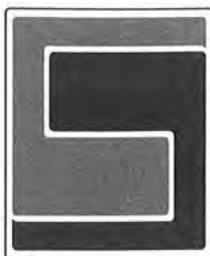


FIGHTING 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION

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JANUARY — FEBRUARY — MARCH — APRIL
2005

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

P.O. BOX 4069
NEW KENSINGTON, PA 15068-4069
724/335-9980

bulletin

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Lt. Robertson (right), Jim McDonnell (foreground), and Lessin is questioning a German officer. Liebertwolwitz, on the approach to Leipzig.



Me with one of those "terrible" Russians. He was the dirtiest and cutest little guy I ever saw. Grimma, June 1945.



Lt. Morgan and Lt. Robertson after the link-up near Naunhof.



Sgt. Lorenz and radio operator "Hoke" Reynolds in my jeep. We stopped shortly while on the move. I think this was on the way to Borna shortly before Leipzig.



Don Edwards, friend from ASTP, Camp Shelby and the ETO. We are still in touch. He's a great guy.

Submitted by: Frank Engdahl, 4701 Lincoln Lane W., Estero, Florida 33928-3641



Candid shot of Lt. Col. Salladin, our battalion commander in combat. This was taken a few hours before he accidentally shot himself in the leg. He was kicking in a door searching for a reported SS Trooper.



Nelson Roseman and Frank Engdahl. This was taken post VE Day in Grimma. Note the cameras!

Headquarters Company 1st Battalion, 273rd

(continued from cover)



Jim Allister and Clifton Shepler.



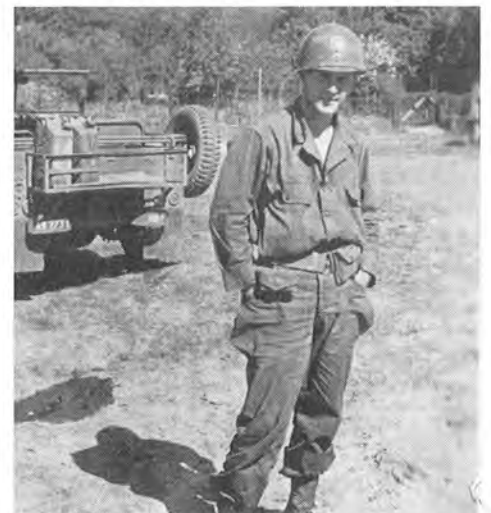
Captain Phillips, Charlie Goodhart and Frank Huff



Russian slave laborers ready to cross to the Russian side.



Part of the millions of Russian slave laborers crossing over into Russian territory. Russian GI in foreground.



Doug Hyde, war buddy and post war friend, from Philadelphia.

THE MAIL BOX

By **Dottie (Witzleb) Shadle**
Editor



Company E, 273rd Infantry Regiment
P.O. Box 4069

New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068-4069
Telephone: 724/335-9980
E-Mail: danne345@aol.com

Donald Ray, 524 Rt. 63, Park Hill, Westmoreland, New Hampshire 03467 — Hq., 880th F.A.: Sorry I missed a year but the years go by twice as fast now. Thanks Dottie, for continuing to send the bulletin. The articles sent in each quarter amaze me. We all served time in the service but we all had different experiences and different happenings. I was in a liaison section with 6 others. I called in one fire mission to the artillery and one of the shells landed on the infantry we were protecting. My captain got chewed out but it was the gunnerman's fault. I think I am old but my mother has beat me. She is 109 years young and her memory is nearly 100%.

Thank you for continuing the bulletin and "May the 69th Live on Forever."

Mel Buschman, 351 Southlawn Avenue, East Lansing, Michigan 48823 — Co. C, 273rd: I was in Bivouac with the 69th Division at Camp Shelby, Mississippi on March 22nd, 1944. My Division was confined to base in preparation for going overseas as replacement troops for the Allied effort in the European Theatre. My fiancée, Beverly Sprague, came down from Michigan to say goodbye. We had not planned this, but somehow both decided that we would get married before I shipped out. My commander allowed me to get married, even though my unit was on maneuvers 5 miles outside of camp. Our wedding was set for 3:00 p.m., and was to be held in the 273rd Infantry Chapel with just two witnesses in attendance. Since we were all there by 2:30, the chaplain asked if there was any reason to wait until 3:00. We said no, that no one else would be coming. Much to our surprise, my entire unit pulled up exactly at 3:00, ten minutes after the wedding had ended! To surprise us, they had double-timed the five-mile distance to the chapel under full pack. We felt so bad. They were exhausted, muddy, sweaty, and were now also disappointed too.

The adjutant allowed Bev and I to go to New Orleans (75 miles away) as long as I called in every morning to see when I would ship out. A fellow officer agreed to drive me to join the train where Bev was waiting. He ran out of gas, and worst yet had no gas ration stamps that were a standard requirement in

wartime. After a considerable delay, the Station Manager finally gave us just enough to get to the train. When we arrived, the train was pulling out. I ran and caught the train, and we both stood the entire way to New Orleans due to a lack of seats. We went to the Jung Hotel with no reservations, and after waiting in the lobby until 2:00 a.m. were finally given a room. The manager had been renting rooms to GI's by the hour. After 2 days, I was called back to camp. I left the next day for Italy (although we were never told our destination until we arrived). I did not see Bev again until 13 months later when I shipped home aboard the hospital ship Wisteria, having been wounded in action in the liberation effort near Livorno.

Stephen J. Rojcewicz, 135 Endicott Street, Worcester, Massachusetts 01610-1944 — Btry. A, 881st F.A., Telephone: 208/756-3046: Most of us became civilians again 60 odd years ago. As the old Polish saying goes, "In a year, a day, a moment, together we shall not be."

When you retired from your life work you became busier than ever. Remember Rudy Vallie's "My time is your time," and Kitty from Kansas City who thought Rudy Vallie was a place between two hills?

Are you using your time and expertise to do good? Serving others is the key to happiness. Your local vets post does a lot of good. Do you actively participate? What about your senior center? Do you have special skills that would benefit others? Why not look into giving a few hours to make life more meaningful to others? Maybe you are an expert in tying fishhooks together, or growing lovely flowers, berries and veggies. No doubt there is something you do better than anyone else in the world. Share your skill. You know the Ten Commandments; how about the TEEN Commandments. One tells the teenager, "Be an engine, not a caboose." Good words for us all.

We have become octogenarians and nonagenarians. We have mellowed in our thinking and outlook, but there is no need to be stagnant. Let us give this old world a boost.

Robert A. Heisler, 1104 Chemawa Loop N.E., Keizer, Oregon 97303-3739, E-Mail: rbrtheisler1@zeronet.net — 569th Signal Co.: Sometimes I wonder ... I feel like **Bernard Hook**, who had a short note in the "Mail Box" of your last issue of the 69th Division bulletin. He was wondering why he never sees anything about certain groups. I feel the same way. My discharge papers say I was with the Company B, 2nd Signal Battalion, 69th Infantry Division. After basic training at Camp Hood, Texas, we remained there and took our advanced training which was the 37mm anti-tank weapon. It was nearly Christmas time 1944, on bivouac and nearly finished our training, when all hell broke loose, later referred to as "the Battle of the Bulge." We all received emergency leave and before I

(Continued on Page 4)

THE MAIL BOX (Continued from Page 3)

knew it, I was on the "Isle de France" heading for Glasgow, Scotland. We crossed the channel to LeHarve, France and then traveled by train to Givet, France. By this time I knew no one and was unassigned. A few days later a guy says, "Pack up, your going to a signal company near Bastogne. The 37mm is a piece of junk and not being used." At Bastogne, I met **Sgt. "Pappy" Boyd, Cpl Clutter, Pfc Reisberg, Pfc Charlie Hunt** and 4 others (names forgotten). We laid phone lines to different companies: Bastogne, Melmedy, St. Vith, Verviers, Aachen, crossed the Rhine down to Bad Ems, up to Kassel and over to Leipzig and Torgau. Soon the war was over. I volunteered to go to Spa, Belgium for 6 weeks of radio school then back to Torgau. Our nine man squad was dissipated. I went on sick call for a headache. They checked my blood pressure and heart and said, your going home, and that was the end of my military career. And after 60 years, I'm still wondering.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Bob, the Bulletin is comprised totally of articles sent in by 69th members. If you don't see info or stories on your unit, that's because no one has sent anything in. Maybe you could write something yourself and we will be sure to publish it. We could not use the picture you sent because it was a copy and not clear enough. Send in the original and we will publish it and return it to you immediately.)

F. William Metcalf, 1026 Owassard, Newton, New Jersey 07860-4120 — Anti-Tank, 272nd: Thank goodness we have such devoted buddies like you to keep all the surviving 69th members informed. We do not have much connection with AT, 272nd. For some reason, not many of our unit gets together and I don't find many of their names in the bulletin. I did make a connection with **George Pishcek** in Ohio when I lived in Pittsburgh. We had some of our members just seem to disappear but I have never seen their names in the Taps page. Not your fault because they didn't take interest. We moved from Florida back to New Jersey.

Frank Nemeth, 66 Gaping Rock Road, Levittown, Pennsylvania 19057-3410 — Co. B, 269th Engineers: I really enjoy the Bulletin and miss going to the reunions. My copy of the Bulletin had a bad photo look. All the photos were hard to see and the faces were blurry. I hope they weren't all like that. I see no 269th Engineers were present at the reunion. I heard from some of the regulars and all are having problems. I didn't know too many people that attended the reunion, but I am glad to see you had a nice turnout.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In regards to the "bad" photos: Almost all of the photos were digital photos either sent on disk or via e-mail, or printed off of member's home printers and sent in. The quality of these low resolution jpegs makes for a very poor print. The low amount of pixels blurs the faces. And as far as printing them off of home printers, the quality is even worse. We've asked members to send in originals, or high resolution digitals, but it just isn't being done, so we share what we can get. Sorry, Frank.)

Richard J. Hermesen, 409 N. 14th Street, P.O. Box 90, Elma, Washington 98541-9311 — Co. B, 271st: I was at Camp Shelby for about 3 months. I left with the Division to New Jersey, then overseas to England, then to LeHarve, France. I was a squad leader for the 2nd squad, 1st platoon. I was on the frontline for about 4 months and saw lots of action from the Germans. I was awarded a Bronze Star for aiding a wounded fellow member. Then I got orders to go back to Division Hdq., then back to the states for my West Point appointment just before we met the Russians.

Thomas L. Scott, 2125 Nature Cove Court, Apt. 305, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104-4990 — Co. F, 271st: Thank you for sending me the address of **Everett Sharp**, an old buddy of mine from Co. F, 271st. We are both 80 now. Boy, how time flies! I haven't seen him since the 69th broke up after the end of the war.

David R. Allen, P.O. Box 414, Hartsville, South Carolina 29551-0414 — Co. G, 271st: Thank you for all that you folks are doing. I was with Company G, 271st from January 1944 until Christmas 1944. I was wounded in Belgium on January 17, 2005.

A Note from Dottie, Your Bulletin Editor

P. O. Box 4069

New Kensington, PA 15068-4069

Telephone: 724/335-9980

As I sit here writing my column, we are having our biggest snow of the season. We have about 9 inches and still more to come during the day. It is just a pretty sight to see everything done in white. I know once it starts to melt it will look dirty and gritty. Soon all the spring flowers will start to grow and that is also a pretty time in Western Pennsylvania.

During the past months I have been reading a very interesting book. It is titled "The Stories of Our War" and was written by **William H. Sheavly**. It contains stories of the men that fought with the Fighting 69th Division during World War II. Some of the stories will make you laugh and others will make you cry. If you have not had the opportunity to read this book, please do so. I am sure you will also enjoy it.

I am looking forward to seeing many of you at the next reunion at Louisville in August. Please make your plans early and get your reservations in. If you have to cancel for any reason, I am sure you will be able to. It is far better to have reservations and then cancel them, than to need them and find out they are not available.

Please continue to send in your stories and photos for the Bulletin. We need your support to continue to put out a quality bulletin. Current events are nice, but what truly makes for a great bulletin are your memories and snapshots of your stint with the 69th. Thanks

A Note from your Vice President and Membership Chairman, Paul Shadle

Paul Shadle, *Company E, 271st Infantry*
P.O. Box 4069 • New Kensington, PA 15068-4069
Telephone: 724/335-9980



I must say this has been a busy year keeping up with the roster. We have about 3,850 members. We have had over 200 address changes, 70 deaths and several removals. The Post Office returns bulletins and dues notices for various reasons such as "Moved Left No Forwarding Address," "Undeliverable as Addressed," and "Addressee Unknown." These members' names are listed above. If you know of any of these changes, please let us know so we can contact them and get our roster corrected.

As directed by the Board of Directors, we are trying to remove the members that have not paid their dues in the past few years. The Treasurer, **John Barrette**, and I are working close together to get things going in the right direction. We are on the phone at least once or twice a week. We will publish in the bulletin when the membership dues are due. The dues year runs from August to August. If you have not paid by December, you will then receive a dues notice in the mail.

In November, Dottie and I took a trip to Branson Missouri. We really enjoyed all the Christmas shows. I have also been busy reading the book "The Stories of Our War" written by William H. Sheavly. The material was supplied by the members of the Fighting 69th Division that fought in World War II.

I am looking forward to seeing you at the reunion in Louisville in August. If we do not know each other, please introduce yourself. I would like to meet all the members that attend the reunion. If you see a first-timer, please introduce yourself and make them feel welcome and maybe that way, they will gladly return next year.

Removed Bad Addresses from Post Office

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Harold H. Bengtson | 12. Mike Koltowski |
| 2. Elmer Butt | 14. Mrs. A. Lamberson |
| 3. Stanley Cleath | 15. Miles Martin |
| 4. Martin L. Cline | 16. Earl H. Miller |
| 5. Daniel Fagan | 17. Paul Murry |
| 6. Dale Francis | 18. W. Newstetter, Jr. |
| 7. Sidney Fuchs | 19. Edward W. Ochs |
| 8. Trinidad Garcia-Vega | 20. Col. Jacob K. Rippert |
| 9. Mario Guerriero | 21. Mrs. Mary Saville |
| 10. Harry F. Hall | 22. Frank K. Taniguchi |
| 11. Jack C. Houston | 23. Floyd R. Trusty |
| 12. William T. Hurley | |

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES! DUES YEAR FOR 2004-2005

August 1, 2004 to July 31, 2005

Regular Membership \$10.00

Ladies' Auxiliary \$ 5.00

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Do not send dues to Dottie Shadle.

MOVING

Please print your new address below:

Name: _____

Address: _____

E-Mail Address: _____

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

PAUL SHADLE

P.O. Box 4069

New Kensington, PA 15068-4069

Please allow six weeks advance notice.

Message from the President



Bernard H. Zaffern

Company L, 272nd Infantry Regiment
22555 Hallcroft Trail
Southfield, Michigan 48034-2011
Telephone: 248/357-4611

We finally have some significant developments concerning my plans to have a great celebration at our reunion commemorating the 60th year anniversary of our link-up with the Russians.

