also happened to notice that a number of cases somehow found their way into the back of our M.P. transport vehicles, rather than onto the official, 2-1/2 ton trucks there to make deliveries to the various officers' quarters. The M.P. Battalion had a gay old time that night, you can be sure.

Other not-so-pleasant incidents occurred all too frequently, unfortunately. I was required to perform M.P. foot-patrol duty once in awhile, when I was ordered to accompany teams of two-man M.P. patrols on some of their nightly tours of guard duty. These patrols were basically required to walk throughout a

designated area, similar to a policeman's beat, maintaining order among the U.S. military personnel if and when necessary; and assuring that German civilians observed the nightly 10:00 p.m. curfew then in force.

Often without provocation, some of the M.P.'s on patrol during the "graveyard shift" (mid-night to 6:00 a.m.) would stop a German male civilian, and beat him unmercifully, just for "kicks," they'd say. And if a woman was unfortunate enough to encounter an M.P. foot-patrol late at night, especially in a quite, secluded area, and they were "out for some fun," she was often raped and left bruised and dazed to find her way home.

When I sensed that the patrol I was assigned to was up to no good, I would quickly walk away by myself and head back to the barracks until that tour of duty was over. I have often since then reflected that war is indeed hell; and some soldiers become dehumanized under war-time conditions, regardless of the country of origin, be it Germany, Japan, Russia, Italy, England, France or "the good ol' U.S. of A"....

I breathed a large sigh of relief when I was informed one day in April 1946 that my number had been reached, and I was to board a Victory ship for the U.S.A. and home in two days; and I was told to turn in my M.P. helmet, belt, gun, and arm-band. I had seen and heard enough of brutality and down-right meanness by then.

CHAPTER 8

G.I. Bill of Rights

I was drafted into the Army of the United States on March 8, 1943, and was honorably discharged on May 17, 1946, three years and two months later. I was just past 18 years old when I went in, and I was 21-1/2 years old when I got out. In effect, I spent what should have been my normal college years in the Army, serving my country during World War II.

But, "all was not lost and negative"... because of my good fortune to have been selected for the Armed Services Training Program in basic engineering while in the service, I earned in the nine months I attended Bard College what turned out to be the equivalent of 40 credits accepted and granted by New York University. In addition, the Congress of the United States at the behest of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, passed the G.I. Bill of Rights, which offered every veteran the opportunity to attend the college or school of his or her choice, tuition, fees, books, etc. all paid for by Uncle Sam; plus a fair monthly stipend to help one live while in college or school.

I took full advantage of the G.I. Bill of Rights, and entered New York University, Washington Square College, School of Education in the fall of 1947, as a full-time matriculated student, and received my Bachelor of Science degree on June 14th, 1950, having completed all requirements of the degree just short of three years at N.Y.U.

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THE WAR YEARS ACCORDING TO SEGARNICK (Continued from Page 47)

In addition, essentially during that same period of time, I earned about 30 credits in the Graduate Division of N.Y.U., but never applied for or received a Master's Degree. I also did student teaching at Brooklyn Technical High School, putting in a total of 480 hours to satisfy the requirements of a six-credit course at N.Y.U. in 1949-1950, entitled "Supervised Student Teaching of Math in the Secondary School," for which I received a grade of "A."

To set the record straight, historically and chronologically, I went right back in June 1946 to work in the U.S. (civil service) government job I had held for about one year just before I was drafted into the Army in March of 1943, never collecting a single check from the "52-20 Club," which was what Uncle Sam was giving veterans who needed time to find employment after being separated from the service (\$20 per week for 52 weeks).

When I went into the Army, I was earning \$1440 per year as a clerk in the Transportation Department. When I returned to the same position in 1946, the annual salary was up to \$2800 per year (about \$55 per week, a then munificent sum). When the opportunity arose under the G.I. Bill to complete my college education, I took a two-year leave of absence without pay from my Government job (1948-1950), and devoted practically all of my time, effort and energy to getting my degree at the earliest possible date.

I met Esther Donner in 1947 and we were married on June 27th, 1948, just about one year later. We moved into her mother's two-bedroom apartment at 365 Pulaski Street, Brooklyn, New York, and lived there together with Molly and Es's younger brother, Elliott, until early 1954. In those days, there was not much choice; the war had just ended, and no apartments were available anywhere. It was somewhat cramped, but we all managed to survive and grow, even after Marianne, our daughter and first child, was born on October 20, 1950.

In addition to being a full-time college student, husband and father, I worked part-time some evenings, Saturday and some holidays in Esther's father's (Sam Donner) ladies millinery factory, doing most of his bookkeeping, and learning to operate most of the millinery machines, plus packing, shipping and hand-delivering hat boxes to local mid-town Manhattan and Brooklyn hat retailers and jobbers.

I was thrilled to discover that N.Y.U. offered three summer sessions - pre-summer, summer and post-summer - and I always registered for the maximum number of credits allowed... two three-credit courses during each summer session. Thus, I was able to complete 18 credits each summer; that, plus a full credit program of 15-18 credits during regular spring and fall terms enabled me to earn up to 54 credits each school year; a very heavy and pressure-laden workload, but considered to be essential if I was going to make up for lost time.

