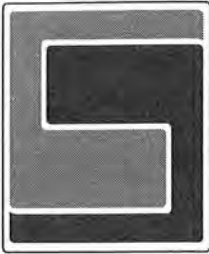


FIGHTING 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION

★★★★ Association, Inc.



VOLUME 56, NO. 1

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SEPTEMBER – OCTOBER – NOVEMBER – DECEMBER
2002

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

P.O. BOX 69
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bulletin

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*Deceased

Keeping Alive the Heroics and Sacrifices of American Soldiers in WWII



Ardennes/Eifel region, northeast of Mormont
The Siegfried Line as it looks today

Chris Van Kerckhoven
Military Archeologist

Witness to a Bloody Past

".. The sunlit foxhole partially covered with snow in the Ardennes, as photographed by Chris, is certainly worth a thousand words.

If there is to be any beauty in that horrid period of time, one might find it as such today."

Sam Popkins, Company A,
271st Inf. Reg., 69th Inf. Div.
25 Sept., 1992

Taken near Wahlerscheid road junction which was known as "Heartbreak Crossroad" by the Americans.

(See inside cover for more)



A Very Worthy Honorary Member of the 69th

Chris Van Kerckhoven

E. J. Van Gansenstraat 21

B-2260 Westerlo

Belgium

Thank you very much for having published the article on my research-work to World War II in the 69th magazine. That was a very nice surprise and much appreciated !!

Please find herewith enclosed some pictures which I hope you'll like and which will bring back memories from a long time ago when you young Americans, so far away from your homeland and beloved ones, were fighting in the Ardennes for justice and our freedom. We Belgians will never forget this!

Just like the years before, this year I have been very busy and on several occasions I have come under the attention of the Belgian local and national press all in relation to my research-work to WWII and my interest in (military) archeology.

One of the highlights this year in which I gave my cooperation was the unveiling of a monument for the crew and occupants of an American plane which came down on September 17, 1944, on the first day of Operation "Market-Garden," near the village of Retie, which is about 25 kilometers from Westerlo. (During WWII in total more than 5,000 planes crashed on Belgian territory.)

The plane was a C-47 Skytrain (serial number: 42-100981) of the U.S. IXth Troop Carrier Pathfinder Group. On board were 5 crew members and 10 Pathfinders of the American 101 Airborne Division, the "Screaming Eagles." The five crew members, as well as 4 of the 10 Pathfinders, were killed in the crash. From the survivors, 5 Pathfinders were captured by the Germans with the exception of one American, 1st Lt. Charles M. Faith, who evaded.

After a moving ceremony, attended by several Americans, including the widow and daughter of the late Lt. Eugene Chauvin, the pilot, a nice monument was unveiled at the crash-site. Recently also in the U.S., several articles has been published in the newspapers about this.

Wishing you and your comrades of the 69th Division all the very best in 2003.

(Photo right: Chris trucking along through the woods, camera in hand, on a trip to the Ardennes / Eifel region where these photos were taken.)

This letter and info were sent to our late
Treasurer Bill Matlach



Chris at the entrance of a huge imploded pillbox, also shown below.



THE MAIL BOX

By Dottie Witzleb, Editor



Company E, 273rd Infantry Regiment
P.O. Box 69
Champion, Pennsylvania 15622-0069
Telephone: 724/455-2901
E-Mail: danne@lhtc.net

LeVerne Loveland, 517 Rosewood Terrace, Lindon, New Jersey 07036-5832 — Co.G, 271st: I just wanted to let you and all of the 69th Division Association's officials and volunteers know how much I enjoyed the 55th Reunion at Hampton, Virginia. The four days of touring so many important sites was far beyond anyone's expectation to have an opportunity to learn so much history about our Country, and the planning committee should be congratulated for their excellent work!

This has been my fourth consecutive attendance to the 69th Division reunion. I wish I had started attending many years earlier. Each one has been worthwhile and memorable, and I have made so many new friends from all of the varied units of the Division. I have also visited and learned about important places that I'd only dreamed about seeing in my lifetime. I doubt that any other military unit has shown the continued growth that the 69th Division Association continues to have!

As each year passes, we lose many of our veterans as they pass on into glory, but I see so many of their wives, children and grandchildren attending the reunions to keep and honor the memory of their loved ones. The Memorial Service prior to the Saturday banquet was indeed a most impressive ceremony!

I received my basic training with the 69th Division in Camp Shelby, Mississippi, and then was transferred out to fight with another division in Europe. There were many thousands of other men who did the same. Very few of those other divisions have active reunions and are very rapidly disappearing. So I, for one, would suggest that any veteran that trained at Camp Shelby in the 69th Division or a family member, become a member of the 69th Association and attend our reunions. I'm very happy that I did, and I have been reunited with some of my buddies that I originally trained with, and hope to find more of them or meet their families.

Frederick Hauser, The Bay Plaza, Suite 1004, 1255 Gulfstream Avenue, Sarasota, Florida 34236, Phone 941/955-5056: I was in the 271st, I believe Company E, but I am not sure. I was at Camp Shelby

and was pulled out just before the 69th shipped out to Kilmer and then overseas. I was a S/Sgt. and squad leader.

In trying to recover old memories, I joined the 69th Association and would like to find out if anyone remembers me. Was it Co. E? Again I was a S/Sgt, Squad leader (only at Shelby) 6'0 height - 150 lbs. - black hair - age 23, 24. I would appreciate any information.

Eugene Edminster, 5754 E. Grant Road, Tucson, Arizona 85712 — Co. D, 271st: It was nice to see something about Co. D, 271st in the bulletin. A lot of our members were spillovers from ASTP (me - Newark College of Engineering) or Air Force, Cadets, etc., that were no longer needed. Top **Sergeant Gad** was one of the latter, in your page 31 picture of the last bulletin.

When I came in from Newark I was greeted by **Platoon Sgt. John D. McGill** who had been a bond trader in New York, (he died in Tucson 20+ years ago) and was assigned to **Glenn Bokins'** Section in 81mm mortars. **Glenn** is also deceased about as long as **McGill**, leaving his widow and kids in Medford Wisconsin.

McGill's 2 Section Sergeants were **Bokin** and **Bill Miller** from Tampa, Florida. I am sure the soldier on **Gad's** right is **Sgt. Miller** and if you weren't identifying the guy on his left as **Prestage**, I would say that was **Bokin**.

I note that another of my 69th friends has passed away - **Fran Carrige**. I saw him, and had a wonderful visit with him and his wife at the convention in upper New York.

I have wondered about a couple of people - **Angel C. Hernandez** and **Bill Benson** who **Ed Fugel** tells me he lost touch with. If anyone knows anything about them I would like to know. Also **Bill Miller**.

My E-Mail address is: eedminster@aol.com

(EDITOR'S NOTE: You may be right about the identity of the men in the photo. Write to John Tounger.)

Paul Staub, 20 Snowbird Lane, Levittown, New York 11756 — Hq. 1, 273rd: Just received my bulletin and as usual read it from cover to cover and enjoyed every page. Of course any article that deals with the link up, either before or after, was of interest to me. The account by John Tounger of what transpired on April 26th, the day after, was terrific. It brought back memories and got the brain working, as I was there and I am sure John and I met and spoke. On page 31 there is a picture submitted by **Chuck Knebel** which shows the Flag that the patrol made to identify us to the Russians. Let me identify the men in the picture. Holding the pole is **Frank Huff**, behind him wearing a helmet is **James McDonnell**, next to him without a helmet is me, **Paul Staub**, in the far right corner is **Bill Robertson**, the GI behind Bill I do not recall (sorry). It was a fun day and a good time was had by all.

A Note from your Membership Chairman, Paul Shadle

Paul Shadle, *Company E, 271st Infantry*
1504 Greensburg Road • New Kensington, PA 15068
Telephone: 724/335-9980

WE NEED YOUR HELP

If you know of anyone not receiving the bulletin, please send me their name and address. If you know of anyone who receives the bulletin but does not wish to continue getting it, please also let me know.

We have received several bulletins returned with incorrect addresses. If you know any of these people, please let them know that in order to receive the bulletin we do need their correct address. The post office does not provide this to us and will not forward third class mail.

The following have been returned for incorrect address:

W. Allen Blythe Louisville, Kentucky
Annabel Folwell Atlanta, California
Raimar Gunther..... Los Angeles, California
Mrs. L. Hayes Bridgeton, New Jersey
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Paul Soule Rialto, California
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Audrey Veigh West Orange, New Jersey
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If you are reporting

**Membership Information on the internet -
a New Member, a Deceased Member,
or a Change of Address,
please also notify me at the above address.**

I would really appreciate your help regarding these matters. Keep in mind that this will also save the Association time and money and help keep our roster up to date.

NEW TREASURER

The division now has a new treasurer.

He is: **William Ruebsamen**
Battery A, 724th Field Artillery
P.O. Box 146
Sun City, California 92586-0146
Telephone: 909/301-0146

Please make a note of it and remember to send your dues to **William**, and not **Jane**.

A Note from Dottie, Your Bulletin Editor

As I sit here writing my note, I look out over the mountains of Western Pennsylvania and see a magnificent burst of colored leaves on the mountain. I hope where you live you are also enjoying the fall season. As you know, snow will be on its way soon. Speaking of snow, I was in the Canadian Rockies for a trip in August and yes, we did run into snow flurries. That was really unusual because back home it was in the high 90's and very muggy. I, for one, enjoy the winter weather also.

Paul Shadle, Membership Chairman, and I, took a day trip to Carlisle War College in Carlisle, Pa. to deliver some older copies of the bulletin. They are in the process of moving into a bigger and new location. We enjoyed the opportunity to talk to some of the employees of the library. They do receive the bulletin but were happy to get some additional copies.

The reunion in Virginia was good. We had good weather and the location was convenient to a lot of different types of restaurants. Attendees will be listed in the next bulletin. We are going to be in St. Louis next year so plan on attending. The dates and information can be found elsewhere in the bulletin.

Remember to continue to send your stories and photos in, and try not to send in photocopies. We cannot use these. If you send in your original photos, we will return them to you. Don't worry. We take good care. We know how important they are.

Wishing you and yours a wonderful holiday season and a happy and healthy new year.

Thank You, Jane

A very big THANK YOU and JOB WELL DONE to **Jane Matlach**. Jane took over the treasurer's job when her husband **Bill** passed away unexpectedly last year after the reunion in Kentucky.

MOVING

Please print your new address below:

Name: _____

Address: _____

E-Mail Address: _____

**Please send this form
and your old address label to:**

PAUL SHADLE
1504 Greensburg Road
New Kensington, PA 15068

Please allow six weeks advance notice.

New Men Relocated Since Our Last Bulletin

John B. Bova - Company A, 272nd Infantry
2410 Cameron Mills Road
Alexandria, Virginia 22303

Grant Boyer - Headquarters, 880th Field Artillery
943 Fitzpown Road
Sinking Springs, Pennsylvania 19608

Robert B. Coburn, Jr. - Battery A, 724th F.A.
2158 Rollins Street, Grand Blanc, Michigan 48439

Ian R. Colquhoun - Division Headquarters, Artillery
8509 Limerick Avenue, Winnetka, California 91306

Paul Farnsworth - Headquarters, 879th F.A.
6121 178th Street, Lynwood, Washington 98037

Jenis B. Frederick - Honorary Member
13 Hidden Pond Drive, Reading, Pennsylvania 19607

John Golbeck - Division Headquarters, Artillery
10451 Sunrise Lakes Boulevard
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33322

John E. Golden - Company B, 661st Tank Destroyers
59 Glen Avenue, Green Brook, New Jersey 08812

Frank L. Hadden, III - 272nd Anti-Tank ASC
726 Country Place Drive, Pearl, Mississippi 39208

Richard J. Hermesen - Unit Unknown
409 N. 14th Street, P.O. Box 90
Elma, Washington 98541

Leonard L. Johnson - Company B, 273rd Infantry
2935 Mikels Lane, Knoxville, Tennessee 37920

Irving Kramer
129 Crafton Street, Chevy Chase, Maryland 20815

Gilbert Lopesilvero - Company C, 273rd Infantry
1580 71st Street, Miami Beach, Florida 33141-4710

William H. O'Donovan, Jr.
Company B, 273rd Infantry, Honorary Member
P.O. Box 691, Nassau, New York 12123-0691

Francis J. O'Shea - Honorary Member
46 Prospect Street
Deep River, Connecticut 06417-1945

Abe Pantel - Company C, 271st Infantry
59 Winding Way, Cedar Grove, New Jersey 07009

William V. Patchen
Company A, 272nd Infantry, Honorary Member
P.O. Box 1665, Camp Verde, Arizona 86322-1665

Robert L. Pietsch - Battery C, 724th F.A.
8912 Moreland Lane, Annandale, Virginia 22003

James K. Richardson - Company B, 271st Infantry
26140 Woodward Lane
Dehem Springs, Louisiana 70726

Melvin Schulz - 272nd Anti-Tank
5501 Windrose Lane, Milford, Ohio 45150-2622

Gerry Sedoo - Honorary Member
8411 Hamden Lane
Huntington Beach, California 92646

Philip N. Spainhour - Associate Member
109 Cedar Field Lane
West Columbia, South Carolina 29170

Eydie Stepelton - 69th Quartermaster, AS
4206 Alamo Street, Simi Valley, California 93063

John Tucker - 273rd Infantry Regiment
850 Circle 460, Dayton, Texas 77535

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Do not send dues to Dottie Witzleb.

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Visit often to keep up with what's going on!

If you are not on the internet, visit your library
and ask for help in searching the site.

If you need any help, contact **Joe Lipsius** at

E-Mail: annejoelip@earthlink.net

6314 Deerings Hollow

Norcross, Georgia 30092-1800

Telephone: 770/416-7725

69th Infantry Division Hampton, Virginia 2002 Reunion Report

Robert L. Pierce, *Reunion Committee Chairman*
Company I, 273rd Infantry
144 Nashua Court
San Jose, California 95139-1236
Telephone: 408/226-8040

GREAT REUNION! We had a good attendance with some very interesting tours, events, and good food. The early registration cut-off date proved to be an "ACE"; it saved the committees and the Treasurer a tremendous amount of frustration, stress, and extra last-minute work. Thanks to the members for your understanding and support.

The Committee Chairmen are to be commended again for a great job: **Ed and Lou Hill**, Registration; **Bob and Jean Ross**, Souvenirs; **Bob Crowe**, Seating, and a special thanks to **Bill Ruebsamen** for filling in for **Erwin** and **Carmen Sanborn** as Hospitality Chairman. **Erwin** underwent serious arterial by-pass operations in both legs and was unable to attend. **Bill** drew upon the experience of past Hospitality Room devotees **Mel Schulz**, **George Wolff**, **Charlie White**, **LeVerne Loveland**, **Fred Butenhoff**, and **George Phillips**. **Bill** deserves a special "Atta Boy" for a job well done. The **Sanborns** will be back at the bar in St. Louis.

I believe the attendance figures are usually given by the Treasurer; however, the following are my numbers:

Total Attendees	462
including 101 Guests and 4 First Timers	
Early Bird Buffet	171
PX Beer Party	314
Banquet	415
Farewell Breakfast	134
Tour & Nightout:	
Williamsburg and Yorktown	139
Fort Monroe and Jamestown	167
Hampton Air and Space Center	187
Norfolk and Carrie "B"	255
Fisherman's Wharf Buffet.....	214

There were some shortcomings in the program and a few complaints regarding accommodations, but overall the consensus was that this was one of our better Reunions. I accept your critique of the shortcomings and I promise to keep doing it until I get it right.

SEE YOU ALL IN ST. LOUIE!

56th Annual Reunion
St. Louis, Missouri
August 17th-24th, 2003
Make plans to be there!

A Note of Thanks

To the 69th Members:

As first time attendees to a 69th Reunion, we would just like to say thank you for a wonderful experience. Everyone was so warm and welcoming to us newcomers. We must say that when going on this trip, we thought we were going to feel somewhat out of place. Now, after experiencing my week with the Fighting 69th, I feel like an honorary member.

We enjoyed wonderful conversations with **Bing Poon** at the seafood buffet, along with **Mr. and Mrs. Dave Theobald**. We also enjoyed hearing stories about the great achievements of the Fighting 69th. We enjoyed our evenings getting to know everyone in the Hospitality Room. The most important thing we got out of the trip was our friendship with **Paul Shadle**. For those who have not had the pleasure of meeting him, he is a good, honest, and frankly, hilarious man.

Thank you **Aunt Dottie Witzleb** for inviting us to be your guests. We thank everyone who took the time to come over and say hello to two new guests. It's easy to see how we won World War II with such great people fighting on our side. We look forward to seeing all our new friends next year in St. Louis.

Craig Lachappell and Karen Posey

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Karen is my niece and we also owe her a note of thanks. She proofreads the bulletin for us before it goes to print, which is no easy task!)



President Ray Sansoucy, Chaplain Bill Snidow and Reunion Chairman Bob Pierce, probably talking over very important 69th business.

- Photo by Ethel Ruck

Hampton, Virginia 2002 Reunion

Photos by
Chet Yastrzemski



69th Members in Williamsburg, Virginia



One of the old homes in Williamsburg



Indian Village at Jamestown



Old ship in Norfolk's Harbor. We toured old ships and enjoyed a cruise on the Carrie B.



Air and Space Center



69ers enjoying a tour of the MacArthur Center



James Brooks



Jim Yakle and one of the Williamsburg women



David and June Wittman



Lumir Bocek and Chuck Walsh



Robert Hollister at the Carousel



Nancy Eisenreich and Fred Butenhoff



June and Roger West



Betty and Bret Everson



Tory and Ed Stagg



Joe and Ann Lipsius



Jane and Crandon Clark



Bill Sheavly and Chet Yastrzemski



Vivian Bailey and Janet Atkinson



Barb Yastrzemski and Reba Sheavly



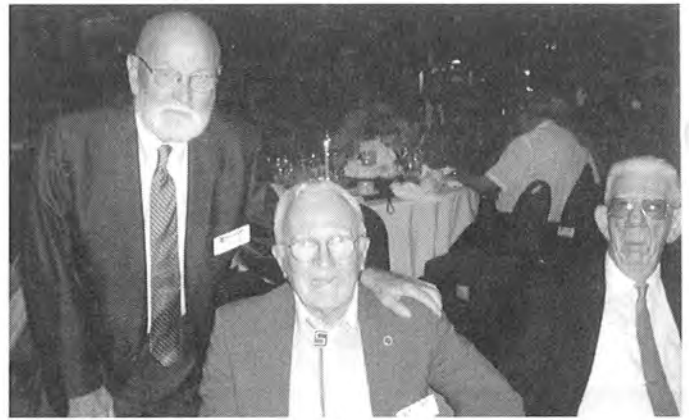
Justin Bloom and Raul Nava



Bill Sheavly, Jr. and his wife



Charles and Edith Chapman



Ray Smith, George Hepp and Carl Stettler



Bob and Jean Ross



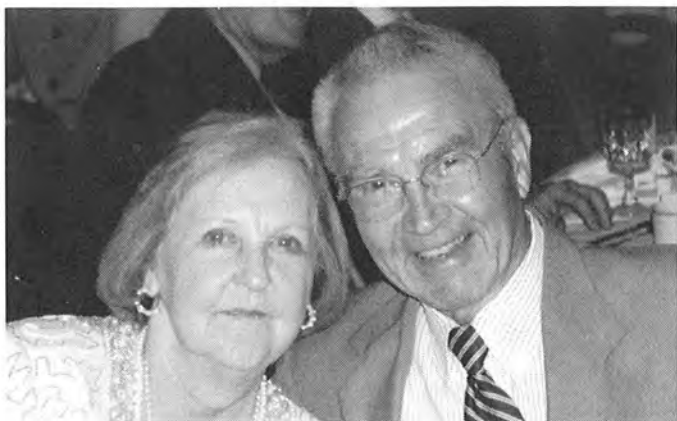
Carl and Mildred Stettler



Janet and Ray Sansoucy



Bud and Frances Parsons and daughter



Malva and Floyd McCalip



Alice and Ray Wolthoff



George and Barbara Johnson



Tillie and Jim Boris



Jody and Ethel Pierron, Jeff and Gene Pierron



Bing Poon, Erma and Elmer Broneske



*Front: Pat and Chuck Hoffman
Back: Joe and Caroline Gawek*



Mr. and Mrs. Marsh Mussay



Christine and Hank Williamson

Massillon stage production follows life to a 'letter'

WWII veterans' correspondence lead to school play

JOURNAL NEWS

June 7, 2002

Submitted By: **Edward Hill, Jr.**

Company B, 881st Field Artillery

819 Main Street, Hamilton, Ohio 45013-2550

Tel.: 512/863-6851 • E-Mail: sgtlou@msn.com

By: Ercel Eaton

It began with a World War II-era military reunion and some elementary school kids, and ended with the production of a play, "69th Infantry Division Living History" in Massillon, Ohio.

"Last September, we were having a reunion of the 69th Division in Fort Mitchell, Kentucky," said Edward V. Hill Jr. of Hamilton. "Two elementary school teachers from Newman School in Massillon showed up with a plan to help their students better understand World War II."

The result was a pairing of a WWII veteran with a member of the class of sixth-graders - one-on-one - who corresponded with each other throughout the winter and spring. Students asked their questions by mail and the veterans replied with their own personal experiences.

Hill's pen pal, Jake Remenaric, asked in one of his letters: "Were you scared when you entered the war? If so about what? Hill's answer: "Yes and about many things. Boarding a transport ship in the "dark of night" for a trip across the Atlantic with thoughts of German submarines," began his fears.

Those fears could have formed a long list, for he was at the Battle of the Bulge although "the worst was over when we got there. We had 4,000 casualties in about five weeks and 60,000 captured or wounded in that short time.

"The Americans got caught in the Bulge totally unprepared. Thinking the battle would end before winter, the Army had not issued winter clothing. After I got there we moved quickly. The Germans were on the run."

Hill was overseas 18 months. In response to Jake's questions, he explained how to build a corduroy, what a half-track looked like, and what day to day life in the military was like.

"It is amazing to see how much the students have connected with you," teacher Kathy Brand wrote to the veterans who participated. She and teacher Terri Baumgartner, who were in charge of the project, wanted the students to know from the veterans' first-hand experiences the loneliness and fear of war.

