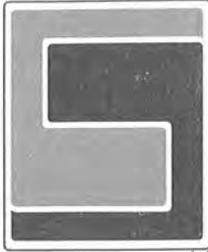


FIGHTING 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION

★★★★ Association, Inc.



VOLUME 56, NO. 2

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JANUARY – FEBRUARY – MARCH – APRIL
2003

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

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

bulletin

Inspection of the 272nd Regiment

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*Deceased



THE MAIL BOX

By **Dottie Witzleb**, Editor



Company E, 273rd Infantry Regiment
P.O. Box 69

Champion, Pennsylvania 15622-0069
Telephone: 724/455-2901
E-Mail: danne@lhtc.net

William R. Currier, 1298 Hartford Turnpike, Apt. 3E, North Haven, Connecticut 06473-2177 — Hq., 273rd: I would like to locate the following men from Regimental Headquarters Co., 273rd Regiment. They are **Captain Conway** and **Luke Wynberg**. I know that **Captain Conway** remained in the Army after the war. **Luke** came from upper New York state. If anyone can possible help, please get in touch with me. Thank you for your cooperation and all the hard work in keeping the Association going.

Martha E. Colpean, wife of **Carl E. Colpean**, 1619 Chestnut Street, Saginaw, Michigan 48602-1825 — Co. K, 273rd: One of my sons is interested in the history of the 69th and he claims his father had a brown hard cover book with the 69th Logo on the cover and a large map inside showing the path and battles of the 69th. I cannot remember such a book, but he claims he was fascinated by it and spent time looking at it when he was young. I tried to keep everything I could from **Carl's** service time but this book is not among his things. I wonder if any readers would have any knowledge of such a book as I have described. Please write to me if you know of this book.

Sylvan L. Katz, 111 Marguerita #B, Santa Monica, California 90402-1667 — Co. H, 273rd: I met **Bob Green**, the son of **Nathan Green** (G-271), who was killed in an auto accident near Camp Shelby, enroute home from the Texas Convention in 1998. **Nathan** attended the reunions regularly, and I'm sure his son would love to hear any "stories" from comrades that knew and served with him.

Write: **Mr. Robert Green**

433 Ocean Avenue, #C

Santa Monica, California 90402-1667

I left the 69th on a "non-com" draft at Camp Shelby (11 of us), and served in the South Pacific (New Guinea, Leyte and Luzon) with the 32nd Infantry Division.

Jack H. Hartzog, 520 Lindenwood Avenue, Sikeston, Missouri 63801 — Co. L, 273rd: You people on the Association staff do an excellent job. No doubt each of you spend a lot of your time doing Association work and I am sure all members appreciate your efforts. My wife and I both enjoy reading the Bulletin. Thank you for what you do for us.

Lloyd M. Lippman, 1805 Joslyn St., #92, Helena, Montana 59601-0112, E-Mail: lippman@imine.net, Telephone: 406/443-3046 — Co. K, 273rd: I have been trying to locate previous bulletins, which I would like to purchase, provided that they are now deceased and that the family(s) would like to part with them. I need the following bulletins:

Vol. 33, No. 2. Jan-Feb-Mar-Apr 1980

Vol. 34, No. 1. Sep-Oct-Nov-Dec 1980

Vol. 37, No. 3. May-Jun-Jul-Aug 1984

In addition I would like to obtain any of the bulletins from Dec 1977 (except Vol. 30, No. 2, Mar 77) to the beginning of the bulletin. If anyone would like to part with them, I would be very interested in them so as I can complete my collection.

When the time comes, my family will have to make a decision about my collection, whether they want to keep them or, if they (bulletins) will be donated to the Montana Military History Museum, located at Ft. Wm. Harrison, Montana. This would be my desire. Thanks for your help. I will also be willing to pay for shipping charges and any other desires that those who want to part with the bulletins may have.

Daryl Mitchell, P.O. Box 136, Nixa, Missouri 65714-0136 — Co. B, 272nd: I was sent to the 69th out of basic training September 1944. The Bulge broke out while we were in England. I was one of those transferred as a replacement Christmas Day. Several of us went into the 84th Infantry Division near Marshe, Belgium. I was injured and sent back to England. When I got out of the hospital, I was sent back to France into a Headquarter redeployment Tent City. I finally got involved in the 84th Association in 1987. I was chairman of a couple of the reunions. I have hopes of attending the 69th reunion at some time in the future. I don't travel much because my wife is ill. So long and keep up the good work.

Richard J. Hermsen, P.O. Box 90, Elma, Washington 98541-0090 — Co. B, 271st: I was a Squad Leader of the 2nd Squad in Company B of the 271st Regiment. I spent five or six months in Camp Shelby and then went with the Division to Europe. I did receive a Bronze Star just recently for what I did 47 years ago. I patched up my wounded Assistant Squad Leader and made provisions that Medics got to him on the front line. He lived after being badly wounded. My 1st Sergeant was **Tom Hancock** and I read his name under the "Taps" list.

John G. Barnett, 3665 McClure Woods Drive, Duluth, Georgia 30096 — Btry. A, 880th F.A. Bn: I was the Battery Commander of Btry A, 880th F.A. Bn. in WWII. I need some help and figured this would be the best place to start. One of our widows in our church was the wife of a 94th Division vet. She informed me he left no division history book of the 94th and I said I would try to find out if one was available and how to

(Continued on Page 3)

THE MAIL BOX

(Continued from Page 2)

get it. Does anyone have any information on other Division Associations and where they are located? If so, I would be grateful for the address of the 94th Division. Any help would be greatly appreciated. You can call me collect at: 770/622-5610. I would like to thank you for the service you render to all of us and also for Earl, who gave so generously of his time.

Walter Zimmewicz, 4726 Larch Avenue, Glenview, Illinois 60025-1415 — Hq. Co., 2 Bn., 273rd: Every time I pick up the 69th Bulletin, I see articles about the "Link-up." Every time I read the articles I think back to my own experience. Shakespeare wrote about a king - my memory fails me as to which king but when his home was shot out from under him, he called out, "A home, a home, my kingdom for a home." I cried out, a gas can, a gas can, a can of gas for our jeep."

Robert Henry, Joe Pistener, myself and a jeep driver whose name I have forgotten, decided to go meet the Russians. After driving for quite some time our driver made a turn at a road and faced the jeep back toward the road we had been on. I asked him what the problem was and he replied, "If we don't turn back now, we will run out of gas. I did not think we were so far from the river."

With that the two jeeps from the 271st passed by, we waved to one another, then proceeded to go back to Headquarters. Late that evening we found out the 271st had met the Russians. So for the lack of a can of gas our names are not in the history books. But in the Book of Oblivion written by G.I.s themselves, this was a real case of G.I. snafuism.

George Phillips, our 14th 69th Division President, passes away

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

One week after our Hampton reunion, one of our most highly respected former Association presidents, **George Phillips**, became ill and passed away. He probably knew he was very sick but valiantly chose to ignore it and continued to show his leadership and friendship to all of the many 69th veterans and their families during the reunion.

Even after he served as president, he never changed over these many years in his devotion to our Division and its growth and service.

He will truly be missed not only by his buddies in Company G, 271st, but by all of the many friends he had made over these many years since the Association was organized.

A Note from Dottie, Your Bulletin Editor

Sorry I goofed. The phone number for the treasurer and the address and phone number for the souvenir chairman were incorrect in the last bulletin. They have been corrected in this issue. I am very sorry for any inconvenience this may have caused anyone.

I am getting tired of the winter weather. In the mountains of Western Pennsylvania we have only seen the bare yards once since Thanksgiving. We have had a record season for snow this winter. I hope your weather has been better. I have always wanted to go to Antarctica for vacation but during this winter season it seems it has visited me. The only thing I did not see were the penguins. Yes a friend of mine did send me penguins on the internet. A note with the picture said now you do not have to go there. Thanks a lot.

Well, it is time to think about our 56th reunion this year. It will be held at the St. Louis Airport Marriott Hotel from August 17 thru August 24, 2003. All forms and information are elsewhere in this issue.

The dues notices for 2002-2003 were late being sent out. We will try to get the new dues notices out earlier this year. The new dues notices will be 2003-2004.

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES! FOR DUES YEAR 2002-2003

August 1, 2002 to July 31, 2003

**The new dues year is coming up,
so if you haven't paid,
get your dues in today.**

**Regular Membership \$10.00
Ladies' Auxiliary \$ 5.00
Bulletin Donation Up To You**

***Keep the Bulletin Coming.
Send Your Dues in Today!
We need your support.***

**Send Your Dues To:
WILLIAM RUEBSAMEN, TREASURER
Post Office Box 146
Sun City, California 92586-0146
Telephone: 909/301-9360**

Do not send dues to Dottie Witzleb.

A Note from your Membership Chairman, Paul Shadle

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

WE NEED YOUR HELP

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

It is also very important that you let us know about the death of a member so we can keep the roster up to date. We need to know if widows would like to remain on the roster and get the bulletins. Widows, you must let us know if you wish to continue to receive the bulletin.

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

The following have been returned for incorrect address:

Willis D. Estes • Robert E. Firth
Fran Fogt • E. Lamar Millet
Charles A. Parrish • George Paul • Joseph W. Selb

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

I would really appreciate your help regarding these matters. Keep in mind that this will also save the Association time and money and help keep our roster up to date. The roster is up to date as of March 26, 2003. I am looking forward to seeing all of you at the reunion in St. Louis.

Last Chance for Back Bulletins

Contact me at the above address if interested, and we will let you know what is available.

MOVING

Please print your new address below:

Name: _____

Address: _____

E-Mail Address: _____

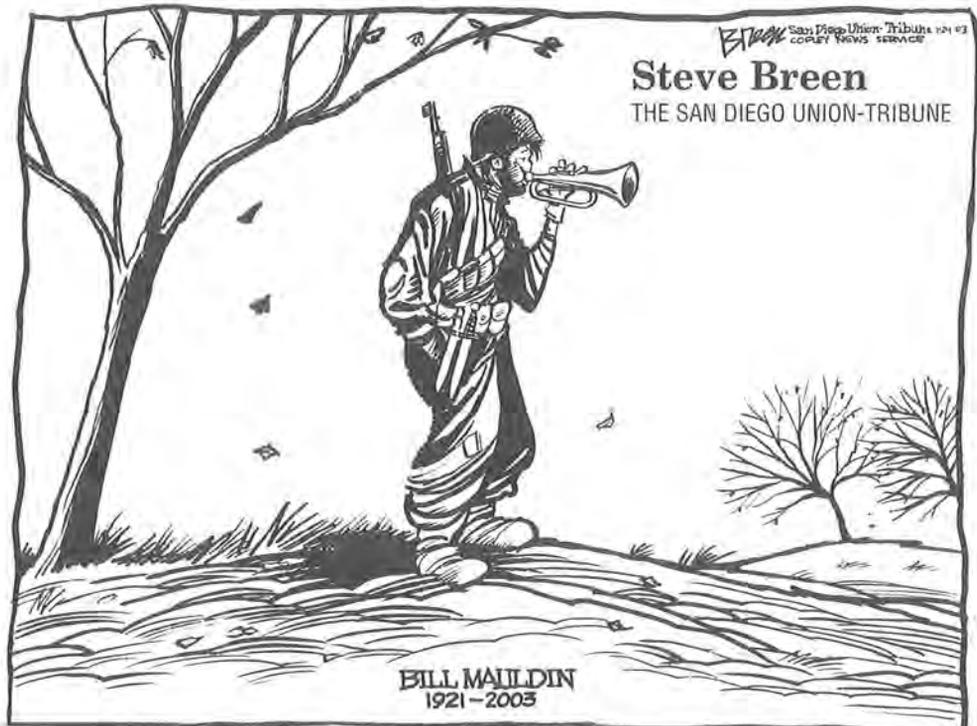
Please send this form
and your old address label to:

PAUL SHADLE
1504 Greensburg Road
New Kensington, PA 15068

Please allow six weeks advance notice.

William Henry Mauldin 1921-2003

William Henry Mauldin was born October 29, 1921, in Mountain Park, New Mexico. He knew from an early age that he wanted to make cartooning his career. But World War II intervened, as it did for so many young men of his generation, and he'd scarcely begun his studies when he found himself a member of the U.S. Army's 45th Division. Bill Mauldin was an ordinary guy from an ordinary town, who made cartoons about ordinary guys, from an ordinary point of view. But he did it so well his work, in all likelihood, is immortal – and that's far from an ordinary achievement. He sure made of difference for many 69ers.



Company C, 661st Tank Destroyers

Submitted By: **Charles H. Griffith**

944 Somerset Street, Gloucester City, New Jersey 08030-1857



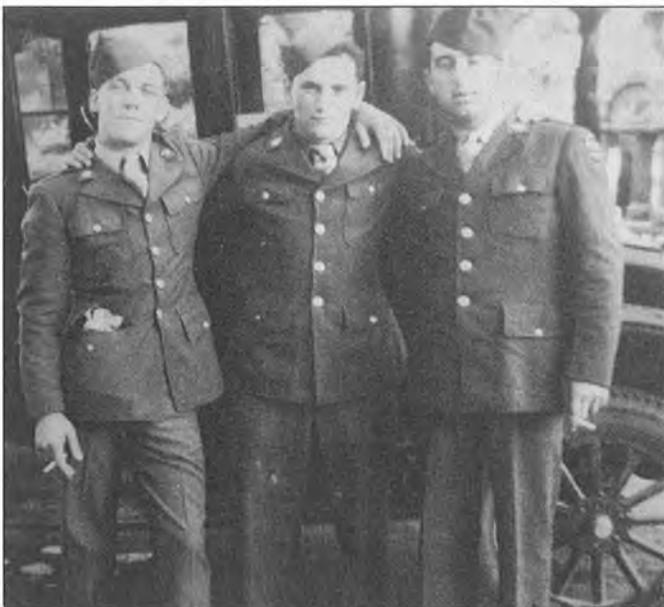
Cuchin, Yannul and Capobiano in Texas capital



*C. Yannul, Len Marchant, T. Maciejewski
somewhere in Germany*



Lt. A. Cameron and T. Maciejewski armed to the teeth



*April 1944 - Charles Griffith, Vito Capobianco, and
Cuchin. I can remember everything except what the
heck was in that brown bag in my pocket!*



Zell and Sgt. Albert Podolan - 1945 Dieppe, France



My last relic of the ETO complete with swastika on the handle. I traded Sgt. Anderson a Belgian 32-caliber automatic for it.



*1st Lt. Alan Cameron
Altranstadt, Germany
Man them pipes were eerie.*



*Chuck Yannul - Austin, Texas
April 28th, 1944*

Battery B, 881st Field Artillery Battalion at Hampton, Virginia 2002 Reunion



Left to right are: Gilbert Rocco, Walter Haag, Dorothy Vasiloudis, Tillie Boris, Jim Boris, Lou Hill, Ed Hill, Emil Matys, Dan Sparks and Marge Sparks

Submitted By: Jim Boris

6800 Henry Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19128-1522

Message from the President



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

Let's all start to plan on attending our reunion in St. Louis. Please don't forget your contribution to the Young Actor's Fund, which will help bring the children from Ohio back for a play in St. Louis.

Since our meeting in Hampton, Virginia, I have received many letters agreeing that we need to adjust our Constitution to include others (especially wives) as Active members. Below, are the two changes that will serve as legal notice.

Note: If you cannot vote in person you may use the proxy form in this Bulletin.

Proposed Amendments to the Constitution of the 69th Division

Article III

(a) Active Members

1. All individuals who at any time served with the 69th Infantry Division in World War II or in units which were attached to the Division in World War II and who subscribe to the Constitution and By-Laws (except those in subparagraph (d) of this article) shall be eligible to active membership in the Association upon notification of the death or incapacitation of an Active Member of the Association his membership shall be made available to his heirs, spouse, or other individual upon approval by the Board of Directors.

(c) Associate Members

The Board of Directors shall be authorized to approve as Associate Member the heirs, spouse, or other individual.

An Associate Member shall not be entitled to vote or hold elective office but shall be required to pay dues as assessed in order to remain in good standing and receive the official Bulletin of the Association.

PROXY FORM AND INSTRUCTIONS

This issue contains proposed amendments to our Constitution. If you will not be attending the reunion, you are eligible to vote by proxy. To insure that your vote is counted, the form below must be filled out completely and legibly and mailed to our secretary:

Ralph Goebel, Secretary

5417 Halifax Lane

Edina, Minnesota 55424-1438

Your ballot must be received by the secretary before **July 16, 2003** or it will not be counted.

Your proxy will be voided if you attend the reunion and vote.

----- DETACH HERE -----

PROXY

On the proposal to amend Article III (a) and (b) as published in this issue of the Bulletin, I vote:

FOR the amendments

AGAINST the amendments

Name _____

Address _____

Unit _____

PRINT LEGIBLY. PROXIES WILL BE CHECKED AGAINST MEMBERSHIP ROLLS AND WILL BE DISCARDED IF THE MEMBER CANNOT BE IDENTIFIED.

Signed _____

(SIGNATURE REQUIRED)



*Let's all pray
for the
safe return of
our many
troops
in the field.*

KEEP THE FLAG FLYING.

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

August 17th thru 24th, 2003

ST. LOUIS AIRPORT MARRIOTT HOTEL

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

Reunion Committee Chairpersons:

Bob and Theresa Pierce
Company I, 273rd Infantry
144 Nashua Court
San Jose, California 95139-1236
Telephone: 408/226-8040

Committee Chairmen:

Ed and Louise Hill Registration
Erwin and Carmen Sanborn Hospitality
Bob and Jean Ross Souvenir Sales
Bob Crowe Seating Assignment
Bob Pierce Tours/Entertainment

Committee Members:

In response to my call for help, the following members have already volunteered:

Al and Edith Carbonari
"Dutch" and Jeanne Hawn
Dick and Gerry Hadley
Elmer and Erma Bronske
George and Ruth Ehll
Charlie White
LeVerne Loveland
Joe Huber
Will Frazee

The problem is we still need local members to work during the day at registration and in the hospitality room. This will allow your out-of-state buddies to enjoy the daily tours and the many attractions of St. Louis. The regular committee chairmen are still responsible for the scheduling and getting the job done. The volunteer tasks are relatively simple assignments for a couple of hours each day between 9:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m., Monday through Friday.

