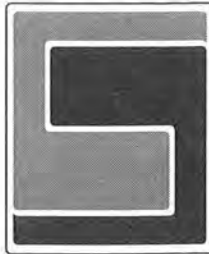


# FIGHTING 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION

## ★★★★ *Association, Inc.*



VOLUME 58, NO. 3

www.69th-infantry-division.com

MAY – JUNE – JULY – AUGUST  
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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P.O. Box 4069  
New Kensington, PA 15068-4069 .... 271

William Snidow, *Chaplain* ..... 661  
Dottie (Witzleb) Shadle, *Editor* ..... 273  
Bernard Zaffern, *Legal Advisor* ..... 272

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Joseph F. Huber ..... 272  
Robert L. Pierce ..... 273  
Charles Yannul ..... 661  
Howard S. Hawk ..... 724

#### Term Expiring 2006

Noble Goode ..... 271  
David Theobald ..... 272  
Lee Wilson ..... 273  
Charles White ..... 777  
Gilbert Rocco ..... 881

#### Term Expiring 2007

LeVerne Loveland ..... 271  
Neil Shields ..... 272  
William R. Nettles ..... 273  
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Raymond Sansoucy, MA ..... 272

*Deceased*

## 60th Anniversary European Tour

April 16-27, 2005



*Group Photo of 69th and Russian Veterans at Wreath Laying*



*Group photo of Russian Veterans*

*See Story Inside*

*Photos by Chet Yastrzemski*

# 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

**Henry (Warren) Goodman**, 10395 Utopia Circle East, Boynton Beach, Florida 33437 — Co. M, 273rd: First, my thanks for the great job you have been doing with the Bulletin.

This past February, I had the good luck to meet with a friend of the past 60 years who saw my photo in one of the issues along with my address. He came in from Los Angeles and visited with me and my wife.

His name is **Izzy Lieberman** of Company M, 273rd Regiment and we had the good fortune to be interviewed by a reporter from the Palm Beach Post where he sort of glorified our participation in the meeting with the Russians. For the record though, I know I was a couple of miles away from the actual meeting.

I look forward to receiving the Bulletin and regret not being able to make the Reunion that was held in Stamford. There is a remote possibility that I will be able to make the reunion in Louisville since I have a motorcycle group departing for Europe in the first week of September. (Not bad for a chap pushing a mere 82 this year.)

**Stanley Eskin**, 1074 Exeter E, Boca Raton, Florida 33434-2973 — Co. A, 269th Engineers: It's just ironic that in the last issue of the Bulletin, "Taps" shows 69 sixty-niners have died.

I think back to when I was only 18 years of age and all these "old men" in my outfit who were in their 20's and 30's made me feel like a baby. In some ways I was, since I didn't even have to shave.

As I read the names, none of which I remember because they weren't in my Co. A of the 269th Engineer Battalion, I wonder how many months or years I've got left before my name will appear in "Taps."

I surely will try to get together with some of the guys and their gals when next our outfit holds a reunion. Of course, no one will recognize me but it will still be nice to talk to all of you who will be there. "And the days dwindle down - to a precious few, September, November . . ."

I don't mean to sound morbid or melancholy, but what the heck!

**Bill Drugg**, 211 North 14th Avenue, Altoona, PA 16601, E-Mail: bucadaca@aol.com — Co. K, 272nd: I just purchased the book, "Memories from the Men of the Fighting 69th Infantry Division," which I have been reading and enjoying, and which also raises a question. Much has been written about the mud. Almost everyone writing about the conditions at the time of our arrival in the France-Belgium area is their recollection of the mud. This, I will admit, was bad. It was deep, sticky, annoying and all the bad words anyone can think of to describe conditions at the time.

One of my memories I very vividly recall, and the lack of anyone ever mentioning this experience has caused me to doubt my own belief of it ever happening.

The mud in the area was so bad that the men in my outfit of Co. K, 272nd, traded our firearms for axes and saws and other woodcutting equipment to cut trees to lay on the roads to help the traffic move forward. I believe we did this for about a week.

Is there anybody else that recalls this? It may have occurred while I was still part of the Repple Depot. I am wondering, did I dream this or imagine the whole thing? If anyone can recall this, please contact me.

**Ray Strauss**, 8 Foxridge Court, Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514 — 272nd Medic: I thank you and the others who keep the 69th alive. I was thinking of going to Torgau if the reunion did take place. I am still in good health - tennis three times a week. I will be 86 in June. I guess thirty-seven years in uniform paid off. When I wear my 69th jacket - not veterans, but the children of 69ers spot it. When I notice the passing of a member of the 272nd Medics in the Bulletin, I send pictures and a story about them to their family. My father, a professional photographer, kept me in supply of film. I have 1000 pictures and negatives.

## It's The Soldier

When the country has been in need,  
it has always been the soldier!

It's the soldier, not the newspaper,  
which has given us the freedom of the press.

It's the soldier, not the poet,  
who has given us freedom of speech.

It's the soldier, not the campus organizer,  
who has given us the freedom to demonstrate.

It's the soldier, who salutes the flag,  
and serves under the flag.

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

Yes, it's always the soldier  
who is called upon to defend our way of life!

- Author Unknown

Submitted By: **Ray Strauss**

# 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



Since the last bulletin, we have had another busy time with over 150 address changes and over 50 deletes. We have also gained a few new members that are listed in the bulletin. In 2002 there were 4109 members on the roster. There are about 3725 members on the roster now. These figures include Widows, Associates, and Honorary Members. As you can see, we are in the position of losing members due to death and sickness.

If you know of a man that served in the Fighting 69th Infantry Division and is not a member of the association, please let me know and I will send them an application. It still amazes me that we can get new members.

I hope to see you at the reunion in Louisville in August. Make yourself known to Dottie and me and if you meet a First-timer please introduce yourself and make them welcome. We want First-timers to come again.

## Removed Bad Addresses from Post Office

Herb Altman  
Charles R. Edkins  
Francis J. Elliott  
Wilbert Glaim  
Sherman M. Hester, Sr.  
Earl Higgins  
Earl Hower  
Alex Leso  
Dean R. Ludeman

Harold E. Marshall  
Emmett McGuirk  
Charles Pierson  
Henry W. Riner  
Anthony V. Scally  
Ralph E. Smith  
John E. Sullivan  
Ralph W. Taylor

# A Note from Dottie, Your Bulletin Editor

Dottie (Witzleb) Shadle  
P. O. Box 4069  
New Kensington, PA 15068-4069  
Telephone: 724/335-9980  
E-Mail: danne345@aol.com

I am still busy trying to move and I have not succeeded as of yet. I do not believe the stuff you can accumulate over the years.

Thank you for all the articles that you have sent to be used in the bulletin. We are sorry we cannot use all of them, but we do our best to use as many as possible. We will return all the material to the owner. If you have anything that you feel would be of interest to the membership, please send it to me and we will try to use it.

We are planning on another trip to Branson in the fall. Paul and I feel this would be a good site for a future reunion. It is not all country and western entertainment as we thought it was, but it is a combination of various entertainments.

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

\*\*\*\*\*

## New Men Relocated Since Our Last Bulletin

Hollis V. Bryant - *Company A, 271st Infantry*  
28 County Road 106, Pittsboro, Mississippi 38951

Ronald E. Hay - *Company E, 273rd Infantry*  
10644 Newcomb Avenue, Whittier, California 90603

## 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.



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

**August 21st thru 28th, 2005**

**CLARION HOTEL**

9700 Bluegrass Parkway  
Louisville, Kentucky 40299

## **Reunion Committee Chairman**

**Robert L. Pierce**

*Company I, 273rd Infantry*

8295 Faldo Avenue

Hemet, California 92545-9312

Telephone: 951/926-9982

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 5)*

## 58th ANNUAL REUNION - LOUISVILLE, KY

(Continued from Page 4)

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 Hil 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 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

Twenty five minute DVD disc or VHS (VCR) tape of the 69th in Germany, mostly in April, 1945. 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.

**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: \_\_\_\_\_

Daily Events	ALL PRICED EVENTS REQUIRE A TICKET		Per Person	Number Persons	Amount
Registration: Monday thru Friday, 9:00 a.m. to Noon and 1:00 to 4:00 p.m.					
Saturday, 1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m.					
Sunday, 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	\$	
Regular Membership .....	\$ 10.00			\$	
Ladies Auxiliary .....	\$ 5.00			\$	
Postage and Bulletin Donation (up to you) .....				\$	
			Total Amount Paid	\$	

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

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

## Message from the President



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

This issue of the Bulletin describes a lot of activity and a lot of travel in connection with the 60th anniversary of the link-up and of V-E Day. I hope you enjoy the articles and photos. I plan that our upcoming reunion at Louisville will also celebrate this 60th anniversary. I hope all of you will attend - a 70th anniversary celebration seems unlikely.

This will be the last reunion planned by **Bob Pierce**, who has done a fantastic job all these years as Reunion Chairman. I have enjoyed working with him, and wish him and **Theresa** all the good fortune and good health in the years ahead.

We have two new members, thanks to a suggestion from **Edith**. In Moscow I presented membership cards to **President Bush** and **President Putin**. I numbered BOTH cards "#1," but don't tell them!

This is the end of my term as president. I hope that you feel that I have made some constructive decisions. I have really enjoyed the opportunity to serve you. I want to thank the members who helped me for these two years and hope all of us give **Paul** the same support as he takes over.

**Edith** and I are looking forward to seeing all of you in August. Let's have a good turnout at this reunion. I know it gets more difficult to travel at our ages, but the more central location in Louisville should make it easier for many of us to attend. The hotel has gone out of its way to give us a great time, and I hope to provide some surprises that you will enjoy.

***You Pay to Belong but  
You Paid to be Eligible.***

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

If you move and are still interested in receiving the 69th Infantry Division Bulletin, please notify the Membership Chairman, **Paul Shadle, P.O. Box 4069, New Kensington, PA 15068-4069** of your new address. It costs the Division .70 cents to get the bulletin returned and another \$1.30 to resend the bulletin out to your new address first class. This is costly to the organization. If you are no longer interested in receiving the bulletin please also notify the Membership Chairman.

We also do receive notices from the Post Office reading *Moved Left No Forwarding Address*. We delete these members from the roster, as we have no way of getting their new address. These names are listed in the bulletin on page 3 and if you know their correct address please notify us.

We are working on a plan to delete members that are not paying dues. Please make sure your dues are in good standing so that you do receive the bulletin three times a year. The dues year runs from August to August. You will receive a reminder in the mail if your dues are not paid by August.

\* \* \* \* \*

### We're Running Out of Old War Photos

We need you to send in those old photos from the war. We will return them when we are done with them. They make great covers and bring back memories. Please send them to our editor, **Dottie Shadle, P.O. Box 4069, New Kensington, PA 15068-4069**. Thanks!

## **HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES! DUES YEAR FOR 2005-2006**

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**Do not send dues to Dottie Shadle.**



# Moscow Celebration of the 60th Anniversary of V-E Day

By: Bernard H. Zaffern

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

On 6 May, seven of us boarded a plane at JFK bound for Moscow, invited by the Russian Embassy to be their guests at a celebration of what they call Victory Day and we celebrate as V-E Day. Included were **Delbert E. Philpott** (271st), **Joe Lipsius** (272nd) and myself (272nd). An eighth invitee, Russian-speaking **Igor N. Belousovitch** (273rd), had left a few days earlier to coordinate efforts by the Russians and our embassy in Moscow. Thus of the eight Americans who participated in the ceremonies, four were 69'ers and members of our association!

My elder son, Joe, on learning of the Russians' invitation, became a one-man press agent and tried to drum up publicity for the celebration of our victory in Europe sixty years ago, but our national media was not interested. Corporate America, on the other hand was interested and the Marriott Hotel chain and Delta Airlines responded handsomely to the information. Marriott provided a large reception room at their JFK Courtyard hotel for those of us who had hours to kill before we could board our evening flight. They provided lots of food, beverages and most important, a place for some tired old men to relax.

When it came time to go to the airport, Marriott provided a shuttle to take us to the Delta Elite entrance at JFK in accordance with prior arrangements made by Joe. There we were met by Delta's Elite concierge who whisked us through security and Delta check-in. From this point on we never had to wait in a line again! We were escorted to the Delta Elite Lounge where we relaxed, had food and drink, and then were pleasantly surprised to learn we had been upgraded by Delta from coach seats to Business Elite seats! On the nine hour, non-stop flight to Moscow the added comfort probably saved the lives of a couple of us! Delta really treated us royally. The pilot and co-pilot came out to meet us, they announced our presence on the speaker and the flight attendants looked after us like mother hens.

Upon arrival at Moscow, we were greeted by Russian Army officers at the gate and escorted through passport control and customs without any delay and ahead of everyone else. We were taken to a comfortable VIP lounge while the Russians got our luggage. Then a van took us to the Hotel Soyuz, a



*Bernard Zaffern in the Moscow Military Museum in front of the display showing the 69th at the link-up.*  
PHOTO BY JOE LIPSIOUS

Defense Ministry property where we were housed for our entire stay. We had single private bathrooms with a TV, safe, desk, internet connection, telephone, couch, refrigerator and a couple of chairs. Comfortable, not luxurious, but comparable to US Army Visiting Officer Quarters for company grade officers.

