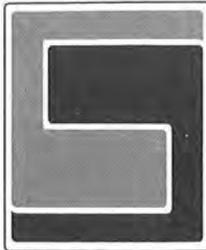


FIGHTING 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION

★★★★ *Association, Inc.*



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JANUARY – FEBRUARY – MARCH – APRIL
2002

“THE THREE B’S”
BOLTE’S BIVOUACKING BASTARDS

P.O. BOX 69
CHAMPION, PA 15622-0069
724/455-2901

bulletin

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The Autobahn - Germans Surrendering to the U.S. as far as the eye could see!



Submitted By: **Harold L. McAdam**, *Company C, 777th Tank Battalion*
5920 Route 812, Ogdensburg, New York 13669

I was a bow gunner on a Sherman tank, just like the one in the lower right corner of the photo. We were racing down the Autobahn toward Leipzig. The whole German army was surrendering to us rather than to the Russians - some four million of them. They stretched as far as you could see, as the picture shows. It must have been a death march for many of them. There was no way to feed or care for them that I know of.

I wish someone with the knowledge would write about that. It would make a great story.

THE MAIL BOX

By Dottie Witzleb, Editor



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

Bruno A. Campese, 3703 2nd Avenue, Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania 15010-3401 — Anti-Tank, 272nd: I pray the new year will bring peace and happiness to everyone throughout the world and I hope our Lord will give special consideration to our comrades and their families of the 69th Infantry Division.

Dottie, I want to thank you for the excellent work you do. It does not go unnoticed. Your efforts are one reason for a superb Fighting 69th Division bulletin. Keep up the good work that brings so much pleasure and fond memories to so many.

Just a word at this time about **Bill Matlach**, a real friend to all 69th Infantry Division personnel. Having served as President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer over many, many years he worked to bring all 69'ers together and to keep us well informed. He will be missed, but I am certain our Lord is using his talents to help make His place a more cohesive and better informed place.

And a brief word about our new President **Mr. Ray Sansoucy**. He inherited a very tough job but has adapted to it extremely well, and quickly. He has been kept very busy, and has traveled in a number of states doing his Presidential duties. He is taking his work very seriously and is making us all very proud to have him as our President.

I also would like to thank you from the bottom on my heart for publishing my piece entitled, "Victory?," a poem written about 55 years ago.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Bruno did such a fine job with his poem "Victory?" that we have decided to publish another of his pieces entitled, "Almighty Soldier," found elsewhere in this bulletin.)

Margaret A. Jungling, wife of **Cpl. Albert Jungling**, 1106 Lilac Lane, Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613 — Hq., 272nd: Al died May 18, 1997. While he lived he did not talk about the war until the last year or so — except that he was proud to be in the "Fighting 69th." He also was an anti-tank crewman and part of the time in infantry and auto something.

I'm very sorry I don't know more, but would like to. My daughter got pictures from your web site of some

of the things he talked about the last few years of his life. Things like Torgau and part of the 69th meeting the Russians at the Elbe River, and about the concentration camps. That was hard for him to talk about. Also a forest and snipers.

I wish he would have told us more, but at that time it bothered him. At that time he had a real outgoing personality, but when the conversation turned to the war, he would quiet down and we didn't want to push him.

Thank you for what you are doing. I hope I can be a recipient of the 69th Infantry Bulletin.

Park M. Fellers, 935 Jefferson, P.O. Box 396, Hillsboro, Illinois 62049 — Service Co., 272nd: I am wondering what happened to Warrant Officer **Frank Till**. As I recall, **Till** was the guy who could find anything the officers wanted ... new issue of boots or whatever. His only requirement was that no one could ask where he obtained any requested article.

I went with **Till** one time over into Louisiana to pick up a load of "spirits" ordered by officers for the club. **Frank** drove his own car, as I recall, and after picking up the necessary merchandise from the suppliers, our return became quite a cops and robbers chase. **WO Till** had me watch any vehicle that might be tailing us that might be a lawman. To make certain, old **Frank** would take evasive action to shake them. Once we crossed back over the Mississippi line, we were safe. According to **Till**, one group got caught and lost all of their loot. Surely by now, Mississippi allows legal purchase of liquor. But not so then.

Claudia Danielle Henley, granddaughter of **John Ward Henley**, 2494 Bethel Church Road, Hiwassee, Virginia 24347 — Btry. C, 879th F.A.: My grandfather wants to get in touch with some of his buddies from the war and he does not have the time to write, so I am doing it for him. If anyone out there sees this, please e-mail me at jesus_love9@hotmail.com or for those of you that do not have a computer, please write to him at the above address. Thank you.

Horace R. Drew, Jr., (Lt. Col. USAR Ret.), 861 Waterman Road N., Jacksonville, Florida 32207-5240 — 881st F.A.: Thank you so much for the WWII map. I am attaching it as an illustration to our new book, "War Love Letters of World War II," now being published by Barnes & Noble.

I wish I could find the old **Air Corp Maps** we used in the war. The German town of Hellenthal was where the 60th moved into the Seigfried Line but I can't find it on the maps. Maybe we wiped it off the map!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: If anyone can help Horace with the Air Corp maps he is looking for, please write to him at the above address.)

(Continued on Page 3)

THE MAIL BOX
(Continued from Page 2)

Walter Jaworski, 658 Humboldt Street, Brooklyn, New York 11222 — Co. A, 271st: I was assigned to the 69th Division coming from ASTP at Syracuse University. I attained the rank of Staff Sergeant. Lately I have seen many articles about Company A, 271st, of which I was a member from March 1943 to June 1945, when I was transferred to 9th Army Headquarters. Reading articles about my Company and remembering the non-coms who I trained with, brought back memories. They were really a dedicated bunch. Time is moving ahead and unfortunately, many are leaving.

My Army training was a lesson in education on how to cope with life. It came to use many times.

I wish a successful reunion for you. Having one in New York City is very costly. Out on Long island one can probably get a better deal. I was to two reunions - one in the 50's in New York City and the one in King of Prussia. I did not know any of the fellows at either reunion. They must have been replacements with whom I never trained. Wishing good health to all.

Amber Rishel Keene, wife of **Nestor Keene** (deceased), P.O. Box 52, Boalsburg, Pennsylvania 16827 — Service Co., 272nd: My late husband, **Nestor Keene**, served in the same company from February 1945 until August 1945. He joined the company in Belgium in February and was in the ration breakdown section. Some of the men in that section were **Milt Moxness**, **Joe Herman**, **Ray Johnson**, **Harry Gambrel** and **George Weirick**. He often wrote of a **Paul Patterson**.

After my husband's death in 1994, I copied and put into book form the 300 letters he wrote to his parents, our son and to me. I found most of the people he wrote about but have not found **Paul Patterson** from Virginia or West Virginia. Has anyone ever known or heard of him?

In May, **Nestor** was in Weissenfels, Germany. In June the company moved to Ronshausen, Germany. Then in mid August he was transferred to an ordnance depot for the 7th Army at Butzback, Germany where he remained until March 2, 1946, then they went to Bensheim and later to Antwerp where they boarded the S.S. Waycross Victory for home. On April 15, 1946 he came home to us in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

Nestor enrolled in Barber School in 1947. In 1951 he opened his own shop in this historical village of Boalsburg in Central Pennsylvania. He continued to serve the public until 1993 when his health no longer permitted him to work.

I would be pleased to learn if anyone may know of **Paul Patterson**.

A Note from Dottie, Your Bulletin Editor

As I look out the window today, it is snowing. We have not really had that much snow this year although the skiing has been good at the ski resorts. I for one am ready for the spring season to come and stay. I like the different seasons for a while and then I like a change.

I hope you are planning to attend the reunion this year - I am. Before then I will be taking a trip to the Canadian Rockies and ride the rapids again. I enjoyed it so much last year, I decided to try it again. I will also be visiting with a girlfriend of mine I have not seen in 15 years. Just think what it would be like to meet someone you have not seen since your service duty. Attend a reunion and maybe you will find an old army buddy and wouldn't that be great. Hope to see you in September...

Paul Shadle has been working on the membership now and is doing a good job. If you know anyone that is not receiving the bulletin but should be, please let **Paul** know.

A Note to the Snowbirds

When you go to your winter home, the post office does not forward the mail that is not first class. This includes your 69th Division Bulletin.

If we get a bulletin that is marked temporarily away, it costs the division 60 cents to get the bulletin back without your forwarding address. I usually do not get these back, as they do not give me the information that I do need to forward a bulletin.

If you would like to receive the bulletin when you are in the warmer climate, please let me know your winter address, when you are leaving for the warmer climate, and also when you plan to return home. This way, I will be able to send your bulletin first class to the winter address. The cost of first class is usually \$1.28. Thank you.

MOVING

Please print your new address below:

Name: _____

Address: _____

E-Mail Address: _____

Please send this form
and your old address label to:

PAUL SHADLE
1504 Greensburg Road
New Kensington, PA 15068

Please allow six weeks advance notice.

A Note from your Membership Chairman, Paul Shadle

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

As Membership Chairman, I basically expect to provide you, the readers, with five main services:

1. Adding New Members to the Fighting 69th Roster List, presently consisting of more than 4,200 names.
2. Deleting Deceased Members from this list.
3. Replacing a Deceased Member's name with their spouse's name or their children's name if they desire to continue receiving the "Bulletin."
4. Generating the "TAPS" list for publication in the Bulletin. Our Taps list is current as of March 1st, 2002.
5. Updating Changes of Address. YOUR CORRECT ADDRESS IS VERY IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO CONTINUE RECEIVING THE BULLETIN.

Also, to family of deceased members of the 69th: If you wish to continue receiving the 69th Bulletin, please let us know.

Please contact us if you have any information that relates to any of these services.

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Ladies' Auxiliary \$ 5.00
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Do not send dues to Dottie Witzleb.

New Men Relocated Since Our Last Bulletin

Ambrose R. Facio — 881st Field Artillery
1280 N. Harrison, Fresno, California 93728

James G. Tyson — Company C, 271st Infantry
P.O. Box 659, Bell Arthur, North Carolina 27811-0659

John Robinson — Company A, 272nd Infantry
411 Winwood Drive, Lebanon, Tennessee 37807

Cot Caterer

The Miracle of Mullin's Mess Hall

By S-Sgt. Charles Sweetland

Possibly from the Camp Shelby Newspaper

G.I. cynics have often observed that no one has anything nice to say about a mess sergeant, excepting his mother, and even she would get out of the cheering section if she had to eat in his mess hall.

And so it is no less than front page news to find **S-Sgt. Vernon Mullins**, mess sergeant for Service Co., 273rd rating ace high, not only with his "Mom," but also with every dogface in the company.

One of the secrets of his success and popularity with the non-stripe wearers in the outfit is the fact that he has revolutionized the mess sergeant industry by his occasional "mess hall-to-hutment Sunday breakfast delivery service."

On these rare occasions the K.P.'s maneuver up to the cot side of astounded G.I.s and present them with fruit juice and their morning coffee, and then **Sgt. Mullins**, known affectionately as "Ma," personally follows up the K.P.'s with a platter of eggs, bacon and toast and serves them in bed.

Any other outfit seeking **Sgt. Mullin's** service can have the same over the collective dead bodies of his company mates.

Submitted By: **Harry L. Miller, Jr.**

Service Company, 273rd Medical Detachment
1008 Durand Drive, Bellevue, Nebraska 68005-3263
Telephone: 402/292-8132

"The Watch ..." Cover, Vol. 54, No. 2, Identified

Submitted By: **Samuel Martin**

Battery A, 724th Field Artillery
203 Magnolia Drive, Adel, Georgia 31620-2823

I believe the guy on "Watch" on the cover of bulletin Vol. 54, No. 2, was **Edward Barrett**, 10630 Old Murf Road, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087. I believe the 50 caliber machine gun was mine.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Edward is a member of the 69th Infantry Division Association.)

Yes . . . sometimes war was very funny!!

Submitted by: **Edward L. Smaldone, Sr.**
Company K, 272nd Infantry Regiment
508 White Springs Road
Geneva, New York 14456-3026
E-Mail: N112@fltg.net



Ed Smaldone somewhere in Germany

When reminiscing about World War II, a veteran usually remembers some of the battles, near misses and other hair-raising events. But, I must admit that what stands out in my mind were the funny things that happened along the way.

For instance, we were camped in the Ardennes in Belgium where we were shelled and strafed daily. A buddy of mine had a case of the worst GIs that I had ever seen. He could not hold any food down and he was chafed so badly that we had to help him around. His complexion was pale green. To say the least, he wasn't a happy camper. They had dug a slit trench in the middle of a firebreak and we did not know whose idea it was, but there it was. Sure enough, our buddy was making full use of the trench when we again were strafed. He looked up to the sky and shouted so all in K Co. and L Co. could hear him yell, "Kill me you bastards and do me a favor." At the time we were sweating it out and we could not understand why the Kraut did not strafe that area. Maybe he felt sorry for him. We went out and dragged him back to our six-man dugout. Ray recovered a few days later and he never did live it down.

On another occasion, we were told that we were to get one hot meal a day when possible. The mess truck was four or five hours back but what the hell, a hot meal is a hot meal. About a week later, they showed up. It was dusk and by the time they got set up, it was dark. We could only use half of a mess kit to keep the noise down. Some had the top and some had the bottom. Sure as hell, I got the worst half, the top - and you guys know what I'm talking about. We finally lined up and blindly held out our half to be filled. As we went through the line, we had to whisper and ask what they were serving. They started out with dehydrated potatoes, what we think was gravy, one pork chop, peas, and you guessed it, chocolate pudding. I don't know if you have ever eaten chocolate pudding with gravy and peas before, but that night it tasted like a gourmet meal.

Another funny incident that happened was when we met the Russians at Torgau. The first night the Russians put on the Saber Dance for us and passed Vodka around, which was part of their rations. A few weeks before, we had a new 2nd lieutenant heading our platoon who turned out not to be too shiny. He was the one when we were capturing several villages, asked for my M-1 rifle because his carbine had jammed. I told him to go to hell. Anyhow, that night with the Russians, they were passing the Vodka around and we all had some. When they came to him, the jerk filled his lighter with Vodka. It was a good thing that our B.A.R. man was Polish and could speak Polish and Russian and explained to a Russian Major that the lieutenant was suffering from battle fatigue.

There were other escapades, but I will save them for another edition of the bulletin. Thank you.

Does Morton Bar ring any bells out there?

I am looking for information that anyone can provide about my grandfather, **Morton Barr**. I am particularly interested in his rank.

He fought with the 69th at the Battle of the Bulge and was wounded on two separate occasions, once in his shoulder. Beyond this, I do not know any of his history, as he died when I was 10. My grandmother does not remember anything about his military career, as it was a long time ago and he did not talk about it much.

Any information would be greatly appreciated. I think he was either a private or a corporal. Thanks so much.

Please write or e-mail me at:

Jonathan Perle

5 Grafton Street, Chevy Chase, Maryland 20815

E-Mail: jonathan@perle.org

Message from the President



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

Dear Members,

The way time flies, it will soon be time to pack up for the Hampton, Virginia reunion. Till then, I would like to offer the following Points to Ponder which I think need to be looked at.

1. Do we want to go down in history as "Bivouacking Bastards?" I don't. How about something like, "The Division that was first to cross Germany and meet the Russians," or ??????
2. Article III (a) defines active members. It states that: Upon the death of an active member, his membership shall be made available to his heirs who must be of blood relation. This means his wife is out??? This is wrong in my opinion.
3. Let's consider offering life membership as an option for say \$100. This would reduce the work load of our Treasurer and Membership Chairman. (It would also give us an incentive to live at least another 10 years). It would be a savings on postage, too.
4. We are not getting any younger. So let's think about finding, electing and training alternate (vice) officers. As it stands now, the President is the only one with replacement. When **Bill Matlach** passed away, I was caught without a replacement (not a good feeling) and a bunch of bills from the convention. But we got lucky when his wife, **Jane**, answered my pleas and agreed to become Treasurer at least until the next convention. I hope we can find a way to have her stay on after that. We all owe her a standing ovation!!

I am looking forward to seeing a large turnout in Virginia. So start planning now!!

A Message of Thanks from Jane Matlach

Dear 69ers,

My family and I want to sincerely thank you for all the sympathy cards and condolence letters that you sent us after **Bill's** recent death. Your words and thoughts brought us a great amount of comfort and showed how much you appreciated all he had done over the years to keep the 69th alive. I met **Bill** in 1948 and our first "date" was to attend the first 69th reunion in New York City. I always teased him that I didn't know I was enlisting in the army when I met him, and our three children grew up accompanying us to each year's reunion. Bill attended all but two reunions and the 69th was always foremost in his thoughts and stories.

Thank you,
Jane Matlach

2002 Officers

Raymond Sansoucy, President
 23 Paradox Drive
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 Telephone: 508/754-8786
 Unit: Anti-Tank Company, 272nd Infantry

William Ruebsamen, Vice President
 27601 Sun City Boulevard, Space 203
 Sun City, California 92586-2266
 Telephone: 909/301-9360
 Unit: 724th Field Artillery

Ralph H. Goebel, Secretary
 5417 Halifax Lane
 Edina, Minnesota 55424-1438
 Telephone: 952/927-5319
 Unit: Cannon Company, 272nd Infantry

Jane Matlach, Treasurer
 P.O. Box 474
 West Islip, New York 11795-0474
 Telephone: 631/669-8077
 Unit: Company E, 273rd Infantry

Paul Shadle, Membership Chairman
 1504 Greensburg Road
 New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068-1799
 Telephone: 724/335-9980
 Unit: Company E, 271st Infantry

Edward L. Lucci, Auditor
 30 Lennox Road, #28
 Rockville Centre, New York 11750-5251
 Telephone: 516/593-6592
 Unit: Company A, 273rd Infantry

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OFFICERS/BOARD OF DIRECTORS

(Continued from Page 6)

William E. Snidow, Chaplain
492 Kow Camp Road
Pembroke, Virginia 24136-9613
Telephone: 540/626-3557
Unit: Company B, 661st Tank Destroyers

Paul N. Shadle, Co-Chaplain
1504 Greensburg Road
New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068-1799
Telephone: 724/335-9980
Unit: Company E, 271st Infantry

Dottie Witzleb, Editor
P.O. Box 69
Champion, Pennsylvania 15622-0069
Telephone: 724/455-2901
Unit: Company E, 273rd Infantry

Bernard Zaffern, Legal Advisor
22555 Hallcroft Trail
Southfield, Michigan 48034-2011
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Unit: Company L, 272nd Infantry

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(Term expiring in year 2002)

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Unit: Company G, 271st Infantry

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6664 Glen Arbor Way
Naples, Florida 34119-4763
Telephone: 941/348-2332
Unit: Company B, 272nd Infantry

Kenneth A. Sawyer
2311 Skywind Circle
Melbourne, Florida 32935-1460
Telephone: 321/254-7175
Unit: Company B, 273rd Infantry

Alex Kormas
12500 Edgewater Drive, #503
Lakewood, Ohio 44107-1673
Telephone: 216/228-6024
Unit: Headquarters, 879th Field Artillery

Eugene J. Pierron
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Telephone: 262/285-3702
Unit: Recon Company, 661st Tank Destroyers

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Wilbraham, Massachusetts 01095-1618
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6314 Deerings Hollow
Norcross, Georgia 30092-1800
Telephone: 770/416-7725
Unit: Hdqs. Co. and Cannon Co., 272nd Infantry

Eugene Mischke
1021 W. Third Street
Spring Valley, Illinois 61362-1118
Telephone: 815/664-2437
Unit: Company B, 273rd Infantry

Charles B. White
606 W. Van Buren Street, P.O. Box 875
Crescent, Oklahoma 73028-0875
Telephone: 405/969-3696
Unit: 777th Tank Battalion

Walter Haag
420 Paramount Drive
Millbrae, California 94030-1327
Telephone: 650/589-7657
Unit: Battery B, 881st Field Artillery

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(Term expiring in year 2004)

John Barrett
930 25th Place
Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin 54494-3199
Telephone: 715/423-4921
Unit: Headquarters Company, 271st Infantry

Frederick Butenhoff
3217 South 55th Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53219-4433
Telephone: 414/541-1584
Unit: Company E, 272nd Infantry

James Brooks
1303 Colony Drive
Marietta, Georgia 30068-2819
Telephone: 770/643-0575
Unit: Company A, 273rd Infantry

William E. Snidow
492 Kow Camp Road
Pembroke, Virginia 24136-9613
Telephone: 540/626-3557
Unit: Company B, 661st Tank Destroyers

George Vasil
30 Blanchard Drive
Southbridge, Massachusetts 01550-1604
Telephone: 508/764-2227
Unit: 881st Field Artillery

69th Infantry Division Association 55th Annual Reunion HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

September 22nd thru September 29th, 2002

HOLIDAY INN

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Hampton, Virginia



Robert and Theresa Pierce

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HOLIDAY INN,

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The hotel is a large property at Exit 263-B at I-64 and Mercury Boulevard. It sets with a cluster of eight hotels surrounded by 13 acres of beautiful landscaped grounds. There are 321 rooms with plenty of convenient free parking. The main area of the hotel is a very large three-story atrium-style open room with a

restaurant, indoor swimming pool, exercise room, whirlpool, sauna, and gift shop, a cocktail lounge and seating areas in the centers. Complimentary airport transportation is provided to/from Newport News/Williamsburg International Airport. The hotel will arrange transportation to/from Norfolk Airport at a cost of \$10 per person round trips.

Room rates are \$55 per night single or double. These rates will apply 3 days prior and 3 days after the Reunion dates. Coupons will be furnished to each guest for discounts from 10-25% for each meal in the Tivoli Gardens Restaurant.

Coliseum Central. The hotel is located in "Coliseum Central," the largest retail and commercial center on the Virginia Peninsula, with four major shopping complexes plus many freestanding stores and smaller shopping centers. Across Mercury Boulevard from the hotel is Coliseum Mall, a complex a half-mile long, featuring 120 speciality stores, five department stores, "The Food Place" with ten restaurants plus a full service cafeteria.

There is food service galore within walking distance, in addition to the fine dining in the surrounding hotels. On the Mercury Boulevard are all the fast food and inexpensive chains: Waffle House, IHop, McDonalds, Jack in the Box, Denny's, Kentucky Fried Chicken, etc. On Coliseum Drive by the Mall is a restaurant row with the mid-to-higher priced dining establishments with a large variety of popular national chains, many with entertainment. For the gentlemen who are young at heart, "Hooters" is only a half block from the hotel open for lunch through closing time.

Getting around in Hampton is convenient with the Hampton Trolley that connects to Coliseum Central area to the downtown waterfront with the Visitors Center and historic Queensway District. Trolley also provides service from Coliseum Central hotels to nearby shopping centers. Trolley picks up riders at each stop including the Holiday Inn, every 30 minutes, admission 25¢.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

Hampton is located in a region called Hampton Roads that describes both a body of water and a geographic region. Hampton Roads, the waterway, is one of the finest natural harbors in the world. The geographic region encompasses the cities of Chesapeake, Hampton, Newport News, Norfolk, Poquoson, Portsmouth, Suffolk, Virginia Beach and Williamsburg.

The first boatload of English settlers to set foot on American soil was at Hampton in 1607, before moving up-river to found Jamestown. Hampton is the oldest continuous English speaking settlement in the U.S. Hampton is the site of the first Christmas celebrated in the New World when starving colonists from Jamestown visited the Kecoughtan Indians in December 1608 and shared oysters, fish and holiday cheer.

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UPCOMING 55th ANNUAL REUNION

(Continued from Page 8)

Spanish pirates roamed the waters off the colonies of Virginia until 1718 when the famous pirate, Blackbeard, was killed in a fierce battle. After the battle his head was displayed on a spike at what is now Blackbeard's Point on the Hampton River. Hampton has the dubious claim to be the first city in America where the first African slaves were brought in 1619. Today they boast of their deep roots in African-American heritage with more than a dozen African-American Historic Sites.

HOTEL AND REUNION REGISTRATION CUT-OFF DATE

Hotel Registration and Reunion/Tour Events Registration Forms both have important deadline due dates this year of **August 22, 2002**.

Hotel room rates have a very special Reunion price of \$55.00 with an absolute cut-off date of August 22, 2002. Reservations received after August 22nd will cost the regular rate of about \$89.00 plus tax.

Reunion Registration for Tours and Events have become a critical issue in recent years because of minimum guaranteed attendance requirements. Food service minimum guarantees only allow a 5% overage, attendance above the 5% are priced at 150% of the meal service cost. Tour companies require payment in full up to three weeks in advance with no refunds.

Late registrations have been a real inconvenience; and, no-shows have caused your Association to pay for tours/food service never received. Banquet Dinner reservations received after the deadline date may not be seated with their friends but assigned to open seating. Tour reservations received after the deadline will be accepted on a stand-by space available basis.

Please honor the Reunion Registration date of August 22, 2002. Call the Treasurer or Reunion Chairman to cancel if you cannot meet your Registration commitment.

SCHEDULED TOURS & EVENTS

Colonial Williamsburg and Yorktown Tour

Depart via motor coach with a tour guide to 18th Century Williamsburg. Along the way your guide will provide an interesting narration of the Virginia Peninsula and Hampton Roads area. In Williamsburg, a historical interpreter will guide you through the events that helped shape America's history. The leisurely walking tour through the restored area of this lovely colonial Capitol City is about two hours. Following the tour, enjoy free time to browse through Merchants Square, a quaint picturesque shopping area with its many unique specialty shops. Enjoy lunch on your own in Merchants Square or the colonial taverns. This overview tour does not include admission tickets to exhibits such as the Capitol Building or Governors Palace. A complete tour is much more expensive and would require a full day at Williamsburg.