St. Louis Airport Marriott

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

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

Transportation is very convenient. The hotel has free shuttle service to the MetroLink Station and other local destinations based upon availability. The Metro rambles through most all the places of interest in the St. Louis Metropolitan area. There are also the bus and/or shuttle connections at most Metro Stations. Unlimited rides for Seniors on the MetroBus and MetroLink are: One day pass \$4.00; weekly pass \$6.50.

St. Louis "Gateway to the West"

Historically, St. Louis is the heart of the United States expansion from East to West and South to Northwest. The famous Arch represents the Gateway to the West. The first white men were Father Jaques Marquette and Louis Joliet in 1673. In 1764, Pierre Laclède Linquet founded a trading post and named it St. Louis after the French Crusader King Louis IX, who had been made a Saint. The United States eventually bought the Louisiana Region from France in 1803; Missouri became the 24th state in 1821.

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

There is so much to say about St. Louis and so many places to see and things to do, the selection boggles the mind. For those who enjoy gambling there is Harrah's Casino, Ameristar Casino, Presidents Casino and the Casino Queen.

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

Hotel and Reunion Registration Cut-Off Date

Hotel registration and Reunion Tour/Events registration forms both have an important deadline due date of July 18th, 2003.

If you want the reduced hotel reunion rate of \$85.93 (\$75 plus tax) you must register before the deadline date. After July 18, the Association block of rooms will be released for open occupancy at the regular room price.

Accept my sincere congratulations and gratitude for the 99% pre-registration success rate for the 2002 reunion. Most cancellations were in time to save you and your association money. Further, there was only one pre-registration no-show.

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UPCOMING 56th ANNUAL REUNION

(Continued from Page 8)

Please make every effort to honor the reunion registration deadline date of July 18th and the following deadline dates for tours and food service functions.

- **Tours and Tour Buses** - August 1st, 2003
Quantities Guaranteed. Non-Refundable
- **Hotel Food Service Events** - August 7th, 2003
Minimum pre-registered quantities for room and table scheduling.
- **Hotel Food Service Events** - August 18th, 2003
Guaranteed numbers for meals with an allowable 5% maximum overflow

The critical issues are **first, pre-registration deadline of July 18, 2003**. Registrations made after the deadline date will be processed as tour "space available" basis and hotel events will be assigned to "open seating."

Second, cancellations. Reunion cancellation requests should be made to the treasurer by July 18th, 2003. Tour cancellations must be made before August 1st, 2003. Hotel and food service cancellations must be made not later than business hours August 18th, 2003. Cancellations after the cut-off dates will be refunded for emergencies on a case by case basis; cancellation of a tour or hotel event will only be refunded if a stand-by is available to occupy the vacant seat.

Scheduled Tour of Events

Discover St. Louis Tour

This six hour tour will provide a narrated picture of the most interesting attractions and locations in Old St. Louis. Tour will visit Laclede's Landing, a historic area named after the founder of the city. The area is the century old warehouse district on the Mississippi Levee that is now the entertainment district filled with nightspots, restaurants and the location of the President Casino.

A stop will be made at the 630-foot Gateway Arch with a visit to the Museum of Westward Expansion. Time will not allow a large tour to travel up in the Arch; this can be a side trip on your own. Cruising downtown we will pass the old courthouse and Busch Stadium. Next stop will be Union Station built in 1894 with 32 tracks beneath 11 acres, once the largest and busiest train station in the world. The massive building was built to resemble a French fortress; it now houses a hotel and a marketplace of shops, restaurants and clubs. You can explore Union Station as you have lunch on your own. Don't miss the Grand Hall, a barrel-vaulted wonder of gilt work, stained glass and statuary.

Next visit will be at the Cathedral Basilica of St. Louis, the oldest cathedral west of the Mississippi River. Built in 1914, it has the largest collection of mosaics in the world with 83,000 square feet covered with 41.5 million pieces of Tessiera in 7,000 colors.

As we return to the hotel, we will drive through the central west end, "Millionaires Row" for a view of the elegant turn-of-the-century neighborhoods.

Historic St. Charles and Ameristar Casino

Step back in time with a visit to St. Charles. Founded in 1769 by French Canadian, Louis Blanche, St. Charles is the oldest city on the Missouri River. During May 1804 this area served as the Lewis & Clark's Corp of Discovery's first campsite along the Missouri River. It is the largest designated Historic District in the state of Missouri with buildings dating from 1790 to the late 1800's and lined with gaslights and charming restored buildings filled with antique, craft and specialty shops. You can stroll the 10 block historic district, visit the Lewis & Clark Museum or tour Missouri's first state capitol. After lunch on your own, a short ride will bring us to the Ameristar Casino on the Missouri River where you can challenge Lady Luck or just browse, sample the wares and people watch.

Mississippi Riverboat Dinner Cruise

Enjoy a night out with your friends on the "Becky Thatcher," a three-story riverboat river cruise that includes a complete sit-down dinner with a choice of Prime Rib, Chicken Champagne or Alaskan Pollack. There will be a Dixieland Band for your listening and dancing pleasure. We have reserved the ship because the sit-down dinner seating capacity is only 250. Make your reservations early, as the cut-off will be the first 250 reservations. The dinner/dancing cruise price includes round trip deluxe coaches.

Grants Farm Tour

Grants farm is a unique experience. A century ago August A. Busch purchased a piece of Missouri farmland that contained President Ulysses S. Grant's 1855 hand-built, split log home. Grant's home is preserved on a 281 acre park complex that is a living symbol of the Busch family's love of animals and Anheuser-Busch's commitment to wildlife.

There is a tram that carries visitors around the complex so all can enjoy the attractions. Deer Park has over 1,000 wildlife animals from six continents that roam free in the park. The Tier Garden has an amazing variety of animals. You can pet the animals and attend the educational and entertaining shows. The Clydesdale stables are home to about 35 Clydesdales, their breeding and training facility. Attend the Clydesdales/Dalmatian show that offers a close-up look and you can play with the Dalmatians.

The Bauernhof is the centerpiece of the park; it's a 19th century farmstead complete with stables and a carriage house containing the Busch Family's renowned Carriage Collection with vehicles dating back to the 1700's. Enjoy lunch on your own in the open air seating area, sample free Busch beer and browse through the souvenir shop on your way out.

(Continued on Page 10)

UPCOMING 56th ANNUAL REUNION

(Continued from Page 9)

Anheuser-Busch Brewery and Forest Park

A drive through Soulard, the oldest surviving residential neighborhood in the city, brings us to the seventy-city block area encompassing the Anheuser-Busch Brewery. The guided tour lasts about 2 hours where you will witness the brewing of the world's finest "King of Beers." You will see the century-old home of the Budweiser Clydesdales and visit the elegant brew house where a multi-media presentation tells the story of Budweiser brewing process. You will also observe the canning lines in the packaging plant and enjoy complimentary tasting at tour's end. Relax, enjoy the entertaining atmosphere and browse through "Bud World" shop for the perfect souvenir.

No trip to St. Louis is complete without a visit to Forest Park, the site of the 1904 World's Fair. With 1293 acres, it is one of the largest public parks in the United States, filled with some of St. Louis' major attractions. We will drive around to see the beauty of the park and make a couple of stops. The world-class zoo has over 6,600 animals and is a good stop for lunch on your own. There is also a Science Center, Art Museum, and River's Edge Exhibit with its lakes, waterfalls, elephants and hippos with underwater viewing. Don't miss the History Museum to explore the Heritage of St. Louis and view a replica of Lindberg's Spirit of St. Louis. Forest Park is also home of the MUNY, a famous outdoor theater with live stage classical musical productions.

Fort Polk

Military Museum Exhibit

Robert L. Pierce

Company I, 273 Infantry Regiment

144 Nashua Court

San Jose, California 95139

The United States Army Military Museum at Fort Polk, Louisiana has built a new exhibit themed "**Fighting Infantry Regiments of World War II.**" The Museum Curator is desperately trying to obtain the last missing piece to the display; a regimental pin from the 273rd Infantry Regiment of the "Fighting 69th Infantry Division."

If any member of the Association has an extra 273rd pin, or is willing to give theirs to a most worthy cause, please contact:

David S. Bingham, Museum Curator

P.O. Box 3916

Fort Polk, Louisiana 71459-0916

Telephone: 337/531-7905, Wed - Sun.

Web Site News!

www.69th-infantry-division.com

Submitted By: **Joe Lipsius**

6314 Deerings Hollow

Norcross, Georgia 30092-1800

Telephone: 770/416-7725

E-Mail: annejoelip@earthlink.net

Did you know there are more than 80 Company and Battery posed photos taken at Camp Shelby, Kilmer and in Germany on our Web site? Look closely in these photos for you and your buddies - or maybe your husband, father, grandfather or other relative when he was a young man fighting for our country in WWII. Just go to our Home Page shown above, click on the Company Photos link, then select the Unit. But many Units are missing so please check your Company or Battery photos. We need the following:

<u>271st Inf</u>	<u>272nd Inf</u>	<u>273rd Inf</u>
1st Bn Hq Co.	None needed	Co. F
Co. B		Co. G
Co. C		Co. K
3rd Bn Hq Co.		CN Co.
Co. L		AT Co.
271 Med Det		
<u>879th FA</u>	<u>880th FA</u>	<u>724th FA</u>
Btry B	Btry A	Hq Btry
	Serv Btry	Btry B
		Serv Btry

269th Combat Eng Need all Companies

369th Medics Need all but A & B

461st AAA AW Bn Have B Btry only

661st Tnk Bn Have A & B only

777th TD Bn Have Hq. Co., A & B Co.

If you can supply one of these Company or Battery photos, or a better or later photo than on the site, please postal mail in a mailing tube to:

James K. Richardson

26140 Woodward Lane

Denham Springs, Louisiana 70726

It will be returned immediately in the condition received.

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

buhlink@stargate.net

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

Also, please include your address and unit. We have been receiving some e-mails where you are looking for someone, but leave no regular address or phone number for people to respond. Remember, most of our members are not on the net and they may not be able to respond to an e-mail address.

Thank you

Battle Patrols of the 272nd Infantry

Submitted By: **Bill Higgins**

Company B, 272nd Infantry Regiment

9774 Lafayette Plaza, Omaha, Nebraska 68114

Telephone: 402/553-8337

In the most recent bulletin of the 69th Division Association, Vol. 56, No. 1, **Frank Taraburelli** refers to the Battle Patrol of the 3rd Battalion of the 272nd Infantry and asks if the other battalions organized Battle Patrol units. The undersigned, all members of the 1st Battalion Battle Patrol, can verify its existence.

In December, 1944, in England, **1st Lieutenant Francis DeLoach** was authorized to establish a Battle Patrol unit for the 1st Battalion of the 272nd and he called for volunteers. Fourteen men of the battalion signed up and served in the patrol for the duration of the war. While the Battle Patrols were probably not in the formal Table of Organization, our patrol was attached to Battalion Headquarters and we operated as a unit.

The 1st Battalion Battle Patrol saw its first action in the Ardennes in January, 1945 when **Lt. DeLoach** led three separate patrols into the Siegfried Line in one night. As the campaign turned into a race across Germany, the Battle Patrol remained intact and conducted patrol assignments as a unit, or by working with the rifle companies. The Patrol joined Company B as we scrambled across the rubble of the stone bridge

over the Werra River at Witzenhauzen, which was blown up in our faces. At Leipzig we rode atop tanks in the darkness attacking German troops in the vast square fronting the massive railroad terminal. The Patrol was stationed in Torgau the day after the initial linkup of American and Russian soldiers on the Elbe River. We watched the Ukrainian Guard Division, veterans of the Battle of Berlin, move across the river in waves and pass through our positions.

A bound volume of the unofficial history of the 272nd Infantry Regiment was published in Leipzig in June, 1945. The book contains many references to the Battle Patrol units of the three battalions. It is clear that the 3rd Battalion patrol under the able command of **Lt. Raymond Coppock** performed heroically on various occasions during the campaign across Germany. The regimental history also describes the role of the 2nd Battalion Battle Patrol in the attack on Leipzig. Under the leadership of **Lt. Blair** the patrol entered the city and encountered heavy fire, resulting in the death of **Private Coker**.

The undersigned are proud to be members of the 1st Battalion Battle Patrol; we have attended a number of Association reunions. Patrol members were probably not recognized at the reunions since we registered with our respective companies.

Nick Giannone, Bill Higgins, Vince Mazza, Bob Tarr



Battle Patrol, First Battalion, 272nd Infantry — Weissenfels, Germany, June 15th, 1945

Front Row: Bill Higgins, Vince Mazza, Francis DeLoach, Arthur Justice, Dave Butvinik. Back Row: Jerry Krupnick, Paul Duckworth, Bob Tarr, Ken Holcraft, Nick Giannone, George Wilson, Jim Gregg, Denton Morriss, Tom Basinger, Ellis Wood

From Your Bugle Boy

Submitted By: **Arthur Moore**

Battery C, 881st Field Artillery Battalion

55 High Gate Road, Apt. C4

Newington, Connecticut 06111-5251

The enclosed item caught my eye recently and I am glad my eyes were opened. At least they were after I read it. I've been blowing a horn or bugle since 1941 or 42, Jr. stuff. I was good enough to play at cemeteries for returning deceased GIs. In Berlin I blew the horn practically from morning till Taps. Back home I was in the cemeteries again. Bugling was getting to be a lost art. Even buglers die - or lose their wind. I've asked several younger GIs to make sure there was someone to blow TAPS over me when the time comes. I hope they remember.

Well, this article I found in the newspaper is just what I mean. I'm running out of wind. I've barely enough to blow my nose. Perhaps you could jostle some of us old timers to make arrangements to have TAPS played over them when the time comes.

Sounding of Taps Goes High Tech

WASHINGTON — Today's high-tech military has smart bombs. Tomorrow's may have smart bugles. WASHINGTON POST 2002

The Pentagon, lacking enough buglers to play at veterans' funerals, has announced a plan to deploy technologically enhanced bugles that will enable honor guard members to sound taps no matter how musically challenged they may be.

The guard member merely raises the instrument to his lips and presses a button. A small audio device placed within the bugle's bell then booms out the music that has been a standard at military funerals since 1891.

"In addition to the very high quality of sound, it provides a dignified visual of a bugler playing taps, something families tell us they want," said John Molino, deputy assistant secretary of defense.

Beginning next month, the Pentagon will distribute 50 of the new "ceremonial bugles" to military units and veterans organizations in Missouri as part of a six month pilot program. Officials hope the devices developed at a cost of \$50,000 by S & D Consulting, a New York based Digital Media Company, will provide an alternative to having Taps sounded on a stereo or compact disc player.

Under law, honorably discharged veterans are entitled to a two-person uniformed honor guard, the folding and presentation of the U.S. flag and the sounding of Taps.

But with fewer than 500 active duty members who can sound Taps, the military has long been unable to provide a live bugler at each of the tens of thousands of veterans' funerals each year. So Congress passed a law two years ago that allowed a recorded version of taps when a horn player is unavailable.

Some relatives, however, have complained that the experience just isn't the same, Pentagon officials said.

Simon Britton, founder of S & D Consulting, crafted a crude prototype of the device about 1-1/2 years ago after a friend who does advertising for the military funeral honors program told him of the Defense Department's problem.

Pentagon officials gave him the go-ahead to refine it. The cone shaped device works by digitally compressing a rendition of Taps that was sounded at Arlington National Cemetery on Memorial Day 1999, storing it on a thumbnail-sized computer chip and playing it back through a digital amplifier, Britton said.

"A boom box is horrible, so this is an attempt to keep the visual image of what should be," he said. The adequacy of his substitute "is only something that can be determined by the families who attend the funerals."

The military will collect such feedback in evaluating the device, said Lt. Col. James Cassella, a Pentagon spokesman. "We're going to listen to the families as we test this to see if it is as good as we think it is, Cassella said, noting the ceremonial bugle "looks and sounds like the real thing."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Ironically, the following article appeared in the 69th Recon newsletter that is always sent to us. So if you need a bugler, here is some info on how to get one.)

A Man and His Horn

FROM TEXAS LIVING

WRITTEN BY: GARY D. FORD



This former soldier faces the sun and plays taps at funerals of other veterans.

He may tell you he's just a man with a horn, but hundreds of families have chosen **Bob Fuller** of Waco to offer the final goodbye to their loved ones.

Bob, who served as a bugler in the 69th Cavalry Recon Troop in World War II dons his uniform, polishes his trumpet, and drives to cemeteries across Texas. There, facing west into the sun, he sounds taps at veterans' funerals. As the soldiers of World War II, the Korean War, and Vietnam fade away, he stays busy. His business card reads, "I will play taps at ALL Veteran Funerals - Absolutely No Remuneration Accepted."

(Continued on Page 13)

A MAN AND HIS HORN

(Continued from Page 12)

Bob fulfills a vital need. Unable to locate buglers, many funeral homes have resorted to playing recorded versions of Taps. Bob says that lacks the dignity of a lone bugler, horn pointed toward the heavens.

He performs for high-ranking officers and lowly privates, for veterans who flourished in life and those who faltered. Bob recalls a ceremony in Waco's pauper cemetery for a Vietnam veteran. "The Marine Corps sent seven riflemen and a first sergeant. The Navy sent two guys in dress whites. They folded the flag, the marines fired the rifles, and I blew Taps. The only survivor was the man's daughter - a paralyzed teenager in a wheelchair. It was the saddest funeral I've ever seen, but he was put away in style."

Last year, Bob stood and faced the sun at 121 funerals. As more and more World War II veterans slip away, he may spend even more days in all kinds of weather in these gardens of stone. I've played when it was so cold I had to keep the mouthpiece warm in my hand," he says.

Bob first sounded taps for a soldier killed early in World War II. Now retired, he serves as senior vice commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars post in nearby West and practices with his trumpet at home, "where my rat terrier sings along with me."

At his age, Bob is facing the sun in the west too, but he says he will play his horn "as long as the Lord will let me. I've still got my teeth. I go to the dentist every 90 days. At funerals I say a little prayer: Lord, you put the notes in the horn, and I'll push."

Need a Bugler?

Waco is blessed with two good ones. Often William C. "Bill" Hall, a member of the 722nd Air Force Band during the Korean War, plays taps with Bob. Both are listed on the Website: www.buglesacrossamerica.org. You'll also find names of buglers in all 50 states.