In my previous messages, I told of my unsuccessful efforts to get some assistance from our government and from the media. Finally, I just wrote the Russian ambassador and we're on our way! They will send their military attaché to our banquet. After we firm up all the plans, I will try to get the Army (*our army!*) to send a senior officer. The plans for the evening are still tentative, but I promise you a night to remember. I welcome any suggestions about the ceremony.

Bret Everson has been in touch with his Congressman, Phil English, who will introduce a resolution in Congress commemorating the link-up. I ask each of you to call your Representative and ask his support for the resolution.

I was saddened to learn of the death of **Bob Kurtzman**, our long-time Membership Chairman. My first contact with our association was with Bob, and over the years we became very friendly at our reunions. I shall miss him.

On another note, I have recently finished reading *The Regulars*, by E. M. Coffman, which tells the story of the US Army from 1898 to 1941, the development of the Army as we found when we joined it in WWII. The story is told using personal experiences of soldiers, and you will be most interested in the details of the **Bolté** family in those years. There is a wealth of detail of soon-to-be General Charles, stories of Mrs. Adelaide Bolté, details about BGEN Philip and COL David, graduates of West Point, who served in Korea and Vietnam. For you Army history buffs, the book makes good reading.

I am writing this in January, looking out the window at a lot of snow. I hope all of you came through the winter in great shape.

69th Souvenir Update

Jean F. Ross

2205 Boston Road, Unit 184
Wilbraham, Massachusetts 01095

Thank you for your notes about souvenirs which were forwarded to me from Massachusetts. So many have written that I thought I needed to explain my problem in answering your requests! Sorry, but I am spending the winter in Florida, while boxes of souvenirs are sitting up in Wilbraham, Massachusetts until I get home in late March. Because of that, and because several of you had questions or sent checks, I want to let you know the following:

1. Although we are well-supplied in general, there are no more bolo ties or large CIB badge pins left (but plenty of the smaller CIB badge pins @ \$2.00 each).
2. The hat pins, decals, and 69th patches are small and light, so that you need not worry about shipping costs at all if you are also ordering larger items (Caps, Jackets, shirts or totes) as they will just fit in the larger box too. Otherwise, they only cost 60 cents to \$1.00.
3. There are a number of hat pins available: the most popular, of course, being the 69th emblem pin. Other favorites are the WWII, U.S. Army, European Theater ribbon (metal pin version), the jeep, truck, tank, or tank destroyer. The Purple Heart & Bronze Star are also available. If you'd like more than one pin, please specify.
4. Shipping costs depend on size and weight. For \$5.00 I can ship a cube-sized box for 1-3 hats. The very good looking CIB buckle by itself costs around \$3.00 or adds that on to the larger box costs.
5. A larger suit-type box holds 1-2 jackets or shirts (plus any small items as mentioned in #2 above) and costs \$5.00 for shipping.
6. I am returning your checks, if you sent one, but have listed everyone's requests to try to contact you when I get home. If you have sent me your phone number, I'll try to reach you then. If you want to get me by E-mail or phone, my contacts after March 20th to about are jfrsail@aol.com, and my phone number is 413-596-6691. By the way, any mail sent me in Massachusetts is forwarded to me here in Florida, but I couldn't help until spring anyway.

I do apologize for the delay! Hope to talk to you in late March if you are still interested. I'll also be at the August reunion in Louisville, Kentucky with my many boxes!

P.S. I don't know if everyone knows that there are 3 different hat styles. They are White, Blue (Infantry), and Red (Artillery). Same color division applies for the jackets. Shirts are white, with the 69th emblem on the pocket. Jackets, hats, totes also have the 69th insignia on them.

69th Infantry Division Association 58th Annual Reunion LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

August 21st thru 28th, 2005

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The Clarion Hotel and Conference Center is a deluxe hotel with 398 spacious rooms and 52 suites, located in the prestigious East-End business district. The rate for a single/double room is \$69 plus 15.01% (\$10.36 tax); suites are priced at \$89 plus tax. Their freestanding conference center has 16 meeting rooms with 38,000 square feet and a grand ballroom of 21,800 square feet. The Tropicdome is 16,000 square feet with an indoor pool, sauna, game room and fitness center. The Billiard Room has two billiard tables and a dartboard. There is also a 24-hour business center, beauty salon, barbershop, tanning bed and laundry facilities. In addition to the usual inroom amenities, there is a full cable package, on-command movies, data ports and workstations.

The Clarion is conveniently located on the Interstate: traveling east on I-64, take Exit 15 (Hurstbourne Parkway Exit) to the red light at the end of the ramp, go straight across to Bluegrass Parkway, the hotel is on the right. Traveling west on I-64, take Exit 15 (Hurstbourne Parkway) go under I-64 to the second red light and turn left on Bluegrass Parkway. The hotel is on the right.

For those who fly call the hotel from the airport and they will send one of their three shuttle busses to pick you up, this service is complementary.

Louisville was founded in 1778 by George Rogers Clark and, of course, named after King Louis XVI of France. The first town charter was signed in 1780 by Thomas Jefferson, the Governor of Virginia. In 2003 Louisville merged its city and county governments to become the nation's 16th largest city. The greater metropolitan area population is over 1 million.

Located on the banks of the scenic Ohio River, it is a major crossroads city in the USA with three interstate highways, I-64, I-65, and I-71. Average August weather is a high of 86 and a low of 68 degrees.

There are over 90 attractions in the area where once tobacco, bourbon, and riverboats were king. The most familiar names are: Churchill Downs, Kentucky Derby, Louisville Slugger Bats, Muhammad Ali, KFC, Bardstown "My Old Kentucky Home" (Bourbon capital of the world) and the Kentucky Bourbon trail of eight (8) major distilleries.

SCHEDULED TOURS AND EVENTS

City Tour and Riverboat Cruise

This tour starts with a driving tour around Louisville to acquaint you with the area and points of interest. Beginning with a drive on West Main Street where cast-iron, stone, and terra cotta facades of the 19th century warehouse compares to New York City's Soho district. Passing along 4th Street, the heart of "Derby City" we will go by the 1850's house of where Thomas Edison lived when he worked as a telegrapher after the Civil War.

We pass through Waterfront Park, a \$60 million riverside development with Festival Plaza, a Great Lawn where concerts are held, Playscape and children's playground. We stop next at the berth site of the Belle of Louisville and Spirit of Jefferson Historical River paddleboards. The Belle of Louisville, built in 1914, is the oldest operating steamboat and is a designated National Historical Landmark. We will board the Spirit of Jefferson for a scenic cruise on the Ohio River as we enjoy an included buffet lunch.

The next tour stop will be at the Falls of Ohio State Park on the Indiana side of the river. The falls and rapids create a natural dam that navigates only by a by-pass canal with a series of locks. The 220 acres of fossil beds adjacent to the falls area is the largest Devonian Fossil bed in the world dating back 350 million years.

Arms, Bats and Caesar's Tour

This has something for everyone. The Frazier Historical Arms Museum in collaboration with the British Royal Armouries, holds one of the greatest collections of arms, armor and related historical artifacts in the world. Possessions of Kings and Knights, including Henry VIII and Elizabeth I date back 1,000 years.

There are interactive exhibits as well as actors and actresses portraying significant characters of history. Unusual artifacts include the ceremonial sword of founding Father Josiah Battlett, the family bible of Daniel Boone, the "big stick" of President "Teddy" Roosevelt, the bow of Apache Warrior Geronimo and the Ivory-Handled Colts of General George Custer.

Across the street stands a nine-story high baseball bat in front of the Louisville Slugger Museum. After the Slugger Museum tour, stop in the Tour Center for

(Continued on Page 8)

58th ANNUAL REUNION - LOUISVILLE, KY

(Continued from Page 7)

a free souvenir bat. If you are a real fan, you can order an authentic Louisville Slugger bat with your written name engraved on it.

Lunch on your own will be at the "4th Street Live," Louisville's newest and most exciting Dining, Shopping and Entertainment complex. Choices range from TGI Fridays, Hard Rock Cafe, Red Star Tavern or Sully's Irish Pub.

After lunch, a short ride takes us to Caesar's Glory of Rome Riverboat Casino with the world-class gambling action for every level of player. Try your luck at Black Jack, Roulette, Craps, or one of the 2,800 one-armed bandits.

Kentucky Derby and Churchill Downs

This is what really made Louisville famous. The museum features exciting exhibits dedicated to the 127-year history of the "greatest two minutes of sports." Two floors of hands-on displays, artifacts, memorabilia and fine art, highlighted by an award-winning multimedia audio-visual presentation of the "greatest race!" A walking tour of Churchill Downs includes the grandstand, winners circle, and paddock area. After the racetrack tour, a private room has been reserved at Mastersons, famous for their southern hospitality and outstanding meals, for a fabulous buffet lunch on your own.

On our return we will drive through Louisville's Historic Homes District, the second largest collection of Victorian Mansions in the United States. There will be a stop at the magnificent Palace Theatre that was opened in 1928 and recently renovated at a cost of \$4.5 million. The theater is atmospheric, with soft colored lights on ornamental rooftops, and clouds floating across midnight sky with twinkling stars. The lobby is filled with tapestries, Spanish chandeliers and 139 sculptured heads including Beethoven, Wagner, Socrates and Thomas Jefferson.

Historic Early American Bardstown and Bourbon

Bardstown is truly a step back into early American history, founded in 1789 by the first pioneers who crossed the Cumberland Gap, moving West of the Allegheny Mountains. Within a 25-square block area are 47 historic sites centered around the Old Nelson Country Courthouse. All the sites were built in the late 1700 to early 1800's. There are original log cabins, a gristmill, Captain Beem's Tavern, a country Jail, Basilica of St. Joseph Proto-Cathedral, and the old Talbott Tavern, once a stagecoach stop. A major site is beautiful Federal Hill known as "My Old Kentucky Home" as a tribute to Steven Foster who immortalized the home of his cousin, Judge John Rowan. There are also several museums dedicated to past history; such as a War Memorial to all wars from the Revolution to Desert Storm; Civil War Museum, Whiskey History, Women of the Civil War Museum and Wildlife Museum.

Bardstown is the World Capitol of Bourbon. Naturally, our tour will include Star Hill Farms, home of Marks Mark bourbon; and Jim Beams American Outpost to learn the colorful heritage of Kentucky Bourbon. The site includes an authentic 1800's Cooper's Shop and the oldest known Moonshine Still.

Lunch is included with this tour at Kurtz Restaurant, one of Bardstown's best, known for their hospitality and good southern food.

CLARION HOTEL HOSTED RECEPTION

Prior to the Early Bird Buffet, there will be a one-hour Reception from 6:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m., open to all attendees. Beer, wine, and hors d'oeuvres will be served complimentary. If you want to attend the Early Bird buffet that follows, you will need a paid ticket.

BANQUET DINNER

Our President **Bernie Zaffern**, is planning a special program to commemorate the 60th anniversary of the link-up with the Russian Army. Please be in your seats before 7:00 p.m. As a reminder, if for religious or medical reasons you cannot eat meat, mark the registration form requesting either Fish or Vegetarian. This is not a dinner choice for everyone, only a case-by-case exception.

Combat Action Copy of Signal Corps Film

Submitted By: Joe Lipsius

Headquarters, 272nd Infantry Regiment

6314 Deering Hollow

Norcross, GA 30092-1800

Telephone: 770/416-7725

E-Mail: annejoelip@earthlink.net

A twenty-five minute DVD disc or VHS (VCR) tape of the 69th in Germany, mostly in April, 1945, is available. Made from actual Signal Corps 16mm and 35mm film. Scenes of flag raising ceremony at Fortress Ehrenbreitstein, movements across Germany, actual scenes of entering and surrender ceremony of Leipzig, devastation of Eilenburg, climaxing with East Meets West at the Elbe River!

A DVD or VCR is available for a minimum donation of \$25 or more, to help maintain the 69th Infantry Website. The 69th Association will be sent \$1.00 for each bulletin inspired donation.

Make check payable to the 69th Infantry Website and send to the above address. Send full name, postal mail address, telephone number, email address, if you have one, and your 69th Unit. Relatives send name of 69er and Unit, if known.

Be sure to specify DVD or VCR! Mailing could be 3 to 5 weeks or more. Get your donation in early.

A Twist of Fate

Submitted By: **Michael Kutzmonich**

Company H, 271st Infantry

362 Saint Johns Road

Wapwallophen, Pennsylvania 18660-1624

An incident from my time with the 69th has been on my mind all these years. At about 3:00 in the morning, we got breakfast and rations for lunch and they told us they would try to get to us after dark. We were to take the gun positions on the south side of town. Another group was going on the north side of town and the main group was going into the town.

We had one hell of a day and night. At around 11:00 things were quiet and we had our lunch. If I was about two steps slower, I would not be writing this. The guy behind me got hit.

We took the guns right after it got dark. The town was burning. They said there were about 100 D.P.s in a shed and the Germans burned it. A short time later, the Germans opened up on us. I crawled on my stomach and got behind them. I captured two of them. We were starved and went through their backpacks and found a loaf of black bread. It was as hard as a rock but it was raining so hard, the bread got water soaked and it was edible.

During the shooting, Sergeant **Don Abnet** got hit real bad. I don't know if he made it. I think he was from Indiana. If anyone knows anything about him, I would appreciate it if you would let me know.

At day break, a couple of jeeps came out for us. **Jim Kirchue** was the driver in the one I was in. As soon as we got to the Company, a lieutenant told me to get a jeep and get the chow truck. When I came back, everyone was telling me I was lucky that I wasn't there.

While I was gone, two guys in civilian clothes told the lieutenant that there were some Germans up the road that wanted to surrender. They said they were Polish. **Lieutenant Lawrence** was looking for me, because I could speak their language. He wouldn't wait for me, so the lieutenant and **Jim Kirchue** and a few others went to see these Germans. They were all killed in an ambush.

All my life this has been on my mind. I may have been able to save them or possibly ended up like them. Why did my guardian angel send me for the chow truck? I never went before, or never after. Why?

When my grandson and I went with **Bill Beswick** in 1995 to Europe, in one of the American cemeteries in the Netherlands, I found the graves of **Lieutenant Lawrence** and **Jimmy Kirchue**.

I tried to find relatives of the lieutenant through the American Legion in Washington, D.C. but they couldn't help me. They found relatives of Jim in Niagara Falls, New York. I picked out the name of James and his niece wrote to me that her husband was named after his uncle that was killed in WWII. She wanted the story of how he was killed, so I wrote her about that fateful day.

Mike Kutzmonich visits WW II Memorial



Mike admiring a WWII jeep.

Fighting 69th Infantry Division History Book Still Available

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To purchase these books, contact:

Turner Publishing Company

P.O. Box 3101

Paducah, Kentucky 42002

Telephone: 210/443-0121

69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION 2005
58th ANNUAL REUNION
461st AAA BN. - 661st T.D. BN. - 777th TANK BN.
Clarion Hotel • Louisville, Kentucky
AUGUST 21st thru AUGUST 28th, 2005

SEND THIS RESERVATION FORM TO:

CLARION HOTEL AND CONFERENCE CENTER

Attention: Kristel Duvall

9700 Bluegrass Parkway, Louisville, Kentucky 40299

Telephone: 502/491-4830 • Fax: 502/499-5364

Please reserve one of the following:

Single _____ Double _____ Price Single or Double - \$69.00 per night plus 15.01% Tax

Suite _____ \$89.00 per night plus 15.01% Tax

Print full names of ALL persons sharing room: _____

NOTE: Special accommodations required: (if available)

HANDICAPPED EQUIPPED _____ NON-SMOKING _____

ONE KING SIZE BED _____ or TWO DOUBLE SIZE BEDS _____

I / We plan to arrive (day) _____, August _____, 2005. (Check in after 3:00 p.m.)