On our desk were two telephone calling cards good for worldwide calls which no one was successful in using! Also a couple of souvenir note cards which were mailed for us free. It was impossible to spend any money at the hotel, even the drinks in the lounge were free. There were about 125 veterans at the hotel from all countries. I met veterans from Slovenia, Slovakia, the Czech Republic, Holland, England, Australia, Mongolia, and a host of countries I don't remember or never heard of. Conversation was a problem. We had interpreters who were not that fluent, but between them and pantomime we managed to convey some of our thoughts.

On the day of our arrival, the seventh, we only had a couple of hours before supper to unpack and get a little rest. We assembled in the tenth floor banquet room for a relatively light supper. Our tables were set with many small dishes of salads, cheeses and I don't remember what else. There was red and white wine on the tables and bottled water (but no ice). I think most of us could not really identify what we were eating but it tasted pretty good. After supper we were treated to a musical group and adjourned about 9:00 p.m.

The next two days were the important ones of the celebration. On the eighth, after breakfast, we boarded three buses for a wreath-laying ceremony at the Tomb

*(Continued on Page 10)*

## MOSCOW CELEBRATION OF THE 60th ANNIVERSARY OF V-E DAY

(Continued from Page 9)

of the Unknown Soldier. It was very impressive with a marching band and troops. After that, we were bused to the Military Museum, a very large structure with huge exhibit rooms covering WWII. There seemed to be no mention of Allied participation in the war **except for a small section showing the meeting on the Elbe, with our good old 69th patch clearly shown on the helmets of our GIs.**

We returned to our hotel for a dinner - the Russians use breakfast, dinner and supper, where their dinner (our lunch) is the heaviest meal of the day - hosted by the Defense Minister. This was kind of a formal affair with coats and ties, and the Minister was formally announced when he entered the room. There were speeches with interpreters translating between Russian and English. Again, the tables were set with many dishes. I spotted smoked salmon as one of the few dishes I recognized. We really ate pretty heartily, and as we emptied our plate our escorts kept coming up with more food offering us more of each. When we were really full of food and drink a waiter came up and asked if we wanted fish or meat! We had just gorged ourselves on appetizers and now came the entree! I never made that mistake again.

As we left the dinner, a group of what I would guess were Air Force cadets presented each of us with a fairly large bag. The bag contained two fancy boxes. One contained sealed tins of food, labeled in Russian so I can only guess at the contents. The other held a pocket watch, a pocket flask, three metal shot glasses, cigarettes and a lighter, all decorated and inscribed with the 60th anniversary insignia. The flask contained vodka!

It was quite late in the afternoon when we finished. We boarded the buses for a ride to the Bolshoi Theater where we listened to a memorial concert with a large orchestra and a very large choral group. **President Putin** gave a speech before the concert began. There was no formality when we arrived but before the concert began a 4-man honor guard bearing what I assume to be the President's flag, marched to the stage with martial music playing and then **Putin** was announced and went to the stage as everyone stood. This was the only formality involving him during our stay.

After the concert, we were directed through the check room area where we each received a very heavy bag and were each presented with three long-stem red carnations. When we looked in the bag after we got back to our hotel we found a memorial wrist watch and a large and heavy coffee-table type book about the life and career of Marshal Zhukov, their supreme commander in the war and a revered figure. Our late supper again ended with a musical presentation.

The next day, the ninth, started with a big parade in Red Square, which is pretty large, several blocks long. All seats were assigned. **Putin** gave a speech as the



*69th veteran Joe Lipsius, Norcross, GA, on President Bush's right at the Dinner and U.S.S. Tuscaloosa Navy Seaman Daniel E. Grow, Santa Rosa, CA, on the President's left.*

parade kicked off. It was pretty spectacular with large numbers of troops. The Moscow Times stated that 7,000 soldiers participated. The high point for most of the audience seemed to be the Russian war veterans who drove in trucks with large banners identifying the units they were in during the war. The parade of trucks seemed endless, as was the applause for the veterans.

After the parade we walked to the Kremlin and to a modern building which apparently is designed for banquets and exhibitions. We were guests of President Putin at what was designated as a formal reception. There must have been several hundred guests there and we Americans were escorted to two tables on the main section, just two tables away from **Putin** and the table of **President** and **Mrs. Bush**. Each table was for six, and we had a couple of Russians at each of our tables. This was really elaborate; I have never seen so much fancy china and silverware at a place setting.

We had printed programs, a copy of Putin's speech and printed menu in Russian, French and English. There was a waiter for every two of us. President Putin started with a speech which concluded with a toast - with vodka, of course! The meal and service were really elaborate. The retired Russian general at our table kept getting us on our feet with toast after toast. I pantomimed the waiter not to keep refilling his glass but he just shook his head and kept pouring. I kept taking small sips of my vodka, otherwise if I had kept up, I would have passed out on the floor!

**Putin** and **Bush** were quite accessible. I went up to **Putin** and shook his hand while he was walking around and **Joe Lipsius** managed to get his picture taken with **Bush**. **Delbert Philpott** talked for a while with **Mrs. Bush**. The pomp and security we normally think of for our presidents was completely missing.

(Continued on Page 11)



## MOSCOW CELEBRATION OF THE 60th ANNIVERSARY OF V-E DAY

*(Continued from Page 10)*

After the dinner, we Americans were taken back to the hotel where we were put on a van from our embassy and taken there. At the embassy we were put in a somewhat small room where we met a few of the staff and particularly the Army officers who were part of the military attaché's office. After we mingled a bit, **Laura Bush** came in and shook hands all around while we waited for the President. He came in after a while, gave a few remarks, walked around and asked where we were from. Then we lined up and shook hands individually while the official photographer snapped a picture. We were told the photos would be mailed to us in about eight weeks from the White House.

Back to the hotel for dinner. After dinner there was scheduled a panorama at Red Square portraying the war from inception to the Reichstag. I was the only one that went; the others said they were too tired and wanted time to pack. I went because when was I ever going to be in Moscow again? At each seat there was a plastic bag containing a canteen (filled with vodka of course), a chocolate bar and a large canvas cloth which apparently served the Russian soldier of that day as an outer garment, a raincoat and a shelter half. The program was two hours long. On the other side of our seats was a huge screen on which were shown scenes from the various military actions while people portrayed actions on the ground.

One action involved a large number of people in Russian war uniforms acting out an attack. The movies had titles explaining what the action was which being in Russian I could not understand, with one exception. The word "Elbe" flashed on the screen and there were Russian and American GIs with the good old 69th insignia on their helmets! All I could think of at that moment was that I was the only American in this huge crowd observing that scene. I couldn't resist turning to the bemedalled Russian officer sitting next to me, pointed to the screen and to the 69th insignia on my cap and jacket, then to myself and said "Elbe." He looked puzzled for a moment, finally figured it out and broke into a great big grin and grabbed my hand.

The event concluded with a great fireworks display and then back to the hotel about midnight. I packed hurriedly by just throwing everything haphazardly in my bags. I was determined to bring back all the goodies the Russians had given us even if I had to leave some clothes behind, but with a lot of pushing and shoving, I managed to get every thing packed.

After breakfast the next morning, we boarded our van and returned to the airport where we were met by the same officers who were there on our arrival and by a civilian who was someone in authority. Again we stood in no line through passport control but then we hit security where we were given the most thorough baggage inspection I have ever seen. Each bag was opened and the inspector would take out items that he had questions about. We then repacked the bags and

he put stickers on our carry-on bags. We checked in there and our checked baggage went on the conveyor. We were pleasantly surprised that our boarding passes showed Elite class again, since until then we did not know that Delta upgraded us for the return flight also. We got a coupon for admission to the VIP lounge where we spent the short time before our flight.

Our treatment on the return flight was as great as that on our arrival one. The attendants were Russian and tearfully told us how honored they were for what we had done in the war. When we landed at JFK, our Delta Concierge met us and shepherded us through immigration, customs and check-in for our flight home. Back to the Elite lounge to await our flight and then off to the gate for our plane home. At that point, the Cinderella adventure ended and we became poor slobs again!

I have some general observations about the whole adventure. Apparently, the relationships between the Russians and the Americans at the diplomatic level are really bad. For example, before we went to Moscow, I was corresponding with a US military attaché who asked me for information about our trip. I forwarded e-mails I received from the Russian Embassy and he kept thanking me for filling in the holes in the information he had. Another example, instead of being picked up at the Kremlin for meeting Bush, we had to return to our hotel first. When I asked the attaché why, he said that the Russians refused to let the US vans enter the Kremlin to pick us up.

When I was interviewed by Tass, the Russian news agency, the reporter told me that the Russians resented Bush being at Red Square and asked me about how I felt about how we American veterans were treated. I replied that everywhere we went, the Russian people greeted us enthusiastically and warmly. They may not like or approve of our President, but they love our veterans.

I am disappointed that in spite of **Joe's** efforts to alert the media to the 60th anniversary of the end of the war in Europe, there was absolutely no mention in print or television of the occasion. The media was too busy reporting the Michael Jackson trial and the runaway bride! Even my local newspapers were not interested that a local man, only one of eight Americans honored, was participating in the Russian event. It is sad to think that patriotism has declined to this point.

I contrast this with the Russian spirit. They lost 27 million people in the war; probably every family lost someone - a grandparent, a parent or a brother or sister, and they have not forgotten. Every bit of the ceremonies honored the veterans. President Putin began every speech with "Dear Veterans" and then went down through the list of distinguished guests. We have lost that spirit in this country and it should sadden all of us. In a few years there will not be any of us left; we die at the rate of over a thousand a day. Will our efforts and triumph be forgotten? Together with our allies we literally saved the world. Will we have only the Russians to remember and celebrate our sacrifices and our victory?



# 69th Infantry Division honored with another Memorial by The City of Weissenfels, Germany

Submitted By: **Joseph Lipsius**

*Headquarters, 272nd Infantry Regiment*

6314 Deerings Hollow, Norcross, GA 30092-1800

Telephone: 770/416-7725

E-Mail: [annejoelip@earthlink.net](mailto:annejoelip@earthlink.net)

The City of Weissenfels, Germany has honored the 69th Infantry Division for liberating it from Nazi tyranny April 12th-15th, 1945, by erecting a memorial plaque in its City Museum, placed with other memorabilia of WWII.

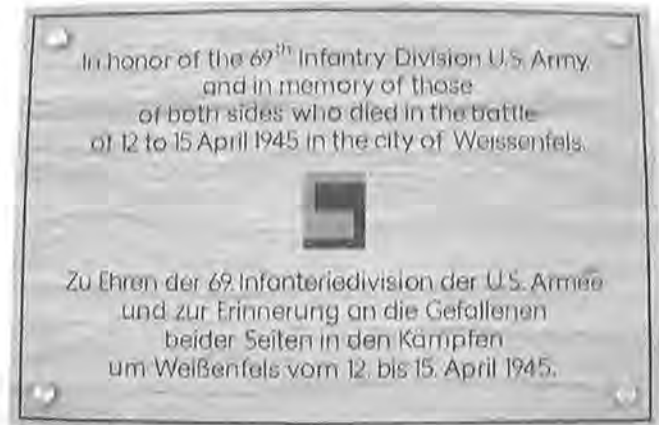
The story behind this Memorial is one of much effort by a dedicated group resolved to pay homage to the 69th and the men who lost their lives in the city's liberation.

It started shortly after the beginning of the 69th Infantry Website. **Phil Linderman**, then assigned with The U. S. Embassy in Leipzig, Germany, signed the Guest Book seeking several bits of information. He asked for the name of the Commanding General of the Division capturing Leipzig because the city was considering naming a street after the commander of its liberator; further, he wanted to learn if any member of the 69th may have seen or taken blueprints from the famed Napoleon Monument; also, he was seeking information of the 69th units involved in the fighting in the city of Weissenfels because it wanted to establish a Memorial to honor the men freeing it from Nazi tyranny.

I answered Mr. Linderman the best I could and gave him the the name, telephone and postal mailing address of the late **William R. "Bill" Matlach**, a person I considered a fountain of 69th information. There was an exchange between the two (see Bulletin 54 Vol. No. 2, pages 4 and 5). Bill, in his imitable tongue in cheek manner questions, (I wonder how they intend to "honor" you?), referring to the city of Weissenfels.

Shortly, a young German, career military person and WWII military hobbyist, **Juergen Moeller**, 1st Lt., QMC, Ansbach/Bavaria, began to seek information of the 69th, and particularly its movements in Central Germany. Among other things, he learned about the city of Weissenfels desire to some way honor the 69th. It was not long before he was in touch with Mr. Martin Schmager, Director of The Weissenfels City Museum.

On April 15, 2003, from diligent and tedious research, Moeller presented the city of Weissenfels a report of the fighting in the city and names of those in the 69th who lost their lives. This was recorded in part on the 69th Infantry Website as a sub link under "Memorials."



Because of the need for contact in Germany, Juergen was soon named "Germany Liaison" for the website. He continued his relentless effort with Mr. Schmager to secure a "Memorial" which came to fruition with the dedication of a beautiful polished engraved granite plaque on April 13, 2005 in the City Museum.

Leading the drive for this plaque which honors the 69th for liberating Weissenfels: The Honorable Manfred Rauner, Mayor; Mr. Martin Schmager, Museum Director; Juergen Moeller, Capt. QMC (promoted since undertaking this effort); Joe Lipsius, 69th Infantry Division; Hartwig Arps, Book Publishers. Many others were involved.