69th SOUVENIRS

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

If interested, please contact:

Robert and Jean Ross

8 Bulkley Road

Wilbraham, Massachusetts 01095-1618

Telephone: 413/596-6691

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

- CORRECTED INFORMATION -
Previous Bulletin had incorrect
address and phone number.

Co. H, 272nd Infantry

Submitted By: **Donald M. McGee**

400 Eddy Avenue, Joshua, Texas 76058-3361



Who are these guys. I think one of them is from Alabama and the other from Mississippi. I can't remember their names. Anyone out there know?



Namur, Belgium – August 22nd, 1945

Pfc Donald M. McGee with rifle

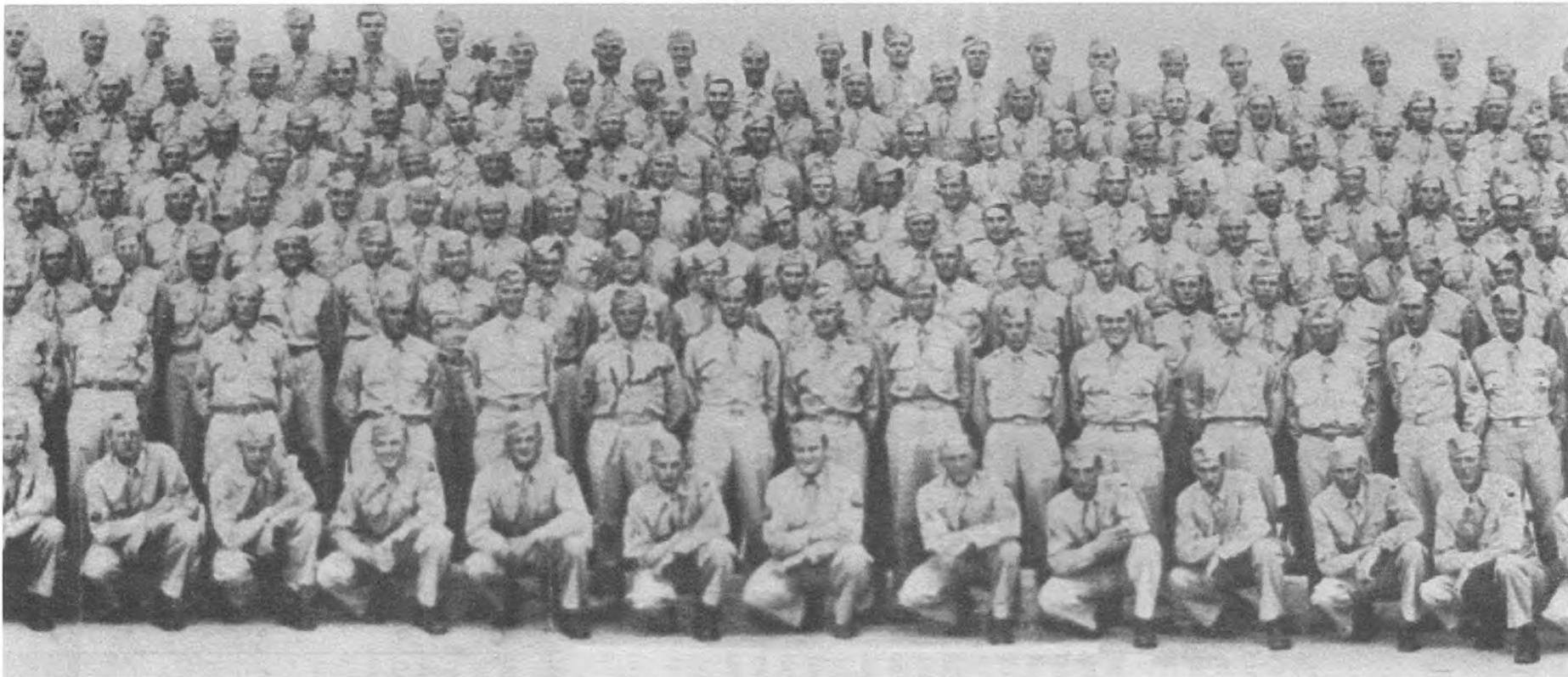
Pfc. Cerniglia, Sgt. Matheson

Upcoming 56th Annual 69th Association Reunion

St. Louis, Missouri

August 17th thru 24th, 2003

Please make plans to join us!



Company B 271st Regiment

Submitted By: **P.H. Delphey**
226 Henley Road
Wynnewood, Pennsylvania 19096

Photo Left:
Younglas, Hancock,
McCarthy, Wills

Photo Right:
Delphey, Walsh, Embick



Ken Maynard submitted this article to us. Edward Kline, is a former member of Company D, 273rd Infantry and is one of the "lost" from the 69th until he read of an upcoming reunion last year.

Homeless Veterans get lift from JWV post

Submitted By: **Kenneth Maynard**
Company D, 273rd Infantry Regiment
12711 South Montana Avenue
Yuma, Arizona 85367-8612

Senior Press, Las Vegas, NV December 2002

By Larry Wills

One small veterans post is making a big difference for the homeless. Murray L. Rosen Post 64 of the Jewish War Veterans is spearheading a program to help homeless veterans to get their lives together.

"We help them become human beings again," **Ed Kline**, chairman of the post's Independence Day Committee, says. These guys gave something. They served. "Anyone can fall down. They need a hand."

Post volunteers in a joint venture with the Veterans Administration seek out veterans who are down on their luck. First, the veterans are screened to ensure they're not alcoholics or drug addicts. "They stay in a motel for a few days and are tested for TB," Kline says. Then they're transferred to a facility run by US Vets on Bonanza Road. "They get free room and board and then we help them find jobs."

Kline says the names of the individuals involved can't be identified under confidentiality rules, but he related two success stories.

"We had a 48-year-old married veteran who came to Vegas early and had been sleeping at the Greyhound (Bus terminal). Everything he had was stolen, including his shoes. He still applied for a construction job but was turned down, since he showed up bare foot. That's when the Community Based Outreach Clinic for Homeless Veterans, run by the VA, and the veteran volunteers came to the rescue.

"We got him some shoes and a job." After the man started working, he paid for the motel room.

Or the 43-year-old man who held down two parttime jobs and spent the night sleeping on CAT buses. He was given a motel room and after 90 days secured a fulltime position. "It's a win-win situation," Kline says.

And he claims the program is amazingly cost-effective. The post spent only \$1,700 - raised from annual poppy sales - in the first two months since the project started July 12th. As of last month, that money has helped place 35 veterans in jobs with only one person dropping out of the program.

"It's a cheap way of getting people off the street. If we take these people off the street, more beds will be available in shelters." Kline says the key is in the screening and concedes many of the homeless are not employable. "Some are never going to change."

Kline is hoping to expand the program, enlisting the support of other veterans organizations. "We hope they will come on board with us. If so, we could double or triple this effort."

He also has received an assurance from the Stratosphere hotel-casino that the veterans will be given a priority in hiring.

Kline's hopeful that future efforts will continue to make a difference. "It's an experimental thing," he says. "Nobody else is doing this anywhere in the country."

* * * * *

The Murray L. Rosen Post #64 Independence Day Program

The Murray L. Rosen Post #64 of the Jewish War Veterans is a joint venture with the Veteran's Administration's Community Based Outreach Center for Homeless Veterans, are engaged in an experimental attempt to get homeless employable veterans off the street and back into productive and self-fulfilling lives.

This program is called "Independence Day." Homeless veterans who are seen at the Community Based Outreach Center (CBOC) and who are employable are given housing at the Lee Motel, meal tickets and bus tokens as needed. JWV Post #64 supplies funds for the motel and bus tokens. Tom Arlt's McDonald's Hamburgers provides us with meal tickets at a reduced rate.

The veteran is then given the opportunity to enter U.S. Veterans facility where they are given free room, board and transportation while seeking and giving help to become employed. They must be tested for TB prior to admission.

Recently the Stratosphere Hotel, through their Training and Development Manager, Carl Polonyi, has offered to help these veterans with employment. This is being coordinated with Ed Atchison, Program Manager of CBOC.

Since the beginning of this program on July 12, 2002 until December 12, 2002, fifty-two veterans have been accepted into this program and all but one have been successful to our knowledge. The JWV Post #64 has recently extended the program for another three months. We know of no other in the country like, this and we are pleased with the success so far.

Ed Kline

Co. D, 273rd Regiment
9932 Arbuckle Drive
Las Vegas, NV 89134
Phone: 702/256-6439

Ed would be happy to provide more information to any others who have an interest in what his group is doing

We commend you and your post Ed, and wish you lots of luck with this most worthy and worthwhile project.



**69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION 2003
56th ANNUAL REUNION
461st AAA BN. - 661st T.D. BN. - 777th TANK BN.
St. Louis Marriott Airport Hotel • St. Louis, Missouri
AUGUST 17th thru AUGUST 24th, 2003**

SEND THIS RESERVATION FORM TO:

ATTENTION: JIM CREELY - RESERVATIONS

ST. LOUIS AIRPORT MARRIOTT HOTEL

I-70 at Lambert Int'l Airport, St. Louis, Missouri 63134

Telephone: 314/423-9700 or 1/877-264-8771 • Fax: 314/423-2221

Please reserve one of the following:

Single _____ Double _____ Price Single or Double - \$85.93 per night (\$75.00 plus 14.575% tax)

Print full names of ALL persons sharing room: _____

NOTE: Special accommodations required: (if available)

HANDICAPPED EQUIPPED _____ NON-SMOKING _____ SMOKING _____

ONE KING SIZE BED _____ or TWO QUEEN SIZE BEDS _____

I / We plan to arrive (day) _____, August _____, 2003. (Check in after 3:00 p.m.)

I / We plan to depart (day) _____, August _____, 2003. (Check out before 1:00 p.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) payable to the MARRIOTT, 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 MARRIOTT to make charges
on my credit card. Date: _____

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

Reservations must be received not later than **JULY 18, 2003**. After this date the group's blocked rooms will be released for immediate resale. Reservations requested after this date will be on a space available basis at the group rate. Group rates will be honored for 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 56th ANNUAL REUNION

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

**St. Louis Marriott Airport Hotel • St. Louis, Missouri
AUGUST 17th thru AUGUST 24th, 2003**

Registration form to be mailed to: **William Ruebsamen, Treasurer**

P.O. Box 146, Sun City, CA 92586-0146 • Telephone: 909/301-9360

I/we will attend the 69th Infantry Division Association Reunion in St. Louis, Missouri during the week of August 17th thru August 24th, 2003 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>Per Person</u>	<u>Number Persons</u>	<u>Amount</u>
<u>ALL PRICED EVENTS REQUIRE A TICKET</u>			
Registration: Monday thru Friday , 9:00 a.m. to Noon and 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. Saturday, 1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m.			
Sunday, August 17th — Early Arrivals on your own.			
Monday, August 18th — Registration and Hospitality Room Open			
Tuesday, August 19th — DISCOVER ST. LOUIS TOUR , 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. ...	\$ 25.00	_____	\$ _____
Wednesday, August 20th — HISTORIC ST. CHARLES AND	\$ 22.00	_____	\$ _____
AMERISTAR CASINO , 10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.			
RIVERBOAT DINNER DANCE CRUISE , 6:30 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.	\$ 36.00	_____	\$ _____
Entrée Choices: Prime Rib___ Chicken Champagne___ Alaskan Pollack___			
Thursday, August 21st			
BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING — 8:00 a.m. to 9:30 a.m.			
GRANTS FARM TOUR , 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.	\$ 22.00	_____	\$ _____
EARLY BIRD BUFFET , Cash Bar 6:00 p.m.; Dinner 7:00-9:00 p.m.	\$ 30.00	_____	\$ _____
Friday, August 22nd — ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWERY TOUR			
AND FOREST PARK , 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.	\$ 25.00	_____	\$ _____
PX BEER PARTY — 8:30 p.m. to 12:00 Midnight	\$ 5.00	_____	\$ _____
Saturday, August 23rd — 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	\$ 32.00	_____	\$ _____
Entrée Choices: New York Strip___ Chicken w/Jumbo Shrimp___			
Sunday, August 24th - Farewell Breakfast - 7:30-9:00 a.m.	\$ 12.00	_____	\$ _____
Replacement Cost for Lost or Broken Permanent Badges	\$ 4.00	_____	\$ _____
SUPPORT YOUR HOSPITALITY ROOM: DONATIONS PLEASE!!!			\$ _____
		Reunion Sub-Total	\$ _____
DUES — New Dues Year - August 1, 2003 to July 31, 2004			
Regular Membership	\$ 10.00	_____	\$ _____
Ladies Auxiliary	\$ 5.00	_____	\$ _____
Postage and Bulletin Donation (up to you)			\$ _____
		Total Amount Paid	\$ _____

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

ALL RESERVATIONS MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY PAYMENT IN FULL — IF NOT — YOUR RESERVATION WILL BE LAID ASIDE UNTIL PAYMENT IS MADE AND THIS COULD RESULT IN YOUR REQUEST FOR SEATING AND FUNCTIONS BEING DENIED. NO CHARGE CARDS ACCEPTED FOR EVENTS. **MAIL IN CUT-OFF IS JULY 18th, 2003.**

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.

With Co. I, 273d Regiment

Submitted By: **Robert L. Muckel**

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

Fort Erenbreitstein

This fort was a large stone fortress sitting on top of a big hill overlooking the Rhine River. Our division had just retaken it from the Germans. I say retaken, because it was here during the end of our occupation of Germany after World War I on January 23rd, 1923, that the American garrison flag over the fort was taken down. On this day that same flag, having been brought back from the States, would again be raised over the fort.

We had our brown dress uniforms on, steel helmets, cartridge belts and bayonets and we stood in formation in the big open parade ground of the fort. An order was given and we quickly snapped to attention and brought our rifles up to Present Arms.

I looked over the rows of soldiers in front of me. There were some officers walking by reviewing us. I noticed that one of them was a general. After the ceremony was over, I found out that it was one of the big shots, General Omar N. Bradley of the Twelfth Army Group under which our division had been serving. This was the only time I ever saw him.

Fort Erenbreitstein

We came to a small town by the name of Polenz. On its outskirts was a large prison camp containing a few small buildings and surrounded by a high, barbed wire fence. Inside this enclosure were Prisoners of War from different countries in Europe. Most of them seemed to be British soldiers all imprisoned by the German Army. They all seemed happy and glad to see us as we were their allies. We wondered why they were not turned loose.

We were told the authorities must first process them, then they would be turned loose and either sent back home to England, or to rejoin their former outfits. In the mean time, they had to stay in camp.

The Ceremony

Our company was standing in an open field in formation. We were ordered to fix bayonets, then turn our rifles upside down and sling them on the front of our right shoulder. We were then formed into two columns, and started walking towards the woods. Suddenly, we hear the sound of muffled drums. The melody they were playing was a mournful one. The drums beat slowly, Taa...Room...Taa...Room..Boom Boom. We bowed our heads and began the slow step march of the dead. The left foot was slowly brought forward, then the right foot was brought up beside it. These slow steps were repeated over and over. We stopped in the middle of a small clearing in the woods and reformed back into Company formation. The drumming stopped.

An officer stepped in front of us holding several sheets of paper in his hand. He began to speak. He read off a list of names of men in the Company who were to be Decorated for Bravery under fire.

As each man's name was called, he stepped forward to the front of the company and the officer read out loud, stating the time, place, and occurrence of the act, which earned the man his decoration. An officer then stepped forth, and pinned the Medal on the soldier's chest who then returned to his place in line. After all the medals had been given out, the drums began to beat again, then stop. This time the officer read off a list of names of men in the company who have given their lives in defense of their country. With the drums slowly beating their mournful tune, we left the woods.

Good News

We received good news, the war was over. Some of the men went wild with joy. The rest of us, just stood around quietly, not speaking to anyone. The happy and relaxed atmosphere we were now enjoying was suddenly broken by the news that since the war in Europe was now over we were to prepare to leave in three days to go to the Pacific Theater of operations as we were still fighting the war with Japan. This news came as a great shock to us. I sat down on my bed and thought to myself, "I have been darn lucky so far. I haven't even received a scratch. Now we must go, the whole way to the Pacific, to fight the Japs and I have the feeling that my luck is going to run out and I will end up being killed over there."

I thought of my duffel bag, loaded with the loot and souvenirs I had picked up over here. I couldn't see hauling it half way around the world with me, then maybe being killed and a complete stranger taking it. I then thought of the British prisoners, in their camp. I picked up my heavy duffel bag and headed for the prison, stopping just outside the barbed wire fence. I saw a group of British soldiers standing there close to the fence. I called to them, and said, "how would you fellows like some souvenirs to take back home with you? One of them said, "What do you mean chap?"

I then opened my bag and began throwing its contents over the fence to them. They went wild. I felt like Santa Claus, at Christmas time. It saddened me to do it but I emptied the whole bag. Everything, went over the fence, gold watches, diamond rings, cameras, pistols, daggers, silver coins, German army medals, fancy meerschaum pipes, arm-bands - you name it, it was there, all except for a few silver coins and some German marks which I kept for myself. After I had emptied the bag, I turned around, and quietly walked back to our barracks.

When I arrived back at our building, I received a great shock. The word had just come down, our orders had been changed. We were not going to the Pacific, after all. I just stood there, dumfounded, holding my empty duffel bag. "Oh Well, easy come, easy go. Those were the breaks in war.

With Company H, 272nd Infantry

Submitted By: **Donald M. McGee**
400 Eddy Avenue, Joshua, Texas 76058-3361

I have sent in these photos, but can't remember the names of the men. Maybe someone else will and can write in. Also, there are pictures of some of the Russians we met along the way taken in Germany 1945.

Just a tidbit from the past. September 25th, 1948 was the date of our first reunion which took place at the Park Central Hotel in New York City. I was working on a ranch in Wheatland, California at the time. I rode a Greyhound bus from California to New York City to attend the reunion. General Reinhardt had me come up and have my picture taken with him and some of the other officers. They were going to mail me a copy of that picture. I never got it.

I just wonder if anyone still has any pictures of that first reunion. I'd love to hear from them.



*Donald McGee,
then and now*



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
E-Mail: ethelruck@aol.com

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



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

Ellen McCann, Chaplain
39 Mayflower Road
Woburn, Massachusetts 01801

A Message from your Auxiliary President, Ethel Ruck

Dear Ladies of the 69th Auxiliary,

Hope you all had a wonderful and blessed holiday season.