"Not only are the students getting a personal lesson in patriotism along with the thrill of getting a handwritten letter," said Baumgartner, "they're also being ushered into the background of an entire era. It really touches them." Carol Rogers, a teacher from the district's Beech Grove School, collaborated in writing the play.

Hill's letters to Jake followed his entire service period, explaining KP, how holidays were spent; Axis Sally's broadcasts from Berlin telling the American soldiers they had no chance of winning the war; being surprised by the surrender of six German home guard soldiers - teen-age boys and men in their 60s and 70s.

"One of our duties as the war wound down," Hill wrote, "was a 24-hour weapons search of various villages to keep the Nazi sympathizers and wandering Hitler Youth from using any undiscovered weapons against us."

The physical strain of staying awake long hours, missing meals, and just trying to stay alive found a way into the text of Hill's letters.

But he recalled how he felt coming home: "The icing on the cake was the view of the Statue of Liberty as we slowly steamed into New York harbor. I didn't get to see it on the way over because we sailed at night."

Six veterans traveled to Massillon in mid-May to attend the Newman School's production based on the letters. It was performed twice - once for the school and again in the evening.



Teacher Kathy Brand, Principal Steve Remenaric, 69th President Ray Sansoucy and Teacher Terri Baumgartner with 20 Ohio students at our 2002 Annual Reunion where they joined us this year and performed the play. Everyone loved it!

Message from the President



Raymond Sansoucy
Anti-Tank Company, 272nd Regiment
23 Paradox Drive
Worcester, Massachusetts 01602
Telephone: 508/754-8786

I want to thank all the dedicated people that helped make the Hampton, Virginia reunion a success. We had an excellent turnout, helped by a noticeable number of members that were escorted by sons, daughters and friends. We all have aches and pains, but for some of us, the hard part is getting there.

I would also like to thank **Jane Matlach** for doing a wonderful job as Treasurer. She came to our rescue at a critical time. I really appreciate what she did for us.

The highlight of our week at Hampton was the play put on by the children and teachers from Ohio. The scenes by the children and narration from the teachers were so reminiscent of our war days that there were more wet eyes than dry ones among us.

The Ohio troopers are willing to come back when told that I had many people ask me if they were coming to St. Louis, so we need to come up with some money for this to happen. I will pledge the first \$100. Please mail your check to me made out to the YOUNG ACTORS FUND. Also, start thinking and planning on attending our St. Louis reunion.

2002 Officers

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Join Your Veterans Post

Submitted By: **Stephen Rojcewicz**

881st Field Artillery

135 Endicott Street
Worcester, Massachusetts 01610-1944
Telephone: 508/756-3046

Hi Fellow 69ers,

Care to share a few thoughts with me? In that fine American village, town, or city in which you live, do you belong to a local veterans post? Good, naturally you do. If you don't, it's about time you joined in.

From my observation, local vets posts do many wonderful things. Our own post has donated to countless charities and has been a gathering place for "tea parties" after parades. We have many social affairs, e.g. members night, installations, and Christmas parties. Even if there were just social gatherings, it would be great.

But no, there is much more - we have given gifts to neighborhood children (our superb Ladies' Auxiliary has helped in this), sponsored young people on patriotic trips, sponsored a Boy Scout troop with me as the first assistant scoutmaster (I was the only one who knew all the knots), and awarded scholarships to worthy boys and girls regardless of race, color, or religion. No doubt your local post has done likewise, or more.

Today, with a thousand or more veterans dying daily, we form delegations for wakes and funerals of fellow veterans. People tell us that our presence in our jackets, caps, and white gloves gives them comfort and reminds them of the fine veteran who is no more. Since most of us are now retired, we are free most mornings to attend funeral services.

We have done trips together. In May, 2002, for example, our state department sponsored buses to go to West Point on Kosciuszko Day. This year, 2002, is the 200th Anniversary of the founding of West Point and everything there, always first class, just sparkles for the yearlong celebration.

Belonging to a veteran's organization works two-fold - you are doing something for the community, and at the same time, you are getting a lot in return.

It is true our ranks are thinner, but while we are alive, let's live.

Another SNAFU

Submitted By: **Ed Smaldone**
Company K, 272nd Infantry Regiment
508 White Springs Road
Geneva, New York 14456

Telephone: 315/789-1340 • E-Mail: N!!2@fltg.net

In the last article the Editorial Staff of the 69th Infantry Bulletin was kind enough to publish, I related several experiences that we had when we met the Russians. At this time I would like to tell you of some of the happenings which could be listed under SNAFU (situation normal, all fouled up). This is a much cleaner version of SNAFU.

We had just cleared out three small villages, sustaining some light casualties when we were told that we would be digging in a few kilometers away and hopefully rest for the night. When we approached the designated area, it looked suspicious. It was determined that we would call the mine sweeping unit and clear the way. They swept the area and posted guide tapes for us to advance through. We proceeded without incident until we arrived at a large knoll. We dug in and established our outposts. After this was done we took a break and had our K-rations. We pulled guard duty, two hours on and four hours off. We finally dozed off.

We were awakened early the next morning and told to get the hell out of there fast. We had dug in on top of three well-hidden German pillboxes. If that wasn't enough, we had also found out that the mine sweepers were not working properly the day before. So much for modern technology!!



*Ed Smaldone and Danny Sullivan
Pforzheim, Germany - 1945*

There was a time that we were bivouacked in the Ardennes. Because of the cold freezing winter that stalled both sides, we were confined to our areas, which resulted in cleaning our equipment and sitting around campfires and wondering about home. It was during this time that we were being shelled and some of our guys were injured from tree bursts. It was particularly heavy in our area. It was determined by our scouts that the Germans were about 1-1/2 kilometers away with their 88's. Our brass decided to bring in a long-range howitzer on a railroad flatbed that was situated some kilometers back. They were to fire at a certain hour and we were told that all of our personnel should take cover in our foxholes or dugouts. I remarked at the time that I hoped the person responsible for filling the charge to set the bomb in motion made the right calculations to clear us and land where it was supposed to. We were told that this artillery piece had a trajectory of 15 miles max. When they finally fired, the missile sounded like a semi trailer truck hurtling overhead. It must have done the job because the bombing stopped in our area. After it was over we got to talking that this was overkill and that our own field artillery could have done the job. But what the hell do we dogfaces know, just do as you are commanded and shut up.

Again I would like to thank all the people that put this tremendous periodical together. I know that there is a lot of work entailed and you are to be commended.

Don't We Look Good!

Submitted By: **Bill MacLauchlin**
Company G, 273rd Infantry Regiment
1736 Sunset Drive, Clemont, Florida 34711



This is a picture of the first meeting in **57 years** of **Bill Jackson**(right) and **Bill MacLauchlin** (left), former members of the Heavy Weapons Platoon of Company G, 273rd. Don't we look good!

Update on "The Stories of Our War" 69th History Book and Final Appeal

William H. Sheavly, Jr.

Son of: **William Sheavly, Sr., Company M, 271st**

5301 Weblin Farm Road

Virginia Beach, Virginia 23455

Home: 757/519-9709 • Work: 757/340-7006

Fax: 757/340-8767

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Bill was at the reunion and provided this update to the Board of Directors on the book he is compiling.)

Thank you for this opportunity to bring you up to date on the status of our first person accounts of the men of the Fighting 69th.

When our first announcement of this project and subsequent Board approval was given in Orlando Florida, we were receiving a great deal of stories on a weekly basis. Since that time, the influx of stories has dropped to a trickle. I would like to make one final appeal to the members to provide us with additional stories. I have exhausted all of the letters written to me and am now beginning to rely solely on articles previously published in the Bulletin. **Dottie Witzleb** has been very helpful with our project and sent me a box of old Bulletins. With the copies I received from her, my father, and **Francis Blais**, I may now be in possession of one of the most complete sets of Bulletins in existence.

As of today, we have included **100 stories** or vignettes in our book comprising a total of **26 contributors** (two of which have since died) and a word count of **41,172 words**. We are keeping track of the words of each contributor so that we may keep an accurate account of each person's contributions.

Our book is divided into the following working chapters. (These are in no specific order here but will be changed to a "time line" order in the final copy.)

- Chapter 1 - Battle of Leipzig
- Chapter 2 - Belgium
- Chapter 3 - Camp Shelby
- Chapter 4 - Daily Life
- Chapter 5 - Eiffel Forest
- Chapter 6 - Enemy Encounters
- Chapter 7 - France
- Chapter 8 - Friendly Fire
- Chapter 9 - Human Stories
- Chapter 10 - Humorous Stories
- Chapter 11 - England
- Chapter 12 - Mud
- Chapter 13 - Russian Encounters
- Chapter 14 - Sickiness
- Chapter 15 - Siegfried Line
- Chapter 16 - The Link Up
- Chapter 17 - Travel to Europe

- Chapter 18 - Spoils of War
- Chapter 19 - Romance
- Chapter 20 - Getting Wounded
- Chapter 21 - Fallen Comrades
- Chapter 22 - After the Shooting
- Chapter 23 - Across the Channel

Also included in the back is a **7 page Glossary** full of military terms and assorted World War II jargon. This Glossary began out of necessity because some readers may be confused on the terminology and this will help clear things up for them. Frankly, I think the Glossary is fascinating and hope everyone enjoys it as much as I did compiling it.

I would truly like to include a lot more stories before we go to the publisher, so I am going to make this final appeal for your support. **Stories will be accepted until the end of 2002.** My hope is to move to the actual publishing stage in the spring of 2003.

Thank you for your support on this project. I believe that the book is beginning to take shape nicely and once published it will be something that both the general public will enjoy as well as 69ers and their families.

**PLEASE SEND YOUR STORIES ASAP TO
BILL SHEAVLY, JR. AT THE
ADDRESS PROVIDED OR GIVE HIM A CALL.**

Display the 69th Emblem!

Submitted By: **LeVerne Loveland**

Company , 271st Infantry Regiment

517 Rosewood Terrace

Linden, New Jersey 07036-5832

Here is a short story that I believe is worthy of telling. After attending the reunion at Atlanta, I drove to Florida to visit my sister and her family and then drove back to Jersey. I proudly display the 69th Division sticker emblem on the rear side windows on both sides of my car. During the return trip home I stopped at a South Carolina state rest area for a pit stop and lunch. When I returned to my car, I found a man and woman standing beside my car. They smiled and pointed to the 69th window sticker and the man stated that he also had served with the 69th. I knew right then I had found a buddy. He was unaware that there was a 69th Association and I told him about our Atlanta reunion and proceeded to give him a great amount of papers that I had about the Association and who to contact about becoming a member. He stated that he wanted to join and I gave him my copy of the Bulletin (I believe, but I am not sure since I don't like to part with it). Maybe I just showed it to him, but he was impressed and stated he wanted to become a member. Hopefully, he has! So I say to all members, be proud to display those 69th stickers on all of your vehicles and you too may find a lost buddy who will become a member of our Association!

I am not listed as a member of the Hospitality Committee but I received a letter in April from **Bob Pierce** appointing me to serve on it and I wrote back to him and said I would be pleased to serve.

Bill Mauldin is in need of his buddies now

The following article is from a newspaper we cannot identify from the way it was sent it. The name of the newspaper was clipped off. We are guessing it was the Chicago Tribune - August 11, 2002.

By: Bob Greene

Someone from the 3rd Infantry Division got in touch and said he thought I'd want to know. He said it was about Bill Mauldin.

What followed was not good.

I'll get to that in a moment. For those of you too young to recognize the name: **Bill Mauldin**, who is now 80 years old, was the finest and most beloved editorial cartoonist of World War II. An enlisted man who drew for Stars and Stripes, he was the one who gave the soldiers hope and sardonic smiles on the battlefields; **Mauldin** knew their hearts because he was one of them. Using his dirty, unshaven, bone-weary infantrymen characters **Willie and Joe** as his vehicle, **Mauldin** let all those troops know there was someone who understood. A Mauldin classic from World War II: an exhausted infantryman standing in front of a table where medals were being given out, saying: "Just gimme th' aspirin. I already got a Purple Heart."

Baby-faced and absolutely brilliant, **Mauldin** became a national phenomenon. Talk about a boy wonder: by the time he was 23 years old he had won a Pulitzer Prize, been featured on the cover of Time magazine, and had the country's No. 1 best-selling book, "Up Front." Yet he remained the unaffected, bedrock genuine, a decent and open guy ... his fellow soldiers loved him.

And he stayed that way - right down to the baby face - all the way into his 50's and beyond. I was brand-new in Chicago, 22 years old and a beginning reporter, when I walked by the old Riccardo's Restaurant one night, and there was **Mauldin** having a drink at one of the outside tables with his friend Mike Royko. **Mauldin** had seen me around the hallways; he motioned me over and invited me to join them. I sat down and tried to act as if this was nothing exceptional at all, as I looked around me at the table and thought to myself: You're six weeks out of Bexley, Ohio. That's Bill Mauldin. That's Mike Royko. This is a dream.

He was always so nice to me; he volunteered to write the foreword to one of my first books. We sort of lost touch after he moved to the Western part of the U.S. full time, and I guess that when I thought of him it was still as the eternally boyish, eternally grinning, eternally upbeat Mauldin.

And then the message came the other day from the 3rd Infantry man.

Bill Mauldin needs help.

He suffered terrible burns in a household accident a while back; his health has deteriorated grievously, and his cognitive functions are barely working. He lives in a room in a nursing home in Orange County, California, and sometimes days at a time go by without him saying a word. He was married three times, but the last one ended in divorce, and at 80 in the nursing home, Mauldin is a single man.

I spoke with members of his family; they said that even though Bill hardly communicates, the one thing that cheers him up is hearing from World War II guys - the men for whom he drew those magnificent cartoons.

Which is not what you might expect. Mauldin was not one to hold on to the past - he did not want to be categorized by the work he did on the battlefields when he was in his 20's. He went on to have a stellar career in journalism after the war, winning another Pulitzer in 1959. Many Americans, and I'm one of them, consider the drawing he did on deadline on the afternoon John F. Kennedy was assassinated - the drawing of the Lincoln Memorial, head in hands, weeping - to be the single greatest editorial cartoon in the history of newspapers.

But it's his World War II contemporaries he seems to need now. The guys for whom - in the words of Mauldin's son David - Mauldin's cartoons "were like water for men dying of thirst." David Mauldin said his dad needs to hear that he meant something to those men.

He needs visitors, and he needs cards of encouragement. I'm not going to print the name of the nursing home, so that this can be done in a disciplined and scheduled way. A newspaper colleague in Southern California - Gordon Dillow - has done a wonderful job organizing this, and he will take your cards to the nursing home. You may send them to:

Bill Mauldin

c/o Dillow at the Orange County Register
625 N. Grand Avenue
Santa Ana, California 92701

What would be even better, for those of you World War II veterans who are reading these words in California, or who plan on traveling there soon, would be for you to pay a visit to Mauldin just to sit with him a while.

You can let me know if you are willing to do this bgreene@tribune.com), or you can let Gordon Dillow know (gldillow@aol.com).

Bill Mauldin brought hope, and smiles in terrible hours, to millions of his fellow soldiers. If you were one of them, and you'd like to repay the favor; this would be the time.



Company M

273rd Infantry Regiment

Submitted by: **Barry Isaacs**

Son of: **Tec 5, Donald Isaacs**

193 Whiskey Run Road, Newville, Pennsylvania 17241

Telephone: 717/776-4392

My father passed away this spring. He was one of those veterans who never said much about the war. When he did talk about his Army experiences, it was usually about training with the 96th Division in Oregon or serving in the occupation forces with the 6th Cavalry.

I do know he carried a field radio and a B.A.R. His radio was destroyed by a small cannon shell (37mm?) while strapped to his back in the action at Altengroitzch where Co. L suffered so many casualties.

He was drafted in the summer of 1943 and after basic training was assigned to a Field Artillery Battalion in the 96th Division. When the 96th Division moved to California in the spring of 1944, he put in for a transfer and found himself at Camp Shelby in the summer of 1944. I do remember a story of his about another soldier waking up during field exercises in Mississippi with a pair of poisonous coral snakes inside his blanket.

He was near the pillbox where **Captain William E. Parris** was killed in an artillery/mortar barrage the first few minutes after they reached the front in the Siegfried Line. **Captain Parris** had been standing on top of the small pillbox watching Company M deploy. Perhaps this is why decades later when one of his young granddaughters asked him about the war, Dad told her that she was his little angel and wars had nothing to do with angels.

I have two little stories of his that I want to share from the 69th Division during the war. The first one may have occurred shortly before the 3rd Battalion crossed the Rhine (or maybe it was a different road bank). They were put to work with shovels cutting down the road bank so trucks would have an easier time making the turn onto the bridge. There was a Red Cross clubmobile nearby serving coffee and donuts. But they wouldn't let any of the 69th Division men working on the road bank have any, because the coffee and donuts were only for "Combat Troops." Needless to say, this did not go over well after having fought through the Siegfried Line.

Since Dad had more than one stripe, his buddies complained to him and told him he should go over and talk to the Red Cross workers. I don't know if he did any talking at all, but he saw that they had trays of donuts set out to cool behind the clubmobile, so he went around back and took a full tray back to his buddies.

The second story also involves food, but I'm sure it did not make him popular with his buddies. They were riding on tanks and Dad had squirreled away one last can of sardines. Since the weather was still cool, he



Written on the back: During the action when we took Colditz. The house that the fence was around was taken over by termites from 76mm shells. Far right, Donald Isaacs, Tec 5, Communications Chief. Others unknown, left two are both Staff Sergeants. I think these are all members of Co. M.



Left, Staff Sgt. Moore and right, 1st Sgt. Welch (both Company M, 273rd Infantry Regiment)

thought it would be nice to have something warm to eat. So he put the can of sardines near the tank engine to warm up. He got distracted somehow and forgot about the sardines. When he finally remembered, they weren't just warm – the can was HOT! Unfortunately, he didn't bother to let it cool and when he opened the can everybody on the tank smelled like sardines from the squirting fish oil!

After Germany surrendered he was part of the contingent of 69th Division men being sent back to the States to be trained for the Pacific. He got sick while on the train (tonsillitis) and was taken off (France?) and hospitalized. When he recovered he was reassigned to the 6th Cavalry Recon Squadron as part of the occupation forces through April 1946. I don't know that he ever saw anyone from the 69th Division again after he was taken off that train.

If anyone recognizes anyone in these pictures, please contact me. Thanks to **Joe Lipsius** for all the help researching where these things happened.

69th Infantry Division Association 56th Annual Reunion ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

August 17th thru 24th, 2003

ST. LOUIS AIRPORT MARRIOTT HOTEL

I-70 at Lambert International Airport
St. Louis, Missouri 63134

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Telephone: 408/226-8040

Committee Chairmen:

Ed and Louise Hill Registration

Erwin and Carmen Sanborn Hospitality

Bob and Jean Ross Souvenir Sales

Bob Crowe Seating Assignment

Bob Pierce Tours/Entertainment

Committee Members:

We need your help! Please volunteer!!

Call or send a note to Bob Pierce.

* * * * *

The Marriott Hotel is located on the grounds of the St. Louis Airport at the intersection of I-70 and I-270, just 20 minutes to downtown via the MetroLink Rail System located at the Airport. The hotel is a large property with 600 guest rooms, indoor and outdoor pool; a JW's Steakhouse, Marriott Cafe, and Firehouse Tavern; free parking, free shuttle service; and nearby is both a golf course and jogging trail.

Room rates are \$75 plus tax single or double. These rates will apply 3 days prior and 3 days after the Reunion dates. There will be a 10% discount on food service in the restaurants and lounge.

Shopping is nearby and is accessible by bus and shuttle. The nearest is Northwest Plaza at Lindbergh and St. Charles Rock Road, a complex of about 160 shops, entertainment, and food service. The Galleria is an upscale mall with over 200 shops, 50 of them being "exclusive" stores. The Galleria is about 15 minutes from the hotel and can be reached by bus; or a combination of Metro and the Clayton shuttle. The location is Clayton Road and Brentwood Blvd. (I-70 and I-40 vicinity).

Transportation is very convenient. The hotel has free shuttle service to the MetroLink Station and other local destinations, based upon availability. The Metro rambles through most all the places of interest in the St. Louis Metropolitan area. There are also bus and/or shuttle connections at most Metro Stations.

Unlimited rides for Seniors on the MetroBus and MetroLink are: one day pass \$4.00; weekly pass \$6.50.

Historically, St. Louis is the heart of the United States expansion from East to West and South to Northwest. The famous Arch represents the Gateway to the West. The first white men were Father Jacques Marquette and Louis Joliet in 1673. In 1682 another French Explorer names Robert Cavelier Sieur De La Salle claimed the Mississippi Valley for France. He named the region Louisiana in honor of King Louis XIV. France gave the Louisiana Region to Spain in 1762. In 1764, Pierre Laclede Lique founded a trading post and named it St. Louis after the French Crusader King Louis IX, who had been made a Saint.

Spain eventually gave the Louisiana Region back to France who sold it to the United States in 1903. Missouri became our 24th state in 1821.

St. Louis is rich in both history and culture. The fur trade drew trappers from many countries that gave the city a rich mix of English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Scottish cultures. The districts and restaurants of St. Louis reflect these unique heritages. African-American heritage began around the Civil War. Kansas was an abolition free state that brought many run-away and free slaves to Kansas. After the Civil War, strong backs were needed in the mines of Missouri and as stevedores for the riverboats and barges. This need brought many African-Americans to St. Louis where their rich culture in music, food, and arts flourish today.

There is so much to say about St. Louis, and so many places to see and things to do. The selection boggles the mind. Free attractions are a St. Louis tradition. In Forest Park visit the Art Museum, Science Center, the Planetariums, Missouri History Museum, and the acclaimed Saint Louis Zoo without paying a cent. The Cahokia Mounds, site of North America's largest ancient Indian civilization, is also free.

Explore the Museum of Westward Expansion beneath the Gateway Arch, wander through the historic galleries of the "Old Courthouse," tour the world's largest Brewer, Anheuser Busch, visit Grant's Farm (President's Home) with the famous Clydesdales, a 19th Century Farmstead with the Busch Family's renowned Carriage collection, a deer park, and the Tier Garden with an amazing collection of animals. These attractions are all free.