I / We plan to depart (day) _____, August _____, 2005. (Check out by 12:00 noon)

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

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

Send Confirmation to: (Please type or print)

Name: _____

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

City / State / Zip: _____

Telephone / Area Code: _____ E-Mail Address: _____

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

Check or Money Order (one night's lodging plus tax) payable to the CLARION HOTEL, or

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

American Express Master Card VISA Diner's Club Discover

Credit Card Name _____ Number _____ Expires _____

I, (your signature) _____ authorize the HOLIDAY INN

to make charges on my credit card. Date: _____

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

Reservations must be received not later than **JULY 20, 2005**. After this date the group's blocked rooms will be released for immediate resale. Reservations requested after this date will be on a space available basis at the regular rate. Group rates will be honored for three (3) days prior to and after the reunion, based upon availability at the time of the original reservation. If a particular type of room is unavailable, the next most suitable room will be assigned. No particular room, room type, or location can be guaranteed. Deposit returnable only on 48-hour cancellation notice prior to your arrival date.

69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

58th ANNUAL REUNION

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

Clarion Hotel • Louisville, Kentucky

AUGUST 21st thru AUGUST 28th, 2005

Registration form to be mailed to: **John Barrett, Treasurer**

P.O. Box 215, Wisconsin Rapids, WI 54495-0215 • Telephone: 715/423-4921

I/we will attend the 69th Infantry Division Association Reunion in Louisville, Kentucky during the week of August 21st thru August 28th, 2005 and will attend the following activities:

Name: _____ First Timer ☐ Second Timer ☐ Old Timer ☐

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

City / State / Zip: _____

Telephone / Area Code: _____ E-Mail Address: _____

Unit: _____ Wife's Name: _____

Guest(s) Full Name: _____

ALL PRICED EVENTS REQUIRE A TICKET			
Daily Events	Per Person	Number Persons	Amount
Registration: Monday thru Friday , 9:00 a.m. to Noon and 1:00 to 4:00 p.m.			
Saturday, 1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m.			
Sunday, August 21st — Early Arrivals on your own.			
Monday, August 2nd — Registration and Hospitality Room Open			
Tuesday, August 23rd — CITY TOUR & RIVER CRUISE	\$ 49.00		\$
Lunch Included - 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.			
Wednesday, August 24th — ARMS, LOUISVILLE BATS MUSEUMS	\$ 39.00		\$
AND CAESAR'S CASINO - 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.			
Thursday, August 25th			
BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING — 8:00 a.m. to 9:30 a.m.			
KENTUCKY DERBY MUSEUM, CHURCHILL DOWNS	\$ 30.00		\$
AND PALACE THEATER , 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.			
EARLY BIRD BUFFET , Hosted Reception, 6:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m.	No Charge		
CASH BAR AND DINNER , 7:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.	\$ 30.00		\$
Friday, August 26th			
HISTORIC BARDSTOWN & BOURBON TOUR , 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Lunch ...	\$ 39.00		\$
PX BEER PARTY — 8:30 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.	\$ 5.00		\$
Saturday, August 27th — COFFEE AND DANISH - 8:00 a.m. to 9:00 a.m.			
GENERAL MEMBERSHIP and LADIES AUXILIARY MEETING 9:00 a.m. to Noon			
BANQUET : Cocktail Hour 6:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m.			
MEMORIAL SERVICE — 7:00 to 7:30 p.m.			
DINNER DANCE - 7:30 p.m. to 12:00 Midnight	\$ 32.00		\$
Entrée Choices: Rib Eye Steak _____ or Chicken Cordon Bleu _____			
Sunday, August 28th - Farewell Buffet Breakfast - 7:30-9:00 a.m.	\$ 12.00		\$
Replacement Cost for Lost or Broken Permanent Badges	\$ 4.00		\$
SUPPORT YOUR HOSPITALITY ROOM: DONATIONS PLEASE!!!			\$
DUES — New Dues Year - August 1, 2005 to July 31, 2006		Reunion Sub-Total	\$
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Ladies Auxiliary	\$ 5.00		\$
Postage and Bulletin Donation (up to you)			\$
		Total Amount Paid	\$

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

ALL RESERVATIONS MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY PAYMENT IN FULL — IF NOT — YOUR RESERVATION WILL BE LAID ASIDE UNTIL PAYMENT IS MADE AND THIS COULD RESULT IN YOUR REQUEST FOR SEATING AND FUNCTIONS BEING DENIED. NO CHARGE CARDS ACCEPTED FOR EVENTS. **MAIL IN CUT-OFF IS JULY 23rd, 2005.**

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

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

The Dud that Wasn't One

Submitted By: Mr. Lloyd B. Roth

H&S Company, 269th Engineers

108 Muskingum Drive, Marietta, Ohio 45750-1638

Division Maneuvers in the DeSoto National Forest were exciting times, especially when the 442nd Regimental Combat Team was the Red or opposing force.

We Engineers were not all that heavily involved. The S-2 Section of the Battalion made lots of situation maps, overlays, etc. for its own use as well as for other Units of the Division. The line of companies of the Battalion did a lot of "pretend stuff," such as building By-pass structures for blown bridges, taking up mine fields, opening roads and filling shell holes.

In late January or early February of 1944 the Division went on a really big three or four day maneuver in the far corners of DeSoto National. Finally it was over and we had a full day break – a time to rest, clean equipment, etc., while all the officers and high brass went to a full day critique session.

All four companies of the battalion were bivouacked in a very small area. The rains of the past few days had stopped, the sun was out, and the temperature was near 70. The noon chow had been exceptionally good and some of the more hardy souls had removed their fatigue jackets to catch a little sun. It was nice to have peace and quiet after all the turmoil of the past three days.

It seems that one of the last tasks of B Company, in closing hours of the maneuver, was to police the area where most of the heavy action had taken place. They filled in shell holes, cut down badly broken trees, disposed of unexploded ordnances, etc. In the midst of all the debris was an occasional anti-tank grenade which was 2.37" in diameter and about 21" long, having been launched from the old "long-tube" bazooka.

The rumor was about that a dud anti-tank grenade could be made into a nice souvenir table lamp. The clean-up detail found a dud round, so they thought, and threw it into the bed of their 6x6 along with all their regular gear and equipment. The day was nice, they had the time and besides all that platoon equipment in the 6x6 needed to be cleaned and rearranged.

Two B Company men got up in the bed of the truck and started passing out chests of tools and items of pioneer tools and equipment to two or three of their buddies on the ground. One of them in the truck comes across the dud grenade and just tosses it out. It lands - first on the ground and "K BOOM."

The next thing we heard was "Medic – Medic" from the two men on the ground as well as from others nearby. One of the injured had been hit in the face and on his hands by flying shrapnel. The other was hit mostly from the waist down.

A medic arrives on the scene and observes a screaming G.I. standing on his feet and holding his crotch. The Medic unfastens his belt, drops his fatigue pants, opens up his underwear shorts and immediately sees what is injured. At the same time the victim looks down at his bleeding penis and yells, "Doc, am I ruined for life," to which the Medic replies, "No, I'll yank out this piece of metal and in a couple of days you will be O.K."

The ambulance arrived on the scene and the two injured men were carted off to the camp hospital. Both quickly recovered and returned to duty. Were they awarded the Purple Heart? I don't think so. They just helped in acquiring the unit nick-name, "Bloody B Company." I remember that one of the training fatalities was that of one of their men was smothered in a fox hole by a tank.



Maintenance Group 269th Combat Engineers

Back Row: Lou Kline, Clark,
Gordon, McConahy

2nd Row: Clayton, H.E. Guthrie,
John Shane, Tom Havens,
Forlines, Capt. Locke

1st Row: Mr. Derwick,
J.C. Lewis, ??, Banker,
Jim Kenny, Martin Kenny,
Bill South, L. Gates
somewhere in Germany

Submitted By: **Tom Havens**
4125 Fritch
Fort Wayne, Indiana 46806

"The Stories of Our War: The Final Chapter"

By: **Bill Sheavly, Jr.**
Associate Member

3500 Virginia Beach Boulevard, Suite 200
Virginia Beach, VA 23452
Telephone: 757/340-7006
E-Mail: wsheavly@walnutstreet.com

Handwritten notes scribbled on small memo pad paper or sticky notes along with requests for signed copies of "The Stories of Our War" arrive at my office daily. The notes are a collage of memories from 60 years ago. I've saved every one of them.

Since the publication of my book in August 2004, I have received an overwhelming amount of heartfelt mail from 69'ers, families and friends seeking books. Like the stories themselves, the notes are a potpourri of emotion. One poignant letter was from a veteran who had been called up Christmas Day 1944 as a replacement at the Battle of the Bulge, and was wounded as a member of the 83rd Infantry. He wrote me a humble and polite letter about his war experiences and how he got shot, before finally requesting a signed book. It was I who was humbled to sign his copy.

E-mails from sons and daughters of deceased 69'ers pop up in my inbox as well. They have heard the stories all their lives, but now fondly look back on those stories wishing to hear them all over again. The stories are more important and more personal now that their fathers and grandfathers are gone.

My phone rings constantly for those who would rather talk. I anxiously answer the phone not knowing quite what to expect. Amazingly, the storytellers remember the facts surrounding WWII like it happened last week. Sixty years have not erased the memories, the friendships, or the terror.

Some of the callers, like **Lt. Sam Lewis**, have filled me in on many details I didn't know. That picture of a filthy and weary GI on the cover of the book, **Raymond Roth**, was one of his men, he told me. Raymond came close to being killed right after that picture was taken at the Siegfried Line when German shrapnel hit his rifle imbedding it in the stock. Mr. Lewis also recalled the accident at Meischied where 51 men were tragically killed. He could hear the men inside the collapsed building screaming for help in the inferno, but the flames and danger of further collapse of the building were too great to rescue them. I could see the roaring flames and smell the burning wood as he told me the story, his voice cracking with emotion. The grandson of a deceased 69'er, Brian Barth called to thank me for taking the time to write the book. His grandfather, a member of the 272nd, died when Brian was only six so he never got to hear his grandfather tell his stories. Reading the book (he did it in two days) was like having his grandfather tell the stories in person.

One wife of a deceased 69'er called to thank me for naming the men from all three patrols - **Robertson, Craig and Kotzebue** - that met the Russians at the Elbe. "They all met the Russians that day," she said, "just at different times and they all deserve credit." I completely agree.

Many have purchased books for buddies or the wives of buddies who have passed on. Their dedications are an endearing tribute to the men they occupied foxholes with.

Other purchasers buy copies for "kids and grandkids who have heard me tell the stories for years." Maybe having their stories included in a book gives them a legitimacy they might not have had before. The grandkids seemed to be the most enthralled as they get books describing, "what Grandpa did in the War." Hopefully these children will grow up with a greater respect for what our World War II veterans did for us.

My biggest disappointment is for the stories that never made it into the book. It's not that I didn't include them, it's that they were never sent to me. When I talked to 69'ers at the Stamford reunion, a lot of them felt bad for not sending anything in because they felt their stories were not noteworthy. Sadly, after reading a few chapters, they changed their mind; their stories were as poignant as those published.

A friend gave me the book "Armageddon: The Battle for Germany 1944-1945" by Max Hastings recently for my birthday. Excitedly, I flipped through the book for references to the 69th, confident that I would find accolades about the Division and their battles. How disappointed I was to see the Division mentioned in one sentence of a 570-page book. The men of this great Division deserve better than that.

Unlike a fiction writer, I didn't make up any of the stories. No one has a mind that can create powerful stories like those in the book. The stories and voices of these brave soldiers deserved their own book. I'm just thankful that I was lucky enough to be the one to preserve those powerful memories from these brave men of "The Greatest Generation."

"No man is so foolish as to desire war more than peace; For in peace sons bury their fathers; But in war, fathers bury their sons."

Herodotus - Greek Historian
(484 B.C. to 424 B.C.)

Plato, The Greatest of all Philosophers, said,
"Only the dead have seen the end of war."

Submitted By: **Walter Haag**
Company B, 881st Field Artillery
420 Paramount Drive
Millbrae, California 94030

Company G, 271st

Submitted By: Earl J. Brittain

3705 S. Pleasant Avenue, Independence, MO 64055

Telephone: 816/254-7684

E-mail: earlbrittain@comcast.net

I was honored to attend the World War II Memorial Dedication with my children and grandchildren. The 11 of us were proud to share in the activities and ceremonies.

While in attendance, I enjoyed meeting several vets from the 69th Division. Although I have been a member of the 69th Association for several years, I have not been able to attend any of the previous 69th Division reunions.

I am making plans to attend the 2005 Reunion in Louisville. I hope others from Co. G, 271st Regiment will be in attendance.

*Photo Right:
Winfield Cope and
Earl Brittain, both
ammo bearers for
John Ordahl's
60mm squad*



Earl Brittain, John Ordahl and Swanson



*John Ordahl, back row, 2nd from left, Earl Brittain back row 3rd from left,
Clarence Goon back row 4th from left, George Phillips, standing far right, 2nd from right.*

Do You Remember?

By: William R. Drugg

Company K, 272nd Infantry Regiment

211 North 14th Avenue

Altoona, Pennsylvania 16601

Telephone: 814/943-8429

E-Mail: bucadaca@aol.com

A lot of stories start "Once upon a time" or "I had a dream" or the real sleep maker for a young audience is let me tell you a story of my war experiences. Now that it is a sure way to put an audience into dream land, unless you can insert somewhere a Monster or a Spaceship into the tale. Well there is nothing like that in my story. All that I can say is it's a true story. Well as true as an old World War II Vet can remember, and I will admit my memories are a little dim. However, let me assure you this tale is true as true as my memories allow and all veterans will relate to most, if not, all of them.

My first thought of armed service was being nude in a large room filled with other naked people - all men except a few Doctor's Nurses, who seemed to be disinterested. But we men know it was just an act, because every one of those nurses were looking at me, and the one that wasn't was looking at you. And who among us can forget the Doctor (and his Nurse) that were giving a "Short Arm Drill" and she also was disinterested. Ha, Oh yes from that day forth we learned that we were not all "Created Equal." Then we all were given little cups and asked to "Number one" in them.

Most of our mothers did not prepare us for situations like that. We were taught MODESTY, well you can forget that word and never refer to it as long as you belong to Uncle Sam. That is a sissy word. So there we are in a restroom (latrine) with all these naked men told to urinate in the "Thimble" without getting your hands wet. A Difficult Maneuver, however, and to add to the problem that old word MODESTY, makes it difficult to "Make your Water" in a crowd. Enter Sir Galahad - he will gladly fill everybody's bottle. NO CHARGE. No problem. If all of our upcoming difficulties could be solved so easily. However that is not to be the case.