After a short bus ride we will visit the historically famous Yorktown where British Lord Cornwallis surrendered to General George Washington to end the American Revolution. View the exhibits at the Yorktown National Park Service Center, watch a short film and see the battlefields.

Ocean View Beach, Fort Monroe - Casemate Museum and Jamestown

Enjoy a motor coach ride along the Chesapeake Bay on Ocean View Avenue, with a stop on the overlook at Susan Constant Shrine. Next stop is Fort Monroe, the largest stone fort ever built in the U.S. See the beautiful Centurion Chapel where Dwight D. Eisenhower's son was married; and, the Old Point Lighthouse. Inside Ft. Monroe we will visit the Casemate Museum, where exhibits include the prison cell of Confederate President Jefferson Davis kept exactly like it was when he was imprisoned. There are many Civil War artifacts including displays related to the Battle of the Monitor and Merrimac.

We will stop for lunch on your own, continuing to Jamestown Settlement on the James River. At Jamestown we will step back in time through the portals of living history. Costumed interpreters are guides to the past. Exhibits include replicas of the three ships that arrived at Jamestown in 1607. There are also replicas of Powhatan Indian Village and James Fort.

Norfolk City Tour:

MacArthur Memorial, MacArthur Center and a Harbor Cruise on the Carrie B.

Board the motor coach with your tour guide and learn about Norfolk's colorful 320-year history as you ride through the lovely historic district and restored areas. View the stately homes along the Hague, old St. Pauls Church, the Moses Myers House, the Chrysler Museum of Art, the historic Freemason District, Nauticus, the Battleship Wisconsin, and many other points of interest. Visit the Douglas MacArthur Memorial located in Norfolk's restored 1850 City Hall for a glimpse into our country's history. During your visit you will view the outstanding collection of artifacts, documents, photographs and memorabilia which trace the life and times of five-star General Douglas MacArthur. You will also have the opportunity to view the 25-minute film which chronicles General MacArthur's life. The General is entombed in the rotunda of the memorial. Enjoy a stop at the brand new MacArthur Center located in the heart of downtown Norfolk. Anchored by Nordstroms and Dillard's, and offering over 150 specialty shops, boutiques and restaurants. Lunch on your own at the center. Following lunch, board the Carrie B, a reproduction of a Mississippi-style paddle wheeler, for a two and one-half hour narrated tour of the Hampton Roads Harbor. Cruise past the Norfolk Naval Base, the largest naval installation in the world where you will see the mighty aircraft carriers, submarines and many other types of ships.

(Continued on Page 10)

UPCOMING 55th ANNUAL REUNION

(Continued from Page 9)

Hampton City and the Virginia Air and Space Center

Motor coach transportation will take the group to downtown Hampton on the Hampton River. First stop will be a group tour of the \$30 million Virginia Air and Space Center. The world class facility features more than 100 "Hands-On" exhibits that tell the story of Air and Space Exploration. Among the exhibits is the Apollo 12 Command Module, a Mars Meteorite and a three billion year old Moon Rock. Hampton was the first training center for NASA where the first astronauts, the Mercury Seven, were trained. The Center offers historical and interactive exhibits highlighting the history of flight.

The tour includes the IMAX Theater with a giant five-story screen with 16,000 watts of surround-sound. The theater features film related to flight, exploration, and science. After the Air & Space Tour, the group will be given a ride on the Hampton Carousel. Built in 1920, the Carousel has been completely restored to its original beauty and is housed in its own weather-protected pavilion on the waterfront. Great group photo opportunity!

The group will now be on their own for lunch and a self-guided tour of downtown Hampton (maps will be furnished). Visit the historic Queen's Way Retail District; the harbor with commercial fishing boats; and, see the charm of stately Victorian homes. Don't miss St. John's Church established in 1610, it's the oldest continuous English-speaking parish in the U.S. There is a recorded message introducing visitors to the church and its feature, which include a stained-glass window depicting the baptism of Pocahontas, and a museum located in the parish hall.

Group Night Out at Fisherman's Wharf

We will test the claim that Hampton Roads has the best seafood in the world. Wednesday evening, we will dine at the Fisherman's Wharf overlooking Hampton Roads Harbor. This restaurant claims to be the largest and finest seafood buffet on the coast featuring over 75 items fresh off the boat. For those who cannot eat seafood, the buffet includes several varieties of beef, chicken, and pork entrees. We will have a private room reserved at the Fisherman's Wharf with room for over 200 people. Come join the group for an all-you-can-eat seafood buffet. Price includes service charge, tax and bus transportation.

FOOD SERVICE

Early Bird Buffet

Waldorf Salad, Ham and Macaroni Salad, Potato Salad and fresh fruit Ambrosia, sliced Round of Beef, baked herb-roasted Chicken, and broiled Flounder; roasted herb red bliss potatoes, and Fettuccini Alfredo; green bean almondine and corn on the cob; selected varieties of desserts; hot rolls and butter; and, coffee and iced tea.

Banquet Dinner

There are two entree choices: Prime Rib Roast of Beef or Chicken Cardinal with shrimp in a lobster cream sauce. Dinner includes salad, fresh vegetable, potato, rolls and butter, dessert, coffee and iced tea.

Breakfast Buffet

Assorted juices, dry cereals, fresh fruit, French Toast with maple syrup, omelettes cooked to order, cheese blintzes, biscuits and sausage gravy, home-fried potatoes, grits, coffee, tea, butter and preserves.

Looking for 69th Cloth Patch

Submitted By: **Jack H. Hartzog**

Company L, 273rd Infantry Regiment

520 Lindenwood Avenue, Sikeston, Missouri 63801

I would like to know if there is a way I can purchase a cloth 69th Division shoulder patch? I have a number of the 69th decals which you and a very kind member (I believe from California) sent me last year. I have one cloth 69th shoulder patch - but I need another for a special reason.

I don't know how widely this is known, but the first "STARS AND STRIPES" newsletter was written and printed at Bloomfield, Missouri just 15 or 20 miles west of Sikeston. It was produced by two Union soldiers (I think from Illinois) in 1861 during the Civil War. A military museum has recently been opened there and it contains memorabilia from most of our wars. There are a few unit patches but I did not see one for the 69th. In view of the fact that the 69th enjoys the distinction of having been the U.S. division that linked with the Russians at the Elbe River, I certainly think it deserves recognition in the museum.

I certainly don't want to give up my cloth patch at this time. So if I could buy another one I would give it to the museum with an explanation of the importance of the 69th in World War II. I want our division represented in the museum.

The museum is very nice. It is in a new, attractive metal building and the exhibits are neatly and attractively arranged. I visited it about the middle of June and was told they were already planning a large addition. It seems awfully soon but I was told only a couple of days ago that the addition has already been completed. Also, there will be a brand new veterans cemetery next to the museum. I don't think the cemetery is officially opened yet, but I believe dedication ceremonies are planned very soon if they have not already been held.

I would recommend anyone passing through southern Missouri to plan to visit this museum. Bloomfield is located just 5 miles north of Dexter, Missouri which is on U.S. Highway 60. The museum is on U.S. Highway 25 and is on the left when approached from the south, from the direction of Dexter. It is well worth a visit. When I was there I don't think there was an admission charge but visitors could make a donation if they so desired. Oh yes, since the museum is located on the very southern end of Bloomfield it is about the first thing anyone sees as they approach the town.

French Still Defusing Great War Battlefields

Submitted By: **Art Moore**
Battery C, 881st Field Artillery
55 Highgate Road, C-4
Newington, Connecticut 06111

FROM THE HARTFORD COURANT

Written By: Daniel Rubin

Every hour of every day, on average, another call comes in about a bomb or shell turned up by a farmer's plow or a child's curiosity.

PARGNY-EILAIN, FRANCE ...“Don't touch anything, or you could die,” Jean-Francois Martin said matter of factly, leading the way under a limestone ledge and into the darkness of an underground quarry. He was searching for explosives from the GREAT WAR.

While Americans march on Memorial Day to honor those who fought in long-ended wars, in France a campaign continues in its ninth decade: Cleaning up the millions of tons of unexploded World War I munitions.

Every hour of every day, on average, another call comes in to the French Interior Ministry about a bomb or shell turned up by a farmer's plow or a child's curiosity. Most are from the war that ended in 1918. And the ministry obliges by sending out a team of deminers such as Martin's to clean it up.

“Graze the ceiling,” Martin warned as he edged into the cavern, “and it might collapse. The walls still might be booby-trapped. The detonators on the ground are small, he said, “but they'll rip your hand off.”

It was a report of rusty German hand grenades that brought Martin and partner Pascal Louvet into a small cavern by the Chemin Des Dames, a road that bore witness to some of the 20th century's most intractable turf battles. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers died fighting along the road, including members of the New England National Guard.

The “damage” trams are never certain which munitions have lost their potency over the years and which have only grown deadlier. “Every one,” said Louvet, “was made to kill people.”

Two days earlier, a man burning brush in nearby Guise was killed when his fire ignited a buried shell. Last month, 12,000 villagers in Vimy had to be evacuated for a week because inspections at a storage site feared the accidental detonation of 220 tons of explosives and chemical weapons. Since the work began at the end of World War II, more than 630 deminers have died in the line of duty, most in accidents in the early years. Martin and Louvet, whose team is based in an 1870 vintage stone fort outside Laon, have been fortunate, though they don't like to tempt fate by dwelling on it.

Laurent Simon, a local historian, had found the grenades while searching for elaborate graffiti left by New Englanders who had holed up in nearby caves for two months in early 1918.

A few days each week, he scouts the chalky caverns in northwest France, hoping to document the wall drawings before collectors grab them. He's documented 2,700 etchings, including likenesses of Buffalo Bill Cody and Woodrow Wilson, line scores of Red Sox-Yankees ball games, outlines of countless females.

When Simon found German grenades instead of American graffiti, he summoned Martin, 49, a de-miner for three decades, and Louvet, 39, who joined the squad two years ago after an underwater demolition career in the French navy. Simon is a frequent caller.

The close, cool quarry was cloaked in darkness. The ceiling rose only to shoulder height. The floor was uneven. Three hand held lanterns threw jittery shadows. Simon cast his beam on a soldier's signature.

“Dead German soldiers are buried under here,” he said standing on a mound of fallen boulders. For three years the Germans had occupied this giant wooded mesa before the allies forced them back. This had been their barracks. Metal runners driven into the ceiling guided their telephone wires. Rusted bed springs and broken mortar shells spread over the ground. “They didn't have mattresses,” Simon said because they didn't want to have lice.” At the back of the rounded cave, four corroded hand grenades fanned across a rock like long-necked beers. There was a fourth device as well, a sort of pile bomb, with a 6-inch handle that fit into a cylinder. On a nearby rock sat more than a dozen detonators.

“Its OK. It's pretty safe,” Louvet said and slipped the detonators inside one of his rubber gloves. He and Martin grabbed the grenades by the handles and encouraged Simon to finish his story outside.

He went on about a serious accident he had suffered while skydiving. Once able to walk again, he returned to exploring the quarries he had discovered as a boy while hunting with his father. “I almost died doing something for my pleasure,” He said, “and here were these guys who came over here and died for freedom.”

Simon who heads an employment agency, described the deminers as “very humble,” but very fatalistic at the same time. They have deaths among their colleagues. They are modern-day heroes. Everyone's happy to see them come, but when there is not a need for them, people nearly ignore them.”

Martin and Louvet walked the munitions up a hill to the edge of a plowed field, and Louvet began twisting a 3-foot auger into the soil. They lowered the five munitions into the hold, added the detonators, and fished around in a tool kit for a chunk of plastic explosive. Louvet broke off a fist sized chunk, and worked a yellow explosive cord inside, attaching one of his own detonators to the other end.

“Everyone back away,” Martin commanded.

About 30 seconds later, the earth bellowed, shooting dirt 50 feet into the air. The men checked on their work and were satisfied. Louvet proclaimed: “Lunchtime.”

69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION 2001 55th ANNUAL REUNION

461st AAA BN. - 661st T.D. BN. - 777th TANK BN. Holiday Inn • Hampton, Virginia

SEPTEMBER 22nd thru SEPTEMBER 29th, 2002

SEND THIS RESERVATION FORM TO:

ATTENTION: RESERVATIONS

HOLIDAY INN

1815 WEST MERCURY BLVD., HAMPTON, VA 23666-3229

Telephone: 757/838-0200 or 1/800-842-9370 • Fax: 757/838-4964

Please reserve one of the following:

\$55.00 + Single _____ \$55.00 + Double _____ \$65.00 + Triple _____ \$75.00 + Quad _____

ALL ROOMS ADD 12% TAX

Print full names of ALL persons sharing room: _____

NOTE: Special accommodations required: (if available)

HANDICAPPED EQUIPPED _____ NON-SMOKING _____

KING SIZE BED _____ QUEEN SIZE BED _____ 2 DOUBLE BEDS _____

I / We plan to arrive (day) _____, September _____, 2002. (Check in after 4:00 p.m.)

I / We plan to depart (day) _____, September _____, 2002. (Check out before 11:00 a.m.)

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 HOLIDAY INN, 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 **August 22, 2002**. 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 on 48-hour cancellation notice prior to your arrival date.

69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

55th ANNUAL REUNION

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

HOLIDAY INN • HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

SEPTEMBER 22nd thru SEPTEMBER 29th, 2002

Registration form to be mailed to: **Jane Matlach, Treasurer**

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

I/we will attend the 69th Infantry Division Association Reunion in Hampton, Virginia during the week of September 22nd thru September 29th, 2002 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	<u>ALL PRICED EVENTS REQUIRE A TICKET</u>		
	Per Person	Number Persons	Amount
Registration: Monday thru Friday , 9:00 a.m. to Noon and 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. Saturday, 1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m.			
Sunday, September 22nd – Early Arrivals on your own.			
Monday, September 23rd – Registration and Hospitality Room Open			
Tuesday, September 24th – COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG and YORKTOWN 8:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.	\$ 30.00	_____	\$ _____
Wednesday, September 25th – OCEAN VIEW BEACH, FT. MONROE	\$ 32.00	_____	\$ _____
CASEMATE MUSEUM and JAMESTOWN , 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.			
FISHERMAN'S WHARF SEAFOOD BUFFET , 6:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.	\$ 32.00	_____	\$ _____
Thursday, September 26th			
BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING – 8:30 a.m. to 10:00 a.m.			
HAMPTON CITY, VIRGINIA AIR AND SPACE CENTER, with IMAX and Carousel , 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.	\$ 16.00	_____	\$ _____
EARLY BIRD BUFFET , Cash Bar 6:00 p.m.; Dinner 7:00-9:00 p.m.	\$ 30.00	_____	\$ _____
Friday, September 27th – NORFOLK CITY, MacARTHUR MEMORIAL MUSEUM, MacARTHUR CENTER and HARBOR/NAVAL BASE CRUISE	\$ 34.00	_____	\$ _____
9:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.			
PX BEER PARTY – 8:30 p.m. to 12:00 Midnight	\$ 5.00	_____	\$ _____
Saturday, September 28th – COFFEE AND DANISH - 8:00 a.m. to 9:00 a.m.			
GENERAL MEMBERSHIP and LADIES AUXILIARY MEETING 9:00 a.m. to Noon			
BANQUET : Cash Bar 6:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m.			
MEMORIAL SERVICE – 7:00 to 7:30 p.m.			
DINNER DANCE - 7:30 p.m. to 12:00 Midnight			
Entrée Choices: Prime Rib _____ or Chicken Cardinal	\$ 30.00	_____	\$ _____
Sunday, September 29th - Farewell Breakfast - 7:30-9:30 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, 2002 to July 31, 2003		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 AUGUST 22nd.

If you do not have a plastic badge from earlier Reunions, please check box.
 Permanent badges will be made if your request is accompanied by an advance prepaid Reservation. Failure to attend Reunion will result in a \$4.00 charge for each badge ordered, and will be deducted from your refund. Please fill out this form and mail it with your payment in full, no later than thirty (30) days prior to the Reunion. By doing this, it will make our job much easier, and save you time at the Registration Desk.

Please Help Keep The Fighting 69th Alive

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

This is a letter to all members who served or trained with the 69th Infantry Division and to the families of those who have lost members of their family in combat or in later life.

I received the best possible training when the 69th Division was activated in 1943 and was transferred out in 1944 and ended up as a replacement on the front lines as a rifleman in the 90th Infantry Division in July in Normandy. We fought at the Falaise Gap and then became part of Patton's 3rd Army and drove across France to the Saar River and spent Christmas there while listening to music from the Germans on the other side of the river.

Then we were suddenly trucked up to Belgium for the Battle of the Bulge, and after that we drove into Germany toward the Rhine River where in March 1945, I received a minor wound and was hospitalized. I am so thankful for the excellent training I received at Camp Shelby and that God was with me for all those months.

As you have read in the Bulletin, there is a Armed Forces Museum at Camp Shelby that honors all persons who served with the 69th Division, as well as the 65th Division and the 442nd Combat Regiment. On page 11 of the Bulletin Vol. 55, #1, I was saddened to see how few members and families thought so little about having a Memorial Brick to honor their loved one, now alive or deceased. Is the cost of a \$50 Memorial Brick at our museum not worth the value of having a loved one remembered for his service to Our Country?

When I visited my sister in Ocala, Florida, I was very pleased to see that she had placed a memorial plaque to honor me in their local Memorial Park.

But I have a Memorial Brick at the museum in Camp Shelby, where I learned how to fight and thankfully, became a survivor. No, I am not on an ego trip, but I just want future generations to know that I did my best for Our Country. Don't you want your loved one remembered for doing the same? Is a \$50 brick too much to ask for his continual remembrance?

I am not on the Association's membership committee, but I do urge any non-members to join with all of us at the reunion. They are enjoyable and the memorial service at the banquet is a very solemn and impressive service that honors those who have passed on into glory with their God. I truly believe that without family support and membership in the 69th Association, it could easily cease to exist, as we veterans slowly pass away. Please don't let that happen! We deserve to be remembered for what we fought for - a better life for you and your descendants. You are the ones who control our Nation's future. Please don't let us down!

Anti-Tank, 272nd Infantry

Submitted By: **Morgan Crandall**
25 Summit Street
Warrensburg, New York 12885-1517



*This picture was taken in Germany in 1945.
Morgan Crandall and Cedric Ahd (deceased)
Members of the 1st Platoon, 2nd Squad*

**Visit Us
On
The
Web
at**



www.69th-infantry-division.com

or contact

annejoelip@earthlink.net

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

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

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

E-Mail: annejoelip@earthlink.net

6314 Deerings Hollow

Norcross, Georgia 30092-1800

Telephone: 770/416-7725

THE AUXILIARY'S PAGE



Dottie Witzleb

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

or
 183 Pineslope Road
 Acme, Pennsylvania 15610-9606
 Home Telephone: 724/455-2901



Theresa Pierce, Vice President
 144 Nashua Court
 San Jose, California 95139-1236
 Telephone: 408/226-8040



Ethel Ruck, President
 622 Melville Avenue
 Chattanooga Tennessee 37412-2645
 Telephone: 423/698-3918



Edith Zaffern, Sunshine Lady
 22555 Hallcroft Trail
 Southfield, Michigan 48034-2011
 Telephone: 248/357-4611

Jeanne Mason, Secretary
 7004 Twelve Oaks Boulevard
 Tampa, Florida 33634

Ellen McCann, Chaplain
 39 Mayflower Road
 Woburn, Massachusetts 01801

A Message from your Auxiliary President, Ethel Ruck

Dear Ladies of the 69th Auxiliary,

We were all saddened at the events of September 11, 2001. Harold and I left Chattanooga for the Fort Mitchell Reunion shortly after seeing on television the second plane crashing into the World Trade Center. Needless to say, our car radio was tuned in during the entire five hour trip to Northern Kentucky. We heard about the collapse of the World Trade Center, the crash into the Pentagon, and the plane ditching into the countryside of Western Pennsylvania. These were truly tragic events.

A number of our friends had to cancel attending the reunion due to lack of air transportation. We missed them, and we hope to see them at our next reunion.

At our Fort Mitchell meeting, we elected new officers to serve for the next two years. I would like to recognize and thank our outgoing officers for their time, fine work and effort they devoted to our organization over the past two years. They were: President **Gloria Czyzyk**, Vice President **Wally Richardson**, Secretary **Jane Matlach**, Chaplain **Ursula Goebel**, and Sunshine Lady **Edith Zaffren**.

Our new officers for the next two years are: President **Ethel Ruck**, Vice President **Theresa Pierce**, Secretary **Jeanne Mason**, Chaplain **Ellen McCann**, and Sunshine Lady **Edith Zaffren**.

I'm sure we will make every effort to continue the good work of our past officers.

Hope you all are crocheting, knitting or sewing lap robes (36 x 45), slippers or bibs for the patients at the Veterans Hospital at Virginia Beach. I'm looking forward to seeing and meeting you there. Ya'll come!!!

Sincerely yours,
Ethel Ruck, Auxiliary President

A Message from Past President Gloria Czyzyk

Dear Ladies of the Auxiliary,

The reunion at Ft. Mitchell was in good hands with **Bob and Theresa Pierce**, the reunion committee Chairpersons and thanks to all the committee members who were present to fulfill their assignments. It was another successful reunion.

The music at the riverboat dinner and dance was enjoyable even sitting next to the band and the food

(Continued on Page 16)

THE AUXILIARY'S PAGE

(Continued from Page 15)

was excellent. The United States Air Force Museum was interesting and informative. So much to read, I'd like to go back some day.

Many thanks to **Theresa Pierce**, **Ellen Snidow**, **Edith Chapman** and **Ursula Goebel** for lending a hand at the Saturday Auxiliary meeting. Ninety (90) regular members and seven (7) new members attended the meeting.

Jim Boris announced the golf tournament award and also sang "I Did It My Way." He did not have any accompaniment and his rendition was excellent. All the ladies enjoyed his singing.

The slate of names presented to fill the offices of the Auxiliary for 2002-2003 stood as announced: **Ethel Ruck** as President, **Theresa Pierce** as Vice President, **Jeanne Mason** as Secretary and **Ellen McCann** as Chaplain. Thank you ladies for accepting the responsibilities of these offices.

Mary Smyth, a Volunteer Service Representative, came to the meeting and was given lab robes, bibs and booties made by the ladies of the Auxiliary. A five hundred dollar (\$500) check was forwarded to her at the Veterans Administration Medical Center in Cincinnati, Ohio also. **Juanita Pickford** donated several bibs and gave ladies interested in making the bibs a simple pattern for sewing them.

Terrie Baumgartner and **Kathy Brand**, teachers, gave an explanation of a class project for their students for the participation of the men in the Association regarding their experiences during the war. The participants will receive a questionnaire to be filled out which will be returned to the students.

Bob Pierce came to the meeting to make an announcement regarding next year's reunion which will take place in Hampton, Virginia the week after Labor Day.

Jane Matlach, Secretary and **Ursula Goebel**, Chaplain, were good enough to stay in office with me when I presided as President. I wouldn't have been able to fulfill my obligations without them. Taking office in this wonderful organization will always be a memorable experience for me. When **Stanley** and I attended his first reunion, 15 years ago, we were welcomed by the most warm and friendly people. This made our first time with strangers very comfortable.

I would also like to thank **Harold Ruck** for his confidence in me and for the presentation of the plaque of recognition at the banquet. The music by the band was one of the best we ever had. The dinner was excellent. Thank you to the committee at the Ft. Mitchell, Kentucky reunion.

On a sad note, my deepest sympathy to **Jane Matlach** for the loss of her husband **Bill**. It was a shock to read that **Bill** had passed away.



Mary Smyth, VA Representative and Gloria Czyzyk with all the goodies the ladies made



*New Officers of the Ladies Auxiliary
Ethel Ruck-President, Theresa Pierce-Vice President,
Ellen McCann-Chaplain*



*Terrie Baumgartner and Kathy Brand, teachers,
with Ethel Ruck and Gloria Czyzyk*

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THE AUXILIARY'S PAGE

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Juanita Pickford wearing a homemade bib.



Kentucky Reunion Chairpersons



Kentucky Reunion Committee

Ladies Auxiliary Meeting Fort Mitchell, Kentucky September 15th, 2001

President **Gloria Czyzyk** called the meeting to order at 9:00 a.m., and welcomed the ladies to the 50th meeting of the Ladies Auxiliary. This is the 69th Infantry Division's 54th annual reunion. Chaplain **Ursula Goebel** gave the opening prayer and prayed for the victims of the World Trade disaster. The members stood and stated the Pledge of Allegiance.

President **Czyzyk** introduced **Jim Boris**. **Jim** is in charge of the annual golf tournament and he announced the names of the ladies who scored the best. **Pat Nagy** won two prizes and **Tillie Boris** one prize. **Jim** entertained the meeting with a rendition of Frank Sinatra's favorite song, My Way.

Gloria introduced the officers sitting on the podium. They were Chaplain **Ursula Goebel**, Secretary **Jane Matlach**, and Sunshine Lady **Edith Zaffern**.

Ninety past members and seven first-timers were in attendance today.

Secretary **Jane Matlach** read the minutes of the meeting in Atlanta, Georgia. The minutes were accepted as read.

Chaplain **Ursula Goebel** led the meeting in prayer in remembrance of the 15 ladies of the auxiliary who died during the past year. A moment of silence was observed in their honor.

Gloria announced that new officers need to be elected this year and read the slate of nominations. They are: President-**Ethel Ruck**, Vice President-**Theresa Pierce**, Secretary-**Jeanne Mason**, and Chaplain-**Ellen McCann**. The new officers were elected and stood to be introduced to the members.

Sunshine Lady, **Edith Zaffern** reported that she has sent 2,135 birthday and anniversary cards during the last year. Her expenses totaled \$968.70 for the year.