Visit the St. Louis Cathedral, with the largest collection of mosaics in one building in the world. There are 83,000 square feet covered with 41.5 million pieces of Tesserae in 7,000 colors. The Cathedral, built in 1914, was recently christened by the Vatican as a Cathedral Basilica for its historic significance. Finish your "Free Admissions" site-seeing with a visit to the St. Louis Union Station, once the world's largest train station, now a historic building converted to shops, restaurants and an entertainment center.

(Continued on Page 20)

UPCOMING 56th ANNUAL REUNION

(Continued from Page 19)

There are so many pay-to-visit attractions it is impossible to describe them. We anticipate a Mississippi Riverboat Dinner Cruise. Among the famous names associated with the area are: Louis & Clark, Daniel Boone, Mark Twain, President Grant, Jesse James, Charles Lindbergh, and a long list of others. There are museums and landmarks to commemorate most of the historically famous people and sites.

For those who enjoy gambling there is Harrah's Casino, Ameristac Casino, Presidents Casino, and the Casino Queen.

Come to St. Louis: "There's more than meets the Arch." It's the city of a thousand one-of-a-kind restaurants, and multi-ethnic cultures where you can beat your feet on the Mississippi Mud while listening to St. Louis Blues.

Does anyone recognize these men?

Maureen Ferris Roberts has been trying for years to obtain information on her father, **Thomas P. Ferris'** service during WWII. Finally, she located a document signed by Brig. Gen. Maraist, awarding him a citation as T/Sgt. This would no doubt mean he was in one of the 69th's Artillery Units. She also located this picture showing her father on the left as a S/Sgt and his best friend, **Sam Peel**, on the right who displays the rank of Master Sergeant. If there is a reader who recognizes either of these men and the Artillery Battalion and Battery they were members of, please contact:

Maureen Roberts

3035 Cardin Place, Eaglesville, PA 19403
(610) 539-0512 • Maureen32@comcast.net



Thomas P. Ferris and friend, Sam Peel

Looking for info on Francis Haney, 272 S.C.

Submitted By: **Park M. Fellers**

935 Jefferson, Box 396
Hillsboro, Illinois 62049-0396
Telephone: 217/532-3328

Would anyone by chance have the current address of **S/Sgt. Frances Haney**? At least that was his rank when we were in the army in Belgium and Germany.

This was towards the end of the war when **Colonel Buie**, 272nd C.O., sent myself and **Lt. Col. Eddie Gildner** and **Haney** to the rear when we were in reserve back of the Siegfried Line. Our job was to cut off the paper work that was flooding the regiment up front.

Gildner would take a batch of things - orders, info, etc. up front and bring back the same needed back at our headquarters. Then I would, and then **Sergeant Haney**. When we would head up, all we knew was where our troops were. They would give us a map to find them the next day. We were lucky that a sniper didn't try to pick us off when we went through those damaged villages.

I thought I had his address, but when I called what I thought was his home in the northwest part of Illinois, the woman who answered told me that her husband served in the Pacific. Also that he had passed away two or three years ago. There must have been two by the name of "**Francis Haney**." Quite a coincidence. Right.

If anyone knows his whereabouts, please send me a note or call collect. Thank you.

Looking for info on Lt. Elvin Nehmer Co. B, 269th Engineers

Submitted By: **Ward Peterson**

1096 Powderhorn Drive
Glen Mills, Pennsylvania 19342

I am trying to find information on **Elvin Nehmer**. He was wounded while his platoon was clearing a mine field in Belgium, or Germany shortly after the 69th Division moved into combat.

If anyone knows what became of him, please contact me. I don't know if he survived this incident or not.

Wishing You and Yours
a Happy Holiday Season
and a Healthy and
Happy New Year.



THE AUXILIARY'S PAGE

by - **Dottie Witzleb**
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 Woburn, Massachusetts 01801

A Message from your Auxiliary President, Ethel Ruck

Dear Ladies of the 69th Auxiliary,

It was wonderful to see an increase in attendance at our meeting in Hampton, Virginia. We had 113 "Old Timers" and 3 "First Timers" registered at our Ladies' Saturday morning meeting. There were 33 lap robes, 5 bibs, 4 booties, 6 tote bags and some greeting cards donated. Thank you for all your efforts in supplying our veterans with much needed care items. A special thank you to **Ann Lipsius** for her donation of 11 lap robes! (You must have gotten an early start to have completed so many.)

Ms. Judith Curtis, the representative from the Hampton VA Medical Center, gratefully received all of these items along with our check of \$500.00 for our veterans' personal care items. The information she shared about her work at the VA Medical Center was very interesting.

After our meeting and gift exchange, we enjoyed some fine music presented by the very talented Duncan & Danielle Band.

Thanks to all the ladies who helped with the chores before and after the meeting, and to **Gloria** for her role as Acting Secretary.

On the Jamestown tour, I found it difficult to comprehend how 104 settlers sailed 4-1/2 months on those tiny "ships" and lived to establish a colony in Virginia. It was quite a contrast to see those aircraft carriers in the Norfolk Harbor. The General MacArthur Memorial and Center with his Congressional Medal of Honor on display, and the Centurion Chapel with the Tiffany glass windows were especially interesting. The Hampton area is full of American history. Those who could not attend this reunion missed a tremendous opportunity to refresh their memories about our country and its history.

After our Saturday morning meeting, the students from Massillon, Ohio presented their original skit based on the experiences of some of the 69th Infantrymen who corresponded with them through the year. Their teachers, Terri Baumgartner and Kathy Brand, made the 600 mile trip with them to present their program. The highlight of their presentation was the recognition given by members of the cast to their individual 69th correspondent. It was a moment we will long remember. (See article on this elsewhere in this issue.)

(Continued on Page 22)

THE AUXILIARY'S PAGE

(Continued from Page 21)

There may have been a few problems along the way, but the hotel tried to make up for any inconvenience by providing a free cocktail party with hors d'oeuvres preceding our Saturday night banquet. Very nice!!! We thank them. Thanks also to **Bob Pierce** and his reunion committee for a great experience and a successful reunion.

I look forward to seeing all of you again in St. Louis, Missouri.

A letter to Jane Matlach

Our former Treasurer

Written by: **John Steinmetz**

Company B, 369 Medical Battalion

107 Lakeside Circle

Jupiter, Florida 33458

Dear Jane,

I would like to thank you for all the hard work that you are doing for our Association and with that in mind, please find my \$25.00 check for my 2003 dues. Also, one for \$100.00 for the Brick Memorial. I am probably paid up on dues, but please accept it anyway. I am 88 now and still here. My wife of 44 years passed away last year.

I noticed in the bulletin #3 of Volume 55, that my former Captain, **James W. Williams** of the 369th Medical Battalion wrote a story of our whereabouts throughout our existence.

I would like to say, that he saw my first article that I wrote for the Bulletin, and he wrote me a very nice

letter, asking if he could still call me **Steinmetz**. He said, "Everyone called me that." The reason is that I was a few years older. He was 25 when I was 28. The guys were all young, 19 or early 20's. I had a lot of jobs by the time I enlisted.

Dr. Williams said that he married a nurse from the Air Corps and has been a doctor all his life in his home town in Texas. I learned all about his children and grandchildren. This was in 1999.

A short time later, his wife wrote me. She said he had a stroke and went blind before he died. This was still in 1999. I don't know if you have him as "Deceased," but I thought I would let you know.

Many thanks and sorry I can't make the Reunions as I don't travel far anymore.



Dolly Edge and Jennie Ambrose at the lap robe table.



Ladies' Auxiliary Meeting - Hampton Virginia, Left to right: Edith Zaffern-Sunshine Lady, Gloria Czyzyk-Acting Secretary, Ethel Ruck-President, Theresa Pierce-Vice President and Ellen McCann-Chaplain.

Annual Meeting of Officers and Board of Directors

69TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSN.

SEPTEMBER 26TH, 2002

HOLIDAY INN

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

Call to order: President Raymond Sansoucy called the meeting to order at 8:30 a.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 September 13, 2001 had been published in the Bulletin for September - October - November - December 2001. Motion was made and seconded that the minutes be accepted. Motion carried. Secretary Goebel reported that a rose and flag were placed on each of the overseas graves of our 69th Infantry Division comrades on April 25, 2002. A total of 159 graves were decorated at a cost of \$3 per grave. Thus the total cost was \$477. There is a balance of \$227.68 remaining in the flower fund account.

The Secretary sent a letter dated August 31, 2002 to Officers and Board Members relative to floral decorations at overseas cemeteries. This letter responded to certain questions that had been raised at the September 13, 2001 Annual Meeting of Officers and Board of Directors. At this time, the two-man committee of Bill Sheavly and Ralph Goebel reiterates its first two recommendations but with a change in priorities:

1. Substituted a floral wreath for individual flowers. The reason is two-fold: It is less expensive and except for the 69th Infantry trips, there are hardly any 69ers there to see the flowers.
2. Change the date from April 25 to Memorial Day. With the change of date a flag would be placed on each grave (without charge) as a matter of course and there would be a color guard and the playing of taps.

No recommendation is being made at this time relative to long-term financing.

Motion was made and seconded to adopt the above recommendations with specific details as to implementation being left in the hands of the Officers of the Association. Motion carried.

Treasurer's Report: Treasurer William Ruebsamen submitted two reports. The first report covered the period January 1, 2001 to December 31, 2001. It showed receipts of \$75,970.88 and disbursements of \$76,673.93 for a net of -\$703.05. The second report was a comparison of years 1994 through 2001. Motion was made and seconded to accept the reports as submitted. Motion carried. Treasurer Ruebsamen said that when he learned that there was a need to replace the current

Treasurer, he thought about it and felt he could do the job. He volunteered and stepped down from his position as Vice President. Furthermore, President Sansoucy said that, according to the By-laws, the Treasurer had to be a member of the Association and thus Jane Matlach had to be replaced.

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

Money well spent: At this time President Sansoucy commented on "money well spent." He said that last October he had attended the dedication of the Camp Shelby Armed Forces Museum. This exceeded his greatest expectations - there were at least a thousand people in attendance, including the governor and several generals. The point that really impressed him was the fact that the 69th Infantry Division has probably the prime area in the Museum. There is also a large monument; however, we need more bricks around the base of the monument. It was pointed out that the bricks which have been purchased as memorials are being prepared and are not yet in place.

Membership Report: Membership Chairman Paul Shadle reported that the membership roster was 4,109 including 353 windows. There were 140 taps. There were also 150 address changes. He said he has deleted 72 names because of poor addresses. Motion was made and seconded to accept the Membership Report. President Sansoucy then broached the possibility of life membership at a cost of, say, \$100. After a discussion of the pros and cons, a motion was made and seconded to leave membership dues alone (that is, no life membership). Motion carried.

Bulletin Report: Editor Dottie Witzleb gets lots of comments which she really appreciates and she will continue doing the work for a while. But, unless there is a ruling that wives may be members, she would like to resign. President Sansoucy said there probably will be a lot of wives in the same predicament and that was one of the reasons he is planning on presenting a resolution to change membership requirements. Dottie was given a round of applause for her work on the bulletin.

Nominating Committee: The Nominating Committee consists of Directors of the Class of 2002. Its Chairman, Kenneth Sawyer, presented the nominations:

For the Board of Directors, Class of 2005:

271st Infantry.....	Paul N. Shadle
272nd Infantry.....	Joseph F. Huber
273rd Infantry.....	Robert L. Pierce
661st Tank Destroyers.....	Charles Yannul
724th Field Artillery.....	Howard S. Hawk

(Continued on Page 24)

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE OFFICERS AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS

(Continued from Page 23)

The motion was made to accept the recommendations of the Nominating Committee. Motion seconded and carried. These recommendations will then be submitted for ratification at the Meeting of the General Membership. The Secretary notes that the Nominating Committee in the year 2003 will consist of the members of the Directors of the Class of 2003.

Future Reunion Sites: **Bob Pierce** said the next Reunion will be held at the St. Louis Airport Marriott Hotel in the third week of August. The bulletin for May - June - July - August 2002 contains a brief note. He said there was free parking. Also there was good transportation to downtown St. Louis. The room rate is \$75 per night. For the year 2004 he is looking at the New York metropolitan area. The convention site will be in an outlying area. However there will be tours two days in a row to the big city. One will be to Ground Zero. If it is still there, he would like to have an annual meeting in the old 69th armory in downtown New York where our first meeting was held. For the year 2005 he is thinking about California and he has been looking at San Diego involving, perhaps, a two-day tour to Ensenada.

There was some discussion between **Jim Boris** and **Bob Pierce** relative to golf tournaments. Also a member said the present hotel facilities were not appropriate for his wife who is disabled.

Vice President: **President Sansoucy** announced that **Bernard Zaffern** is our new Vice President and that he will also continue to serve as Legal Advisor.

Web Site: **Joseph Lipsius** reported that the Web Site has a history of almost every unit in the Division. The 272nd has more than 100 pages of history in its history book. This is all on the Web Site. Some of the other units do not have much written combat history but he is putting on all he can get and is looking for more. Another exciting addition is 80 company or battery photos. There is information about the museum at Camp Shelby. Any time they get notification on taps they give it to the Membership Chairman. They have had more than 22,500 hits. Letters received from sons and daughters, etc. all have the same story: "So and so didn't talk much about the war. It's only now that I am able to find out what happened. Thank you so much." Furthermore, he said that there are two volunteers that are devoting countless hours each week on the site. One is **James K. Richardson**, former Communication Sergeant of Company B, 272nd Infantry Regiment. He is a site engineer and is responsible for the construction of the Site. The other is **Amy Rose**, daughter-in-law of **Major Morton Rose**, now deceased, who was battalion surgeon of the 3rd battalion of the 273rd Infantry. She was looking for information about her father-in-law and ended up agreeing to be the Web Site's editor. She types all the histories and edits all the things that go into the Web Site. **President Sansoucy** asked for a show of hands of all those who have participated in the Web Site (about one-half of those attending the meeting).

Sheavly Book: **President Sansoucy** then asked **Bill Sheavly, Sr.** to give a report on his son's project. **Bill Sheavly, Sr.** said that three years ago his son started a book on the 69th Division. He has worked on it very diligently and the project is about to come to fruition. Then **Bill Sheavly, Jr.** took the floor. He said the book contains 23 chapters. Each chapter represents a segment of what the 69ers went through. For example, all stories on the Battle of Leipzig go into one chapter, currently designated as Chapter 1, Chapter 2 is Belgium, Chapter 3 is Camp Shelby, Chapter 4 is Daily Life, etc. So far there are 100 stories and 41,000 words. A lot of people have not contributed as yet. There is still room because a typical book is 60,000 words. The deadline is the end of this year. The reason for word count is to assure that no one contributor takes over the book. On demand publishing will be available through an electronic system called Ex Libris.

New Associate Member: Motion was made to approve **Daniel Dawson** as an Associate Member. The Association can accept blood relatives (first generation) as Associates. Motion seconded and carried.

Articles of Corporation, Constitution, By-laws: It was stated that By-laws can be amended at any annual meeting so long as they do not conflict with the Constitution and Articles of Incorporation.

The meeting adjourned about 10:30 a.m.

Respectfully submitted,

Ralph H. Goebel, Secretary

Annual Meeting of the General Membership 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSN. SEPTEMBER 28TH, 2002 HOLIDAY INN HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

Call to Order: **President Raymond Sansoucy** 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. Previously he had passed out a single sheet containing an agenda and two suggested resolutions. One was relative to the Division's motto, the "Three B's." The other was a suggestion to make membership available to surviving spouses. A number of questions were raised, including the difficulty of amending the constitution. It was felt that both resolutions were out of order at this time and they should be taken up under new business.

Secretary's Report: **Secretary Ralph Goebel** said that the minutes of the Annual Meeting of September 15, 2001 had been published in the bulletin for September - October - November - December 2001.

(Continued on Page 25)

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE OFFICERS AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS

(Continued from Page 24)

Motion was made and seconded that the minutes be accepted. Motion carried. [Recently the Secretary discovered that the lady from Ohio listed in the minutes as "Terry Baum Cartner" should have been listed as "Terrie Baumgartner."] **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 25, 2002. A total of 159 graves were decorated at a cost of \$3 per grave. Thus the total cost was \$477. There is a balance of \$227.68 remaining in the flower fund account. He also reported that The Officers and Board of Directors approved the following for recommendation to the General Membership: Instead of individual flowers, a floral wreath would be substituted at the two major overseas cemeteries. The date of honoring our fallen comrades would be changed from April 25 to Memorial Day. A flag would be placed on each grave without charge to the Association. Also, as a matter of course, there would be a color guard and the playing of taps on behalf of all the soldiers buried at each of the cemeteries. Motion was made and seconded to approve this recommendation. Motion carried.

Treasurer's Report: Treasurer William Ruebsamen submitted two reports. The first report covered the period January 1, 2001 to December 31, 2001. It showed receipts of \$75,970.88 and disbursements of \$76,673.93 for a net of - \$703.05. The second report covered the period January 1, 2002 to July 31, 2002. Receipts were \$47,904.08 and disbursements were \$22,946.27. He went on to say that he had not prepared the reports. The reports had been prepared by **Edward Lucci** with the assistance of the Acting Treasurer, **Jane Matlach**. 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 prepared the report for the year 2001 and he had also performed appropriate audits. He felt that all funds were properly recorded.

Membership Report: Membership Chairman Paul Shadle reported that the membership roster totaled 4,109 including 353 widows. There were 140 taps in the past year. There were also 150 address changes.

Legal Advisor's Report: The Constitution requires changes to be submitted to the membership at least one month before the General Membership Meeting. Therefore, the resolutions mentioned earlier will have to be published in the bulletin prior to next year's meeting. The membership can then discuss them and decide whether or not they should be accepted.

Reunion Committee Chairman: Chairman Robert Pierce said that preliminary attendance figures for the Hampton Meeting are as follows: 462

people were registered in total with 171 at the early bird, 314 at the PX beer party, 420 people at the banquet, 133 at the breakfast. He also commented that the tours were well subscribed. He also noted that, because of the "deplorable service" in the dining room, the Holiday Inn has upgraded the banquet menu from prime rib to filet mignon steak and has included a one hour reception with free drinks and hors d'oeuvres. Furthermore, he said there would be no color guard because of various logistical problems. However, the memorial service has not been eliminated and flags will be in place by the head table.

Chairman Pierce then said a few words about future reunion sites. He said he tries to get ahead of the power curve - enough leverage early enough before the hotels are committed - so that we can get better accommodations and better "comps" for the hospitality room with discounts for various things. He said the year 2003 Reunion will be held at the St. Louis Airport Marriott Hotel the third week in August. The bulletin for May - June - July - August 2002 contains a brief note. He is now working on various tours. Complete details will be published in a future bulletin. He said there was free parking. Also there was good transportation to downtown St. Louis. The room rate is \$75 per night. For the year 2004 he is looking at the New York metropolitan area. He feels we owe it to ourselves as Americans to visit Ground Zero before everything is changed. The convention site will be in an outlying area within a one hour commuting radius. He mentioned Stamford, Connecticut and White Plains, New York. However, there will be tours, two days in a row, to the big city. One will be to Ground Zero. He would like to have the annual meeting in the old 69th armory. For the year 2005 he is thinking about California and he has been looking at San Diego, perhaps with tours to Ensenada and Tijuana.

Board of Directors, Class of 2005: President Sansoucy said the following were chosen at the meeting of Officers and Board of Directors on September 26, 2002:

271st Infantry.....	Paul N. Shadle
272nd Infantry	Joseph F. Huber
273rd Infantry.....	Robert L. Pierce
661st Tank Destroyers.....	Charles Yannul
724th Field Artillery	Howard S. Hawk

The Secretary notes that the nominating committee in the year 2003 will consist of the members of the Directors of the Class of 2003.

Ohio Student Group: President Sansoucy said that last year he had a teacher from Ohio, Terri Baumgartner, together with Kathy Brand, talk to us about interviewing some members of the 69th to get a feeling about what happened during World War II. Now this year Terri and Kathy have arrived with 20 children. They are going to put on a play lasting about 30 minutes, based on what they found out. At the end of this meeting the ladies will come to this room to view the performance with us.

(Continued on Page 26)

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GENERAL MEMBERSHIP

(Continued from Page 25)

New Business: In response to a question by a member, **President Sansoucy** said that he intended to acknowledge, at the banquet, the great job **Jane Matlach** did in filling in as Treasurer. **Jim Boris** then moved that the 69th Infantry Division Association transfer \$5,000 to the custody of the Armed Forces Museum at Camp Shelby, Mississippi for placement in an interest-bearing account, with the proceeds to be utilized for the procurement and shipping, prior to April 1st each year, of American flags to be flown at Strehla and Torgau. The motion was seconded. After a great deal of discussion the motion was put to vote. Motion carried. The fund will be controlled by Director of the Camp Shelby Institute. He will also buy the flags, ship them, etc. **President Sansoucy** said the matter of membership for surviving spouses was being tabled.

The Three B's: **Joseph Lipsius** gave some background on how the 69th got the name. After a good bit of discussion, motion was made and seconded to retain the name, "Bolte's Bivouacking Bastards."

Sheavly Book: **President Sansoucy** then asked **Bill Sheavly** to give a progress report on the project of his son, **Bill Sheavly, Jr.** His son spoke at the Board Meeting on Thursday and explained what he had done thus far. He said this book is based on the experiences that each one of us have had in the Division. In other words these are our personal stories. He is not interested in the history of our company or battalion but in our own personal stories. At the present moment, the book is drawing to a conclusion. He has almost 41,000 words. He is going to wait until December 31, 2002 for any of us who want to get our stories into this book. This book will be published on a per order basis. There is a new electronic system whereby, if you order 10 books, 10 books are produced. He offered his son's business cards to those who might wish to contribute their stories.

Web Site: **Joseph Lipsius** said that much has been added since the last reunion - a new and much more colorful home page, over 80 company and battery pictures. These pictures were taken initially from the 272nd book only. There also have been a lot of unit pictures that were taken at Camp Shelby before the unit went overseas. If you have any later pictures, please get in touch with him at the Web Site. During the last year there have been 22,600 hits or contacts on the Web Site. About 600 people have signed the guest book. In answer to a question, **Joe** said that the Web Site was now self-funding. Enough money has been raised to pay for the Web Site for about 3 years.