In 1951, I became a licensed New York School teacher, obtaining my license initially as a substitute teacher of math in the secondary schools. Subsequently, by taking and passing a series of certification, in-service courses and exams, I became qualified to teach adult education programs (English as a Second Language; High School Equivalency Preparation courses); Teaching the Emotionally Disturbed and Physically Handicapped; and Homebound Instruction.

I also obtained teaching certificates/licenses to teach similar courses in the states of Pennsylvania and Florida, areas in which we lived, or planned to live, eventually.

Meeting at the Elbe

Submitted by: **Morris Assael**

Company C, 272nd Infantry

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Our meeting with the Russians at the Elbe has had many stories written about the event. So I would like to add my true experience at Torgau.

I was platoon leader of the third squad of Company C. 272nd Infantry. We were assigned duty on the Torgau side of the Elbe. The Russians came over by boat and insisted on building the bridge. We told them we had our Engineers ready to put up a steel structure. They were putting up their wooden bridge no matter what. So they did, stripping both sides. And any German that could walk helped in this project and they did the job in 48 hours.

I entertained a Russian officer later in my quarters. I offered him a shot of liquor and he wanted to chug-a-lug a whole glass. I accepted the challenge and was able to walk away without throwing up and returning his cross armed challenge with another chug-a-lug. I was amazed that I was still standing.

We parted and about an hour later my Sergeant Afewsko came in dazed. He was with some Russian soldiers. One of them passed a remark to his officer and was shot in the head for his insubordination.

They had a poster of the Russians meeting the Americans and there was one of me shaking hands with a woman Russian sergeant. My platoon sergeant Paranka got his picture with her printed in the Chicago Tribune. The day General Hodges came to greet the Russians, they blocked out everybody in the photos by pushing and shoving. Most memorable was the fact that none of their vehicles matched. They really lived off the land. When we left Torgau there was screaming and looting and the town was stripped by the Russians. You could call it poetic justice, as the Germans committed countless atrocities.

Before we left we were selling a carton of cigarettes for 300 allied marks, 700 for a watch. The Russians said they weren't paid for 4 years. It seems the Russians and Americans had the same invasion marks. The Russians meanwhile were printing them up by the millions and not backing any of them.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Sorry Morris, we cannot use photocopies of pictures. We need the real thing and will return your photos ASAP.)

Views on Veterans

Submitted By: **Michael Kutzmonich**

Company H, 271st Infantry Regiment

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FROM THE TIMES LEADER

By **Bill Smith**

AN HOUR to hour of life to an infantryman. And that's what it was, hour to hour and even less. Of this I can speak because I was there with a rifle company, or to be more exact, a rifle squad. It seems my regiment, the 10th regiment of the 5th Infantry Division, was relegated to woods, forests and mountains. Once in a blue moon we came across a small town or village that required taking from the enemy. Most of the time access roads were of prime importance, for supplies were always in demand, and those roads were needed for supply caravans to bring them up to the forward areas.

It was usually about dusk when the order to dig in was given. The hole that was dug was called a "two-man foxhole," which was about 5 or 6 feet deep with room for one to be able to crouch and grab a few winks. The other guys stood on the alert for the possibility of an enemy patrol or such. It seems that always before dawn that inevitable order of "let's go" was passed along. Go where? Who Knew? Only the officers and high-ranking non-coms had that privileged and secret information. Then, roll up the blankets, grab the rifle and follow the platoon leader. A signal was given to hit the dirt. Perhaps an enemy patrol or enemy strong point or a machine gun nest was sighted. It didn't matter who fired the first shot, for suddenly all hell broke loose.

If you've ever experienced a hail of machine gun bullets and small arms fire appearing to be aimed at only you, it's a frightening experience. Duck behind a log or tree and see the chips flying off the tree or log in huge chunks. Where can you hide? There isn't anywhere to hide. Even though you weren't aware of it, with your face plastered into the ground and your head trying to get even deeper inside the helmet, your fingers, without being ordered to do so, were digging into the ground trying to become less of a target. That was bad enough, but when the mortar shelling began, no one could tell where the next round would fall. You could hear it coming all right, but to know where it would land was just about impossible. The explosions were loud and some very near. A direct hit on a foxhole or tree or place of concealment meant that to even recover a GI's dog tag was sometimes an impossibility.

Those artillery pieces that the Germans used, the vaunted 88s, were accurate and devastating to ground troops. It was believed that the Germans gunners could drop a shell into a rear pocket. More scary were the tree-bursts. These were artillery shells primed to detonate at tree level heights, and when they did, the ultimate explosion caused shrapnel to be sprayed over

a wide area like an umbrella, resulting in numerous back and leg injuries that put many infantrymen out of action. Ground troops engaged in enemy actions were fortunate to have the combat medic within reach to at least offer some patching and/or treatment to wounded GIs. In World War II the standard procedure was to sprinkle the Sulphanilimide powder liberally over the wound and then apply a field dressing that the medic carried in his pill bag. If the medic had a wounded person who required a pain killer, a morphine syrette was administered and the wounded man tagged for a litter team to pick up and route to a battalion aid station for further treatment, and in most cases, evacuation to a collecting company in the rear.