Lab robes, booties and cards will be donated by the ladies this year to the Cincinnati Medical Center in Ohio. Mary Smyth, a volunteer specialist spoke to the ladies about conditions at the hospital. A check for \$500 will be mailed to the hospital at a later time. **Gloria** thanked all the ladies for their handiwork. She also thanked the ladies of the reunion committee for their tireless work during the week. They are: **Theresa Pierce, Lois Hill, Jean Ross, Carmen Sanborn**.

Two elementary school teachers of 5th grade classes in Canton, Ohio were introduced. The teachers spoke about trying to receive a grant from authorities which would pay for each child to correspond with a veteran and learn some interesting event about the veteran's experiences. The students would enact and film the veteran's story and it could be shown at next year's reunion. The teachers asked anyone who might be interested to sign their names on the forms that they provided.

Gloria adjourned the meeting at 9:45 a.m. Gifts were distributed to each member and a vocal group, The Singing Canaries, entertained the members.

Respectfully submitted,
Jane Matlach

“I Guess We’re Soldiers, Now?”

PART II

Oral History of Alex (“Howitzer Al”) Kormas
Headquarters Battery, 879th Field Artillery Battalion
12500 Edgewater, #503, Lakewood, Ohio 44107

From the Book:

THE LONG ROAD • FROM ORAN TO PILSEN

*Reprinted with the permission of
The Northern Appalachian Studies Center
St. Vincent College*

One midnight they called us out and said, “Load up your vehicles, we’re leaving.”

The next morning the camp was empty. You didn’t get a chance to say goodbye or anything. That was the Army. My jeep had a flat. The outfit left without me. My riders and I fixed the tire and caught up with the rest miles down the road, just before being met with our secret destination orders for Weymouth, a staging area. Terrible accommodations there. Torn tents and just C-Rations. We had some kind of farcical physical exam, after which we boarded LSTs for France.

It was supposed to be a twenty-hour trip, but it took almost three days. A big storm delayed us. We crossed the Channel and landed in Le Havre, France. That’s where we started to see a lot of destruction. It didn’t take guys long to learn what was going on. The French minegate openers had gone for the day. We were sitting ducks! We sailed on to Rouen. A couple of sailors wanted to go with us. **Stark** grabbed his old clipboard and started to write them up. They disappeared, never to be seen again. As we came ashore, we were greeted by a raggedy-assed kid who said, “Hey Joe, cigarettes for papa? Candy for me and sister, Joe?”

When we got to the World War I battlefield, we quartered in a small chateau. It was cold, there was no firewood, and we were told that no one leaves except for special duty. Along comes a young kid and **Big Foot**. **Filthy** and I sampled this hard cider they were carrying, and made plans to visit the kid’s folks’ farm to make a trade. We had to jump over a high, spiked fence, make our deal, and get back. We each shoved three bottles through the fence, and started to cross it. Who would appear but **Stark** and **Captain Thomas**. We got reamed out and our cider was confiscated. The next morning at chow, **Stark** told us to keep a low profile, because the officers found out that the bottles contained only sweet cider!

We set up in a tent city, and it was cold. Some wise guy in Washington thought the war was going to be over by Christmas, so we didn’t have the best winter clothing. When they realized it wasn’t they sent a lot more stuff but it hadn’t materialized yet. All the guys carried a carbine and seventy-five rounds. The guys said, “We can carry more!”



*Oberst, Parker and Kormas
Merseburg Airport 1945, atop an 88 Bomber*

One miserable, sleety night I was driving a jeep. Two buddies had blankets over their heads and weren’t concerned with what was going on. I saw the light of the artillery against the sky. The clouds were low and I could really see a flash, then all of a sudden I heard the guns. We finally realized that this wasn’t Camp Shelby and the artillery range. We stopped at a schoolhouse for a break. When the guys went in there they saw a room full of GI bodies ready for burial. It scared the living hell out of us. This was going to be no baloney!

The dead must have been some part of a unit caught in the Bulge. We looked pretty dirty and crummy, but compared to these guys we dressed well. There was this one guy sharpening his knife on a whetstone. I’ll never forget that sonofabitch. He said, “Half of you guys are going to be dead.” When we got back, we rested for the remainder of the day and began combat after that. We learned that no matter how much training we had, combat was different. I saw many frozen, dead Germans. In a basement I saw three young Germans under a couple of blankets. Their guns were upstairs. I noticed that their faces had a very pale, olive color, indicating that they had frozen to death. I got out of there. Really, I was down there looking for some wine, because every German house had great German wine.

We were passing what we called “Purple Heart Corners.” There was all this mud and crap. Jeeps had a hard time getting through because trucks had made big ruts. While I was driving the Germans let go with some Screaming Meemies. When I looked over the officer was running. I thought the heck with it, and ran the other way. As I ran I lost my helmet. Later, I realized I had wet knees. I had peed my pants. After awhile, at a first aid station, I asked this medic if I could have a helmet that was laying around. He said, “Take it.”

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"I GUESS WE'RE SOLDIERS, NOW?"

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When we got to the Siegfried Line, the guys stayed in the pillboxes. The Germans were methodical. Every morning at 7:00 a.m. they would shell the area completely, then they would shell at noon and later at 5:00 p.m. So we had chow at 10:00 a.m. and maybe at 8:00 p.m. Our command post was in a large pillbox. The Germans had an outside privy, and it was overflowing with frozen contents. **Sergeant Stark** got **Bob "Mail Call" Hoch** to help him clear it out. They took a putty explosive, lit the fuse and took cover behind a boulder. It blew, scattering hard contents all over. A frozen turd hit **Hoch** on the back of the neck, forming a large bruise. **Hoch** went over to the medic, **T/3 Glenn Ellefson**, who said that although he was sorry, there was no broken flesh, therefore no Purple Heart. **Ellefson** suggested a special award called the Brown Heart!

We were seventeen days on the Line and then we broke through with a lot of artillery. Then we rested a couple days at a town called Schmidtheim. When we got to Schmidtheim, it was dark. The sergeant said, "You guys go and sleep in the church. Keep your own guard."

It was ice cold in the church, and dark. We laid down about five hours. I was facing my buddies. "Should we keep guard?" someone asked.

"The heck with it," we responded.

I woke up toward dawn. I looked around and saw five German bodies waiting for burial. One of them was an officer. Their burial detail had wooden crosses waiting for them, but we got there too quick. The officer had a blanket, but the other four had no blankets because they were enlisted men. Well, RHIP!

Sergeant Stark told me to take the jeep and trailer full of empty water cans back to the water point and hurry back with water for noon chow. My mistake was taking my good buddy "**Bigfoot**" **Parker** along. It was a few miles back over lousy roads. We came upon a large winery with all kinds of GI vehicles all hauling out wine. We got back hours later and all the water cans were full of wine. Some had not been properly closed and wine was all over the trailer. Of course, we opened one in the jeep and **Bigfoot** was just about passed out. This did not sit too well with the brass. **Sergeant Stark** and **Captain Thomas** issued an order for the men to bring their canteen cups. **Parker** and I got the usual reaming out and extra duty.

We used Piper Cubs for artillery observation. The pilot was usually a first lieutenant. There were two planes per battalion.

One morning, after we got to the Rhine, the lieutenant came by and said, "You're going to ride with me."

"Like Hell I am! I said. His pilot was sick with pneumonia.

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G.I. Theatre - Bremerhaven, Germany 1945



Midway Red Cross - Berlin, Germany 1946



*Part of the Air Section - Two Piper Cubs in rear
Lt. Russell, Ondechuk, Evans and Phillips*



*Hq., 879th Air Section - Piper Cub
Phillips, Pilot Watson, Craven, Lazy Evans, Unknown*

"I GUESS WE'RE SOLDIERS, NOW?"

(Continued from Page 19)

"You're going to ride with me in the observation plane."

"I'm only a PFC right now."

"You're riding!"

I went up in the observation plane. Nothing much happened. It was quiet going over the Rhine. We went up to Remagen to defend the bridge from German attack. At night the skies were red with tracer rounds being fired at German jets. The Germans also tried underwater men, but were unsuccessful. We then crossed the treadway bridge. This had a sign on it signifying that it was the longest in the world. Vehicles were supposed to cross it thirty-five yards apart, but it was bumper to bumper. The thing really sagged! When we got to the east bank, we found a couple of our engineers shooting craps!

We were usually two or three miles behind the front line. We never did get too much sleep, but we were young, strong, and healthy. Sleep was never a big factor. You could sleep anywhere, even standing up. We drank all the time, though. Man, did we drink! We never got a good buzz on until late at night, though. We got cognac. What we would do is get cans of grapefruit juice and mix it with the liquor. A canteen cup would hold eighteen fluid ounces. We would drink right in front of the officers. Look, you might be dead the next day!

One day, coming back from recon with a pilot of one of our Maytag washing machine airplanes (Piper Cub), we passed our survey crew setting up the 105mms in an apple orchard. We blew the horn and they followed. They started to take artillery fire and piled out of the three-quarter tonner into a deep ditch. A few minutes later, **Juggy** runs across the road with a few bottles in his hands and jumps into the ditch. He told his buddies that if he was going to die, it wouldn't be while he was sober!

There was always food around. We would find potatoes or eggs in straw hidden in attics. We found broomsticks with all types of sausage hanging on them. We also had our regular rations. Whenever possible the Army would give us a hot meal. The GI was great for foraging. They called it, "boodle hunting." One time we got into a German officers' ration dump. There were boxes of Danish cheese, little, stubby cigars, cigarettes, and skinless, boneless sardines. We took all that we could carry. One time we killed some chickens. We plucked the feathers off and cooked them. We were sitting around talking, waiting for the chickens to get done, when this great stink rose. We plucked the chickens but forgot to clean out the innards.

One night, we were assigned to a house. We sat around a table with our feet propped on top of it. The Frau of the house came in and with a clear voice said in English, "Will you soldiers please keep your muddy boots off my table!"

We were surprised, and pulled our feet off, all except for "**Big Foot**" **Parker**. He started to question her. She told him her husband came over from the States in 1939 as a paid engineer. They were forced to stay in Germany. We figured this was a lie. **Parker** told her to leave on the double. She got the message. We left the next morning. Some of the guys thought we should demolish the house, but we didn't. We had to leave in a hurry.

On the road one day, we came around a bend and there was a dead German lying on his stomach. His whole keester was blown away so perfectly that we could have fit a football into it. Amazing! Back home we viewed whole dead bodies, not as we saw them in combat. A couple of times I ran my jeep over enemy dead that were in the mud. There would be so many vehicles doing this that the corpses resembled filthy, muddy, flattened rag dolls.

Anyone could trace the path of the US Army. We would leave a trail of ration cans, boxes, cigarette butts, candy wrappers and empty bottles. If you saw a clear road in front of you, you knew you were the first GIs in the area. That was a little scary.

We would not bathe for months. Nobody noticed. We all had the same stink. Once we got to a portable bath facility, we had three minutes to wash, two to rinse, and five to get out. There was a pile of clean, used clothing in the corner and we were allowed to help ourselves. I used up all of my soap. God! It was heaven! I washed off pounds of dirt, until I saw pink skin! None of us took any of the used clothing. Our great Army wouldn't even provide us with new stuff. We yelled our old battle cry, "Forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty, same old shit!"

In our last big battle at Eilenburg we were having some trouble with the SS. Word came down to pull the men out and then blow the town to Hell with artillery. We fired day and night for about two or three days. The gun tubes were hot! We blew that town apart. Then we went in. We got to a German farm hall, which can be very big, especially the kitchen. A bunch of us were down in the basement. Also with us was the fire-command post. We were in our "cups" and my buddy, **Juggy**, and the rest of us were hungry. We found a ham and potatoes - a great pot of stew. Some guys found some onions and tomatoes, which we added to the stew. We ate it at about 3:00 in the morning. Some of the officers said, "That smells good! Do you have any for us?"

We did.

Another time on the Rhine, on a hillside near Remagen, a guy named **Oberst** got into a basement and found bottles of cherries, flour and lard. On the second floor there was a big kitchen. He told us, "I'm going to make a cherry pie."

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"I GUESS WE'RE SOLDIERS, NOW?"

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He found some crude sugar and cooked with the lard. He always said that his favorite desert was cherry pie. So we were downstairs drinking a little bit, while he was cooking. All of a sudden shells started coming over, but they landed in the river. One came over short and went through the roof and bounced off to the river. It was an armor piercing shell. If it had been a regular shell it would have exploded on the roof. We ran down to the basement. Someone called out, "Hey, Dave, get down here!"

"I'm watching my pie," he responded.

To this day, when I see cherry pie I can't help but think of Dave. We ate the whole thing and it was good. It reminded me of cobbler.

Despite the ugliness going on around you, you relaxed when you could. One time we encountered a beautiful little castle. We decided to stay in it for the night. The place had winding staircases and knights in armor. The guys would run through the place like crazy to see what they could find. My buddies and I went through the basement windows. My goodness, the bottles! The first thing we did was get some boards and nail the cellar door. That night we filled the survey truck and a couple of jeeps full of bottles. The first sergeant told my gang, "You guys go upstairs. There's a little apartment way over in the corner. You stay there tonight."

We went up there and it looked like a place for romantic meetings. It had a nice living room and a nice kitchen as well. It also had the biggest bed that I ever saw in my life. It looked like it was the size of the room! I think that there were about six of us. We drank a bit, then argued about who was going to get the bed. Somebody figured out that only two guys should get the bed out of six. **Parker** and I got the bed. We pushed everyone else off telling them, "Get off of our bed."

The next morning when we woke up, we were all on the floor! We went behind the castle and saw two small lakes that belonged to some Nazi bigwig. We figured there might be some fish there. **Juggy** had some line and hooks with him. He said to me, "Come on, you and I will go fishing."

So we cut saplings and went to this stable where we found manure worms. I caught five fish. **Juggy** didn't catch any. The next thing I know I'm in the water half way up to my face. **Juggy's** beating on me beating me. He's yelling, "You son of a gun, I carried these hooks and lines 3,000 miles, and you catch all the fish with them!" It was just one of those things. **Juggy** was some guy. He came into the Army at thirty-eight and made every hike. When **Juggy** was born, they broke the mold. I still write to his widow. They had a military wedding back in Shelby.



Bob Proctor, Joe Dejaro and McCoy - All Ohio boys

Our patrols met the Russians. I was a little apprehensive. The Russians were filthy. They weren't very disciplined. I was on a jeep patrol with **Juggy** and someone else and as we passed this bridge we ran into a couple of Russian soldiers. The Russian officers drank vodka. I drank some first and, whew! Then I passed it to **Juggy**, who would drink anything. He refused it. We offered them a bottle of our cognac. They drank some, then laughed and said it was like water! Once we found out that it was Russian territory we got out of there as fast as possible. The German people were hollering and screaming, "Don't leave us!"

The Russians were our allies, but we didn't trust them.

After VE Day in May, Major "**Squirrley**" **Johnson**, who came with us just before we went overseas, had an accident. **Johnson** was likeable and easy-going and a little flaky. Most of his time was spent taking pictures of many aspects of the war and riding horses. He liberated many saddles in the three-quarter tonner, plus large quantities of wine and cognac. **Private Oberst** worked with **Squirrley** and could be counted on to help find the beverages. One humid day, some GI poured gasoline into our two-holer latrine because he didn't appreciate the odor. **Johnson** came along, sat down and produced a smoke. He lit it, threw the match into the other hole. POOF! **Johnson** received no serious injuries, but he did go to the hospital. He never returned to the outfit.

We got into Berlin on Thanksgiving Day about 3:00 p.m. We found out we were going to go to the 78th Infantry Division. The officer grabbed us and told us, "Leave your bags right here. You're all on guard."

We told him, "We just got here. We're cold and hungry, and miserable."

"You guys are on guard so our guys can have the day off."

We guarded coal piles, and didn't get fed until the next day. That was our Thanksgiving! That was the Army! Nearly all of Berlin was destroyed. Down in the

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"I GUESS WE'RE SOLDIERS, NOW?"

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black market area, in the Tiergarten or near the Brandenburg Gate, I'd see old, fragile couples trying to sell stuff. Russian soldiers would carry their machine-guns off duty. We carried some type of a side arm. Now the Russians, who hadn't been paid in three or four years, were now getting paid in the same money that we had, but they couldn't take it home. They bought suitcases and would buy anything—spoons, knives, old clothes. They'd fill those suitcases up. They really liked to buy GI watches, because they could get three horses for one watch back home. When we captured some Germans they told us, "You're fighting the wrong people. You should be helping us fight the Russians."

"What are these guys talking about?" we thought.

Later on, their comments seemed to have a little merit. When the Russian army got toward Berlin, Zhukov was their commander, and he kept some discipline. Then they pulled out their troops and put in a whole bunch of Mongolians. They were bad people. No one got away. They raped German women right in front of their families. These Mongolians had never seen a house of more than one or two stories. They were filthy. They had diseases. There were a lot of Russian women troops. We called them oxen!

Christmas Eve, 1945, we spent at the Titania Palast, a big theater. We were waiting for enough points to take us home. The Titania had bars and restaurants which served only coffee and donuts. It was for occupying forces only. We were served by Red Cross gals. We also saw the latest movies from home. I went there with **Gunner Sparacino, Ed Freil, Roger Merling**. The place was filled with GIs, WACs, Nurses. Not an empty seat! A German orchestra played holiday and classical music. There wasn't any heat. We were bundled up and wore mittens or gloves. There was a double-feature. Bing Crosby was in both. Just before midnight, when Bing was singing "White Christmas," they passed out small candles and started singing with Bing. Out came the OD hankies. We were deep in thought. Then a boy's choir sang. We encored them until they became hoarse. The orchestra members



Ready to leave - Bremerhaven, Germany



Berlin - 1945. Victory Gate on the left. On the right is the remains of the American Embassy.

all got a good meal. The German performers went home with many goodies. We all left about two or three in the morning.

We left Berlin with the 78th Division. They brought in some rookie replacements so we could go home. They lined them up in front of us. We looked at each other and thought, "I guess we're real soldiers!" They looked so scared and immature. I guess that's the way we looked when we started. Some of us told them horrible stories that made them afraid to go out at night.

We knew it was over, but it was still kind of a shock. You'd see really close buddies hugging each other and crying. A lot of these guys had German girlfriends.

Those poor girls would be crying their eyes out. "Oh Johnny, my Johnny's going home!"

Then when I would see those same ladies with someone else, I would ask, "Hey, what happened to Johnny?"

"Shut up!" They'd say.

There weren't hardly any German males around after the war, and after a while females want a man. They were available, and we spread around a little Democracy!

On the way home I stayed at a German naval barracks in Bremen for awhile. They had a big mess hall and you could eat from about 6:00 a.m. to midnight. Most of us were so thin that you could see our ribs. We'd be there about seven and have a big breakfast prepared by the German cooks. We'd eat, go outside in the nice warm weather, lay on the grass for a few hours, and then go in and eat again. We ate about five meals a day. That helped us to put on a lot of weight because people back home were concerned about how skinny the guys were.

On April 1, 1946, I left Germany on a boat. I had \$200.00, but I lost it in a crap game. When I got to New York, I called my mother. She cried. I told her, "Mom, I'm in New York. I should be home in about two weeks."

We spent about five days at Camp Kilmer. Then went to Camp Atterbury, Indiana where we were processed. They had us go in groups of fifty to get new

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"I GUESS WE'RE SOLDIERS, NOW?"

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uniforms. Then gave us a final blood test. There was quite a hubbub in the papers about guys coming home diseased, so the Army was keeping them to get treated. This farm boy got called out and when he came back he was as green as a goat. We asked him, "What happened?"

"I got syphilis!"

This brand-new second lieutenant tried to convince us to join the Reserves. He told us, "If you guys sign then you can drink all the beer you want free."

I thought, "The heck with that."

Finally they gave up and we got our discharges. Some of the guys grabbed their bags and went to the bus station. I said, "Heck, I'm going to wait until morning."

When I went into my barracks there were only two of us left. In the morning I got up, had breakfast, and walked outside to see a huge line. I figured that I stood in lines for three years so I'm not standing in any more lines. So I went back and had lunch and returned only to find the same line. After supper I went back and saw the same line. The next morning I got in line. Then finally I came home on a train.

The guys were drinking and passed me the bottle, but I didn't want any. I just wanted to get home. I got home on Saturday. My mother was crying and hugging me. Sunday morning my mother had my uncle, aunt, and a bunch of relatives over. My mother had a bottle. She poured everyone a drink, but when she came to me she said, "No."

My uncle Jim said, "Give him a drink."

"I spent three years in the Army. Why don't you give me half a shot."

I didn't realize that after being overseas, I learned to cuss. My mother prepared a lamb and turkey for about twenty of us. I said, "Pass the f-ing tomatoes." It got very still. I said it again, only louder. My brother Mike, a pilot captain, was there with his new bride. He passed me the tomatoes. My mother went out of the room and my brother kicked me. Later, he took me out on the back porch and asked, "Do you know what you said?"

I said, "No."

My mother was crying in the kitchen. I didn't know what to do. So for a couple weeks at home my family was afraid to talk to me, and if they did I would wait a while before I gave an answer. To your mother you are always innocent. I could never bring myself to apologize, because I just didn't know how to. She thought that I was going to Hell. That was my homecoming.

On Sunday we headed to the Greek Orthodox Church. Prior to the war, they used regular chairs. The women sat in one section and the men in another. So I got my old, gray, herringbone sport coat, my

slacks, and my penny loafers. My mother asked, "Where are you going?"

I said, "If you want to go to church, then we'll go to church."

She said, "No, you're putting your uniform on."

"No, no," I said.

I ended up putting my uniform on. They had pews! I couldn't believe it! It happened during the war. Also, the women could mix, although my mother still sat in the women's section. The priest gave the sermon welcoming the guys home. Then my mother mentioned that I should go to confession. Now in the Catholic religion, which I am in now, Confession is important. For the Greek Orthodox, it was once a year and really isn't a big deal. Also, you stand by the side at the altar for confession instead of going in a little chamber. My mother said, "You go up there."

"No, Ma," I said.

I got in line with six other guys. What on earth am I going to say? When my turn came, the priest put his hand on my head and said, "How long were you in the Army?"

"Three years."

"Were you overseas?"

"Yes."

"Now your home. Behave!"

My mother stood there, smiling.

I went to school for about a year and a half. Then, like an idiot, I went out and went to work. That was the biggest mistake of my life. I was taking a business administration course. I took a quiz to see what my aptitude was. They told me that I should either go into selling or writing. I should have gone into writing. I went to work selling X-ray and physical therapy equipment. I got married when I was thirty-two years old. My first wife passed in 1971. She said, "Al, the only reason that you married me was because there were no others guys on the corner."

About six years ago we were in Cape Cod for a reunion. I was talking to our captain. We had our 69th cap on. Two girls came up. One, a graduate student in psychology, said, "Can I ask you two a question?"

The captain said, "Yeah."

"Are you guys part of a labor union on holiday?"

Did he get mad! He asked her, "What do you know about World War II?"

"Not very much. I never really went into anything about World War II."

She had no idea! A lot of other young people didn't want to hear and didn't care. We were old fogies!

That war was the greatest three years of our lives! If only once more we could hear **Stark** whistle us to formation. Nobody was closer to you than your buddies. Fifty years later, many are gone, many are ill. Thinking back now, we never knew when the war would end. It seemed like forever. But we all said the same prayer, "Please, God, no more!"

Attendees by State at the 2001 Ft. Mitchell, Kentucky Reunion

STATE	ATTENDANCE
Pennsylvania	50
Ohio	48
California	23
Michigan	22
New Jersey	22
New York	21
Illinois	20
Tennessee	18
Florida	16
Massachusetts	15
Virginia	14
North Carolina	10
Indiana	9
Maryland	9
Arkansas	8
Nebraska	8
Kentucky	7
Missouri	7
Colorado	6
Wisconsin	6
Alabama	4
Georgia	4
Montana	4
New Hampshire	4
Louisiana	4
Texas	4
Iowa	3
Minnesota	3
Arizona	2
Kansas	2
Nevada	2
Oklahoma	2
Ontario	2
South Carolina	2
Connecticut	1
Delaware	1
West Virginia	1
	<hr/>
	384

SUMMARY	MEMBERS	TOTAL
Total Attendees	188	384
First Time Attendees	12	20

TOURS & ACTIVITIES:

Tri-City Tour	176
Riverboat Cruise	168
Riverboat Casino	180
Golf.....	14
Early Bird Buffet	135
Air Force Museum	164
PX Beer Party	239
Banquet	332
Farewell Breakfast	132

2001 54th Annual Reunion Attendees Fort Mitchell, Kentucky SEPTEMBER 9th-16th, 2001

The following is a list of the attendees at the 2001 Reunion in Fort Mitchell, Kentucky including members, wives, widows and guests. If your name does not appear, it is because you failed to fill out a Registration Form during your visit.

An asterisk (*) indicates a First Timer.