Money well spent: At this time **President Sansoucy** commented on "money well spent." He said that last October he had attended the dedication of the Camp Shelby Armed Forces Museum. This exceeded his greatest expectations - there were at least a thousand people in attendance, including the governor and several generals. The point that really impressed him was the fact that the 69th Infantry Division has

the prime area in the Museum. There is also a large monument; however, we need more bricks around the base of the monument. He said that the Director of the Camp Shelby Museum will handle funds that are contributed.

Welcome was given to "first timers."

The meeting adjourned at about 11:00 a.m.

Respectfully submitted,

Ralph H. Goebel, Secretary

69th Infantry Division Association Statements of Cash Receipts & Disbursements For the year ended December 31, 2001

Cash Receipts 1/01/01 to 12/31/01:

Regular Dues	\$22,336.00
Auxiliary Dues	3,360.00
Donations - Postage and Bulletin	11,820.00
Sub-Total	37,516.00
Sales - Souvenirs, Jackets & Shirts	1,389.24
2001 Ft. Mitchell Reunion	45,926.00
2001 Ft. Mitchell Refunds	(11,837.00)
2001 Ft. Mitchell Reunion Net	34,089.00
Northern Kentucky Visitors Bureau	977.00
Interest Income	1,999.64
Total Receipts	\$75,970.88

Cash Disbursements 1/01/01 to 12/31/01:

Bulletins - Printing & Addressing	22,124.23
Dues Envelopes - Printing and Addressing	755.59
Postage	8,412.03
Administrative Expenses	204.33
Association Awards	115.01
Identity Badges	225.50
Office Supplies	2,028.89
Roster Maintenance	683.31
Website	512.05
Sub-Total	35,060.94
Donation - V.A. Hospital	500.00
Souvenirs Purchased	1,025.22
Reunion - Paid Rooms	1,487.69
Reunion - Publicity	850.05
2002 Hampton Reunion	1,300.00
2001 Fort Mitchell Reunion	36,450.03
Total Disbursements	76,673.93

Excess of Disbursements over Receipts \$(-703.05)

Equity (Net Change)	12/31/00	12/31/01
Cash-Checking Account	\$ 1,946.34	\$11,930.25
Cash - Savings Account	7,408.21	1,017.19
Cash - CD 82137235066 18 Mo.	12,248.59	6,832.23
Cash - CD 82137836319 18 Mo.	23,256.08	24,376.50
TOTAL EQUITY	<u>\$44,859.22</u>	<u>\$44,156.17</u>
		<u>\$ (-703.05)</u>

1944 Haircut Debt Renews Old Friendship

Submitted By: **Michael Moscaritolo**
69th Recon Troop

19 Trotters Circle • Kissimmee, Florida 34743

In May 1943 when I arrived in the newly formed 69th Division, I was placed in the 69th Recon Troop.

Our C.O., **Captain Maxie Thurmond** had a set of barber tools to be issued. As I was a registered barber when I entered the service, I was issued the barber tools and he stated I could cut hair "on my own time" and could charge twenty five cents, the going rate at the time. It did give me some pocket money.

During 1943 and 1944, I gave **Robert Collins**, our Supply Sergeant, many haircuts. In March or April 1944 Robert was transferred out of the troop. He had been one of our cadre non-coms. I gave **Robert** a haircut prior to him being sent to E.T.O. as a replacement. We all went to Europe, but we never did meet **Robert** again.

We lost contact with Bob for approximately 50 years, but I was able to find out he was living in retirement in Naples, Florida. We started calling each other and writing letters and it was then that I reminded Bob he still owed me twenty five cents for the last haircut.

Recently I received another letter from Bob which also included a check. To let you know the type of man he is, not only did he pay for his haircut but he also calculated the interest due from 1944 with a notation it was paid in full. The check was for \$7.03. The note reads as follows:

Dear Former Jeep Driver: I was sorry to hear that I owed you so long, since March 1944. I am enclosing a check for twenty five cents, and the compounded interest since 1944. This makes a total of \$7.03. Compounding the interest on my calculator took me quite a while and my wife Mary thought this was a little nuts but she has no idea what goes through an ex-G.I.s head. I have always tried to pay my just and honest debts.

Fraternally,
Your former Supply Sergeant,
Bob Collins (White headed)

Thanks Bob. Now we are friends again. I wish to inform you I have framed the check and it is now hanging on my wall with my other war mementos.

Please adjust your check book according.

With great admiration,
Your Trooper Buddy,
Mike Moscaritolo

We need cover photos!

If you have any good quality photos that would make an interesting cover, please send us your original and we promise to return it immediately! Please, no photocopies!

Learning the Ropes

Submitted By: **Lloyd B. Roth**
H&S Company, S-2 Section, 269th Combat Engineers
108 Muskingum Drive • Marietta, Ohio 45750-1638



This photograph isn't from some far-off battlefield but was taken at Camp Shelby in late 1943, I believe. Was it a training exercise or was it simply a demonstration? I am of the opinion that it was a demonstration. We were told that the day's training was on armored or mechanized warfare. Each and every one was armed with his issued weapon; be it M-1, carbine, or calibre 45 handgun. Calibre 30 machine guns were also part of the armament.

We were taken by truck to one of the artillery ranges. We were deployed along a ridge in a long firing line and issued live ammunition. Down range at about 150 yards and parallel to our firing line was a trace of a crude road. We were told that a tank would appear and we were to open fire to see if it could be slowed, stopped or caused to change direction.

What fun we had. The supply of Cal. 30 ammo seemed to have been unlimited. Some of the real "gun slingers" fired so many rounds from their M-1's that the barrels became hot. Well it soon became evident that small arms fire was ineffective against even a small tank. We curious ones began to speculate as to what it was like to the crew members of a buttoned-up tank under fire.

After three or four passes the command to cease fire was given. "Does anyone want to ride in the tank," was what we next heard. "We have enough time for a few of you." Sounded like fun to me. I boarded the tank, the top of the turret was closed, the motor roared to life and off we went. What a racket inside the tank when all my good buddies opened fire. Sounded like a hail storm on a tin roof. To this day I still can't understand all the sparks flying around inside that tank.

How many of you old 69ers remember that experience? A buddy of mine, **Pfc. Kent** from some place in Virginia was the battalion photographer, thus the photo.

69th Veterans March with the Class of 2002



Roger West receiving his High School Diploma

Submitted By: **Roger West**

Company E, 272nd Infantry Regiment

1387 Marlboro Avenue, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

After many attempts to receive my high school diploma, I finally graduated. The state of Michigan enacted a law that allowed High Schools to issue diplomas to Veterans that had their education interrupted by Military Service. Although I had passed G.E.D. tests that gave me the equivalent of 1st year of college, they would not issue a High School diploma until this year.

When this law was enacted, our local High School went all out for my graduation. They furnished me with a cap and gown, and I was also given the privilege of leading the almost 600 graduating seniors. I was called to the podium for a special presentation.

After all the students received their diplomas I led them out between the American flag and the High School banner. One of the greatest moments of my life. I'm still on cloud nine.

ANN ARBOR NEWS

June 7, 2002

2 WWII veterans get Pioneer diplomas

By: **Ann Schimke**, News Staff Reporter

Drafted in 1944, his senior year at Ann Arbor High, Roger West is a member of the class of 2002

Roger West got something Thursday night that he's been wanting for 57 years - his high school diploma.

Dressed in a purple cap and gown, just like the rest of the Pioneer High School graduates, the World War II veteran received his diploma during the school's commencement ceremony at Crisler Arena. It was

something he'd asked for six times since he returned from Germany in 1946, two years after being drafted during his senior year at what was then Ann Arbor High School.

Although West had earned a general education diploma while in the army, his inquiries about a high school diploma were either rejected or never answered. Last fall, he asked again and, thanks to a newly enacted state law, got the answer he wanted. Thursday night, as his family watched, West became part of Pioneer's Class of 2002.

Public Act 181, signed in December, allows school districts to award diplomas to military veterans who enlisted or were drafted between Dec. 16, 1940, and Dec. 31, 1946, while they were in high school. In addition to **West**, Onsted resident Robert Davis, who did not attend Thursday's ceremony, will receive a Pioneer diploma this year.

"It's something that's been missing. It's not going to make me any richer financially. It's not going to open any doors to a job, said the 76-year-old West. "The kids have asked me sometimes why do I want it and I say, "Because. Just because."

In part, he wants to continue a family tradition. His wife, sister, and four brothers all graduated from Ann Arbor High School when it was in the Frieze Building on State Street. His three children graduated from Pioneer.

West, who lives in southeast Ann Arbor with wife, Ruth, also has a long history in the city. Growing up, his family parked cars for a quarter on the front lawn of their Berkley Avenue home for University of Michigan football games. He worked after school at the Calkins and Fletcher drugstore on State and Packard streets. In 1948, he met Ruth at the Ivory Palace Roller-drome, where Veterans Park is now.

Although West never had a high school diploma, it didn't stop him professionally.

"Things were different back then," said Ruth West. "Now, you need a college education to sweep floors."

After returning from his nearly two-year tour of duty in Germany, West worked as an assistant in a physiology lab at the U-M, had a job as a salesman and later ran a lawn maintenance and tree removal service. He also worked 12 years as interior maintenance supervisor at the engineering firm Bechtel, where he retired in 1984.

West has been to many graduation ceremonies over the years, but none of those had quite the feel as the one Thursday night: his ceremony.

* * * * *

Introduction to Roger West's Presentation

Honorary Graduates,

The events of September 11th have impacted, globally, all those who cherish freedom and democracy. Our hearts and thoughts continue to be with those at

(Continued on Page 29)

69th VETERANS MARCH WITH CLASS OF 2002 (Continued from Page 28)

the center of this national tragedy. September 11th is a reminder that as Americans, we stand united, connected by our ideals, patriotism and humanity. Moreover, it is a reminder that we need to pay tribute to those who serve and protect our nation. In honor of this spirit, we celebrate **Roger D. West** and Robert A. Davis, Ann Arbor High School students who were drafted to fight in WWII. **Mr. West** attended from September 1942 - June 1944, and **Mr. Davis** attended from September of 1941 - June 1943. We commend their service to our country and today celebrate them as honorary graduates of the Class of 2002.

West Speech at Ceremony

Hopefully I can get through this . . . bear with me.

Yesterday many of you were wondering what that man, who is old enough to be your grandfather, was doing at your rehearsal. He must have flunked a lot of kindergarten.

You have studied and fought for the last four years to get where you are today. My education was interrupted 58 years ago when I, and thousands of other men and women, fought to keep this country free so that all who followed could continue their education without government restrictions.

I watched my children and grandchildren graduate from high school and college. I missed out on one of life's happiest moments.

I want to give thanks to everybody that participated in helping me get this diploma.

I'm proud of my country and I'm proud to be a member of the 2002 graduating class of Pioneer High School. I'll be looking forward to the 25th reunion.

Thank you.

THE MORNING HERALD

June 11, 2002

Pa. man a graduate at last

By: **Richard F. Belisle**, News Staff Reporter

Fred Peiffer, Company I, 273rd Infantry
510 N. Allison Street
Greencastle, Pennsylvania 17225-1214

When **Fred Peiffer** walked across the Greencastle-Antrim High School stage to get his diploma, he knew he was experiencing one of life's precious moments. The diploma was 60 years in the making.

Peiffer, 76, was supposed to have graduated with his Greencastle-Antrim High School class in June 1945. But in the summer of 1944, World War II was raging and Uncle Sam needed 18-year-olds.

"I was drafted," **Peiffer** said. "I turned 18 March 26. I was still in high school on D-Day."

Instead of beginning his senior year with his classmates in September 1944, **Peiffer** was in the middle of 17 weeks of basic training at Fort Blanding in Florida.

He was assigned to the 69th Infantry Division and sent to Europe, a trip that took about 48 hours.



Fred Peiffer, at his graduation ceremony

"The Battle of the Bulge was going on and they needed men in a hurry. We were training in Florida for jungle warfare and I thought I was going to the Pacific. Instead I found myself in the snow in Belgium. I never dreamed I'd be in the war," he said.

He missed the Battle of the Bulge and was sent to the Belgian-German border, where his outfit was fighting its way across Germany. It was the 69th Infantry that met up with the Russians at the Elbe River, but **Peiffer** wasn't with them. He was wounded April 15 and was still in the hospital when Germany surrendered less than a month later.

He spent the rest of 1945 and early 1946 helping to process German prisoners of war. He was discharged in May 1946 and came home to Greencastle.

He and his wife, Betty, whom he met at the Cold Spring Park roller skating rink in Waynesboro, Pennsylvania in 1946, were married in December 1947. They have two children and three grandchildren.

Peiffer's high school dream was to become a doctor, but he knew his family could not afford to send him to college. He was ninth in a family of 13 children. His father died when he was 6. Four of his brothers served in the war.

"I was the only one to get a scratch," he said.

Peiffer worked for the Moller Organ Co. for two years after his discharge, then worked 12 years for a Waynesboro plumbing contractor before getting a job at Letterkenny Army Depot. He retired from there in 1986 as a supervisor of three departments.

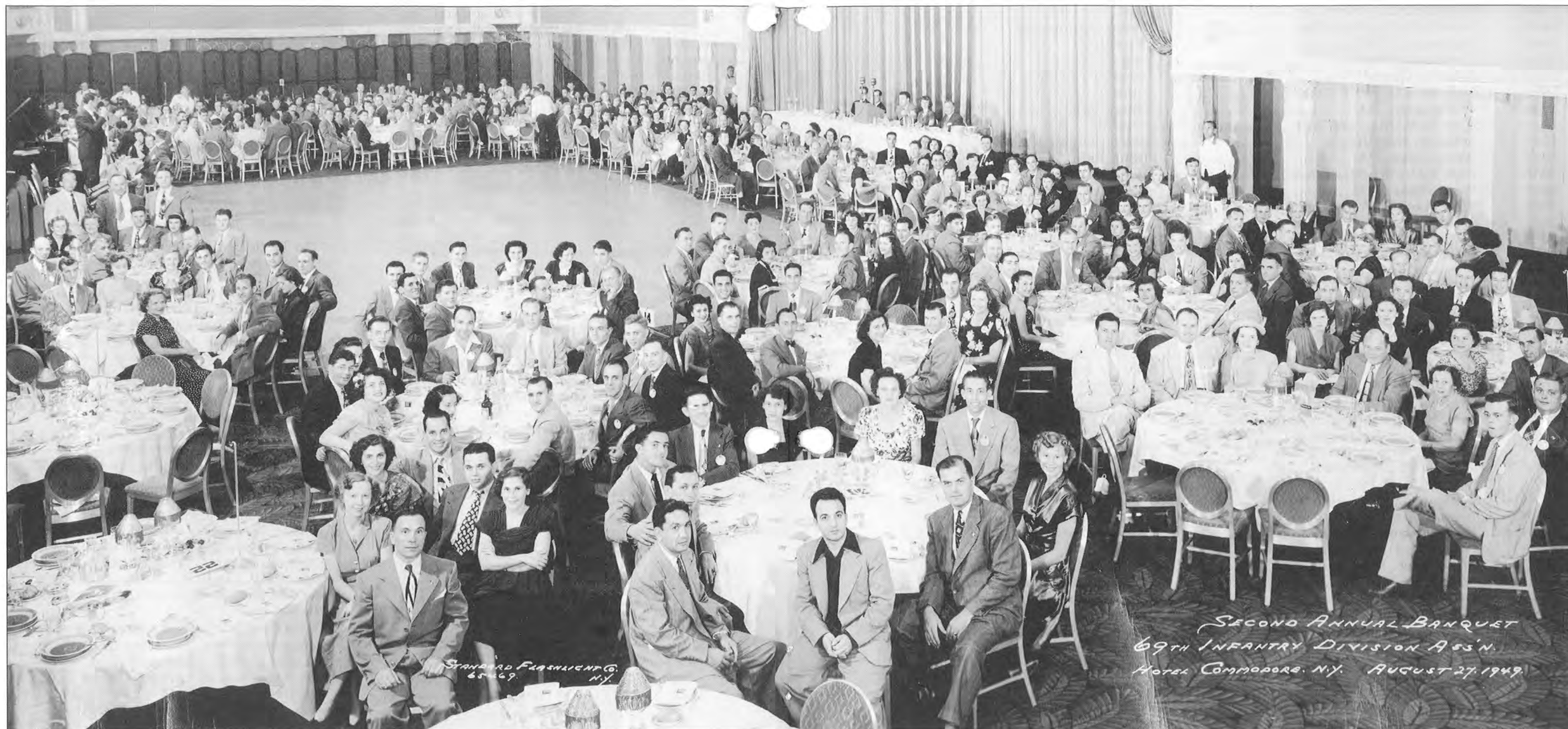
He always felt he could have done better if he had his high school diploma. "It had an effect on what I wanted to do. It always worked against me," he said. "You had to really prevail to get there without it."

Pennsylvania law allows local school districts to present diplomas to those who never got to graduate because of military duty in World War II.

He wore a graduation gown, but no hat when he joined the Greencastle-Antrim High School Class of 2002 on graduation night.

"He doesn't wear hats," his wife said.

Submitted By: **Pat Lushbaugh** and **Bing Poon**



**69th Infantry Division Second Annual Reunion
Hotel Commodore, New York
August 27, 1949**

Submitted by: **Ted Snyder** *D, 271st Infantry Regiment*
3 Carolyn Court, Syosset, New York 11791-6111 • Telephone: 516/364-9786
Ted and Cynthia Snyder at table in second row, right in front of the waiter.

Past Reunions. Where were we and when?

<u>Year</u>	<u>City/State</u>	<u>Hotel/Motel</u>	
1948	New York City, New York	Park Central	
1949	New York City, New York	Hotel Commodore	
1950	Washington, D.C.	Shoreham	
1951	Cleveland, Ohio	Hollenden	
1952	Atlanta, Georgia	Dinkler Ansley	
1953	New York City, New York	Statler	
1954	Washington, D.C.	Shoreham	<i>Submitted and Compiled by: Theresa Pierce 144 Nashua Court San Jose, California 95139-1236 Tele.: 408/226-8040</i>
1955	New York City, New York	Statler	
1956	Atlantic, New Jersey	Ambassador	
1957	Washington, D.C.	Shoreham	
1958	New York City, New York	Waldorf Astoria	
1959	Washington, D.C.	Sheraton Park	
1960	Wernersville, Pennsylvania	Galen Hall	
1961	Tamiment, Pennsylvania	Tamiment Hall	
1962	Princeton, New Jersey	Nassau Inn	
1963	Princeton, New Jersey	Nassau Inn	
1964	Washington, D.C.	Shoreham	
1965	Harrisburg, Pennsylvania	Holiday Inn Town	
1966	Roanoke, Virginia	Hotel Roanoke	
1967	Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	Penn Sheraton	
1968	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	City Line Marriott Motel	
1969	New Haven, Connecticut	Park Plaza Hotel	
1970	Washington, D.C.	Sheraton Park	
1971	Harrisburg, Pennsylvania	Holiday Inn Town	
1972	Norfolk, Virginia	Lake Wright Motel	
1973	King of Prussia, Pennsylvania	Valley Forge Hilton	
1974	Wilmington, Delaware	DuPont Hotel	
1975	Norfolk, Virginia	Lake Wright Motel	
1976	Claymont, Delaware	Brandywine Hilton	
1977	Scottsdale, Arizona	Mountain Shadows	
1978	Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	Greentree Marriott Inn	
1979	Boston, Massachusetts	The Boston Park Plaza Hotel	
1980	New Orleans, Louisiana	New Orleans Marriott	
1981	Hershey - Harrisburg, Pennsylvania	Host Inn	
1982	Milwaukee, Wisconsin	Ramada Inn-Airport	
1983	Scottsdale, Arizona	Marriott Inn Mountain Shadows	
1984	Orlando, Florida	Holiday Inn-International Drive	
1985	Williamsburg, Virginia	Fort Magruder Inn	
1986	Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	Greentree Marriott Inn	
1987	Niagara Falls, New York	Hotel Niagara	
1988	Lexington, Kentucky	Campbell House Inn	
1989	Denver, Colorado	Denver Marriott, Southeast	
1990	King of Prussia, Pennsylvania	Sheraton Valley Forge Hotel	
1991	Biloxi, Mississippi	Mississippi Beach Resort Hotel	
1992	Burlingane, California	San Francisco Airport Marriott	
1993	Rochester, New York	Holiday Inn	
1994	Nashville, Tennessee	Sheraton Music City Hotel	
1995	Myrtle Beach, South Carolina	Landmark Resort Hotel	
1996	Schaumburg, Illinois	Hyatt Regency Woodfield	
1997	Danvers, Massachusetts	Ferncroft Tara Resort	
1998	Houston, Texas	Doubletree Post Oak	
1999	Orlando, Florida	Wyndham Orlando Resort	
2000	Atlanta, Georgia	Sheraton Colony Square	
2001	Ft. Mitchell, Kentucky	Drawbridge Inn	
2002	Hampton, Virginia	Holiday Inn	
2003	St. Louis, Missouri	Marriott St. Louis Airport	

Company M, 272nd Infantry Regiment

Submitted By: **Floyd McCalip, Jr.**
98 Cloverdale Road • Natchez, Mississippi 39120



Witzenhauser, April 8th, 1945: Lt. Richard Sodorff is evacuated after being seriously wounded. Lt. Norville Rocque (hand on chin), was the medic as he prepares medical tag for Lt. Sodorff.



April 15, 1945: Pfc. Joseph Makosky revisits the scene of action near Kottichau. Mass grave of German casualties.



Foxhole filled and marked as grave of German who received a direct hit from 81mm mortar.



Teenage "Werewolves," more fanatical than the SS. They were particularly effective as snipers. They were sworn into the Army in the presence of Hitler himself.