The only protection for a combat medic was four red crosses on the helmet and a red cross brassard on each arm. The red made pretty good target for the enemy. Casualties among the combat medics were extremely high and replacements were few. In my unit, when things got hairy, the helmet and brassards were discarded and the guy you were replacing as a rifleman gave you his helmet and rifle. All of a sudden you were transformed from combat medic to rifleman. When things quieted, you became a combat medic again. Dangerous? You bet. So, those stout-hearted combat medics who had no weapons to fight with were constantly exposed to deadly enemy fire. Their life lengths during combat were extremely short and it was a miracle that many did survive.

Infantry

Although it didn't happen too often, an infantry outfit was pulled back from the front areas to rear areas for R and R (rest and relaxation). That meant a field kitchen was commandeered to whip up a hot meal for a change rather than "C" and "K" rations. Most infantrymen were appreciative of the hot coffee that was provided. There were always seconds. In some instances, the engineers whipped up a shower system where hot water was provided and appreciated. There were times that even a face wash and shave were possible.

Quartermaster units, from time to time, provided clean garments following that shower. Perhaps for a couple of hours, long-abandoned sleep was once again welcomed. Then, it was time to return to the fighting.

One of the most fearful times for the ground troops was when the darkened sky lit up with flares from enemy lines. These flares would light up a football field if enough were used, and troop positions would be well outlined. When this happened, artillery barrages reign down their terror and destruction. Yes, one could hear artillery coming in and the warning was clear and resonant. What could you do in an open field, except hit time ground and hope one of those shells didn't have your name on it. The old story goes, "Why worry about the one with your name on it, for when it hits, you are gone. It's the one that says 'to whom it may concern' that's worrisome."

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VIEWS ON VETERANS

(Continued from Page 49)

Amazing

The hazards of being an infantryman were many, and that included those damned "Bouncing Betty" land mines. At all times, every foot of advance held terror. Booby-traps were utilized by the enemy and with such efficiency that many a soldier paid the consequences as a result of curiosity. Sure, the house or the barn looked good for some shelter, but who was to know what would happen once the door was opened or that comfortable bed was flopped upon?

These were only a few infantry situations. This isn't to say that any combat service person faced similar war-connected dangers. Yet, by being a small part of an infantry and being involved with a group of combat infantrymen, I promised to write such an article to illustrate the many dangers of the "dog-face," the lowly yet brave and admired young men who were depended upon for so much in all of America's confrontation. Not to forget each and every man and woman who gave his or her all to gain the inevitable victory over the enemies of our nation. They all were aware of the many dangers involved by being part of the military, yet they most willingly did their bit. Too bad most Americans have already just about forgotten their wonderful citizen soldiers.

"The Shadow Knows"

Submitted by: **Irvin Hunsberger**

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After consuming, "Looking For My Shadow" submitted by, **Franklin Haught** of Company A, published in Volume 54, No. 1 Bulletin, I sent him the following letter. Realizing I could have sent it to hundreds of additional people who may have shared our experiences, I decided to send it in for publication.

Dear Franklin:

Your article, "Looking For My Shadow" hit home. Except for my being much younger, I am only 76 (I think), our recollection of experiences at Shelby are like carbon copies.

I was the 2nd man assigned to Company A. **Sgt. Fessmire**, Assistant Supply Sgt. to **Sgt. Mortimer**, was first due in alphabetical order, I assume. As seniors in high school we were taught close order drill. Our cadre taught us how to break down the M1, Carbine B.A.R. as well as close order drill prior to our division being officially dedicated. **Sgt. Storey** took me for a driver's test. I didn't even get to sit in a jeep. He made sure I flunked. As an 18 year old boy, I very was disappointed.

I was assigned to the 2nd Platoon as an acting Squad Leader (white patch). **2nd Lt. Ropes** was our Platoon Leader, **Staff Sgt. (Arky) Martin** was our Platoon Sergeant, **Sgt. Urbanski** was Platoon Sergeant of 1st

Platoon, **Sgt. Parks** was Platoon Sergeant of the 3rd Platoon, and **Sgt. Storey** was 4th Platoon. **Sgts. Donsbach, McLaughlin** and **Bates** ring a bell as being some of our original cadre. Looking at our group picture brings to mind Company CO **1st Lt. Patterson**, **Lts. Potts** and **Howard** and later **Sgts. Brick, Rush** and **Lindquist**, all from 2nd Platoon.

Lt. Ropes and I conducted the classes on mines and demolition as well as chemical warfare. You mentioned during your description of the "Bouncing Betty; anti-personnel mine we would erroneously state the mine contained 2,500 ball bearings, just to wake everyone up, it never failed. The correct number was 250.

Our cadre, including officers shipped out left **Sgt. McNamara** as Platoon Sergeant of 1st Platoon, me as Platoon Sergeant of 2nd Platoon and **Sgt. Richardson** as Platoon Sergeant of the 3rd Platoon. We performed as Platoon Leaders until the arrival of replacement officers. **2nd Lt. Moore**, an R.O.T.C. Officer, was assigned to my 2nd Platoon.