69th DIVISION HEADQUARTERS AND HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Fred Avery Virginia
Guest: Patricia Avery
 Archie Brooke Virginia
Guest: Vivian Bailey
 "Dutch" and Jeanne Hawn Colorado
 Gordon Kjos Minnesota

69th MILITARY POLICE COMPANY

Carl and Ruth Miller Ohio
 Frank and Helen Williams Pennsylvania

269th ENGINEERS

Dotty Eibling Ohio
 Ernest and Mary Krause Illinois
 Frank and Stefania Nemeth Pennsylvania
 Ward and Marian Peterson Pennsylvania
 Lloyd and Loretta Roth Ohio
 Stephen and Mary Sholtis Ohio
*Guests: Steve Jr., Darlene, Katherine, Phil,
 Kelly, Don, Kathleen, Susan, Rich*

569th SIGNAL COMPANY

George Hepp New York
 Geraldine Hunt Kentucky
 John Kastanakis Alabama
 Donald and Lois Pierce Pennsylvania
 Raymond Smith Maryland
 Carl and Mildred Stetler Pennsylvania

271st INFANTRY REGIMENT

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

John Barrette Wisconsin
 John and Barbara Davis Pennsylvania
Guests: Robert and Eleanor O'Brien
 Bertha Jones Pennsylvania
Guest: Randy Jones
 Edwin and Sue Lansford Tennessee
 Lee Wah New Jersey

(Continued on Page 25)

2001 REUNION ATTENDEES FORT MITCHELL, KY

(Continued from Page 24)

COMPANY A

Delbert and Donna Philpott California
Robert and Jean Ross Massachusetts
George and Rita Wolff South Carolina

COMPANY B

Lumir and Patsy Bocek Nebraska
George Burrows North Carolina
Guest: Ron Burrows
P. J. and Ruth Delphey Pennsylvania
Earl and Millie Hansen Tennessee
Adam and Margaret Lee Pennsylvania
Harold and Cynthia Moore Tennessee
Orrie Pullen Michigan
William and Jo Sheehan New Jersey
James Walsh Connecticut
James and Dorothy White Tennessee

COMPANY E

Grace Glaum Illinois
Guest: Doris Glaum
William and Catherine McCall New Jersey
Bing Poon Pennsylvania
Guest: John Gorsuch III

COMPANY F

*Walter Bernhardt Kentucky
Cecil and Alene Cottle Ohio
Arlene Fuller Pennsylvania
*Anthony and Adele Vink Michigan

COMPANY G

Edward and Jacquelyn Chando New Jersey
Cecil and Jill Fernandez, Jr. Florida
Guest: Debbie Raub
Zane and Zelma Gray Arkansas
G. Scott and Ann Gresham Virginia
N. C. and Elizabeth Harrison Tennessee
Guests: Alan and Emily Cochran
Glenn and Nadine Hunnicutt Nebraska
Guests: Ivan and Bernice Booth
Clarence and Shirley Jensen New York
LeVerne Loveland New Jersey
Emery and Pat Nagy Tennessee
George and Doris Phillips New Jersey

COMPANY H

Robert and Dorothy Adsit Michigan
William and Maria Hamm, Jr. Kentucky
3rd BATTALION, HEADQUARTERS COMPANY
James and Betty Yakle Florida

COMPANY I

Richard and Jane Haines..... Massachusetts

COMPANY K

Mae Smith Michigan
Guests: Connie Brough and Worley Smith, Jr.

COMPANY M

William and Reba Sheavly Maryland
James and Mary Nelle Shoemaker Florida

ANTI-TANK COMPANY

George and Lina West Pennsylvania

CANNON COMPANY

Alfred Blain Massachusetts
Guest: Estelle George
Sanford Posey Alabama

272nd INFANTRY REGIMENT

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Joe and Anne Lipsius Georgia

COMPANY A

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

COMPANY B

Crandon and Jane Clark New Jersey
Nicholas and Kathryn Giannone New York
Richard and Gerry Hadley Colorado
Leo and Margaret Moore Ohio
Guests: Dale and Marilyn Moore

COMPANY C

*Henry and Christine Williamson Ohio

2nd BATTALION, HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Bretsell and Betty Everson Pennsylvania
David and June Wittman Montana

COMPANY E

Fred Butenhoff Wisconsin
Guest: Nancy Eisenreich
Arthur Caola New Jersey
Edward and Constance Gallagher ... New Hampshire
Milt and Dorothy Lutes Pennsylvania
Thomas Smith Delaware
Chester and Barbara Yastrzemski New York

COMPANY F

Neil Shields Pennsylvania
David and Jeanne Theobald California

COMPANY G

Barbara Barakat Pennsylvania
Clarence Burke Pennsylvania
Freda Carter Texas
Guest: Kay White
William and Lynn Danahy Nebraska
Valentine Frauenhofer New York
Will and Barbara Frazee Ohio
*Shirley Toler Florida

COMPANY H

*Veto and Athanasia DiPento Pennsylvania
*James and Lillian Fallin Louisiana

(Continued on Page 26)

2001 REUNION ATTENDEES FORT MITCHELL, KY
(Continued from Page 25)

COMPANY I

Forrest and Marilyn Frentess Colorado
Robert and Vivian Kurtzman, Sr. Ohio
E. Jerome and Willa Mae Love ... North Carolina
L.A. and Janice Lushbaugh Maryland
Harold and Ethel Ruck Tennessee
Thomas Yelcich, Jr. Michigan

COMPANY L

Joseph and June Gibbons Michigan
Guests: Angela Gibbons
Russell and Rosanna Meinecke Missouri
Bernard and Edith Zaffern Michigan

COMPANY M

Joseph and Kathryn Makosky Pennsylvania
Floyd and Melva McCalip Mississippi
Richard and Claire Sodorff Indiana

ANTI-TANK COMPANY

Donald Calhoun Florida
Urno and Evelyn Gustafson Pennsylvania
Joseph Huber Wisconsin
Russell and Betty Koch Missouri
Raymond and Janet Sansoucy Massachusetts
Edward and Dolly Sarcione New York
Mel and Joan Schulz Ohio
Dallas and Laura Nelle Shelton Illinois
Guests: Frank and Kay Baker
Darwin and Ethelda Van Houten Michigan

CANNON COMPANY

Ralph and Ursula Goebel Minnesota
William Graham Michigan

273rd INFANTRY REGIMENT

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Norman and Juanita Pickford Illinois

1st BATTALION, HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

John Havey Arizona
Guest: Michael Havey
Ralph and Cecilia Scholtz Florida
Guests: Ed and Doris Gaitan

COMPANY A

James and Allamae Ezell Arkansas
Wilbert and Rosemary Haas Iowa
Guest: Kathy Chamberlain
Edward Lucci New York

COMPANY B

Eugene and Marilyn Mischke Illinois
Robert and Peggy Shaw California

COMPANY C

Stanley and Gloria Czyzyk New York

COMPANY D

Robert and Betty Ammon Michigan
Arthur Ayres, Sr. New Jersey
Allan and Mary Blackmar New York
Guest: Michael Blackmar
Edgar and Mary Case Pennsylvania
Robert Hogan Ohio
George and Barbara Johnson Virginia
Betty Jo McCarty Texas
Guest: R. Dodd McCarty
Kenneth Sawyer Florida
Guest: Fran Collard

COMPANY E

Robert Crowe Massachusetts
Arthur and Marian Hume Michigan
William and Jane Matlach New York
Harold and Peggy Sprang Ohio
Dorothy Witzleb Pennsylvania

COMPANY F

*Elias and Marilyn Bloom Indiana
Walter and Shirley Harpain California
Stan Olszyk Indiana
*L. Edward and Patricia Thomas Ohio

COMPANY G

Alfred and Elizabeth Aronson New Jersey
Doris Beecher Florida
Homer and Patricia Lind California
Joe and Diane Panganiban California
Edson and Tory Stagg New Jersey

COMPANY H

Robert and Maxine Haag Indiana
Leland and Lola Jones Kansas
Howard and Jane Keyser Pennsylvania
Charles Locke New Jersey
Guest: Mary Jane Furnas

3rd BATTALION, HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Joseph and Caroline Gawek North Carolina
Charles and Patricia Hoffman, Jr. Alabama
Robert and Judy Miller Maryland
*Frank and Willy Thompson Indiana
Earl and Anna Walters Pennsylvania

COMPANY I

Paul and Elaine Eagon Illinois
Robert and Theresa Pierce California
Guests: Frank and Doris Pierce
Erwin and Carmen Sanborn New Hampshire

COMPANY K

Oliver and Vera Coker, Sr. Arkansas
Lloyd Lippman Montana
Guest: Pjeannie Pfeffer

(Continued on Page 27)

2001 REUNION ATTENDEES FORT MITCHELL, KY
(Continued from Page 26)

CANNON COMPANY

Arlie and Parley Boswell Illinois
Lee Wilson California
Guest: Jan Kremetz

HEADQUARTERS, DIVISION ARTILLERY

Charles and Edith Chapman Virginia

724th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

BATTERY A

Paul Kitner Pennsylvania
Brownie Parsons West Virginia
William Ruebsamen California

BATTERY B

Victor and Norma Ferrone Ohio
Thomas Heath New York
Guest: Robert Klafohn

BATTERY C

Al and Polly DiLoreto Ohio
Howard and Lois Hawk California
Coy and Erline Horton North Carolina
Robert and Libby Inyart Illinois

879th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

*John McKay Missouri

880th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

Stanley and Georgia Bratt Illinois
Robert and Marilyn McKee Maryland
Mike and Lucille Pendrick Arkansas
William and Katherine Suckel Ohio

881st FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

Jim and Tillie Boris Pennsylvania
Joseph and Sybil Conner Georgia
Harold and Mary Ann Early Ohio
George and Ruth Ehl Missouri
Walter Haag California
Guest: Dorothy Vasiloudis

Lester Hart Ohio
*Edward and Louise Hill Ohio
Louis and Norma Lineburgh Ohio
Emil Matys Nevada

Guest: Terri Matys Jorgensen

Hugh and Dorothy Milstead Tennessee
Gilbert Rocco Pennsylvania
Guest: Nick Rocco

Alton Struewing Kentucky
George and Jennie Vasil Massachusetts

661st TANK DESTROYERS

William and Jo Beswick Virginia
Eugene and Ethel Pierron Wisconsin
William and Ellen Snidow Virginia

777th TANK BATTALION

Alex and Florence Lasseigne, Sr. Louisiana
Ellen McCann Massachusetts
Guest: John McCann, Jr.
Robert Weise New York
Charles and Edna White Oklahoma

UNKNOWN UNIT, COMPANY F

*Richard and Lucille Gullett Kentucky

HONORARY MEMBERS

Wilfred and Ollie Ferda Ontario

Almighty Soldier

Written by: Bruno A. Campese
Anti-Tank Company, 272nd Infantry Regiment
3703 2nd Avenue
Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania 15010-3401

Tonight as I gaze into the heavens
there comes to me the thought,
of days spent on foreign soil
and "lessons" that the world were taught.

I remembered my first night in battle
and the crossing of the river Rhine,
of strafing planes, and bombs, and machine gun fire
as we crushed the Seigfried Line.

I remembered Leipzig that evening,
when bravery was duty in strife,
and "clouds" in the heavens poured forth shells
and the firing ceased . . . with life.

And too, I remembered the Russians
that we were the first to meet.
And the joy it did bring to the world at large
to know the Germans had met defeat.

And I thought of homes that were saddened
by their heroes who'll never return again,
stout-hearted loved ones family and friends
hoping and praying . . . in vain.

And I also remembered as I gazed into space
of the Chaplain who always knew best
that for a troubled mind, and in battle there were,
Church was the place of rest.

As I continued to search, the stars in the heavens
did brighter and brighter glow,
and I could see in the background the "golden gates"
and a sign "Welcome American Hero."

My mind is at peace now, I'm happy to know
that our soldiers had not died in vain.
They left this world to join the force of our Lord,
where they soldier once again.

Vincent Romano writes on the Elbe Link-Up

Company L, 273rd Infantry Regiment
20 Apollo Circle
Bethpage, New York 11714-3583

I have written my story about the "Link-up at the Elbe." I have gone far and wide - contacted colonels, generals and some historian authors.

I do this to maintain the integrity of history as a true happening. I am now 75 years old and I still have all my memories of things that happened in April of 1945. This can never leave my mind.

I remember the cold and dreary morning of that April day. We all knew that the war was nearing the end and we were extra careful not to do anything foolish, like getting killed at this late stage.

I remember the wet cobblestone road that was slightly inclined, and the stillness and slight fog over the Elbe River that morning.

I remember distinctly the Russian Soldier who was helping himself to some German's furniture and fixtures as he was loading them onto an ox cart, driven by a cow. I remember his round dirty face and his shortness in stature. He wore a tunic and bloused pants.

As I hollered to gain his attention, he stopped and reached for his weapon. He was on the second floor of a house that had its roof partially blown off. I remember reading the gray and black sign that read, TORGAU, not knowing what language that was at the time. I spoke in American Russian phrasing, such as, Americanski, Ruski, Commarade, etc. I smiled and in gibberish, he sort of understood as he approached me.

I was the first scout of a patrol sent out to encounter whatever. As the Russian soldier approached, he put on his hat and spoke words not recognizable to me. I reached in my pocket and pulled out a pack of American cigarettes, recognized the world over at that time. His smile broadened and now I extended my hand in welcome. We gibberished a while, he took my pack of cigarettes and never returned them. This was the honest to God first "link-up" at the Elbe River. Our officer in charge then sent for an interpreter and the Russian showed the way to the partially collapsed bridge that spanned the Elbe River.

Our orders were to stay on our side of the bridge and no fraternizing until the meeting was official. These were the truthful happenings of those days, April 24-25, 1945.

I cannot recall the name of the officer (American) in charge of the patrol. I do know that a little while later (an hour or two) more men from the 69th and officers converged on the scene.

The partying started when the officer and some Russian soldiers (some women) came across the bridge and started drinking, dancing, and whooping it up.

The first heavy brass we saw that came to Torgau was a **Lt. Colonel Shaugnassy** and his entourage. Then **General Rheinhardt** made his appearance with his entourage cameramen, reporters, etc.

We partied for hours. I have a partial tape showing some of the events that took place.

I made copies of my tape and sent it to Washington D.C., The Pentagon and General Hicklighter acknowledged them at the 50th anniversary of the "Link-up."

I met **Lt. Robertson**, and in his speech at the "Link-up Ceremonies," he acknowledged that there was a patrol that met up with the Russians before he did.

The reason for rewriting this story is that I read in the 69th magazine in December an essay by **Alex Greensher** of California. He was the radio operator in Headquarters 273rd the day this happened.

I am still waiting, after 56 years for authentication of this historic link-up. I believe that my name should be on the plaque at Torgau so as to recognize my part in this historic event that led to the end of World War II in Europe. I have never returned to Europe since my homecoming of June 1946.

The Resume of the "Link-up" was printed in the Stars and Stripes newspaper. Again it showed pictures of the personnel that was present at the time. It's front page showed a photo of one of the 69th Co. L. replacement leaning over the retaining wall alongside the River Elbe. Our interpreter was **Cpl. Fraynak** from St. Louis, Missouri and the only Russian speaking G.I. at the scene.

Meeting after 55 Years

Submitted by: **Ed Weiss**
600 Three Islands Boulevard, Apt. 421
Hallandale, Florida 33009



Dave Gordon and **Edwin J. Weiss**, both of A&P Platoon, 1st Battalion, 271st Regiment, met for a little reunion at the Marriott Hotel in Fort Lauderdale after 55 years!

Ohio Sixth Graders Listen to Their Elders

E-Mailed By: **Terrie Baumgartner**
mjb2ts@mustang.stark.k12.oh.us

Newman Elementary is located in north central Ohio but sixth grade students are learning what it is like to see the world. The expression "listen to your elders" is becoming real to them as they experience world adventures through the eyes of the soldiers of the 69th Infantry Division. This experience is set in 1943 and takes them from all walks of life to Camp Shelby, on to the European Theater and back again to civilian life. After a presentation by teachers Kathy Brand and Terrie Baumgartner at the Infantry's reunion in Cincinnati, members volunteered to write letters to the students about their war experiences. The twist to the project was that the letters were to be written as if it were 1943 today and the events were taking place now. The project is broken down into three time periods. The first letters were to describe how it felt and under what circumstances the young veteran entered the army and that person's experience at Camp Shelby. The second section concerned the emotional experience of being in the war in Europe along with actual events. The last part will emphasize the adjustments that were made when returning to the veteran's home town and civilian life.

The response that participants have given has been overwhelming for both the students and the teachers. Daily, letters are waited for with great anticipation by the students. The students have truly taken ownership of "their soldier." The project has had a trickling down affect also by reaching out to all kinds of people after the local newspaper ran a story and accompanying photo.

The photo was sent to the class by Charles Locke of New Jersey. He knew that the class was learning about "mail call" and sent the photo from the Infantry's Unit Diary. This picture was given to the local Massillon newspaper along with several others. By chance, the journalist chose the mail call photo to be published along with the article about the writing project. When Linda Waechter saw the newspaper that day, she recognized the photo immediately as being a picture of her father and uncle! After conferring her discovery with her father, **Dale Blickenderfer**, she contacted the school and arrangements were made for **Mr. Blickenderfer** to come to school to speak to the class about being part of the 69th. This was an amazing experience to all of us to have a local connection that we were not even aware of when the project began!

Because the letters have been so well written by the soldiers, it will be very easy for the students to take

the new learnings into a different media. They will compose a play based on these letters and present it to the school in May. The following is an excerpt that will be used in one of the scenes - June 28, 1945.

"You have noticed I have enclosed the letter from our division commanding officer telling of our achievements over the two years since the Fighting 69th has been activated. Orders came yesterday that they are now going to de-activate the 69th and relocate all our men to different units. I have been assigned to th 29th Inf. Div. and will leave tomorrow. Being this will be my last letter as a member of the Fighting 69th, I would like to brag about some of the things we have accomplished. We have covered more than 400 combat miles. I have driven my jeep over 6,000 miles in combat. We captured more than 1,000 towns, the largest being Leipzig. We captured 35,000 prisoners and freed 26,500 allied prisoners. We over-ran one third of the Nazi toxic gas supply. Our biggest achievement, which I'm sure will be recorded in history, was our hook-up with the Russians."

The school is inviting and hoping that many 69th members will be able to come to Newman school to see the play on May 17th. An evening performance is also being planned with a reception afterwards. The school class has also received permission to try to plan a trip to the 69th's next reunion in Virginia Beach in September. Students are really excited about meeting some of their "soldiers" in person, but a lot of work needs to be done to earn the funds.

Even if the trip does not materialize, students will forever remember their time of correspondence during the time of World War II. Their deeper understanding of the events of the era could never have been realized without the help of the 69th Infantry Division. The impact of the lives of these soldiers will live in the memory of Newman school.

EDITOR'S NOTE: **Terrie Baumgartner** and **Kathy Brand**, teachers, were at our last reunion and explained this project. If you would like to be a part of this project, you can write to them at:

Newman Elementary School
Terrie Baumgartner or Kathy Brand
11881 Orville
Massillon, Ohio 44646

*May this notice serve as an apology for
mis-information received by us as follows:*

Clark G. Glaser
of 824 Treasure Road, Venice, Florida 33595,
should not have been on a recent Taps list.

He notified us and said that he checked,
and as far as he can tell, he is still alive!

Company I, 273rd Infantry

Submitted By: **Ethel Glaser**, Wife of Al Glaser
38753 Ryans Way, Palm Desert, California 92211



*Back Row: Fred Kleinheius, DeVigilio
Front: Unknown and Al Glaser*



✓Marseille



Al Glaser



Al Glaser and Unknown

Editor's Note: Ethel claims to have pictures of Colditz. Send them in, Ethel. We have lots of requests for those pix!

Camp Shelby Museum Grand Opening

October 27th, 2001

Submitted By: **Raymond Sansoucy**, *Current President of the 69th Infantry Division*
Anti-Tank Company, 272nd Regiment
 23 Paradox Drive, Worcester, Massachusetts 01602



Official Dedication of the new Camp Shelby Museum



The Grand Opening was very well attended.



Our President, Ray Sansoucy at the Grand Opening



Monument honoring those who fought in the Bulge



The 69th Display at Camp Shelby



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

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

69th Cavalry Recon Troop

Harold Gardner, News Reporter
2929 Mason Avenue
Independence, Missouri 64052-2962
Telephone: 816-254-4816
E-Mail: RCNTROOP@aol.com

Report on 50th Annual Recon Reunion Nashville, Tennessee October 10th-14th, 2001

Our 50th annual reunion was hosted by **Charlie and Barbara Fox**. They had us billeted at Shoney's Inn-Music Valley. It was a fine establishment and we had a large hospitality room, which gave us plenty of room for food, drink and displaying photo albums, etc. Several of the ladies brought snacks and **Eddie and Mary Lou Glenz** brought some home grown "potato" tomatoes and other veggies and dips. Mary Lou made some ribbons out of red, white and blue felt with a star attached and passed them out to all of us to wear to indicate our support of the United States in this time of crisis.

Barbara and Charlie Fox arrived on Tuesday to make sure that everything was prepared for the arrival of the troopers and their ladies and families. The majority of the troopers came in later in the week.

On Thursday some of our folks took the hotel shuttle to Opryland Hotel or drove to Opry Mills shopping center. Those that went to the hotel were very impressed with the opulence and finery of the hotel. Those that went to the Opry Mills shopping center found ways to get rid of some money. Usually our ladies have no problem finding a shopping center.

Friday a group went on the downtown sightseeing tour. We left the hotel pretty early and had our bus for the interesting tour. We saw the historic sites in the downtown area including the Wildhorse Saloon. We stopped at the Bicentennial Mall which depicts the history of Tennessee.

The mall also includes the new WWII Memorial dedicated to those who served during that war. This was a beautiful memorial and I believe was the highlight of the tour for us vets. It was a series of towers arranged in a circle. In the top of each tower were bells that were played by a computer in the control booth.

The Ranger on duty was a Vietnam vet, and he gave us a brief history of the memorial. It was awesome to stand in the middle of the towers and hear all the bells ringing around you. The ranger told us they could play 70-80 different songs on the bells.

Included in our tour was a trip by the grand homes of Nashville greats - Minnie Pearl, Tammy Wynette, Brenda Lee, Martina McBride, Ronnie Millsap. We also went by the Governor's mansion. Our driver told us that buses were not permitted to stop on the narrow residential street in the vicinity of the large homes so we had to keep moving. We proceeded at 2-3 miles per hour. About the minimum speed for our bus without stalling.

We also visited the Ryman Auditorium, which was the restored home of the Grand Ole Opry from 1943-1974. It was originally built as a religious tabernacle, funded by the riverboat Captain Tom Ryman. It later became a theater and world famous performers including Mae West, Sarah Bernhardt, Enrico Caruso and Orson Welles appeared there. It now features a concert series, bluegrass shows and TV tape sessions. It has a seating capacity of 2000 in the pews. Our bus took us by the Country Music Hall of Fame and Museum, Hank Williams, Jr. Museum, Municipal Auditorium, State Capital and other interesting landmarks.

On Saturday morning some of our group went on the Heritage tour. This was a tour of the home and grounds of Andrew Jackson, 7th President of the U.S. Many original furnishings, personal items and the beautiful gardens are kept much as they were when the Jackson family lived there. The present Hermitage was built in 1821 and partially burned in 1834. It was rebuilt in 1836 and retained many features of the original house. Jackson died at home in 1845 and he and his wife are buried in a tomb in back of the gardens.

Saturday evening we had our dinner and it was noticed that our troopers and their ladies "clean up real good." We had a very delicious buffet in our own hospitality room. The menu consisted of a tossed salad, cornish hen, a "large" baked potato, snow peas, rolls, iced tea and/or coffee and delicious pie for dessert.

After dinner we had a short memorial service for our fallen comrades. **Harold Gardner** acted as MC and **Bob Schueler** handled the difficult chore of reading the names of our deceased troopers. As **Bob** slowly read the names it triggered some vivid memories of

(Continued on Page 33)

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

(Continued from Page 32)

our buddies and there were some misty-eyed troopers in the room. We observed a moment of silence to have our own private thoughts.

After our Memorial service, we did the usual procedure of going around the room and having the troopers and/or spouses/family members relate a short recap of family happenings since our last reunion. Although we had been together for several days by this time it is still interesting to hear about what has occurred with our families. Speaking for the **Stambaugh** family was **Maxine's** eldest son, **Steve**. He talked about trips to Europe by he and his dad, **Harold**. **Steve** made the reminiscing very interesting for all of us.

Answering roll call at Nashville were:

- Tony Baldi** New Jersey
Guests: Jim and Camille Baldi
 (grandson and wife)
- Charles and Barbara Fox** Maryland
Guests: Harry and Grace Kagan
- Harold and Jeanne Gardner** Missouri
- Ed and Mary Lou Glenz** Pennsylvania
- Al and Esther Gold** Massachusetts
- Morris Kaiserman** Illinois
- Floyd and Evelyn Opdyke** New Jersey

- Bob and Mabel Schueler** Ohio
- Bob and Jean West** Ohio
Guests: Ralph and Carol Casto
 (daughter and son-in-law)
- Fred and Fran Wohlers** Oklahoma
Guests: Bob and Billie Boyer
- Maxine Stambaugh**
Guests: Steve Stambaugh (son)
Jim and Nancy Springer (daughter and son-in-law)
Kristen and Kertlin Springer (grandchildren)

We missed having our leaders with us this year. Of course we lost our great Commanding Officer, **Boyd Ellsworth** earlier this year, and due to illness our First Sgt. **Hank Wieman** and his spouse **Lillian** were unable to be with us. Hank, you and Lillian were missed very much.

In our very brief business meeting on Friday, it was decided to have our 51st reunion in the Lancaster, Pennsylvania area. Barbara Fox will arrange for our lodging but we will be responsible for making our own reservations.

As soon as a date is set for Lancaster, mark it on your calendar. Lancaster should be very beautiful country in the fall of the year.

Again, thanks to **Barbara** and **Charlie** for making this "50th" reunion a good one. As the saying goes, "You done good!"