Now that the Christmas holiday is over, and a new year has begun, it is time to turn our thoughts toward our next reunion to be held in St. Louis, Missouri from August 17th thru August 24th, 2003.

It is very appropriate that we should be in St. Louis this year. This marks the beginning of the special bicentennial anniversary of the Louis & Clark Expedition of the Louisiana Territory. Did you know that the first step of this exploration began in St. Louis? With the Louisiana Purchase our country doubled in size. I'm sure we will learn more about these events when we arrive 200 years later for our reunion in August and are greeted by the Gateway Arch.

It is time again to start preparing our lap robes (36x34), booties, bibs, cards, etc. for the veterans at the St. Louis VA Hospital. **Ann Lipsius** has presented us with a tremendous challenge. We may not be able to come up with eleven lap robes, but our veterans

appreciate whatever we are able to contribute to their comfort.

We are still planning our members' gift exchange of no more than \$5.00 each. The past officers are requested to bring an extra gift for those who are attending for the first time. See you in St. Louis.

Elaine Eagon writes

Wife of **Paul H. Eagon**
Company I, 273rd Infantry Regiment
1435 North Avenue, Waukegan, Illinois 60085

Just a word in remembrance of **Nicholas Villacci, Co. I, 273rd Infantry Regiment**, who passed on December 17, 2001. I met Nick and his wife, Ann (who passed on in 1996), several years ago when my husband, Paul and I started attending the 69th reunions. Nick was a quiet, soft-spoken man. He always looked as if he had just stepped out of a band box. I remember how his clothes were all so neatly pressed with very sharp creases in his trousers. Paul and he went over to Europe on the SS Santa Maria from New York in 1944 and were in Germany all the way to the Elbe River when the Division met the Russians in Torgau. We sat with Nick at many a reunion dinner. We will surely miss him.

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Maytag Messerschmidts

Submitted By: "Howitzer" Al Kormas

Headquarters, 879th Field Artillery

12500 Edgewater-503, Lakewood, Ohio 44107

Until combat in North Africa the army had virtually no aerial reconnaissance for infantry operations. The Army expanded an aerial pilot training program for Piper Cubs which was commonly called by the troops, "Maytag Messerschmidts." They flew at about 65 mph over combat areas and artillery targets were called by the observer in the rear seat. They became so good in their work, that enemy artillery and machine guns, etc. remained silent lest they received artillery shelling.

Many an infantryman got a hot meal up front due to these brave and incredible pilots, landing just about anywhere - field, roadway, cornfield, etc. and on short take off and landing strips. The need for these pilots was critical, and many crop dusters were made into flying sergeants and later moved from combat duty to flying wounded, checking railroad tracks, highways, etc.

I drove for the pilots and accrued many hours in the back seat, as they had orders never to fly solo. I also helped to pick out strips for them to land on with very little training for this. One of our pilots, **Lt. Russell** taught me to fly a little.

The amount of weight on a Cub Piper had to be limited - a pilot, observer and a radio, that was it and we were only permitted to carry sidearms. Also, we had no parachutes - think of that. If they were in trouble, their only option was to glide into a forced landing. We lost one pilot, as he took off in heavy mud going up to combat. He crashed and was pulled out by a farmer, who himself was burned rescuing him. His burns were so horrible, no nose, no ears, half of a left foot gone, he lived for three days, always saying, "Don't tell my mother." Another battalion pilot was forced down, and immediately got into another Cub and up he went.

On one occasion, I was with **Sgt. Watson**, a liaison pilot. We flew under a low bridge. He forgot about the high radio mast. He pulled it off and a large part of the plastic top went. Watson's only concern was how to explain it. If that wasn't bad enough, we were out on maneuvers and he was driving the truck. He was also a wild driver and he found out in the dark that a 3/4 tonner and a tree made for an abrupt stop. Orders came down that he could keep flying but was no longer permitted to drive a land vehicle.

Another incident that I remember with Watson. He wanted to fly at 5,000 feet altitude. It was very cold at that altitude and that was not operating altitude for the Cub. All of a sudden, we were almost flipped over by a B-17 coming from behind. We could see them laughing and they turned around and came back in a wide circle and Watson flew right at them forcing them to pull away.

On another occasion, he saw this bib-overalled, barefoot farmer going into his outhouse. He flew right

at him at a speed not recommended. The poor farmer came running out and falling down into the woods trying to pull up his overalls.

These pilots would land their planes on the highway next to the girls college and arrange dates with the girls who had cars. In fact, **Andy Andrews** of my battery was courting a gal in McComb 60 miles away, and on weekends one of the pilots would fly Andy there buzzing the little town's main drag, and his girlfriend would drive out to the strip and pick him up. They married and had many happy years. I still speak to Andy all these many years.

While watching the Travel Channel lately it featured the Scottish National WWII Air Museum. All the planes we were familiar with during WWII were there and to my delight, they had an American Artillery L4H Piper Cub. It looked just like new and even had the top in plexiglass for observations. And watching it fly made me look for my old worn out O.D. hanky, and relax in my soft comfy lounge chair close my eyes and just reminisce of those days. Spinning the prop to start it, no battery, so no lights, and night flying prohibited. About 63 years difference but I was right back there.

Again as so many of us say who returned home, the best three years of our lives in so many ways, with comrades.

Flying Pup has 40 Hours in the Air

Three-months-old "Tuffy" of the 879th F.A. Bn. has piled himself up forty flying hours at an age when most youngsters are still struggling in three-cornered pants.

The brown-haired pup and flying baby of the 69th Divarty is owned by **S-Sgt. Norman Watson**, liaison pilot for the 879th F.A.

Once a Pfc. "Tuffy" owes his downfall to drink at the tender age of two months.

"I went on pass and left 'Tuffy' with the boys in the battery. It so happened they had a battery beer party while I was gone and someone decided to initiate 'Tuffy' into the art of drinking that 3.2 dew served at the PX," Sgt. Watson related.

"Tuffy" proceeded to get properly tight - so tight in fact that he joined up with one of the 69th infantry regiments and was AWOL from the 879th for two weeks.

"We had to bust him for that," Sgt. Watson said.

Tuffy usually rides on the small platform behind the radio in the liason plane and is a well behaved canine airman, Sgt. Watson reports.



A Welcome Response

Submitted By: **Barry Isaacs**

Son of **Donald Isaacs**, Company M, 273rd Infantry
193 Whiskey Run Road, Newville, Pennsylvania 17241

(In the last issue of the Bulletin, Barry Isaacs sent in a letter and pictures asking if anyone remembered his father (pg. 18.) He received the following response from Dr. Joseph A. Ezzo, who served with his father.)

Dear Barry,

Thanks for jogging my memory. I served with your father when he joined the 69th until May 1945 when we were separated.

In Camp Shelby we were known as the Eyes (for Isaacs) and the Ears (for Ezzo) of M Company. In addition to heavy weapons we trained in communications, Morse code, climbing poles, stringing wire, and radio.

We went to England on a small "Liberty" ship to Basingstoke. Then to the continent. Our Company replaced a veteran fighting unit entrenched near the Siegfried line. Trucks brought us into the forest after dark and we waited in pairs for a forward man to come and bring us to the foxholes where his buddy was. His only words to me, "The only way you'll get out of here is to be killed or wounded." The time was around midnight or 1:00 a.m. and we had no idea of where the rest of our squad was. An hour or two later we heard a nearby rifle shot, commotion, yells for the medic and more commotion. The remaining early hours were quiet. At dawn as we started peaking out, a loud artillery/mortar blast killed **Captain William Parris**. He was a West Pointer.

I remember the donut incident, and it was on the Rhine. I write again if I find anything you might be interested in.

Joseph A. Ezzo

5380 Joe's Creek Drive N.
St. Petersburg, Florida 33709



The M Company Wire Crew and "Ise-Ez," Don Isaacs and Joe Ezzo (on his back) in foreground at Camp Shelby.

The two photos below belong to **Joe Ezzo** and are from the Brandis Airfield in Polenz, Germany. The retreating Germans demolished their planes, including rare Messerschmitt Me 163B komet rocket fighters from Jagdgeschwader 400. It was quite a treat to get a picture from Dr. Ezzo with Dad in it. Hopefully somebody else may be identified in the group picture.



Some of the boys at Brandis Airfield near the town of Polenz, Germany. Don Isaacs, far right in back row with helmet. Others unknown.



Joe Korony on jet plane - Polenz, Germany (Me 163B)

Attendees by State at the 2002 Hampton, Virginia Reunion

STATE	ATTENDANCE
Pennsylvania	60
California	36
Ohio	31
New York	29
New Jersey	26
North Carolina	25
Virginia	25
Michigan	23
Florida	20
Illinois	20
Maryland	17
Massachusetts	17
Tennessee	16
Georgia	13
Wisconsin	11
Arkansas	8
Alabama	7
Mississippi	6
Missouri	6
Nebraska	6
Iowa	5
West Virginia	5
Arizona	4
Colorado	4
Indiana	4
Minnesota	4
Connecticut	3
Alaska	2
Idaho	2
Kansas	2
Louisiana	2
Montana	2
New Hampshire	2
Oklahoma	2
Oregon	2
South Carolina	2
Texas	2
Washington	2
Nevada	1
Wyoming	1
Ontario, Canada	2
	<hr/>
	458

SUMMARY	MEMBERS	TOTAL
Total Attendees	198	458
First Time Attendees	4	

2002 55th Annual Reunion Attendees Hampton, Virginia SEPTEMBER 22nd-29th, 2002

The following is a list of the attendees at the 2002 Reunion in Hampton, Virginia 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

Archie H. Brooke Virginia
Guest: Vivian Brooke Bailey
 Charles and Edith Chapman Virginia
 Gordon Kjos Minnesota
 George Moberg..... Massachusetts
Guest: Richard Farrington

69th MILITARY POLICE COMPANY

Frank and Helen Williams Pennsylvania

269th ENGINEERS

Ward and Marian Peterson Pennsylvania
 William C. Riggle, Sr. Indiana
Guest: William C. Riggle, Jr.
 Lloyd and Loretta Roth Ohio
 Steve Sholtis Ohio
Guests: Steve Jr., Mike and Philip Sholtis

569th SIGNAL COMPANY

George Hepp New York
 John and Jean Kastanakis Alabama
 Hester Manning West Virginia
 Seymour Nash New Jersey
 Donald and Lois Pierce Pennsylvania
 Margie Redmond West Virginia
Guests: Tam Brown and Teresa Shroades
 Raymond Smith Maryland
 Carl and Mildred Stetler Pennsylvania

271st INFANTRY REGIMENT

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

John Barrette Wisconsin
 John and Barbara Davis Pennsylvania
 William and Dorthea Duncan California
 Bertha Jones Pennsylvania
Guest: Randy Jones
 Lee Wah New Jersey

COMPANY A

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

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2002 REUNION ATTENDEES - HAMPTON, VA

(Continued from Page 24)

COMPANY B

Lumir and Patsy Bocek Nebraska
Martin Buol Florida
George Burrows North Carolina
*Guests: Ronald Burrows, George Burrows,
Faye McKeown, Fred and Judy Burrows,
William and Alice Burrows,
Gary and Vicki Burrows Spake*
Philander and Ruth Delphey Pennsylvania
Earl and Millie Hansen Tennessee
Adam and Margaret Lee Pennsylvania
Guests: William and Virginia Helsel
Charles and Peggy Mabe Pennsylvania
Harold and Cynthia Moore Tennessee
Guests: Peter and Cindy Silberblantt
Charles and Bobbie Nicely Alabama
Orrie Pullen Michigan
William and Jo Sheehan New Jersey
Charles and Patricia Walsh Wisconsin
James Walsh Connecticut
James and Dorothy White Tennessee

COMPANY C

Alexander and Mary Milne Massachusetts

COMPANY D

John and Shirley Fleming Pennsylvania

COMPANY E

Elmer and Erma Broneske Colorado
Grace Glaum Illinois
Guest: Doris Glaum
Graham Lippard Virginia
Guests: Violet Sicard and four others
William and Catherine McCall New Jersey
Bing Poon Pennsylvania
Paul Shadle Pennsylvania

COMPANY F

Cecil and Alene Cottle Ohio
Arlene Fuller Pennsylvania
Anthony and Adele Vink Michigan

COMPANY G

Clifton Barbieri Virginia
Guest: Deborah Barbieri
Edward and Jacquelyn Chando New Jersey
Clarence and Lena Goon Ohio
Zane and Zelma Gray Arkansas
N. C. and Elizabeth Harrison Tennessee
Guests: Alan and Emily Cochran
Glenn and Nadine Hunnicutt Nebraska
Guests: Greg and Melanie Butler
LeVerne Loveland New Jersey
Emery and Pat Nagy Tennessee
Bill and Judy Fernandez Newblom Colorado
George and Doris Phillips New Jersey
Josephine Plugge Illinois
Guest: Sandy McAdaragh
Bryce and Debbie Fernandez Raub Florida

COMPANY H

Robert and Dorothy Adsit Michigan
Michael Kutzmonich Pennsylvania
Guest: Grandson Mike
James and Margaret Zawitoski Maryland

3rd BATTALION, HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

James and Betty Yakle Florida

COMPANY I

Douglas and Nathalie Buckstad ... North Carolina
Guests: Robert and Janis Buckstad

COMPANY K

Robert and Irene Bishop Massachusetts
Mae Smith Michigan
Guest: Connie Brough
Robert Sahr Minnesota

COMPANY L

*Noble Goode California
Guest: Fred Goode

COMPANY M

William and Reba Sheavly Maryland
Guests: William Jr. and Seba Sheavly
James and Mary Nelle Shoemaker Florida
Guests: Arthur and Winney Mosley

ANTI-TANK COMPANY

Arthur and Nancy Holgate New Jersey
Archie and Pauline Millsaps Arizona
Guests: Walter and Vistia Liesmann
Francis Tomczuk New Jersey
George and Lina West Pennsylvania

CANNON COMPANY

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

272nd INFANTRY REGIMENT

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Joe and Anne Lipsius Georgia

1st BATTALION, HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

*Charles Underwood Iowa
Guests: Anne and Tom Albright

COMPANY A

James Battin California
Guest: Paulette Elrod
Dominic Dezio Michigan
Sanford and Nancy Firsichbaum New Jersey
Edgar and Frances Parsons North Carolina
Guest: Daughter
*Harold Patchen New York
Guest: Harold J. Patchen

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2002 REUNION ATTENDEES - HAMPTON, VA
(Continued from Page 25)

COMPANY B

Crandon and Jane Clark New York
Leo and Margaret Moore Ohio
Guests: Dale and Marilyn Moore

COMPANY C

Henry and Christine Williamson Ohio

COMPANY D

John Mason California

2nd BATTALION, HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Bretsell and Betty Everson Pennsylvania
David and June Wittman Montana

COMPANY E

Fred Butenhoff Wisconsin
Guest: Nancy Eisenreich
Roger and Ruth West Michigan
Chester and Barbara Yastrzemski New York

COMPANY F

James Henry Pennsylvania
Neil Shields Pennsylvania
David and Jeanne Theobald California
Melvin and Louise Wardin Michigan

COMPANY G

Will and Barbara Frazee Ohio
Clement Hudacek Missouri
Guest: Rosella Kochner
Ray Lehman Iowa
Guest: Eva Benson

COMPANY H

Veto and Athanasia DiPento Pennsylvania
James and Lillian Fallin Louisiana
March and June Mussay Illinois

COMPANY I

Edward and Jennie Ambrose Pennsylvania
William and Dorothy Edge Maryland
Wendell Freeman Georgia
*Guests: Howell, Janey, Hunter, David Freeman
Joe and Alice Freeman*
Robert and Vivian Kurtzman Ohio
L.A. and Janice Lushbaugh Maryland
Harold and Ethel Ruck Tennessee

COMPANY K

Stanley and Laurene Knedlik Alaska

COMPANY L

Joseph and June Gibbons Michigan
Guests: One
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 Idaho
Raymond and Alice Wolthoff Florida

ANTI-TANK COMPANY

David Calhoun Florida
Guest: Ruth Breeden
Joseph Huber Wisconsin
Guest: John Huber
Russell and Betty Koch Missouri
Raymond and Janet Sansoucy Massachusetts
Ed and Dolly Sarcione New York
Guest: Stephen Sarcione
Dallas and Laura Shelton Illinois
Guest: Linda Traylor
Robert and Evelyn Silberg Maryland

CANNON COMPANY

Ralph and Ursula Goebel Minnesota

273rd INFANTRY REGIMENT

COMPANY A

James and Barbara Brooks Georgia
Guests: Frances Koerner and Fannie Hardage
James and Mary Carroll Texas
James and Allamae Ezell Arkansas
Edward Lucci New York
William and Ruby Nettles Mississippi
Guests: Eugene and Elvina Nettles

COMPANY B

Eugene and Marilyn Mischke Illinois

COMPANY C

Stanley and Gloria Czyzyk New York
Elijah and Marge Dalrymple Florida
Gerald Gilgenbach Ohio
Kent O'Kelly North Carolina
Guests: Colin and Pam
Edward Szetela Virginia

COMPANY D

Robert and Betty Ammon Michigan
Guests: John and Marilyn Pletcher
Arthur Ayres, Sr. New Jersey
Guests: Arthur Ayres, Jr. and Arthur Ayres III
Allan and Mary Blackmar New York
Guests: Kenneth and Michael Blackmar
Ed and Mary Case Pennsylvania
Roland and Janice Hendrickson Oregon
George and Barbara Johnson Virginia
Dan and Cathy McHugh Virginia
Gordon Mohr North Carolina
Ken Sawyer Florida
Guests: Francis Collard and two guests

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2002 REUNION ATTENDEES - HAMPTON, VA
(Continued from Page 26)

2nd BATTALION, HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

David and Miriam Malchick New Jersey

COMPANY E

Joseph Aiello New York
Carl and Charlyne Bugg North Carolina
Martin and Mildred Connor Massachusetts
Robert Crowe Massachusetts
Arthur and Marian Hume Michigan
Jane Matlach New York
Harold and Peggy Sprang Ohio
Dorothy Witzleb Pennsylvania
Guests: Karen Posey and Craig Lachappell