Our ranks were being swollen with new men whom had been Air Force Cadets, S.T.P. Students, Coastal Artillery, etc. **Tech. Sgt. Heard**, who had been stationed in Trinidad with the Coastal Artillery Unit, was assigned to my platoon. He indicated to me his intentions were to make a career out of the service. Realizing only one platoon S/Sergeant is authorized, I requested a bust without prejudice and with the help of **Sgt. Parks** and **Captain Austin**, I was transferred to "D" Company as a runner, just prior to our leaving for Europe. I kept in constant contact with Company A.

Walking up the stoney beach of Le Harve, I saw **Captain Edwards**, one of our former Company CO's and a former member of my platoon, a 6'-6" man who was stone deaf from York, Pennsylvania, nicknamed **Yogi**, finding and marking duds.

Information Sought

Submitted by: **Robert J. Clark**

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I would like to correspond with any World War II veterans of American Indian, Metis, Native Hawaiian or Alaskan Native ancestry. I'm also interested in veterans who encountered indigenous people during the war years via military service, as POWs or as part of occupation forces. Indigenous peoples include New Zealand Maori, native Pacific islanders, Japanese Ainu, European Sami (Lapplanders), Canadian Indians and other populations.

I am also researching sex, romance and dating during the war years. Topics are diverse such as favorite pin-up girl, unusual marriage proposals, creative marching lyrics, newlyweds setting up housekeeping on a wartime ration economy, "Dear John" letters and many other headings.

I will be respectful of all replies. Thank you.

My Stint Across Europe

Submitted by: **Fred H. Budden**

Anti-Tank Company, 271st Infantry Infantry

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Tecumseh, Kansas 66542-9600

I was sent to Camp Shelby in May of 1944, to become a member of the 271st Anti-Tank Company. The 69th Division went overseas in November. We left Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, in November, arriving at Southampton several days after Thanksgiving, then went to Winchester, England. I found out later that my uncle had been quartered at Winchester during WWI. Our company and cannon company were quartered in an old Manor House named Longwood, outside of Winchester about ten miles. It had 60 plus rooms on three floors and a ballroom with a fireplace large enough to accommodate a large tree trunk.

We had the opportunity to visit Winchester Cathedral, while stationed there. The cathedral was begun in 1079 A.D., consecrated in 1093 and completed about 400 years later. Jane Austen and Isaac Walton are buried there. Winchester Cathedral is 556 feet long, east to west, and contains the tomb of the Norman King, William Rufus. It was very interesting, as Winchester was the capital of England before London. During the reformation, Oliver Cromwell's forces used it as a stables and caused much damage. They broke out the stained glass window and washed frescos in the Lady Chapel with lye. The window was replaced with the broken glass and now looks like a patchwork quilt. The architecture was of particular interest and we also got to go up to the bell tower and see the bells. There were some huge ones and below was a room with bell ropes so that local clubs could ring changes, some of which could last for hours, depending upon the permutations and combinations that they performed. When our group finished the tour, our guide handed me an invitation to visit the local Masonic Lodge. He had noticed my Masonic ring. This visit was quite an experience. I sat across from what appeared to be all the Lords of the Admiralty at dinner, enough gold stripes to outfit the entire U.S. Navy, I believe. Everyone was very cordial and I got to witness part of their degree work, which was a treat.

While at Winchester I had a 24 hour pass to visit London. I took the opportunity to see a play, based on the theme of The Juggler of Notre Dame. I enjoyed it and purchased sheet music to send home. While in the basement of the Red Cross Building in the Piccadilly area, I saw a flash of light that penetrated the blackout curtains and then a noisy kaboom. It was a buzz bomb and landed near Selfridges Department Store. We left Winchester to cross the channel, January 21, 1945.

We landed at Le Harve and rode the infamous 40 and 8 boxcars. (40 men or 8 horses). There were far more men than 40! It was dark and crowded in our car. I do not know how long we were on the train, but after a bit my legs went to sleep and were numb. I sorted through legs and began to rub. If you could not feel anything after a short rub, you knew it not your leg and you grabbed another leg to rub.



Watermelon feast in DeSota National Forest. Left to right is Nelson Clark, Fred Budden, Leroy Hassler and Henry Wessel.

We were in France for a short time then went into combat at the Belgium border about February 12th, 1945, near Malmady and St. Vith, relieving the 99th Division. Our Division Captain was at Muringen, Belgium. We found evidence of the surprise of our troops at the Battle of the Bulge. We found rifles and other gear, as well as remains of food in the process of preparation. We took over the 57mm anti-tank position of the people we were relieving and quartered ourselves in the farmhouse complex adjacent. We set up 24 hour duty to man the gun. One night a buddy and I were on duty and we saw a bright light in the sky that went overhead and out of sight eventually. We observed it for 10 to 20 minutes. It was as if it might have been an airliner, except there were no airliners and combat airplanes did not travel alone or with a light on. We wondered if it might have been a buzz bomb, but it was not headed toward England. It will forever remain a mystery to me!