The next memory is one of a very sad nature. It's the early evening gathering of my mother, father and me at the railroad station in Altoona and the long, long wait that seemed like an eternity for the arrival of the train to start my trip to New Cumberland and the start of my journey to wherever the Army sends us. My parents who had already said their goodbyes to their elder son, my only brother who was in the Coast Guard in Alaska, and now preparing to once again bid goodbye to the baby of their family of four. We joined many of my friends and their relatives not knowing what to say but making small talk not daring to approach the subject of the seriousness of what was

happening until the pressure was relieved by the arrival of that train, that wonderful train with all its noise and steam escaping just as it seemed as though it would never get there. We load up and so we leave the safety of our homes and our friends and parents not knowing what lies ahead.

The next few days are spent getting our uniforms, trying to act brave as though this was an everyday happening. We are busy getting our equipment and getting acquainted with our new buddies, most of the ones that were from our hometowns are in another area. We wish them God speed and good luck. Many we know now, we will never see again. We are all too busy to think of that then. We try to fit in with our new life.

In less than a week we are off for another train ride. The rumors start. Everyone has a theory because they know somebody that knows somebody who is in the know. And you can take it to the bank we are heading out west, north is where the train is going - everybody gets a guess - well the south people won, we are going SOUTH.

Camp Wheeler Georgia was our destination. Yep, we northern boys are going south for the winter. No snow for us this winter. We should have guessed we were going South. We did not get any snow shoes. Right? Right. No snow shoes but also no sand buckets, or beach chairs either. We had the sand though, sweat and walking in the moonlight. As well as chaffing, insect bites, and endless lectures, movies and did you not feel bad for that poor soldier that dated that girl? That was all I needed, let me tell you.

While we are on the subject of beds. Can you square the corners of your bedsheets? If so, the next question is WHY? Why would any soldier go to all that trouble to watch a quarter bounce off the bedspread. But we all had to learn how. Some of the soldiers still have their quarters - me, I spent mine. We slept in two story barracks, with latrine first floor right. Never could get any closer than second floor, top of stairs. I often wondered how those older men made that trip. Second floor back in corner without having an accident. We had a large number of older men drafted in our Battalion, they were ancient to me just out of high school at 18. They were determined and we were proud of their effort.

Well we learned the different firearms we would encounter as infantrymen. My buddy had never been near a rifle in his life, he could not master the Inspection Arms Command, he failed to get his thumb out of the way of the bolt as it came forward until his thumb was bigger than the opening and he was excused from that part of the training. His platoon's command "inspection arms" was always followed by a little moan at first, later on the moan became a scream. Then we visited the target ranges. Sometimes

(Continued on Page 16)

DO YOU REMEMBER? (Continued from Page 15)

we were the ones doing the firing, which was great, other times we set the targets - not so great. However, that got us ready to crawl on our belly under barbed wire and through mud while explosion were going off. Many men's rear ends still are afraid to come out. We threw hand grenades. We found out that you do not remove the pins with your teeth as they did in the movies and they were heavy.

The Basic training period was supposed to be for seventeen weeks, however they shorted us about a month, and shorted our furlough time, and again the rumor had it they needed us at once in the ETO. We would be the stars of the war. Yeah, Boy Stars. Well all I know is they put my body on a plane from Fort Benning Parachute Training School and flew me to Pittsburgh, then by train to good old Altoona, Pa.

The stay was very short (less than a week). All my friends were in the Armed Forces, so the old town was not the same. The talk was all about the war and the men and women that had been killed or wounded. So the furlough was bitter sweet - good to see the folks and friends but ready to move out. Everyone said "you have changed" so have the times. So back on the train, no fanfair this time, just goodbyes, yes the times have changed too. We are at war and a lot of good men died in France and we know that's where we are going. No rumors needed. General Von Rundstadt has started a counter attack. The "Battle of the Bulge" has begun.

A short train ride and we are in Camp Kilmer, N.J. No time is wasted here. We are transported to the New York Harbor where our ship awaits. The El de France, the fifth largest vessel in the world converted into a troop carrier just waiting for us. They had removed all forms of comfort and replaced it with nothing resembling comfort. At least in the enlisted nomcom section. The officers section, we never got there. The bunks were wall to wall and floor to ceiling, just enough room between bunks to slide into it if you did not roll over. You were never lonely on this cruise. Perpetual poker game in all spare spaces. The toilet facilities were a designer's nightmare, a constant flow of water under seats built from rough hewn lumber upon which a group of men sat trying to appear with dignity. A loser in all aspects so you may as well (excuse the wording) go with the flow as we set side by side looking off in the distance.

We sailed from the harbor all alone, no convoy to slow us down. In eight days we were looking at the white cliffs of dover. No time to waste, we transferred to an L.S.T., a flat bottom boat which had a retractable front for landing troops on the beach. Again no frills or any fanfair, get on the boat and get off when we get on the beach. We are thinking we at least do not have somebody shooting at us. A truck ride is now in order to a Belgium Chateau where we share a room with at

least 8 other guys. This is part of a Repple Depple. Waiting for assignment. The drawing is over and we find we won a fox hole, so after a day or so and after a few early morning walks, we are moved to the frontline and move into a foxhole already prepared by the guy that just moved out. We think he was part of the 99th Infantry. The hole was deep enough but just a little drafty but they taught us in basic



*Bill Drugg on right
Camp Lucky Strike*

training not to complain until you see a Chaplain and he will punch your card. I'm still looking. We are told before we get comfortable in our new hole/homes we are in the 69th Infantry, K Company, 272nd Regiment.

During this time we were practically shut off from the main body. The sun did not shine for many days which grounded our Air Force and added to the advantage of the enemies troops in the Bulge. One day we awoke to the sound of planes and the ground shook with the vibrations of the planes in the sky. The weather had changed, the sun came out and the sky was filled with our aircraft and even the lowly dogfaced men knew. "It was the beginning of the end."

Our memories are many and of different things. We saw the Ardennes forest and now we know what a "tree burst" is and how lonely those cold nights are when you are counting the minutes for your relief to arrive. The strange noises in the night, how you stare into the darkness trying to make a human form out of a shape. You are very worried knowing you are the first line and the sleeping soldiers are depending on you. Another scary thing is when you are guarding a barn full of prisoners, your post is a manure wagon in front of the double doors. The only consolation is knowing your prisoners are as tired as you and are probably sleeping. They had been herded into the barn after being instructed to drop their weapons at the entrance. I am just a recruit but not everybody does as they are told at least Americans, maybe Germans are different. As a Replacement we are still learning. We built roads from trees we cut over muddy, muddy areas with axes and hand saws. I didn't see any power saws.

After moving into Germany there was a few benefits. We slept in houses, some soldiers learned how to loot (I am told) eat eggs, chickens, beets, drink fresh milk, oatmeal - well you get the idea. The earlier you

(Continued on Page 17)

DO YOU REMEMBER? (Continued from Page 16)

got up the better you ate - the milking maid and the egg lady got up early, too. The sound of a cow mooing and the clucking of a chicken bring back memories to everybody that was lucky enough to go through the farmlands, just don't walk in the fields and be careful along the roads, too.

A pontoon bridge was an easy way to get across the Rhine river since the Krauts sabotaged the Ramagen bridge, so across it we went. We were in a hurry and the Germans were in retreat which was evident by the number of civilians (D.P) (displaced persons, slave labors) on the roads. Many times we were recruited by the tanks, part of Patton's brigade, to ride along and lend assistance. A strange site was many armed German soldiers trying to surrender to us. I got as far as the town of Borna with Company K and then I was sent to Headquarters Co. of the 272nd. We met the Russian soldiers, men and women and their many ways of traveling - bicycles, wagons, large and small, oxen, horses and anything that would move, reminding many of a Gypsy's Caravan. This group had been preceded for days by Germans and civilians trying to escape to the Americans but in a short while, the powers to be turned this land over to the Russians and we went back a couple hundred miles.

The 69th Infantry was broken up and those of us that did not have enough points to come home right away were transferred into other outfits. Many went to the M.A.M. CO. 3532nd with me. Yes I was assigned to the 3532nd, Medium Auto Maintenance Co. in a town called Helefinger. Lt. Taylor was the CO, a great guy. For a short time we went on detached service with a Bomb Disposal group. We (5 noncoms) were assigned to assist a Captain, our leader to reclaim any and all unexploded bombs, grenades, rockets, etc. that we found or were notified thereof, transport them to a safe area and explode any and all of them. We six lived in a very nice house, had unlimited rations and food prepared by a civilian cook. Great duty until you were called to unarm something. We had a jeep, a Six-By equipped, right?, with a red light and siren to warn of our coming.



William Drugg in Helefinger

Now let me tell you that the captain was the only one that was knowledgeable enough to touch anything. However if he made a mistake, we would be the first to know of it. Right? This duty was short lived, ran out of things to play with and the Captain went home. Back to our Company.



*Patrol Truck:
3rd Army Service Station*

Lieutenant Taylor had another assignment for me. He assigned a German speaking military person to me and we went shopping. First for a house, yes sir, a house in the Nazi area of Heidelberg. We drove up and down the streets until we spotted one we liked, went and notified the occupants of their moving orders, giving them ample time to gather their personal belonging, (no furniture) food and coal and leave. We supplied then with an inventory of the remaining items signed by the USA and we had a house with a garage, piano and automatic door opener. Then on to the supply house to get utensils we would need to feed our group. Our group consisted of six noncoms, myself and two cooks and a housekeeper and 24 men with some experience in auto mechanics. The 24 men and



*Above:
Apartment
building
where 3532
was housed.*

*Right:
House where
we lived in
Heidelberg*



*(Continued
on Page 18)*

DO YOU REMEMBER? (Continued from Page 17)

the three women were employees of the Military Government of the USA. The food for the feeding of all these people would be supplied by our Company. Oh yes, we were going to man the Third Army Service Station #4 on the Autobahn, at Heidelberg exit. Talk about falling into a caphouse and coming out smelling like roses, from Bomb Disposal to Service Station, I thought it was good at the time but wait till you read this.

Imagine this, right after the war on one of the highways that has most of the traffic at the exit to a large metropolitan city, civilian and military vehicles all needing benzine and in the center you sit controlling a gas station. We were constantly being asked for a little bit - by everyone. Well let me tell you, if it had not been for the currency control books limiting the amount of money a soldier could send home, I would have been a rich man or in jail now, as it was sure an enviable position to be in. As it was, we soldiers at the station had many perks as you can imagine. When next we meet in this medium, I will write more on this subject.

The Company commander called me and informed me to pack my bags to leave for home.

Now comes the darn payback time when reality sets in. Transportation is by forty by eight cars to LaHavre to Camp Lucky Strike to exchange our German marks for good old American dollars. Everybody had an extra amount of marks looking for someone to exchange dollars from your currency control book.

Then we got on board a Kaiser built Victory Ship. This baby had been built (mass produced). It was a floating, hollow drum of a ship, no flotation on this boat when they were cranking them out during the war years. The best thing you could say about them is they did not sink, until they got a hole in them, then they were like a rock, a BIG ROCK. But we all made it home on it and we sailed past the proud lady with tears in our eyes and thanking God for allowing us to complete our journey with a silent prayer to look over those of our number that did not.

P.S. This was written in hopes of one of my buddies will remember me or the events.

Still Looking for Buddies



This photo was taken while I was still with the 69th. Just recently I found this photo and the names were on the back - myself, **William Drugg**, **Tony Radcliff** from Virginia and **Red Davis** of Missouri.

If anyone could help me locate any of them, I would appreciate hearing from you. See my address, etc. on the first page of this article. Thank you!



Personnel of the 3532 MAM at a dance.

THE AUXILIARY'S PAGE

By **Dottie (Witzleb) Shadle**

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A Message from your Auxiliary President, Theresa Pierce

Dear Ladies of the 69th Ladies Auxiliary:

Our weather has been unseasonably cool, but I don't envy you Easterners. I guess it's the same all over.

There isn't much to tell you ladies, except to remind you that this is an election year for us. If you would like to nominate someone at our meeting, let us know. Every year it seems like it is more difficult to get volunteers to serve as Officers.

There is always a need for our crocheted articles, lap robes, bed jackets, bibs, booties, etc. And also our toiletries. If you don't use those at the hotel, please deposit them in the bag marked for them in the registration room. Our lap robes are 36 x 45.

Ladies' entertainment is always a challenge with the many choices and different interests. The thought is to try something different each year and try not to repeat too often. There are a couple of choices I believe you will be pleased with.

Hope to see a large attendance at the "Derby City" Reunion.

A Note from our Sunshine Lady, Edith Zaffern

Unfortunately, I do not receive notice of the death of our members or their wives until I receive the "Bulletin" listing their names. As a result, there have been instances where I have sent out birthday and anniversary cards some time after the deaths.

I am sure these greetings received after the death of a loved one cause additional grief. I want to apologize for these instances and I hope that all will understand the reason.

- In Memoriam -

"LADIES' TAPS"

BARBARA CARLTON

wife of **Howard Carlton**, 880th Field Artillery

VIRGINIA R. DEGEYTER

wife of **Morris DeGeyter**

Anti-Tank, 271st Infantry

How We Won the War?

By: Mr. Edward L. Smaldone

Company K,
272nd Infantry Regiment
508 White Springs Road
Geneva, New York 14456

Our Platoon Leader received orders from the Battalion Commander to set up a camouflaged outpost to observe any enemy activity that was taking place.

Our Platoon Sergeant, in turn, received his orders from the usual chain of command and ordered my buddy and I to fulfill the mission.

We hopped on a jeep and rode out to a God-forsaken snow covered hill. I don't know if any of you guys encountered the same trouble that we met, but we had a hell of a time digging in with those "great" G.I. shovels. Well we finally dug a hole about 5 ft. long, 4 ft. wide and 4 ft. deep. We were supposed to sit there and observe. We had a radio pack but it went dead after a few hours.

This is hard to believe but it's the truth. We stayed in the hole for over 48 hours and nothing happened. We didn't have any C or K rations but we did have a D-Bar that we carried in our back pocket. It was called an emergency ration and could only be eaten if you went without chow for 36 hours. There was a warning label on the wrapper that you must have a full can-teen of water to help dissolve the chocolate bar.

My buddy had a canteen of water about 3/4 full. I only had a small amount of water so I passed it up. The other guy ate his. I did have a pocket full of lemon hard candy that I had saved from earlier K-rations. To this day I hate lemon drops.

Well, we came to find out that they forgot us, which we didn't realize. We both decided to hightail it out of there and try to find our way back to our platoon. Lucky for us, there was very little movement on either side because of the cold weather and deep snow. We eventually found our way back. As soon as the Platoon Sergeant saw us, he explained that he had forgotten us and that was why we were never relieved.

How the hell we won the war was a mystery. Some of you probably have similar stories, so why don't you jot them down and send them in.

To top this SNAFU episode, I must add this little note. A few weeks after the war ended some Chicken-Shit Officer pulled a full-field inspection of all our gear. When it was discovered that my buddy was missing his D-Bar, the officer wanted to fine him \$25.00 and demote him to private from P.F.C.



I asked for permission to speak to our C.O. to explain what had happened. The C.O. immediately rescinded the fine and demotion and chewed out the Bone-Head.