At the dedication ceremony there were many officials and commercial backers too numerous to mention.

## Speech of Juergen Moeller at the Dedication Ceremony

Honorable Mayor Manfred Rauner of the City of Weissenfels, Mr. Martin Schmager, Director of The Weissenfels Museum, Mr. Bernard Zaffern, in absentee, President of The Fighting 69th Infantry Division Association, Mr. Joe Lipsius, in absentee, 69th Infantry Website, Mr. Fletcher M. Burton, General Consul U. S. Embassy, Leipzig, other distinguished official guests, ladies and gentlemen of Weissenfels.

My name is Juergen Moeller, Captain, QMC of the German military, resident of Ansbach/Bavaria. I am a temporary honorary member of The Fighting 69th Infantry Division Association. I am speaking for **Mr. Joe Lipsius**, who during WWII was a Major in the U.S. Army's 69th Infantry Division, in the Regimental Headquarters of its 272nd Infantry Regiment. He is the Webmaster of the 69th Infantry website, [www.69th-infantry-division.com](http://www.69th-infantry-division.com). Also, I have been asked to speak for **Mr. Bernard H. Zaffern**, formerly of Company L, 272nd Infantry Regiment, 69th Infantry Division. Mr. Zaffern is president of "The Fighting 69th Infantry Division Association."

(Continued on Page 13)

**69th INFANTRY DIVISION HONORED  
WITH ANOTHER MEMORIAL BY  
THE CITY OF WEISSENFELS, GERMANY**

*(Continued from Page 12)*

These two former members of the 69th are the leaders of the organizations that keep the 69th Infantry Division alive. They both send their deep regret for not being present with you today on this important occasion.

The Fighting 69th Infantry Division Association is an organization which has about 4,000 former 69th members, widows, sons and daughters. They keep in contact through a bulletin three times each year, and through yearly, week-long reunions, in various cities of America. Its 58th Annual Reunion will be this August, in Louisville, Kentucky, United States.

The 69th Infantry Website, through the miracle of the internet, displays much of the 69th Division's history through the click of a button on a computer.

About four years ago, when I was a Lieutenant and a WWII military history hobbyist, I contacted Mr. Lipsius for information about the 69th's actions and movement through Germany. We exchanged many messages as we put together the story of the fighting and liberation of Weissenfels, which took place April 12-15, 1945.

The Mayor of Weissenfels had previously expressed to The American Consul General in Leipzig his city's desire to recognize the 69th Infantry in some way, for liberating it during those chaotic days of April 1945.

I was directed to Mr. Martin Schmager of the Weissenfels Museum. He and I discussed how to honor the 69th Infantry and the brave men who lost their lives in the liberation of the City on April 15, 1945. We finally decided a plaque at the Weissenfels Museum would be the best thing.

In the United States, for over 200 years, the West Point Military Academy has been the school for its military leaders. Names you probably have heard of – Dwight Eisenhower, George Marshall, Omar Bradley, George Patton, and Douglas MacArthur, all of WWII fame – all trained at West Point and wore the gray uniform of a cadet. From this uniform's color came a saying, that when a soldier died, he had "joined the long gray line."

Therefore, as we unveil this plaque that the City has erected to honor its liberation 60 years ago, Mr. Zaffern and Mr. Lipsius hope you will pause to remember the brave men who gave their lives in the fighting and "joined the long gray line."

All living members of the 69th Infantry Division, and families of departed ones, deeply appreciate this act of the City and extend their sincere thanks.

## **News from the Headquarters Battery of 880th Field Artillery**

Submitted By: **John J. O'Connor**, *President*

400 Homestead Road, LaGrange Park, Illinois 60526

Our small unit was disbanded a few months ago and our small treasury balance was donated to the National 69th Infantry Division Association. I wanted to let all members of our Headquarters Battery know the status of our unit.

Many have reached the age where health and illness have taken over many of our members as it has to our unit. We have lost a few members through death over the past six months. I had a call from **Eleanor Schumacher** in Iowa, notifying me that our **Peter Schumacher** passed away in November 2004. Also, **Floyd Nadel** passed away in the last few months. **Stan Bratt** also passed away in November 2003 and **Stan Crouch** passed away in October 2002. We have lost others over the years who were good standing members.

I found **Roy Fenwick** a few months ago with a little detective work when I saw a newspaper article in the Chicago Tribune about a Fenwick male from the LaSalle County, Illinois area. So I made a few phone calls, located Roy Fenwick and talked to him a few months ago. He lives about forty miles from my residence and I am going to see him one of these days. I haven't been able to do so yet. Roy was the Radio Sergeant. He took my place when I was promoted to Bn. Comm. Chief.

I could go on with a lot of other facts but I mainly wanted to let our members know about disbanding our unit membership. Keep the 69th in your thoughts. Remember our next reunion is August 25th, 2004 in Louisville, Kentucky.

**NOTE: Garland Daily** was killed in Leipzig at the Monument. He kept firing his machine gun until he was killed by German troops from the Monument. **Does anyone know if Garland received any high honors post-humously for his bravery?**

### **Attn.: 273rd Members**

My father, **Larry Kolarik**, I believe was in the 273rd Infantry Regiment of the Fighting 69th. If anyone remembers my father or could supply any additional information such as what company, locations of the 273rd, etc. to help research his military record, I would greatly appreciate the effort.

**Richard Kolarik**

3063 Santa Carlotta Street

La Crescenta, California 91214

Tel: 818/249-8295

*Editor's Note: We believe Larry was in Company F.*



# Germany Trip Leads to Reunion

The Southampton Press

Southampton, NY

Submitted By: **Chet Yastrzemeski**  
Company E, 272nd Infantry Regiment  
251A North Main Street  
Southampton, New York 11968-3313

## Former soldier sees 60-year Polish penpal

By **Kathleen Fitzpatrick**

**Chet Yastrzemeski**, 80, of Water Mill, has spent the past 60 years exchanging letters, care packages, and family photographs with a Polish woman he met while serving as a rifleman with Company E, 272nd Regiment in the Fighting 69th Infantry Division in Germany during World War II.

In April, the woman, **Ilse Hietzschold**, went looking for Mr. Yastrzemeski at a museum he was visiting during a reunion with fellow veterans, after she read a story about him in a German newspaper days earlier. The two, who had not seen each other since Mr. Yastrzemeski left Germany in 1945, were reunited for a few hours on April 21st.

Their friendship began through Ms. Hietzschold's son, **Bolek**, who was 6 years old when they met during the war. She and her son were displaced from Poland by the Nazis, and were living with a German family in an inn in the small farm town of Nessa, Germany.

Nassa Bolek was impressed by the American soldiers who were stationed in the neighborhood. One day, a soldier, Mr. Yastrzemeski, then 19, heard Bolek speaking Polish to someone on the street. Mr. Yastrzemeski said "hello" to the boy in Polish, and the two began chatting. Mr. Yastrzemeski met the boy's mother and the three struck up a friendship.

The German family Ms. Hietzschold was staying with often invited Mr. Yastrzemeski over for dinner, and he would communicate with them through Ms. Hietzschold, who translated his Polish into German. The son of immigrant parents, Mr. Yastrzemeski, though born in Water Mill, spoke only Polish until he began elementary school. Both he and Ms. Hietzschold had lived on a farm; Mr. Yastrzemeski has worked on his parents' potato farm.

Their friendship grew, and Mr. Yastrzemeski and his friend, **Irving Schaffer**, who was a tailor prior to enlisting, made Bolek an American Army uniform. Bolek loved to walk around town sporting his uniform, especially near the restaurant across the street from his temporary home, where Mr. Yastrzemeski was flying a homemade American flag.

Two years after he left East Germany, Mr. Yastrzemeski received his first letter from Ms. Hietzschold at his home in Water Mill. They've been writing to



*Water Mill resident Chet Yastrzemeski is reunited with his friend, Ilse Hietzschold of Nessa, Germany, in Germany last April, after 60 years of exchanging letters. They first met when Mr. Yastrzemeski served in the Army during World War II.*

each other ever since, watching each other's families grow, exchanging care packages of food and pictures of their spouses, children, and, eventually, grandchildren.

Mr. Yastrzemeski has traveled to Eastern Europe with other members of the Fighting 69th more than eight times, paying their respects to fallen brothers in Prague, Belgium, Paris, Germany and the Netherlands. But in all those visits, the two never succeeded in getting together. During one tour, Mr. Yastrzemeski told Ms. Hietzschold where he would be staying in Leipzig, Germany. Ms. Hietzschold drove to the hotel only to be informed that the tour group had checked out, when the former soldiers were actually just on a day trip.

But on April 16th, a reunion was planned between the 40 surviving members of the Fighting 69th and a group of Russian veterans, composed of many of the members of the 58th Ukrainian Guard of the Soviet Army in Torgau, who fought alongside the U.S. Troops in Torgau on April 25th, 1945.

During the trip, the tour group visited Weissenfel's Museum, which had many artifacts from the Fighting 69th on display. Mr. Yastrzemeski was chosen by his group to accept a gift from a local resident. The woman presented Mr. Yastrzemeski with an entrenchment tool, used primarily to dig fox holes during the war, he said. Mr. Yastrzemeski accepted it, and, in turn, presented it to the director of the museum.

A German newspaper ran a story about the event, which Ms. Hietzschold read. She phoned the mayor of the town and several German government officials in order to learn where she should go to meet Mr. Yastrzemeski.

Ms. Hietzschold traveled four hours by train to the museum on April 21st, where the Fighting 69th was spending its last day. As he was taking photographs of

*(Continued on Page 15)*



## GERMANY TRIP LEADS TO REUNION

(Continued from Page 14)

his tour group outside the museum, he almost walked by a blonde-haired woman standing off to the side, smiling. As he passed her, Ms. Hietzschold handed him a photograph of himself with his wife, Barbara.

"It struck my mind instantly that I knew who it was," he said. "It felt like heaven to see someone I hadn't seen in 60 years."

They hugged and kissed and Ms. Hietzschold told him about seeing the article and the phone calls she made. The German media was there during what Mr. Yastrzemski described as a "jubilant" reunion, and captured it on film, he said.

The two visited for five hours before Ms. Hietzschold had to be on her way back home to Nessa. Mr. Yastrzemski said that he did not receive his first letter from Ms. Hietzschold until 1947. Though he is happily married, things may have turned out differently, he admits, with a laugh.

"If I had received a letter earlier, who knows what the circumstances might have been," he said.

## To Obtain Your Medals

You can obtain all of the Awards to which you are entitled by writing to:

**National Personnel Records Center**  
Entitlement To Awards Division  
9700 Page Boulevard  
St. Louis, Missouri 63132

You must write asking for the Medals to be issued to you and you must include a copy of **both** sides of your discharge papers.

**Take note that this service is also available to living relatives of deceased veterans.**

## Service Records

The National Personnel Records Center in St. Louis, Missouri is also the place to write for any information regarding your World War II Service.

Their address is the same:

**National Personnel Records Center**  
9700 Page Boulevard  
St. Louis, Missouri 63132

The center holds the military personnel records of discharged and deceased Veterans of all Services. It does not hold records for individuals still on active duty in the National Guard or Reserves, or living Army Retirees.

**Submitted by Ray Strauss**  
272nd Infantry Regiment

## Who is this guy?

Submitted By: **Robert L. Pierce**

*Company I, 273rd Infantry*

8295 Faldo Avenue, Hemet, California 92545-9312

Telephone: 951/926-9982

When I bought my copy of "*The Stories of Our War*," by Bill Sheavly, Jr., the cover picture was either vaguely familiar or just another look-a-like G.I. I read the book looking on every page to find out "who is this guy?" There was no reference or credit. Over the past years, I have received numerous packages of clippings from members cleaning out their closet or from widows who thought I might be interested in their past husband's archives. Most were copies of old Stars and Stripes publications.

Pursuing through old files, Eureka! a copy of the Chicago Sunday Tribune picture selection dated April 1, 1945. On Page 5, there is a Signal Corps photo of the 69th Division, **Pvt. Raymond L. Roth** of Mogadore, Ohio. It's the same photo that's on the cover of Bill's book. I checked my 69th membership records, KIAs from the 1945 Division History and the Division 1991 History without any luck. On a hunch, I checked the phone records of Ohio, hoping to at least find a relative. To my surprise, Raymond L. Roth was listed in the phone book.

I called the number and yes, it was the same G.I. pictured in the Chicago Tribune. He was aware and did have copies of the 1945 article but was not aware of Bill Sheavly's book or that he was the "Poster Boy" for the book. I mentioned the Bulletin article to Ray written by Sam Louis regarding the Raymond Roth story and offered to have a copy of the Bulletin sent to him and sign him up as an Association Member. Ray was quite indifferent and said that after he got out of the Army, he was no longer interested.

All you guys from Company B, 273rd, please contact Ray and let's bring him back to the fold. His address is:

**Raymond L. Roth**  
3271 State Route 43, Mogadore, Ohio 44260-9755  
Phone: 330/678-1609

*Chicago Tribune*  
caption read:

A DOUGHBOY of the 69th division which drove the Germans out of the Siegfried line positions when it first went into action in March. He is Pvt. Raymond L. Roth of Mogadore, Ohio.