COMPANY F

Gilbert and Marian Clark Pennsylvania
Thomas Graves Florida
Samuel Woolf New York

COMPANY G

Homer and Patricia Lind California
Edson and Tory Stagg New Jersey

COMPANY H

Robert and Roberta Andrew Pennsylvania
Bert and Rhoda Eckert New York
Robert and Maxine Haag Indiana
Leland and Lola Jones Kansas
Charles Locke New Jersey
Guests: Donna and Michael McCool

3rd BATTALION, HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Joseph and Caroline Gawek North Carolina
Charles and Pat Hoffman Alabama
John Mihm Pennsylvania
Guest: Nancy Decker
Earl and Anna Walters Pennsylvania

COMPANY I

Justin and Robbie Bloom Maryland
Paul and Elaine Eagon Illinois
Robert and Theresa Pierce California
*Guests: Frank and Doris Pierce,
Paul and Doris Billion, David, Theresa,
Joshua and Megan Billion, Kathy Pierce*

COMPANY K

Oliver and Vera Coker, Sr. Arkansas
Raul and Lilly Nava California
Guest: Adam Bondy

CANNON COMPANY

Arlie and Parley Boswell Illinois
Guest: Mary Jane Boswell
Lee Wilson California
Guest: Jan Kremenz

724th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION
BATTERY A

Paul Kitner Pennsylvania
Brownie Parsons West Virginia
William Ruebsamen California

BATTERY B

Thomas Heath New York
Guest: Robert Klafehn

BATTERY C

Al and Polly DiLoreto Ohio
Robert Hollister New York
Howard and Lois Hawk California
Robert and Libby Inyart Illinois
Charles Martens Wyoming
*William and Shirley Meadows Virginia
Walter and Nicole Wilson New York

879th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

Thomas and Ruth Elliott Washington

880th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

George and Edna Blume Virginia
Stanley and Georgia Bratt Illinois
Howard Carlton, Sr. New Hampshire
Guest: Howard Carlton, Jr.
Robert and Marilyn McKee Maryland
Mike and Lucille Pendrick Arkansas
William and Katherine Suckel Ohio

881st FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

James and Matilda Boris Pennsylvania
Walter Haag California
Guest: Dorothy Vasiloudis
Lester Hart Ohio
Guest: One
Edward and Louise Hill Ohio
Emil Matys Nevada
Gilbert Rocco Pennsylvania
Guest: One
Daniel and Margie Sparks Pennsylvania

661st TANK DESTROYERS

Eugene and Ethel Pierron Wisconsin
Guests: Jeffrey Pierron and Jodi Buechler
William and Ellen Snidow Virginia
Charles and Francis Yannul Virginia

777th TANK BATTALION

Ellen McCann Massachusetts
Guest: John McCann
Henry and Jean Putala Connecticut
Robert Weise New York
Guest: Sandra Kilmartin
Charles and Edna White Oklahoma

HONORARY MEMBERS

Wilfred and Ollie Ferda Ontario

Personal Vignettes of World War II

Submitted By: **William Currier**
Headquarters, 273rd Infantry Regiment
1298 Hartford Tpke., Apt. 3E
North Haven, Connecticut 06473-2177

We spent considerable time at the Siegfried Line in the Ardennes Forest. Our battalion companies were engaged to capture pill boxes and make penetration. Pill boxes were large concrete structures that were used by the Wehrmacht for shelter from bombing by planes. It was in February and it was cold and snowy. We made huts from tree limbs for shelter. It was important not to change the outward appearance of the area. We ate mostly rations, used our steel helmets for washing and shaving, and squatted over slit trenches to relieve ourselves.

Our job was to police the wires for intercompany communications. There were no cell phones in those days and the use of a radio wasn't private. One of the attacks on a pill box went wrong and we lost a large group of men by explosion. Their bodies were piled up near us for days waiting for the Service Company to come and identify them and take them back.

We came across a French truck that had been abandoned by the Heinies, apparently out of gas, we got a battery for it and got it going and when we made our move through the line, it carried our duffle bags and other things. We called it "Frenchie" and **Norm Pickford** and I became "big shots" with our own truck.



Norm Pickford with "Frenchie"

* * * * *

One night while we were in the Ardennes, **Captain Conway** informed me that I should meet him at 5:00 a.m., along with **Benny Foy** and **Norm Kayler**. We traveled a short distance and we met some people from Service Company when we found out that we would be traveling in a weasel to lay a line. A "weasel" is a vehicle, a little larger than a jeep, that is amphibious and has tracks like a tank.

It was very dark and the situation was overwhelming because we didn't know what was going on. As it was, we had to cross a small river and therefore we needed the weasel. I was busy getting our wire equipment into the weasel and **Captain Conway** was gathering information on how to run the vehicle.

Before daylight, we started out; **Captain Conway** had the directions. Soon we were at the river and at the edge we found a pole to climb to fasten the wire. We proceeded to cross the river in the weasel. It was only a short trek but when we reached the other side, we had trouble finding a suitable tree to tie up the wire over the river as most of the area was short brush. Finally, we found a small tree which gave us about 10 feet over the river.

Just about this time, it was getting light and we could see that we had to go up this small mountain. We started up the mountain traveling in a bias direction. We didn't get too far and a barrage of artillery started coming in, apparently the Heinies listening devices heard the tracks on the weasel and thought it was a tank. We were somewhat sheltered from the shells because we were on the reverse side of the mountain. We continued to lay the wire when suddenly **Benny Foy** yelled, "STOP!" **Captain Conway** stopped and we saw that **Benny** had seen three "R" mines across the wagon track that we were using. When we got out of the weasel, we could see that they were about 2 feet from the tracks. If we hit them, we would have been shot into the air.

Then we had a dilemma because **Captain Conway** said, "I don't know where reverse is!" He then ordered us to step away from the vehicle and he began searching for reverse. It was very frightening because the tracks jumped with every movement of the vehicle. **Captain Conway** finally moved it in reverse and we went around the mines. The shelling continued and he decided to abandon the weasel and go the rest of the way on foot. We reached a point near the top and we established a good line for communication.

NOTE: I was hit with shrapnel here, but it just ripped my pants and scratched my thigh, like a scratch you would get from a rosebush.

During the war, while we were at the Siegfried Line in the Bullingen Ardennes Forest, I had a very interesting experience. One day, a group of us were loaded on a 2-1/2 (an army truck used to transport troops) and taken back several miles to an area in the woods where there was a huge tank truck and another truck similar to a trailer with a connecting tent. As it turned out, we were going to get a shower. It had been at least a month and a half or more since the last shower and you can imagine how my body felt.

We first started stripping, leaving our pack, rifle, helmet, shoes and combat jacket in a pile. We were given a plastic bag for our personal things. After this,

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PERSONAL VIGNETTES OF WORLD WAR II

(Continued from Page 28)

we approached the truck bare assed and entered on signal. The truck had about 20 showers, 10 on each side, and as soon as the group ahead left, we went in. We were told that this had to be a very fast program because of other guys waiting and the limited supply of water Well, it was tremendous to have the water running over your body. I was ecstatic! But, I had just started to soap up when the water went off and we were told to move on for the next batch to come in.

We moved into a large tent and there were clothes piled up in big heaps. You fished around to find something that would fit. We had fresh underwear, shirts, pants and socks. I was able to take some extra underwear, which was precious during those times.

This was a big lift for my spirits. We were doing our washing in our helmets and living under the trees with pine boughs protecting us from air surveillance.

One day in May, after VE Day, we were in a German house, where we had been staying before meeting the Russians. This particular day, I was in the house writing a letter to my wife and I was joined by **Luke Wynberg** and **Spinks**. They had been out in back shooting pistols and came in to clean up.

Luke and Spinks came into our wire section together as replacements when we were at the Siegfried Line. It was a bad time for them as everyone was looking out for themselves and they were only a few days from civilization. It was hard to adjust. This brought them very close and they were always together.

When they came in, they began to clutter up the table that I was writing on, so I moved to another position and Spinks took my chair. After about two minutes, a shot went off and Spinks fell to the floor, dead.

Luke went berserk and he was taken away by the army police. Luke had come to the United States from Germany, as a young boy with his brother. His mother and father were in a concentration camp. They were Jewish. His brother joined the O.S.S. and was being used behind the enemy lines to gather information. Luke volunteered for the army, Luke was very bitter towards the German civilians, and justifiably so.

We Still Need Cover Photos!

If you have any good quality photos that would make an interesting cover, please send us your original and we promise to return it immediately!

We like to have general photos, not photos of one individual - scenery, artillery, or unusual photos of events that took place during the war.

Please, do not send photocopies. Members continue to send in photocopies and then are disappointed because they don't see them in the bulletin. We cannot reproduce them. Thank you.

More on the Battle Patrol

Submitted By: **Clarence F. Burke**
Company G, 272nd Infantry Regiment
297 Hill Street
Pitcairn, Pennsylvania 15140-1009

On page 41 of the last Bulletin (Vol. 56, No. 1) there was a story about The Battle Patrol of the 272 submitted by **Frank Taraburelli**. In the story he mentions **Bob Gipple** being in a Battle Patrol of the 2nd Battalion. Both Bob and I were in the 2nd Battalion Battle Patrol so when I read the story I wrote to Bob and he in turn wrote to Frank. Below is Bob's Letter.

* * * * *

Dear Frank,

I read your article in the last 69th Bulletin, and will fill you in a little. I want to give you some information in regards to the Battle Patrol of the 2nd Battalion, 272nd Regiment.

One time when I renewed my Division membership I identified my unit as the 272nd Battle Patrol of which I was a member. Later **Bill Matlach** wrote to me asking for information regarding our Patrol. That is how it came about in the letter of reply to me. We did exist:

Members of the Patrol were:

- Lt. Donald Blair** (deceased)
- T/Sgt. John T. Hanson** (not located)
- Sgt. Walter Caughman III** (deceased)
- Pfc Peter Pauli** (no contact - Interpreter)
- Pfc Stan Shargey** (deceased)
- Pfc Cecil Coker** (Arkansas - killed in combat)
- Pfc Raymond W. Baxter** (Iowa-deceased)
- Pfc Lloyd W. Granquist** (Washington-deceased)
- Pfc Clarence Burke** (Pitcairn, Pennsylvania)
- Pfc Robert Gipple** (Iowa - still kicking)

Clarence Burke and I are the only two left - others are either deceased or cannot be located.

To be real honest at the time we did not know other Battle Patrols existed. We were referred to as the Regimental Battle Patrol, not knowing there were others. We were proud of our contributions to the 69th's efforts. We too had the Battle Axe patch given to us by **Col. Buie** in a little ceremony after the war. **Wick Baxter**, a close buddy of mine in the patrol, said to me one time after the war, "Gipp don't tell your friends what we did. They will say you're a damn liar."

Frank, it is good meeting you through correspondence, and thanks for your interest in asking for information in regards to the existence of the 2nd Battalion Battle Patrol.

Best to You,
Bob Gipple
Company G, 272nd Infantry Regiment
608 North Palm Avenue
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa 52641



Furnished by: Ralph Stoltz

Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, 273rd Regiment - October 1944, Camp Shelby



Furnished by: Harry Hankins

Company A, 273rd Regiment - October 1944, Camp Shelby

Scans for both photos e-mailed by:
James K. Richardson,
Denham Springs, Louisiana

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

Report on the 51st Annual Recon Reunion Bird-In-Hand, Pennsylvania September 22-25, 2003

Our 51st annual reunion was hosted by **Charles and Barbara Fox**. They had us billeted at the Bird-In-Hand Family Inn. We had no tours or activities scheduled for the entire group, but the motel furnished a free tour of the area for all those staying at the inn. There was no additional cost for this tour. The tour covered the Amish farm area and some of the many craft shops and stores.

Answering roll call at Bird-In-Hand were:

- Tony Baldi** New Jersey
 Guests: Jim and Camille Baldi
- Bob and Pat Barcalow**.....Virginia
- Gordon Ewing**.....Florida
- Charles and Barbara Fox** Maryland
 Guests: Harry and Grace Hagan
- Harold and Jeanne Gardner** Missouri
- Eddie Glenz** Pennsylvania
- Al and Esther Gold** Massachusetts
- Morris Kaiserman** Illinois
- Bert and Pendie Lippincott** Pennsylvania
- Mike and Mary Moscaritolo** Florida
- Floyd and Evelyn Opdyke** New Jersey
- Bob and Mabel Schueler** Ohio
- Hank and Lillian Weiman** New Jersey
- Bob and Jean West** Ohio
- Maxine Stambaugh** Virginia

Guests: Steve Stambaugh, Tim, Michelle, Alexandra, Madeline and Katherine Stambaugh

Our rooms were very nice and comfortable. With the exception of just a few rooms, we had rooms on the same floor as the hospitality room. Our hospitality room was very large with plenty of chairs and tables. Lots of room to sit and visit and also to display our pictures and maps. It even had a full kitchen with sink, refrigerator, microwave oven and plenty of cabinet space.

We had our banquet on Sunday night at the motel in our private dining room. It was Pennsylvania Dutch food and served family style. It was all very delicious and seemed like the supply was never ending. A large group of us motored to the Amish Barn Restaurant the evening before our banquet where we also had a very delicious meal.

After our banquet meal **Steve Stambaugh** presented a memorial to his father **Hap Stambaugh**, who passed away July 17th, 2000. The memorial consisted of a series of pictures taken by **Hap** on his "government furnished" tour of Europe during WWII. Included in the pictures were also some taken by **Hap** and **Steve** on their various trips through the same area after the war. The latest pictures were taken by **Steve** on a trip he made in July 2002.

These pictures evoked a lot of memories to all of us. We had been to some of the same areas when we were also GIs. Thank you for a very entertaining program, **Steve**. I know that it was really appreciated by we troopers who were with **Hap** at the time.

It was another good reunion and everyone seemed to enjoy being together. Since we didn't have a lot of prescheduled activities for the entire group, it left us plenty of free time for shopping, sightseeing and visiting in the large and convenient hospitality room. Thanks again **Charlie** and **Barbara**.

461st AAA Battery 2002 Roanoke/Salem, Virginia Reunion Report October 12th, 1999

Mac and Madge Morris, News Reporters
630 North Oakland Street
Arlington, Virginia 22203-2221

The Quality Inn, Roanoke, Salem was the setting for the 461st 18th Annual Reunion.

Attending were 5 veterans:

- John and Elsie Chambliss**
- Howard and Maxine Sandefur**
- Mac and Madge Morris**
- Wallace and Betty Ullery**
- Ed Griffin**

(Continued on Page 33)

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

(Continued from Page 32)

Also present were: **Barbara Morris, Ruth Jones, John, Jr., Judy and Trey Chambliss, Richard and Sarah Rollason, Benjamin and Charlotte, Benny Raphael, Jerry and Marilyn Jones, Bruce Marshall, Hannah Marshall, Scott Marshall, Frances Musselwhite, Rob and Christie Heubel, Michael and Marsha Hicks, Pat and Brenda Musselwhite.**

Wally said grace, and we had a delicious buffet, 29 people: \$652.50. **Pat Musselwhite** was our master of ceremonies. He mentioned how much we miss **Louis Jones** but it was good to see **Ruth** and the family.

Pat requested the veterans give any special memories they had. **Lou Jones'** son spoke, and also had a few of Lou's jokes.

Wally read a list of veterans who had passed away. The 5 present were recognized. Discussion was held of what to do in the future regarding Reunions. Should we go yearly, every two years, or discontinue. Health is an issue for so many.

Motion made to survey remaining 15 and decided whether to meet in 2003, 2004, or discontinue.

We concluded the meeting with the Pledge of Allegiance.

Ruth Jones spoke about **Lou** and his interest in the Reunion group.

Minutes by **Mac** and **Madge Morris**.

P.S. We missed **Steve** and **Cindy**, but thanks for the cups, we look forward to them.



461st AAA Members: Mac Morris, Howard Sandefur, Wally Ullery, John Chambliss and Ed Griffin

Company F, 272nd Infantry Regiment



**At the 2002
69th Annual
Hampton, Virginia
Reunion
Banquet**

Left to Right:
**Mel Wardin
Neil Shields
Dave Theobald
Jim Henry**

Submitted By:
Neil Shields
6211 Pleasant Street
South Park, Pennsylvania
15129-9714

(Continued on Page 34)

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

(Continued from Page 33)

Company I, 273rd Infantry

Paul H. and Elaine Eagon

1435 North Avenue

Waukegan, Illinois 60085-1958

Following are a few pictures taken at the 69th Reunion in Hampton, Virginia.



*Theresa and Robert Pierce in front.
Paul Eagon and wife Elaine, in back.*



*Doris and Franklyn Pierce in front.
Franklyn is Robert Pierce' brother.*



Robbie and Justin Bloom in front. Paul Eagon in back.

Did You Know That . . .

- Adolf Hitler was a teetotaler, vegetarian and non-smoker.
- Stalin's original name was Josif Djughashvili. In 1913 he began using the pseudonym Stalin meaning "Man of Steel."
- Heinrich Himmler, the evil head of the Nazi SS, was once a chicken farmer.
- On January 17th, 1942 Churchill was nearly shot down by the enemy and then his own airforce. During a return trip from the United States, his flying boat veered off course and came close to German anti-aircraft guns in France, after this error was noticed and corrected, his aircraft then appeared to British radar operators to be an enemy bomber. Six RAF fighters were scrambled to shoot him down, but fortunately for Churchill they failed to find him.
- The Soviet Red Army once trained dogs to destroy enemy tanks. The dogs were trained to associate the underside of tanks with food and were fitted with a 26 lb. explosive device strapped to their backs. Once the dogs crawled under the tanks, the device was triggered and exploded destroying the tank (and of course the dog). Unfortunately this didn't always work as planned as the dogs were trained using Soviet tanks so were more likely to run under these than the German tanks. As many as 25 German tanks were put out of action this way during the battles for Stalingrad and Kursk.
- You've heard of suicide or kamikaze bombers - but how about suicide battleships!?! On 7th April 1945 off the island of Okinawa the Japanese battleship Yamato, which had not been given fuel for its return journey home, arrived with several other ships to attack the American fleet. The Yamato, which was one of the two largest battleships ever built, and her accompanying ships, were sunk by American aircraft before they reached their target.