Again I would like to thank the great staff that is responsible for publishing the Bulletin.

I have just received the hard covered edition of "The Stories of our War" written by Bill Sheavly concerning the 69th. He has done an outstanding job and I would encourage all the vets of the 69th to purchase this wonderful history of our Division.

Once more I want to thank you all for your endeavors.

Another Snafu or Two!

By: Charles H. Griffith

Company C, 661st Tank Battalion
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Gloucester City, New Jersey 08030

The heavy rains that the state of Louisiana is suffering with and this tropical storm season reminds me of our soggy maneuvers in that state. It rained cats and dogs for days on end. On one dark and stormy night, **Recon Sgt. Ted Maciejewski** set out in his jeep. I observed his departure and he only inched the jeep along. Visibility was only about five feet. He drove about fifty feet, and the jeep came to a stand still. I could hear his motor struggling to continue to no avail. I jumped on Shank's mare and made my way over to the grunting and groaning jeep. I saw the problem right away. He had driven up to a humongous tree stump which stopped him cold. After he had blessed that stump, he backed up and went bleary-eyed on his way, successfully I hope.

Now here is another true story. Nobody had any dry duds left, and when the rain finally stopped we had G.I. duds hanging from every tree branch. It was a nice warm, sunny day. At chow time I was walking to the chow line with **Donald Dague Klump**. He wisely had stashed a clean and dry set of fatigues. He also had on his field jacket. At that time we still had the old type jackets - sun tan in color, the length the same as the Ike jacket. He looked great, like ready to be corporal of the guard. His magnificence was short lived.

As we walked toward the mess line we had to pass **Pfc. Leroy Powell**. This intrepid soul was attempting to start a fire using a purloined C-ration can of gas. Believe it or not the fire shot up the stream of gas. Thinking fast **Leroy** (we all called him the old goat) old 37, threw the can away. You guessed it - it would up all over **D.D. Klump**. He took a flying leap into the nearest ditch. Result, fire out, Klump unhurt, but steaming at the hapless old goat. Klump minutes ago immaculate, now a muddy mess. Me? I didn't stay for the fireworks, being a chow hound I did what comes naturally, went and ate that (once a week) hot meal.

A daughter's search reunites WWII buddies

Submitted By: Wilbert F. Haas

Company A, 273rd Infantry

2948 Washington Street

Dubuque, Iowa 52001-1926

Written By: Maeleeka J. Lavan

This year, Harold Mason's Christmas gift didn't come from a store. Mason received a gift he'd been missing for more than 50 years - friendship.

Mason's daughter, Debbie Cullen, had been listening to her dad's World War II stories since she was a child, but it wasn't until recently that her father, now 85, began talking at length about his war buddy, Billy, from Dubuque, Iowa.

I thought, "I've got to find this guy," Cullen said. "All he does is talk about Billy and all the stuff they did."

So about two weeks ago, Cullen, who lives in Webster, started the search her parents had been chipping away at since 1946. The Masons, also of Webster, had searched phone books and written to city hall in Dubuque to find Billy with no success.

Cullen figured the best way to look for Billy, or William Haas, as her father had told her, was to search the Internet.

After poking around on various WWII Web sites, Cullen found a man who fit her father's description in every way except one. His first name wasn't William; it was Wilbert.

"She called on the phone and said, 'I found Billy, but his name is Wilbert,'" Mason said. "I said, No you didn't ... you have the wrong guy."

But when Cullen showed her father a picture from the web site, he had a different reaction.

"I brought it home and said, 'Is this someone you know?'" Cullen said, "He said, 'Yes it's Billy and he started crying.'"

Right: Photo of Haas that inspired tears in Webster.

Below: Haas today



Debbie Cullen, left, visits parents Harold and Caroline Mason of Webster. As a Christmas gift, Cullen reconnected her father with a wartime friend whom he hasn't seen for nearly 60 years. Photo by Carlos Ortiz

Finally, Mason was closer to being reunited with the friend he met in basic training camp for the U.S. Army in Macon, Georgia. The two served in the 69th Infantry Division.

Haas' daughter, Pam Hiatt, had listed her father's information on a WWII Web site in honor of his service. The reason Mason didn't have Billy's first name correct, he explained, is because in the military everyone is called by their last name.

And since his friend called himself Billy when a first name was used, Mason assumed his full name was the more common William.

On December 13, Mason called Haas and the two spoke for nearly an hour. Ironically, that same day, Haas said he was thinking about Mason. "I was going past the library and thought, 'Maybe I'll stop and see if they have a Rochester directory,'" said Haas, 79.

But Haas said he changed his mind. He had tried before to search for Mason without success.

"When I got home, my wife said he called .. I could've dropped dead," Haas said.

When the friends talked on the phone, they remembered the Christmas Eve they spent in a church in Germany listening to a service in both German and English. They also talked about the games of cribbage they played in their spare time.

They hope one day to see each other in person.

Both men served from 1942 to '46, when they returned to the United States. The last time the friends saw each other was after they arrived in New York City.

"We went everywhere together," Haas said. "You wouldn't ever find a nicer person."

Your Division

Written by Lt. Don E. Cowles

RECEPTION

Climbing down the train steps, stumbling off into the warm Mississippi night under the burden of a barracks bag and a heavy suitcase and probably three or four crumpled paper bags - that was your first impression of the new 69th Infantry Division on that May night in 1943. That and the sharp urging of sergeants standing under floodlights, "Form a line! Close it up! Keep moving, keep moving!"

The line seemed to be miles long, your burdens grew heavier with every step. You wondered how long the war would last, and which direction was which, and how the hell you got into this mess in the first place. You wondered where you were going and why you didn't ride in one of those trucks parked there instead of walking all this way.

And the next thing you knew you were in one of the trucks.

"This is the 69th Division," somebody said.

"So what?" a voice growled down at the end of the truck.

"So it's the 69th Division," was the answer.

You didn't give a damn what division it was then. Divisions and squads all sounded alike. What you wanted was sleep.

"It's a new Division," somebody volunteered.

Brother, he was right! It was a brand-new Division. It didn't have any history. It was up to you to make the history of the 69th. You didn't know it then and if you had known it you wouldn't have cared. 69 was just a number.

The trucks pulled out. You couldn't see much out the back except a lot of lights and buildings. Too many buildings, and they all looked alike. Through the windows you saw guys inside. Guys doing things-cleaning guns - half dressed - sitting around batting the breeze. The truck slowed down and you passed a column of troops marching along in the dark. Those men looked tired and you wondered how far they had walked. How long would it be until you —

"This is Camp Shelby," somebody said, interrupting your thoughts.

"The hell with Camp Shelby," a voice answered.

"What cha have to do to get a furlough?"

Jeez, the guy's been in the army maybe a week and already he's talking about furloughs."

"How long does it take before we go across the pond; that's what I want to know?"

The truck stopped and a guide led you to a building. In a couple of minutes you were sitting on a bunk. There was a bar of candy somewhere down in your barracks bag and you wanted it, but you remembered

the last thing you had tried to find in that bag, the mess it was in, and how hard it was to find. So instead of fishing for the candy you sighed and stretched out on the bunk.

Man, that bed felt good! You stretched and sighed again. Some sleep would feel good right now.

"Everybody strip! You're going to take a bath!" That made you mad. Where the hell did the army get off - telling you to take a bath! You took baths without being told!

"And after that you take another physical."

With a groan you climbed out of the bunk and began to unbutton your shirt. Life was just one damned physical after another.

"And after the physical there will be hot coffee and doughnuts in the mess hall!"

That night, after the lights were out and you were trying to go to sleep, you tried to remember what it was somebody had said you belonged to. Sixty-ninth something or other it seemed like. Sixty-nine - sixty-nine? 69th Division! Yeah, that was it. And like the guy in the truck you said, "So what?"

Then you went to sleep.

PROCESSING

You thought you were settled - but you weren't. No, in the morning after breakfast they lined you up and marched you around corners until you were completely lost. There were the other barracks bags alphabetically arranged.

You picked yours out and marched back to your hut. And you had no more than got your bag down than you had to line up outside again. Only this time you picked up the cigarette butts you had dropped last night. Then they let you lie around for a half-day and you decided the army wasn't such a bad life if they'd just keep that up.

"What's an eagle mean?"

"That's a colonel."

"Do you salute colonels?"

"Hell, yes!"

"But how do you tell whether it's an eagle or what unless you're right on top of the guy?"

"Play safe, Buddy! Salute every damn thing that's got any brass or tin on its collar!"

A half-hour later you were walking back from the latrine and you were face to face with an old guy and he had brass on both sides of his collar. You wished you were in hell! You had to salute but you didn't know how. Do you stop to salute or do you keep on walking? How close should you get first? Hell, he was almost on top of you already. You took a deep breath, you flattened out your hand, and you let fly.

The old boy grinned and saluted back. And as he passed by he said, "That's the spirit, soldier!"

(Continued on Page 23)

YOUR DIVISION *(Continued from Page 22)*

That made you feel good. When you got back to your hut you asked, "What's a gold thing that looks sort of like a leaf?"

"That's a major! A sergeant came in while you were gone and there's a chart over there on the wall that shows what every rank is. He said we don't have to salute until after they have taught us how."

You didn't say anything more about it. But you weren't sorry you had saluted the major. What the hell, you were a soldier now, weren't you.

In the middle of the afternoon they lined you up again only this time you carried both barracks bags and every other thing you owned. And it was hot. The sweat didn't dry off - it stayed right on you. Your little group joined a lot of other sweating little groups. Somebody stood out in front and began calling out names. When a name was called the man went out of his group and was given some papers and then he went away. But they didn't call your name right away. You had to stand and broil a while.

Then some men on horses came by. You thought everybody rode in tanks and halftracks now, but there were horses. You looked at the man in front and saw that he had two white stars sewed into his collar. He was sweating just as hard as you were.

"That's the General, the top man in the Division."

A general! You looked again, because you had never seen a general before in your life, and you thought that in the course of a war you'd probably see a general four or five times. How wrong you were. Hardly a week went by that you didn't see those familiar figures on horseback, appearing from nowhere and watching your platoon, your squad, you yourself as you trained and learned to become a soldier.

Someone called your name.

You went out and got your papers, you joined a different group, you carried those bags to a truck, and after a while you had a bunk in a different hut in a different part of the camp. You threw the bags onto your trunk and sat down, wiping the sweat from your face, wishing you could get a drink of decent-tasting water just once more. That Shelby water!

A sergeant with stripes all over his sleeves came in. He wiped the sweat off his face and said, "This is the end. You are going to live right here, so start unpacking and getting settled down. You won't have anything else to do until supper."

"What a mess of snafu!" somebody said.

The sergeant grinned and sat down. "That ain't snafu," he said. "You've just seen one sweet job of reception and processing. Think it over - fifteen thousand men arriving in mixed lots from all over the country - fifteen thousand men to sort out and get put in the right places, with the truck drivers where the truck drivers belong, with the riflemen where they

belong, and so forth - trains coming in at all hours of the day or night. Think it over - officers meeting the trains a hundred miles away from camp to start the sorting and shuffling of the mixed groups - plans made and rehearsed weeks in advance - food ordered to be here when you got here - blankets - sheets - a thousand things. When your train pulled in the trucks were waiting for you; you didn't have to wait while somebody telephoned for trucks. There was a bed all made up and ready for you the first night. Hot coffee and doughnuts or cakes ready and waiting. Within a day or two your own individual place in the Division located and you were taken to that place. Hell, you can't call that snafu!"

"What I don't see," somebody said, "is why we had to take a physical examination in the middle of the night!"

"Think that one over, too," said the sergeant. "Suppose some guy caught scarlet fever on the way down here. Would you want him to spend that night in bed next to yours?"

"I get it."

The sergeant wiped the sweat off his face again. That made three of you who did plenty of sweating - you and the sergeant and the general. You understood something then - when you've got a war on your hands everybody sweats. It's the only damn way to win a war!

BASIC TRAINING

When you first come into the army you probably thought that you'd spend hours and days drilling - marching up and down a drill field, doing the manual of arms. When you heard "army" you thought of "drill." And so, when Basic Training began on 31 May 1943, you expected to drill all the time.

But you did not drill.

Although during your entire time in the army you have probably spent comparatively few hours at it. The reason is simple; you don't win wars by drilling; you win wars by fighting. Right from the start the army has trained you to fight, not to parade. You learned how your weapons operated; you learned to shoot them, and, more important, you learned to take care of them. You learned to use the equipment the army furnished you, to take orders, to dig slit trenches, to march long miles, to find your way in the dark.

The weather was insufferably hot for men accustomed to a cooler climate. You could start out in the morning in a fresh set of fatigues and within a half-hour you'd be soaking wet. Then the dust would settle on you and in another half-hour you would be muddy. Sweat ran down the grime on your face in little white rivers. Gnats bit your ears and chiggers chewed your legs. From time to time you broke out in strawberry-colored heat rashes. You walked so many miles and worked so hard and dug so many holes that you thought this life would make a wreck of you.

(Continued on Page 24)

YOUR DIVISION *(Continued from Page 23)*

Instead, it made you strong and tough and rugged. The weight that had been around your middle moved to your shoulders. Your arms and legs grew wiry. The first day you wore a full field pack it weighed a ton. The second day it weighed two tons. And then, a few weeks later, you put it on as casually as you did your shoes.

During Basic Training you acquired the primary elements of battlecraft. You learned to be a soldier, and learned it fast.

"Hell," somebody said one time during a short rest period, "they keep you going so fast around here you don't have time to blow your nose."

"Yeah," said the little fat guy in the second squad, holding up his hands. "Look at my fingernails - ten nice long rosy fingernails. Used to be I bit my nails - kept 'em chewed right down to a nub. Now look, long fingernails! Why, the army doesn't even give you time to bite your nails!"

"I'll bet other divisions don't have to work like this!"

"Maybe not. But if they don't work hard they're gonna be a crummy outfit."

"Yeah. I guess so."

"Well, I'm glad I'm not in a crummy outfit!"

"Anyway, one thing I've found out. We can take it!"

"And comes battle, them 'Japanazis' will find out we can dish it out."

So you learned to crawl on your belly in the mud, you learned to service a gun, to adjust fire, to roll a truck over rough country without hurting it. You spent broiling days on the firing ranges moving your shots nearer and nearer where you wanted them to go. You learned to sleep on bumpy ground after doing more work in a day than you'd ever done in a week before.

That was Basic Training, a period of transition from civilian to military life, a trying period when old ideas and conceptions gave way to new ones. It was the first grade of the school whose graduation exercises will be the Victory Parade.

LETTERS FROM HOME

There were several highlights in the ordinary working day; chow call when you were hungry was one, and another was the command, "Dismissed," which meant that you were through for the day. But the best was mail call. Somebody would yell, "Mail!" and at once be surrounded by a widening circle of expectant faces. Maybe you got a letter and maybe not. If you didn't get one you would wait until the last letter was called and then look on the ground to see if possibly one had been dropped. You wanted mail, any kind of mail; anything from home. It could be a letter from the girl or your mother or the kid sister, or even a bill from some home-town store. Anything from home! And when you got it you went off into a little world of your own while

you read it - a world far removed from this new harsh army world. Maybe you sat on your bunk to read it or you went off to an empty drill field and sat under a tree.