# The 69th Infantry's 60th Anniversary European Tour

## April 16-27, 2005

A First Timer's Diary — By Amy Rose

Photos by  
Chet Yastrzemski



*Reenactors on the Elbe displaying the Russian and American Flags. Inlay photo of the meeting after the crossing.*

Thirty-eight veterans and family members commemorated the 60th Anniversary of the 69th Infantry's campaign across Europe and linkup with the Soviet army, roughly retracing their WWII route. The vets were treated like celebrities and enjoyed receptions, speeches, exhibits, media attention and banquets.

I'm no veteran, just the daughter-in-law of one who passed away in 1991 (**Morton Rose**, 3rd battalion surgeon, 273rd Inf. Rgt.) But like many of the second and third generation, I've become fascinated by the 69th Infantry's heroic exploits in World War II. After meeting many of the vets at the 69th Reunion in 2004 and volunteering for the website, [www.69th-infantry-division.com](http://www.69th-infantry-division.com), I was excited to go on their latest tour of Europe. The participants saw me taking notes and asked me to write about the trip for this Bulletin, so here's a summary of my diary.

### Day 1: Into the Wild Blue Yonder

At Dulles Airport, my sister (Cecilia "Cece" Yocum) and I (Amelia "Amy" Rose) met **William "Bill" and Ellen** (No Nickname) **Snidow**, who took over leading the trip and are veterans of many past tours. Sadly, the original organizer, **William "Bill" Beswick**, passed away before the tour, and we deeply appreciated all he did for his fellow veterans. Others joined us in Paris. Our overnight flight on Air France had French food and individual video screens for our choice of movies, games and music.

### Day 2: April in Paris

We stayed two nights at the pretty Hotel St. Lazare and had a day to rest. Cece and I decided to walk to the Orsay Museum and immediately saw paintings and sculptures by masters such as Van Gogh, Rodin, Monet, Renoir - even the original "Whistler's Mother!" The weather was chilly and overcast (remember to pack a warm hat and gloves on future spring trips!) In the evening, our group went on an elegant dinner cruise on the Seine River. A highlight was seeing a light show at the Eiffel Tower!

### Day 3: Paris

Most of the group went on a half-day sightseeing tour, with sights such as Napoleon's Tomb and the Army museum, and then had a free afternoon. Cece and I slept in and then walked to the Eiffel Tower. Noticing the huge line for elevators, we walked up 330 steps (with repeated rest stops, when we joked we were "only looking at the view") to the first floor viewpoint. In the evening, another highlight: Dinner and an over-the-top show at the Moulin Rouge, complete with topless show girls, mimes, clowns, gymnasts, ponies, pythons (!) and the French can-can dance.

### Day 4: If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium

Our tour included a daily buffet breakfast at each of the hotels. We boarded our bus and our guide, Peter

*(Continued on Page 17)*

## THE 69th INFANTRY'S 60th ANNIVERSARY EUROPEAN TOUR

*(Continued from Page 16)*

Sandberg, narrated enthusiastically in his charming Dutch accent as we left Paris. Our midday stop was at Rheims, one of the greatest Gothic cathedrals in the world, full of soaring vaulted ceilings and stained glass windows by Chagall. Next, at the request of passengers, we stopped at the town of Bastogne, where U.S. troops surrounded by the German army, were rescued by Patton's soldiers in the Battle of the Bulge. The 69th wasn't involved in that battle, but we enjoyed the History Center with dioramas and a film about that crucial victory. We stayed a night in the city of Liege, Belgium.

### Day 5: Wiesbaden, Germany

As on past tours, the bus stopped at the Henri Chappelle Cemetery in rural Belgium, where almost 8,000 U.S. veterans are buried, including some from the 69th. **Crandon Clark** and **Leonard Campbell** officiated a wreath laying, and **Bill Snidow** said words of blessing. Next we went through a small corner of Holland to Margraten Cemetery for another wreath laying by **Paul Eagon** and **Donald Connelly**. Then into Germany for today's highlight: a Rhine cruise with lunch, passed medieval castles. When the tour ended at Rudesheim, my sister and I met up with my best friend's sister and niece who lived nearby, and had a personal tour of this very old town; then they took us to our group's hotel in Wiesbaden.

### Day 6: Leipzig

In the morning we were treated to a U.S. Army bagpiper, who played the Army theme song for us, arranged by **Len Campbell** and his sons **David** and **Len, Jr.** We all had a short tour of the town of Eisenach. In Weissenfels, we were welcomed by the mayor, who thanked the 69th for liberating the city from fascism on April 12, 1945. I met Juergen Mueller, a German WWII buff whom I'd emailed, and he told me he had a big surprise for me: My buddy **Joe Lipsius**, the website's webmaster, whom I'd met last year and who'd said he couldn't afford this tour, was there as a guest of Weissenfels and Leipzig! **Edgar "Bud" Parsons** also came with Joe, and they were taken around to various events separately. We all had lunch at a German army barracks decorated with U.S. flag bunting. Next we toured the "War Is Over" exhibit at the museum in the town's castle, which Joe had helped by sending memorabilia. We ended the day in Leipzig, a city of 500,000 in the former East Germany.

### Day 7: Lovely Leipzig

My sister decided to walk around the area while I went with the group's tour of Leipzig. We saw the famous People's Battle Monument, a huge fort-like tower which the 69th had bombarded until the German troops inside surrendered. Veteran **Roland**

**Hay** insisted on climbing the 500 steps to the top. I talked with **Len Campbell**, who recognized the war photo of my late father-in-law on my T-shirt, and said **Morton** had treated his severe case of boils on his face. In fact, Len had looked so scary that they sent him in first when they entered a German house! It was great to talk with a vet who had known my dear departed relative, an advantage of going on a tour or reunion with the 69th. My sister and I attended a Sabbath eve service at the only synagogue in Leipzig, with beautiful decorations on the walls and ceilings, and were warmly welcomed by the mostly Russian Jewish congregants. Then we had time to rejoin the group at a well-attended panel discussion held in the Old Town Hall, at which **Joe Lipsius**, **Del Philpott**, and some Germans spoke of their memories of the liberation of Leipzig.

### Day 8: To Torgau

Our bus driver, Dieter, drove past yellow fields of rapeseed, wind-powered turbines and flowering fruit trees. We stopped in Eilenburg for a nice tour of their museum. The town was leveled by the 69th after the German commander refused three requests to surrender during the fighting, and some holes had been left in the renovated town church. **Del Philpott** and **Chet Yastrzemski** had written to try to set the record straight about the town's destruction, and they were thanked and presented with a new German book called, "Eilenburg 1945." Next we were treated to a lunch in Trebsen Castle, right out of the Middle Ages! Then another highlight for me: Colditz Castle, where hundreds of Allied officers were held prisoners of war by the Germans for up to five years, and the scene of many daring escapes and attempts. There, my husband's father saved the lives of Hungarian, Jewish survivors of a nearby concentration camp. **Paul Eagon** (who was also in the 273 3rd Bn) and I told the group how Colditz's liberation was featured on the U.S. public TV program, "Nova." Later we visited the site of another POW camp called Zeithain, where 32,500 Soviet soldiers died; **Chet Yastrzemski** and **Bill Jackson** laid wreaths.

### Day 9: Historic Torgau

We attended a pleasant ecumenical service at a beautiful church in Torgau's castle and some of us even tried singing the hymns in German. Then we visited the Graditz Stud Farm, where U.S. General Hodges and a Russian general signed an agreement after the linkup; **Roland Hay** told a story about that day. We enjoyed a demonstration of two of the farm's prize horses. The group had a tour of Wittenburg, where Martin Luther began the Protestant Reformation.

### Day 10: Torgau, Elbe Day

First we visited the Torgau Linkup Memorial on the bank of the Elbe River. **Jean Ross** and **Betty McCarty**, **June Anderson** and **Tom Slopek**, and

*(Continued on Page 18)*



## THE 69th INFANTRY'S 60th ANNIVERSARY EUROPEAN TOUR

*(Continued from Page 17)*

Mary Ross and I, laid wreaths at the American, German and Russian flags. Patricia Woody and Joao Freitas also laid a wreath in memory of Bill Beswick. Then at the Soviet Military Cemetery, Del Philpott and Bing Poon presented wreaths. Next Roland Hay and Lloyd Herr laid a wreath at the grave of Joe Polowsky, a 69er who became a peace activist after the war and insisted on being buried in Torgau, still behind the Iron Curtain when he died in 1993. After that, we went to the 1,000-year-old town of Strehla, where another patrol from the 69th met the Russians on this date in 1945. A group of French WWII Re-enactors in replica uniforms acted out the boat ride across the river to meet the Russians, then brought two of them back to celebrate with the Americans. Ken Sawyer and Bill Snidow laid wreaths at the carved memorial and Snidow spoke at the "Ring of Friendship," a three-pronged flagpole with the U.S., Russian and German flags. The mayor (Burgermeister) of Strehla gave us a buffet lunch, and we saw exhibits at the town museum. Finally, we had a gala Anniversary Dinner at a hotel ballroom. Crandon Clark, Tom Slopek, the U.S. consul, and Russian linkup veteran Alexander Silvaschko all spoke, with their remarks translated into the other two languages.

### Day 11: Praha ("Don't Call It Prague")

On our drive today, Crandon Clark told us a fascinating story of when he and Bud Parsons attended the Nuremburg Trials, and Clark watched the infamous Nazi Herman Goerring give testimony. Our bus took us across the border into the Czech Republic and into the city of Praha (Czech for Prague), with a population of 1.2 million. We had a nice tour, passing the brewery, a "Botel" (boat hotel), the "New Town" built in the 1300s and the "Old Town" dating from the 700s. We toured the longest inhabited castle in the world, and the Gothic cathedral where Good King Wenceslaus is buried. Back at the Moevenpick Hotel, my sister and I decided to attend a little classical music concert at the Spanish Synagogue, which was incredibly beautiful inside. We still managed to meet up with our group for the Farewell Dinner in a restaurant built in 1390. Outside were a fairytale church with many spires, a wonderful "astronomy clock" tower, shops open late selling glittering Bohemian crystal, and lots of nightlife.

### Day 12: We Have To Leave

We said our goodbyes and will never forget this trip honoring our brave veterans in these beautiful countries that are now at peace with each other.

The participant list included:

**June** (wife) and **Janeva** (daughter) **Anderson**  
*Company A, 661st Tank Destroyers*

**Leonard Campbell**  
and sons, **David** and **Leonard Campbell, Jr.**  
*Company C, 273rd Infantry Regiment*

**Crandon F.** and **Jane M. Clark**  
*Company B, 272nd Infantry Regiment*

**Donald Connelly**  
and grandson, **Brenden Azevedo**  
*Headquarters Company, 271st Infantry Regiment*

**Paul H.** and **Elaine J. Eagon**  
*Company I, 273rd Infantry Regiment*

**Ralph H.** and **Ursula F. Goebel**  
*Cannon Company, 272nd Infantry Regiment*

**John Havey** and **Patricia Kearsley**  
*Headquarters, 1st Battalion, 273rd Infantry*

**Roland E. Hay**  
*Company E, 273rd Infantry Regiment - Rifle Unit*

**Lloyd Herr**  
*Company C, 271st Infantry - Mortar Squad*

**William Jackson**  
*Company A, 273rd Infantry Regiment*

**Betty J.** (wife) and **Russell** (son) **McCarty**  
*Company D, 273rd Infantry Regiment*

**Dr. Delbert** and **Donna Philpott**  
*Company A, 273rd Infantry Regiment*

**Bing T. Poon**  
*Company E, 271st Infantry Regiment*

**Amelia Rose** (daughter-in-law, 3rd Bn., 273rd)  
and her sister, **Cecilia Yocum**

**Kenneth Sawyer** and granddaughter **Holly J. Mace**  
*Company D, 273rd Infantry Regiment*

**Thomas A.** (son) and **Tamara A. Slopek**  
*Company C, 661st Tank Destroyers*

**Jean** (wife) and **Mary** (daughter) **Ross**  
and **Warren J. Wilmot** (son-in-law)  
*Company A, 271st Infantry Regiment*

**William E.** and **Ellen Snidow** and **Patricia Woody**  
*Company B, 661st Tank Destroyers*

**Chet Yastrzemski**  
*Company E, 272nd Infantry Regiment*



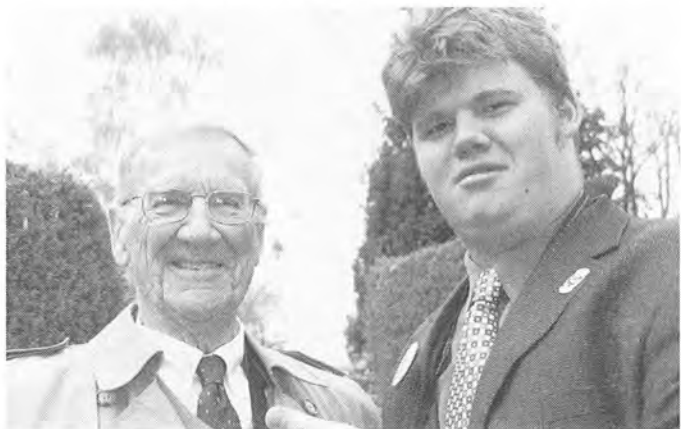
*Sisters Cecilia Yocum and Amy Rose*



*Chet Yastrzemeski with Russian General*



*Russell and mother, Betty Jo McCarty*



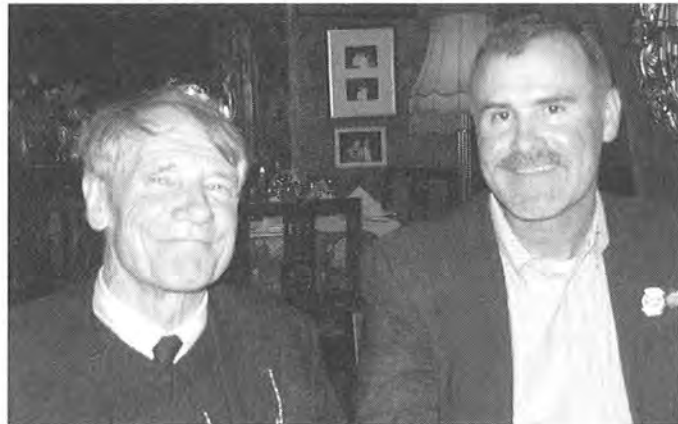
*Don Connelly with grandson, Brenden Azevedo*