(Continued on Page 34)



Front Row:
 Charles Fox
 Morris Kaiserman
 Fred Wohlers
 Tony Baldi

Back Row:
 Bob Schueler
 Harold Gardner
 Floyd Opdyke
 Eddie Glenz
 Bob West
 Al Gold

Front Row:
 Barbara Fox
 Esther Gold
 Mary Lou Glenz
 Maxine Stambaugh

Back Row:
 Jeanne Gardner
 Evelyn Opdyke
 Mabel Schueler
 Fran Wohlers
 Jean West



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

(Continued from Page 33)

Battery C 881st Field Artillery

Harold James Early, News Reporter

6530 Hamden Road

Parma Heights, Ohio 44130

We hope that all is fine for all of you. We are fine and count our blessings everyday.

I am submitting these pictures from the Fort Mitchell, Kentucky 2001 69th Annual Reunion. We had a nice time there, as all can see from the photos.

We are going to have an interesting trip in December to California. We will be in San Diego and Los Angeles. Our trip includes reserved seats at the Rose Bowl parade as our granddaughter's high school band is marching in it and she is in it. Strongsville High School was selected - the only school in Ohio and within six surrounding states.

We will be visiting friends in San Diego. (Mary Ann's friend she started kindergarten with! Can you believe that? In Los Angeles we will be visiting relatives and also in Pasadena. Our tour package is very interesting and we know that we will enjoy it.

Hope to see everyone again at a future reunion and we wish good health to all in 2002.

(Continued on Page 35)



Mary Ann Early and Harold Early: How happy we were that we came to this wonderful reunion. So nice to see everyone again!



*In Memoriam to the World Trade Center Disaster
Putting up the flag on the Train Station in Cincinnati
George Ehll, Ruth Ehll and Mary Ann Early*



**Battery C
881st Field Artillery
at the
2001 69th Reunion**

*Front Row:
Sybil Conner
Jennie Vasil
Dorothy Milstead
Ruth Ehll
Mary Ann Early*

*Back Row:
Joseph Conner
Harold Early
Lester Hart
Hugh Milstead
George Ehll
George Vasil*

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

(Continued from Page 34)



*Museum in Cincinnati, Ohio Train Station
Harold Early in front of the Induction Center*



*Museum in Cincinnati, Ohio Train Station
Ruth Ehl and Mary Ann Early*

I heard from **Ray Hull** (Co. A) and we wish him a speedy recovering from a stroke he had, and also **Bill Clayton** (Co. H&S and A). We also wish him a quick recovery. **Darrell Orn** (Co. B), you believe he is still playing softball in a league, 80 and over years!

The others I heard from are all hanging in there and doing well. Heard from **Ernie Burciaga** (Co. B), **Ward Peterson** (Co. B), "**Cy**" **Abrams** (Co. C), **Eddie Davis** (Co. B), **Ernie Krause** (Co. B), **Lloyd Roth** (H&S and A), **Bob Winslow** (Co. B), **Al Winchester** (Co. B), **Bill Riggle** (Co. B), **Jim Riley** (Co. B), **Frank Packard** (Co. A), **Steve Sholtis** (H&S), **Cecil Robinson** (Co. B). I didn't hear from **Stanley Milewski** (Co. B) or **Bob Ritchey** (Co. B). I hope all is going well there. I want to express our sympathy to **Ray Hull** and family for the passing of **Leona**. We miss them both. So the best to all and hope to see you in Hampton, Virginia this year!

Your "Ole" Buddy,
Frank C. Nemeth, Company B

GEEZERS

... are easy to spot. At sporting events, during the playing of the National Anthem, they hold their caps over their heart and sing without embarrassment. They know the words and believe in them.

They remember World War I, the Depression, World War II, Pearl Harbor, Guadal Canal, Normandy, and Hitler. They remember the Atomic Age, the Korean War, the Cold War, the Jet Age, and the Moon landing, not to mention Vietnam.

If you bump into a "Geezer" on the sidewalk, he'll apologize, pass a Geezer on the street, he'll nod, or tip his hat to a lady. "Geezers" trust strangers and are courtly to women. They hold the door for the next person, and always when walking, make sure the lady is on the inside for protection.

"Geezers" get embarrassed if someone curses in front of women and children and they don't like violence and filth on TV and in movies. Geezers have moral courage.

Geezers seldom brag unless it's about the grandchildren in Little League, or music recitals. It's the "Geezers" who know our great country is protected, not by politicians or police, but by the young men and women in the military serving their country in foreign lands, just as they did, without a thought except to do a good job, the best you can and to get home to loved ones.

The country needs "Geezers" with their decent values and common sense. We need them now more than ever. Sadly, however is the realization that as this generation of "Geezers" passes on, there doesn't appear to be anyone to take their place.

Thank God for "OLD GEEZERS." And yes, I'm proud to be of the Old Geezer generation.

"Stolen" from the Battery C, 880th Newsletter

Edited by **Lewis G. Pugh**

Submitted to them by **Don Johnson**

269th Engineers

Frank Nemeth, News Reporter

66 Gaping Rock Road

Levittown, Pennsylvania 19057-3410

Telephone: 215/945-3809

Hi Ya'll

Hope the New Year of 2002 will be kind to all of us and see to it that we all enjoy good health!

The next 69th reunion will be in Hampton, Virginia, September 22nd to September 29th at the Holiday Inn. This would be a good reunion to attend since we have a lot of 269ers Engineers on the east coast, or close by and a short drive.

Men of the Link-Up

Submitted By: **Paul Staub**
 Headquarters, 273rd Infantry Regiment
 20 Snowbird Lane
 Levittown, New York 11756

Of particular interest to me was an article in Volume 54, No. 3, May-June-July-August 2001 issue submitted by **Robert F. Ammon**, titled, The Russian-American Link -Up - 25 April 1945.

The article deals with the 3 Patrols that were involved with contacting the Russians. I think by now we all know they were the **Kotzebue** patrol, the **Craig** patrol, and the **Robertson** patrol.

As the last surviving member of the **Robertson** patrol, I wondered how many other survivors there were. Among my many papers I found a list of the men that were in the three patrols. I have submitted this list for publication, so that a record can be established:

Patrol #1

Members of the Patrol which contacted the Russian Army at Leckwitz, Germany at 1130 on the 25th of April 1945

1st Lt Albert L. Kotzebue	Co. G	Huston, TX
T/Sgt Frederick W. Johnston	Co. G	Bedford, PA
S/Sgt Alfred E. Aronson	Co. G	New York, NY
S/Sgt William E. Weisel	Hq 2nd Bn	Norwood, OH
Sgt John J. Peters	Co H	Brooklyn, NY
Sgt Jack B. Tyson	Co H	Columbia, VA
Cpl Christopher R. Twardzik	Co H	Shonandock, PA
Cpl Stephen A. Kowalski	Med Det	New York, NY
Tec 5 Robert D. Stuart	Hq 2nd Bn	Scranton, TX
Pfc Nicholas Supron	Hq 2nd Bn	Scranton TX
Pfc James W. Kane Jr.	Co G	Overbrook Hill, PA
Pfc J. P. Thomas	Co G	Blue Springs, MS
Pfc Emmett P. Thompson	Co G	Merkel, TX
Pfc Joseph W. Johnson	Co G	Excelsior, MI
Pfc Van D. Rye	Co G	Clarksville, TN
Pfc Harold R. Brummel	Co G	Lees Summit, MO
Pfc Joseph P. Polowsky	Co G	S. Minneapolis, MN
Pfc. Byron L. Shiver Sr.	Co G	Lakeland, FL
Pfc Carl L. Robinson	Co H	Lancaster, SC
Pfc John Wheeler	Co H	Winstead, CN
Pfc Edwin Jeary	Co H	Detroit, MI
Pfc Robert Haag	Co H	Washington, IN
Pfc William Matousek	Co H	Glendale, CA
Cpl Melvin Roseland	Co H	Senca, SD
Pfc Jesse W. Best	Co H	Grampian, PA
Pfc Harold B. Pemberton	Co H	Fort Worth, TX
Pfc Edward P. Huff	Co H	Riverside, NJ
Pfc Otha N. Phillips	Co H	Quitman, LA
Pfc Charles G. Attara	Co H	Patterson, NC
Pfc Charles H. Schulta	Co H	Dubuque, LA
Pfc Rudolph Hoyos	Co H	Los Angeles, CA
Pfc James R. Gilmore	Co H	Great Bend, KS
Pfc John B. Adam Jr.	Co H	Rockingham, NC
Pvt Larry Hamlin	Co G	Towaoc, CO
Pvt Robert S. Legal	Co H	Georgetown, MA
Pvt Peter M. Calasciona	Co G	Los Angeles, CA

Patrol #2

Members of the Patrol which contacted the Russian Army at Torgau, Germany at 1600 on the 25th of April 1945

2nd Lt William D. Robertson	Hq 1st Bn	Los Angeles, CA
Cpl James J. McDonnell	Hq 1st Bn	Peabody, MA
Pfc Frank P. Huff	Hq 1st Bn	Washington, VA
Pfc Paul Staub	Hq 1st Bn	Bronx, NY

Patrol #3

Members of the Patrol which contacted the Russian Army at Clanzschwitz, Germany at 1645 on the 25th of April 1945

Major Fred W. Craig	Hq 2nd Bn	Friendship, TN
Capt George J. Morey	Hq 273d	Dumont, NJ
Capt William J. Fox	Hq V Corps	Brooklyn, NY
2d Lt Thomas P. Howard	Co E	Lake Cormorant, MS
M/Sgt Paul H. Murdoch	Hq 273d	Los Angeles, CA
Sgt Edward J. Lang	Co E	Boston, MA
Sgt Bennett Thompson	Co H	Athens, TX
Sgt Robert F. Bender	Co H	Des Moines, IA
Sgt Andrew Marriock	Co H	Hudson, NJ
Sgt Albert Harzog	Co H	Brooklyn, NY
T/4 Howard J. Auclair	Hq 273d	Tupper Lake, NY
T/4 Robert L. Mayer	Hq 273d	Wheaton, IL
Cpl May L. Weinstein	Co H	Long Island, NY
Pfc Jaun A. Arrandondo	Co H	Laredo, TX
Pfc Harold C. McCord	Co H	Newark, NJ
Pfc Richard L. Parent	Co H	Trenton, NJ
Pfc Lawrence J. Wilson	Co H	Durham, NC
Pfc Elijah R. Sams	Co H	Pinnacle, NC
Pfc Edward R. Pollard	Co H	Needham, MA
Pfc Murry Schulman	Co H	Brooklyn, NY
Pfc Fred Warren, Jr.	Co H	Myrtle, MO
Pfc Arthur E. Reinhardt	Co H	Leehman, NJ
Pfc Ronald Williams	Co H	Fairport, NY
Pfc Dewey Crause	Co H	Lincolnton, NC
Pfc John W. Mowery Jr.	Co H	Sutton, WV
Pfc Simon M. Talamantee	Co H	Corpus Christi, TX
Pfc Robert H. Walters	Co H	Minneapolis, MN
Pfc William W. Horton	Co H	Philadelphia, PA
Pfc Vincent S. Smithhisler	Co H	Cleveland, OH
Pfc Abraham L. Collins Jr.	Co H	Rupert, WV
Pfc Paul J. Peters	Co H	Waterville, ME
Pfc Stanford J. Silvestri	Co E	Brooklyn, NY
Pfc Edward Rasmus	Co E	Naticoke, PA
Pfc Edward J. Berger	Co E	Hallettsville, TX
Pfc Auston B. Johnson	Co E	Fort Payne, AL
Pfc Igor N. Belousevitch	Co E	San Francisco, CA
Pfc William Seiter	Hq 1st Army	Detroit, MI
Pfc Alex Hotes	Co E	Messmore, PA
Pfc William J. Head	Co E	Knoxville, TN
Pfc Jesse J. King	Co E	Liberty, KY
Pfc Clarence L. Houseknecht	Co E	Hughsville, PA
Pfc Charles C. Forrester	Co E	Greer, SC
Pfc Donald J. Champeny	Co E	Milwaukee, WI
Pfc Richard R. Chambers	Co E	Marathon, TX
Pfc Joseph Winnicki	Co E	Buffalo, NY
Pvt Joe F. Hamay	Co E	Ellsworth, PA
Pvt Claudie Moore	Co H	Newburn, TN
Pvt Ernest E. Newman	Co H	Matinez, GA
Pvt Harold B. Ellison	Co H	Williamson, WV
Pvt Lonnie Upton Jr.	Co H	Washington, NC
Pvt Jesse A. Gum	Co H	Alton, MO

"I Guess I'm Gonna Make It!"

Oral History of **Enrico D'Angelo**
C Battery, 880th Field Artillery Battalion
516 Chestnut Street, Saltsburg, PA 15681

From the Book:

THE LONG ROAD • FROM ORAN TO PILSEN



Enrico - Camp Wallace, Texas

"My dad lived down by the railroad. I was coming home about eleven-thirty one night from seeing my girl and there was an oncoming train. They used to put what we called torpedoes on the tracks, dynamite caps, to warn a train to be careful because another train was ahead. They went off. I stopped the car, jumped out, and laid flat along the road side. I thought for a minute that I was over there again!"

When I was little, I couldn't speak English, just Italian, because that's all they spoke at home. When I went to school my first-grade teacher said something to me and I didn't understand her. I didn't finish at Saltsburg High School, because I had to help out at home. The mines weren't working too good. I joined the Works Progress Administration for fifty-two dollars a month. We worked on the roads, shoveled snow in the winter. We went out and picked wild apples, made gardens, and put up preserves. Then I started in the mines. When I got my draft notice, I went to my superintendent and told him I was leaving. He said, "You don't have to go if you don't want to. We'll keep you. We need you here."

I said, "Nah! One year ain't gonna hurt me!"

When I was at Fort Meade for about twelve days, one of the guys from my town brought in the *Indiana Gazette* and showed me an article that told of an explosion in the McIntyre Mine. Nine men were killed. Two of the dead guys used to ride to work with me and my dad and my uncle. If I hadn't left for the service, I might have been one of the mine casualties. When I read that I thought, "I guess I'm gonna make it!"

At Fort Meade they asked us what outfit we'd like to join. This one guy said, "Tell 'em you want the coast artillery."

That's what I did. We were sent to Camp Wallace, Texas, between Houston and Galveston. They didn't have enough guns to give us, so they gave us the old World War I helmets and broom sticks to do the manual of arms! That lasted about three weeks, until we got the old Springfield rifles. Then we trained on 40mm anti-aircraft guns and the new 90mm guns.

One day we were out for reveille and the first sergeant looked at me because I was smiling. He said, "Wipe that smile off your face!"

I couldn't do it and he said, "You're on KP! Report to the mess sergeant!"

When I got there the mess sergeant said, "What are you doing here?"

"The first sergeant said I was supposed to do KP because I couldn't wipe the smile off my face."

"I don't need anybody for KP. I need a carpenter who can build me a rack to put my dishes in."

"I can do that for you."

"Go to the first sergeant and tell him what you're gonna do for me."

"No, you want me to build that rack, you go tell the first sergeant."

So he went to the first sergeant and told him that he had a fella that could build the rack. I had to go to the supply room to draw the tools and the first sergeant was there and said, "Oh no, not you again!"

I built the rack for the kitchen and the first thing you know the captain came to me and said, "Where'd you learn the carpentry?"

"At home."

"Well, the officers' quarters needs coat racks. Can you build them?"

"I'll come up and have a look and see what I can do." I was three weeks building coat racks and cupboards for the officers' quarters!

After that they made me an acting corporal on the drill field. They gave me an orange arm band. So we had what they called "open ranks, stack rifles." Well, I did it the right way and the lieutenant comes to me and says, "Were you in the service before?"

"No."

"Where did you learn that?"

"Out of my manual."

They called me into the office and said, "You did a good job out there. How about we make you a PFC?"

(Continued on Page 38)

"I GUESS I'M GONNA MAKE IT

(Continued from Page 37)

I was only in there three months and they made me a PFC! Then I got to be permanent corporal. And I was still carpenter for A Battery. C Battery had a carpenter who was a Swede who talked broken English. They were making him paint the banister outside the barracks and he said to the sergeant, "Can you make me a sign that says "Vet Paint?"

That's the way the sergeant made the sign, "Vet Paint!" We had a good time over that!

Then I got to be platoon sergeant and was training recruits. We even trained ROTC officers on the 90mms. When the camp broke up, they sent me to Camp Shelby, Mississippi. When I got there they wanted to make me a gun sergeant. I said, "You've got men on there already that are qualified for it. I don't want to take somebody else's job."

The lieutenant asked, "What do you know about the guns?"

"I worked with 90mm guns."

"Let's go down to the gun section."

We went down there and he showed me the guns. "Do you know the nomenclature of that gun?"

The first thing I did was kick the tire. I said, "That's a tire."

He looked down and he grinned, I started naming different parts of the gun, described the recoil, explained when to check it for oil.

One day I went to the first sergeant and I said, "My brother's home on furlough. Can I get a furlough?"

"All I can give you is a ten-day pass."

So I came home and met my brother. When I went back, they took my buck sergeant rating away and made me a T-4 with the same pay. I became an artillery mechanic, and remained that until I went overseas. I was supposed to go to artillery school, but the lieutenant said, "I already saw that you know enough about the guns. You don't have to go."

At first we trained as a provisional platoon in Texas. We trained on the beach at Galveston without ammunition. That's when we got the news about Pearl Harbor. I said to myself, "Holy heck! I'll never get outta this Army now! Then they brought in live ammunition to us to practice with. We were expecting the Germans or Japs to attack us! Some of the guys cried. A couple of fellas committed suicide on the firing range. One fella in my platoon hung himself from the second story coming down the steps. I guess it was a combination of heavy training and homesickness. They must have hated where they were.

We would go through infiltration courses. There was barbed-wire and fox holes. I led the recruits through there. We crawled through, with our rifles, while they fired live ammunition and played explosions and gunfire over a loudspeaker. One guy raised himself up a little bit and got wounded. Every so often a real dynamite blast would go off during an infiltration course.

One guy climbed into a hole and there was a rattle snake in there. He got out of there in a hurry, but he was lucky he didn't get hit by the firing when he jumped outta there! He didn't get bit either!

When I went to Camp Shelby, they wanted to send me through the infiltration course. I told the captain, "I trained recruits every three months. I've already been through it." They agreed, and I didn't have to go through it again.

At Camp Shelby we got on boats out on these lagoons on the edge of the Gulf of Mexico. They put these rope ladders on the boats and made you climb up. That was pretty rough. We had guys bouncing back and forth against the boats and guys falling off. They were training us to go on the boat and off the boat for invasion or in case of abandon ship. We got chemical training too. We had to go into a gas chamber with a gas mask, and they let loose tear gas. They put a piece of mustard gas on my hand. It took a long time for it to heal up. That was just to let us know what it would feel like in case we came across it.

During maneuvers we camped in these little pup tents. This one guy bugged me all the time. I was sleeping on one side of the pup tent in what was called a shelter-half. I had half a pup tent and he had a half. It was raining like hell. This guy started bugging me, so I rubbed his side of the pup tent and all this water came down on him. After that we was all right.

When Italy joined up with Hitler the captain called me in and said, "Sergeant, what do you think of the Italians going in with the Germans?"

"Captain, I'm fighting for the United States. Whoever I have to fight against, that's who I'll fight."

"That's the best answer I've gotten yet."

That's the way I felt. When I lived in this mining town, the Italians lived in one area, the English people in another area and the Polish in yet another area. Then we had a few blacks there, but they lived in one area too. We got along with all of them, but the roughest people were the English. They were bosses in the mines and all that stuff. When we went overseas, it didn't make any difference. My friends were Protestants or Presbyterians. We mixed in the service. Especially overseas. Except the Army was segregated. Blacks had their own units. At Camp Wallace, Texas we had a battalion of blacks. A bunch of us was going for a walk through the camp and we said, "Let's go into the colored PX."

We walked in there and these blacks didn't know what to say. We went up to the bar and ordered a beer. They didn't know if they should give it to us or not. This one black sergeant comes up to me and said, "You guys ain't allowed in here. You know that."

"Why?"

"Because the whites don't like the blacks."

(Continued on Page 39)

"I GUESS I'M GONNA MAKE IT

(Continued from Page 38)

"I'm gonna tell you something, sergeant. Where I came from, we had blacks in our town. I went to school with the blacks, we got along. There was no problem."

"Well, before you guys get into trouble, I wish you would leave, for your own good."

A couple days later we had chemical warfare training and our captain told me, "Sergeant you ride in the jeep with this gas canister of tear gas. I want you to ride up to that column of niggers. I want you to pull this pin and hold that out and see how many of those guys put gas masks on and run."

The black troops were singing while they were marching. Some of them carried their rifles over their shoulders or by the sling like they were carrying a suit case. I hated to do it but the captain was watching. He said, "Okay, sergeant! Do it!"

So I did it. Boy, they scrambled. Some of them tried to put the gas masks on, some of them ran away. I hated to do it! Then this black sergeant recognized me later, at military parade. He shook his finger at me. I asked, "What's the matter, sergeant?"

"You pulled that gas raid on us."

"Yeah, I was ordered to. I couldn't help it."

"I know. I know."

That's all the further it went.

We had one kid in basic training. He was a trouble-maker, but I liked the kid. He went AWOL one day. When he came back, the first sergeant said, "Take a pick and shovel, take that kid up to the other side of the parade ground, and make him dig a six-by-six hole!"

I helped him dig the hole. We got done and I went to the first sergeant and said, "The kid dug that hole. What do you want me to do now?"

He gave me a box of matches and said, "I want you to light a match and throw it in that hole and tell that kid to cover it up."

That's how rotten that first sergeant was. That kid filled that hole, but he never forgot me. When he got shipped out, he used to write me a note every now and then, thanking me for the training I gave him. He became an officer.

In basic training the officers were tough, but at Camp Shelby we had a General Bolte, who had been in North Africa. They sent him back to train our division. He was tough. We were out on maneuvers three to four days out of the week. He would ride a horse, him and his aid, and they would come and visit all the outfits. One day he came in there on his horse and one of the guys in my outfit shouted, "High-Ho, Silver!"

Bolte never found out who it was. Bolte trained us hard, but it served us well when we went overseas. Everyone knew what he was doing.

We thought we were going to go to the Pacific. We were worried about the Japanese more than anything else. We thought that we'd stand a better chance in Europe. It wasn't until we headed east and to Camp

Kilmer that we knew we were going to Europe. We went over on the USS Lejeune. The boat had 6,000 of us on it. There were also 2,000 Navy men and 600 Marines. The Marines were supposed to keep us from getting into fights with the Navy!

The weather was good going over. We were in an eighty-ship convoy. It took twelve days to cross. They had one ship with nurses and WACS on it and the Germans were in the area, the U-boats, so they put us on the outside and the women in the center of the convoy. The Navy destroyers were out there dropping depth charges around us. We had these life vests that had three gas cylinders each. You had to activate these in order to inflate the vests. When we landed in England we said, "Let's see if these things really work? Mine didn't! A lot of them didn't!"

We docked in Southampton, England on 12 December 1944. We stayed at Berkshire Barracks in Reading, until right after Christmas. We invited the kids from Reading, and shared what we had with them, sang Christmas songs. Then we boarded LSTs and left for France. We thought that we were going in to relieve the guys from the Bulge, but it was pretty much over by the time we got there. We went past Malmedy. They were sweeping the snow off the bodies and picking them up. They were the first dead we saw. As we went up this muddy road, we saw more bodies wrapped up in blankets. We knew they were GIs.

We relieved the 99th Infantry Division. They took their artillery out of their positions and we put ours in. It was snowy and cold. Mud clear up to your knees! We got a firing mission. My battery fired the first round of our division. We pulled the guns with a six-by-six truck. I drove what was called a weapons carrier, a four-wheel-drive truck that had a .50 caliber machine-gun on it. It was me, the lieutenant, the radio operator and another guy who helped the lieutenant set up the gun position. Sometimes we traveled in the day, sometimes at night. One night we were blacked out because there was still danger of the Germans attacking us from the air. The captain was in a jeep ahead of us and my lieutenant had a luminous watch on. He got out and walked out in front of the truck and that was the only way we could keep on the road that night! I had to follow the light in his watch!

We usually knew what we were firing at. Whenever a position was taken, they told us to cease fire and we wouldn't fire for a long time. If there wasn't another target to fire on then we had to load up and move closer to the front. We saw the towns we destroyed. At Eilenburg, the Germans just wouldn't give up. Our officer told us we weren't going to lose any more ground troops. We fired 15,000 rounds of artillery and leveled that town. The infantry went in, and there wasn't much left for them to do. Near Eilenburg, there was a wrecked German airplane. I saw a glove next to the plane. I picked it up and there was still a hand in it! I threw it away and got out of there.

One time at night I was on watch with this corporal. We heard something coming up close to us. He said, "Someone's coming."

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"I GUESS I'M GONNA MAKE IT

(Continued from Page 39)

"I didn't hear anything."

So we listened again. We both heard it. We hollered, "Halt!" Three times like we generally do.

I fired three rounds from my hip with my carbine. I heard something flop and the next morning we went out to have a look. We thought it was a German, but it was a horse. I thought I had killed somebody!

Once I took a prisoner. I went up into a hayloft. When I got up there this fourteen-year-old kid threw his hands up and said, "I surrender!" He had hand grenades stuck in his belt and he had a rifle. He could have shot me as I came up. We took him with us, fed him, and finally turned him over to headquarters. We had one kid who could speak a little German and he spoke to him. He didn't say too much. We saw a lot of older men taken prisoner. They gave up easily, but the Nazis and SS were strong-hearted. They wouldn't give up. There were two SS men we took prisoner. They were dressed in civilian clothes. They said they left their uniforms under a woodpile. We made them put them back on. Most of the guys we took prisoner were glad to be out of it. A lot of them said that we were fighting the wrong people, that we should have been helping them fight the Russians. We didn't know what to think of that. The Russians were our Allies.