First you opened it, and if you were like most soldiers you had a special way of opening a letter. You didn't rip it open; you went about it slowly, savoring every happy moment of it. You looked the outside over, slowly reading the postmark, the return address, noticing the color of the ink and the exact style of handwriting, and wondering just what was inside. And then, when you could wait no longer, you tore open the envelope and plunged into the words from home.

UNIT TRAINING

Basic training had made civilians into soldiers; next came Unit Training, which made soldiers into cooperating members of a fighting team. This involved longer stays in the field away from camp, individuals participating as parts of larger units in field exercises.

In this period hills and stream lines were "taken" by day and by night, flanking movements were made by concealed routes, rolling barrages were fired, widespread communication nets established. It was here that men learned to live in the field for considerable periods of time and gained familiarity with their parts in the teamwork of company, battalion, and regiment in combat.

You hiked all night and maneuvered all day. You rode convoys until the dust was an inch deep all over. You serviced guns until you could do it in your sleep - if you had any sleep. You shaved in your helmet or in a stream or you shaved dry. You carried mortar tubes uphill. You put machine guns into action.

Unit Training was expressed in three words by a dusty private crawling into his shelter tent one night at 2300 hours.

"Jeez, I'm tired!" he said.

"Go 'way," you said.

"Gettup!" he said.

So you got up. It was your time for K.P., and you were expecting the worst. You sort of put on your pants and you sort of tied your shoes and you sort of combed your hair. You were still half asleep when you staggered into the mess hall.

"Go wash!" said the mess sergeant indelicately. "This is a clean kitchen."

When you got back the cook put a pail and a cloth in your hands, "Hot soapy water. Cleana refrigerator!"

You washed twenty-seven acres of white porcelain. Inch by inch! When you were done the cook pounced.

"Look!" he screamed. "A spot!"

Inch by inch you washed those twenty-seven acres of gleaming white porcelain again. The cook gave you a brush to go in your pail. "Scrubba table!"

(Continued on Page 25)

YOUR DIVISION (Continued from Page 24)

You scrubbed the table. You scrubbed it on top and on the ends and on the sides, and you scrubbed underneath. You stepped back to admire your work.

The cook pounced.

"Look!" he screamed. "A crumb!"

You scrubbed it some more. Lots more. In fact, you scrubbed the devil out of it. The cook led you into the storeroom and put a spray gun in your hands. "Killa roaches!"

First you sprayed all the roaches in sight. Sixteen of them by actual count. By that time the roaches had got wise to your intentions and they hid. You hunted them. You lifted every tin can, you moved every box, you shook out each crate. You killed every roach in the storeroom. You thought!

The cook came in.

"Look!" he screamed. "A roach!"

So you sprayed some more roaches. The cook took you to a sink and a mountain of dirty cups. "Washa cups!"

One by one the mountain of dirty cups was converted into a mountain of clean cups. Finally you finished the last one. You held your breath, waiting for the cook to pounce.

He did! He snatched a cup from the mountain.

"Look!" he screamed. "A stain!"

"Hey," you protested, "Can't just one little tiny thing be just a little tiny bit dirty around here!"

The cook looked at you with genuine anguish in his eyes. He gave you a kettle half as big as an ordinary suburban home. It was covered with brown specks inside and out. "Scoura specks!"

The specks wouldn't wash off in mass. They wouldn't vanish under broad strokes of the cleaning cloth. No, the specks had to be worked over one by one. Each speck had to have individual attention. Some of them could be removed with hammer and cold chisel - others required dynamite. You removed singly and individually well over three million specks.

The cook pounced. "Look!" he screamed, "Specks!"

"Yeah," you interrupted him wearily.

I know. You fixed him with a magnetic eye, "I know," you screamed. "A speck!"

Hundreds and hundreds of hours later that day you finished your K.P. and crawled, aching and weary, into bed. And as you went to sleep you made a vow. "If ever this war is over," you swore, "I'll be a hermit! I'll live in a hidden cave on the side of a remote and unknown mountain! I'll live on roots and berries and I'll eat with my fingers. And I'll never wash another thing as long as I live!"

COMBAT FIRING

The end of Unit Training came on a foggy, rainy day, with the Division Combat Firing Exercise, when the live ammunition and simulating nothing except the entire Division, down to the smallest unit, engaged in one big field exercise, working out the problem with the enemy, which was represented by thousands of toy balloons. If Hitler had seen the balloons vanishing under that fire he would have slept poorly that November night.

For the 69th Infantry Division had learned to Fight!!

He Stands Barefoot in the Snow

Submitted By: **Walter W. Haag**
Battery B, 881st Field Artillery
420 Paramount Drive
Millbrae, California 94030

I want you to close your eyes and picture in your mind the soldier at Valley Forge as he holds his musket in his frozen and bloody hands.

He stands barefoot in the snow, starved from lack of food, wounded from months of battle and emotionally scarred from the eternity away from his family. He is surrounded by nothing but death and the carnage of war.

He stands tough, with fire in his eyes and victory on his breath. He looks at us now in anger and disgust and tells us this...

I gave you a birthright of freedom born in the Constitution and now your children graduate too illiterate to read it.

I fought in the snow barefoot to give you the freedom to vote and you stay at home because it rains.

I left my family destitute to give you the freedom of speech and you remain silent on critical issues because it might be bad for business.

I orphaned my children to give you a government to serve you and it has stolen democracy from the people.

It's the soldier, not the reporter,
who gives you freedom of the press.

It's the soldier, not the poet,
who gives you freedom of speech.

It's the soldier, not the campus organizer,
who allows you to demonstrate.

It's the soldier who salutes the flag, serves the flag,
whose coffin is draped with the flag,
that allows the protester to burn the flag.

Author Unknown

Paul Staub Remembers

Headquarters Co., 1st Battalion, 273rd Regiment
20 Snowbird Lane
Levittown, New York 11756

I just received my copy of the bulletin and as always, read every line word by word looking for a familiar name or place. So often in the past when I have come across something that is familiar, the memory juices start working and things come back to me that I haven't thought about in years.

On page 22 of the bulletin in the article submitted by **Charles Chapman** he tells of **George Peck**. Now there is a name that is familiar to me. When **Bill Robertson**, myself, and the other two men of the patrol were on our way to the Elbe, one of our stops was the Ft. Zinnia Prison where we released a number of prisoners who were all scheduled to be put to death. Among these was an American Ensign that had been captured in Italy. It didn't take too long before we became long time buddies and we learned that this was **Ensign George T. Peck** from New York and in some way had connections with the Peck and Peck Stores there.

When we left the prison and went to Torgau I think we took the Ensign with us. Over the years **Bill Robertson** would be in touch once in a while.

Photo below: **I&R Section, Headquarters, 1st Battalion, 273rd.** Bottom Row: **McDonnell, Maer, Ensminger, Huff.** Standing: **Herst, Quinn, Shep, Paul Staub, Goodhart** and I think, **Schmidt.**



The Kurt Family at the World War II Memorial

Joseph N. and Anna J. Kurt
Company E, 271st Infantry Regiment
302 Browns Court S.W.
Farley, Iowa 52046-9401

We enjoyed the reunion in New York. We visited Washington, D.C. and the World War II Memorial on the way.



Julie, Jane, Joe, Jeff and Lisa

The Dance and Lord Haw-Haw

Written By: **Gus R. Wiemann**

Company L, 271st Infantry

7126 Canella Court, Tamarac, Florida 33321

A three-day pass for a soldier rushes by like a gust of wind. Returning to the Winchester barracks after a visit to London was underwhelming. However, one morning sunshine broke through the clouds. A notice on our bulletin board stated that our company was invited to a dance at a nearby school gym to be held on the coming Saturday evening.

I found the school building that evening partly by music echoing down the narrow, winding, cobblestoned streets. Opening the door, I was greeted by a trio of a piano player, a tenor saxophonist and a bass player in the midst of Glenn Miller's Chattanooga Choo Choo. Red, white and blue bunting alternated with our flag and the Union Jack.

Along one wall sat about twenty ladies, obviously chaperoning the girls dancing with the soldiers. When the band began to playing "I'll Be Seeing You" I asked a girl standing nearby to dance. After I introduced myself, she said that her name was Nancy Jones, that she and her family lived in Winchester and that a brother was in the RAF.

In a few moments the musicians stopped playing, leaving their seats for a break and for fresh air just outside the building. "Let me introduce you to my mother," suggested Nancy, leading me to the line of ladies along the wall. We stopped at a cheerful and smiling middle-aged woman. After I introduced myself and mentioned where I lived in the States, Nancy's mother said, "You must come tomorrow afternoon for tea. Bring a friend if you like."

"Thank you very much," I answered, gladly accepting her invitation, as she wrote down the family's address.

Before leaving the barracks that Sunday afternoon, I wrapped a small package of several chocolate bars, candies and a few packs of American cigarettes for my hosts. When I rang the bell at their little home tucked away in the midst of row houses, Nancy answered the door. As I gave her the little package, she thanked me, took my coat and cap and led me into the living room. Her mother greeted me, introduced me to her husband, a portly, mustached gentleman, who quickly laid down his newspaper, arose from his armchair and shook my hand.

"I'm Jack," said a lanky teenager from a chair in the corner, holding a magazine in his lap.

After I sat down, Nancy's mother took a framed photograph of a young man in uniform from a small shelf on the wall. "This is our other son, Jim. He's in the RAF, stationed near London." She held it out to me and then replaced it, studying it for a moment.

"Do you have any brothers or sisters?" she asked.

"No, its just me and my mom and dad."

"Well, if you would, please let me have your home address and I'll send a little note that you were here and that we spent an afternoon together."

"Thanks so much," I replied, taking out a note pad, writing the address and handing it to her.

As I wrote the address, Nancy went to a phonograph in a corner, opened the lid and placed a record on the turntable. "I think that I hear my tea kettle whistling in the kitchen," said Mrs. Jones as she left the room. In a moment she returned, poured tea for us as the voice of Frank Sinatra serenaded us with "Whispering."

Jack put down his magazine and turned to me. "Do you know any movie stars in America."

"Not yet, Jack," I answered, smiling.

"Oh," exclaimed Mr. Jones, "I almost forgot. He's about to come on." Leaning from his chair, he turned two knobs on the radio console. In a few seconds through a crackling from the loudspeaker we heard: Hello, North America. Germany calling. We now present Lord Haw-Haw speaking to England."

Suddenly, a cultivated English-accented voice announced the U-boats' sinking of a series of ships en route to the British Isles, enumerating the tonnages. All of us sat silent and grim as Lord Haw-Haw forecast not only England's but the Allies' doom.

When the broadcast was over it was nearly time for me to report to my barracks. I thanked the family for their hospitality and left. Orders to leave Winchester shortly had arrived over the weekend and I never saw the Jones family again.

Years later the English writer Rebecca West revived the moment in the Jones' living room: "When the U-boats were sinking so many of our ships that to open the newspaper was to see the faces of drowned sailors, he rolled figures of our lost tonnage on his tongue."

* * * * *

The Map

Within days of the visit with the Jones family our unit was on its way to Southampton and Le Havre, winding our way through captured areas in France until we reached our front, the Siegfried Line in Germany. Our first place to sleep was a concrete pill box. Its floor was covered with about an inch of melted snow that had seeped through the air vents. Six of us, ranging in age from 19 to 21, comprised the intelligence and reconnaissance squad. Division headquarters had decided against trucking us all the way to the front as the vehicles would have been within enemy artillery range.

As our area was relatively quiet when we arrived, we munched chocolate bars and gulped down a few ounces of water from our canteens. Then we slipped into our waterproof sleeping bags, zipped them up and slept on the flooded pill-box floor.

(Continued on Page 28)

THE MAP (Continued from Page 27)

During the next few days our division advanced several miles and we found a deserted stone farm house to billet our squad. Our squad leader, **Lieutenant Warren**, a tall, slim man, selected the cellar as his command post.

On the first morning there the Lieutenant called me to come down to the cellar. "Bob," he said, "go out into the wooded area ahead of us and take the field glasses. See if you can find anything."

Slinging my rifle over my shoulder, I walked quietly along a path I found in the woods until I came to a clearing. In the distance was a heavily damaged frame house. Lying down under the cover of pine trees, I used the field glasses to see if there was any activity noticeable ahead.

I crawled about a hundred yards to the house. As I lay near the front door I listened, but there was no sound. I arose and, crouching, ran to the door, pointing my rifle. As the door was slightly ajar, I pushed it open slowly with my rifle barrel. Still there was no sound.

Ahead was a stairway with its banister shot away and chips of plaster covering the stairs. Entering the house, I climbed up the stairway. Just as I reached the second floor, I heard footsteps below.

I looked down the stairs and suddenly a man walked into view. He wore a billowing, tan zip-up jacket, light brown pants tucked into combat boots, an American helmet and a .45-caliber automatic in a holster on his right hip. His movements were slow and deliberate as he searched his surroundings.

"Hey, fella," I called down the stairs as I watched him. He seemed relaxed as he turned toward me, chewing gum slowly and not saying anything. As I stepped down through the debris toward him he watched me closely.

I explained that I was looking for anything that the Germans might have left. He still didn't reply, but slowly unzipped his jacket. "You mean somethin' like this?" He asked as he pulled out a rolled-up sheet of paper. "I got this off a dead Kraut officer."

As he unrolled the paper I saw that it was a map with the word "Eifel," the name of our sector, stamped in the lower right-hand corner. "Yep," this is what I'm looking for," I said. My Lieutenant could really use this."

"I don't like officers," he replied, still chewing gum slowly and eyeing me suspiciously.

"I know what you mean, but this guy is okay."

Finally, after another moment of studying me, he said, "Okay, here," handing me the map.

I grabbed it, crouched and ran outside, then crawled back to the wooded area. Once under cover of the trees, I headed for the farm house cellar. As I hurried down the cellar stairs I saw **Lt. Warren** sitting at his desk, using a candle for light to examine some papers.

Breathing heavily from my sprint through the woods, I handed the map to the Lieutenant. As I began to explain where I found it, he unrolled it and laid it onto his desk. Within seconds he rolled it up, put it under his arm and ran up the cellar steps. Suddenly I heard his jeep start up and roar away.

Early the next morning a jeep dropped off a bundle of *The Stars and Stripes*, our newspaper. I picked up a copy and on the front page was the headline: "Eighth Air Force Hits German Front." Under the headline was a map stamped "Eifel."

* * * * *

The Old Man

Soon after the map incident our unit left the wooded Eifel area and began probing ahead into the areas deserted by the Germans. As we approached a village in our jeep one morning I saw a group of men from our division pointing their rifles at a civilian. He was a tall, stooped, elderly man wearing a wide brimmed black hat and a black coat that reached his ankles.

As I jumped out of the jeep I could see his gaunt face framed by a gray beard. His hands trembled as he held them over his head. I pushed through the surrounding soldiers and asked one of them what had happened.

This old guy was walking down the road toward us," he replied. "We asked him where he was from, but he doesn't speak English."

I walked over to the old man whose wide eyes stared at me. I told him in German that he could put his hands down and asked where he was going. He answered in a mixture of German and Yiddish.