**DEADLINE FOR MATERIAL FOR NEXT BULLETIN IS
JANUARY 30th, 2003 • Volume 56, Number 2
January, February, March, April 2003
Get Your Material In On Time!**

The All Too Familiar Army Blunders

Submitted By: **Walter Zimmewicz**
2nd Bn., Hq. Co., S2, 273rd Infantry Regiment
4726 Larch Avenue
Glenview, Illinois 60025-1415

I have seen many pictures of places I have been and fought in, but the most memorable were pictures of the liberated prisons at Wurzen.

My S2 unit and I opened the gates to this camp. They were heavy wooden frames covered with heavy wood with barbed wire on top. What a sight. Turkish soldiers stood gaping at us evidently not realizing we were Americans. Suddenly, they rushed us, hugged us and many took off down the road to the German farms. They came back; each carrying squawking chickens. They promptly twisted off the heads of the chickens, plucked the feathers, de-skinned them and ate the meat raw.

I realized then, I was witnessing hunger as I had never seen it before.

Thanks to the many photographs you have printed, I have been able to place many of my own experiences. We moved so fast, so often that I do not believe anyone was able to keep a diary.

Thanks to all you shutter bugs!

* * * * *

Censorship

I tried writing home to let my parents know where I was. However, Army censoring stepped in too often. Many times my mother wrote to tell me that most of my letter had been censored. I realized I had tried to tell her where I was, but this info was deleted. Why, I do not know, the Germans knew where we were.

However, I saw a copy of the Stars & Stripes which had published a map detailing where the various units were. So I wrote home to my mother, and told her to watch the center spearhead column across Germany. I was out in front of the main spearhead. Strangely this information got through. What a weird place the Army is. What weirdos ran our operations. I have lots of weird stories to tell but believe they destroy the myth of "INTELLIGENT" officers. The only intelligent officer I ever knew was **Colonel Lynch**, our Battalion commander. He was a gem.

* * * * *

Match this one for STUPIDITY

Re: Leipzig Monument

We were ordered to take up positions only a few hundred meters from the Leipzig "Napoleon" monument. This gigantic monument sat atop a hill about a block square.

We heard orders given to move troops down the street for which we had a clear view: monument to the left, street to the right. As we watched the monument we saw fire coming from the monument and the hill.

I instantly told **Joe Pistiner**, member of our S2, to get down and tell the officers not to send the convoy down that street. Joe returned, downcast and said, "The lieutenant told me I was crazy." The monument was solid granite and the hill had no gun emplacements. They sent the convoy down the street, the first truckload of GI's was really ambushed - trucks 2 and 3 managed to scamper into the ditch before the firing hit them. Then they had to crawl back into safety.

Shells were blasted at the monument for two days. The Germans finally surrendered. When the shelling stopped, there was no apparent damage to the monument. However, the concussions blew the daylight out of the interior. I saw the interior after the bombing and the insides were filled with gigantic hunks of granite. So much for intelligent officers; especially the S2 of 2nd Bn 273 RNF Regiment.

How about an anti-tank platoon leader who goes on a pass to Paris just as we were beginning to get into heavy action. He returned to the platoon when the war was over. He received the Bronze and Silver Star for bravery. His sergeant who ran the platoon got nothing. I guess he was awarded the medals for bravery in the whore houses of Pig Allee.

P.S. Haven't you wondered why our bulletin is filled with stories about us dogfaces but very little about our magnificent leaders?

Does anyone remember Irving Small of the 271st

Submitted By: **Joseph J. Donahue**

82 Cobb Lane, Scituate, Massachusetts 02066

Tel.: 781-545-6172 • email donahuej2@attbi.com

My late father-in-law, **Irving C. Small** was a Major, Executive Officer, Headquarters, 3rd Battalion, 271st Infantry Regiment, 69th Inf Div. He left his family very scant information about his service or friends in the 69th. If you knew Irving or worked in any capacity with or near him, my wife, his daughter, would be most happy if you would write us.



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 I, 271st Infantry Regiment

H. Lynn Jones, *News Reporter*
1081 Meadowbrook Drive
Milan, Tennessee 38358

Report - Company I, 271st Annual Reunion
Grand Rapids, Michigan
July 11th, 2002

Company "I" Infantry met for their annual reunion July 11th, 2002 in Grand Rapids, Michigan hosted by **Harris** and **Hazel Timmer**, at the Hilton Hotel. The Now Famous Company I, 69th Infantry Division Poster was well displayed.

Harris (Tim) and **Hazel** provided a welcome bag of local momentos, including an American Flag and hand dipped chocolate covered cherries, as we checked into the hospitality room. Attendees were **Doug** and **Nathalie Buckstadt** of North Carolina, **Richard** and **Jane Haines** of Ohio, **Lynn** and **Lou Jones** of

Tennessee, **Bob** and **Phylis Jorgenson** of Wisconsin, **Bob** and **Carol McMillan** of Ohio, **Joe** and **Virginia McMurry** of Tennessee, **Marty** and **Edie Miller** of Colorado, **John Noone** of New York, **Dale** and **Peg Thompson** of Florida, **Tim** and **Hazel Timmer** of Michigan.

We missed our regulars - the **Kurfirsts** and **Tenneys**, but located **Jack Leibfritz** in Ohio. He hopes to attend in 2003. **Jack's** e-mail address is (jcleib501@cs.com)

We enjoyed casual dinning at Spinnakers and fellowship in the hospitality room checking our Friday's schedule. We enjoyed a trip to Saugatuck, Michigan where we cruised the harbor and Kalamazoo River to Lake Michigan and docked in time for a dockside lunch at Coral Gables restaurant. Before returning, we strolled the streets of Saugatuck and enjoyed the quaint and unique shops - lots of ice cream shops - there were a few partakers. We enjoyed our evening meal at Pietros restaurant in a family style dining table to accommodate all 19 of us.

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Front Row: Virginia McMurry, Bob Jorgenson. 2nd Row: Carol McMillan, Nathalie Buckstadt, Phylis Jorgenson, Edie Miller, Peg Thompson, Lou Jones, Marty Miller. 3rd Row: Joe McMurry, Dick Haines, Bob McMillan, Doug Buckstadt, John Noone, Dale Thompson, Lynn Jones, Hazel Timmer, Harris Timmer

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

(Continued from Page 35)

Saturday saw us off to the Frederik Meijer Garden for a great tour of the enclosed tropical room with a wide variety of tropical plants and the desert room with a wide variety of cactus plants. Then outside to walk or ride a tram through the sculpture trail and park, nature trail, and urban gardens with lots of flowers. The highlight of the sculptures was the Leonardo da Vinci's Horse which stands 24 feet tall made of bronze and weighs 15 tons. As we departed the Gardens we saw the sculptures of Children Playing and Band Members (uniforms in Black and Gold - wonder why?). Our next stop was the Gerald R. Ford museum and the Van Andel Museum of Grand Rapids which was the furniture capital of the U.S. (pre-World War II years.) Both are located on the Grand River, down town and across the street from each other, with a lovely promenade along the river.

Dinner was at Sayfee's in a private dining room around a huge table, where everyone enjoyed a fine dinner with great service and lots of laughter and kidding. We met in the hospitality room to decide on the location for the 2003 reunion - New Orleans was chosen as a good location with Camp Shelby Museum and the D-Day Museum being close enough for a tour of each over 2 days. Dale, Joe, and Lynn will do some checking on tours and hotels and report to all on their findings.

The **Timmers** had a farewell breakfast for those that did not have earlier flights. Goodbyes were said Saturday night. Great job and many thanks to **Tim** and **Hazel**. The dates for 2003 reunion are the first week of May 7th or 8th to mesh with D-Day festivities at the D-Day Memorial in New Orleans, Louisiana at the Intercontinental Hotel on Canal Street. Dale is working with the museum on our participating. All "I" Company 271st members mark your 2003 calendars the first week of May.

Dale will notify all members when the final plans are made, as to dates and times. Members of Company "I," 271st Infantry, old and new, who have questions may contact:

Dale Thompson
1223 Cody Cove Road
Babson Park, Florida 33827-9784
or (863) 638-2044
E-Mail: PApadale@Sprynet.com



Company I, 271st with their famous 69th poster: Joe McMurtry, John Noone, Richard Haines, Dale Thompson, Harris Timmer, Marty Miller, Bob Jorgenson, Doug Buckstadt, Lynn Jones, Bob McMillan

Company D, 273rd Infantry

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

Company D, 273rd, was well represented at the Hampton reunion in September. A total of 24 members, wives and guests made an appearance during the week. The group had weathered another year without noticeable deterioration. The enjoyment of each others company was a harbinger of more good turnouts to come. It's St. Louis next year. August in Missouri may not be anyone's idea of comfort, but we can ignore the heat for a few days. For those of us living below the Mason-Dixon Line, what's the difference? Maybe the tours will include the freezers in a meat packing plant. OK, that would be Chicago. Come anyway.

Among members and wives were **Bob** and **Betty Ammon** from Michigan, **Art Ayres** from New Jersey, **Allan** and **Mary Blackmar** from New York, **Edgar** and **Mary Case** from Pennsylvania, **Roland** and **Jan Hendrickson** from Oregon, **George** and **Barbara Johnson** from Virginia, **Dan** and **Cathy McHugh** from Virginia, **Seth Mohr** from North Carolina, and **Ken Sawyer** from Florida.

Our welcome guests were **Art Ayres'** son and grandson, **Arthur II** and **Arthur III**, the **Blackmars'** son and grandson, **Kenneth** and **Michael**, the **Ammons'** friends, **John** and **Marilyn Pletcher**, the **Sawyer's** nephew and wife, **Philip** and **Shelby Jiannine**, and his friend **Fran Collard**. In earlier

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

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years members of the association frequently brought their young children along. I was told that was the reason behind having reunions in the hottest months of the year. D/273 was not well represented in those years, but we are making up for it. The **Cases, Chandlers, Hendricksons** and the **McCartys** have brought their offspring in past years. Join in.

Our flower fund could use replenishment. We try to remember departed members and wives who have attended our gatherings. Unfortunately, these occasions will become more frequent. Those wishing to contribute should send \$25 to **Allan Blackmar**, P.O. Box 118, Pine Plains, New York 12567-0118.

There are a lot of fond memories of our 1998 Company Reunion in Myrtle Beach, North Carolina. I would welcome some feedback on the possibility of revisiting in 2003. Is warm weather a big priority? Best deals come with the Autumn breezes. I need a consensus.

Company D, 273rd at the Annual Reunion

Standing, left to right:

*George Johnson,
Betty Ammon,
Allan Blackmar,
Edgar Case, Art Ayres,
Bob Ammon, Ken Sawyer,
Roland Hendrickson.*

Sitting:

*Barbara Johnson,
Mary Blackmar,
Mary Case, Jan
Hendrickson,
Fran Collard.*

(Continued on Page 38)



Headquarters Staff of the 69th Infantry Division Artillery

Left to Right:

*S-2 Major
Fritz Durham*

S-3 Lt. Col.

Robert E. Bement

CG - Brig. General

Robert V. Maraist

EX - Lt. Col.

Walter E. Johns

S1 Major, Unknown

*The widow of Al Faison
sent me this picture.*

*I believe this was
taken in February 1945
when the Division CP
was in
Murrigen, Belgium.*



**DIVISION ASSOCIATION CHAPTERS, UNITS,
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ACROSS THE UNITED STATES**

(Continued from Page 37)

Mid-West Group

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

2002 SPRING MEETING

The Mid-West Group met at the Fox Hills Golf Resort and Conference Center in Mishicot, Wisconsin from May 15th through May 18th, 2002. Fifteen people were present, the same number as last year. The weather was cold and windy, so golf was not an option. Some people visited the local sights and others went to an Indian Casino. They actually won some money.

Gene Mischke is setting up a meeting for 2003 at Starved-Rock State Park in Illinois. Watch for a notice in the bulletin.



*John Barrette, Eugene Mischke, Gene Pierron and
Chuck Walsh in the Hospitality Room.*



*Mid-West Group on tour of Mishicot: Back row -
Fred Butenhoff, Nancy Eisenreich, Ruth Thomas,
Gaylord Thomas. Front row - Zita Enright, Ethel
Pierron, John Barrette and Gene Pierron.*

Battery C 880th Field Artillery

Lowell McFarlin, *News Reporter*
89 North High Street, P.O. Box 236
Jeromesville, Ohio 44840
Telephone: 419/368-7363
E-Mail: lowmarmcf@bright.net

Our 23rd annual C-Battery Reunion was held in Sugarcreek, Ohio at the Dutch Host Inn with 20 members and friends attending. Since this was the anniversary of 9-11, a patriotic theme was carried out for the reunion. Everyone was greeted with much affection and expressions of happiness in being able to be together once again. After getting settled into our rooms, all gathered in the hospitality room for visiting and catching up on the events of the past year and were nourished with sub sandwiches, salad, and desserts.

After a leisurely Thursday morning, we drove over to the Inn at Honey Run for a tour of the Inn and a very delicious lunch. We were joined there by **Bob and Vivian Kurtzman**. It was a beautiful day and the scenery of the Amish countryside was well worth the short journey. A round of golf was enjoyed by some of the men in the afternoon, while the others spent more time visiting. We celebrated a birthday and two anniversaries with cake and ice cream during the evening.

The men's business meeting and memorial was held Friday morning. Shopping, sightseeing, and visiting were the features of the day. Our banquet was held at Shrock's Country Cooking Hall. We were treated to a ride around the farm in a wagon pulled by a beautiful team of horses. We were also honored to have a young man, attired in a uniform, bring his 1945 army jeep and trailer along with many other items that he has collected pertaining to WWII. He is a teacher and a history buff and enjoys talking to veterans. We all found that it was much harder to get out of the jeep than it was back in the 40's, but we managed to get in and have our pictures taken with **Enrico D'Angelo** at the wheel. Our annual pictures were taken after returning to the Inn and the rest of the evening was spent with our "give away-take away" game.

Saturday was departing day, but not until we all gathered in the hospitality for a catered breakfast. As usual, time flew by too fast.

Those attending were: **Cliff and Katherine Eley** of Howard, Ohio (note new address); **Enrico and Anne D'Angelo** of Saltsburg, Pennsylvania; **Alex and Marge Kormas** of Lakewood, Ohio; **Lew and Fern Pugh** of Cadiz, Ohio; **Marvin and Mary Reber** of Reading, Pennsylvania; **Lowell and Marjorie McFarlin** of Jeromesville, Ohio; **Lee and Betty Meyer** of St. Marys, Pennsylvania; **Robert and Irene Williams** of Lorain, Ohio; **Frank and Marie Habay** of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; **Bob and Vivian Kurtzman** of Wilmot, Ohio. Guests were **Cecil and Alene Cottle** of Portsmouth, Ohio.

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**DIVISION ASSOCIATION CHAPTERS, UNITS, COMPANIES AND GROUP MINI-WEEKENDS
ACROSS THE UNITED STATES** (Continued from Page 38)

**Battery C,
880th Field Artillery**

Photo Right:
Front: Cecil Cottle
Lew Pugh
Lowell McFarlin,
Frank Habay,
Marvin Reber
Back: Lee Meyer
Bob Williams
Enrico D'Angelo
Al Kormas
Cliff Eley



The Men with the Jeep:
Left to right are: Lee Meyer,
Lowell McFarlin, Cliff Eley,
Lt. Lew Pugh, Sgt. Enrico
D'Angelo and Al Kormas

The Ladies in the Jeep:
Irene Williams, Mary Reber,
Marjorie McFarlin
and Alene Cottle



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661st Tank Destroyers

Charles J. Yannul, *News Reporters*

7674 Rawley Pike, Hinton, Virginia 22831-2017

Telephone: 540/867-5155 • E-Mail: yannul@rica.net

661st Florida 2002 Reunion

July 27th thru 30th, 2000

Our hosts, **Nancy and Fred Baumgartner** once again outdid themselves, holding the reunion at Port Richey, Florida on the 19th, 20th and 21st of September. The weather was kind to us in spite of the impending threats of tropical storms and hurricanes. This bunch doesn't scare easily!

The following were the attendees from near and far:

Paul and Louise Cole Tarpon Springs, Florida

John and Eva Golden St. Petersburg, Florida

Sam and Gertrude Goldberg Pembroke Pines,
Florida

Marcel and Carol Pugsley Nokomis, Florida
with daughters **Shelly and Cindy**

Ralph Bragg Chase City, Virginia

Walter Jameson Lynchburg, Virginia

Bill and Ellen Snidow Pembroke, Virginia

Chuck and Frances Yannul Hinton, Virginia

Bill and Margaret Dawson Nathalie, Virginia

Ruth Mellinger Wrightsville, Pennsylvania
(widow of **Millard**) with daughter, **Dawn**

Lou and Flo Molinko Canonsburg, Pennsylvania
with brother and sister, **Joe and Pauline**

Ellen Levie Baltimore, Maryland
(widow of **Leo**) and daughter **Michelle**

Jack and Leora Sherlock Pawtucket,
Rhode Island

Warren and Dorothy Mitchell Redwood City,
California

Jack Dowler and Thomas Slopek Akron, Ohio
Sons of **Jules and Pat Slopek**

The last listed, **Jack and Tom**, attended for their parents who were unable due to **Jules** hospitalization that weekend. These fellows and the other family members have really taken an interest in our get-togethers, which we very much appreciate. They seem to enjoy it as much as we do.

You can join us next year in York, Pennsylvania as the **Mellingers** volunteered to host the next reunion - date and time to be determined.

Kudos to our hosts this year for the "in-between storms" timing of the reunion. It worked out just fine! To the many of our "regulars" who had setbacks and were unable to attend, we hope to see you also in 2003.

Battery B, 881st Field Artillery

Submitted By: **Edward V. Hill, Jr.**

Battery B, 881st Field Artillery

819 Main Street • Hamilton, Ohio 45013-2550

To a Fantastic Registration Crew:

My sincere thanks to all of you for your willingness to contribute your time and effort toward a successful registration when you could have easily spent your time with your fellow registrants.

From my standpoint all went very smoothly with no real problems.

The registration cut-off date really contributed to a smooth running registration, for my part. I would hope that each of you enjoyed your stint in registration.

Lou and I will again serve as Registrars for the St. Louis Reunion and would surely welcome your help and company there.

Have a safe and satisfying year and we'll, hopefully, see you again in St. Louis.



Wives and Friends of B, 881st: Dorothy Vasilopus, Tillie Boris, Lou Hill, Marge Sparks: Front, Cara??



Men of Battery B at the Hampton Reunion: Ed Hill, Jim Boris, Gil Rocco, Walter Haag, Emil Matys and Dan Sparks

The Battle Patrol of the 272nd

Submitted By: **Mr. Frank Taraburelli**

Company K, 272nd Infantry Regiment

91 Forest Street, Danvers, Massachusetts 01923

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We have received several letters from Frank Taraburelli on this Battle Patrol. It seems he has been trying to find out if this patrol existed in other regiments. Following is a combined article on this subject. If anyone remembers this Battle Patrol or has any information for him, please write to him.)

I have been writing to members of the 69th trying to see if anyone is familiar with the 272nd Battle Patrol. I will try to give a little history on how it was formed.

Harold Ziegler, Charles Lentz and I, all from Co. K, 272nd, along with the rest of the 3rd Platoon, were approached by **1st Lt. Coppeck**. He stated to us that he was forming a special patrol group and was looking for volunteers. I thought that if I joined, I would have it easy after each patrol. After I gave my name, I asked Lt. Coppeck, Patrol Leader, what would happen to us after the patrol. He stated that we would go back to K Company. There were 11 members of this Battle Patrol and as of this writing, I cannot find any information of the existence of another Battle Patrol being formed in the 69th.

I did write to **Bill Matlach** and he stated that he received a letter from **Robert E. Gipple** some years ago. Apparently **Robert** was part of a Battle Patrol in the 2nd Battalion, and I was in the 3rd Battalion Patrol, so I do not know him nor am I familiar with this. Mr. Matlach felt that each battalion in the 272nd probably had a Battle Patrol.

He stated in his letter: "Thanks for explaining about the Battle Patrol and how it came about. As far as I know, there was no such unit listed on the Table of Organization of the Infantry Regiment, which is my reason for asking. In the 273rd we had no Battle Patrol. I would think that it would be difficult to find volunteers for such a job: a reward of no KP would hardly entice me to stick my neck out and go out into enemy territory, either day or night, although I have done it a number of times but not as a volunteer."

In the 273rd we had no Battle Patrol. The patrols and their missions were all arranged by the Battalions S-2 and assigned to the various companies. I do not know if the S-2 selected the Patrol Leaders or if the Company Commander did. Patrol Leaders were usually Platoon Leaders (2nd Lts.) and the men were members of his platoon. For a reconnaissance patrol there were probably 12, for a combat patrol (or possibility of combat) it could be 20. As a Platoon Leader I led a number of patrols, with different types of missions, and other Platoon Leaders did likewise. In the Siegfried Line I led a reconnaissance patrol one night and we ended up

within the borders of Giescheid (a town then occupied by German troops) before returning to our lines. On another occasion, near the very end of the fighting, I took a combat patrol at night across the Mulde River at Trebsen (by using engineer paddle boats) to harass the German troops on the other side. The Patrols were all performed by units from the companies occupying the area. I would hate to be a member of the Battle Patrol which is liable to be out every night on some kind of patrol. That is like Russian Roulette - sooner or later it gets you!"

* * * * *

Below is a reprint of a Special Order Number 78 from Headquarters, 272nd Infantry

RESTRICTED

Headquarters, 272nd Infantry

APO 417, U.S. Army

9 June 1945

The following EM, members of the 3 Battalion Battle Patrol, are awarded the Battle Patrol Distinctive Patch in recognition of their outstanding performance against the enemy during operations in the Rhineland and Central Germany campaigns. Wearing of the Battle Patrol patch battle axe pointing down with long axis of patch parallel to and touching the seam of center right pocket of the service uniform, is authorized by VOGC 69 Infantry Division.