Leverne Loveland shares his thoughts

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

I trained at Camp Shelby as a member of the 69th Division for about a year (1943-44) and saw many of my buddies transferred out and replacements sent in to fill our ranks. I went through basic and advanced training twice until my transfer out in late April or early May. Over that year I made many friends and fortunately, some of them still attend 69th Division reunions. **Loar Quickle**, a past president of the Association, had been our Company Clerk and so I have been receiving the Bulletin for a great many years and have faithfully read each copy I received.

Now I have another story that came to mind last night. It does not pertain to the 69th Division but it is meaningful to me. I know the 69th Division did not arrive in Europe until November or December 1944. A buddy I trained with in Shelby in my squad had been transferred out and for all these many years I wondered what happened to him. A buddy of mine from the 90th Infantry Division sent my name to the 90th Division Association and I started to receive their publications. To my great surprise I discovered a letter from a great nephew of my basic training buddy inquiring about information about him. We corresponded for many months and he sent me pictures taken in Shelby. He also told me that his great uncle had been part of the Normandy Invasion as a member of the 90th Infantry Division and had been killed in mid July 1944. That was the same time that I had been sent to join the 90th Division in Normandy. Well here now is my story!

One week before Christmas I was watching the History Channel on TV, which I watch regularly and they showed the "Christmas Truce" between the English and German soldiers during WWI in 1914. It was a very poignant picture of enemies who stopped fighting each other because it was Christmas, and got together as human beings and shared their common belief in their religious faith. They fraternized as friends do and shared their thoughts and mementoes.

I had never heard of anything like this happening in war histories before. Of course the top brass, English and German, found this unbelievable and issued orders to resume fighting. I had been fighting with the 69th Division from Normandy, across France and into Germany and the Siegfried Line and over ran it and we ended up at Dillingen on the Saar River and it was Christmas time. We were on one side of the river and the Germans were on the other side.

I was then the company radio man so I was attached to headquarters. Our headquarters was established in a large chateau overlooking the city and it was a beautiful home, still equipped with hot water, a bathtub and a cellar filled with all kinds of liquor. It was something you only dream about! It was December 24th and after the brass had used the bathtub, then all of the rest of us and our company also had the chance to use it. It was truly unbelievable. Everyone got a chance to soak and wash up in that tub!

Then someone had cut down a pine tree and from things brought in from many homes we decorated our Christmas tree. In the early evening a large German plane, like a transport flew very low over the town but didn't drop bombs. A picture of our Christmas tree was printed in our 359th Regiment Book. During the night on Christmas Eve we could hear the Christmas music from the German side of the Saar River, but there was no shooting from either side. It was something like a "Christmas Truce" like in 1914 but we had no contact with them. On Christmas Day our cooks had prepared a turkey dinner for us and believe me, it was a real feast! Little did we know that up north the Germans had started a massive drive in Belgium. Then on January 7th, 1945 we received orders to move out. The entire Division was trucked up north in a terrible snow storm to assist in the "Battle of the Bulge." Our positions at Dillingen were replaced by men from another unit who wore our Division insignia, to fool the enemy. We fought for 3 weeks sweating and freezing in terrible conditions but finally stopped the Germans. And from then on it was a drive to the Rhine River, crossing it and into the industrial area of Germany.

I had been wounded in early March but the 90th continued on and took Mainz and crossed the Rhine and continued on as the resistance declined. The 90th headed down toward Czechoslovakia while the 69th and other divisions fought across Germany and the 69th headed toward Leipzig and eventually made contact with the Russian troops. Germany surrendered and eventually the Japanese did also as a result of our two atomic bombs.

Then we fought in Korea and Vietnam and in Desert Storm and now in Afghanistan and a terrorist war which attacked our Country. The war in the Middle East between Israel and Palestine and its supporters has been going on for centuries in some degree, but I don't see any final peace. Why can't people learn to respect and honor the religious beliefs of others and live happily together?

Does the United States, as the most powerful Nation in the world, have to become the world's police force? I hope not! History has recorded constant wars between nations and peoples and sadly, it will continue long after we are gone. It certainly doesn't look hopeful for our descendants!



**Battery A, 724th Field Artillery Battalion
28 June 1945 - Tollwitz, Germany**

Battery A, 724th Field Artillery Battalion

Submitted By: **Robert B. Coburn**
 2158 Rollins Street, Grand Blanc, Missouri 48439-4336



*First 2 unknown. Coburn, Jackson, Barrett and Martin in back.
 155 Howitzer - Camp Shelby, Mississippi 1943*



*T/S Guzzardo - Brooklyn, NY
 Pfc. John Sullivan - Cleveland, OH*



*Photo Below:
Personnel Section
Camp Shelby, Mississippi - 1943*

*Back Row:
 Weiser, Fritch, Hanley, Unknown
 Front Row:
 Ocasky, Coburn, Vicidominia, Shayka, Marendish*

Personnel Section **Camp Kilmer, New Jersey**

*Back Row:
 T/4 Weiser, Pennsylvania
 Cpl. Paul, New York
 Beatty - Pennsylvania
 Front Row:
 Pfc. Faust - Pennsylvania
 Cpl. Coburn - Michigan
 T/Sgt. Marendish - Minnesota
 Cpl. Vicidominia - New York
 Cpl. Pietsch - New York*



The Dog Face Soldier Boy

Submitted By: **Robert R. Robbins**

Company K, 273rd Infantry

721 Bay Street Apt. 9

Santa Cruz, California 95060

I am writing in reference to The Fighting 69th Infantry Division bulletin, Volume 56, No. 1, page 54 "The 69th 10 Years Later," by Robert Weinstock.

It has been my privilege to serve in wartime with what I (and many others) consider to be two elite Divisions. The 69th from Shelby to the end of the war, and the 3rd I.D. from Ft. Devens, Massachusetts in 1950 until I was evacuated from Korea in June 1951. Then again in January 1958 I gyroscoped to Germany with the 3rd.

Now to get to the point of this letter, "The Dog Face Soldier Boy" as printed on page 54 is slightly incorrect.

The actual wording is:

I wouldn't give a bean
to be a fancy pants marine,
I'd rather be a dog face like I am.

I wouldn't trade my old ODS
for all the navy's dungarees
for I'm the marching pride of Uncle Sam.

On all the posters that I read
it says the army builds men,
I think they are tearing me down
to build me over again.

I am just a dog face soldier
with a rifle on his shoulder
and I eat a KRAUT

(changed to MEAT prior to gyroscoping to Germany in 58)
for breakfast every day.

So feed me ammunition
keep me in the third division
Your dog face soldier boy's OK.

During the command of Major General Roy E. Lindquist both at Benning and in Germany, we were required to sing "Dog Face Soldier Boy" or other unit song ie; "Gary Owen" for the 7th Cavalry Recon Bn, whenever in formation. As I remember it, at Ft. Benning formation was construed to mean 5 or more individuals from the same unit going in the same direction. The senior man present was to take charge and sing, or else.

Thanks for allowing me to bend your ear, and thanks again for an outstanding job.

New Men Relocated Since Our Last Bulletin

Frank Bosworth - Company K, 271st Infantry
17 Egypt Lane, Fairhaven, Massachusetts 02719

Floyd D. Campbell - 569th Associate Member
1516 North Franklin St., Danville, New York 62832

Frank Nichols - Battery B, 881st F.A.
70 Depot Street, #714
Douglas, Massachusetts 01516-2325

Daniel B. Dawson - Associate Member
2589 Corte Rivera, Pleasanton, California 94566

Harold F. Patchen - Company A, 272nd Infantry
801 Elm Street, Rome, New York 13440

R. T. Savage - Unit Unknown
P.O. Box 5023, Evansville, Indiana 47715

Alvin Lietz - 69th M.P.s
315 South Maple Hill Drive
Appleton, Wisconsin 54914-9166

James W. Warren, Jr. - Associate Member
320 Cedar Hill Road
Holly Springs, Mississippi 38625-2720

Robert L. Olack - Associate Member
4596 Noble Street, Bellaire, Ohio 43906

Kenneth H. Soderberg - 273rd Infantry Regiment
1517 W. Cardinal Drive
Horseshoe Bend, Arkansas 72512

Charles W. Ray, Jr. - Associate Member
12622 Huntington Field Drive, Houston, Texas 77099

Gene Majewski - Associate Member
P.O. Box 56622, Chicago, Illinois 60656-0622

Robert J. Kasmarick - Company H, 272nd Infantry
364 Concord Drive, Oregon, Wisconsin 53575-3615

John D. Rockwell - Company F, 271st Infantry
180 Mountain Visra Circle
Santa Rosa, California 95400

Carl T. Williams - Headquarters, 273rd Infantry
Box 798, Camino, California 95708

Francis J. Elliott - Company E, 273rd Infantry
11 Lake Avenue, Apt. 307
Worcester, Massachusetts 01604

Donald R. Scribner - Headquarters, 569th QM
9502 N.W. 72nd Street, Tamarac, Florida 33324

Herbert Schedina
Friedrick Platz 3, Torgau, Germany 4860

DEADLINE FOR MATERIAL FOR NEXT BULLETIN IS

MAY 31st, 2003 • Volume 56, No. 3

May, June, July, August 2003

Get Your Material In On Time! Write those stories!

The 272nd Battle Patrol & a Pillbox Adventure

Submitted By: **Edgar A. "Bud" Parsons**
Company A, 272nd Infantry Regiment
1913 South Lakeshore Drive
Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514
Telephone: 919/942-5472
E-Mail: eaparsons@msn.com

This letter addresses the inquiry in the September-December 2002 Bulletin, page 41, concerning Battle Patrols of the 272nd Infantry Regiment. It is my understanding that only the 272nd Regiment utilized Battle Patrols. Neither the 271st Regiment nor the 273rd Regiment had such organizations.

My personal familiarity is with the Battle Patrols of the 272nd Regiment, and particularly the Battle Patrol of the 1st Battalion that led to a Siegfried Line pillbox occupancy. Each of the three battalions had their respective Battle Patrol, a temporary organization, reporting directly to the Battalion CO for special assignments. At the conclusion or completion of the assignment, the Battle Patrol members reverted to their permanently assigned company.

Battalion Battle Patrol members were all volunteers. I am quite confident that each patrol nominally consisted of a lieutenant and eleven enlisted men. I am also quite sure that all Battle Patrol members came from one or more of the three rifle companies within each battalion. For specific missions, the number of men would be modified to fit the particular circumstances. A specific patrol might be as low as four or five men.

For example, the Battle Patrol, and its mission with which I was directly involved, consisted of **1st Lt. Francis B. DeLoach** and five of his Battle Patrol members. The action is described briefly on page 62 of the History of the 272nd Infantry, and is the only printed reference therein to the three Battle Patrols of the Regiment. **DeLoach** was nominally assigned to Company A, but for all practical purposes spent all his time at battalion headquarters, working directly for **Lt. Col. Allen D. Raymond**, the CO, and **Major William M. Zimmerman**, the Executive Officer.

This wintry experience (almost exactly 58 years ago, as I write this) "on the line" was in support of the 1st Battalion Battle Patrol. At the time, I was a 2nd lieutenant, and platoon leader of the first platoon of Company A of the 272nd. The incident may be of interest, and worthy of printing, as an example of the work and importance of these Battle Patrols. My memory is supported by a faded and creased RESTRICTED copy of Special Order 22 from 272nd Headquarters.

This faded document lists **Lt. DeLoach** and his Battle Patrol, together with supporting personnel from Company A, AT Company and Cannon Company.

Collectively, we are believed to be the first men in 272 Regiment to be awarded the Combat Infantryman Badge. This first CIB award, Special Order 22, also listed a small number of men from rifle companies of the 2nd and 3rd battalions, and it is believed these men were Battle Patrol members for those battalions. This particular award order does not list either the 3rd Battalion's **Lt. Coppock** or 2nd Battalion's lieutenant Battle Patrol leader, whose name I cannot now recall.

Among the 3rd battalion Battle Patrol members listed on this first CIB award order were **Sgt. John P. McDonnell**, **Pfc Harold R. Zeiger**, **Pfc Frank A. Taraburelli**, and **Pfc Julius Haberman**. These four men and seven others are listed on the order extract printed in the aforementioned Bulletin.

Besides **DeLoach**, the 1st battalion Battle Patrol members cited were **Pfc. William P. Higgins** of Co. B and **Pvt. Denton R. Morriss** of Co. C. Also listed on this first Combat Infantryman Badge award from Co. B are **Pfc Nicholas Giannone**, **Pfc James W. Gregg**, and **George Wilson**.

About four years ago, I obtained **DeLoach's** address and phone number, called him, and had a memorable 30 to 45 minutes conversation about those long ago days. **Lt. DeLoach** was one of the finest infantry officers it has ever been my good fortune to know, and with which to be associated. A rare form of courage and initiative is required to volunteer for a Battle Patrol assignment. **DeLoach** had it, as did all those Battle Patrol volunteers. I regret to report that **DeLoach** died several years ago. At a 69th Division reunion of several years ago, **Bill Higgins** and I reflected upon **DeLoach** and the Battle Patrol, and it is hoped that **Higgins** or other Battle Patrol members may share their personal recollections of those exciting days.

The circumstances originated from the 1st Battalion going on the line, and Company A relieving a unit, now lost to my memory, that was occupying foxholes just west of the Siegfried Line. Company A was in position about 24 hours, having moved in during one or two of the preceding nights. Very early in the dim daylight of a snowy morning, one of my "runners" who was normally stationed at company headquarters, came to my foxhole and informed me that I was to report to battalion headquarters immediately. I did so. I was told to have my platoon withdraw from their positions, and to prepare to provide support to the Battle Patrol.

The Battle Patrol's mission was to reconnoiter a pillbox area over one thousand yards or so beyond a wooded and extremely hilly area. The First Platoon was to come to their assistance if necessary, and to provide covering or protective fire as required to facilitate their safe return. Our primary mission was reconnaissance, not combat. As far as could be projected, we could expect to return late that afternoon or in early evening to our foxholes, which contained our blankets/sleeping bags.

(Continued on Page 40)

THE 272nd BATTLE PATROL AND A PILLBOX ADVENTURE

(Continued from Page 39)

After assembling near the Battalion CP, and briefing the squad leaders, the platoon moved out, keeping **DeLoach** and the Battle Patrol in view. The morning clock reading would have been seven or eight, with winter daylight visibility. From the cover of that European pine forest, and its patches of scrub pine that most 69ers remember well, and miscellaneous bushes, and folds in the terrain, my Platoon Sergeant, **T/Sgt Robert S. Oliver** and one or more of my Squad Leaders rotated and shifted positions to keep **DeLoach** and his men in sight. We were extremely bashful, and not particularly anxious to call attention to our movements as we advance from one cover to another. The 272 History account describes intermittent machine gun fire at **DeLoach** and the Battle Patrol, but I have no recollection of fire being directed at me or other members of the first platoon. Had it happened, I am sure I would have remembered it.

I kept my squad leaders in position to bring BAR fire, and other supporting fire to bear if required, but circumstances did not call for it. Our purpose again was reconnaissance, and support of the Battle Patrol.

During most of the late morning and afternoon hours of that winter's day, one or more of my squad leaders and I were lying prone or crouched in the snow, always shifting positions to keep **DeLoach** or some member of the Battle Patrol in view. Unfortunately, some of the snow melted in the winter afternoon sunshine, gradually soaking the field jackets and underclothing of those of us on the forward edge of the ever-changing observation positions. Most First Platoon members were kept 40 to 100 yards or more to the rear and in the shelter of trees and other cover, and were able to keep relatively dry throughout that waning winter afternoon.

Darkness eventually made it impossible to keep **DeLoach** in view. Finally, he and his patrol straggled back to our general vicinity. I returned to Battalion Headquarters with him, expecting to be relieved, and to be ordered back to our foxholes for the night. The time was about six o'clock, night was fully upon us, and except for K-ration snacks that each man carried, we had had no food since the pre-dawn morning.

The Battalion CP was a considerable distance from Company A's area, and worse, Battalion Headquarters Company vehicles were starting to collect the mess containers for the hot supper meal that had just been served. It was obvious to me and the other platoon members that within minutes, those food containers, some with unserved hot food, would soon return to the rear. Comparable actions were undoubtedly taking place at the same time in Company A's area, and that meant not only no hot supper for the platoon, but also having to scrounge "K" or "C" rations from somewhere to carry us over to the next day's breakfast.

To aggravate matters, I was not only hungry, but cold and wet, and the warming sunshine of that winter afternoon had given way to the penetrating cold of a winter night. While I was preoccupied with making known the platoon's needs for hot food, and worrying about returning to and finding our foxholes, **Lt. DeLoach** and the Battle Patrol were reporting to the Battalion CO. One of the German pillboxes had not only recently been abandoned, but also it contained extensive quantities of rifles and ammunition and other material.

Suddenly, I was included in a conference of some seven or eight officers, including a forward artillery observer Captain and conducted by **Lt. Col. Raymond**. I was asked if I would, or could, take my platoon back to that particular pillbox. My recollection is that **Lt. Col. Raymond** would prefer the First Platoon for this mission, as we were already knowledgeable with the terrain, and it would take several hours for another platoon to be in position. I asked to talk it over with my Platoon Sergeant, **Oliver**, and in the meantime inquired if a delay of some kind could be imposed immediately on the return of those Headquarters Company food containers to the rear so that my men could have some share of that fast-disappearing hot food.

Col. Raymond acted immediately. This was evidently the first he had been aware of this important consideration. **Sgt. Oliver** was just outside the CP and as cold and wet and hungry as I was. We were both starting to tremble with involuntary motions to obtain bodily warmth. I informed **Oliver** of **Col. Raymond's** offer. The cold was such that I remember commenting to **Oliver** that I doubted if we could get through the night in our respective foxholes without becoming pneumonia cases. He agreed. I asked him to join us inside the CO's tent. In this brief minute or two, we could both see actions being taken for members of our platoon to obtain mess kits and to be a part of the chow line.

Our consultation required only a few moments. When **Oliver** and I entered the tent, it was clear that several planning conversations had taken place in anticipation of our return. The artillery captain dominated the conversation. He had drawn an overlay of the pillbox position. On this overlay, he had drawn three circles of artillery fire concentrations. Each concentration had a three number identifier. He gave me a map, but said it was for general information only, that I should rely primarily on the overlay, and the fire concentration numbers.