"I was hiding," he explained. "When the Germans left I tried to get to friends in the next village."

Although we were looking for German military who had dressed in civilian clothes, the old man didn't fit that profile. I pulled out a pad, tore off a page and wrote: "Let this man through. He's okay," adding my name, rank and serial number. Pressing the paper into his hand, I told him, "If one of our soldiers stops you, show him this." Looking at me, he said, "I will keep this forever."

Suddenly horns blasted as a truck convoy barreled toward us. I raced back to the jeep, hopped in and our driver headed toward the village. As I glanced back I could see the old man standing on the edge of the road as he watched us leave.

* * * * *

Ursula

Snow melted and trees spared from war began to sprout green buds. From our landing in France our division had traveled about 600 miles. In early May word spread through the division that one of our units had met Russian troops at the small town of Torgau on the Elbe River. Our next news was that Hitler had committed suicide and that the war was over.

(Continued on Page 29)

Victory in Europe Day found our unit in a suburb of Leipzig. It was early in the evening when our mess sergeant and his cooks had finished feeding us. As they began cleaning and packing away the pots and pans, a girl of about ten and a boy of maybe six approached the sergeant.

In English the girl asked, "Would you have any food for my brother and me?"

"Sure kid," replied the sergeant, using a soft voice none of us had ever heard. "Come over here."

As the girl took her brother's hand and stepped up to the serving line, I could see her features more clearly. Her shiny brown hair, parted in the middle, came down in twin braids to her shoulders. Looking up at the six-foot sergeant, her blue eyes, set deep in a pale face, glistened. Her lips were set determinedly. A gray sweater with frayed cuffs covered a white blouse and her black scuffed sandals were clean, but she wore no socks.

The boy, wearing a clean white shirt tucked into suspended leather pants, was barefoot and stood quietly behind his sister. Each carried a tin can with a wire handle.

As the sergeant ladled remnants of hamburger and mashed potatoes into the cans, I approached the children. "What are your names?" I asked in German.

"My name is Ursula," answered the girl earnestly, "and this is my brother Johann. How is it that you speak German?" I told her that my parents were born near Leipzig and emigrated to America.

Suddenly Ursula blurted out, "You must come home with us and meet my mother."

Laughing, I said, "I don't think that your mother would want you to bring an American home."

"Oh, please come," Ursula pleaded and quickly described where she lived. I agreed and the following evening as I searched for their house, the children ran to meet me.

"He's coming, he's coming," shouted Ursula as she and Johann came running toward me. Taking my hand, she said excitedly, "Come, I'll show you where to go."

In a few minutes she ushered me into her home. "Here he is, Mama." Her mother, a tall, reserved lady, held out her hand in greeting and smiled.

"Thank you for inviting me," I said, and handed her a small package of chocolate and a few packs of cigarettes that could be used for barter.

For the next half hour, kneeling on the living room floor, Ursula pointed to photographs in an album of a happier life.

Then suddenly becoming very serious, she looked directly into my eyes and confided, "The Red Cross sent us a letter that my father is in a camp of the Americans. We hope that he will be home soon."

"Ursula," I answered, "I hope that your father will be home soon, too." I turned to the mother, gave her my family's address and said, "When the mails go through again, write to us, let us know how your family is."

The mother smiled and nodded.

The children accompanied me to the door of the apartment. As I walked away, I turned to see them one more time. Both waved goodbye and called out "Auf Wiedersehen."

* * * * *

Sergeant Josef and Marshall Rokossovsky

It was only weeks after the war that we heard Russian troops were coming to replace us. Early one morning we received orders to pack our equipment. Within hours we were loaded onto trucks and as we rode away Russian soldiers, carrying machine guns, entered the houses where we had stayed. We halted for a while in the vicinity of Frankfurt and on our first evening there I explored the downtown district where a Red Cross club had been opened.

Finding the club, I entered during a German band's version of "Sentimental Journey." A few couples were dancing on the small floor while some G.I.s watched from nearby tables.

Through the smoky haze and the dim light of the room I noticed a young soldier standing alone. He wore a Russian uniform with its distinctive epaulets and his little cap sat squarely on his head. A pair of dirty boots and a long tunic bunched at the waist by a heavy black belt accentuated his squat figure.

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

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

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

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

Just as he completed his sketch, the movie began. During the film I gave him short summaries of significant scenes, to which he nodded.

After the picture we strolled back to the club. Josef put his arm around my shoulder as passing Germans stared, never having seen Russian-American camaraderie.

As we reached his jeep parked outside the club, he shook my hand, smiled and said, "Someday you must come to visit me on my farm. I live near Moscow."

U.S. Army Heritage and Information Center

Submitted: W.C. Sheavly

Company M, 271st Infantry Regiment

218 Sacred Heart Lane

Reisterstown, Maryland 21136-1414



We had a most interesting trip in mid-October when we visited the new U.S. Army Heritage and Education Center in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. This is a new historical and army genealogy site located adjacent to the Carlisle Barracks. It was dedicated on September 24th for General Matthew Ridgway.

The building is new and contains memorabilia, ribbons, awards, etc. that have been donated by the Ridgway family. The Registrar Gregory Statler gave us a nice tour of the facilities. There are about 12-14 new computers plus 8 microfiche for researchers doing research on members of the armed forces going back to the Civil War, Spanish American War, WWI, WWII, etc. It was interesting to note the "foreign" license plates, West Virginia, Virginia, Illinois plus a car licensed in Germany.

Mr. Statler offered to get out the survey forms submitted by members of the 69th Division. It was interesting to note that I found the survey that I submitted to the Center several years ago. Further, it was interesting for me to note that I knew or knew of almost one-third of the individuals that had submitted these forms. In the event that any member wishes to complete these surveys (about 12 pages) they can write to:

U.S. Army Heritage and Education Center

ATT: Collection Manager

22 Ashburn Drive, Carlisle Barracks

or

960 Soldiers Drive, Carlisle Barracks

Carlisle, PA 17013

Telephone: 717/245-3094

E-Mail: Greg.Statler@carlisle.army.mil

In the event that you are located within driving distance of Ridgway Hall, I encourage you to visit if you have need for information of former members of the military service.



Photo shows W.C. Sheavly (right) and Greg Statler (left) receiving the copies of the two books that our son William H. Sheavly has written.

So you're sick of the way the country's run,
And you're sick of the way rationing's done,
And you're sick of standing around in a line,
You're sick you say - well that's just fine.

So am I sick of the sun and heat,
And I'm sick of the feel of my aching feet,
And I'm sick of the mud and jungle flies,
And I'm sick of the stench when the night mists rise,
And I'm sick of the siren's wailing shriek,
And I'm sick of the groans of the wounded and weak,
And I'm sick of the sound of the bomber's dive,
And I'm sick of seeing the dead alive.

I'm sick of the roar and the noise and the din,
And I'm sick of the taste of food from a tin,
And I'm sick of the slaughter - I'm sick to my soul,
And I'm sick of blood and of death and the smell,
And I'm even sick of myself as well.

And I'm even sicker still of a tyrant's rule,
And conquered lands where the wild beasts drool.

And I'm cured so quick when I think of the day,
When all of this hell will be out of the way,
When none of this mess will have been in vain,
And the lights of the world will blaze again.

And things will be done as they were before,
And kids will laugh in the streets once more,
And the Axis flags will be dipped and furled,
And God looks down on a peace world.

Author Unknown

Submitted By: Robert H. Fredrikson

Company H, 272nd Infantry

2734 Hollydale Drive

Homewood, Illinois 60430-1127

Sam Lewis remembers Raymond Roth

Submitted By: Sam B. Lewis

Company B, 273rd Infantry
717 W. San Antonio Street, Apt. 11
Lockhart, Texas 78644-2362



Sam Lewis in downtown Duren. June 1945

By now, I am sure you have seen and maybe have a copy of **William H. Sheavly's** book, *"The Stories of Our War."* I have just received a copy from Sheavly. It came as a surprise as I had not ordered one. It turned out to have been sent by my cousin **Lloyd Smith**. He was in Hdgs. Co., 3rd Battalion along with **Alan Murphy**, and he had received a notice and ordered two copies, one of which he had sent to me.

Early on, I had sent William a copy of my war memoirs from which he printed ten stories in his book. But the big surprise was the photo on the cover: It is of **Raymond Roth** who was in my second platoon of B Company, 273rd as were two others pictured; **Charles Doricourt**, page 94, and **Fred Greene**, page 98.

The main reason for this letter is to tell **Roth's** story. It is one like, no doubt, many war stories. Events that happened but should not have, and those that did not happen but should have.

It started the night of the tragedy in Miescheid, Germany. On the night of February 20th, 1945 right after the 69th had moved through the Siegfried Line, a satchel charge accidentally exploded when some GI's were picking up their gear causing the death of 51 men as the building collapsed and burned.

Our company received three replacements earlier that evening. One was **Roth**. He and one of the other two were assigned to **Hutto's** 3rd Platoon. The others were friends so **Roth** traded with one and those two went to the 3rd platoon; **Roth** came to mine. Two hours later, both of those two and 49 others were dead in the Mieschied explosion. **Roth** was a lucky man.



The infamous building in Meisheid, Germany. July 1966. The first of four trips back there. We had our four daughters with us and it was a very satisfying experience for me to show them where I had been. In front of me is Herr Klein who owned the building.

April 17th in Leipzig, B Company was assigned the task of taking a school house on the edge of town. **Hutto** and I were to make a classic flanking movement around the left side. My part, I described in my memoirs as what happened when **Bob Grimm**, one of my squad leaders was wounded and I got him to safety. (The Bulletin published that story). I was on the second floor of a house still trying to find that machine gun that fired on us and had hit **Bob Grimm**. **Ralph Hutto** saw me and yelled, "Sam, I need your Bazooka man." That was **Munza**. Before I could spot him, he jumped up from behind a hedge and ran across the intersection that had been in the line of fire. **Roth**, his ammo bearer, was right behind him. They followed **Lt. Hutto**. The machine gunner must have retreated back into the schoolhouse as there was no more firing.

I gathered my men and started the same way. A few minutes later, I caught up with **Hutto** and he was hearing a bunch of German boys and old men away from the school. He told me that **Munza** had fired one shot from the bazooka that had, in effect, caused the Germans to come out. He also told me that **Munza** was dead. We decided I should take the prisoners back to **Captain O'Donovan** so I didn't get to check on **Munza**. It was the next day when we officers went back to get personal effects from **Munza** and also one of **Guardino's** 1st platoon men killed earlier. **Munza's** body had been covered with a sheet. A German nurse was there and said to me, "He's one of yours. He was hit in the forehead with shrapnel and must have died instantly." I learned later that **Roth** was right behind him and his M-1 rifle had taken three hits of shrapnel but none hit him.

(Continued on Page 32)

SAM LEWIS REMEMBERS RAYMOND ROTH

(Continued from Page 31)

Weeks later, about the first of June, B Company was in Naunhof. There was a large public swimming pool there. One Sunday, many of our men were taking advantage of a peaceful spring day. I have several color slides taken that day and **Roth** is in one of them. He is at the edge of the pool looking back towards me, smiling. Next to him I can see the top of what must be a swimming cap of a young girl.



Private Raymond Roth. June 1945 - Naunhof, Germany

The story of the photo on the cover of Sheavly's book is another oddity. It was after we had taken the town of Kamberg and had been pulled back.

Miescheid is about two hundred yards from the highway, which at this point, for 8 or 10 kilometers, is the boundry between Belgium and Germany. On the Belgium side, is a heavy wooded area, where some unit of the 99th had been dug in. That is where we ended up. After two days, we company officers were taken on to the town of Hellenthal to look over our next positions. It was while we were there that the photographer showed up. The pictures he took, "of men after their first combat action" were published all over the country. Many of my men received letters from home saying so. I later heard that the photographer won a prize for them.

Now, back in the states I am involved with a friend from college in a building project as the architect. My friend's name was Maurice Levy. My wife and I went over to visit him and his new wife in their apartment. On the walls there were ten 11"x14" prints of the ten men. He had taken them and my name just never was mentioned. Those photos are in the National Archives in Washington, where William spent many hours. I just realized that had I been there that day, my picture might be on the cover. Oh well.

Have Fun with This One

Match the Products of 50 years ago plus,
with the Manufacturer

- | | |
|-------------------------|--|
| ___ 1. U.S. Royal | A. flashlight/
flashlight batteries |
| ___ 2. De Laval | B. sheep dip |
| ___ 3. Dow | C. rubber heels and soles |
| ___ 4. Karo | D. automobile batteries |
| ___ 5. Dupont | E. weed killer |
| ___ 6. Sanka | F. stainless steel milker |
| ___ 7. Bond Super-Power | G. home permanent |
| ___ 8. Willard | H. electric vacuums |
| ___ 9. Alemite | I. electric ranges |
| ___ 10. Black Leaf 40 | J. linoleum floor covering |
| ___ 11. Schrader | K. sheets and pillow cases |
| ___ 12. Raybestos | L. shaving cream |
| ___ 13. Fels-Naptha | M. nylons by mail |
| ___ 14. Norge | N. kerosene ranges |
| ___ 15. Apex | O. margarine |
| ___ 16. Presteline | P. gas heaters |
| ___ 17. Blue-jay | Q. shampoo |
| ___ 18. Pabco | R. shoe polish |
| ___ 19. Pequot | S. rat poison |
| ___ 20. Admiration | T. camera |
| ___ 21. Mirro | U. tire valves and caps |
| ___ 22. Boss | V. rubber work boots |
| ___ 23. Fisk | W. tooth paste |
| ___ 24. Monroe | X. brake lining |
| ___ 25. Shinola | Y. aluminum
cooking utensils |
| ___ 26. Swan | Z. laundry detergent |
| ___ 27. Cat's Paw | AA. upset stomach mints |
| ___ 28. Ipana | BB. corn plasters |
| ___ 29. Western | CC. hog feeds |
| ___ 30. Larro | DD. deodorant |
| ___ 31. Prince Albert | EE. razors
and razor blades |
| ___ 32. Gem | FF. ammunition |
| ___ 33. Busch | GG. face soap |
| ___ 34. Lustre-Creme | HH. syrup |
| ___ 35. Delrich | II. tractor tires |
| ___ 36. Molle | JJ. instant coffee |
| ___ 37. BiDoSol | KK. motor oil |
| ___ 38. Stopette | LL. pipe tobacco |
| ___ 39. Toni | MM. gas ranges |

Submitted By: "Howitzer" Al Kormas
Headquarters Battery, 879th Field Artillery
12500 Edgewater, #503, Lakewood, Ohio 44107

A Day Worth Celebrating

Mr. Robert Fredrikson

Company H, 272nd Infantry

2734 Hollydale Drive

Homewood, Illinois 60430-1127

First of all I wish to express my personal thanks for the splendid job you are doing in connection with the Bulletin. I really look forward to receiving it after each publication date.

I was the Company Commander of Company H, 272nd Regiment from its creation at Camp Shelby. I was one of the cadres from the 96th Infantry Division from Camp Adair, Oregon. I left the Division after the war in Europe ended.