*Holly Mace with grandfather, Kenneth Sawyer*



*Bill Jackson and Lorenzo Piscatelli*



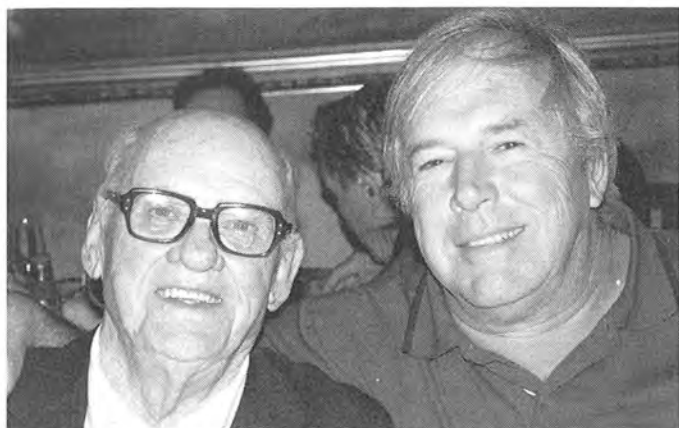
*Peter Sandberg and Joao Freitas*



*Jane and Crandon Clark*



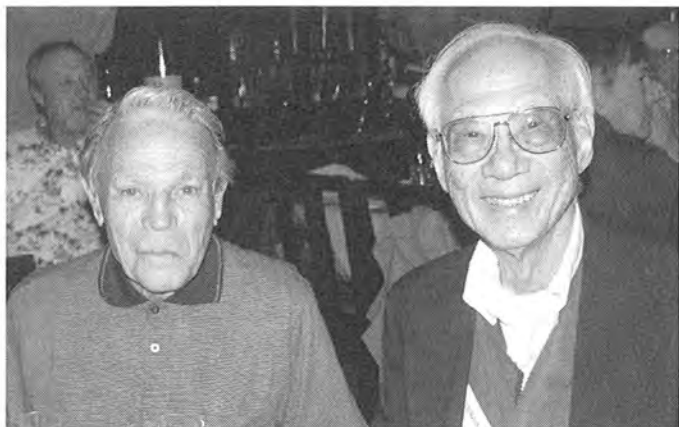
*Dell and Donna Philpott*



*Bill Jackson and Warren Wilmot*



*William and Lloyd Herr*



*Roland Hay and Bing Poon*



*Paul and Elaine Eagon*



*Janeva D'Amico and mother, June Anderson*



*Bill Snidow, daughter Pat Woody and Ellen Snidow*

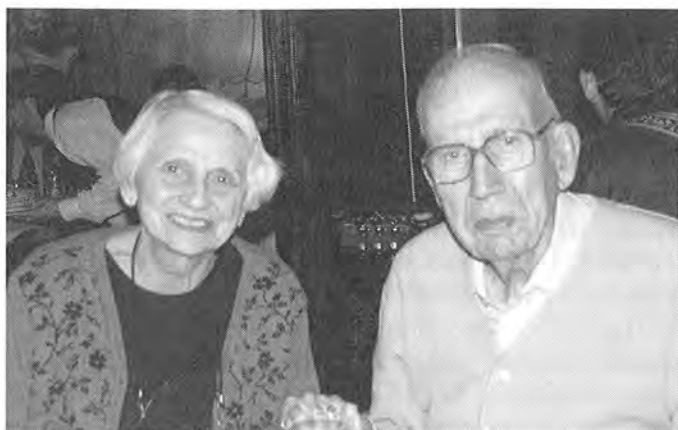


*Tom Slopek and Tamara Slopek*



*Jean Ross and daughter, Mary Wilmot*





*Ursula and Ralph Goebel*



*David Campbell, Peter Sandberg, Leonard Campbell*



*Joe Lipsius and Amy Rose*



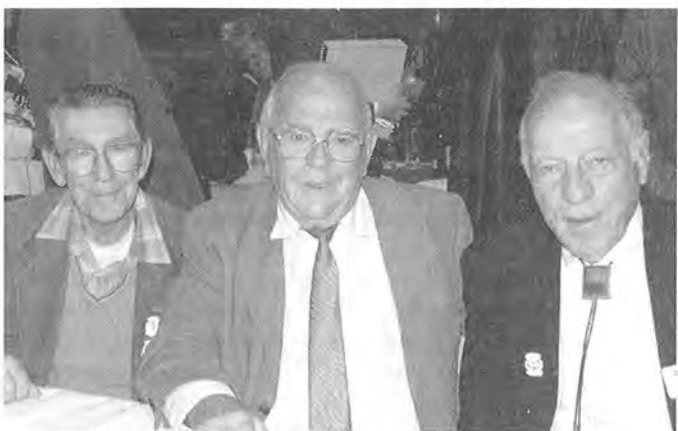
*Bud Parsons at statue in Torgau*



*John Havey and Pat Kearsley*



*Alexander Silvaschko who met Robertson on the Elbe*



*Del Philpott, Heinz Richter and Crandon Clark*



*Wreath laying - John Havey and Ralph Goebel*

# The View

By: George J. Clay

Battery B, 881st Field Artillery Battalion

1840 Murphy Woods Road, Beloit, Wisconsin 53511

Telephone: 608/364-4608

Email: [gemaclay@jvlnet.com](mailto:gemaclay@jvlnet.com)

The view of the snowy little valley in Eastern Belgium could have been scenic except for the bleak line of fierce dragon teeth 400 yards east. Behind them a massive pill box hid on the brow of a hill. The melting snow exposed brown grassy patches in many places. A stiff breeze from the West kept the day from feeling warm. The men wore long johns, sweaters, field jackets, with knit hats under their helmets.

The forward observation team of B Battery, 881st Field Artillery Battalion had been playing hide and seek with the German artillery and mortars while the 69th Infantry Division waited for orders to move out right through the teeth. The German 88's that hunted the observation site were probably the same artillery pieces that shot at the American Flying Fortresses which flew over most every day.

In the morning they flew east. In the afternoon they flew west. This morning was no exception. Puffs of black smoke dotted the sky as the German shells reached for the high flying planes. The observers held their breath as hundreds of bombers droned through the anti-aircraft gauntlet. "Would they get through," was the unspoken question?

The afternoon observation team included Battery Commander **Captain Mills**, **Corporal Hobbs** of the 5th or weapons section, and **Pfc Clay** of the communications section. Periodically Clay checked and determined that both phone and radio were working. Activity on the front line was observed through the BC scope. The battery commander scope is a high powered periscope-like pair of binoculars mounted on a tripod.

"Here come the forts again," said Captain Mills. As he stepped back from the scope a faint drone could be heard.

Cocking an ear to the east, Hobbs said, "Yup, they've been delivering goods to Berlin again." Clay spoke up, "They don't sound as smooth as they did this morning. Must be some rough engines up there." Soon the planes were in view attracting their usual following of black puffs. The distant boom-boom of AA guns could sometimes be heard depending on the wind. Captain Mills commented, "There are not as many planes this afternoon but it looks like they will make it past the front line." "Wait a minute," said Hobbs, "There are more coming, but lower." "And in ragged formation," added Clay.

For the first time, the puffs of smoke seemed to be right up near the planes. Will any get hit? "Hey Captain," said Hobbs, "Would it help if we fired our 105s at krauts?" Captain Mills put a call through to

the Battalion Command Post and explained the situation to gray haired **Colonel Brooks**. "The answer is no. The German guns are out of range and we'll need our ammo soon for our own mission," said Mills. The trio watched in fascinated horror as the smoke puffs caught up with one plane and then another. Black smoke trailed the two planes but they kept going even as they were losing altitude. At least they are over American territory should they come down.

"Look," shouted Clay, "There is one falling apart." Large sections of shinning pieces were flashing in the sunlight as they twisted and turned in an erratic manner. "Where are the men," questioned Mills in a nervous voice. "Back there," cried Hobbs and Clay in unison. White dots blossomed high in the air as the parachutes opened. "One, two, three, - four, five, six, seven," they all counted. "How many men are in a plane?" questioned Hobbs.

The chutes were coming down fast and it looked like they would land on the American side - but it would be close. "They are drifting," exclaimed Clay in a loud voice, "They are heading back toward the dragon teeth. Wow, I hope they get down before they cross over." "That wind," sputtered Hobbs, "its fierce. Look at the chutes go." The observers were all excited and panting from holding their breath too long. All wanted to do something to help but knew there was nothing they could do. "Will the airmen make it down on our side?" they were all thinking. "Those first three might not make it," said Hobbs, and he motioned them back with his hand as if that would help. "There they go," continued Clay. "One lit right in the teeth and two are landing just short of the line. Maybe they can run back to our side." That hope was quickly lost as German soldiers trotted out and captured the fallen airmen. Quickly the airmen were hustled back to the German side and were soon out of sight. Fortunately, the remaining chutes landed on the American side.

In the fading light of the evening the view of the now silent valley seemed much the same as it had been in the morning. There was no sign of the afternoon drama except in the minds of the men. There was no sign of the hundreds of planes and the black puffs. No overpowering drone of hundreds of engines. No sign of the seven parachutes. There was just a view of a scenic little valley.

*Note: This was a true happening made into a story for the Beloit College Senior's Class in Creative Writing*

\* \* \* \* \*

## I Saw The Flag

By: George J. Clay

I saw it there on the table, a small US flag mounted on a small staff. It was surrounded by a dozen other items, but for some reason it stood out from the rest. Perhaps it only seemed to dominate because it was the

*(Continued on Page 23)*



## I SAW THE FLAG

(Continued from Page 22)

tallest item in the group. Perhaps it caught attention because of all the recent rhetoric concerning the terrorist attack on our country. This flag and its staff were held high because they were mounted in a small vase. Handles on the vase stuck out like a person with their hands on their hips. This pose, and with the flag leaning forward, projected a determined look. The look seemed to say, "Don't mess with me."

Sometimes we don't pay much attention to our flag. Then when you look around you will find it displayed at all the government buildings, by most industries, by many businesses, and by many homes. In times of National crisis we turn to the red, white and blue banner as a symbol of America's freedoms, and we remember all the things the flag represents.

I personally learned about our national banner in grade school where the pledge of allegiance was recited every day. Later I learned more about the flag in the Boy Scouts and in the Army. In some instances I've worked closely with the banner. I've carried it in several parades. I've helped raise the flag in the morning and helped lower it in the evening. I've helped fold the flag in the required triangular shape. And, of course, I've had the occasion to salute old glory many times.

At home we have a number of U.S. flags. One is an all weather banner we put out on our home for the special flag days. One of our flags has flown over the U.S. Capital building. Another covered the coffin of my father at his funeral for he was a veteran of WWI.

An elaborate set of flag rules and regulations, eight pages long, have been established by the US Congress. The rules tell how to fold the flag, how to display it and how to treat it at all times. One interesting regulation requires the flag to be flown 24 hours a day at many locations. Of course, the White House and the U.S. Capital building are two of the locations. Did you know the Betsy Ross House in Philadelphia is one of the locations where the flag flies all day around?

Sunrise to sunset is the usual display time. However, a 24 hour display is allowed if the flag is illuminated during darkness. If the weather becomes inclement, an all weather banner is required.

There are seventeen days are listed as special days for displaying the flag. Other days can be added by the President and by the State Governors. On only one of the special days can Old Glory be flown at half-staff and that day is Memorial Day. Then at noon the banner is raised to the top of the staff for the rest of the day.

Big or little, the red, white, and blue flag is the symbol of the United States of America, its lands, its people, and its freedoms.

## California Western Chapter

**Harold Faulkner, President**

*Cannon Company, 271st Infantry Regiment*

280 Montecillo Drive

Walnut Creek, California 94595-2612

Telephone: 925/945-6604

### **Report on the Spring 2005 Round-Up**

**Lake Tahoe, Nevada**

**May 15th thru May 19th, 2005**

Members and family began arriving at Harvey's Resort and Casino on Sunday, May 15th. By Tuesday, May 17th, most had arrived. We had forty in all in attendance. Each member enjoyed his or her own pleasures, along with visiting in the Hospitality Room.

Most enjoyed a Tahoe Dinner Cruise. This was the only one available because it was too early in the year.

There were 31 who enjoyed our Memorial Service and Buffet Dinner on Wednesday evening, May 18th, at Harvey's. **Del Philpott** told us about his recent trip to Russia, celebrating the 60th Anniversary of the Link-Up and end of World War II.

The weather, however, did not cooperate. We had rain and snow flurries.