The pillbox was described by **DeLoach** as reinforced concrete, and probably consisting of several rooms. The artillery Captain and the Battalion CO had agreed that if the Germans attempted to re-take the pillbox, it would be best for the platoon to get inside

(Continued on Page 41)

THE 272nd BATTLE PATROL AND A PILLBOX ADVENTURE

(Continued from Page 40)

the pillbox, and the artillery fire concentrations would be air bursts, and sufficiently heavy to thwart any serious attack. Until such an attack were mounted, we would, of course have outposts and normal guard precautions.

Further, I would be provided with a special SCR 300 radio for calling in the fire support, together with battery powered wire communications for other contact support. We were also provided with "K" rations for one day. We would be relieved the following night, and another platoon replace us.

And that's close to what happened, except for details. The first detail is that we were not relieved until the third night. My recollection is that we could have been relieved, had I wished to when either the Battalion CO or **Captain Bucholz**, the Battalion S3, asked me over our wire phone, but the pillbox was dry, although cold, and was far, far preferable to returning to those cold, cold foxholes. The consensus of the platoon was to stay in that pillbox, and that also was my thought. Each night we were provided with "K" or "C" rations for the following day. We were also provided with a Coleman single burner gasoline stove for cooking and a lantern.

These amenities, the ubiquitous decks of cards that seemed to be vital supplies to about one in four infantrymen, plus German military equipment of many kinds scattered throughout the several rooms of the pillbox, and abandoned by the Germans in their haste to leave the pillbox, enabled us to pass the time quite pleasantly. The abandoned equipment demanded careful examination, and we were not only curious, but also had ample time on our hands with which to satisfy that curiosity.

An additional detail was that the pillbox seemed to be a very safe place, and there seemed to be general agreement it was preferable over our former foxholes in case the Germans initiated something. Of course, the first thing I did after locating the pillbox was to carefully reconnoiter the immediate area, and designate outposts. Each of the three squad leaders were made responsible for four or six hours. I vaguely recall establishing two outposts, each with a somewhat protected escape route back to the pillbox entrance, and with each outpost to be manned with two or three members of the squad. Some noise-making trip wire devices were strung near the ground somewhat beyond the outposts.

During our three days and nights of occupancy, the Germans made no attempt to re-occupy the pillbox. On each of the nights, however, one or both of the outposts fired several rounds at what I believe were imaginary targets. Each time, I immediately either

went to the outpost, or crawled/crept closely enough to query the responsible squad leader, but there was no return fire. I did not get much sleep during the nights, however, as the rotating squad leaders or outpost occupants frequently requested my judgment on real or imaginary movements and noises. My memory is that the noises were real, but faint, and in retrospect they must have been caused by the wind or wild animals. The important fact is that the Germans made no pillbox recapture attempt.

An unexpected surprise in this pillbox was almost 100 German military rifles, about half of which were found in a separate storage area. Some rifles were in perfect condition. As infantrymen, it was interesting for us to examine these rifles, and to compare them in detail with our own M1 eight round clip rifles. These examinations and associated speculations as to comparative weapon advantages and disadvantages progressed to disassemblies and re-assemblies of our adversary's rifles.

With no exception known to me, every infantryman somehow acquires an insatiable desire to obtain souvenirs of his military experience. In the European Theatre of Operations (the "ETO"), the highest priority souvenir was a pistol, preferably either a P38 or Luger type. Not far below this theoretical souvenir wish-list was German military rifles, and here the First Platoon of Company A unexpectedly found itself with many rifles, enough rifles for two or three for each member of the platoon. Unfortunately, we knew we could not carry these rifles with us when we left our temporary concrete bunker quarters. The weight of our own rifles and ammunition, let alone the demands of our primary infantry duties made the thought of carrying an enemy rifle totally out of the question.

The desirability of getting one or more of these rifle souvenirs back to the States caused many of those idle infantryman minds to concentrate on the solution of a seemingly insoluble problem. One of those ingenious minds came up with the thought of using the military and United States postal system. Why not? We knew that the mail had an extremely high priority because of its morale importance. Also, we knew these German rifles could easily be disassembled, with the largest pieces being the barrel and the stock.

To tantalize us, were stories of the accomplishments of one or more imaginary or real G.I.s in sending war booty of various types back to the States. With time on our hands, the immediate thought was, "Why not try it?" There was little to lose. On the other hand, the rifles were costly, and had many peacetime uses. Prominent among these uses was hunting, and many in the platoon were either hunters, or had relatives who were hunters. In my own case, my parents came from rural West Virginia, and my father and uncles hunted every season.

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THE 272nd BATTLE PATROL AND A PILLBOX ADVENTURE

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The pillbox debris included cardboard and ropes of various kinds, and these materials were painstakingly converted to disassembled rifle shipping containers of ingenious shapes. At that time in World War II, front line units were not required to pay postage; we had only to designate our name and unit identification as the return address. One night, we received personal mail along with the delivery of our rations, and with this contact, our company mail clerk was alerted to our rifle packages project and aspirations. By the time of pillbox abandonment, we had packaged some 40 rifles for shipment to the States.

Unfortunately, it was not to be. Late in our third afternoon, I was informed by our wire phone that the battalion would be attacking eastwards, and I would be contacted by a guide later that night. With that in mind, our rifle packages were carefully placed near a path that led to a dirt road. Our hope was that somehow they would find their way to the military mail channels - a vain hope. None of our packages arrived. My personal speculation is that at some stage, a rear echelon vehicle may have stumbled on this cache, all packaged and ready for shipment, and simply changed the destination address. Our loss is someone else's gain. C'est la guerre.

In retrospect, we lost nothing. On the other hand, we gained familiarity with the German military rifle. The 272nd's First Battalion Battle Patrol acquired some experience with the uncertainties of being on line, and so also did the First Platoon of Company A - a long forgotten episode of that almost forgotten World War II.

My recollection is that the First Battalion Battle Patrol also assisted at Witzhausen by identifying a German entrenched strong point in the woods on the left side of the road leading to the town, and helping to neutralize it some moments after the bridge was blown. This was the action on the Witzhausen outskirts in which **Captain Carter** of "C" Company was wounded.

The Seigfried Line pillbox and Witzhausen are the only incidents known to this insignificant lieutenant, but the Battle Patrols of 272nd Infantry made important contributions to the accomplishments of the Regiment under **Col. Walter Buie**. It is unfortunate that their contributions are not specifically highlighted in the "History of the 272nd Infantry" although that omission is understandable. The "History" is one of the few known World War II regimental histories written and published while memories were crisp and sharp. My copy includes dedication letters of **Maj. Gen. Emil F. Reinhardt** and **Col. Walter D. Buie**, both dated June 6, 1945, and less than one month

after the end of the war in Europe. How were they able to write and publish a hard copy history, with photographs, in such a short time?

In retrospect, it is speculated that the "History" became feasible because of the coincidences of the 69th Division's final World War II capture being Leipzig, an internationally famous publishing center, plus initiatives in Headquarters of 272nd Infantry. The geographical co-locations concurred with time opportunities for historical documentation resulting from transferring the Leipzig and Elbe River areas to the Soviet Union whilst committing the 69th Division to its next phase of World War II - reorganization and shipments for the conquest of Japan.

I count myself fortunate to have been associated, in a small way, with **Lt. Francis B. DeLoach** and the members of his Battle Patrol. My respect and admiration extends to all of the Battle Patrol volunteers of the 272nd Infantry. Perhaps other veterans of the 272nd may share recollections of the actions of these patrols before the memories fade, and for the readers of the Bulletin.

To the Boys Who Became Men While in Co. M 273rd

Submitted By: **Joe Lipsius**
Reg Hq 272nd Infantry Regiment
6314 Deerings Hollow
Norcross, Georgia 30092-1899

A former member of Company M, 273rd Infantry Regiment, while corresponding with Joe Lipsius, decided he would like to honor his former buddies with a Granite Stone within the Court of Honor at the Armed Forces Museum, Camp Shelby, Mississippi. There were two stipulations. His name would not be made known and he would word the inscription.

The donor picked out the 12"x12" Granite Stone, which is a square foot costing \$250.00. Six lines of inscription are allowed.

Below is the wording he selected:

**To the Boys
who became Men
while in
Co. M, 273rd Infantry Regiment
69th Infantry Division**

**If you are interested in purchasing a
brick for details, call or write to:
Armed Forces Museum Foundation
Building 850, Camp Shelby, Mississippi 79407
Telephone: 1-601-558-2757
There are several sizes available.**

With Company K, 272nd

Submitted By: **Edward L. Smaldone Sr.**

Company K, 3rd Battalion, 272nd Infantry Regiment

508 White Springs Road

Geneva, New York 14456-3026

Telephone: 315/789-1340

E-Mail: N112@fltg.net

During the spring of 1945 we were informed that we were to have a platoon of African-Americans merged into our company. The majority of them took a reduction in rank so that they could get into the fighting. In our outfit they proved to be excellent fighters and on many occasions volunteered for many missions. For a more detailed account I refer you to Stephan Ambrose's "Citizen Soldiers," a great account of the infantry in World War II.

The first night in Leipzig, my buddy **John Smerzak** and myself were assigned to guard a small city block which included a neighborhood grocery store and a good sized manufacturing plant. When daylight broke we went down the street to check out the factory. There was a heavy gauge, 7-foot fence with barbed wire strung along the top. As we approached we could see faces in the windows. We hit the ground and pointed our rifles at them. They recognized our uniforms and started smashing out some windows and started hollering in Polish. **Smerzak** spoke Polish fluently and found out that there were approximately 2500 D.P's (Displaced Persons) who were forced to work.

We shot off the padlocks on the gates. **Smerzak** told them to get away from the massive front doors. We peppered the entrance, windows, locks and door handles and then stood by for the crush of the captives to come out. We weren't disappointed; they ran out, men, women and children swarmed about us. You could see in their emaciated faces and bodies that they were being starved to death. We only had a couple of candy bars that we gave to some little kids. Then the crowd took off down the street to the neighborhood grocery store that we were supposed to be guarding. They stripped the shelves of ersatz (fake) coffee, sugar and some bulk grain in the bins. We went down in the cellar and brought up some bicycles, which they promptly took off on. An officer from another outfit



came by in a jeep and asked us what the hell was going on. After we explained what happened he told us to rejoin our division and forget what happened to those people. We both assumed that they made it back to their homeland.

The next morning we advanced to the heart of downtown Leipzig. About a block away from where we were pulling guard duty was a large railroad station. There were some young Wehrmacht holed up in the dome sniping at us. It wasn't too long after that some tanks and T.D.'s showed up and smashed into the station. They aimed their artillery upwards to the dome and fired away. It wasn't very long before the krauts gave up. After this, things quieted down and we all got a good night's rest.

The photo was taken in Pforzheim, Germany. We were all infantry veterans transferred to the 52nd ORD, GP Headquarters. I am embarrassed to say this but the only name I can remember is **Sid Feinberg**, who is in the middle of the back row. He was from Detroit, Michigan. I am on the left in the front row.

Once again I would like to commend the staff of the 69th Infantry Division.

Good luck always and a long life.

Visit Us On theWeb 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 Deering's Hollow Norcross, Georgia 30092-1800

Telephone: 770/416-7725



A Citizen Soldier's Tale

(with apologies to Stephen E. Ambrose)

Submitted By: **Nathan J. Fullmer**

1st Squad, 3rd Platoon, Company C, 272nd Infantry

2802 Lancaster Drive

Salt Lake City, Utah 84108-2536

Telephone: 801/582-0351

Fax: 801/582-1846 • E-mail: fullmer@haaga.com

For many years I have received, read and enjoyed issues of the Fighting 69th Bulletin.

With the encouragement, typing and editorial assistance of my dear wife, Joan Feiertag Fullmer, (who was born and raised in Allentown, PA), I have written a piece about my military experience with the Fighting 69th.

The photo was taken in Salt Lake City after my discharge in April of 1946. The date explains why the 69th shoulder patch is on the right shoulder since the patch on the left shoulder was from the 7th Army, the unit I was in at the time of my discharge.

* * * * *

Fresh out of high school I began my illustrious military career on July 22, 1943 at the Fort Douglas Induction Center in Salt Lake City, Utah. Preliminary interviews and tests indicated that a group of us were prime candidates for participation in the Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP!). Consequently the infantry basic training which followed at Camp Roberts, California was not taken too seriously.

Camp Roberts was an excellent training facility: clean new two story barracks with showers and latrines attached; clean new mess halls; a huge parade ground; all training ranges within hiking (or running) distance, some of which were located over "Separator Hill" (supposed to separate the men from the boys. I never did find out where the men went). After three hot months there, our expectations were realized and we were shipped out to various colleges and universities throughout the country. While many of our groups were sent to schools in the west, several of us were "troop trained" clear across the country, winding up at Alfred University, a small school in southwestern New York state.

Alfred was a charming place: three-man dorm rooms (with white sheets); good food; and tough pre-engineering courses heavy in math, physics and chemistry. There wasn't much (read "any") spare time for recreation, but we did get a Christmas pass to New York City.

After riding the Pennsylvania Railroad all night we arrived in the City about 0600 on December 25th, 1943. The highlight of the trip for me was hearing Tommy Dorsey at the Paramount. Gene Krupa was featured on drums, having just gotten out of jail on a marijuana charge. As I recall I also heard Les Brown and his *Band of Renown* at the Strand. (In those days a band was more than two electric guitars, a drum and some screamers.)



Nathan J. Fullmer

April 1946

Late in February someone in the War Department reached the conclusion (should have been obvious) that the Army needed infantrymen more than young, wannabe civil engineers. ASTP was doomed! My certificate from Alfred University stated that although "Private Nathan J. Fullmer has completed satisfactorily the course of study in Basic Engineering - Term II... [he was] separated for the convenience of the government." Accordingly early in March of 1944 I was ripped from the safety and comfort of my campus fox-hole and thrust into the waiting arms of Camp Shelby, Mississippi under the care, custody, and control of Company C, 272nd Infantry Regiment, 69th Infantry Division. Let the games begin!

Compared with those at Camp Roberts, the facilities at Camp Shelby were, shall we say, a bit more rustic. The three things I remember best about Shelby and the adjoining DeSoto National Forest are mud, dust and chiggers, frequently all present at the same time. But the officers and NCO's knew their business and this time I was inclined to take the basic training and what followed much more seriously.

It became obvious that the Division was going overseas. I was on a work detail at the Supply Room in October of 1944 when our new M1 rifles arrived. I took the opportunity to select one with a good looking stock, carefully cleaned it and took good care of it.

Late in October we moved by troop train from Shelby to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, the overseas staging area. In mid November we departed New York aboard the *MS John Ericsson*, a former Swedish luxury liner. Other elements of the Regiment were on the *SS Santa Maria*, smaller and less luxurious than the *John*

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A CITIZEN SOLDIER'S TALE

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Ericsson. Both vessels were part of a large convoy which sailed under blackout conditions, zigzagging with its destroyer escorts. While the actual Atlantic crossing took about fourteen days, we didn't dock at Southampton, England until December 1, 1944.

As soon as we were settled in our Nissan huts near Salisbury, the powers-that-be ordered us to turn in all of our rifles "for front sight modification." When my rifle was returned to me the barrel and receiver had the old serial number, but that beautiful stock which I had so zealously cared for had been replaced with one that looked like it had been retrieved from a beaver dam.

Our stay in England was notable to me for several incidents other than the loss of my beloved rifle stock. My first pass to London was a delightful experience, marred only by a German buzz bomb explosion close by our housing. A second pass was aborted when the 4x4 weapons carrier transporting us from camp to the railroad station overturned. Although no serious injuries resulted, my civilian eye glasses were broken and I had to return to camp.

The most notable incident occurred on Christmas morning when 700 men (Mostly PVTs and PFCs and a few NCOs) from the Regiment were immediately shipped out as replacements to the divisions devastated in the Battle of the Bulge. Those shipped out included the Assistant Squad Leader (Buck Sgt.) of our First Squad. As a lowly PFC Rifleman and Asst. BAR man it was my good fortune to be promoted to fill that vacancy. The perks of my new position included going at the end of the Squad chow lines and the privilege of carrying the additional weight of three anti-tank rifle grenades.

After crossing the channel to France and receiving our replacements, we moved into an area which had been part of the Bulge and was littered with material from the fighting. One day part of my squad was assigned to a work detail cleaning up the mess surrounding 1st Battalion Headquarters. When we reported we were told that although the Headquarters personnel would be engaged in training exercises, we should ignore them and proceed with our clean-up work. After stacking our rifles in the prescribed manner we started hauling stuff to a large garbage pit which already had been dug. Soon the officers blew their whistles and BN clerks came running out of their dugouts with rifles at high port, taking positions in pre existing perimeter foxholes. We then heard the roar of a fighter plane coming in at a very low altitude, and saw tracers from that plane the size of tennis balls bouncing down the nearby dirt road. I thought to myself, "BN has gone to a lot of trouble to make this training exercise realistic." But when I looked up and saw the big black crosses on the wings of that plane

just over the top of the trees, I immediately joined the other members of my work party in the garbage pit. The German plane (a 109?) started to pull up, but before he could come back for another pass he was pursued and splashed by an American P47 Thunderbolt. As of that time the sound of aerial machine gun fire directed at the ground near me was the most terrifying thing I had ever heard (of course, that was before I heard 88's).

Later we replaced elements of the 99th Infantry Division, actually taken at night to the individual foxholes they had occupied. After a quiet, but sleepless night, I welcomed daylight. I was surprised to find a pair of GI combat boots in good condition (no feet or legs attached). Since our overseas equipment had included only one pair of combat boots (and one pair of shoes and leggings which were much less desirable), I acquired the boots and gave the shoes I was then wearing to a member of the squad who had sore feet. Big mistake! Although the new boots seemed like a good fit, it turned out they were one size wider than my correct size. By the time we were entering Leipzig a month or so later I was limping badly, all without cause of enemy action.

Although the Division was in combat areas, our own participation had been without major incidents. We arrived on the west bank of the Rhine at Brohl, a beautiful little town, a few miles upstream from the Remagen Bridge. Our Squad was billeted in a beer hall near the river bank. It had been furnished with double deck bunks and used by the Germans only a few days before. It was there that I celebrated my 20th birthday, March 24, 1945. I think most of the Squad had bets down that I'd never make it. Our Platoon Headquarters was located in the small, but beautiful, Bahn Hotel up the hill from the river. I had and still have no first-hand knowledge of the contents of the hotel's wine cellar, before and after the occupancy of the Platoon Headquarters. I have no further comment.