We probably took what little food the German civilians had. We took souvenirs, too. I took a Luger off a German observer who was in a church steeple. We fired a machine-gun into this church steeple, and then me and this lieutenant went up and I told the lieutenant, "You have your Luger, but you can take the wrist watch off the guy and I'll take the Luger." That's what we did. There was a German colonel and a sergeant. They gave up really quickly. When we fired the machine-gun into the church steeple, we thought we killed them. It didn't feel right shooting at a church, but we had to do it.

When we met the Russians they had accordions and they started singing and dancing and passing the bottle around. That was the first and last time I drank vodka. It made me sick! Another time we were taking a load of GIs to a movie. We were going to take a short cut and the Russians stopped us, wouldn't let us go through. They had submachine-guns. So we had to turn around and go the long way to see the movie. They acted like they were superior to us. They were cocky.

When we heard the Germans surrendered, we had two men from our outfit go into this church and ring the bell. The local preacher said that was the first time that bell was rung since the war started. There was an officers' camp in this town. Some of the guys donned German uniforms and we took these instruments and formed a band. Hardly anyone knew how to play anything but we made a lot of noise. We had a ball. We were goose-stepping. I could play the clarinet and another guy from Ohio could too, and a couple guys played the sax. Some guys found wine and whiskey cellars. We drank, played and danced.

When the outfit broke up, I got shipped to the 29th Division and was sent to Camp Lucky Strike. We were waiting for the first ship to go to Japan. Luckily we weren't put on that ship. We dropped the Bomb on Japan.

Coming home felt real good. One of the guys from our outfit spotted some of his family at the train station, but he wasn't allowed to get off. He opened up the window and hollered out.

I got discharged December 7, 1945. I went to Pittsburgh, but it was so late at night there was no way I could come home. I slept at the YMCA and the next morning hopped a bus home. My family didn't know I was coming. When I got off the bus there, an automobile salesman I worked for part-time before the war, was at the station. He had been a pilot in World War I. He come rushing to me and said, "Rico, do you have two dollars?"

"Why?"

"You're joining the American Legion right now!"

And I've belonged to the American Legion ever since.

I was walking up the street with my barracks bag over my shoulder and one of the fellas who had come home sooner came out, grabbed my barracks bag and carried it for me. The town dentist came out and he took pictures of me walking up the street. When I got to the house, my mom and dad came out and we hugged each other. That evening I got my dad's car and went up to see my girlfriend! My dad lived down by the railroad. I was coming home about eleven-thirty from seeing my girl and there was an oncoming train. They used to put what we called torpedoes on the tracks, dynamite caps, to warn a train to be careful of another train ahead. They went off. I stopped the car, jumped out, and laid flat along the road side. I thought for a minute that I was over there again!

My dad came home from work one day and said, "The superintendent wants to see you, you've got a job."

So I went to work at the coal mines with my dad. I stayed there for forty-five years.

I never thought about being killed or wounded when I was over there. Now, when I see some of the vets who were wounded in our wars, I think about whether I would rather have been killed or wounded. Not too long ago my American Legion post sponsored a dinner for the disabled veterans of Aspinwall Hospital. We had thirty veterans come up, from World War II, Korea and Vietnam. There were nine of us. We helped them with their wheelchairs. We asked them what outfits they were with and that brought back memories. Out of thirty people we had there, twenty were in wheelchairs. I couldn't have lived that way.

They don't teach this stuff in schools, and that makes me mad! I was at a gas station one day, and they were advertising the fiftieth anniversary of the war on television. We asked some of these young fellas who came in, "What do you think of that battle of Normandy." They said, "I seen that. That's just a movie." A lot of them don't believe it! They think it's a movie!

With Co. I, 273d Regiment

Written By: **Robert L. Muckel**

Company I, 273rd Infantry, 1st Squad, 3rd Platoon
655 South Chiques Road
Manheim, Pennsylvania 17545-9156

Tent City

After crossing the English Channel, and landing at LeHarve France, we then walked through part of the town. Coming to a big field, we were ordered to dig ourselves a slit trench in the ground in which to sleep during the night, as it was now dark, and getting late in the evening. The hole I dug was about six feet long, two feet wide, and a little over two feet deep. I had on my long woolen underwear, my brown dress uniform, and my long heavy wool overcoat. I unrolled my sleeping bag, and laid it in the bottom of the trench, still wearing my steel helmet with the wool knit cap under it. I got down into the bag and pulled the zipper up to my neck. I soon fell asleep. I don't think I slept very long, because I woke up shivering.

It felt like I was freezing. I reached up and started pulling handfuls of dirt down over me. I had my whole body covered with a layer of dirt several inches thick. This seemed to do the trick. I was now warm and comfy and soon fell back to sleep. But not for very long. I was awakened by someone shaking me, and saying in a low voice, "Muckel, wake up. You are on guard duty."

The next day, we arrived at a place called Tent City. It was a large collection of Canvas Tents, each one holding about twelve soldiers. They were located in a big French National Forest. Here we would spend a day, or two ... man talk about mud! Inside the tents the floor was nothing but mud about six inches deep. But one good thing about it was we had wood and canvas cots to sleep on. But there was no heat anywhere. No fire to keep warm in the freezing weather. We looked around for firewood. There was none. We then looked at the trees. But our sergeant warned us, for every tree we cut down, we would pay the French Government sixty dollars. Well there goes that idea. The men begin to grumble amongst themselves. I had gone into my tent to lie down for a while to try and get warm, when I heard a lot of noise, and talking outside. Looking out the tent door, I saw a big bonfire. Going outside I wondered where they had found the firewood. Looking at the blazing fire, I had my answer. They were burning all of the extra wood cots (Plus some that weren't extra). I stepped right up there, with the rest of them, and enjoyed the heat.

The New Rifles

After leaving Tent City, we walked a while, and stopped close to a wooded area. Here we were lined up in formation. A sergeant stepped out in front of us, and called out, "All men with new rifles, please step forward." We had all brought our rifles over with us on the boat, the whole way from the states. Most of the

men had used ones. Some of them, like me, had new ones. When they said step forward, I wondered what it was all about? First we were ordered to put all of our new rifles in stacks. Then we reformed into two files, and walked a short distance further. We stopped at a small clearing in the woods. Here before us, lying on the muddy ground, was a pile of used rifles. They were all a mess. All dirty, some rusty, some broken and covered with the dried blood of their former owners. I thought to myself, "All of the men who carried these rifles, are now dead, or somewhere in a hospital." I wondered, how many times have these rifles changed hands so far? We were told to pick out a serviceable rifle and clean it. We were like a bunch of scavengers in a junk yard. Everybody climbing around the pile, trying to find a half decent rifle.

Well, after finding the best ones, we took them back and cleaned them up the best we could. Then we were all taken to a rifle range on top of a hill, and zeroed them in.

Forty and Eight

After cleaning, and zeroing in our rifles, we were sent to a railway yard. Here we were put on board small box cars. They were called, forty and eights which meant each box car could carry, either forty men or eight horses. The cars all had their floors covered with about six inches of straw. Well with just close to forty men and their equipment in a car, it made it pretty crowded. Shortly after we climbed in, the train began moving. As we slowly pulled away from the train station, a small group of young French boys suddenly appeared as if out of nowhere. They came running alongside the big open doors of the cars. They all carried arm fulls of glass bottles. They kept waving the bottles at us, and yelling, "Hey Yank, you want to buy French whiskey real cheap?" I forget what the price was. But it seemed like a bargain at the time. So a lot of us bought some, paying them, in French script.

As the train increased its speed, the group of children soon faded from sight. We could hardly wait to open our bottles and get a good shot of whiskey. I opened mine, and took a good swig. Heck, this isn't whiskey; it's apple cider. We all looked at one another with a surprised look on our faces. Those little brats, they really pulled one over on us. It seemed you couldn't even trust the kids.

Givet, France

Our train, began slowing down, as we entered the town of Givet, France. Here we stopped, unloaded from the boxcars and were led to a big, empty building, constructed of concrete. It looked like an old factory of some kind. On entering the place, we found it unheated with a cement floor and a ceiling about forty feet above us. Most of the big windows had quite a few glass panes missing. The place appeared to be one gigantic room. Over in one corner was a big pile of straw. Each

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WITH COMPANY I, 273rd REGIMENT

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one of us was given a white mattress bag, and told to fill it with the straw, then find a place on the floor to lay it. This was to be our bed while we are here.

Later on, our sergeant informed us that we were now in a Replacement Center. In plain words, we were new cannon fodder. As the soldiers on the front line are killed or wounded, we will be sent up to replace them (and so the cycle goes on and on). Lining up in two files, we followed our sergeant for a short distance. We came to a small stream, frozen over with thick ice. Pointing down at it, he said, "If you men want water to wash and shave with, just break the ice and fill your steel helmets with water. If you want hot water, just build a small fire, and heat it." After filling our helmets with the cold water and carrying them back to the factory, we were taken to what was once the employee washroom, which was a long, narrow hallway with wash bowls and small mirrors alongside the one wall. No running water, of course. Just what we carried from the stream. I listened to some of the men, as they talked. I learned that some of them were old veterans who had been over here for a while. Just recently they had been in the hospital. On recovering from their wounds, they were sent here to be returned to the front lines again. Some of them had been wounded two and three times. The army will keep sending them back up to the front, until they are either killed, or wounded so bad, that they can no longer function as a soldier or the war ends.

After returning from the wash room, I found it was getting close to chow time. Still having some time to kill, I went outside to nosy around a little. The cooks had their big kettle on wheels filled with hot water, and boiling away, parked alongside the building's wall. We would use this to wash our mess kits in after we had finished eating. On the other side of the doorway were several large metal garbage cans. Each one was labeled with large printed letters, stating what it was to be used for. One said bones, another said vegetables, one said coffee, etc. I thought to myself, "This doesn't make sense to me. Why label each can? Garbage is garbage." While standing there thinking about this, I was soon to find the answer to my question.

Coming up the road were a few French civilians. They were all carrying small cans with wire handles. Most of them had two and three cans. I took a close look at the approaching civilians. The group was composed mostly of elderly people and the young. They stopped about twenty feet away from me. Here they stood quietly, not moving, just staring at the line of garbage cans and the big open doorway of our building. They were a pathetic looking bunch. With it being winter time, the weather was bitterly cold outside and none of them appeared to be dressed warmly. Their clothing seemed well worn, even ragged. My attention was drawn particularly, to a couple, a real thin old lady bent over with age, and a little girl, about three

years old. The woman was holding several cans in her right hand and her left hand was tightly holding the right hand of the little girl, who in turn, was holding a small can with her other hand. In place of shoes, they wore rags wrapped around their feet. Their faces seemed devoid of any emotions. Just a blank stare.

They stood their shivering from the cold, waiting. Inside I heard the call, Chow Time, and I left the scene to eat my dinner. Later, after eating, I came back outside to dispose of my leftovers, and wash my mess gear. Here I found the civilians all leaning over the garbage cans and reaching down inside them, with their bare hands, scooping up the garbage, and filling their little cans. Now I knew the reason for labeling the cans. Our cooks, were trying to help the people a little by preventing us from mixing all of our left overs together in one can and creating a big slushy mess. This way at least, they could discern the different foods and keep it separated. As I watched those poor souls looking for food in the garbage cans, I thought, "How can I help them?" But I had nothing to give them. Some of the other soldiers who were getting ready to eat, had just become aware of the situation, and were so upset, they could not eat their food. Instead, they brought it outside and gave it to the civilians. Looking at them and knowing there was nothing I could do, was frustrating. I felt helpless.

As the old lady and small girl started to leave and return home, I noticed that she began to stagger a little, as though she might fall to the ground. I rushed over to her, and making motions with my arms and hands, tried to tell her that I would walk home with them, and also carry the can for them. The little old lady seemed to understand because she looked up at me and smiled and nodded her head like she understood and agreed. I then took all of the cans and walked home with them.

On arriving at their house, she invited me inside. There was no heat in the home and the furnishings were sparse, but very clean and neat. These two must have lived here by themselves. I assumed that they were grandmother and granddaughter. But where were the little girls parents? I know now, that in war, the soldiers are not the only ones to suffer; everybody suffers. As I turned to leave I took a last look at the old lady. As she looked at me, her face seemed to change. It was lit up with such a beautiful smile of appreciation, you would think I had just given them a truck load of food. I thought to myself, this small act of kindness must have meant so much to her. As long as I live I shall never forget this little old lady, and little girl.

Harjo, the Indian

Paul Shadle is looking for any information on Harjo, the Indian. If anyone has any info on him, please write to Paul at the address below:

Paul Shadle
1504 Greensburg Road
New Kensington, PA 15068

History of the 880th Field Artillery Battalion

Written by: **Leonard Nathan**

*Reporter on the Omaha, Nebraska World Herald
newspaper before being drafted into the U.S. Army*

Submitted By: **Stanley W. Bratt**

*Headquarters Battery, 880th Field Artillery Battalion
3607 Countryside Lane, Glenview, Illinois 60025-3721
Telephone: 708/724-5733*

Month of December 1944

On Thursday, 30 November 1944, about 1700, the first batteries of the 880th Field Artillery Battalion loaded on trains drawn up at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, siding and thus began the last phase of the outfit's journey by land. The men were burdened by full field equipment, roll-packs, harness, intrenching tools, steel helmets, duffel bags, and weapons. The journey was made through the early night and little of the countryside was visible from the car windows. Some effort was made to identify the towns, but the darkness made that almost impossible. The trip itself was uneventful. Sandwiches had been brought along and were served as supper. Most of the two-hour trip was spent in singing.

At Jersey City the men got off the train and formed into ranks on the platform. There they boarded a ferry that took them down the North River to Staten Island. The outline of Manhattan was visible for the last time. The ferry passed the busy traffic of the Harbor and occasionally rode a low swell, to initiate many to the mischief of the sea. After about an hour's trip, Pier 10 in Staten Island was reached. The unloading procedure was slow as several other outfits moved off onto the pier before the 880th. Again the men were lined up on the pier and while they waited, refreshments were served by the Red Cross. Music was provided by a negro military band.

In the darkness it was impossible to see much of the ship, but an obliging sailor informed that it was the "LeJeune," a naval transport named for the distinguished Marine General. The history of the "LeJeune" was a trifle more exciting than most transports since it had been a Prize of War. Originally called the "Windhau" (or Windhoc), it had once been a luxury liner of the German-African line. Stripped of basic wartime necessities, little was left to indicate the original proud purpose. Cloaked in the secrecy of war, the full story of the ship was difficult to procure. Members of the crew were eager to volunteer information, but unfortunately their stories were usually at variance with each other. One tale had the "Windhau" a supply ship of the ill-fated pocket-battleship, "Graf Spee." At the time the "Graf Spee" was scuttled in South American waters, the "Windhau" was supposed to

have sought sanctuary in a nearby port. Among the supply functions, according to the sailors, was the transporting of women for the pleasure of the sailors.

A more likely tale was that the ship was caught in a Brazilian harbor at the opening of hostilities and remained there until Brazil became a member of the United Nations. When Brazil took the ship over, they found the Germans had effectively sabotaged the machinery, pouring concrete into the ship's vitals. Only the hull was of any value. This was sold to the United States for three million dollars and was completely refitted for transport use. Besides carrying troops overseas, it brought back prisoners and wounded.

The ship looked very much like any troop transport. The hull had been painted a battle grey to blend with the sea. The luxurious fittings had long before been removed and now the salons and staterooms were taken up by four-tiered canvas bunks. Every inch of available space was utilized. Armament bristled on all decks. The doors were fixed to work like those of a refrigerator except that when they were open, the light in the compartment went out.

Part of the 880th was in a large compartment by itself off the main deck. A small group shared the neighboring compartment with Division Engineers, while the remainder were below deck. Assignment was made to bunks by **Captain Leybourne** who had preceded the battalion to the port. Effort was made to place weapons, gas masks, duffel bags, musette bags, and harness in such a manner as to still leave room for sleeping.

Mid-morning of December 1 1944, in bright crisp weather, the ship edged from Pier 10 and slowly moved into New York Bay. The men lined the rails to watch the intricate movements as the ship cautiously picked its way through the harbor defenses. Other ships were following the "LeJeune" and some had proceeded. Outside the New York Harbor a convoy was formed and the mass of about forty ships started eastward. Two days out additional ships from Boston were joined to the convoy. Destroyer escorts were placed at strategic spots to guard the valuable cargo. The "LeJeune" was in the middle of the convoy at the very front. Its position was determined to protect it against attack. In the event submarines threatened the convoy, the speed of the "LeJeune" would have permitted it to break loose and out-distance undersea craft.

The first few days out were chilly, but the sea was relatively calm. The men began learning nautical terms and were becoming accustomed to their new and strange surroundings. Walls became bulkheads, latrines were referred to as "heads." "The Smoking Lamp is Lit" and "The Smoking Lamp is Out" became a source of irritation and amusement. Favorite was "Sweepers, man your brooms and sweep down clean both fore and aft."

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HISTORY OF THE 880th FIELD ARTILLERY

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A few days out the sea began to roughen up and for a period the mess line was noticeably shorter and many of those that braved the unsteady decks and sickening fumes of the kitchen wished they had remained in their bunks. One night toward the end of the journey the sea became so choppy the men had difficulty keeping in their berths. But the larger part of the trip, the sea was calm and the days surprisingly warm.

The habits of the day were peculiarly changed. Only two meals per day were eaten, unless a man was on detail. But for the most the two meals sufficed. An attempt was made to have a few hours of the morning devoted to training, but the inadequate space not only made this difficult, but in some instances hazardous. Orientation classes attempted to acquaint the men with the European countries they would probably visit. There were a few of the inevitable details - washing bulkheads, daily cleaning of the latrine, occasional K.P. Officers rotated guard duty in the compartments in which the batteries had men. The long period between meals was spent in reading, cards, crap-shooting or just lolling in bunks. Cartons of cigarettes were handed out gratis one day and on another Red Cross bags, filled with soap, books, cards, and other items were distributed. Stacks of mystery books were passed out and barter in reading material became one of the stock occupations of the ship. Some entertainment was provided, boxing matches took place every afternoon and a ship's news was issued. But the principal pastime was standing on deck and watching the sea, counting the ships in the convoy and keeping a look-out for sight of land.

Forty-eight hours after departure, the loud-speaker system announced the ship's destination as "Southampton." A cheer went up although some expressed disappointment they were not going directly to France. The destination was subject to change.

The only untoward incident was the report of a submarine in close vicinity - just before reaching British waters. Reports had been circulating by the sailors that submarine activity was on the increase and that a convoy about two hundred miles behind had actually been attacked. The first announcement of danger to the "LeJeune" was a series of detonations in rapid succession. Men and officers crowded the decks and strained eyes for indication of enemy activity while the crew rushed to their battle stations. The Destroyer Escorts began a series of maneuvers and temporarily disappeared from view. There also appeared to be some re-arranging of the convoy. Several more depth charges were dropped. The usual rumors flew thick and fast and the sailors later added to the general confusion by bringing lurid stories of their own concoction. Submarines were again reported just before the ship entered the English channel.

The crew was always a good source of rumor, information, and PX supplies. The naval PX was much better stocked than the army one and the sailors were usually quite willing to be accommodating.

As the convoy neared the coast of England several ships took off and formed a separate convoy to head for the west English ports.

The morning of 12 December, the English coast was sighted and the passage of many small ships indicated port was near. The ship was scheduled to reach Southampton by 1130. Slowly the ship made its way up the long busy reaches of the Southampton waters. The men crowded the decks again, this time to watch the activity of the harbor and to whistle at the girls working on the small craft. A large Canadian liner in the convoy was given precedence in the matter of harbor facilities and the "LeJeune" tied out in the harbor until late in the afternoon. About 3:00 o'clock, under a graying sky, the ship again started toward the docks and was finally edged into berth. A band was waiting on the dock and played familiar American and British tunes. Later British army officials welcomed **General Reinhardt**, **General Maraist**, and the men of the 69th Division to England.

Information was passed out that the 880th was going to a place in the vicinity of Reading and the maps were searched to locate that city.

Decision had been made that the majority of the men would stay aboard the ship until morning. As long as they were permitted, they remained on deck, shouting encouragement to the tiny English trains that worked along the harbor and whistling to what girls they saw. From the ship they could see blocks of buildings laid in ruins by The Blitz and one of the piers showed the effects of a recent V-bomb hit. With dusk, word was passed on for all to retire to their bunks and make preparations for disembarking in the morning.

England

After spending the night in Southampton harbor, the men of the 880th were awakened at 3:00 o'clock in the morning and by 4:00 o'clock had, for the last time, gone through the ship's chow-line. The troops of the "LeJeune," with the 880th in the lead, began filing off in the dark hours of the morning of 13 December. In the large shed they awaited the special train that would carry them to their temporary station in England. Coffee and doughnuts were served by a mobile unit of the American Red Cross and for the first time in almost two weeks the men had the opportunity to exchange wisecracks with girls, and these were American girls. The unit left Southampton about 0830, passing through southern England in a fog that seldom lifted. Blackout precautions were carefully practiced on the train although by the time the unit left England, such practice was no longer in effect. Glimpses of the English countryside were rare, but at every station the men crowded the windows to wave at the English lassies.

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HISTORY OF THE 880th FIELD ARTILLERY

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About noon the train pulled into the Reading station. Trucks were on hand to take the men to their destination and they were whisked through the streets of the town, streets that looked like English streets were supposed to look. The trucks pulled through a great gate, up a drive and stopped before a large red brick building. As the men dismounted they looked about them in complete bewilderment, and speculation began as to the quarters - school, monastery, or even barracks.

Soon enough they learned this was Brock Barracks which normally housed territorial troops - the Royal Berkshire Regiment, Princess Charlotte of Wales Own. Entrance was through a formidable-looking gate similar in architecture to the national guard armories prominent in American cities. The driveway curved before a Cenotaph memorializing the many Royal Berkshire dead of World War I. Banners on the memorial recounted the many battles in which the Regiment had distinguished itself - conquest of Canada, the Indian mutiny, the Napoleonic campaigns, the Crimean war, the Boer War and others.

The enclosure that made up the barracks was singularly interesting. The buildings were a neat red brick topped by chimney pots. Administrative Headquarters was surrounded by an attractively-trimmed hedge. At one end of the area was a large parade ground on two sides of which Nissen huts had been erected. A row of small two-story buildings along one side of the parade was allotted to officers. In normal times the barracks probably presented a neat, cared-for appearance, but the various American units had trod rough-shod over the place with guns and vehicles, much to the discomfiture of the British commander who was always politely protesting some new act of unconscious vandalism. The war years had reduced repair work to a minimum so that much need for improvement of the premises was evident.

For their quarters the men of the 880th were allotted a schoolhouse in the barracks enclosure, a few Nissen huts, and a large two-story brick barracks called "Anson," memorializing one of the battles in which the Royal Berkshires had participated. The interior of the barracks was quite dreary and the first day the men were cold and damp. At first they looked with astonishment and disbelief at the rickety beds and straw pallets, but soon enough their good humor and initiative returned and they sought means of making themselves comfortable. A little scouting around procured stoves. Some courageously faced the challenge of impossible intricate English fireplaces. A few obstacles were not overcome. English plumbing proved a bitter experience. Showers had to be taken in the gymnasium rather than in the elaborate shower room just outside the barracks. The English weather always remained a subject of painful conversation.

Black-out curtains had to be watches, although the Black-out was giving way to the dim-out. During the stay at Brock there was one air alert and one V-bomb that landed in close vicinity to Reading. Every day, however, the men saw the great air armadas assemble over the junction of the Kennet and Thames Rivers before taking off on missions over Germany.

Only a few days before the arrival of the 880th, elements of the 101st Airborne Division had left the barracks for France where in less than two weeks time they had distinguished themselves at Bastogne as they had distinguished themselves at Arnhem. The courage of the airborne troops had won the admiration of the people of Reading and this was probably one reason for the warm welcome the 69th received in the city.

Originally the men ate in a mess hall quite a distance from their quarters, but within a few days different mess arrangements were made and it was no longer necessary to slosh through mud and black-out to breakfast and supper. Headquarters, A and C Batteries, in addition to Div Arty Headquarters Battery, ate together in a large mess hall immediately in back of the barracks. "B" and Service Batteries ate in the main corridor of the school-house they occupied.

During the stay at Brock, the Cannon Company of the 272nd Infantry Regiment was attached to the 880th for additional training. Artillery procedure was taught this unit by Staff and Battery officers.

Christmas was quietly observed. The Division band played a concert during Christmas dinner. The men of the battalion voted to contribute their candy ration to the English children of the neighborhood.

The period in Reading was to be devoted to the Division's equipping itself for continental combat. For some reason this process was slower than anticipated and the original departure date was postponed from 2 January to 21 January 1945. Guns soon arrived and were parked along the drill field, again much to the uneasiness of the British Major.

The location of the Barracks in a town was extremely pleasant for the men. The population of Reading had been increased sixfold by the evacuation of women from London. A generous pass policy permitted visits to sights of interest nearby. Transportation was furnished for those interested in seeing the University city of Oxford, a short distance north of Reading. Sleeping accommodations were arranged in London. Others of the men visited friends in nearby camps or saw relatives. Reading itself was always hospitable and groups of local girls and ATS girls came to dances held several times a week in the gymnasium. Rainbow Corners became the London rendezvous of the unit and acquaintance was made with the famed Picadilly Commandos. During the stay in England the men saw the country emerge from total darkness to a rather light dim-out.

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HISTORY OF THE 880th FIELD ARTILLERY

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A regular training schedule was followed and one Service Practice took place near New Zealand farms. It was a cold, raw night to drive a long distance and sleep in the open. Several reviews were held on the Brock parade.