A buddy and I were detached and sent on patrol with other units with our bazooka, when the Division attacked February 27th near Gesheid, Germany. We marched several miles, seeing very little, although we heard tanks. I believe they were ours, at least we hoped so at the time. We wanted nothing to do with the Tiger Tanks and the 88mm guns that were their armament. In the evening we thought we were done for the day and bedded down in a nice barn with a mow full of hay, nice and warm! I removed my shoes, put on clean socks and about that time we were ordered to move out. We marched for a time, then came to a forested area, and were told this was our resting place for the night. Three of us shared a raincoat and a blanket, having thrown away our goulashes and anything else that might have kept us warm. It was a miserable night, snow was on the ground, we didn't know where we were, or what was going on. We were awakened in the morning, having had very little sleep because of the cold, by a noise, difficult to determine. It was most of our group trying to get circulation going by walking around in a large circle. We joined them until we got a call to move out, our mission was over. I have had feet that are very sensitive to cold since that time. The Germans took off shortly after that for the Rhine, and we followed. It was while we

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MY STINT ACROSS EUROPE

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were in that forest that our Company Commander's Jeep hit a land mine. It killed our Captain and severely injured the First Sergeant. The Jeep driver also incurred an injury and was awarded a Purple Heart. Our First Sergeant was lost to us, due to his injury.

After a few weeks of combat we were treated to a shower. The Army pulled in a portable shower, hot water and all. We were rushed through it, a person wanted to stay forever and luxuriate in the heat of the water. There was still snow on the ground.

We reached the Rhine just shortly after the fall of the Ludendorff Bridge at Remagen. V Corps had thrown up a pontoon bridge at Niederbresig, and we were slightly upstream from it for several days. Our platoon was quartered in a house just overlooking the river, which was but eight to ten feet lower in elevation. We were ordered to watch for anything floating down the river that might damage the bridge. We saw an empty rowboat and fired upon it. The river elevation was so near ours that the 57mm anti-tank shell, no explosives, just ricocheted across the water. Patton's tanks were coming from upstream, crossing the bridge and going back upstream on the other side of the river. Our shell must have caused much concern, because we got orders to cease and desist.

One evening we came into a town, I do not recall it's name, but I recall a large Bayer lighted sign (in the form of a cross) as we came into the town. We were standing around next to our vehicles waiting for orders. A displaced person, pseudonym for slave laborer, Polish or Czech, I believe, brought with him about one-half dozen German soldiers, whom he had captured. An officer took away his rifle to put him out of business. As the officer turned and went away a noncom handed him another rifle and off he went for more Germans. It was at this town we had another opportunity to bathe. We found a hot water heater, fired by briquettes of soft coal, and built a roaring fire and all of our squad had a hot bath. It still gives me a grand feeling to recall this occasion.

Incidentally Bayer was a chemist in Germany somewhat the stature of Thomas Edison except his work was in chemicals. He was the originator of Bayer aspirin. He, or his company, developed the foam insulation that we now use, and used it for submarines. It was after the war that we found one of the reasons that the German submarines were so fast. They used less than one half the amount of foam thickness that we used with other types of insulation. This gave them the advantage of lighter weight and smaller profile enabling them to achieve greater speed and use less fuel. This was the initial use of poly-urethane foam, as I found while attending a seminar at Chicago.

When I think about the opportunities to bathe, another comes to mind. I do not remember the name of the town, but it began with Bad, a prefix meaning that they had natural warm waters there, as a spa. We lined up and had a bath. It was plush surroundings, a

huge tub and I filled mine with water as hot as I could stand and soaked. It was a memorable occasion.

We chased the Germans to Leipzig and shortly thereafter to Torgau, where elements of our division joined up with the Russians on the Elbe River April 24, 1945. At Leipzig we saw a monument to the Nations erected to commemorate Napoleon's defeat.

(Continued on Page 53)



Joe West and Ed Chirba - Mail Call.



Robert McDonald and stein.



General Reinhardt, Col. Margenson, Capt. Datinoff

MY STINT ACROSS EUROPE

(Continued from Page 52)

SS troops were in it and putting up quite a fight. The monument had sustained direct hits from 240mm howitzers, and still the SS would not surrender. They did surrender when they were threatened that gasoline would be poured into their hiding place and ignited.

We soon became part of the Army of Occupation near Coblenz, after VE Day. I found a few photographic chemicals and gear in the house where we were quartered, and began developing and printing my film, as well as for others. We moved from that town to another, and someone, knowing of my activities located a photo studio (a Mom & Pop operation), and had me oversee the German family that owned it. They were nice folks, and had lost a son in the Luftwaff. They seemed to have little knowledge of the concentration camps and the activities at them, but were aware that something was not as it should have been. I was able to get a Jeep for the man to go to purchase supplies, when they began to run low. I also primed him to purchase a Leica 35mm for me. Alas, it was not to be. He was able to find supplies, but no cameras. The trip to Halle was troublesome to him, because so much of the areas familiar to him were devastated. This studio was located in the Russian area and I often wondered how the people were treated after we left.

While still in combat, many of our squads were able to "liberate" generators. These were packaged engine/generators adequate to provide electric power to guns for various purposes and perhaps the Germans had other uses. They did not occupy a great deal of space and we could hook them to a house where we were staying and provide light. Much of the time the light was dim, as we ran sound power wire which lost a lot of the available power through heat. Our radio shack, a 4 wheel drive truck with a canvas top, was at a Quartermaster supply location. They noted some trailers set aside that had just been painted olive drab and stenciled with QM logo. They decided that they could use them and hitched the two trailer generators in tandem and brought them back to the company, quickly changing the stencil to show AT Company. This was a form of midnight requisitioning, although performed in daylight.