Sgt. John P. McDonnell	13174438, Co. L
Pfc. Nicholas G. Pattakos	12124930, Co. K
Pfc. Harold R. Zeiger	16106298, Co. K
Pfc. Robert E. Bartholomew	12211941, Co. K
Pfc. Frank A. Taraburelli	11130188, Co. K
Pfc. Julius Haberman	31363275, Co. L
Pfc. Frederick La Fave	42094229, Co. L
Pfc. Arthur G. Yip	12211973, Co. L
Pfc. James R. Stine	37561595, Co. M
Pvt. Robert J. Matzoll	36968827, Co. I
Pvt. Charles E. Lintz	33901579, Co. K

By order of Colonel BUIE:

ARCHIBALD R. RUSCO

Captain, Infantry Adjutant



Frank's Jacket showing patch

- Inside Auschwitz - An Eyewitness Account

Richard Sufit was born in Paris (France) on September 16th, 1925. He arrived in Brussels (Belgium) in 1928, became resistant in France, was arrested in 1944, interned in Drancy (France) then to Auschwitz-Birkenau on June 30th, 1944 with the 76th convoy, tattooed roll number: A16866. Worked at Buna-Monowitz, took part in the Death March to Gleiwitz, then to Buchenwald where he was freed by the Americans on April 11th, 1945.

"I was born in Paris. My parents were born in Poland. We moved to Brussels, Belgium, in 1928. My parents had a Jewish restaurant. We were a well-off family. We were talking Yiddish at home, and we were politically involved: my father was "bundiste" (note: could be compared to socialist). I was member of a non-Jewish Socialist Youth Movement, the "Red Falcons," and I studied at the college Léon Lepage, in Brussels.

On May 10th, 1940, the war started in Belgium. On May 12th, we were summoned to the French consulat de France where we received orders to evacuate. On May 14th, I was evacuated as a French citizen and sent to Béziers, where the refugees were divided, placed in different villages and housed by the local citizens.

In September 1940, I had the opportunity to return to Belgium by a train reserved for French citizens. I went back to school, continued my studies and the all-day life was restored. In 1941 we received the order to wear the Jews star. This star, some days I wore, other days I didn't. It depended how I was feeling, where I was going and who I was with at the time. I had seen my friends from the "Red Falcons" and from different youth movements and we continued our meetings.

There was no anti-semitism at school, I mean no active anti-semitism, except maybe from one of the boys in my class who had nazi opinions and who later became a member of a nazi youth organization. He was my friend until the end of 1941. At this time he really became a nazi and our friendship was over. One day, some of my friends had a big fight with him, just because he injured me. He had been seriously beaten up. I had been called by the director of the school, who asked to me to stay two or three days at home because nobody knew what the reactions of the boy would be. In fact, there were no special reactions and I never saw him again. It seems he was killed somewhere on the Eastern Front.

In June 1942, when we received orders to place a sign on our restaurant saying "Jewish Enterprise," my parents had decided to stop their political activities and to close the restaurant. At this time, the arrests of Jews had already begun. Some friends of my father who were in Breendonck surprisingly were freed after some months. They told us what was happening and we decided to leave our house. My 12-year-old sister had been sent to her old nurse where she had lived until 1940. My parents had decided to stay apart and each

of them had been housed by friends. As a French citizen, I had been sent to France, to Béziers. My parents told me that they would join me some months later.

I had left Belgium by train for Lille at the end of June, after the school tests, then to Paris and finally to Béziers, with a stop at the disembarkation line at Vierzon, between the occupied zone and the "free" zone. Until Vierzon, I had no problems, I was with a friend of my father. I arrived in Vierzon, had he just left me and I had to take care of myself alone. The Gestapo arrested me in Vierzon during a simple identity control. First I was treated like a Jew, then not! - my name doesn't sound really Jewish - they had verified my identity papers and the content of my bag. I was wearing sort of velvet shorts, just like scouts, and the belt of the "Red Falcons!"

The German officer thought that the iron falcon was the sign of a nazi youth movement. I told him he was right and I'm sure he thought that a Jew would never dare to wear an "eagle" on his belt. Also, I had some pictures where it was written in German, "To my friend." They were pictures with a really nice blonde girl in the uniform of the "Red Falcons" from Switzerland and it was signed in German. The German officer told me kindly to stay in the station and to take the first train to Paris the morning after. At midnight, I came back to this German officer to ask him for authorization to go to the hotel because I was tired and I wanted to sleep. I had received a ticket for the hotel, but in fact, all I wanted was to leave the station! So I went to a public closet just in front of the station and to a cafe. As soon as the cafe opened, I ran into it. There, a man immediately understood my situation: I was not the first in this situation, and certainly would not be the last. He said, "Wait here." I have to say, I was a bit afraid. After a while, another man came and took my bag and placed it in the station, saying that I could take it back at the next station. Then he came back again with a fishing rod and we left.

We went out of the city, and after a while, we arrived along the banks of the Cher river. There was a German patrol. We had waited until the patrol left then the man said to me: "O.K., you cross the river. On the other side is the free zone." I jumped into the river, with my shorts, shoes, everything, and I had never learned to swim. To be honest, I had learned to swim but I was very afraid of water and, in the swimming pool, I always stayed where I had ground under my feet. The Cher river was very difficult to cross because it had been raining for three days. But I did it and, since that time, I have had no problem to swimming. I arrived on the other side. I had walked to a village named Cheribibi where the next station was on the line Vierzon-Oléans.

Meanwhile, I had taken some rest in a meadow. The weather was wonderful. I was lying naked in the grass, waiting until my clothes were dry. I thought to myself that a police patrol would shortly come here. And I was right. A car had stopped on the road and,

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INSIDE AUSCHWITZ - AN EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

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since I was totally naked, I decided not to escape. It was the French police. They asked for my identity papers and where I was going; I had answered that I was going to Béziers and they just said to me that as soon as I arrived in Béziers, I had to ask for new identity papers. That's all they did!

Later, I went to Cheribibi where I took the train to Béziers. From Béziers, I reached the village where I came in 1940, Cazous-lès-Béziers, 20 kilometers from Béziers. No problems. There were a lot of refugees arriving in 1940 and many of them had asked for the French nationality. Among the refugees, I had met a friend of mine and his wife. I knew them from Brussels. He was a French resident, and I think he was a member of the French secret services. He was working under the cover of a private detective.

In 1942, he took the control of the secretariat of the mairie and, without asking anything, he gave me all the papers I needed. I received an identity card, food tickets and money. I had said to him that I didn't want money, I wanted a job. In order to find a job, he told me that I had to go back to a big city: Béziers. He was right. I found a job as a worker in a typewriter factory and I found a small apartment.

Since I was all alone and because the time was long for me, I ate every day in the Red Cross canteen, which was at this time not far from the station of Béziers. I met many different people, young people like me and a lot of refugees from Paris. Among these people, there was a Jew. He was a member of the Protestant scouts, and he invited me to join him. That is how I became the chief in the scout unit in Béziers. Later, I was asked to join the Resistance. It was in September 1943. My first job as a partisan was to distribute a newspaper called "Combat" into the mail boxes. Later, I was used as a mail box: I received mail and I distributed mail. Nothing more. I took part in the preparation of sabotage but I never took part in the active phase. My job was to spot on a map the good places on the railways for sabotage.

At the end of April, maybe May 1944, I was arrested. A member of the maquis had to contact me as well as other members of my group, the Group 5 of the A.S. (Armée Secrète - Secret Army). He had been arrested in the station of Béziers with the names of everybody he had to contact. Did he talk to the Germans, did the Germans find the list, I don't know. I don't know if he had been tortured, but, in any case, he told the Germans the meaning of the list.

I was interrogated during two days by the Gestapo in Béziers. Then I was jailed in a German caserne. From there, I was transferred to Paris. I arrived in Paris and was brutally interrogated again by the Gestapo, rue des Saussaies. Finally, I was transferred to Compiègne.

During the transfer on the train from Béziers to Paris, there were 20 people, most of them were resistant, except for a Swiss citizen who was going to Paris

in order to prove that he was Swiss. Our train had been attacked by the Allied airplanes just before Orléans, and, of course, we tried to escape. But the Swiss citizen took me back in the train, saying "Sir, you forgot your baggage!" I'll never forget that man! In the group, there were also Spanish veterans from the Spanish Civil War. These men were very brave and very politically engaged. When they escaped, they took with them all the documents of the German police concerning the prisoners, including my folder. When I arrived in Paris, the Germans had no report, no papers, nothing. That's the reason I was interrogated in Paris and then transferred to Compiègne.

In Compiègne, I made a very big mistake: when the Germans asked me the name of my father and my mother, I gave their real names, Sufit and Grosman. I thought that these names would sound Dutch or German. "Where were you living in Caen?" My goal was to tell a false story to these SS and always to repeat the same story. We knew that Caen was totally destroyed and that there were no archives anymore. So I told them that my family was coming from Caen. The SS beat me but I was so busy making sure that I repeated the same version of my story, that I didn't feel the pain. Finally, I told them that I was born in Paris. I didn't know that my parents were in Paris at the same time! When I arrived in Compiègne, other friend from my group told me that the Germans didn't know anything about us because all the documents were destroyed. The only thing they knew was our names. The Gestapo was investigating the names. A very good friend kindly told me: "Don't say you are a partisan, just say you are a Jew. If you say you are partisan and if they investigate in the mairie of the XXe arrondissement, if they know that the name of your father is Abraham Benjamin Sufit your mother is named Hella Grosman, you are dead." So I told to the SS that I was a Jew and I had been transferred to Drancy.

After two or three weeks in Drancy, we took the train to "Pitchipoi." Pitchipoi, in fact, was Auschwitz. We were in cattle wagons, sixty prisoners in each wagon, no food, no water. In my wagon, there were only men. Some of them were preparing to escape, but it was impossible because we had no tools and the floor of the wagon was too thick. After five days, we arrived at Birkenau.

When we arrived at Birkenau, the SS told us to leave our bags in the wagons and that we would get them back later. We jumped out of the wagons and we were immediately divided in two groups: the men on one side, women and children on the other side. The people who appeared too weak to walk or ill were placed in trucks. In another wagon, two or three wagons in front of ours, some prisoners had tried to escape during the journey. They jumped from the wagon just before the German border and tried to hide in the forest. But the train was stopped and all these prisoners were captured by the SS. Some were immediately killed and all the prisoners, dead and alive,

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INSIDE AUSCHWITZ - AN EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

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were placed back in their wagon. Upon our arrival at Auschwitz, we have seen the survivors placed in a group apart from the others. We never saw them again.

At Birkenau, I witnessed my first "selection" - that is what it is called today but, at that time, we didn't know what the meaning of this was. Right side, left side, right side, left side. One hour later, maybe more, we left the station and we arrived in the camp by the main entrance. We had walked across the entire camp until we arrived at a huge open area. There, we had to wait. Some of us recognized some "veteran" prisoners in the camp, family members, friends. These "veterans" told us very little about what was happening in the camp, just enough to understand.

I remember a group of young girls coming from Hungary. They were incredibly nice. They did not know what was planned by the SS for them. They were singing. I remember they were all wearing original costumes from Hungary, and they were such beautiful girls. I was nearly eighteen and I was not unaware of the beauty of these girls. After, we had to remove all our clothes and stand naked in the open air. We were ordered to keep our shoes in our hand and we were forced to enter an enormous room called "shower." I did not know if the gas chamber would be like this place. A friend told me later that it was exactly like that. We entered the shower with our shoes in hand and water began to fall on us. It should have been gas, but it was just water. We had no towel, no soap, nothing. We left the shower by another door and we were placed outside the big shower area totally naked. The only thing we could do was wait until the wind and the sun dried us.

Later we received those famous striped clothes. I remember we were so naive, we started to exchange our clothes "This is too large for me, this is too small for me..." It was just solidarity between us and, at that time, we were still human. We would never be like that again: the only thing we wanted was to survive. We had received nothing to eat, and everybody was hungry. We were ordered to form a column and we left Birkenau in order to reach Buna-Monowitz, Auschwitz III.

After a long march, we were placed in huge tents. These tents were big enough for 200 or 300 prisoners, and there were two or three tents. We received some soup and the guards told us not to leave the tent. We did not know where we were. Some veteran told us that we were at Auschwitz, in Poland. We stood there, waiting for 48 hours. No food, no water, no beds, just dirt to rest on and very crowded. After 48 hours, we were tattooed. A number on my left arm. At this moment, a veteran told us that we were very lucky because we were going to survive. They told us also that we had no name anymore. We were just numbers. I was A16866.

We were separated, placed in different barracks and, the morning after, I was sent to work in a kommando. From this moment, we became a part of the huge mass of prisoners who thought that they were in a work camp. But day after day, our reactions began to change; we discovered that what we thought to be a work camp was in fact a concentration camp. So, the most important question for us was how to survive, not work or productivity. We had to live, we had to survive at all costs.

Another thing that had changed in some prisoners, but never in me, was their morality and the contact with other prisoners. Because of the education I had received from my parents, I could not be egotistical, so I had no problem adapting to the others, and I felt I had to help them. When I could, I shared things or food with other prisoner.

During my first weeks at Auschwitz, I was thinking about escape projects but later, I just concentrated on how to endure and survive. Some prisoners would steal. Me, I could not. I tried to "organize" (note: to steal from the SS or the Germans). Mainly, I attempted to get food or other items without stealing, and I never stole anything from my brother prisoners.

We were working at the IG Farben Industries factory, one of the biggest factories in the area. I had been in several work Kommandos - five, six, more maybe, and each time it was worse than the previous one. I had been in a Strafkommando three times (punishment unit). I remember, one day I was in the Kommando 50, the Baukommando (construction unit). It was raining, the weather was very bad and there was a German engineer, a civilian, who was leading the work (he was a veteran from the Eastern front and he had lost an arm). He wanted me to crawl in the swamp in order to place big electric cables under a building. The hole I had to crawl through was so small that I was sure I would be trapped and die. I refused even though I knew I would be punished. It is strange; you are in a concentration camp and, finally, punishment units make you fear your helplessness even more.

I think I was very lucky. In some Strafkommandos, I worked less than in my normal Kommando and I received more food. I remember we had to break big stones into small pieces and to place these pieces on a road. I was alone with the guard, a German soldier, not an SS. He was coming from the Ruhr, he had family in France and in Germany and he was talking some French. When he realized that I was French, he showed me how to break the stones. Before the war, he was miner. He told me that I was talking very bad German and that it was easy to see that I was not German. Then he told me: "You stay here quiet, you don't move and if somebody comes, just say that you are working and that you do not know where I am." So, during the three weeks I stayed in this Strafkommando, he gave me a large sandwich with bacon every day. There was just one condition: I had to eat it immediately. So, every day, I was eating this delicious sandwich.

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INSIDE AUSCHWITZ - AN EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

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Another strange story: I was in a kommando in which we had to move a machine from a factory destroyed by bombers. We worked with English prisoners of war. Their camp was two or three kilometers distance from the factory. Very strange people, these Englishmen! You know that they were prisoners of war and they received packs with chocolate and food from England (that is what they told me)! One time a year, they received a new uniform, with insignias and grades. More, they had tea, coffee, milk in powder, biscuits. I remember, it was three in the afternoon, an English soldier cried: "Tea time!", he stopped working and started to make tea. The next day, he repeated, "Tea time!" He took me by the hand and we arrived in a small barrack. That was the place they were drinking tea. And, during those three weeks, they gave me tea, biscuits and chocolate.

There was also a kommando where the work was incredibly hard. The first day, we had to take very heavy beams from a wagon. It was a stupid job, but it was killing us. We were working in groups of three. We had to take the beam, the first prisoner place it on his right shoulder, the last prisoner place it on his left shoulder and the middle one had to help them. Since I am very small, I was always in the middle and always with my arms up, trying to carry the beam. The chief of the kommando immediately saw how ridiculous it was and he called me. He took me and told me, "Everyday, you have to clean up my room, take care of the fire and you'll give soup to the other prisoners." That is what I did for three weeks. The guard was a very brutal man, he often killed prisoner by beating them with a shovel or a pickaxe. When I was distributing the soup, he was of course, the first served. I had to give him the best part, then I could take my ration and then give the rest to the prisoners. Most of the time, for me like for the others, it was just warm water but I was not working.

All these stories may sound funny but I also saw horrible things in these kommandos. When we were leaving the camp in order to go work, the prisoner who was in charge of the kommando had to say "Kommando No. 12; 45 prisoners." And the SS sometime answered; "Tonight, you'll be 35..." The guards who were in charge of the kommando were most of the time just criminals. During the day, they killed the weakest prisoners in order to have the right count of prisoners. We had to take the corpses back to the camp because, if a kommando of 350 men was leaving the camp for work, we had to be 350 men coming back to the camp in the evening, dead included.

Except for the Strafkommandos, life in the camp was the same everyday... a long and terrible routine. Going to the "Appellplatz," being counted again and again, etc. One day or a hundred days, it was all the same. The most important thing was your spiritual condition. I think that most of the prisoners who survived the camps had a goal in their life; most of

them had political or religious opinions and they were fighting for them. When my father was insisting that I become an active member of a youth political movement, that I had an ideal, I think that is one of the reasons I survived. I had survived through good and bad times, through punishments and so many stupid things that every one of us lived through everyday: you were walking too slow or too fast, you were in the wrong place at the wrong moment, and you were beaten up and you did not know why.

I remember a very sad day, when six of my friends were hanged by the SS. During all my time in the camps, I had seen maybe 10 executions by hanging. But these six friends... I remember also I had a friend in my group. You know, we tried to create groups of friends in the camp, members of the same family, people coming from the same city, or just people the same age. I was in a group of five prisoners, all of us were the same age. Two of them arrived at Auschwitz in the same transport with me, the three others were in the previous one. We shared everything we could find in the kommando. It was very difficult to enter in the camp with food because, each time, we were searched by the guards. And if they found something on you, you were immediately hanged. One day, one of these friends had been searched and the SS had found a piece of bread in his pocket. The SS said he had stolen it but, in fact, he had received it from a French worker. The next day, the SS hanged my friend; a public hanging. It was horrible for me.

As the days passed, we adapted ourselves to the "society" in which we were living. Even if we tried to keep human sensibility, I think we became sometimes insensitive to what we were living everyday. You could try to help everybody but it was impossible so you had to choose your friends. I remember, a day, I was in the toilet. (the closets were just a beam with a hole over a pit). Of course it was a public closet, everybody could see everybody else, no privacy at all. It was in the morning, I had just sat down when another prisoner came and sat beside me. I thought she was old because her physical condition seemed to be bad. She had just smiled to me, she said "Ouf!", then she fell to the ground, dead. I had no choice, I could not do anything. I stood some moments there, looking at her, but I had to go, so I left. Week after week, I had lost a part of my humanity. I was not a man anymore, not yet an animal. I think I was human when I was with my small group of five friends.

This was the life in Auschwitz... I remember also the selections. I had passed through three selections. I was very lucky because I had enough strength, I was not too weak.

Christmas at Auschwitz... a day just any other.

On January 20th 1945, the camp was evacuated (the red army was close to the camp). We stood the whole day at the roll call area in rows of five. We were issued a blanket, a small piece of bread and some margarine, nothing more. We ate everything immediately!

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We left the camp in the evening. We were maybe 10,000 prisoners in Auschwitz III. We walked for three days in order to reach Gleiwitz. During two days and three nights, with a freezing temperature of -20, -25° Celsius. We could hear shooting, the SS guards were killing the prisoners who were too weak to walk. Me, I was lucky - I had good shoes, it was very important.

We were split into small groups, five in each row, some with SS guards, others with German soldiers. Once again, we were lucky - it is something impossible to explain. We were walking for one half-hour when I noticed an SS guard with a bucket in his hand. I was the left outside man in the row. The SS man suddenly told me: "You take the bucket, I'll be back in a half-hour." Surprise: the bucket contained three big salamis!! I showed the salami to the others in my row and I said to the prisoner on my right, "I'll go to the middle of the row, the guard will come back soon." Then we ate the salamis and threw away the bucket. A half hour later, the SS guard returned looking for me. He did not find me. Today, I'm sure that eating this salami saved my life. It provided me with enough strength to continue the march.

I remember also, but I don't know when exactly, I was alone with a friend of my parents. There was nobody in front of us, nobody behind us and no guards. This prisoner was very weak and had great difficulty walking. This meant death for him. I proposed to him to sit down a while then we could try to find some houses where we could hide. Snow was falling, with a freezing temperature of -20°. He refused my proposition and I tried to help him to walk. He died several years later, after he had found his son in Canada. It was so: I could not leave him alone, I could not let him die... And maybe, if I had escaped, I would be dead today, shot by the SS or the Russians.

We walked until we reached Gleiwitz, where we received a cup of warm water. Then we were placed in wagons. Once again, I was lucky: I was in an open wagon, I mean without a top. We were fifty in this wagon and after four days we reached Buchenwald. During the travel, we had a stop at Prague. The train stopped under a bridge. It was early in the morning and we saw people on bicycles, going to their jobs. These people threw bread into our wagon. That's why I say I was lucky to be in an open wagon. The others were closed and the prisoners did not receive anything to eat for four days. I remember I ate the snow falling on us.

We arrived at Buchenwald, I was in the barrack 42. The Blockälteste (chief of the block) was Marcel Paul - he became minister in France after the war. After our arrival in this block, we were forced to listen to a boring political speech from him. After the speech he said that he would try to do his best to help us: "Some days ago we received some packages from the Red

Cross. I'll try to get a maximum of packages and I will give them to you." And we shared everything.

After four days, I was transferred to another barrack. Just next to this barrack, there was a smaller one where prisoners were punished. Only Russian prisoners and, even for us, they were in a pitiful condition.

There was no factory at Buchenwald so I was sent to a kommando where I had to bury the corpses of the prisoners who had died in the camp. It was horrible. There were trucks full of corpses, we had to take them, put them in a huge pit, then cover all these corpses with lime. After two days, I tired to go to another kommando. I was sent to a kommando in Weimar. I just remember we were working at the station. In fact, I don't remember what we were doing at Weimar. You know, we were so weak, so tired that we became like robots. Just an image: I remember an old woman with a handbag containing bread. The bread fell from the handbag and I remember calling to the woman to warn her: "You lost your bread!"

It was in Buchenwald that somebody had stolen my shoes. It may seem ridiculous but to have good shoes was extremely important. Bad shoes mean that you could not walk and work. If you could not work, you were punished or simply executed. The Kapo gave me sandals with the sole made of wood. From this moment, it was terrible for me. The sole hurt my feet very much and after some days, I had an infection. The infection spread to my hip. On April 1, I was sent to the Revier (infirmary). One or two days later, I had surgery. The doctors of the camp (all of them were also prisoners) pretended that I had a swollen gland.