The picture I have enclosed was taken at the party hosted by the Russians on the Russian side of the Elbe River at Torgau. I, along with my executive officer, **Lt. Gaylord Pahl**, crashed this party by flashing any old piece of paper at the female Russian guards who could not understand or read any English. They just waved us through their checkpoint.

You will note that Major General Reinhardt is just to the left center of the photo dancing with a Russian female with his cap or hat off his head and a big smile on his face. The food and drinks at the expense of the Germans was very plentiful at the tables.

Bob Kurtzman honored

One of The Fighting 69th Infantry Division Association's most active workers joined the long gray line on November 30, 2004, after a period of extended illness. **Robert "Bob" Kurtzman** died in Wilmot, Ohio. Friends and admirers of Bob immediately raised money to buy a 16"x16" granite stone to honor Bob to be placed in the Court of Honor at The Mississippi Armed Forces Museum, Camp Shelby.

Robert J Kurtzman Sr
Wilmot, Ohio
Staff Sergeant
Co I 272nd Inf
Fighting 69th Inf Div
Membership Chairman
Treasurer
Scholarship Chairman
69th Inf Div Assoc
Nov 20 2004 - "Taps"



11 Nazi Prison Camps Found

Submitted By: Douglas George

Headquarters Company, 273rd Infantry

1012 Jay Court, Loveland, Colorado 80537

By Hal Boyle

Associated Press Staff Correspondent

In Two of the Facilities Overrun by Yank Patrol, More Than 50,000 Allied Troops, Including 8,600 Americans, Freed by Their Guards, Are Counted.

MANY NAZIS SURRENDER: *Lightly Armed First Army Troops Take Whole Columns of Enemy Soldiers Rushing West Toward Mulde River Line.*

PRESS CLOSE TO SOVIET ACTION: *Bodies of Two Cossack Soldiers, Killed in Fighting Only a Few Hours Earlier, Are Found by the Far-Ranging GIs.*

With the 69th Infantry Division Beyond the Mulde River, April 26. (AP) - A jeep patrol running at will through disorganized German lines overran eleven German prisoner of war camps and hospitals today and reported that in two camps alone were more than 50,000 freed prisoners, including 8,600 Americans.

The U.S. First army patrol, disarming whole columns of Germans marching toward the American lines, pressed on to a town where they found the bodies of two Russian Cossacks who had been killed in a small-scale patrol action only a few hours before.

Told to Await Aid.

The liberated Allied prisoners of war were so numerous that the small patrol told them to stay where they were while plans were made to bring them out.

"I can't even estimate how many were in other camps," said **Maj. Fred Craig**, of Friendship, Tennessee, on his return from a patrol beyond the Mulde toward the Russian lines along the Elbe.

"But everywhere we went prisoners went wild with joy to see us."

"Because of a news blackout on the positions of American and Russian lines converging in the narrow corridor between the Mulde and Elbe rivers, it was impossible to give the exact location of the camps.

"In one camp," said **Craig**, "we found 20,112 prisoners, and among them were 267 Americans. This camp was built by the Germans in 1941 for French prisoners and there still are thousands of them there.

"American boys told me they had been shuttled from place to place to keep them from falling into our hands as we advanced, and that this was the fifth camp they had been in.

"Their guards pulled out four nights before, leaving them to shift for themselves.

Lack Time to Count Men.

"We also overran a camp which Allied prisoners themselves said contained 30,000 men, of whom about 6,000 were Americans. We didn't have time to count them.

"In this camp there were some 3,000 ambulance cases, most of them suffering from malnutrition."

"In another German hospital we found 7,000 wounded - half of whom were Germans suffering from recent bullet wounds," **Craig** continued. "There were only five Americans here. One was a lieutenant of the 2nd infantry division captured only three nights ago.

"In an adjoining town we came across a luftwaffe hospital with 3,000 German patients."

Craig said that in all cases the American hospital patients told the same story - of harsh treatment on the roads or in prison, but of efficient and not unkindly care once they were placed in hospitals.

We found that almost all doctors and nurses in German hospitals were carrying weapons and we disarmed all we ran across," he said. The German medical personnel said they were afraid that the advancing Soviet troops would massacre them and the Nazi patients.

"German guards had run off from all prison camps or turned themselves over to the prisoners," he said. "We found an American major, a prisoner, had taken over one camp and was running it.

Busy on Another Mission.

"As we were on another mission, there wasn't much we could do on the spot. We told them to sit tight for the next forty-eight to seventy-two hours while plans were formulated to remove them.

"I never saw more happy men in my life. They did everything but kiss us - and one colonel who had been a prisoner since the North African campaign even did that. On both cheeks, too."

Among released war prisoner were British, French, Russians and Poles, and U.S. First army officers expressed belief that when the Mulde-Elbe corridor finally had been cleaned up scores of thousands of war prisoners would be freed.

The hard-pressed Germans, caught in the Allied east-west squeeze, no longer have any place to take them.

There were only thirty-one men in **Craig's** patrol and they rode in open jeeps, armed with nothing heavier than machine guns.

"We learned from one burgomeister," said **Craig**, "that the volksstrum was dissolved in our area yesterday by order of the German commander and those home guard troops were told to change into civilian clothing as soon as they could and try to hide from the Russians. "The order went out when the Germans learned the Russians were crossing the Elbe." "Craig took several towns by telephone, the favorite technique now with General Hodges's First army divisions.

No Trouble After Call.

We just phoned to the burgomeister in the town ahead telling him we were coming through and that if we met any resistance we'd destroy the town with artillery fire," he said, "and we didn't have a bit of trouble. We met hundreds of German troops marching back

(Continued on Page 35)

toward our lines in perfect columns. They were fully armed. We halted them and broke their rifles and took their pistols - but we couldn't collect all their weapons so we just waved a lot of them on back toward the Mulde. "And when our patrol finally did halt it wasn't because of any resistance we met."

Craig said that in one town they arrived just as four German cargo trucks loaded with sixty men were pulling out the other end. All the garrison couldn't get away and we captured twelve prisoners in the town. We also found the freshly killed bodies of two Cossacks from a small Soviet patrol which the Nazis told us they had fought in the town only a few hours before."

57th Annual Reunion

Submitted By: **Arlene Fuller**

4 Dennis Drive, Reinholds, PA 17569



Paul Rava, George West and Gerald Gilenbach



Raymond Smith, Arlene Fuller and Carl Stetler



Linda and George West

69th Cavalry Recon Troop Reunion

53rd Annual Recon Reunion

September 1st - 4th, 2004

Branson, Missouri

Cobblestone Inn

By **Bones Schueler** and **Mike Moscaritolo**

Our annual reunion was put together and conducted by Lou Zimmerman of Great Southern Travel. She and her husband Dave did an outstanding job.

We were billeted at the Cobblestone Inn. The rooms were nice and comfortable with a big hospitality room and kitchen.

We all saw at least 2 shows; some saw three. Transportation by van was provided by Great Southern Travel. Our nice hospitality room was stocked with goodies, so you could eat and drink anytime. **Steve Stambaugh** kept us up past our curfew several nights. Oh, to be young again!

Of course, in our free time, many of us went sightseeing and browsing through the craft stores and malls in the area. Branson has many restaurants, and they are good and reasonably priced. Branson knows how to honor Veterans.

A lot of talk was about hurricanes, which affected many of us directly. **Gordon Ewing** and his wife **Mary** had to vacate their home due to strong winds and no electricity. They went to a motel 20 miles north. Thank God for cell phones - we were able to contact each other.

We had the Saturday night banquet at Jim Owens' Steakhouse, and a good meal it was. After the meal, a memorial read off of the fallen troops was made by Mike and myself.

It was another good get-together and everybody seemed to enjoy the feeling of "family." The group decided on Branson for '05 and we are sure it will be a good one. See the *Calendar of Events* in the back of this bulletin for details.

The troopers who did not make this reunion in Branson missed a well-organized one. Attendees included **Pat** and **Charlie Rice**, **Bob Fuller** and his bugle, **Maxine Stambaugh** and son **Steve**, **Gordon Ewing** and good friend **Mary Scott**, **Ed** and **Nancy Sivas**, **Robert** and **Mabel Schueler**, **Morris Kaiserman**, **Marshall** and **Delphine Ney** with son **Michael** and daughter-in-law **Marietta**, **Harold** and **Jeanne Gardner** with daughters **Patti** and **Lou**, granddaughter **Laura** and son-in-law **David Zimmerman**, and nephew **Tom Gardner** and wife **Peggy**, **Elmer McClain's** daughter **Cindy** and her husband **Steve Dales**, and, yours truly, **Mike** and **Mary Moscaritolo**.

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.

MAY 15th thru MAY 19th, 2005

**CALIFORNIA WESTERN CHAPTER
2005 SPRING ROUNDUP**

LAKE TAHOE, NEVADA

Harveys Resort and Casino

P.O. Box 128, Stateline, Nevada 89449

Telephone: 1-800-455-4770

Room Rate: \$69 + tax per night

Cutoff Date: 3/31/05 to receive this rate.

Group Code is S05INF to get special group rate.

For more information, contact:

Harold and Nancy Faulkner

280 Montecillo Drive

Walnut Creek, California 94595-2612

Telephone: 925/945-6604

* * * * *

MAY 31st, 2005

Deadline for news material and pictures for:

Bulletin Volume 58, Number 3

May, June, July, August 2005

Bulletin expected mailing date is late June or early July.

* * * * *

MAY 25th, 26th, and 27th, 2005

MIDWEST GROUP SPRING MEETING

MISHICOT, WISCONSIN

Fox Hills Golf Resort

250 West Church Street

Mishicot, Wisconsin 54228

Reservations Call: 920/755-2376 or 1-800/950-7615

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

Room Rate: \$69.00 plus tax

A block of rooms will be held until April 25th.

Mention the 69th when you reserve your room.

Wednesday: Check in time, 4:00 p.m.

Hospitality Room

Dinner at Resort

Thursday: Golf

Friday: Golf

Friday: Land and Sea Buffet

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

For Further Information Contact:

Eugene Pierron

2310 County Road D, Belgium, Wisconsin 53004

Telephone: 414/285-3702

Accommodations

1. Fox Hills Resort & Conference Center
2. Forst Inn Bed & Breakfast

Attractions

- A. The Old School Shops & Norman Rockwell Gallery
- B. Mishicot Museum
- C. Aircraft Factory Outlet
- D. Old Rock Mill
- E. River Edge Galleries

Village of Mishicot

SEPTEMBER 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th, 2005

BATTERY C

880th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

Location: Dutch Host Inn

SUGARCREEK, OHIO

For Information Call or Write Co-Hosts:

Lowell McFarlin

P.O. Box 236, Jeromesville, Ohio 44840-0236

Telephone: 419/368-7363

E-Mail: lowmarmcf@bright.net

Robert Williams

Telephone: 330/282-2810

(Continued on Page 37)

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

(Continued from Page 36)

AUGUST 21st thru 28th, 2005 69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION 58th ANNUAL REUNION LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY Clarion Inn

9700 Bluegrass Parkway
Louisville, Kentucky 40299

Reunion Committee Chairpersons:

Bob and Theresa Pierce

Company I, 273rd Infantry

8295 Faldo Avenue

Hemet, California 92545-9312

Telephone: 951/926-9982

Room Rate: Single/double \$69.00
plus 15.01% hotel tax

Several tours and activities planned:

City Tour and Riverboat Cruise

Arms, Louisville Bats Museum

Caesar's Casino

Kentucky Derby Museum, Churchill Downs

Palace Theater

Historic Bardstown and Bourbon Tour
and much more.

Please join us.

See pages 7 and 8 for more information
and pages 10 and 11 for registration forms.

* * * * *



Ted Snyder with **Dottie Shadle** reviewing his WWII photos at the Stamford, Connecticut 69th Division Reunion August 28, 2004. Some photos were selected and printed on the cover of the last Bulletin.

Ted Snyder, Co. D, 271st Inf., 1st Plat., 2nd Squad
3 Carolyn Court, Syosset, New York 11791

SEPTEMBER 8th to 11th, 2005 69th CAVALRY RECON TROOP 54th ANNUAL REUNION BRANSON, MISSOURI

Cobblestone Inn

Located just off the Strip at the Tanger Outlet Mall.

Room Rate: \$68.00 per night, single or double, 1 or 2 beds, tax included. All rooms are available for this special rate September 6th-12th only through Lou at Great Southern.

Hospitality Room includes a full double kitchen with plenty of refrigeration space and counters.

Registration Fee: \$10.00

Thursday, September 8th, 5:15 p.m.-10:30 p.m.

- Dinner: Landry's Seafood House
- Evening Show: "Celebrate America"
\$63.00 per person

Friday, September 9th, 1:30 p.m.-6:30 p.m.

- Shopping at Mountain Man Nut & Fruit Co.
- Dinner Cruise and Entertainment aboard the Showboat Branson Belle
\$61.00 per person

Saturday, September 10th, 8:00 a.m. - 12:00 Noon

- Breakfast Buffet, Sadies Sideboard
- Morning Show: Yakov Smirnoff
\$52.00 per person

Saturday, September 10th, 5:30 p.m. - 8:00 p.m.

- Reunion Banquet: Jim Owen's Restaurant
\$32.00 per person

For Information Call:

Lou Zimmerman, Group Tour Coordinator
(proud daughter of **Harold Gardner**)

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



“Taps”

The melody of TAPS was composed by a non-musical (musician with no formal knowledge) who did not know the technical names of any of the notes. Union General Daniel Butterfield whistled it for Brigadier General Oliver Norton who wrote the notes on the back of an envelope July 2, 1862. The plaintive bugle notes that bring an involuntary lump to the throat typifies our loss and feelings of these two great buglers.

THE WORDS TO “TAPS” SAY IT ALL

Day is done, gone the sun
From the lakes, from the hills,
from the skies.
All is well, safely rest, God is nigh.
Thanks and praise for our days
'neath the sun, 'neath the stars,
'neath the sky.
As we go, this we know. God is nigh.

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(Continued on Page 39)

"Taps" *(Continued from Page 38)*

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**DEADLINE FOR MATERIAL FOR NEXT BULLETIN IS
MAY 31st, 2005 • Volume 58, No. 3
May, June, July, August 2005**

Get Your Material In On Time! Write those stories!

If you would like to e-mail your photos or articles to the Bulletin,
you can send them directly to our printer at: inthewoods@buhlbrothersprinting.com

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the 69th

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Company B, 269th Engineers



Back: Frank Nemeth, Bill Riggle, John Morrone, William Corpman. Front: Fred Young, Jim Riley. Camp Kilmer, NJ. April 18th, 1946, after returning to the States.

Frank Nemeth, 66 Gaping Rock Road, Levittown, Pennsylvania 19057-3410

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**Send Address Changes,
New Members
and Deaths to Paul**

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**Send Ladies' Auxiliary
Material to Dottie**

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Joe Lipsius, 69th Inf Div Regtl HQ & Cn Co 272nd Inf Rgt , Webmaster

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Email: annejoelip@bellsouth.net

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Michael T. McKibben, Chairman & Founder

Son-in-law of Jerry Hoovler, 69th Inf Div Co K 272nd Inf Rgt, and

Son of James A. McKibben, 41st Inf Div Bat C 218th FAB