Lt. Julius Braun



Nelson Clark

Silver Star Recipients

I recall while in the 271st AT Company they sent us to Giessen, Germany. We were to go house to house and search for weapons and/or Nazi propaganda. The second day the people all knew what we were doing. We went to the second floor of an apartment building, where an elderly lady lived. She was prepared; all of her cabinet doors and drawers were opened. I told the squad to forget looking in those locations and I went to her stuffed furniture and reached in and started pulling out her silverware and other precious belongings. On that note we departed, leaving her open-mouthed. She thought we were going to take her belongings.

Shortly thereafter, I was sent to a (MRU) Machine Records Unit, (IBM stuff - record keeping, etc.), in Paris. I became supply sergeant after a few months. Many members of the MRU had seen no combat and wanted combat boots. The supply depot gave out shoes, unless they were out of that particular size, and then they supplied combat boots. They would, however exchange boots for boots. Thus I ordered shoes in a size they were out of and got boots. Then, next month I exchanged those boots for boots of a size that was wanted. A little subterfuge worked.

While in Paris I took the opportunity for a leave in Switzerland. I had an enjoyable trip to St. Moritz, where I tried skiing for the first and last time. I am convinced that one should put on skis at a very early age, in order to be able to ski without experiencing many broken limbs. I quit skiing after going to the mountain, falling and breaking one ski. Next I checked out ice skates and enjoyed the rest of my stay in Switzerland.

I accumulated sufficient points to go home in early '46. I immediately began to finish my degree in mechanical engineering and graduated from Kansas State University in 1947. I was handed my diploma by President Eisenhower, brother of Ike. I pulled this on my grandkids recently and they thought I was spoofing them, until I explained that President Eisenhower was the younger brother, Milton, of Ike, and president of KSU.

Silver Star Ceremony



With Company I, 273rd Infantry Regiment

Submitted by: **Robert L. Muckel**

Company I, 273rd Infantry, 3rd Platoon, 1st Squad
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The Tanks

We were crawling along the bottom of a muddy water-filled ditch. Our clothes and feet were covered with the muddy mess. We can feel the air becoming colder. I was shivering and my teeth began to chatter and I was also tired and hungry, and sleepy, as usual. It seemed like I could never get enough sleep. Suddenly we came to a halt. In front of us was a big wooden structure. It was a barn. Our officers informed us that we were going to occupy the area for a while. So we entered the barn to get out of the cold night air. Inside we found the place filled with hay. We all made a dive for the hay piles. I myself burrowed into a big pile, covering my whole body with it. Aahhh "this felt good," nice and soft and warm, it was like a feather bed. I could have stay there forever. I closed my eyes and soon fell fast asleep.

I was suddenly jolted awake by someone kicking me in the legs and shouting "Let's go, let's go soldier, on your feet!" Still half asleep, I pushed the hay away from over my head and looked around to see what the heck was going. It was still dark outside. I could hear the loud rumble of the steel treads of big Army tanks clanking as they passed by. The noise stopped, but I could still hear the noise of motors idling. Getting up and going outside, I saw there was a long column of our tanks. Someone shouted an order, "Alright men; up and on the tanks, eight to ten men on each one." I thought, "Here we are, half frozen to death and they want us to ride on them tanks? Oh well, that's the way it goes. Ours is not to wonder why."

I climbed up on the tank and sat down behind the turret, thinking to myself, "If any one does shoot at us from the front, it would give me some protection." I was still sleepy. Suppose I fall asleep, heck I might roll off the tank and fall under its treads and be crushed to death flat as a pancake. Right beside me was a small steel projection with a big hole in it. I put the loop of my rifle strap through this and tied it to my cartridge belt to prevent myself from falling off. As the tank lumbered along through the darkness of the night, I soon fell asleep. When I woke up, it was daylight and I found myself hanging on the tank by my belt. I then discovered my rifle was missing. It had probably fallen off the tank sometime during the night.

The tanks came to a stop on a high bluff. Down below us in the valley was a small village. Our assistant Squad Leader, **Earl Riley**, came over to me while I stood there beside the tank, and said, "**Muckel**,

where is your rifle?" For a few seconds I stood there dumfounded. Meekly I answered, "I lost it." One of the tankers on the tank, next to me heard this and said, "Here, I have a extra rifle, take this one. That was pretty nice of that fella.

One of our officers had a pair of field glasses out and was looking through them checking out the village below. If he saw white bed sheets hanging from the windows of the homes, this was a signal they wanted to surrender without a fight.