#### **In attendance were:**

**Harold and Nancy Faulkner** ..... Walnut Creek, CA  
**Son Bruce**

**Thomas and Lou Gallagher** ..... Long Beach, CA

**Allan and Bobbi Gwynne** ..... Roseville, CA

**Walt Haag and Dorothy Vasiloudis** .... Milbrae, CA

**Walter and Shirley Harpain** ..... Fresno, CA

**Stan and Lois Hawk** ..... Lemoore, CA

**Roland and Janice Hendrickson** .... Prineville, OR

**Vern and Mary Hunt** ..... Lucerne, CA

**Sons John, Pat and Tim**

**Homer and Pat Lind** ..... Grass Valley, CA

**Warren and Dorothy Mitchell** .... Redwood City, CA

**Del and Donna Philpott** ..... Sunnyvale, CA

**Robert and Theresa Pierce** ..... Hemet, CA

**Erwin and Carmen Sanborn** ..... Laconia, NH

**David and Jeanne Theobald** ..... Sacramento, CA

**John and Dena Tounger** ..... Oakland, CA

**Lee Wilson and Jan Kremetz** ..... Stockton, CA

**John Eisentraut and Lora Ball** ..... Vista, CA

**Tom and Ruth Ellen Elliot** ..... Seattle, WA

\* \* \* \* \*

#### **New Officers of the California Western Chapter**

**Howard (Stan) Hawk** ..... *President*

**David J. (Dave) Theobald** ..... *Vice President*

**Homer Lind** ..... *Secretary*

**Lee Wilson** ..... *Treasurer*



# Company I, 271st Regiment 2005 Reunion

## Washington, DC

Submitted By: **H. Lynn Jones**  
1081 Meadowbrook Drive  
Milan, Tennessee 38358

We selected Washington DC for this year and made our headquarters at Tysons Corner, McLean, Virginia at the Marriott Courtyard. Those attending were:

**Richard and Jane Haines** ..... Ohio  
**Robert and Phyllis Jorgenson** ..... Wisconsin  
**Lynn and Lou Jones** ..... Tennessee  
**Hy Kurfirst** ..... Washington  
**Bob and Carol McMillan** ..... Ohio  
**Marty and Edie Miller** ..... Colorado  
**John Noone** ..... New York  
**Dale and Peg Thompson** ..... Florida  
**Harris and Hazel Timmer** ..... Michigan

We missed having **Joe McMurry, Jack Leibfritz, Doug and Nathalie Buckstad, Leigh and Mae Tenney, Ralph and Doris Utermohlen, and Mae Rita Kurfirst**. We hope all of you are feeling better and planning for 2006. We'll let you know where and when. Our now famous Company I banner was posted in the lobby for all to view. Lots of inquiring questions about the Fighting 69th.

We chartered a 21 passenger touring bus from International Limousine Service, Inc., Washington, DC for all of our tours. We started out Friday at 10:00 a.m. for the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum's powerful exhibitions and extraordinary architecture that have earned worldwide acclaim. Through an astonishing collection of artifacts, films, documents, photos, and oral histories, the museum tells the full and horrible story of the Holocaust from 1935 to 1945. Our Fighting 69th Flag is displayed on the first floor, and the Museum gives special tribute to the Liberators, the America Army Divisions. The other three floors contain the exhibits by time period. It is about a 2 to 3 hour self directed tour. Admission is free. If in the DC area, don't miss it.

We bussed to the National Cathedral for a 1 hour tour, part guided and part self guided. The cost is \$3.00 per person which goes toward the upkeep. This is not a government building nor a federal project. The building contains many small church service areas. It is a working church and there is some type of service going on somewhere in the building almost all of the

*(Continued on Page 25)*



The Co. I, 271st Regiment Group: (L-R) Phyllis Jorgenson, Hy Kurfirst, Hazel Timmer, Harris Timmer, Richard Haines, Jane Haines, Lynn Jones, Lou Jones, Dale Thompson, Martin Miller, Robert McMillan, Carol McMillan, Peg Thompson, Robert Jorgenson, Edie Miller, John Noone.

## COMPANY I, 271st REGIMENT 2005 REUNION

*(Continued from Page 24)*

time. It is a non denominational church which can and has been used by most religions at one time or another. It is worth the trip and walk down history of it's construction.

We returned to the hotel at 4:00 p.m. **Dale Thompson**, aware of the time schedule, was thoughtful enough to have box lunches on board for the trip to the National Cathedral. Seafood was our dinner fare at a nearby eatery, McCormick & Schmitz, with a hotel shuttle. Then back to the hotel suite for lots of gabbing and photos. Talk of the 2006 gathering was left in the air until closer to the time.

Saturday noon saw us off to Arlington Cemetery for the trolley tour, which visits the JFK gravesite and flame and a vocal tour of the areas old, new, special, restricted, and latest requirements for usage of the cemetery. The Tomb of The Unknowns is a stop to witness the changing of the guard - such a formal and somber event. The 1st Bn, 3rd U.S. Infantry (The Old Guard) supplies the guard personnel. Change is every 30 minutes.

Back on the tram for a stop and visit to Arlington House and the grounds. Arlington House was the home of Robert E. Lee and his family prior to the Civil War. Because of his decision to stay with Virginia and resign his U.S. Army commission, a law was passed that stated everyone had to make a tax payment in person each year and if not, the government could take your property - another sneaky trick. In later years a suit by the Lees had the government pay for the property. Also Lee was given permission to return and live there. He refused and never returned. The views of Washington and the cemetery from the grounds are wonderful. Remount a trolley for the return trip through the cemetery and the park center concludes the trip.

We loaded up for a tour of the various monuments in the area. The Iwo Jima Memorial is very impressive. Our driver gave us a view from all sides. The Watergate Hotel and Kennedy Center were on our tour in returning to our hotel by 4:00 p.m. Dale and Peg's son Jim and wife Beverly joined us for our dinner at the Italian restaurant, That's Amore.

For Sunday we took a night tour of the Tidal Basin area at 6:00 p.m. Starting with the FDR Memorial which is a walking type memorial with a waterfall and quotes of his term and some statues, i.e., the people on the bread line and a poor farmer and his wife from the depression era. Then the next term with other quotes, waterfalls

and statues and changes made in our country. Then the scene of FDR and Fala at his side in a thoughtful pose with a wall back drop - more quotations. Then a statue of Mrs. Roosevelt and quotes from her works on equal rights. This memorial is on the edge of Tidal Basin with a view of the Jefferson Memorial. The rain began and our driver took charge and gave us a wonderful tour of downtown Washington buildings out to and around the White House with a mention of various government buildings and departments. As the rain stopped we returned to the WWII Memorial right at twilight. Very impressive with bronze plaques depicting certain events of WWII from the PTO on one side of the entrance ramp and the same on the ETO side. Especially of interest to us, was the Hands Across The Elbe Meeting of the 69th Division and the Russian Army. We continue past the Korean Monument, which is an Infantry Company on patrol at night. It is so realistic, it had to have been done by someone who had been on one. Then on to the Vietnam Memorial Wall, the only memorial to list the names of all of the men and women killed or missing in the Vietnam War. Prior to a walk around the wall, there is a statue of some soldiers in a cluster and at the end of the wall you view the Nurses Monument, showing a wounded GI being attended to by a nurse and another GI looking for a rescue chopper.

The rains started again and we returned to our bus for a trip back to the hotel. We were pleased to have had Bob and Carol McMillan's daughter Cathy and Ralph Teti, and the Thompson's son Jim and Beverly join us for our last tour. Both couples live and work in the DC area and were lots of help in providing guidance in our plans. We ordered pizza for our last dinner and made preparations for Monday AM departures home. See you in 2006.



*Holocaust Museum "Liberators Tribute to American Divisions"  
Lynn Jones and Hy Kurfirst with Fighting 69th Flag.*

# Army Hall

Written By: **Gus R. Wiemann**

*Company L, 271st Infantry*

7126 Canella Court, Tamarac, Florida 33321

When our First Sergeant told fifteen of us to get ready to ship out, we asked, "Where are we going?" "Can't tell you," he said. A short time later we were on a train leaving Red Bank, New Jersey. Some scuttlebutt mentioned North Africa or England, especially as our train ran parallel to the Hudson River and New York embarkation points. Meanwhile, a sergeant who accompanied us sat quietly nearby with a large manila envelope in his hand.

Our train entered a tunnel under the Hudson and in a few moments as soon as we reached our station the sergeant guided us through the commuters on the platform of Penn Station in New York. After a short walk we boarded a subway and traveled for about ten minutes. Then with our duffel bags on our shoulders we climbed a long flight of stairs out into the sunshine and fresh air.

In front of us was a steep crowded street where we had to weave our way through the pedestrians and try to keep sight of the sergeant. Finally he stopped and waited for us to catch up to him. As we gathered around him and dropped our bags onto the sidewalk, he pointed out our destination. Across the street was a collection of gray-stone Gothic buildings resembling a medieval fortress. For the first time he smiled as he said, "Welcome to your new home, the College of the City of New York." As we learned later, we were the spearhead of the Army Specialized Training Program in this spring of 1943 when the Army sent thousands of us from the camps to the colleges.

After registering at C.C.N.Y. we marched across the street to a two-story red-brick former orphanage. Over its front entrance a sign in gold letters on a black background proclaimed "ARMY HALL." Here we were divided into language sections of French, German, Italian, Russian and Spanish. A sixth division was Engineering.

Because of my German family and academic background, I was assigned to the German section for potential work in intelligence and interpreting. In our group of about fifty students were GIs who were refugees from Berlin and Vienna.

Late spring faded into summer and then a crisp New York fall. Our routine developed into a typical day that begins when the charge of quarters or CQ walks into our barracks at 6:00 a.m., turns on the lights and yells, "Rise and shine!" Most of the men jump out of their bunk beds, grab their towels and soap and head for the washroom. Then there are always the others who never hear the CQ and don't rise and shine until nearly all have returned from the washroom.

In a few minutes the CQ calls the roll as we stand at attention next to our bunks. Following that we ran up to the cafeteria on the floor above for the most frequent menu of eggs, toast, coffee and juice. After breakfast we make up our beds and sweep the surrounding areas. Then we pack our text books into canvas bags, put on our beige gabardine zip-up jackets and overseas caps.

Before our next command there is a slight lull. Most of the students stand by their beds and talk about their girlfriends, family, professors of their classes or perceived injustices of the Army.

My lower bunkmate, Stanley, is a small fellow, nineteen years old, with observant blue eyes and a shock of black hair that falls over his right eye. Whenever there is a lull between commands, Stanley grabs a book, sits on the edge of his bed and reads.

Occasionally music is piped through our intercom system. One day a popular piece, David Rose's "Holiday for Strings," came on. "Hey, Stan," I said, isn't this beautiful?" He smirked condescendingly and replied, "It's pretty like Betty Grable, but not beautiful like the Mona Lisa." I thought I'd rather dance with Betty Grable than with the Mona Lisa.

I walked down an aisle separating the bunk beds to a fellow I knew from the camp in New Jersey. Bill was a twenty-year-old, short and heavy-set with brooding, heavy-lidded eyes who usually was alone. He was sitting on the edge of his bed when I approached.

As I sat down beside him he looked at me and asked, "What do you want to do with your life?" My answer was, "I want to write a story." He studied me for a moment and said, "I want to find God."

Just then the CQ shouts, "Fall out!" We rush out a side door into a yard where we line up in a formation of five rows, ten in a row. Before us standing on what appears to be a park bench is our lieutenant, a man of about six feet tall and weighing maybe two hundred pounds. His shirt is olive green with a tan Windsor-knotted tie. He is wearing an olive green overseas cap with a silver bar reflecting the morning sun. From under a finger-tip tan jacket his sharply creased officer-pink pants rest lightly on gleaming buckled cordovan shoes. Before he speaks his eyes squint as he surveys us.

"I have a report," he begins, "that one of you left the building last night and didn't return until morning. You can't burn the candle at both ends."

"Now, you must not forget to carry your books in your left hand. You are first soldiers and, second, students. That is all. Dismissed."

As the Lieutenant jumps off of the bench, squad leaders shout orders and the students, carrying their books in their left hands, march toward classes in the Gothic ramparts across the street. Civilian passersby

*(Continued on Page 27)*



## "ARMY HALL"

(Continued from Page 26)

suddenly hear an unfamiliar song: "Be kind to your web-footed friends, for a duck may be somebody's mother."

On this particular morning we balance our academics with the physical like basketball and boxing followed by a shower. Then we head to study hall and review previous lessons. After forty-five minutes we return to Army Hall for the high point of the day: mail call.

Those who receive letters or packages sit on their bunks to savor whatever arrived. Others run upstairs to the cafeteria for lunch. As soon as they return they're questioned, "What do they have up there today?" If the answer is "meatballs," there is an immediate exodus of five or six who head to a nearby mom-and-pop delicatessen.

Our afternoon classes begin with a former officer of the World War One German army. He is tall, slim, with cropped iron-gray hair and formal in manner. Ironically, as conservative as he is, he shows his preference for the American tendency toward informality.

For example, he feels that an American would request something by saying, "Please, if you have a chance, could you finish this by two o'clock?" A German would issue an order with, "Please see to it that this is finished by two o'clock."