The period in Reading coincided with an outburst of strained Anglo-American relations. Nevertheless, a cordiality existed between the people and the men of the Division. After the departure from Reading, toasts were drunk in local pubs to the Division's success and the large amount of British mail attested to the relations between the town and the soldiers.

The end of 1944 saw the men on pass until 11:00 o'clock. The New Year was greeted from the cold, foggy enclosure of Brock.

Month of January, 1945

The first weeks of January continued in much the same vein as the final weeks of December. The Battalion remained at Brock waiting for orders to leave for the continent. These came and the movement from Brock Barracks for France started in the early hours of 21 January 1945. At 0445, the last vehicle in the convoy passed through the gate and the new guard called out in American accent the familiar, "Cheerio." The convoy proceeded in the brisk morning through picturesque English countryside, passing through the towns of Stockbridge, Salisbury, Dorchester to Weymouth. No untoward incident marred the journey and except for the penetrating cold, it was a pleasant enough trip. Just before reaching its destination the convoy stopped to take on the gas necessary for its trip through France.

Outside Weymouth, the convoy came to the Marshalling yard where halt was made at 1500 for the night. The vehicles were lined up in the order they would go on the Landing Craft and the men took their bed-rolls to a city of pyramidal tents where they were to be quartered for the night. An unvarying diet of C rations was served for all three meals eaten here. Despite the damp cold, some of the men took advantage of the shower provided.

At 0700 22 January, the convoy moved from the Marshalling yard to Portland where halt was made along a desolate stretch of stoney beach. Life preservers were distributed for the trip across the channel. American Red Cross girls in a tin shanty on the beach served coffee and doughnuts to the men.

By 0930 the vehicles had been driven up steep ramps onto the two LSTs provided for the transport of the battalion, and had been lashed to the decks. Men on the tank deck were to sleep in their vehicles while those on the upper deck were assigned bunks. As soon as the LSTs were loaded they pulled away from the docks to await what was known as the "4:00 o'clock

convoy" in the harbor. At 1600 the LSTs left the harbor at Portland and all during the evening hugged the coast of England. The previous trip to France these very boats had been threatened by submarines waiting in the channel.

The crossing was made at night. Despite the record gales of the previous few days, the channel was unusually smooth and not until the early hours of the morning did the weather become unpleasant in any way. Guard was divided among the men in the various vehicles and those who did not want to stay on deck could go to their bunks or wash or shower. Meals were served by the navy and eaten right on the deck.

At 0400 23 January 1945, the LSTs anchored at the mouth of the Seine estuary. Snow had started to fall and the weather was becoming increasingly cold. Among the ships anchored at the mouth of the Seine was the familiar "LeJeune" which had brought the 65th Division to France. A story swept the battalion that the "LeJeune" had suffered a hit on its return to the States after having brought the 69th Div Arty over. At dawn the LSTs proceeded into the Harbor of LeHarve, passing by the shambles of the port. Across the gate of the mole was a German sign, first indication of recent enemy occupation. But the condition of the city was itself eloquent testimony to the ferocity of the battle that had taken place. Building after building was nothing but a heap of rubble.

A flag waved on the beach indicating the spot where the landing was to take place and the first LST easily slid onto the sand. Immediately the ramp was lowered, the prow opened, and the vehicles started down the ramp and drove into the street of the battered town to await the forming of the convoy. On both sides was nothing but wreckage. A few French civilians approached to beg cigarettes and chocolate.

As soon as all the vehicles off the first LST had gotten into position, the convoy proceeded under control of MPs to a point a short distance from the city where strip maps were distributed to the drivers. The second serial soon landed and following along the "White Ball" highway in the direction of Forges-les-Eau in the Department of Seine Inferieur. The trip was made along an icy road in the face of a blinding sleet and snow storm. Progress was slow as the windshields kept covering over and obscuring the vision. It was rather late when the destination was reached, the last vehicle arrived at 2310.

Major Peters, accompanied by an NCO from each Battery, had preceded the Battalion and had already arranged for billets. The day the Battalion was due to arrive, the assistant to the major of Lafeuille had approached him and requested that he assist in the handling of two captured Germans. A stalwart French peasant guarded the two with an antiquated weapon. Search indicated that nearly all of the equipment the prisoners possessed was of American make. The Germans were turned over to a passing MP patrol.

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HISTORY OF THE 880th FIELD ARTILLERY

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Headquarters Battery was located in the Chateau LaGrippe in a wooded valley near Nollevall. The place was owned by a resident of Rouen and had previously been used by the Germans as a hospital. A number of Germans had been strafed by U.S. planes during the Battle of France when they tried to escape from the valley. Service Battery received quarters in LaHaye. Battalion supply was in a German "Soldatenheim" similar in outline to a Nissen hut. A German phoenix and swastika had been covered over. The Firing Batteries and Battalion Headquarters were in the town of Lafeuille where also the staff officers were billeted in private homes. The roads connecting the various installations gave ample evidence of recent battles. Many damaged vehicles rusted along the way. Orchards and fields still remained mined. Near LaHaye was a tremendous ammunition dump, and in the forest between LaHaye and Lafeuille was a cage once used to hold allied prisoners. In the churchyard of Lafeuille were two conspicuously-located German graves. Eleven of the villagers had been executed for opposition to the German occupation.

Battalion Headquarters was set up in a stable which had formerly housed troops. Most of the time taken up in this area was in a desperate effort to keep warm. Wood-cutting details were sent out to supplement the meager fuel supply. Snow fell almost every day and record low temperatures were recorded in France and England. No recreational facilities were available in these Norman villages. The local movie house was taken over one night, but otherwise the men were thrown on their own resources.

A training schedule was issued although maintenance of equipment was the principal business at hand since orders for departure were expected momentarily. By the last day of January, the advance party had departed for the new area, which lay in the general vicinity of Sizonne.

Month of February, 1945

At 0700 2 February 1945, Headquarters Battery left the Chateau LaGrippe, following Div Arty Headquarters Battery from Nollevall to LaFeuille where the Battalion formed into convoy and cleared the village at 0730. The day was clear and cold, and the route followed the roads used by the Germans in their hasty withdrawal from France. The shoulders and ditches were littered with damaged vehicles and many of the towns traversed showed the effects of the recent battles. Walls were spattered with machine gun bullets and whole areas were laid low by shell-fire.

The route lay through Gournay, Beauvais, Compiègne, and Soissons, all cities associated with the great battles of the last war. In the region of Soissons, the battalion saw the tremendous ammunition dumps that were supplying the fighting forces. Just before reaching Laon, the road branched off and the convoy approached its new area a few yards outside the village of Marchais on the estate of the Prince

de Monaco. The area was closed at 1500 and the men moved into large squad tents, which had been put up by the Division engineers and the advance party. During its week-long stay near Marchais, the Battalion was under the jurisdiction of the Fifteenth Army, whose commander, Lieutenant-General Gerow one day drove through the area.

One of the highlights of this week was the shuttle-services maintained during a 12-hour period, to take the men to the portable showers, set up in the garrison town of Sizonne.

AMEL

The Battalion left this tent city at 1130 on 9 February 1945 in the direction of the Belgian frontier, ostensibly headed for a combat area. No indication as to the exact destination was given until strip maps issued at 1350 showed Aachen, in Germany, as the ultimate goal. However in the evening this was revised and the convoy turned at Malmedy and proceeded to a village of the province of Malmedy, Amel by name.

The route lay through attractive French countryside and in mid-afternoon, the French customs were crossed and entry made into Belgium. All were impressed by the neatness and cleanliness of the Belgian villages. Vestiges of the war were still visible, but the Belgians in the first districts encountered had cleaned their ruins. The shops looked attractive and the people were especially hospitable, offering wine, coffee, and sandwiches from their meager resources. Late in the afternoon the Meuse was crossed at Dinant, a formidable fortress city which only a few weeks before had been the objective of the Von Rundstedt drive. From Dinant on, the Battalion was in the area of the recent German offensive. Though darkness covered most of the devastation, still it could be seen that the countryside was one vast ruin.

The Battalion closed its new area at 0555, 10 February 1945 in the village of Amel. This area had been German up to 1918 and was given to Belgium by the Treaty of Versailles. When Hitler invaded the lowlands, he incorporated Malmedy and Eupen into the Reich. The people still spoke German, rather than French, as their principal language and the German frontier lay only a few miles away. Rumbblings in the night indicated that the front was not too far distant. The village was pretty well shot up, with most of the houses showing some damage and the roadside thick with the wreckage of German vehicles. The village was rumored to have been von Rundstedt's headquarters and the inhabitants reported that it was an ill-equipped German Army that was supposed to carry on the offensive.

During the four years the village was part of the Reich, bombed-out refugees from the Rhineland were quartered here and when the Germans first evacuated the city they tried to persuade the villagers to leave with them. While the people seemed friendly enough, troops permanently quartered in the city kept warning

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that no matter how ingratiating they appeared, their perfidy had been well-demonstrated during the German winter counter-thrust.

The Battalion, remained in Amel for one day, quartered in several private homes and in an old mill, whose wheels still turned with a strong-flowing stream, although there was no grain to be ground.

During the stay, the staff officers visited the front and conferred with officers of the 371st Field Artillery Battalion of the 99th Infantry Division, which was to be relieved by the battalion.

At 0700, 11 February, the Battalion left Amel and carefully picked its way through mine-sown roads to its positions on the front lines. The villages through which the route lay were pictures of complete devastation. Buildings were shattered into piles of rubble. Dead livestock lay frozen before the torn farm buildings. The melting snow revealed German bodies lying where they had fallen since no Belgian would risk passage through the mine fields to bury the hated enemy. With the thaw and subsequent stench, burial became necessary.

By 0955, the Battalion had closed its new positions in the Monschau forest and was replacing the 371st Field Artillery Battalion battery by battery. The roads into the forest were an axle-deep morass, but all vehicles and guns arrived safely. Between the Artillery positions and the Infantry lines lay two distinct belts of the Siegfried defenses.

The positions occupied were on a hill in a thick pine and spruce forest. Previous artillery units had built comparatively comfortable accommodations although nothing seemed to be much of a protection from the rains and melting snows the first days. Until the arrival of the 69th Div Arty, the Battalion functioned as a unit of the 99th Division, which had recently been re-equipped after a hard experience during the Von Rundstedt breakthrough in the neighborhood of Krinkelt.

At 1050 11 February, "B" Battery fired the first mission and thus the 880th became the first unity of the 69th Division to take the offensive against the German army. It had also been the first battalion to fire after the activation of the 69th Division. In combat the 880th became part of the First American Army under command of General Hodges and of the V Corps under command of Major General Huebner.

The second Division was to the left of the 69th Division and the 106th was on the right. Both divisions had recently defended the Bulge area.

Originally the Battalion was in general division support, reinforcing the fires of the 881st Field Artillery Battalion. Most of these missions were of a harassing nature. The enemy was in position across the valley in high mountains of the Upper Eiffel. They occupied a series of pillboxes of the Siegfried line and had a remarkable field of fire. After the break-through

members of the Battalion visited the gun positions of the Germans and saw for themselves the defenses of the west wall. The enemy had exploited the terrain features to the utmost, building their bunkers at strategic spots. Well-dug trenches connected the various bunkers. The concrete defenses were also integrated with the villages that occupied the ridges of the area.

The situation remained stable most of February. The weather was extremely bad and the roads were in such sodden condition that orders were given to conserve ammunition. Preparations were also going forward for the Division's part in the final attack on Germany's western defenses.

The hardest work the first days fell on the wire crews who were constantly on duty repairing lines damaged by shells or the Engineers weasels repairing the roads into the forest.

The first casualty suffered was that of **Corporal Edward F. Price, Jr.**, 33602284, "A" Btry, who was wounded in the thigh by shrapnel when the Germans shelled a Forward Observer party at Hollerath.

On 23 February, in the morning, the battalion had its first fatality. A Forward Observer party had gone to the hotel near Hollerath, Germany. While they were working, the Germans began shelling the Op. All those present ducked into fox-holes except **Corporal John J. Hannigan** of "B" Btry and **Private Harry Bryant** of Headquarters, who were caught near a jeep. Shrapnel fractured **Pvt. Bryant's** hand and instantly killed **Corporal Hannigan**.

The Second Division was replaced on 25 February by the 28th Division and on the following day the 880th ceased to be general division support and was put in direct support of the 1st Battalion of the 271st Infantry Regiment.

Although the big attack was to have started on 23 February, it actually did not take place until 0600, 27 February. After a preparation Artillery barrage, the 271st jumped off. By 1030, F Company was in Buschem and Dickensfield and the road from Hollerath to Hellenthal was opened. Shortly after the attack began **Lt. Robert F. Zimmerman**, the liaison officer, and **Pvt. Harold Oling**, his wireman, were caught by fire from German artillery. **Lt. Zimmerman** was killed and **Private Oling** was seriously wounded and evacuated.

After **Lt. Zimmerman's** death, **Sergeant Stanley Supinsky** and **Private Stanley Crouch** distinguished themselves by carrying on the work of the section. **Captain Leybourne**, who had been staying in Hollerath, upon hearing of **Lt. Zimmerman's** death, on his own initiative took his place with the Infantry battalion.

Several of the battalions were recommended for Bronze Stars after the attack due to heroic and meritorious service. **Lt. Donald E. Snyder** was responsible for turning fire on several important German installations, including a tank formation. **Lt. Collier** was

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wounded and refused to be evacuated. The attack continued into the following day when several additional towns were taken by the combat team.

All through this period work was going on in a forward position so that when the line moved forward the batteries could go into prepared positions.

Month of March 1945

The attack against the outer defenses of the Siegfried line, in the area of the Upper Eifel, continued into the first days of March. Fighting was in difficult terrain although the German defenses themselves were manned by inferior troops, mostly Volksturm units. Hahnenberg, Kamberg, and several other tiny frontier villages were taken by elements of the Division.

Enemy intelligence reported the 69th Division as being one highly trained, and the prisoners of War, taken by the division, referred in complimentary fashion to the division's artillery-infantry coordination.

The areas occupied by the battalion suffered no enemy activity. Enemy rockets and shells could be heard headed toward the lines, but none landed as far to the rear as the artillery installations. Every night a German reconnaissance plane, known half-affectionately to the men as "Bed-Check Charlie" flew over the area. Flares were dropped in some of the firing battery positions. But that was the extent of enemy activity in the preliminary stages of the Rhine campaign.

On March 1 at 1427, the order was issued for the Battalion to displace, and movement started toward the principal locations about 700 yards to the west of the famed Dragon's teeth, the first element in the Siegfried line defenses. Dug-outs had been started several days before the opening of the offensive, but had not been completed. The first morning was devoted to cutting down thick pine logs for reinforcing the roofs. Floor-boards, furniture and even bunks were carted from the old position to the new.

The new position was occupied on a day that alternated between sunshine and rain, and the following days the battalion was harassed by wretched weather - unseasonable cold, rain turning to snow, thaw, and dampness. At this time, the 28th Division was on the 69th's left, the 106th on the right, and the Battalion was in support of the 273d Infantry Regiment.

A number of promotions were received in the battalion effective 1 March. The Battalion Commander, **George W. Landis**, became Lieutenant-Colonel. **Harold W. Noble**, Commanding Officer of Headquarters Battery, received his captaincy. First Lieutenant went to **Lt. John Cooper**, **Lt. Hal Robinson**, **Lt. Northern**, and **Lt. Johns. Lieutenant Zimmerman** was to have become a captain on this promotion.

At 0800 hours on 4 March, the Battalion was changed to direct support of the 272nd Infantry Regiment, its own combat team.

As activity continued in this area, it was becoming increasingly clear that the German position front on the western front was deteriorating. No matter how strong the defenses, no matter how difficult the terrain, the quality of fighting man was poor and the supply situation hopeless. Lines of communication were under constant attack and when the battalion moved into Germany the men could see for themselves just how powerful and devastating a blow had been struck at the Reich transportation system.

The northern sector of the 1st Army began its campaign across the Cologne Plain and after the taking of Cologne, elements were able to make the famous crossing of the Ludendorff Bridge across the Rhine at Remagen. Before the month was out the Battalion was to see both Cologne and Remagen.

At 1750 on 6 March, word was given to move the battalion forward. The German defenses had been outflanked and the Nazis were pulling out wherever retreat was possible. "C" Btry, was the first firing battery to move forward and was in position near Neuhaus at 2230. The vehicles moved forward in complete blackout along roads that had been softened by thaw and ceaseless rains. Mines had been planted on the shoulders of the roads and a recon car just in front of one of the batteries hit a mine while rounding a sharp curve. A wire crew was following an Infantry jeep that in turning around backed into a mine and was blown to bits.

The strange part of this movement was that during most of the night and the following day the Artillery was well in advance of the Infantry and several hours would elapse before the Infantry actually caught up.

Near Neuhaus, the Battalion halted in a sheltered valley deep in a pine forest. The CP was located in a German pillbox whose walls were of concrete several feet thick. Entrance was through low passageways with doors of steel. The whole installation was well-camouflaged, utilizing not only the natural protection but some artificial as well. Bunks, similar to those on shipboard, were for the use of personnel in the bunker. An elaborate ventilating system was to keep the air fresh.

The morning of 7 March, vehicles of the battalion were still moving up. The German defenses had dissolved and the American armies were rapidly racing toward the Rhine. The roads were in a state of confusion. On the right of the Division was the 87th of the 3rd Army and to the left was the 28th Division. Only one mission was fired in the 24 hour period between 6 and 7 March.

Information received by S-2 indicated that the route forward was clear of enemy personnel, but a road block impeded progress toward the communication

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center of Dahlem. The Germans had notched the trees along the road and placed explosives in the notches. Some of the trees had been blown, but whole rows were intact, the explosives still in position. Other indications of the speed with which the Germans had abandoned their defenses were present.

At 1620 the Battalion started to move and covered a short distance to a sloppy field just outside the village of Dahlem. A forward party continued on to Waldorf and Schmidheim, far ahead of the Infantry. Inhabitants of these villages came out with white handkerchiefs and tablecloths indicating their desire to surrender.

The battalion remained in bivouac near Dahlem until 22 March. In addition to the bivouac area, the battalion took possession of a hotel in the village, "Willy Zimmer's Gasthof und Kaufhaus." The hotel, owned by a Frau Priem, was well-supplied with a wide range of materials, many of which were found to be useful to the battalion.

Dahlem itself was a small farming village, used as a marshalling area previous to the Von Rundstedt break-through. Heavy artillery had been shelling it and not a building had escaped the American shells. The 69th took the town over and the Infantry, Engineers, and Medics were installed in the houses. Among those left behind by the German Army were Russian forced laborers, two of whom appeared at the Gasthof inquiring about relatives in Brooklyn.

At the entrance of the town was the customary road block that was easily removed. A large number of mines were found in nearby fields and along the roads.

During its stay in the bivouac area, the battalion had a training schedule in effect. Reveille and retreat were reinstated and the troops began speaking of themselves as Com Z. One day was devoted to a CPX, bringing to fulfillment a gloomy prophecy made back in the states - that the 880th would be having CPX's in Germany.

An advanced party was ordered forward on 13 March and went to the region of the Remagen bridgehead. An area was procured and then plans were changed so that the battalion remained near Dahlem, however, changing the location of the CP to a higher and dryer spot a few hundred yards away.

A number of Bronze stars were awarded to members of the battalion in March, for both heroic and meritorious service. General Order No. 11, dated 11 March 1945, gave **Lt. Zimmerman** posthumous Bronze star for heroic conduct. He was the first officer in the division to be so honored. **Captain Leybourne**, **Lt. Beatty**, **Lt. Snyder** and **Lt. Collier** received Bronze Stars on GO No. 13, 14 March. **Tec 5 Williams**,

Pfc. Philpet and **Pfc. Root** were on the honor list of GO No.14. GO No.15 named **Captain Harrington**, **Lt. Northern**, **Cpl. Stehman**, and **Cpl. Sullivan** as recipients of the honor. **Cpl. Hannigan** was posthumously honored by GO. No.16, the same order that brought Bronze Stars to **Captain Lumia**, **Sgt. Hyde**, **Sgt. Supinsky**, **Sgt. Troegel**, **Cpl. Sanders** and **Pfc. Crouch**. **Lt. Col. Landis**, who had been given his Bronze Star on 19 March by **General Reinhardt**, who handed out the Bronze Stars on 21 March.

After two weeks of inactivity and dirty weather near Dahlem, the battalion was finally alerted for movement. On 20 March, the forward party left on reconnaissance, returning late in the evening after inspecting a village by the name of Franken, 59 miles away and 5 miles from the Rhine, opposite the bridgehead at Honningen. On a bright spring day, the battalion left, clearing the area at 1107. The route lay through the Rhineland, among Europe's most picturesque areas. Traveling an excellent road, the convoy went through great forested hills. In some places the road was built up the face of a small mountain. From the heights one could look down on peaceful valleys with tiny villages in the midst of a patchwork of fields. At one spot five villages could be seen. Perched on other almost inaccessible crags, were the fabled castles of the Rhine, ruins of the great halls of the medieval Robber Barons.

The entire way gave ample evidence of the tremendous force with which Germany was struck. Towns were in ruins. Railroad tracks were uprooted and lay in twisted hoops. Viaducts were shattered, showing the awesome effects of precision bombings. Whole trains stood as charred ruins. The road itself was lined with abandoned and damaged German vehicles, field guns and smaller equipment. Houses all along the way, flew white flags of surrender, indicating that the inhabitants were aware the German cause was lost. These were an eloquent answer to the question as to whether or not German morale would crack.

By afternoon the battalion had reached Franken, taking over billets recently vacated by men of the 2nd Infantry Division. **Lt. Col. Landis**, in addition to his duties as Battalion Commander, now assumed the responsibility of civil rule. Assisting him were local functionaries, who wore bands on their arms indicating "Burgermeister" and "Civil Police." The people seemed willing to cooperate although they could not hide their resentment at being forced from their homes to provide quarters for the soldiers. **Major Peters** did most of the conversing since he was the only officer who knew German. Franken had not been hit by the war. The people tended their manure piles and fields and prepared for the spring planting. Their lives were not badly disrupted by the turn of events. In the town were French, Russian, and Polish laborers, eager to be repatriated.

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

Do You Remember . . .

Stephen J. Rojcewicz

881st Field Artillery

135 Endicott Street

Worcester, Massachusetts 01610-1944

Telephone: 508-756-3046

Hi, fellow 69'ers. Do you remember anything from the training films, posters, lectures, and demonstrations of your day in the army? There was a poster showing a tough-looking sergeant with a needle and thread. The poster read, "Spend an hour a week on uniform upkeep." The movie with it showed how to do a baseball stitch, the only one necessary. How useful to reinforce a button or to mend a sock.

How about "Walls Have Ears" all over England. Does that help anyone to keep his mouth closed and be thought a fool or to open it and remove all doubt? In America, too, at bars, strangers would try to buy GI's drinks — Why?

There was a demonstration outdoors by a doctor showing how to make a splint with what was available. He made a real good one with reeds and said "It is better to have a live soldier with a dirty splint, than a dead one with a clean wound."

And the USO shows! Sometimes it was hard to get a GI audience for a show, as not all shows were Bob Hope ones. Some students put on "Arsenic and Old Lace" for us and it was great. At the huge camp in Southern France where we waited for the shipping strikes to end, there was a huge multi-purpose building with big letters on the roof giving its name, "MAY GET IN." A show featuring three fine Frenchmen, playing on a variety of mouth organs who received some boos. Who could have been so rude, just because Dorothy Lamour was not there? Certainly no Fighting 69er.

Did you ever wish you were taller? Don't. Here is what happened to me: While riding at dusk standing in the back of a six by six, I felt a bang on my helmet. Looking quickly, I saw a wire stretched across the road. I reported the incident at once and soon our jeeps had long vertical rods in front. Now if my height had been two or three inches more . . .

What about the word "snafu?" The film explained that 15% of us did not need the film, and another 15% would not follow its suggestions. But for the rest, it was solid advice. SNAFU meant "Situation Normal All Fouled Up." It has become acceptable in the English language.

Here is something to read a few times and be placed in the tablets of your memory. There are only ten words, each one two letters long:

If it is to be
It is up to me.

Soldier Honored with Bronze Star

Raymond Szkudlarek

Company H, 273rd Infantry

3525 Muirfield Boulevard, Toledo, Ohio 43614



Pfc. Raymond Szkudlarek, was presented a Bronze Star Medal, awarded him for heroic achievement in Germany, at ceremonies Nov. 13 in the chapel of Billings General Hospital, Fort Harrison, Indiana.

When a communications wire from his platoon was severed he rushed out to find the break although he had been wounded seriously by a mortar shell before he reestablished communications, the citation said.

A member of the 69th Division, the soldier went overseas in November 1944. He saw action in Belgium and Germany and previously was awarded the Purple Heart and Combat Infantry Badge.

HEADQUARTERS 69th INFANTRY DIVISION
APO 417 U.S. ARMY

20 April 1945

SUBJECT: Award of Bronze Star Medal

TO: **Private First Class Raymond T. Szkudlarek,**
35248248, Infantry, APO 417, U.S. Army

CITATION

Private First Class Raymond T. Szkudlarek, 35248248, Infantry, United States Army, for heroic achievement in connection with military operations against the enemy, on 6 April 1945, in Germany. During a successful attack on a well defended town, the communication wire from Private First Class Szkudlarek's platoon was severed. He immediately rushed out to find the break, under heavy enemy sniper and mortar fire. With utter disregard for his own safety, he lay on the ground repairing the wire. When a mortar shell burst between his legs, seriously wounding him, Private First Class Szkudlarek completed repairing the line and re-establishing communication before permitting himself to be evacuated. His courage, cool fearlessness, and devotion to duty reflect the highest credit upon Private First Class Szkudlarek and the armed forces of the United States.