We waited about fifteen minutes, and everything was quiet. Still no sign of bed sheets. An order was given. The tanks moved into place on top of the bluff, forming a long line side by side about ten feet apart, and facing the village below us. I stood there beside one of the tanks and watched as its big gun went into action. Looking at the big long barrel of the tank's gun, I noticed that right at the end of the muzzle there were four small projections like nails - there was one on top, one on the bottom and one on each side. I thought to myself, "What is their purpose and why are they there?" Suddenly I heard the whine of an electric motor. The turret began moving and its gun slowly dropped down, pointing toward the village below. Then a man came out of the tank, and crawling to the front of the long barrel, took out two big rubber bands. One of these he stretched across the front of the muzzle on the two pins on the sides. The other one he stretched from the top down, forming cross hairs, like those in a hunting scope. Then he climbed back inside the tank, and opened the breech of its gun. And looking through the barrel, moved the tank's turret and gun, lining it up with a target in the village. This is a method they used some times on stationary targets. The order was given, "Commence Fire." Every tank in the long line began firing, as fast as they could. I watched the big tanks move as their big guns jumped back in recoil, throwing the shells, one right after the other, down on the village below. The ground beneath my feet shook, from the firing of the guns. The noise was deafening. I held my hands over my ears to shut out the sound. The guns kept firing and their big empty brass shell casings piled up beside the tanks. How can anyone down in the village live through a shelling like this one? Brother, I am glad I am not down there. After about half an hour of constant shelling, the guns became silent again. The tanks had done their job of softening up the village. Now it was the infantry's turn. We prepared to go down and enter the village.

The Soldier

I sat there behind the tank turret, watching and listening to its commander giving orders over his two way radio. Only his head and shoulders were visible, sticking up out of the turret's hatch. Suddenly

(Continued on Page 55)

WITH COMPANY I, 273rd REGIMENT

(Continued from Page 54)

artillery shells began exploding in front of the column. The tank commander gave an order over his radio, "Button up. We are going through." Then he quickly popped down inside the tank, and the small steel door clanged shut over his head.

I thought to myself, "Well that takes care of them inside, but how about us poor devils sitting out here in the open with nothing to protect us? Well that's the way it goes."

The tank started moving again. Keeping my head down below the top of the turret, I glanced down to the left hand side of the road. Here I saw a jeep just hit by a shell. On the ground beside it were three men. Two of them are kneeling by the body of the third man who is stretched out flat on his back and covered with blood. As our tank passes by him, he keeps looking up at us, with a smile on his face. His right arm is bent, with the fingers of his hand straight out and held just above his eyes, giving us what appears to be a military salute. (It could be he was just shielding his eyes from the sun's rays). This scene reminded me of a photograph I once saw. It was one of General Napoleon's soldiers on their retreat from Moscow. The soldier was lying there in the blowing snow, wounded and dying, with his hand held to his head looking up and saluting his general as he rode by.

The tanks kept rolling along. Up ahead can be heard the sound of their machine guns firing at something. Soon I saw what they were shooting at. The big drainage ditches on each side of the road were filled with long lines of German soldiers. Some of them were sitting there holding their hands on their heads as a sign of surrender, some were lying there. Others looked up at us as we passed with a dazed expression on their faces.

The tanks came to a stop again. Down below us in the valley, parallel with the road we were now on is the Autobahn, a big super highway. Our road intersects with it just ahead. Our tank column wants to get down and travel on this highway. On it they can advance faster. Of course the Germans realize this too, so they have prepared an obstacle for us. About a half mile ahead is a big concrete bridge crossing the highway, and piled up along the whole front of the bridge are big logs reaching from road level to the top of the bridge. Plus the Germans have their big artillery guns zeroed in on the area. We kept on going, but the shelling got too bad so we turned around and started back the way we came. To have advanced any further would have been foolhardy as the enemy, with their hidden long range guns, could have picked off our tanks one by one like sitting ducks. I kept my eyes glued to the right hand side of the road watching for the wounded man who had done the saluting. He was still there lying beside the damaged Jeep but this time

he was alone, with a rain poncho covering his body from head to foot. The poor fellow must have died right after we passed him the first time. I will never forget that big smile on his face just before he died. He probably knew then he was dying, and this gesture would be his last.

The Mine Field

We came to a stop. In front of us were big open fields, and right in front of us was a small post sticking up out of the ground. On it was a sign with a skull and crossbones painted in black. And right beneath the skull, the word *Minen*. This is a warning in German to let the civilians know that the field is covered with buried mines and anyone who tries to walk across the field may step on one and be blown to bits. We knew that we had to cross them as they are in our line of march! We stood there wondering what our next move would be.

Then we see one of our officers coming toward us. Walking about ten feet ahead of him, was a tall middle aged German man in a long black coat and a hat. The civilian was pointing around the field, and looking back to speak to the officer. It seems the civilian was showing us a safe path through the mine field. We watched the old man. He had gone about a hundred feet into the field, when suddenly he began running as fast as he could go. We all stood there watching him run. The officer shouted out to us, "Bring that man down!" None of us liked the idea of shooting an unarmed man in the back. None of us made a move to shoot. This really made the officer mad. Again he hollered at us, and said, "I gave you men a direct order, Bring that man down." While saying this, he unbuttoned the flap of his holster, and started to pull out his forty-five automatic pistol. It looked like he meant to use it on us for refusing to obey orders. This he had a legal right to do. So to humor him, we all put our rifles to our shoulder, and started firing at the fleeing German. I myself was aiming about twenty feet behind him. With all the noise we were creating, and the bullets kicking up the dirt around him, that scared old man came to a quick stop and threw both arms straight up in the air and froze. We couldn't help it if we were such lousy shots, now could we?