Our second class is taught by a portly, genial professor who earned his PhD in Germany, becoming a newspaper reporter and editor on a prestigious Berlin newspaper. His speciality is emphasis on German grammar and syntax, often using humor in illustrations. [Just as an aside, toward the end of his class, I became ill and had to be hospitalized. He permitted me to submit a short story in German using his lessons for my final exam. It was about a day in Army Hall and preserved the background for this account in English.]

Every Wednesday the former journalist's class is conducted by a professor who had been an actor in the German theater. He too is short in stature and overweight, but rather than of a genial nature, he is intense, mindful of diction. For instance, he relates how, sitting on a New York subway, he listens to various speech patterns, noting how German can sound hard or guttural.

If there is time following a lesson, he reads excerpts from the works of famous playwrights like Arthur Schnitzler (1862-1931) in his criticism of Germanic mores and anti-Semitism.

Our final afternoon class is led by a tall, slender lieutenant from Texas who teaches how to take care of your "best friend," your rifle, in all kinds of field conditions.

After afternoon classes are over we are free from 6:00 p.m. to 7:40 p.m. and can choose to eat in the cafeteria or a restaurant. At 7:40 p.m. we report to the study room recently vacated by the engineering students. On the blackboard we find the following poem:

### Twas the Night Before Christmas

Twas the night before Christmas  
and all through Army Hall  
not a creature was stirring,  
not even the mole.

The socks had been hung in the shoes  
with much care

In hopes that by morning  
they would still be there.

All the privates were curled  
so snug in their beds  
While wild differentials  
danced in their heads.

And the mole in his kerchief  
and CQ in his cap  
just settled their brains for  
a long winter's nap.

*By an Anonymous Engineer*

At ten of nine most of the students leave the study room and go either for a walk, buy some milk and cake for a snack or play cards in the barracks. Others visit a nearby bar and drink to someone's good health.

At 10:25 p.m. the CQ flickers the barracks' lights, signaling that in five minutes all lights will be out. Exactly in five minutes the barracks are dark and the students climb into their bunks. For a short while they call out to their buddies or make jokes about their professors. Before long all becomes silent except for the deep breathing of the sleeping.

Outside the barracks' windows someone walks by and whistles softly the national anthem of the Soviets. The day of the "Germans" is over.

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# Do You Remember?

## PART TWO

### The War Ends, Army Life Goes On

By: William R. Drugg

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When last we were together, the war had just ended in the E.T.O. We had met the Russians - the Diplomats had drawn a line well behind the point of a fair division of land we had fought for and won with our "Blood, Sweat and Tears." We packed our bags and went into reverse and gave the Russians this valuable Land.

The proud 69th Infantry (as we knew, it was no more), the men that had enough points to go home packed up, stayed with the outfit and sailed for home. Some packed up and headed for the Pacific. Many of us were sent to other outfits which were scattered all over Europe. Our jobs were as varied as the locations.

My location was in the small village of Heldifingen in a MAM Ordnance 3532 in a tire shop, fixing flat tires (or rather watching German civilians fix flats), good duty if your idea of fun is sitting watching paint dry. It became my buddies and my ambition to get a transfer.

The conditions were good. We had a large apartment house with three to five guys in each apartment. A large building held the mess hall with excellent food. One of the cooks was our roommate. The mess hall became our dance hall with weekly dances, live bands and five will get you ten for a good rowdy fight to liven the late Saturday night group. Also, our Company Commander, Lieutenant Taylor, was a great guy. Now with all these perks, it makes you wonder why we wanted to get a transfer. Combat fatigue, no doubt. We had a transfer into a Bomb Disposal Detached Service for a while. Maybe that was it - too many brain shakes.

Whatever it was, we got our wish. Lt. Taylor called Jason and I, into his office and made us an offer we could not refuse. How he put it was, "You will not refuse my offer." So we packed our bags and moved to Heidelberg to a Service Station on the Autobahn at the exit. Assisted by a German speaking civilian with proper credentials, we chose a beautiful stone house in the Nazi section of town furnished as a proper goose stepping officer would insist upon. It had beautiful artwork from the finest homes in Paris and the basement had a wine collection too large to describe. Well let me tell you, we never ran out and we were very generous with the fellows back at the Company. Share and share alike was our motto.



*Service Station #4*

Our house, as I often referred to it, had a chandelier rivaled by the Phantom of the Opera, silverware second to none, a bidet in the bathroom (no one in my town of Altoona had a bidet), a grand piano and furniture probably designed by the best designers in Europe. Automatic door locks on all doors and an automatic garage door opener.

One of the duties of the help at our house was to run 'Old Glory' up the flagpole on good weather days and to retrieve it at the first sign of rain or snow. We must impress our neighbors.

So, let's see now - we have a beautiful house in the best part of the Nazi neighborhood. We have a fully equipped service station, two patrol trucks - one going north and one south lending a hand to U.S. vehicles broken down for the Third Army maintenance. Flat tires, plugs, points, fan belts, etc. and all major break downs were referred to the service station for tows. All of the labor was done by Germans, 24 in all, who were paid by the Military Government and fed one meal a day by the Station. There were two women cooks and one for housekeeping. We had six non-coms. Sergeant Jason assisted me and four others supervised the Germans on duty at the station working as patrol drivers and mechanics. We also had a large double boom wrecker for towing very large incapacitated vehicles, a tanker tractor and trailer for hauling gas - these two were my responsibility - and a jeep for transportation for the Army personnel.

Now let me say, the personnel and Jason and I had it made. They had decided to work one day on and five days off. The Company Commander had given me a whole pad of what I think were Class E passes and a pad of blank trip tickets. They had a jeep at their disposal and a whole country to see as well as the Nurnberg Trials. A couple of them were experts on it. Every one of the crooks were guilty and should be shot was their verdict - case closed.

My duties were to get supplies, food, oil and in general, not get in the way of personnel and make sure payrolls were on time along with the mail. The good life - you bet. Things were about to get better. The

*(Continued on Page 29)*

## THE WAR ENDS, ARMY LIFE GOES ON

(Continued from Page 28)

requests we got every day for trades for a little benzine for civilian vehicles was unending. Tough to turn them all down, almost impossible to refuse everybody, hard to say no to everyone. Well, then one evening fate smiled on me at about 10:00 p.m.

One of our patrol cars towed into the station an Army 3/4 ton Personnel Carrier that belonged to the Signal Corp. The driver was a Tech-Sergeant that had borrowed his Bird Colonel's vehicle for the evening to see his girlfriend. That was before he threw a piston in the engine. After making some phone calls, we found a new 3/4 ton engine at our major repair shop in the city and for two cartons of cigarettes, his mechanic would replace the engine. Done deal.

Around 2:00 a.m. my new found friend was on his way back to his company vowing his never dying everlasting loyalty to the 4th Army Service Station and the Signal Corp was at our command, and let me say he was a man of his word. My jeep had a portable radio in the dash. We had radios all over our house - walkie talkies, etc. You name it, we were able to get it.

One day when I was at the company getting supplies, I was just getting ready to pull out when a guy asked me if I would give him a ride. He hopped in and as we were riding along, he remarked about how much he liked radios. As we rode along, he told me he was from a collection point where vehicles were dropped off when an outfit was moving out or going home. After some discussion, we made a deal to trade a radio for a jeep and a trailer. We made the deal the next Saturday. We had a jeep. This sergeant and I worked many deals for trades. He had motorcycles as well as jeeps, all in good shape. He made sure no lemons were in the deals. Lt. Taylor got a shortage report from his supply room - flashlights, walkie-talkies, portable radios, etc. or you name it, it was available. What fun we had. Now we started to see why some soldiers made it a career and how some of the same soldiers with bad luck ended up in the brig.

Another incident happened. About noon we got a call that a G.I. had fallen off a pile of rubble along a street car track and was trapped under the streetcar. We had the largest wrecker to lift the car off of the trapped G.I., so we headed down to the town with sirens blaring and lights flashing to help. When we arrived, we pulled up beside the car and attempted to fasten our hook to the side of the car. Many civilians who were still on the streetcar rushed to the side to observe this rescue. Haste was my main concern and as I was about to hoist the car off this man, some madman was screaming to stop, that I was about to turn the streetcar over on its side. After this madman, a U.S. Army captain I believe, explained that I needed to back up in front and pick the car up by the front end, it did sound like a much better plan.



*Bill Drugg and the Wrecker*

We freed the man and I left red faced but a much wiser wrecker operator. By the way, the trapped man was a displaced person wearing an Army uniform (no dog tags), and the Captain that chewed me out never did apologize.

Yes, even though the shooting war was over we still had lots of action. We were constantly hauling accident victims to the hospitals or to the morgues, especially after a rain when the temporary wooden bridges on the autobahn were wet. As soon as it started to rain, we would warm the wrecker up. The streetcar story was just one of many.

One day this all ended. Lt. Taylor called me and gave me the news of my shipping out orders, as he warned me he was going to do. He said he wanted me to sign on for a six month enlistment and I told him to let me think about it. My thinking days were over. He told me to pack my bags and get to Camp Lucky Strike for a trip to the U.S.A. and so it was. I said farewell to everyone in Germany and hello to my wonderful family.



*Sgt. Radcliff and Sgt. Bill Drugg*



# A Sad Story

By: William R. Drugg

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*Arrows show the churches still standing.  
This was precision bombing.*

The war has ended in the E.T.O. at least and the soldiers were, for the most part, bored and looking for things to do. Other than guard duties that pretty much says it all. At least for the dogface, enlisted men.

My friend and I would go riding on our motorcycle and there was plenty to see and photograph at every turn. With all the destruction of varying degrees, not only damage by small arms fire and artillery and of course the damage from the air and the bombs that were dropped on the towns, it was almost impossible to find a town without some damage. The Air Corps had done their job.

We were riding along this two lane road and we came over the rise of a hill and this town came into our

view. The destruction was breathtaking. It seemed that everything had been destroyed. Every house, every shed, the whole town was rubble. The only thing to see for miles around were these two church steeples, which we photographed. The other thing that was strange was the large number of flowers placed on almost every pile of rubble. The number of trapped people was unusual and strange. Cleanup crews had not dug into the piles yet.

My buddy **Frank Hull** and I were discussing the oddity of this when an elderly man approached pushing a bicycle and a wagon filled with wood. After questioning the man as to what had happened to this town this is what he told Frank and I.

Toward the end of the war, things were not going well for the fanatical men in charge and they were sending the V2 rockets over England. Just a short review. The V2 rockets were used against the British Isle launched from different sites in Germany toward England. Unguided, they would run until they were out of fuel then they would crash. These rockets were loaded with high explosives so they would cause havoc and death. The parts for the rocket were made in this very town, unknown to the allies as of yet. This town was on the direct route of the aircraft that were bombing Berlin. The RAF at night, the Americans during the day. When the air raid sirens would go off, at first everyone ran for the air raid shelters but after so many false alarms, the citizens started to have less and less fear and would ignore them.

The underground got word to England that parts for the dreaded rockets were being made in this little town. The next load of bombs did not go to Berlin - but to this unimportant town of ordinary people not frightened any more when they heard the bombers approaching. So it was business as usual. The towns people went about their daily chores, until it was too late. The pictures we took tell the sad story.

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# Passing of a Generation

Written By: CPT. Stephen R. Ellison, M.D.

## *It Won't Be Long And They Will Be Gone*

From a Military Doctor:

I am a doctor specializing in the Emergency Departments of the only two military Level One trauma centers, both in San Antonio, Texas and they care for civilian emergencies as well as military personnel.

San Antonio has the largest military retiree population in the world living here. As a military doctor, I work long hours and the pay is less than glamorous.

One tends to become jaded by the long hours, lack of sleep, food, family contact and the endless parade of human suffering passing before you. The arrival of another ambulance does not mean more pay, only more work.

Most often, it is a victim from a motor vehicle crash. Often it is a person of dubious character who has been shot or stabbed. With our large military retiree population, it is often a nursing home patient.

Even with my enlisted service and minimal combat experience in Panama, I have caught myself groaning when the ambulance brought in yet another sick, elderly person from one of the local retirement centers that cater to military retirees. I had not stopped to think of what citizens of this age group represented.

I saw "Saving Private Ryan." I was touched deeply. Not so much by the carnage, but by the sacrifices of so many. I was touched most by the scene of the elderly survivor at the graveside, asking his wife if he'd been a good man. I realized that I had seen these same men and women coming through my Emergency Dept. and had not realized what magnificent sacrifices they had made. The things they did for me and everyone else that has lived on this planet since the end of that conflict are priceless.

Situations permitting, I now try to ask my patients about their experiences. They would never bring up the subject without the inquiry. I have been privileged to an amazing array of experiences, recounted in the brief minutes allowed in an Emergency Department encounter. These experiences have revealed the incredible individuals I have had the honor of serving in a medical capacity, many on their last admission to the hospital.

There was a frail, elderly woman who reassured my young enlisted medic, trying to start an IV line in her arm. She remained calm and poised, despite her illness and the multiple needle-sticks into her fragile veins. She was what we call a "hard stick." As the medic made another attempt, I noticed a number tattooed across her forearm. I touched it with one finger and looked into her eyes. She simply said, "Auschwitz." Many of

later generations would have loudly and openly berated the young medic in his many attempts. How different was the response from this person who'd seen unspeakable suffering.