The Germans asked: "Swollen gland? What do we have to do? - We have to cut... - Do that and after he go back to work." So the doctors operated, they placed a kind of drain in the wound and I have been placed in a bed. But it was not a swollen gland: the pus has already attacked the bone of my hip... It was an arthritis. The doctors did their best to keep me in the infirmary as long as possible. So I stayed there until the day of the liberation.

During the liberation of Buchenwald, the Americans requisitioned all the food for the Revier and we received a soup. This soup was full of meat, beans, sprouts and, on the top of this a huge layer of fat! When I saw this soup, I was not hungry anymore because I had received chocolate and biscuits from some American soldiers who came first in the hospital. Also, this soup was too rich for us. I thought that if I ate this soup I'd certainly die... so I refused to eat it. It is terrible to say but this soup killed a lot of prisoners at Buchenwald. Of course, the soldiers did not know that we were totally unable to digest this soup. The day after, most of us had dysentery. Dysentery and a weak condition meant death. When the US doctors discovered what kind of food we had received, they ordered a different diet for all inmates who were sick. So the day after we received a lighter soup.

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INSIDE AUSCHWITZ - AN EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

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It took me two months to return to Brussels. Five days after the liberation of the camp I was transferred to a hotel at Weimar. I remember a strange story: the American authorities under General Patton had requisitioned all the German nurses. I was in very bad condition, but day after day I was recovering because the food was better. I remember I asked the nurses if they were Nazis. Of course not one of them was, except one who answered that she had to be a member of the party because it was the only way to get a job in a hospital (the hospitals were under control of the Nazi Authorities). She was not really a nazi but she was a member of the nazi party. I was glad because she was the only one who told me the truth. I gave her some chocolate and biscuits I had received from the American soldiers. I know it is strange but it was my pleasure because, for the first time, I had met somebody who did not lie to me.

Concerning my parents, they never joined me: they had been arrested in June 1942 and sent to Maline, with XIth convoy. I learned they were arrested from a postal card sent by a friend at Beziers. The message was, "Your parents are going to do a long journey." I realized that they were arrested, but at this time, I did not know anything about Auschwitz.

Nobody knew what was happening during the war. Well, in fact, there were people who knew, but nobody believed them! The English and American governments knew about Auschwitz, in the middle of the war, both of them had received testimonies, even pictures... but, in the population, the only ones who knew were the workers who had volunteered to work in Germany and who were in contact with the prisoners. Maybe they told their friends or parents what was happening. I don't know. It was so incredible that a lot of people thought that it was just made up stories.

Richard Sufit

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This article was e-mailed to us but no name was attached it. However, it was so good, we decided to publish it.)

69th SOUVENIRS

Souvenirs such as jackets, hats, belt buckles, pins, tote bags, etc. are now available by mail.

If interested, please contact:

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Ross

9605 Covemeadow

Dallas, Texas 75238

Telephone: 207/672-1218

There will, of course, be a charge for postage and handling.

Service Company 271st Infantry Regiment

Submitted By: **Suellen Horton**

Daughter of Woodson Glascock

1180 Green Ridge Road

Deep Gap, North Carolina 28618



Woodson Glascock



Second from right is Woodson Glascock. Suellen says she was told that the other three are Schweiger, Kelly, and Bogart.

**Poor is
the country
that has no heroes,
Shameful is
the country
that, having, forgets.**



With Co. I, 273d Regiment

Written By: **Robert L. Muckel**

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

655 South Chiques Road

Manheim, Pennsylvania 17545-9156

Leipzig, Germany

We entered the big city of Leipzig Germany. As our long files of soldiers walked down the big, wide, streets and through the city square, we noticed a few Army and civilian photographers taking pictures of us. I heard later that these same pictures were seen in the movie news reels and newspapers back home in the states. When taking this city, one of our regiments that had been fighting in the southern end of it came up against some pretty tough opposition. In our Division Sector, the Germans had hundreds of eighty-eight millimeter cannon. Their toughest battles were at the Railroad Station (the largest in Germany) and at the Battle of Nation's Monument, or Napoleon's Monument.

Both of them were massive structures built of heavy masonry and stone, from which our big artillery shells actually bounced. We entered a big beer hall. When I say big, I mean really big. The building was about the size of a football field. Once inside, I looked up towards the roof over our heads. It must have been at least a hundred feet from the floor to the ceiling. I could just picture this place in peace time, filled with thousands of German civilians sitting at the tables guzzling beer, eating pretzels, talking and singing, accompanied by several big bands. But now it was quiet and almost deserted. The only sound to be heard was the loud echo bouncing back and forth across the walls of the immense room as we pulled our chairs away from the tables in order to sit down and drink our beer.

I heard that the mayor of Leipzig, his wife and daughter all committed suicide as our troops entered the city. On the outskirts of the city our Division erected a big wooden sign with our Division Patch painted on it and the words, "You are now entering LEIPZIG through the courtesy of the Sixth-Ninth-Infantry-Division." Some of the guys took pictures of each other with the sign. One assistant squad leader, **Corporal Earl Riley**, took one of me and some other guys. I was kneeling down on one knee on the right hand side of the picture with my rifle leaning against my shoulder. What ever happened to this film? I do not know. As I never received any of the pictures

The Villages

We were always on the move, stopping only when we were fired at by the Germans. We had gone through so many small villages, I had lost count. I can still remember the civilians in some of them - mostly women, young children and old men. They stood there in their doorways and leaning out of the windows of

their homes with smiles on their faces, waving at us as we walked by. This struck me as kind of odd. After all, we were the enemy and we were hunting their fathers, sons and husbands to kill them - and here these people were cheering us. Then again, maybe they were just glad the war was over for them and just wanted to return to a life of peace and quiet. Or they could have been putting on a friendly front in hopes of receiving good treatment from us. Oh well, it was a lot better than having them hiding in their homes taking pot shots at us through the windows. This had been known to happen in the past.

Across field after field, rivers and through the woods, here, there and everywhere, German army equipment was scattered around left by the retreating enemy. Quite often I saw their rifles thrust into the ground barrel first with the stocks sticking straight up in the air, with the owner's steel helmet on top of the rifle butt. This marked the position of its former owner, now dead, and it made it easier for the men from Graves Registration to find their bodies. I pulled one of these rifles up out of the ground to see what kind of condition it was in. All but for its barrel filled with dirt, which could be cleaned out, the gun was in damned good shape. But what good would it do me? I couldn't take it with me as I had too much junk as it was to carry around. I threw the rifle to the ground and went on my way.

A little further on, I spotted one of their fast firing machine guns sitting in a field. The long barreled gun was on a tripod and even had a small metal seat for its gunner to sit on. The gun also had a scope mounted on top of its barrel. The scope must have been used for spotting only because the gun fired up to thirteen hundred rounds a minute and with the gun vibrating as it was being fired, it would be very difficult for its gunner to keep his eye glued to the scope and see anything through it. There was also something strange about that gun. It had a heavy chain about three feet long, the one end attached to the barrel and on the other end was a heavy steel bracelet, like a prisoner's shackle. What was the reason for this? Did they have to chain some of their soldiers to their guns to keep them from running away?

The Prisoners at Wurzen

As our Company approached the river, we stopped about a hundred feet from the waters edge. Here we waited for the Germans to make up their minds. They were occupying several large brick buildings just across the river from us. Earlier that day, we had asked them to surrender. As I knelt there on the ground I kept thinking, "Will they fight? I hope not as there is only about 300 hundred feet between us and them." Plus they were sheltered behind thick brick walls and we were standing out in an open field with no cover at all. We were like sitting ducks in a shooting

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WITH COMPANY I, 273rd REGIMENT

(Continued from Page 48)

gallery. We kept watching the doors and windows of the buildings. Suddenly a white cloth attached to a long pole emerges from one of the second floor windows and began waving back and forth. The sign of surrender.

I breathed a sigh of relief and relaxed. One of our officers then waded across the shallow, waist deep river to talk to them. We waited about twenty minutes - nothing happened. We wondered if the Germans had changed their mind. Suddenly we saw them coming out of the buildings. There were hundreds of them. They formed up in a long line, holding their equipment over their heads and crossing the river. As the first of the enemy came out of the water and up the bank towards us, our squad was given the job of searching them. Several machine guns were set up to cover our operation just in case. Talk about loot - our boys were getting plenty of it now - gold watches, daggers, pistols. What ever those Germans carried, we got.

Well almost. We had searched about thirty of them, when one of our officers came over to us and said, "I thought you men were supposed to search these prisoners? Hell half of them still have pistols hidden in their boots." We looked at him shame-faced. We never thought of looking in their boots. From then on we made them take off their boots. Those German soldiers must lived on canned sardines, as most of them carried several cans. I took a few of these cans for myself. They also had a lot of marmalade candy bars. I helped myself to some of those too. They were a big change from our rock hard K-bars.

My Bag of Loot

Our duffel bags, finally caught up with us. We stood there in an open muddy field, and watched as the big dump trucks slowly raised the front of their beds and the load of bags slid down onto the ground. I was glad of this because I was tired of carrying all of this loot around with me. I made a mental inventory of the items I had collected so far. Let's see now, there are four big Meerchaum Pipes with little hinged metal covers on top of the bowls. The pipe stems were long and curved, with ivory mouth pieces. The sides of the bowls were decorated with beautifully painted scenes. Two of the pipes had long colored tassels hanging from the stems.

There were a couple handfuls of Iron Crosses and other medals. There was a small bag containing eight large silver coins with a likeness of Germany's ex-president General Hindenburg, engraved on the face of them. There was an assortment of other coins, plus a big roll of paper money. There was a folding camera, an S.S. trooper's dress dagger, and its scabbard, and also a Hitler youth dagger, with scabbard.

There were three gold rings with big diamonds in them, two red cloth arm bands with black swastikas on the white background, three big black leather belts, with large buckles, a Luger pistol P.O.8., a P.38 automatic pistol, and a small Walther 25 caliber automatic pistol which I always carried with me, as it was small and light. And last, my fondest possessions, five gold pocket watches.

I picked one of them up and looked at it. I pressed a little button on the side. The cover over the front of it flipped open revealing the face of the watch. On the face were miniature figures, beautifully painted, and around the face, at every hour sign it was imbedded with small semi-precious stones. I wound the watch, turned the hour hand and listened to a musical tune being played. I closed the cover of the watch, and put it back with the rest of the stuff, and locked the bag, thinking to myself they were just material objects. The most important thing right now was staying alive. If I were dead, they would be of no value or help to me, so I decided not to worry about them.

The River Crossing

While we waited for the small, steel rowboats to be brought up from the rear to ferry us across the river, we watched one of the weasels, as we called them, a small, open top vehicle about the size of a Jeep, with caterpillar treads like a tank. It could travel on land and water. There were four men in the weasel with their equipment piled high around them. The driver stepped on the gas. The clanking treads began moving - down over the bank and into the water they went. They were on their way.

I watched the four men as they started across. The only visible parts of their bodies were their shoulders and steel helmets. As their craft slowly made its way across the river, it appeared to keep sinking deeper and deeper into the water. Evidently, the men in the craft were not aware of this because they just seemed to sit there, not moving, still looking straight ahead towards the far shore. Suddenly, all we could see were four steel helmets sticking above the water - then the helmets also disappeared from sight.

We just stood there on the river bank with our mouths and eyes wide open in amazement and disbelief. Not a word was said - we just turned and looked at each other. The weasel must have had a hole in it somewhere. Each one of those men was loaded down with a full field pack and the rest of their equipment.

To this day, I cannot remember if any of those men came out of there alive or not. But I do remember the rest of us being ferried across the river and climbing up the bank on the other side.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Robert's stories are very interesting. Certainly some of you out there can remember some of the little things that happened to you during the war that would make interesting reading. Write them up and send them in. We will edit them for you, if you don't feel confident enough to do it yourself.)

Devoted 69er Remembered by his Proud Children

LTC Kay Kreutzman Moore

and LTC Richard Moore

434 Lewis Road

Monterey, California 93940

Telephone: 831/373-5359

It is with sadness and deep regret that we announce the passing of our beloved father, **MSG (R) Karol Edward Kreutzman**. Karol was a proud and humble gentleman who gave everything to others and asked nothing for himself. He had great respect for the 69th Infantry Division and its many devoted soldiers and their wives. He and his wonderful wife and partner of 48 years, Margaret, were loyal members of the division and attended the majority of its reunions during their active lifetime. The symbols of the 69th were proudly displayed in their Yakima home and on their vehicles.

This mountain of a man, passed away in his sleep at home on 29 June 2002. He was preceded in death by Margaret in 1998.

Karol was born on 10 January 1924 in Astoria, Oregon. After birth, he moved to Yakima and graduated from Yakima High School in January 1943. By February he had enlisted in the Army. He deployed to England with the 69th Infantry Division on 12 December 1944, initially serving in a tank destroyer unit. He later was reassigned to Special Services, Division Headquarters.

He landed in Le Harve, France on 24 January 1945 and then moved to Belgium when the 69th relieved the 99th Division on 12 February, to hold defensive positions in the Siegfried Line. The Division went over to the attack, 27 February, capturing use of the Hellenthal-Hollerath highway. In a rapid advance to the east, the 69th took Sechmidtheim and Dahlem, 7 March. The period from 9 to 21 March was spent in mopping up activities and training. The Division resumed its forward movement to the west bank of the Rhine, crossing the river and capturing the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, 27 March. It relieved the 80th Division in Kassel, 5 April, seized Munden on the 8th and Weissenfels on the 14th against sharp opposition, and captured Leipzig, 19 April following a fierce struggle with the city. Eilenburg fell, 23 April, and the east bank of the Mulde River was secured. Two days later, Division patrols in the area between Elbe and the Mulde Rivers contacted Russian troops in the vicinity of Riesa and again at Torgau. After link-up with the Russians at the Elbe River, Sergeant Kreutzman was transferred to the 29th Infantry Division as a driver for the Commanding General, MG Charles Gerhardt led the 29th when it hit the beaches of Normandy. After a year Sergeant Kreutzman was transferred to Fort Lewis Washington for discharge.



After attending college, Karol enlisted in the Air Force four years later. During his training he met Margaret Ermis in Waco, Texas. They were married on 7 April 1950. Karol retired in 1968 after more than twenty years of honorable and faithful military service. Returning to his beloved Yakima home, Karol started a second career as an Administrative Assistant in the Yakima Health District. He held the position until he retired a second time in June 1982. He and his lovely wife were devoted RV travelers. They visited all fifty states, Europe, Caribbean Islands, Mexico and China.

Karol was especially proud of his service with the 69th Infantry Division. He treasured the continued friendship with members of the 69th Division Assn.

He will live in our memories and our thoughts. He now rests on the Washington mountain he cherished his entire life, Mt. Adams. We salute our father **MSG (R) Karol Edward Kreutzman**. In life, as in death, he was at peace. He had lived a full and honorable life.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Karol was a member of Division Headquarters. Included with the letter were copies of official paperwork on the creation of the shoulder sleeve insignia of the 69th. However, it does not specify who originally came up with the drawings and the paperwork is vague. The name Arthur E. DuBois, Heraldic Section is on the finalized logo and there is an official letter requesting the insignia, in color, be sent to Headquarters. Does anyone out there have any information on the birth of our insignia?)

If you would like to e-mail photos or articles to the Bulletin, you can send it directly to our printer at:

buhlink@stargate.net

Just make sure in the subject line, you include "69th" and the printer will turn it over to Dottie for approval for publication. Thank you.

The 69th - 10 Years Later

Written By: **Robert Weinstock**

3600 N. 5th Avenue #202

Phoenix, Arizona 85013

This is my story of my not exactly distinguished - but interesting time in the U.S. Army, beginning in the 69th Infantry Division.

For me, in 1955, it was only what you might call the Training 69th, not the Fighting 69th, but I sent it to the bulletin because I think some of it might be very interesting to you men who fought in WWII.

I got back in touch with the 69th when I met **John Havey** in the fall of 1999 here in Arizona. Later on I got in contact with **Bill Matlach** who welcomed me as a member of the Association and told me that he had visited Fort Dix twice during the 1950's. I responded with the following, including my story.

* * * * *

Dear Bill,

Thank you very much for your letter welcoming me back to the Fighting 69th and for the decals you sent me. Since you said your visit to Fort Dix took place in the early 1950's, it probably was a little before my cycle in September, 1955. However mine was a very unusual, and in retrospect, at times, dangerous and also funny first eight weeks of Army life. Of course my experience was only with the Training 69th, but I've made a mental inventory of that first eight at Fort Dix and maybe my recollection would interest some of the WWII members who read the bulletin.

For instance, my training company was billeted in the old post stockade, with a high fence around us, since (I don't recall exactly what the explanation was), a new hoosegow had been built or was being built, and work was being done on the regular area of our training company. First Sergeant King told us at our first formation not to call or write home with the news that we were in prison.

I don't know if we were any worse than any other group of recruits in history but we seem to have flunked more than our share of inspections, were forever being invited to GI Parties, and managed to displease our C.O., Captain Flannagan, and he poured it on. First Sergeant King looked to be about a quarter ton of humanity, tough, no nonsense, and between them they managed a lot of what to us seemed like 'chicken' treatment, such as restricting us to the barracks - prison, which meant being practically confined to the company area in the evening, with little PX or snack bar visits in what could have been our limited free time.

To even the score a considerable part of the company - including me, but not on purpose in my case - 'boloed,' that is failed to qualify out on the rifle range. After the general dislike of Captain Flannagan set in there was probably some deliberate laxness in setting up for

inspections as well. The guys talked freely about sabotage on the rifle range as a way of doing something that would make poor old Flannagan look bad.

I was on edge at times because frankly some of my 'buddies' were bigger, more muscular and angrier than me, and there were a few flare ups, but no fights. It was probably mostly just army life and an unpopular CO that turned us on, or off. Also a case of talking back to authority in a situation where you really couldn't. So we soldiered the best we could and learned the basics of army life. Some of my learning was done the hard way.

Our first field problem, with map coordinate training, was on a pitch black night and I was walking in front of a 2-1/2 ton truck, with black tape over all but a slit of the lights, when a drop off in the terrain came up, totally unseen. I stepped deep into the depression and tumbled maybe five feet and to the far side of the hole, stunned. The truck was moving in the 5 mph range behind me, and it was really frightening for a few seconds when the vehicle, in ominous low gear, kept on coming, just about to the rim of the depression. Fortunately, the driver must have seen my plight and stopped at about the last fraction of a second. If the truck had plunged in I could have been seriously injured, or a goner.

I had a recollection of that moment at another post in Germany, and much later, in the summer of 1990, when the first death of an American serviceman in Kuwait, during Operation Desert Shield, was reported to have occurred in a vehicle accident. That accident probably had no similarity to my close calls in service, but it brought the peril back.

Still back in Fort Dix, less serious, but memorable, was my assignment to the soup station in the mess hall, with orders from the mess sergeant to serve just one ladle per troop, which worked fine until a tall hungry man grabbed the ladle after I'd given him one serving and filled his bowl to the brim. "Just one," I sort of pled, while he kept right on moving. I remember thinking about grabbing his bowl and pouring it back into the kettle. I must have thought better of doing so, probably because I had a keen sense that its not too smart to get into a food fight with guys you live with, especially really hungry ones.

Amazingly, no one else went for extras. After all this time there is still a part of me that resents and wants to grab the guy's soup and tell him, like the character in Seinfeld, 'No soup for you.'

Another mess hall event - the first morning at the Fort Dix Reception Station they served us SOS. That's only important because of a dirty little secret of mine - I actually liked the stuff. I don't eat it now, but only because it has too many of the wrong things in it.

Also memorable - Long Johns - I think I had only seen them in Snuffy Smith movies or cartoons, but

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THE 69th - TEN YEARS LATER

(Continued from Page 51)

they were for real at Fort Dix. They were the ugliest piece of clothing I'd ever seen, and they were great until late morning but awful on the march or in field in the afternoon, until about later October.

The only 'brass' I recall seeing at Fort Dix was a brigadier general who showed up in the early days while we were in the field, but he only appeared to be observing, and didn't speak to us.

Around the same time we had a formation back in the stockade to hear the battalion commander, a very thin Lieutenant Colonel Chin, speak to us and ask us to be proud and do our best as members of first battalion. He was the only oriental officer I recall seeing during my tour of duty, although there were two oriental light aircraft mechanics much later in Germany (and there were some Phillipinos among the cooks). Colonel Chin had a humorous side and recalled for us that as a second lieutenant at about the start of WWII he had been so new and so awed at soldiering that he 'sirred' and saluted sergeants.

During all these weeks I guess we walked pretty well all over the base and counted off and hutted and screamed at the top of our lungs to prove we were gung ho, or getting there. To top it off we had "The Fort Dix Boogie" - which was sung by trainees all over the base.

It went: "Pick 'em up and put 'em down. Forty inches all around. That's the Fort Dix Boogie. What a crazy sound!" Plus different versions to suit various units.

Near the end of the cycle we had about a full week in the field - bivouac, field mess, pup tents, the whole nine yards. It was probably early November and some of the guys shared not only a tent but also a can of Sterno. I heard that it was on a forbidden list and I'm not certain how much good Sterno did anyone. I know only that I had a few disagreeable whiffs of it from other pups, but my tent mate and I got by with long johns, sleeping bags and, at least for me, some shivering.

That is how I got by for about three nights. During the days we had field classes, more map stuff, communications gear, weapons firing demos, digging foxholes, first aid demos, grenade throwing, gas mask, plus exposure to tear gas in a chamber, an obstacle course; the nighttime hug Mother Earth as close as you can, crawl under barbed wire and act cool, push ahead with your rifle (not 'gun' as in "this is my rifle, this is my gun, this is for fighting, this is for fun") while machine gun rounds, including tracers, pass close overhead - exercise. That training was made a little more memorable, because the machine gunner started out firing bursts but about half way through the crawl they turned it into a serenade, with patterns like 'da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da.'

There was talk before hand about not panicking under fire and getting shot or killed. Nobody did, but I know I felt relieved when the music stopped.