Now we all knew our officer to be a brave and courageous man. But at the moment, he was under a great strain, tensed up, and with a load of responsibility on his shoulders of which we were a big part of. And he was just doing his duty to the best of his ability. Also bear in mind, that there were some crack shots in our group and at that close range and with the large size of that big German, if your men really wanted to kill him, they could have filled his body with bullets very easily. But as it turned out, this little drama ended to the satisfaction of everyone. The old man was still alive, the officer was satisfied, and we all ended up with a clear conscience.

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

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

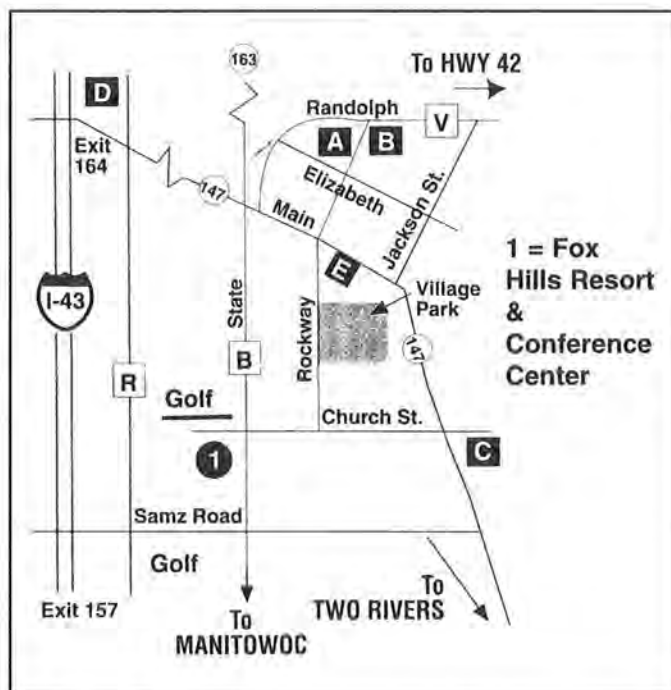
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Eugene J. Pierron

2310 Highway D

Belgium, Wisconsin 53004-9754

Telephone: 262/285-3702



MAY 31st, 2001

Deadline for news material and pictures for:

Bulletin Volume 54, Number 3

May, June, July, August 2001

Bulletin expected mailing date is early to mid-July due to early reunion.

(Continued on Page 57)

September 9th thru 16th, 2001
69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION
54th ANNUAL REUNION
Fort Mitchell, Kentucky

DRAWBRIDGE INN

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Fort Mitchell, Kentucky 41047-3599

Telephone: 606/341-2800 or 1/800-354-9793 • Fax: 606/341-5644

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Klosterman Family Oktoberfest • Oldenberg Brewery and Museum

Mainstrasse Village, 5 blocks of restored 19th Century German neighborhoods
and Much, Much, More!

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144 Nashua Court, San Jose, California 95139-1236

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Robert Crowe, Bob and Jean Ross, Melvin and Joan Schulz

Committee Members: Joe and Peggy Shields, Gerard and Carol Frechette,

Jack Houston, Stanley Crouch, Norman Steffen, Robert Hogan, Gerard Gillenback

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

Please register as soon as possible.

OCTOBER 10th thru 14th, 2001
69th CAVALRY RECON TROOP
49th ANNUAL REUNION
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
Shoney's Inn (Across from Opryland)
Room Rates: \$77.00 plus tax

For Further Information Contact:

Barbara and Charlie Fox

2110 Spencer Road, Silver Spring, Maryland 20910

Telephone: 301/585-6384

SEPTEMBER 30th, 2001

Deadline for news material and pictures for:

Bulletin Volume 55, Number 1

September, October, November, December 2001

**Bulletin expected mailing date is late November
or early December.**

*All members are welcome to all mini reunions
of other units. If you would like to attend one of
these mini reunions, please contact the mini
reunion host. They will be glad to have 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.

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(Continued on Page 59)

"Taps" *(Continued from Page 58)*

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Ladies' Taps

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Wife of Carl Christol
Division Headquarters

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Wife of Col. John Lynch, Ret.
Headquarters, 2nd Battalion, 273rd Infantry

ETHEL DOROTHY MARCUM
Wife of Charles Marcum
Company D, 271st Infantry



MARY WENTZ
Wife of Charles Wentz
Cannon Company, 272nd Infantry

MARY JANE RETTMAN
Wife of Donald Rettman
Company F, 272nd Infantry

MARY SUZULAK
Wife of Edward Suzulak
Company K, 273rd Infantry

ANNIE SUTCLIFFE
Wife of Seymour Sutcliffe
Service Company, 273rd Infantry



the 69th

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69th Member and Family Attend Groundbreaking Ceremony of WWII Memorial

Art Tuthill #4 Son, Warren Tuthill, Jr. #1 Son, Warren Tuthill, Sr. of Company A-661st T.D., and his brother, a Korean War Veteran. Warren has seven sons. He wants to know if there are any T.D. Patches around. Write him at: 10905 Warwick Avenue, Fairfax, VA 22030-3031

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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