By command of Major General Reinhardt:

H. Pengelly,
Lt. Col., A.G.D.,
Adjutant General

From the Old Footlocker

Written By: **Bill Lord**

I and R Platoon, Hq. and Hq. Co., 272nd Regiment
927 Unity Center Road, Pittsburgh, PA 15239
E-mail: Dozrl@cs.com

The Bulletin gets better and better. The best proof of good writing is never wanting to stop until you have finished reading an article and then wishing there was more. Based on that standard, the stuff in the Bulletin is an heirloom. I'm sure that many of your writers got the urge to tell their story because they were so moved and fascinated by Bulletin articles. I used to write a poem or two, particularly in the years just before and after soldiering in the 69th. Here are three that relate, in turn, to leaving civilian life for the abrupt and uncompromising regimen of the infantry, to first time on line, and to recollections a year after discharge.

Goodbye College, Hello Army, 1943

Oh, to forget this life in the arms of my beloved

A vibrant oblivion grips
When lips
Warm and eager press
Express
Silent thunder
In an atmosphere of wonder
Soft eyes confide
Thoughts are close and all inside
Tight knots untie
Unravel in a sigh
Oh, the calming peace
Tender release
Of your kiss
No time exists
It passes by
While you and I step out of things
There have been nights
When war was not
Your cheek by mine
And time forgot

Naturally, I never showed that poem to my sergeant, or anyone else in the outfit.

A good bit of time elapsed and one very dark night found me in the Eifel Forest, Belgium. Our outfit had moved into an area vacated by the 99th Division. The forest consisted of tall rows of spruce and the resourceful soldiers had used some of them to build log shelters of various sizes. A buddy and I moved into one about three feet high and seven feet long, with a doorless opening at one corner. We tossed in our duffel bags and spread our fart sacks on the ground. Sleep did not come easily. The sky was black, the trees were black, and the snow cover was a silent aid to an enemy patrol. Fatigue finally won out but we gladly awoke to dawn and the sounds of the cooks moving with dispatch to serve breakfast and horrible tasting coffee. We cherished it. It was hot, wonderfully hot.

My buddy decided one night was enough in our shelter and moved into the comparative safety of a group. I was simply too lazy. The hell with it. One night I heard some rustling at my feet. Damn, my fart sack was zipped to my neck and my M-1 was pointed the wrong way. Krauts on night patrol, we were told, would feel for a sleeping GI's feet, and then toss in a grenade. Slowly, I pulled down the zipper and slowly grasped the M-1 and pointed it toward the corner opening. Nothing. The rustling stopped. Sleep finally came, but not for a while. In the morning I found where some critter had been nibbling the cellophane wrapping around some figs Mom had mailed. I still stayed in the shelter until we moved out, but slept with my fart sack half zipped and the M-1 pointed in the right direction.

We were never warm. One night I thought of what I would do if Marilyn Monroe crawled bare ass naked into my fart sack. Nothing, except snuggle up next to her to get warm. I penned the following poem, thinking not of Marilyn Monroe, but of a girl back home and those nights in the Eifel Forest.

Rookie, 1945

I think of you
Very much
But thoughts are too close
For words to touch
Night is lonely
And not a friend
Suddenly strange
It doesn't blend
With the manner and mode
I comprehend
Intimacy
Is not found
In ground
Jostled
By the plunge
Of shells
That lunge
And pry
Into the earth
And try
To shatter things
And make things die
I want you in an abstract way
When thoughts stray
Back through the rigid change
Of now
And lie among
Kisses kissed
And songs sung
You were soft and live and sweet
A happiness that now competes
With taut thoughts
And storm in the pulse beat

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FROM THE OLD FOOTLOCKER

(Continued from Page 52)

4
Memories soft
As cigarette smoke
Half whispered words
You spoke
Lips and fingertips
That made me live delight
Then I was eager for the night

From the Eifel Forest, we moved into and through the Siegfried Line studded with concrete "Devil's Teeth." They proved no hindrance to our tanks. On to the Rhine and a night crossing over the Remagen Bridge. Into the German heartland and an ambush outside Naumberg. We left a village inn where young waitresses, nervous, yet fascinated by their first look at a Yank, served us wine. We loaded into our three jeeps and drove east on our mission of hammering 272nd regimental guide signs onto telephone poles.

Machine gun and rifle fire tore into our lead jeep. I was in the second jeep, perhaps 100 feet behind. The getaway jeep was a distance to the rear. All from the first two jeeps dived to the ground. The road, trimmed by two rows of apple trees in bloom, traversed level, open fields. The road border was covered with tall grass. After each successive burst of machine gun fire, the grass was shorter.

Four buddies in the lead jeep lay on the ground, not hit but making no move. A buddy from my jeep cried out, "Four Krauts are coming toward us." "Christ," I thought, "the balls of those guys." "Sarge," I cried out, "Do you want me to make a run for it in a jeep and get help?" "Go ahead, it's your ass." I crouched to the side of the jeep away from the advancing Krauts and worked the ignition and the gas pedal by hand, got the jeep started, jammed it into low-low gear and jumped in. Luckily for me the Krauts were getting ready to fire a panzerfaust (bazooka) into the lead jeep. I backed the jeep and turned around and roared away moving about ten miles an hour. At that instant parts of the jeep were flung into the air amid a cloud of black smoke. I quickly shifted into high gear and sped into the village were moments before we had left in a spirit of levity.

Help soon came; a platoon of medium tanks and a platoon from I Company advancing in Diamond formation. The four Krauts had taken one of my buddies prisoner and sprayed those close by on the ground with Smeizers. No one was wounded. I have since wondered about that. I believe the Krauts were obeying orders, but knew the war was over. Their best hope was to be captured and not by a vengeful enemy. Before darkness came our buddy had been rescued with Germans surrendering en masse.

That night, April 12, 1945, as we prepared to sleep in the field beside our jeeps we learned that President Franklin D. Roosevelt had died.

Traveling north and east we entered Leipzig. It was strange moving in single file through the streets alongside powerful, cautious tanks, and see people standing in doorways as though witnessing a sport competition. I looked in disbelief as a tinker approached, pulling

his cart hung with pots and pans. "Get out of here," I yelled. This is war, you have no business here. He scarcely looked at me. The call came to move up and I left him where he stood.

A day or so later my squad was reconnoitering an area on the outskirts of Leipzig. There were a scattering of homes and park-like areas with large trees. We were on the look out for "Werewolves," mostly teenage boys that Hitler exhorted to ambush American soldiers. We found none. Instead we witnessed the oncoming of a glorious sunset. I looked in amazement. Yes, it was beautiful. For some time I had not enjoyed such a luxury. A sunset had been a warning. Night is coming. Get to a place of safety.

I would never wish combat on anyone. What I saw was a lot less than most, but more than enough to earn my dues. The part I cherish most is the trust I shared with my buddies. Our lives depended on our teamwork and we risked our lives for each other. You can count on me, buddy, and I know I can count on you.

I did not adjust into civilian life overnight. The military in time of war and civilian life in time of peace are different worlds. Most everyone makes it back sooner or later, but some thoughts never leave. The memories stay warm like embers that every now and then burst into flame. My embers burst into flame one night in 1947. I wrote this poem.

Thoughts and Recollections, 1947

War is an environment
That rearranges the importance of things
Realigns people
To a design
Tight and primeval.
The radio and press
Express
One voice, one choice
The church must claim that God
Looks down and nods
Approval
Yes, Lord, give us the strength to kill
The enemy until
We can rest in peace
And gain release
Into days of sanity.
Though blurred by a stubborn vanity
Both foes appeal to
The same deity.
With war I lost
My native armor,
A comrade in arms
With the wayward charmer
I began to like beer
And didn't quaver
At the leer
And simulated smile
Out to get the rank and file
I also learned
Thoughts are better
Kept inside
Or spoken in a letter

(Continued on Page 54)

FROM THE OLD FOOTLOCKER

(Continued from Page 53)

War plays staccato
Tempo
Pizzicato tuning.
You learn fast
Or don't last
Neolithic instincts
Hold a revival
Keyed to survival
Volunteer when your turn comes
On patrol
Keep alert for the enemy
And a hole

War's changes
Evolve in stages
A cruel deceiver
Like a blunt cleaver
Leaves raw fright
and the "shakes" at night.
But the surviving man grows steady
Animal and ready

Lip service is for philosophical pretenses
The way to better living
He separates from his senses
As irrelevant or complex
And acts spontaneous to a reflex
Darting from a sound
That hits him into ground
Certain motion caught in his eye
Is a dive for a ditch
The brain can justify
Later
And that slow, sweet smell
Pushing his head back
Tells of dying
Of humans putrefying

Buddies
Buddies are a part of war
They do everything for
Each other
"Broke?"
"How much do you want?"
"No smokes?"
"Here's a pack."
But I watched a buddy kick a corpse
Is it really dead?
I felt a dog-like interest;
If the body bends
Point your rifle at its head

Corpse thaw in livid hues
Rouge, yellow, blue
Half exposed in the turret of a charred tank
Or spread-eagle on a road bank

There's also the matter of blood
Red holes in snow
Stiff-black on mud

And the carrion grace
In state on a stretcher
Of the covered face.

Remembering Bill

Submitted By: **Nolan P. Howington**
Chaplain, 273rd Infantry Regiment
170 Timber Ridge Drive
Nashville, Tennessee 37217-4623

I was **Bill Matlach's** Chaplain when he was a young soldier. Company E was one of my favorite groups and they had an excellent kitchen crew. So I often made calls at lunch time!

Bill always was a congenial and gracious person, a man of character and goodness. I was shocked when I heard about his illness and death. I guess an octogenarian thinks anyone younger is too young to die.

Marietta and I would like to extend our genuine sympathies. I have a feeling Jane will handle this time of adjustment with courage and maturity. I'm sure she has a good support group, and the goodness of God will bring healing and strength to her.

When the 69th met in Nashville, I did not see or chat with **Bill**. **Fred Shearer** was the only person I was able to contact at the time. I was limited to time but regret I did not see Bill.

I treasure a copy of a T.S. slip he sent me two years ago - one I had jokingly given him during our service years.

I have had so little contact with fellows from our outfit, but I treasure the ones from whom I have had communications. One was **George Rico**, my assistant (jeep driver and worship aid) who lives in Chicago.

To my delight, I had a call last autumn from a Signal Corps chap who resides in Colorado. A man in his 70's - we're all growing older!

I have been trotting in double harness for nearly 60 years. I am retired but very active at age 84. We have 3 sons, 3 daughter-in-laws and 3 grandchildren, and 5 dogs between them. God love you and keep you.



Marietta and Nolan Howington

The Russian link-up - a continuing controversy

S Submitted By: **Frank A. Taraburelli**
Company K, 272nd Infantry Regiment
91 Forest Street
Danvers, Massachusetts 01923-1833



Marburg, Germany - 1945

I was reading the Russian section of the Bulletin Volume 54, No. 3 and it brought back memories of the Patrol and the Battle Patrol members of the 272nd Regiment. I believe the leader in charge was, **1st Lt. Coppeck**, who replaced **2nd Lt. Entzinger**, who, on an earlier patrol, was shot in the neck and died approximately one week later. I believe he received the Silver Star.

I was on an earlier patrol with him and we all survived that patrol. No sooner had we returned from this patrol when they sent the lieutenant out again on another patrol. He took with him the rest of our patrol, approximately six men, since we were tired from the last p.m. patrol. That was when he was hit. We were eleven men in all, plus the lieutenant in charge. We stayed back at the C.P.

Well going back to the Russian part. I remember the men I was with, **Stine, Zieger, Lintz, Yip** and myself, (**Taraburelli**) and **1st Lt. Koppeck**.

I was the pointman now, and we were heading somewhere out of Leipzig, about a four hour trek, when I observed six soldiers sitting around a fire. The town's name was Dessau or something close to that, close to the Elbe River, outside of Leipzig. I signaled for the lieutenant to come forward to also observe them. We

then approached them and they all jumped to there feet, sub-machine guns and all. I hollered, "Amerikanski!" They were Russian soldiers cooking three chickens they had confiscated. After all the hugging and kissing, we all sat down and started speaking, mostly in German, and using body gestures, etc., so we could be understood.

Now, the point I am getting to. I am sure it was on April 19, 1945 for that was the day I received two pepperoni sticks in the mail when we returned from this patrol from my mother! I would never forget that! Well, we ate some chicken with them, the time was about 4:00 p.m. (about getting dark) when the lieutenant stated it was time to go back, which we did.

Now back at our C.P. the lieutenant made his report about what we had observed. This was about 9:00 p.m. The patrol and I made camp to get some sleep, if possible, until we were called again.

I believe it was on April 23rd or 25th when they all met in Torgau, Germany claiming to be the first to meet the Russians - General Reinhardt of the 273rd Regiment and a couple of his lieutenants. We never did hear any results when our lieutenant was making his report, we just continued making our patrols until it all ended. WAR! Nothing was ever said about that venture after the report was made.

I am a retired police officer and I had made some very good arrests with my partner, whom later was shot to death (Tito Moretti), and like our Russian patrol, the Boston Reporter would give the names of the top brass giving them credit for the arrest, including the names of the state police and detective names like captain, lieutenant, and a couple of plain clothed men, and nothing about who had actually made the arrest. Our names were last, as if we just assisted. This happened more than once. UNBELIEVABLE!

It shows, I guess, the military was no different. (Politics). Well I got that off my chest!

I've been in contact with **Harold Zieger** off and on. I called him Fritz. I remember he was of German descent. I haven't heard from **Charles Lintz**, whom I used to call "Chief," he being Indian on his mother's side, (Blackfoot).

I miss both **Harold** and **Charlie**. They were part of the Battle Patrol. I've been in contact with **Lt. Stanley Knedlik** of Alaska of Company K. He later retired as Major.

Right now, writing this letter I feel like it happened yesterday! Unbelievable.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We struggled with some of the spellings of the names. We did our best. Frank also stated that he would love to hear from members of the patrol or any members of Company K. He also said that he was good for at least three more of these patrols. Any takers on this?)

CALENDAR OF COMING EVENTS AND COMMUNICATION SCHEDULE

May I just make note to all leaders of Chapters, Groups, Branches, Companies, Battalions, Regiments, Reco, Artillery, AAA, and T.D.'s to get your Activities Schedules to **Bulletin Headquarters, Box 69, Champion, Pennsylvania 15622-0069 or 183 Pineslope Road, Acme, Pennsylvania 15610-9606**, as soon as possible. We try to work at least a year ahead, as we only put out three Bulletins a year. When mailing in this information, do send your organization's name, person in charge (Chairman), address, city, state, zip, telephone numbers including area codes, dates, location, and anything else that you feel might be of interest for members to know.

2002

MAY 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th, 2002

MIDWEST GROUP SPRING MEETING

MISHICOT, WISCONSIN

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

Reservations: Write to the resort or call toll free 1-866-308-0383. A block of rooms at reduced rates will be held until April 15, 2002, so don't delay. Mention the 69th Infantry Division when making reservations.

Rate: \$75.00 plus tax.

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

Program:

Wednesday, May 15th: Check-In Time is 4:00 p.m. Hospitality Room, Dinner at the Resort

Thursday and Friday, May 16th and 17th:

- Golf,
- Sightseeing for Non-Golfers
- Dinner to be Arranged.

Saturday, May 18th: On Your Own. Check out by 11:00 a.m.

For Further Information Contact:

Eugene J. Pierron
2310 Highway D
Belgium, Wisconsin 53004-9754
Telephone: 262/285-3702

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

NOTE: Any 69er can attend the Mishicot Meeting and friends of 69ers are welcome too.

* * * * *

MAY 31st, 2002

Deadline for news material and pictures for:
Bulletin Volume 55, Number 3
May, June, July, August 2002
Bulletin expected mailing date is early to mid-July due to early reunion.



JULY 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th, 2002
COMPANY I, 272nd INFANTRY REGIMENT

Location: Grand Rapids Airport Hilton
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Room Rate is \$79.00 single or double

Reservations must be made by individuals before June 21st, 2002. Tell them you are a member of Company I.

Reservation phone number is 616/957-0100

For Information Call or Write:

Harris Timmer
1815 Sherwood Drive S.E.
Grand Rapids, Michigan 49506
Telephone: 616/949-5128

* * * * *

SEPTEMBER 30th, 2002

Deadline for news material and pictures for:
Bulletin Volume 56, Number 1
September, October, November, December 2002
Bulletin expected mailing date is late November or early December.

(Continued on Page 57)

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

(Continued from Page 56)

SEPTEMBER 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th, 2002

BATTERY C

880th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

Location: Dutch Host Inn

SUGARCREEK, OHIO

For Information Call or Write:

Lowell McFarlin

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

The rates will be reasonable. Plans are not yet finalized for all the activities, but there will be ample time for visiting and sightseeing along with a meal or two tossed in. More information to follow. All 69th members are welcome to attend. Write us!

September 22nd thru 29th, 2002
69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION
55th ANNUAL REUNION
Hampton, Virginia

HOLIDAY INN

1815 West Mercury Boulevard, Hampton, Virginia 23666-3229

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GENERAL MEMBERSHIP AND AUXILIARY MEETING

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NORFOLK CITY TOUR: MACARTHUR MEMORIAL AND CENTER

HARBOR CRUISE ON THE CARRIE B.

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GROUP NIGHT OUT ON FISHERMAN'S WHARF AND MUCH MORE!

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT:

Bob and Theresa Pierce

144 Nashua Court, San Jose, California 95139-1236

Telephone: 408/226-8040

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

Robert Crowe, Bob and Jean Ross, Bob Pierce

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

Please register as soon as possible.

DEADLINE FOR MATERIAL FOR NEXT BULLETIN IS

MAY 31st, 2002 • Volume 55, Number 3

May, June, July, August 2002

Get Your Material In On Time!



“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.**

Joe W. Andrews
1705 A Highview Street
Burlington, North Carolina
27215-5652
Co. A - 777th T.B.

Alfred Aronson
200-D Winston Drive, #1019
Cliffside Park, New Jersey
07010-3217
Co. G - 273rd

Donald Baker
5777 Whistlewood Circle
Sarasota, Florida 34232-6017
Co. I - 272nd

Roger L. Bare
R.R. #2, Box 221
W. Salem, Illinois 62476-9653
Co. A - 661st T.D.

Carroll D. Bechtel
49 N. Rohland Avenue
Pottstown, Pennsylvania
19464
Co. D - 271st

Charles E. Burns
86 Crest Drive
Dora, Alabama 35062
Co. C - 777th T.B.

William A. Campbell
12080 Regency Run Ct., #2
Cincinnati, Ohio 45240
Unit Unknown

John Chermol
P.O. Box 11
Greenfield Center, New York
12833-0011
Co. A - 369th Medics

Nelson C. Clark
2304 Vermontville Highway
Charlotte, Michigan 48813
Anti-Tank - 271st

John R. Crittenden
1203 W. 4th Street, #618
Tahlequah, Oklahoma 74464
Medic - 369th

Leonard Deering
53 Liberty Street
Fredonia, New York 14063
Hq. - 271st

Raymond A. Derr
22 Clinton Street
Bloomfile, Ohio 44818
Btry. B - 881st F.A.

Russell Doaty
119 W. 46th Street
Reading, Pennsylvania
19606-3301
Brty. A - 879th F.A.

Richard L. Eakle
14032 Pennsylvania Avenue
Hagerstown, Maryland
21742-2343
Hq., 3rd Bn. - 273rd

Cecil Fernandez, Jr.
1202 Skyview Cove
Lakeland, Florida 33801
Co. G - 271st

Jerry Fine
1901 Avenue of the Stars
#850
Los Angeles, California
90067-6010
Co. E - 271st

John L. Giffin
P.O. Box 83
Yucca Valley, California 92286
Hq. - 881st F.A.

Lawrence J. Giust
4530 5th Street N.W.
Canton, Ohio 44708-3622
Co. B - 880th F.A.

Lawrence C. Goebel
2602 Davies Avenue
Pennsauken, New Jersey
08109-3115
369th Medics

Kenneth Graden
505 1st Avenue, Apt. #503
Two Harbors, Minnesota
55616-1544
Hq. - 777th T.B.

Jack Green
127 Hastings Avenue
Missoula, Montana 59801
Co. G - 272nd

Tom Hancock
322 Park Avenue
Pekin, Illinois 61554-4416
Co. B - 271st

Dewey B. Hardin, Jr.
701 Stevens Street
Franklin, Missouri 65250-9555
Co. I - 272nd

Otto Heim
2690 Coral Landings Blvd.
#317
Palm Harbor, Florida
34684-3100
Div. Artillery

Joseph T. Kennedy
160-20 91st Street
Howard Beach, New York 11414
69th MPs

Michael Kertis
2 Dory Lane
Old Lyme, Connecticut
06372-2261
Co. G - 272nd

Arnold J. La More
566 Oceana Drive S.
Shelby, Michigan 49455
Co. B - 777th T.B.

Louis L. Lippman
21700 Northwestern Hwy.
#1140
Southfield, Michigan
48075-4916
Medic - 271st

John Magnetti
912 Potter Street
Rock Springs, Wyoming 82901
Co. I - 271st

Steve J. Martini
6260 N. Palm, #113
Fresno, California 93704
69th Quartermaster

James A. McDougal
114 Mimosa
Clute, Texas 77531-4326
Co. I - 271st

Daniel O. O'Shea
42 Prospect Street
Deep River, Connecticut
06417-1945
Medic-724th

Charles H. Pearson
73 Spring Lake Drive
Debarr, Florida 32713
Co. E - 272nd

Peter J. Piecuch
9525 S. Winchester Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60643
Co. G - 272nd

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

Dominick Pizzimenti
c/o NBU #147 C-3
332 Wyckoff Way West
E. Brunswick, New Jersey
08816
Co. D - 273rd

Sam L. Rodriguez
4206 Alamos Street
Simi Valley, California 93063
69th Quartermaster

Irwin S. Saltzman
7775 Southhampton Terrace
#213
Tamarac, Florida 33321-9113
Co. G - 272nd

Russell Sampsell
260 Beacon Street
Phoenixville, Pennsylvania
19460-2065
Co. F - 271st

John Scaglione
33-41 60th Place
Woodside, New York 11377
Co. I-272nd

(Continued on Page 59)

"Taps" *(Continued from Page 58)*

Ernie Sherer
 70 Lincoln Street
 Washington, Illinois 61571
 Co. C - 272nd

Norman Schmidt
 P.O. Box 298
 Valley City, North Dakota
 58072-0298
 Co. F - 272nd

C. F. Seeger
 45 Lounsbury Place
 Kingston, New York
 12401-5256
 Co. A - 269th Engineers

Worley L. Sewell, Jr.
 228 Nightingale Terrace
 Palm Beach, Florida 33480
 Co. I - 272nd

Henry Stipek
 2918 Summit Avenue
 Baltimore, Maryland 21234
 Hq., 2nd Bn. - 273rd

Raymond T. Szkudlarek
 3525 Muirfield Boulevard
 Toledo, Ohio 43614
 Co. H - 273rd

Nicholas Villacci
 111-13 113th Street
 S. Ozone Park, New York
 11420
 Co. I - 271st

James O. Warren, Jr.
 P.O. Box 153
 Robertsville, North Carolina
 27871
 Co. C - 461st AAA

Eldon G. Wasemiller
 4173 W. Lake Road
 Abilene, Texas 79601-2763
 Hq., 3rd Bn. - 271st

Earl M. Weinberg
 11840 Davis Road N.E.
 Easton, Missouri 64443-9107
 Div. Hq.

GAIL L. CHATFIELD, Wife of George L. Chatfield
Headquarters, 2nd Battalion, 272nd Infantry

DORIS M. COOPER, Wife of John R. Cooper
Headquarters, 880th Field Artillery

SALLY FREEMAN, Wife of Wendell Freeman, Sr.
Company I, 272nd Infantry

ROSE MARIE GODDU, Wife of Paul E. Goddu
Company L, 271st Infantry

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Company L, 272nd Infantry

MARGARET R. VERGOT, Wife of John M. Vergot
Service Company, 777th Tank Battalion

DOROTHEA WILSON, Wife of John W. Wilson
569th Signal Company

Ladies' Taps

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Headquarters, 3rd Battalion, 272nd Infantry

PAULINE BLITZ, Wife of Paul Blitz
Headquarters, 2nd Battalion, 271st Infantry

MRS. BURDICK, Wife of Otis Burdick
Company A, 777th Tank Battalion

ALBERTA CHANDLER, Wife of Harry C. Chandler
Company D, 273rd Infantry

JACQUELINE TABACCHI, Wife of Eugene Tabacchi
Battery B, 881st Field Artillery

BETTY L. TEDROW, Wife of Wayne Tedrow
Company L, 272nd Infantry

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Here's lookin' at you, kid . . .



Picture Submitted By: **Joseph Melka**, *Company C, 271st Infantry Regiment*
3096 Kings Lake Boulevard, Naples, Florida 34112-3619

BULLETIN STAFF

Dottie Witzleb

Editor

P.O. Box 69

Champion, PA 15622-0069

Telephone: 724/455-2901

**Send Articles, Pictures,
and Material**

Jane Matlach

Treasurer

P.O. Box 474

West Islip, NY 11795-0474

Telephone: 631/669-8077

Send Dues to Jane

Paul Shadle

Membership Chairman

1504 Greensburg Road

New Kensington, PA 15068

Telephone: 724/335-9980

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

Dottie Witzleb

Ladies' Auxiliary Editor

P.O. Box 69

Champion, PA 15622-0069

Telephone: 724/455-2901

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