Also, there was this long retired Colonel, who as a young officer had parachuted from his burning plane over a Pacific Island held by the Japanese. Now an octogenarian, his head cut in a fall at home where he lived alone. His CT scan and suturing had been delayed until after midnight by the usual parade of high priority ambulance patients. Still spry for his age, he asked to use the phone to call a taxi, to take him home, then he realized his ambulance had brought him without his wallet.

He asked if he could use the phone to make a long distance call to his daughter who lived 7 miles away. With great pride we told him that he could not, as he'd done enough for his country and the least we could do was get him a taxi home, even if we had to pay for it ourselves. My only regret was that my shift wouldn't end for several hours, and I couldn't drive him myself.

I was there the night MSgt. Roy Benavidez came through the Emergency Department for the last time. He was very sick. I was not the doctor taking care of him, but I walked to his bedside and took his hand. I said nothing. He was so sick, he didn't know I was there. I'd read his Medal of Honor citation and wanted to shake his hand. He died a few days later.

The gentleman who served with Merrill's Marauders, the survivor of the Bataan Death March, the survivor of Omaha Beach, the 101 year old World War I veteran, the former POW held in frozen North Korea, the former Special Forces medic now with non-operable liver cancer, the former Vietnam Corps Commander. I remember these citizens.

I may still groan when yet another ambulance comes in, but now I am much more aware of what an honor it is to serve these particular men and women.

I have seen a Congress who would turn their back on these individuals who've sacrificed so much to protect our liberty. I see later generations that seem to be totally engrossed in abusing these same liberties, won with such sacrifice.

It has become my personal endeavor to make the nurses and young enlisted medics aware of these amazing individuals when I encounter them in our Emergency Department. Their response to these particular citizens has made me think that perhaps all is not lost in the next generation.

My experiences have solidified my belief that we are losing an incredible generation, and this nation knows not what it is losing. Our uncaring government and ungrateful civilian populace should all take note. We should all remember that we must "Earn this."

\*\*\*\*\*

## CALENDAR OF COMING EVENTS AND COMMUNICATION SCHEDULE

\*\*\*\*\*

May I just make note to all leaders of Chapters, Groups, Branches, Companies, Battalions, Regiments, Recon, Artillery, AAA, and T.D.'s to get your Activities Schedules to **Bulletin Headquarters, P.O. Box 4069, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068-4069**, 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.

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**See pages 4 and 5 for more information  
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\* \* \* \* \*

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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**)

Great Southern Travel

3424 S. National Avenue

Springfield, Missouri 65807-7307

Telephone: 800/749-7116

E-Mail: lzimmerman@greatsoutherntravel.com

\* \* \* \* \*

**SEPTEMBER 30th, 2005**

**Deadline for news material and pictures for:**

**Bulletin Volume 59, Number 1**

**September, October, November, December 2005**

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

*(Continued on Page 33)*



**SEPTEMBER 22nd to 25th, 2005**  
**661st TANK DESTROYERS ANNUAL REUNION**  
**AKRON, OHIO**

**Akron-Fairlawn Holiday Inn**

4073 Medina Road, Akron, Ohio 44333

**Room Rate:** \$72.00 per night plus tax.

**Reservations:** Must be made by August 25th

Telephone: 330/666-4131 or Fax: 330-666-7190

or on line at: [www.holiday-inn.com/akron-fairlawn](http://www.holiday-inn.com/akron-fairlawn)

Be sure to specify code number "661" when making reservations in order to qualify for group discounts. Check-in time is 3:00 p.m.

**Saturday Night Banquet:** \$27.00 per person.

**Hospitality Room** will be available.

We are hoping for another successful get-together and would like to see as many relatives, sons, daughters, and grandchildren as possible. Please encourage family members to attend, as the veterans are not getting any younger, and have many experiences to share!

The local airports are Akron-Canton and Cleveland-Hopkins. They are both equally close to the hotel, but Akron-Canton is smaller, sometimes less expensive, and generally easier to navigate through. Please call to arrange airport pick up, and we will do our best to accomodate you.

**Thomas and Tamara Slopek:** 330/665-3510

**Patsy (Ellen) Slopek:** 330/928-2083

We have many activities in the Akron-Cleveland area within a half hour's drive. A few are: The Pro Football Hall of Fame, The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, and The Inventors Hall of Fame. There is the Cuyahoga Valley National Park, Quaker Square Shopping (former oats factory), Stan Hyett Hall and Gardens (founder of Goodyear's mansion) as well as many nearby malls and shopping outlets.

**Saturday Afternoon Tour** is to a WWII museum that is complete with an operational M-18 Hellcat!

As is customary, we will be soliciting donations to cover the Hospitality Room, postage, etc. Hope to see you in September!

**For Information Call or Write:**

**The Slopeks**

356 Millennium Drive, Tallmadge, Ohio 44278

Telephone: 330/665-3510 or 330/928-2083

**Directions to Akron-Fairlawn Holiday Inn**

**From the Airport:** Interstate 480 east to 77 south to exit 137A. First business on the left.

**From the North:** Interstate 77 south to exit 137A. First business on the left.

**From the South:** Interstate 71 North to exit 218 (route 18). Follow east for approximately 8 miles. First business on left.

**From the East:** Interstate 76 west to interstate 77 north to exit 137A. First business on left.

**From the West:** Interstate 80 to exit 11. Follow 21 south to interstate 77 south to exit 137A. First business on left.

# **Company C, 271st**

Submitted by: **Margaret Kinney**

Wife of **Daniel Kinney**

325 Malden Street, Rochester, New York 14615



*Dan Kinney, Ted Salach*



*Ed Despain, Sgt. Jones*



*McLeod, Joe McEvoy, Calvin Arnold*



*Pape, Gaul, Jones, Lassiter*



*Kirkpatrick, Salach, Despain*



## “Taps”

The melody of TAPS was composed by a non-musical (musician with no formal knowledge) nor the technical names of any of the notes. Union General Daniel Butterfield whistled it for Brigadier General Oliver Norton who wrote the notes on the back of an envelope July 2, 1862. The plaintive bugle notes that bring an involuntary lump to the throat typifies our loss and feelings of these two great buglers.

## THE WORDS TO “TAPS” SAY IT ALL

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

**David R. (Tex) Ballou**  
Address Unknown  
Anti-Tank, 272nd

**Jesse W. Best**  
Box 86  
Grampian, Pennsylvania  
16838  
Co. H - 273rd

**Col. Donald M. Boyd**  
350 Memory Path  
Annapolis, Maryland  
21401-6634  
HQ - 273rd

**Charles Boyer, Jr.**  
1220 Howard Avenue  
Pottsville, Pennsylvania  
17901  
Co. F - 272nd

**Merritt C. Brundige**  
49 Swatling Road  
Latham, New York  
12110-5435  
769th Ordnance

**Robert E. Butts**  
88 Fort Street  
Nelsonville, Ohio 45764  
Medic - 273rd

**Arthur F. Carr**  
33 Maytide Street  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania  
15227  
Co. A - 661st T.D.

**James B. Crossley**  
2097 Needhammer Road  
Pottstown, Pennsylvania  
19464-1613  
Co. A - 369th Medics

**Norman R. Dibelius**  
44 Hyde Boulevard  
Ballston Spa, New York  
12002-1608  
Co. G - 271st

**A. Brooks Drake**  
6111 E. Bishop Hill Road  
Madison, Indiana  
47250-8665  
Co. D - 369th Medics

**Sanford Firsichbaum**  
9 Oxford Drive  
Livingston, New Jersey  
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Co. A - 272nd

**Francis X. Fulmer**  
343 Willing Street  
Tamaqua, Pennsylvania  
18252  
Co. B - 461st AAA

**Calvin E. Fultz**  
10119 W. University Blvd.  
Odessa, Texas 79764  
Anti-Tank - 271st

**Robert Gordier**  
8616 Mattson Brook Lane  
Brooklyn Park, Minnesota  
55444-1304  
H3 - 271st

**Maj. H. B. Hanberry, Ret.**  
308 S. Bonham Road  
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29205  
HQ - 271st

**Daymon Hardin**  
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Lovington, New Mexico 88260  
Co. B - 777th T.B.

**Benjamin F. Hart**  
170 Greenbrier  
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Btry. B - 879th F.A.

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Co. B - 273rd

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SC - 880th F.A.

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569th Signal Co.

**Irving Novick**  
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Dobbs Ferry, New York  
10522-3001  
Div. Hq.

**William Parks**  
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Co. C - 273rd Infantry

**E.C. Payne, Jr.**  
110 Ash Avenue  
Levelland, Texas 79336  
Div. Hq.

**Joseph M. Pfeffer**  
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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
19115-3229  
Co. B - 461st AAA

**Edmund C. Reeber**  
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33852-6325  
Co. B - 269th Engineers

**Glen F. Rife**  
234 Pine Drive  
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17222  
Co. G - 273rd

**Walter A. Rosenow**  
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Co. A - 272nd

**Edward A. Schalk**  
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Co. C - 272nd

**Peter Schumacher**  
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W. Des Moines, Iowa  
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HQ - 880th

**Russell Shay**  
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Lake Placid, Florida 33852  
Unit Unknown

**Harold L. Smith**  
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**Bernard Uhler**  
157 Victory Lane  
Nazareth, Pennsylvania  
18064  
Co. B - 461st AAA

(Continued on Page 00)

## "Taps" (Continued from Page 00)

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25 Matthew Road  
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H3 - 272nd

**Earl W. Walters**  
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Landisville, Pennsylvania  
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H3 - 273rd

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Newton, Illinois 62448  
Co. H - 272nd

**Maj. Richard W. Wrons**  
17 Wild Horse Mesa Drive  
Sedona, Arizona 86351  
Co. I - 272nd

\* \* \* \*

## Ladies' Taps

**ROSLYN BLOOM**  
Wife of **Justin L. Bloom**  
*Company I, 273rd Infantry Regiment*

**LENA GOON**  
Wife of **Clarence Goon**  
*Company G, 271st Infantry Regiment*

**DORIS L. SMITH**  
Wife of **Larry Smith**  
*Company K, 273rd Infantry Regiment*

**WIDOWS**  
**MRS. L. JEAN KNEPP**  
*Company B, 273rd Infantry Regiment*

**JANET SCHINDEHETTE**  
*69th Quartermaster*

**MRS. EARL THEWS**  
*Company D, 273rd Infantry Regiment*

\*\*\*\*\*

## Printer E-Mail Address

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](mailto:inthewoods@buhlbrothersprinting.com)**

Our bulletin printer has a large mailbox and can accommodate your photos and stories. Just make sure in the subject line, you include "69th" and the printer will turn it over to Dottie for approval for publication.

**PLEASE INCLUDE IN YOUR E-MAIL YOUR REGULAR ADDRESS AND UNIT.**

We have been receiving some e-mails where members are wanting a response from other members but leave no regular address or phone number for people to contact them. Remember, most of our members are not on the net and they may not be able to respond to an e-mail address.

Thank you

## War Shorts

Submitted By: **Robert A. Heisler**  
*569th Signal Company*  
1104 Chemawa Loop N.E.  
Keizer, Oregon 97303-3739  
Telephone: 503/463-9524  
E-Mail: [rbrtheisler1@netzero.net](mailto:rbrtheisler1@netzero.net)

### White Glove Inspection

I was in Torgau, Germany a couple of days after the war. I was told to be ready for a vehicle inspection (3/4 ton weapons carrier). I had no idea what to expect, but soon found out. Some jerk lieutenant told me to raise the hood. He wiped his hand over the spark plugs and along the side of the motor and said, "Look at this!" "Yes sir, we just got through with a war," I replied. He said, "Sergeant, put this man on report." The sergeant said to me, "Meet me right here in 20 minutes." About that time a soldier said, "Get your stuff. A vehicle is waiting for you to take you to Spa Belgium for Radio school." The timing was perfect. After 60 years, I hope that sergeant isn't still looking for me.

\* \* \* \*

### Thirteen Days

I have never told this story to anyone but my wife. She thought it was funny. I didn't. The last bowel movement I had in the United States was at Fort George G. Meade, Maryland on about the 4th of January, 1945. We took a train to Boston and were herded into this big boat called "The Isle de France." Five and a half days to Glasgow, Scotland, then by train to the channel and over to a tent city in LaHarve, France. Then by train to Givet, France, a large Repple Deple. All this without any movement. I went to a dispensary and told them my story. The medic said, "Take this pill and if you don't have any results, you better get back here tomorrow as you've got problems." Wouldn't you know, the next day a sergeant said, "Grab your bags and get in that truck, you are heading to the front." Now, I don't know if I got the \_\_\_\_\_ scared out of me going through the war zone, or if it was the pill. In any case, I had a big blowout and I figured it was at least 13 days since my last elimination.

\* \* \* \*

### An Alarming Clock

After crossing the Rhine River we motored to Bad Ems, Germany. We stayed in a huge house. The next morning as we were leaving to join a convoy, I noticed a large alarm clock. I thought, "That may come in handy someday," so I stuffed it in my duffel bag. As we were leaving, a couple of German women were jabbering about a clock that was missing. They pointed at us and all of a sudden, the alarm went off. Talk about being caught red handed. I handed it to them and everybody was laughing, including the women. Everyone, that is, except me.





*the 69th*

INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION, INC.

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## GIs Preparing to Go Home



Geissen - July 6th, 1946

Submitted by: **Margaret Kinney**, 325 Malden Street, Rochester, New York 14615  
Wife of **Daniel Kinney**, Company C, 271st Infantry

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