There were more field problems to come, but that might have been the last one I took part in. It was probably that evening or the next morning that Captain Flannagan mentioned at a formation, when we were at ease, that for whatever reason battalion headquarters required that two of his trainees be sent back to the battalion area, which was 'downtown' from our company lockup, to act as firemen around the clock at battalion headquarters and several surrounding buildings, an assignment that included keeping furnaces going in the post base exchange, and probably the service club.

The 'never volunteer for anything' rule went out the window in a flash, and maybe half of us, myself included, volunteered to go, waving and shouting. I guess the enthusiasm stemmed from a general desire to escape the cold, the 'K' or 'C' rations and sleeping on the ground, which made our 'racks' back home seem like pretty soft living.

Captain Flannagan soon called out 'Weinstock, front and center' plus the name of another, taller recruit, and we were ordered to pack up our gear and report to a deuce and a half waiting to take us back to battalion. That was the third time Captain Flannagan had taken any special notice of me, and it may have resulted from the earlier occasions.

The first was out on the range during the M-1 qualifying. A line of us were about to shoot, holding our weapons at high port, when a stoppage occurred; something having to do with a problem with the targets, or the pits. Whatever it was dragged on and on for a long time, and, pretty much without realizing it, the business end of my rifle began to slip down, beginning to face toward the targets as much as the sky.

Without warning Flannagan was behind me, screaming something about not holding my weapon up, and the punishment that could be inflicted for a weapon violation; whereupon I 'yes sirred' and corrected the problem, but when the firing began, it didn't help my aim.

A few days later we reported individually to the CO's office and he gave us our range scores; telling me, without rebuke, although maybe a little disgust, that I had shot a score somewhere in the lower 150's, with 160 being the qualifying number to achieve the lowest satisfactory rating of Marksman (250 was the top score - about 187 qualified you as a Sharpshooter and about 212 rated Expert.)

I was probably surprised to learn that I had done that well, but I'm certain I sensed that I was far from the only trainee that Flannagan was giving the bad news to. In fact, although I disliked him I recall feeling that he was probably getting the shaft, and so without any hesitation, but also without any thought or reward or punishment I blurted out something like "I'm sorry sir. I did my best." I may have gotten a brief nod before I saluted and left. In any case, my remark may have had something to do with landing me on fireman duty.

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THE 69th - TEN YEARS LATER

(Continued from Page 52)

Before leaving for battalion we had to round up our equipment, which meant not only tent half and bed roll, but also some other gear we had stored in a building. Whatever it was probably included entrenching tools that we had been told to store by squad before we crawled under the machine gun fire. It seems that I recall most but probably not quite all of our issue being marked somewhere with our serial number. The entrenching tool wasn't, but its cover probably was. In any case we were supposed to identify individual equipment by where we had placed it by squad, and by serial number.

In just a moment of looking I realized that at least some part of my stored equipment was gone, in effect stolen. When I made that clear to a sergeant located at the building he picked one out and handed me the piece of equipment from among the others and told me to 'get going.' I told him something like "Sarge, this one isn't mine." He told me that I had to have all my equipment to return to base and "Its yours now. Get going."

I later turned in that piece of equipment when the time came, having, I suppose taken part in 'the old Army game,' the rule of which I guess is - if something is stolen from you, 'steal it back.'

For probably three days and nights we two firemen had 24 hour duty; keeping several buildings warm, night and day, and likewise the hot water stoves. I think we bunked in one of the battalion buildings we kept warm, making long rounds of hauling wood and some coal for stretches, with several hours at a time off; messing at battalion. Comparatively speaking it was the good life, although not quite right up there with a Carnival Cruise.

It was probably at the return to barracks to complete the final few weeks of the training cycle that we lost one of our trainees - via being kicked upstairs.

Throughout our training up to then, whenever there were classes or instruction of any kind with questions to follow, one arm almost always shot up and a question followed, from: "Private Parsons. Sir!"

I wasn't remiss about asking questions either, but my curiosity didn't have to be satisfied nearly as often as that of 'Private Parsons Sir'; it probably was 'sergeant' or 'specialist' at times, but I recollect 'sir.'

Maybe we should have guessed, but I don't think anyone in the ranks did, and we must have all been a little shocked, when, coming in from chow or the field one day, we saw Private Parsons at his bunk, no longer a private, but wearing a first lieutenant's bar and the insignia of the Judge Advocate General Corps. I will admit Parsons seemed a friendly, as well as bright recruit, but harboring a lawyer in a recruit training company seems as incredible as the idea of taking basic in the stockade. But there he was, on his way to lawyering for the Army, and all we could do was say good luck and so long to 'Lieutenant Parsons, Sir.'

My time with the Sixty Ninth Division was soon over, but there are a few more things I recall from those eight weeks. Although my company was mostly restricted to quarters we were free to move about on base on occasion, without I believe needing a pass to quit the stockade.

I made that trip on two occasions when I could have stood in the barracks for all the good it did me.

Near the very start of training we were permitted one evening to go to the service club, where ladies, probably wives of regular army personnel - possibly using sewing machines - I'm not certain, were available to sew the Sixty-Ninth patches on our khakis, Ike jackets and overcoats. I arrived only to find a long, long line of GI's on the same mission, and so returned to my rack where I did my best at sewing with the thread and needles provided as part of the U.S. Army issue. If blood spilled poking yourself with a needle during basic training counts toward combat pay and the Purple Heart I definitely have back pay coming and qualify without question as a member of the "Bleeding Sixty-Ninth."

Also, a ways into basic there was a dance scheduled at either the service club or the post gym - probably the ideal opportunity for Flannagan to restrict us to quarters, but either he didn't have the heart or we screwed up and passed an inspection. So we were allowed to go, and it seems as though everybody went, including guys like me who really weren't that confident around women, but hoped that we would be lucky enough to get spun around the floor at least once.

There was music, lights and plenty of girls and dancing - that is plenty if what seemed like the entire Sixty-Ninth Division hadn't descended on the place before we arrived. The building was packed - maybe a thousand Fred Astaires looking for a dance with about fifty Ginger Rogers. I squeezed in and looked and listened for about half an hour, but didn't get near the dance floor.

There was a small building used as a day room behind the barracks-stockade. It contained a television, and I visited it, or was allowed to visit it only infrequently during the cycle. I recall seeing Walt Disney's Mousketeers for the first and only time on that screen. More important - during the end of September and start of October I caught some of the evening news - trying to follow my beloved Brooklyn Dodgers in their sixth attempt, without success until then, to defeat the hated New York Yankees in the World Series, and thus become 'Woild Champeens,' and as we said in Brooklyn, turn this year into 'next year.'

1955 turned out to be 'next year', as the Dodgers finally - finally beat the Yankees in an exciting seventh game of the World Series. But where was I? I wasn't hanging on to every pitch and play by play on the radio with my dad in attendance. Instead I was out on a field problem on October 4, 1955, and only learned about 'next year' when we came back from that day's training. For an all out but long discouraged Dodger fan it

(Continued on Page 54)

THE 69th - TEN YEARS LATER

(Continued from Page 53)

was unbelievably great news, a lot like winding up on the winning side in World War II; but instead of participating in the thrill, excitement and unrestrained joy back in Brooklyn it was as if the Fighting 69th had never met the Russians at Torgau and 90 days later word had come down, 'Oh, by the way, we won the war.'

I did have some consolation, as I was able to leave prison that night for a telephone area on base. I called my dad, whose job as a salesman took him all over Brooklyn, and he described to me the unrestrained joy out on the streets, which apparently went on all night.

Some bad things do come to an end however, which for me meant that I did get to see my team, FINALLY - after a series of heart breaking losses and an incredible ninth inning, seventh game of the World Series comeback - finish off the New York Yankees. Thank you 2001 Arizona Diamondbacks!

By later November I left the 69th Division, but in the last week or so before training ended some sort of a transformation must have occurred in our outfit. Maybe we came down with a case of mass remorse, but we had begun marching to our own version of "The Fort Dix Boogie," which included the line 'Heidi ho heidi hi, Flannagan's boys are marching by.' That's the Fort Dix Boogie...' It felt good.

That fall was also the time when Audie Murphy starred as himself in the movie, "To Hell and Back," revealing his single handed recurring heroism under fire during World War II. We probably all wanted to be Audie Murphy, but while our company never took 'Dog Face Soldier' as a marching song, I recall hearing it sung on one occasion by a 69th formation, somewhere off in the distance. Thanks mostly to the movie I've never forgotten the words - "I wouldn't give a bean to be a fancy pants Marine. I'd rather be a dog faced Soldier like I am. I wouldn't trade my hold on beans for all the Navy's submarines (or dungarees) for I'm the walking pride of Uncle Sam. On all the posters that I read it says. "The Army Builds Men. They're tearing me down to build me over again.'

There was one more thing I did at Fort Dix that stuck with me a little while. For reasons known but to God I decided that I was officer material and put in for OCS, which meant I had to really 'soldier' in my next eight at artillery training school in Fort Chaffee, Arkansas. It didn't take me long to find out that physically, emotionally and intellectually I wasn't leadership material. There were no barracks rumbles this time around, and, although I scored well on the basic math exam I had difficulty with some of the math related elements of artillery fire direction control (FDC), and the pure physical strength aspect of training.

In one FDC class the NCO in charge went light on the discipline and tolerated and enjoyed some joking around, which I participated in, maybe too much. He

wasn't above jerking our chains with a little humiliation when he felt the need. On one occasion when he was in his top mood, and then restored order he called on me to continue explaining the problem at hand, which I screwed up royally. I was standing and he instructed me to put my right hand over the left side of my throat and my left hand over the right side of my throat. As soon as I guardedly complied he ordered me to 'gently, gently, screw your brain out of your ass.' That got a big laugh, which I faked participation in.

Soon after we were on an exercise in the field that included traversing a rope, hand over hand, crossing a stream (in December by now) about fifteen feet wide. Alas, I got about half way over when my soft and suddenly sore, then painful arm muscles couldn't cope with my weight, embarrassment, and fear of flying, and I plunged into the drink. That time I was too cold and smelly to try to laugh my way through it and I returned to the barracks to change my clothes, and promptly quit to earn a commission.

Although I showered and scrubbed myself as soon as I returned to the barracks, and did the same to my fatigues I sensed that I still had an aroma. There was just some Arkansas scent in that creek that hadn't washed out. After chow, while I was thinking about showering again and re-scrubbing my fatigues, several of my nearest but not dearest bunk mates came by to tell me that it wasn't a negotiable issue, and they were not impressed that I was thinking along the same lines. I spent about the next hour showering, washing and re-scrubbing and pretty well got the Arkansas out of me, and some old fashioned industrial strength brown soap and a scrub brush did the same for my fatigues, and I made it back to my bunk without a word being spoken, passing maybe the most important inspection I even had in service.

After dropping out as an OCS candidate I was transferred almost immediately to a strictly cannoner training battery. I was much happier training as all out cannon fodder, than as an Einstein of the Artillery.

After Chaffee I was flown to Fort Carson, Colorado, to join what was called a 'regular TO&E (table of operations and equipment) outfit,' the Eighth Infantry Division. Most of the first week at Fort Carson was the easiest time I ever had in service, since I was assigned to a 'repl depot,' awaiting assignment. No reveille or being rousted out of bed; just eat, read, move around the base or play volleyball on a net stretched between two barracks.

I got into a couple of volleyball games and recall that the lieutenant in charge of the depot would join in the game, and when the ball was coming cleanly to a player on the other team, and it struck his fancy, he would shout - as in my case - 'Private Weinstock, Attenhut!' I got beamed, or bombed a couple of times that way, without feeling ill used. Stuff like that should be included in your service record or earn a medal - 'meritorious service, with "V" for volley.'

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

Company B 269th Combat Engineers

Submitted by:
Virginia Allen

Wife of:

George H. Allen

420 Binney Street, N.E.

Palm Bay, Florida

32907-3119

*We did our best
reading the names
from the back of the pix.*



Cecil Robinson



Weddington



Eddy Antar



Leo Podbielski



Joseph Eginfon



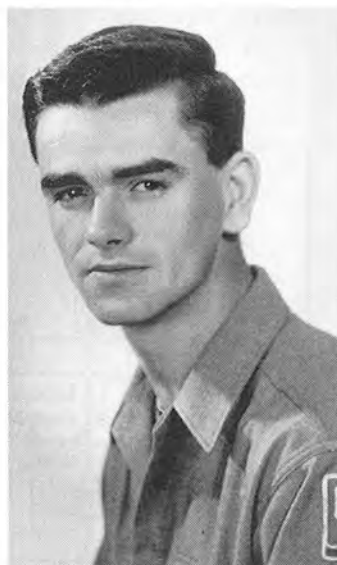
LaManche



William Campbell



Eddie Muller



Winchester??



Whitson??



George Allen, Squad Leader

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.

JANUARY 30th, 2003

Deadline for news material and pictures for:
Bulletin Volume 56, Number 2
January, February, March, April 2003
Bulletin expected mailing date is late April or
or early May.

* * * * *

2003

APRIL 27th thru May 1st, 2003

CALIFORNIA WESTERN CHAPTER
2003 SPRING ROUNDUP
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA
Ramada Inn-University

A schedule of events is now being planned.
Please mark your calendar for these dates
for great 69th friendships and camaraderie.

For Information Call or Write:

Walter Harpain, President
 2555 W. Bluff Avenue, Unit 112
 Fresno, California 93711-0380
 Telephone: 559/432-2133

* * * * *

MAY 7th or 8th, 2003

COMPANY I, 271st INFANTRY REGIMENT
INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL
Canal Street, New Orleans, Louisiana

Reunion set up to mesh with D-Day festivities at the D-Day Memorial in New Orleans, Louisiana. Dale is working with the museum on our participating. Mark your 2003 calendars the first week of May.

For Information Call or Write:

Dale Thompson
 1223 Cody Cove Road
 Babson Park, Florida 33827-9784
 Telephone: (863) 638-2044
 E-Mail: PApadale@Sprynet.com

* * * * *

MAY 15th, 16th and 17th, 2003

MIDWEST GROUP SPRING MEETING
STARVED ROCK STATE PARK, ILLINOIS
Starved Rock Lodge and Conference Center
 P.O. Box 570
 Utica, Illinois 61373

Reservations: 1-800-868-7625

Rates: \$95.00 plus Tax-approximately 11%,
 less Senior Citizen Discount

Starved Rock State Park is located on the Illinois River, south of interstate 80 and east of interstate 39. Go one mile south of Utica on Route 178.

We shall be staying at the lodge, which was built in the 1930's and has recently undergone extensive restoration. There are many hiking trails, beautiful scenery (including unusual rock formations), and boat rides on the Illinois River. The lodge has an indoor pool.

A block of rooms will be held for us until 30 days before the event. The place is busy, so don't delay. Deposit of the first night's tariff is required to guarantee your reservation. **Mention the 69th Infantry when you call to reserve your room.**

Program:

Thursday, May 15th: Check-In Time, 3:00 p.m.

Hiking • Heated Pool
 Hospitality Room
 Dinner at Selected Restaurant

Friday, May 16th: Golf at a course to be selected.

Tours for non-golfers.

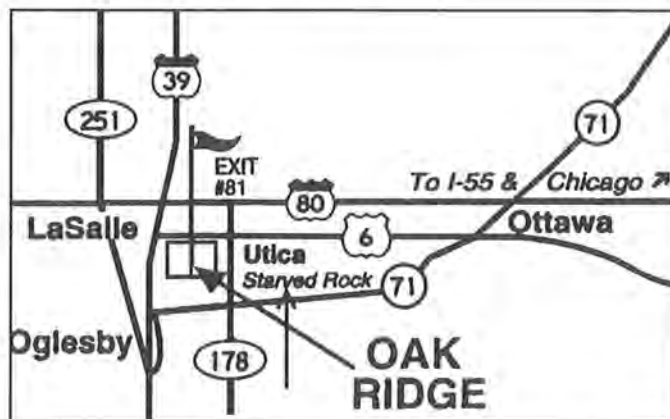
Hospitality Room • Dinner at Selected Restaurant

Saturday, May 17th: On Your Own.

Check-out time, 11:00 a.m.

For Further Information Contact:

Gene Mischke
 1021 West 3rd Street
 Spring Valley, Illinois 61362
 Telephone: 815/664-2437



(Continued on Page 57)

August 17th thru 24th, 2003
69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION
56th ANNUAL REUNION
St. Louis, Missouri

ST. LOUIS AIRPORT MARRIOTT HOTEL

I-70 at Lambert International Airport, St. Louis, Missouri 63134

HOSPITALITY ROOM - EARLY BIRD DINNER - PX BEER PARTY

BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING

GENERAL MEMBERSHIP AND AUXILIARY MEETING

MEMORIAL SERVICE - BANQUET DINNER DANCE

SHOPPING AND MORE - SUNDAY GOING HOME BREAKFAST

POTENTIAL ACTIVITIES INCLUDE:

FOREST PARK ART MUSEUM, SCIENCE CENTER AND PLANETARIUMS

MISSOURI HISTORY MUSEUM • SAINT LOUIS ZOO

MUSEUM OF WESTWARD EXPANSION, beneath the Gateway Arch

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FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT:

Bob and Theresa Pierce

144 Nashua Court, San Jose, California 95139-1236

Telephone: 408/226-8040

Committee Chairmen: Ed and Louise Hill, Erwin and Carmen Sanborn,

Robert Crowe, Bob and Jean Ross, Bob Pierce

Committee Members are needed. Please volunteer!!

Call or send a note to Bob Pierce.

Forms will appear for your early registration in the next Bulletin.

NEWS MATERIAL AND PICTURES
FOR THE BULLETIN SHOULD BE MAILED TO:

DOTTIE WITZLEB

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

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

PAUL SHADLE

1504 Greensburg Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068

DUES SHOULD BE SENT TO OUR TREASURER:

WILLIAM RUEBSAMEN

P.O. Box 146, Sun City, California 92586-2266

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



"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.

Charles Adams

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Anti Tank - 271st

Ladies' Taps

JEAN ABBOTT

Wife of Lloyd Abbott
69th Recon

BARBARA A. BARAKAT

Wife of Anees B. Barakat
Company G, 272nd Infantry

JULIA L. BROWN

Wife of Gerald L. Brown
Company M, 273rd Infantry

DORIS BUMMARA

Wife of A.W. Bummara
Company E, 273rd Infantry

DOROTHY COWIN

Wife of Ralph Cowin
Company C, 880th Infantry

SALLY M. DALTON

Wife of Richard P. Dalton
Company B, 881st Infantry

THELMA M. DEERING

Wife of E.T. Deering
Company M, 272nd Infantry

FERN EWING

Wife of Gordon Ewing
69th Recon

MARY E. LANTZ

B.W., 271st Infantry

DORIS NASH

Wife of Seymour Nash
569th Signal Company

MARGARET S. PERRY

Wife of Robert L. Perry
Anti-Tank, 272nd Infantry

TENA RICHAU

Wife of Irvin Richau
Battery C, 880th Field Artillery

LOUISE SCHENCK

Wife of Henry L. Schenck
Company C, 272nd Infantry

MATTIE SHELTON

Wife of Lloyd Shelton
Battery C, 880th Field Artillery

BETTY SMITH

Wife of Raymond Smith
569th Signal Company

NYNA TUBB

Wife of Willard C. Tubb
Division Headquarters

Looking for Men of the 724th Field Artillery

Submitted By: **Robert Coburn, Jr.**

Battery A, 724th Field Artillery

2158 Rollins Street

Grand Blane, Michigan 48439

I was drafted into the army October 30, 1942. Then sent to Ft. Custer, Michigan November 13, 1942. From Ft. Custer to Camp Adair, Oregon in November 1942.

I was a cadre from the 96th Infantry Division and was transferred to Camp Shelby, Mississippi. I was there about 30 days before it was activated on May 15th, 1943.

We went to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey in November 1944. We left for overseas on December 1, 1944 and arrived in South Hampton, England on December 12th. From there we went to Camp Ronkett Reading, England. On January 26, 1945 we loaded in France. From France into Belgium and then Germany.

We came back on the Santa Rosa September 7th to the 14th. We landed in New York and went to Camp Kilmer and the 69th Division was deactivated September 15th 1945, at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey.

I was a Battery Clerk with Battery A of the 724th Field Artillery. I am looking for these men that I was with through the European campaign.

We were Headquarters, 724th personnel. I lost my Battery A roster that had all the men that I served with. If I could get a Battery "A" Roster of those men that departed from Shelby on that November day, I would be proud. And also if I could contact these men that worked in 724 FABN Personnel. I have only ran across two men that I served with.

I have belonged to the American Vets for 12 years and I have never seen or heard anything about the 69th Infantry Division. My brother-in-law got on the internet and found all of this information for me about the 69th Division.

I wish I would have known this earlier, all these years, I have missed out. I am 80 years old at the present time. These are the men I served with:

<u>Name</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Battery</u>	<u>Home State</u>
Beatty	WOIG	Hq.	Pennsylvania
Marendish, William	T/Sgt.	Hq.	Minnesota
Weiser, William	T4/Sgt.	Hq.	Pennsylvania
Vicidomis, Joseph	Cpl.	"C"	Brooklyn, New York
Paul	Cpl.	Hq.	Bronx, New York
Pietsch	Cpl.	"B"	New York
Pietschmose	Cpl.	Hq.	Portland, Oregon
Miller, Melvin	Cpl.	Service	Louisiana
Faust, Gerald	Pfc	Hq.	Pennsylvania
Coburn, Robert	Cpl.	"A"	Michigan

Any help in locating any of these men would be very much appreciated.



the 69th

INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION, INC.

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Company I, 272nd Infantry Regiment



69th Annual Reunion, Hampton, Virginia

Seated: Ethel Ruck, Dolly Edge, Bob Kurtzman, Jan Lushbaugh, Art Lushbaugh

Standing: Harold Ruck, Bill Edge, Vivian Kurtzman,

Wendell Freeman, Jennie Ambrose, Ed Ambrose

Picture Submitted By: **Ethel Ruck** • 622 Melville Avenue, Chattanooga, Tennessee 37412

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Dottie Witzleb

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**Send Ladies' Auxiliary
Material to Dottie**