Our primary activity there was to shoot at anything floating downstream which might contain explosives to blow up the pontoon bridges which has been constructed along side the by now useless Remagen Bridge. Some of our small arms fire was ricocheting off the water and into the area on the east bank. Our efforts were not taken too kindly by the American forces who had already crossed the river into that area and we soon discontinued shooting.

A few days later the U.S. Navy took us across the Rhine in a small landing craft. The sailor driving the thing was bareheaded, wearing a tee shirt and canvas shoes. As we approached the east bank he was having trouble with the front ramp and shouted, "Clear the ramp. I can't swim." At the time I wondered how he would have felt if he had been equipped with steel helmet, full field pack, ammunition, rifle (and rifle

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grenades), gas mask, etc. However, we landed without getting wet. For the 1st Squad, 3rd Platoon, Company C, 272nd Infantry Regiment, the war was about to begin.

On the morning of April 5, 1945, we were riding tanks through the city of Kassel which had been badly damaged by the bombing a long time before. We were on a road paralleling the Autobahn moving northeast to our first objective, the small town of Landwehrhagen. When confronted with German small arms fire we dismounted and the 1st Squad moved out through an open field on the left side of town. The firing had stopped and we were lying in that field awaiting developments. About a hundred yards or so, in a corner of the field was a large mound of earth with what looked like a metal object behind it. Our Platoon Sergeant, **T/Sgt William J. Curley**, yelled for me to put a rifle grenade on that mound. I dutifully unloaded the regular ammunition from my trusty M1 (with its ugly stock); placed the grenade launcher on the muzzle; inserted a blank cartridge in the chamber; placed the grenade on the launcher; pointed the whole mess at the mound (from the ground, not from my shoulder); and pulled the trigger. It was a thing of beauty, straight at the mound and striking it very near its top. But nothing happened. I had neglected to pull the pin! Embarrassed, but too scared to run, I repeated the process and this time I did pull the pin. This time the aim was just a bit too high and the grenade sailed over the mound and exploded beyond it. Well, third time's the charm, and my last grenade. Same procedure, pull the pin, aim, and fire. Perfect. Direct hit. Blew the hell out of what ever was behind the mound. During all this time we had not seen any Germans and had not received any incoming fire. The Squad was still lying down in the field and other members of the Platoon were in cover nearby. My cat-like curiosity overcame me. I jumped up, reloaded my M1 with regular ammunition, and ran down to survey what I had hit. Alas, no tank, but I had completely destroyed a huge German anti-aircraft searchlight. My first combat kill!

The next order of business for the Squad was to clear the nearest house. Recalling the village fighting course in basic training of long ago I rushed to the house with a *hand* grenade ready to throw it through a window. But there was a heavy screen over the window which was too high to break with my rifle butt. I circled the house - same problem with all the windows on three sides. (There were no screens on the windows in basic training, not even windows, just holes in the wall through which tossing a *hand* grenade was a piece of cake.) In my frustration I ran to the last side of the house. EUREKA! There was a small glass window without a screen. I easily tossed the *hand* grenade with the pin pulled. Following the

explosion we rushed to the front door, only to find it locked. (The doors were not locked in basic training, actually not even doors, just more holes in the wall). This problem was quickly resolved when one of my BAR men unlocked the door with twenty rounds. Anticipating our Squad might occupy the house that night, we quickly searched it, found no Germans, military or civilian. I did find the damage caused by my hand grenade. It destroyed a small pantry, about the size of a telephone booth, together with its contents, bottled cherries. My second combat kill!

Later that day the Germans launched a counter-attack with infantry, supported by tanks. That attack was stopped by the whole 1st Battalion, including our Squad. However, during the mop-up our first scout, **PFC Adam J. Walensky**, was killed. Our first combat fatality.

As expected, our Squad did occupy that house that night. It was warm and comfortable, but we were still in shock from **Walensky's** death. We ate our K-rations dry. The other squads occupied similar houses nearby and ate their K-rations supplemented by jars of fruit from their undamaged pantries.

The next day, April 6, 1945, the 1st Battalion continued its attack, clearing several small towns. Company C attacked Scheinstein. Our Squad moved through woods into a clearing and laid down small arms fire into the woods on the other side of the clearing. Our two BARs got the German's attention. Although the *History of the 272nd Infantry* describes the enemy opposition as sniper resistance, the sniper shooting at our Squad was using an 88. After three rounds we suffered three dead: **Squad Leader S/Sgt John Hrnchar**, and both our BAR men, **PFC Robert Aseltine**, and **PFC John Beaty**, and two wounded riflemen, **PFC John J. Surash**, and **Tec. 5 Jesus B. Reschman**. Although I was lying between the BAR men, some of the shrapnel which killed or wounded others only penetrated my combat jacket, OD shirt, cotton undershirt and tee shirt. Although it reached the skin and slightly burned, there was no further penetration ... no cigar, no Purple Heart.

What was left of our Squad participated with other elements of the 1st Battalion in an all night march over the narrow and winding mountain road toward Witzenhausen. We could hear the roar of tank engines in the distance. We finally reached a burning German tank which had thrown a track while trying to navigate one of the hairpin turns. The crew had set fire to it and retreated up the road. The morning of April 7, 1945, the town of Klein Almerode was captured. During this battle C Company Commander, **James T. Carter**, was seriously wounded. Our under-strength Squad was not actively involved in this action. We were sitting in a large dry ditch on the side of the road when a German mortar shell hit close by severely

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wounding the rifleman right next to me (not a member of our Squad). I felt the blast, but was not wounded; however, another member of our Squad, **PFC David G. Bell**, was hit in the foot, a severe wound which required his hospitalization. Our Squad's third wounded in action.

After the town had been cleared the Company cooks delivered hot food and a week's PX rations. The food was a welcome change from K-rations. My PX ration included seven Clark bars, all of which I consumed on the spot, not wanting them to be wasted if my chain of good luck ran out. After pigging out we proceeded enroute to Witzzenhausen. We followed B Company climbing over the remains of the blown bridge over the Werra River. Part way in my climb across I decided the gas mask I had carried faithfully from Camp Shelby had gone far enough and I threw it into the river. When we got across the river we went up hill and proceeded to dig in, preparing for an anticipated counterattack which, thankfully, did not materialize. We spent the night in a warm dry house along the river near where the Engineers were constructing a treadway bridge to facilitate the movement of additional men and equipment. Although incoming artillery fire aimed at the bridge construction made a lot of noise (but no damage to us) I did sleep well, after I got over missing the Clark bars.

In the three days from April 5 through the 7th the 1st Squad, 3rd Platoon of Company C suffered four killed and three wounded by enemy action. Since the entire Regiment had only about fifty K.I.A.'s, I believe we had more than our share.

After crossing the Werra River our actual combat participation was minimal. While the 69th Division was actively involved in the capture of Leipzig I recall two items of significance in that city. It was there that the Company supply truck got our duffel bags to us and I got back my boots of the correct size. The acute pain in my feet subsided in a matter of days. And it was there that I received notice of my promotion to Staff Sergeant (the youngest in the Company). That had to be a classic example that the best way to get promoted in the infantry is to survive!

Following Leipzig we were ordered to secure and patrol the road from Eilenburg to Torgau on the Elbe River where we met the Russians. [For more on this assignment the reader is referred to the article and pictures submitted by the young, handsome, personable Platoon Leader of the 3rd Platoon, Co. C, 272nd Infantry Regiment, **2nd Lt. Morris Assael**, which appear at pages 8 and 9 in Volume 47, No. 2 (Jan.-April, 1994) of the Fighting 69th Bulletin. I have no explanation as to why I do not appear in the picture of the 1st Squad in that article, although I may have been on a pass to Brussels, Belgium since that picture was taken after V-E day].

I remember two incidents at Torgau of significance. It was there that I met a Russian soldier and successfully negotiated a trade with him: my old beat up Belgian pistol in exchange for the functioning German P-38 pistol which he was then vigorously shooting into the Elbe River. Also it was there that I liberated a German 22 caliber single shot rifle which was the same size and weight as the regular German infantry rifle, and I assume was used for training. It was located at a front window of a house on the main road, together with a bag of ammo possibly for sniping used by a Hitler Youth tiger. I still have that rifle (how I got it home is another story) but alas the P-38 was stolen from my residence in Salt Lake City. The IRS denied my claimed deduction for the theft.

V-E day, May 8, 1945, while noteworthy, was not nearly as important to us as V-J day. We knew the war in Europe was over by the end of April, but as a young division with relatively few casualties we expected further action in the Pacific. As it turned out, the 69th Division was shipped home, but without most of the people who fought with it in Europe. All of us "low point" infantrymen were transferred to various service units whose "high point" people went into the 69th and then home with it.

My transfer was to an ordnance outfit, a Heavy Automotive Maintenance Company, then engaged in refurbishing vehicles for use by the U.S. Occupation Forces. Turning young ex-infantrymen loose in an area of unlimited motor vehicles is like giving an alcoholic the keys to the Jack Daniels Distillery. The Company Headquarters and main shop were located near Heilbronn, but I was on detached service at a captured enemy materials collecting point at Vaihingen Enz, near Stuttgart. As the occupation forces cleaned up their areas, they sent German artillery, tanks, and anti-aircraft guns to us. We were on a railroad spur and had several warehouses and large fields full of stuff. We had about a dozen GI's and about twice that number of German civilians to do the work. As the ranking GI (S/Sgt) I was the C.O.

We lived in nice German houses with flush toilets, hot water, electricity, German cooks and housekeepers. With electricity we were able to receive radio broadcasts over the U.S. Armed Forces Radio Network featuring "Music in the Modern Manner" from London.

My first vehicle was a beautiful little German Opel sedan duly painted OD with white stars. That didn't last long and the Opel went for assignment to higher authority. Not to worry; we had enough jeeps and weapons carriers to go around. While vehicles were plentiful, gas was not, but we had an advantage. Included in the materials at our collection point was a rail car full of five gallon cans of German synthetic aviation fuel. A jeep would run like a race car for one or two tankfuls before the valves were burned up. No

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problem. Our supply of jeeps was unlimited. (They were stacked about fifteen high over acres of ground near our Company Headquarters).

We had a large warehouse full of German army rifles (great Mauser actions, but stocks no better than my old M1). We had a small crew of Germans making crates to send some home. I sent one to each of my two brothers-in-law. I also had them crate up the 22 caliber rifle I liberated at Torgau for me. Sadly, the supply of German binoculars had been disposed of prior to our arrival.

We had a large crane mounted on a big American truck to use in the unloading of heavy stuff. One morning the G.I. crew had trouble starting it. (November weather cold; batteries low). I watched from my office window as the crew was attempting to start it by towing with another truck. The towed unit backfired and I saw flames erupting from under the hood. The crew didn't seem to notice so I ran to the scene, grabbing a small hand-operated fire extinguisher enroute, and attempted to put out the fire. Unfortunately, and unknown to me, the extinguisher was full of gasoline which had been used by the crew to prime the engine before towing began. What I accomplished was to "add fuel to the fire." Ultimately, the German civilian fire department from town came up the hill and put out the fire before it spread to the town. Scratch one G.I. crane.

One morning I became aware that what had been a small scratch on my left wrist had developed a painful infection. I drove my trusty jeep to the nearest U.S. medical facility, a Field Hospital which had taken over a German civilian hospital in Stuttgart. Since all I was expecting was a penicillin shot I was somewhat surprised when the U.S. doctor called the operating room to set up for an immediate I and D (incision and drainage). When he saw my surprise, the doctor said, "I think we may be able to save your arm." (I think amputations must have been his specialty.)

In addition to saving my arm the few days hospitalization also afforded me the unique experience of visiting a German optical shop (Gebruder Muller-Welt-a Special Institute for Adhesive Eye-Glasses) in downtown Stuttgart which was selling contact lenses. I was intrigued by the possibility of seeing without my ugly GI glasses. The lenses were blown glass, about the size of quarters and about an eighth of an inch thick. The nice lady in charge proceeded to fit me by slipping lenses in and out of my eyes until I could see the wall about ten feet away, when she then said, "Perfect fit." I bought a pair (about \$10.00) but decided I would wait until I got to my billet before attempting to wear them. (Good idea.) I did read the instructions which said in English, "Do not rub the glass before using it

with any stuff." When I attempted to insert the first lenses (a small tire iron would have been helpful) I dropped it in the wash basin where it broke in half. I promptly returned to Stuttgart and purchased two more pairs! (Judgment has never been my long suit). However, I did determine that further trials would await my return to the U.S., which by this time was within the foreseeable future. When I did return to my home in Salt Lake City, some good advice from my family eye doctor saved me from making a further fool of myself. The lenses remain in my desk as truly unique war trophies.

The remaining time at Vaihingen was good time. Our warehouse of German rifles supplied us with ample trading stock for use in dealing with new, young Quartermaster enlisted men who were as hungry for souvenirs as we were for extra rations of fresh meat, fruits and other goodies. We were also able to trade for movies several times a week. We got German craftsmen to make special uniforms and boots. The Army had not taken any action to make me pay for the destruction of the crane or the loss of the gas mask I threw in the Werra River. As I say, good time!

Meanwhile the point levels required for shipment home got down to our levels and in March of 1946 we boarded troop trains (the good old "forty and eight" boxcars) for Le Havre where we waited for ships. Imagine my surprise when my return vessel was the *SS Santa Maria*, the same ship which had carried part of the 272nd Infantry Regt. from New York to England as part of a large convoy in November of 1944 under war conditions. Since the trip west bound to New York in March of 1946 would be single ship, no blackouts, no submarines, no zigzag, I expected a much shorter sailing time. Wrong! It actually took several days longer. Could the skipper's name have been C. Columbus?

The arrival in New York was thrilling. There were people standing on the pier waving and cheering. We had gotten home in time to still be "conquering heroes" rather than being a part of the "returning veterans problem." It took a few days at Camp Kilmer for the Army to get a troop train ready (a shortage of "forty and eights?") so we enjoyed another pass to New York City. I heard Benny Goodman's orchestra which was trying to adjust to the loss of some of his great musicians to the war. The Army finally got the wagons in a circle and after a long but happy train ride my "illustrious military career" came to and end on April 19, 1946, at the same place it started, Fort Douglas in Salt Lake City, Utah.

It was nearly three years of interesting and challenging experiences; the companionship of some good people; hours and days and weeks of sheer boredom; some moments of great fear; sadness at the loss of old and new friends. I am grateful for having experienced and survived them.

The 69th - 10 Years Later

Part II

Written By: **Robert Weinstock**
3600 N. 5th Avenue #202
Phoenix, Arizona 85013

I was then assigned to a headquarters battery in a 155 Howitzer artillery battalion of the Eighth Infantry Division. I felt fortunate to become the mailman; which also meant that I was the Day Room Orderly. There were several side assignments, including my old three day job, fireman for our battery barracks and troop instructor - CBR (chemical, biological, radiological) instructor, as well as Colors NCO, a job I gladly surrendered to another civilian soldier, who may have been the battery clerk - a much taller specimen whose military bearing looked better displaying the flag or the battalion pennant at parade rest on those occasions when we had a formation on the parade grounds.

I rarely had to go out to the field; or on vehicle maintenance. Instead I spent my time handling the mail, shaping the Day Room, keeping the hot water hot for the return of the troops, sometimes reading. I've forgotten some of the mission of our HQ battery, but my duty pretty much kept me in the Day Room and barracks.

I know I spent lots of time studying up to deliver talks on different topics, including the CBR stuff and lectures on how to behave ourselves overseas and stay out of trouble with our German neighbors and allies. My main, and the only subject I clearly remember speaking on was called "Fifty Meters to the Border." I gave that lecture over and over again, since the Eighth Division was scheduled to be transferred to Germany in the fall of 1956. My captive audiences at repeat performances included new arrivals and the same faces; all had to be warned about the signposts, dangers and penalties involved in approaching and perhaps crossing over into then Communist East Germany. Most of the personnel in the battalion probably heard it several times and given a choice of not hearing it again they would probably just as soon have stepped on a land mine.

As part of my need to know I received a daily update on the battery personnel strength; who was discharged or reassigned and even the racial makeup of the unit - so many EM white and black (probably 'Negro' - I'm not certain, but I don't recall other designations, such as Hispanic or Oriental).

I got the job from a short timer (anybody in the service whose date of discharge was getting close), and spent much of the first month going to school - to become a mailman, instructor, fireman and attain battery level proficiency in CBR warfare.

That last required most of a week of instruction on base, in a large class full of mostly NCO'S, several company and a few field grade officers, and one full

bird colonel, a few specialists and Private Weinstock. Sessions were full day, with a lot of instructional material and overnight reading, fairly intense. Over the last night we all had to figure out how we would apply what we had learned to our particular unit and make a brief presentation outlining how we would handle some CBR situation we had set up, and make a few minutes presentation, to be followed by a classmate's critique.

I think I did my presentation based upon a problem in a firing battery, since I'd had some limited opportunity to observe them. At any rate I survived the presentation and critique. What put me more on edge was the luck of the draw in the critiquing round - who wouldn't have guessed - PFC Weinstock drew the full bird to critique. Fortunately it was no trouble, thanks to the fact that I was able to make clear that my speaker had the knowledge, delivery skills and inspirational qualities of General Patton and Billy Graham at the tip of his tongue. I have no doubt that if he had been sent to that class I would have been ordered to critique Omar Bradley.

The Day Room was attached to the orderly room and I had frequent contact with our First Sergeant, (I wish I could recall his name; he was the most impressive NCO I knew in service) a really grizzled old trooper whose rank as a Master Sergeant dated to 1941, with enlistments dating from the mid 1920's. He was probably only in his later forties - early fifties, but could have passed for well over sixty, and was a westerner and one time cowpoke who spoke with a high plains pitch. He was a lot more like the idealized First Sergeant of "From Here to Eternity" than any other I recall. He could get angry quick and be over it quickly, and always seemed fair.

My day began before anybody else's, when the C.Q. tapped me awake at about 4:00 a.m. to keep the fire going in the big furnaces (at least from my winter arrival, through about April) in our two barracks, and year round in the small water heaters that provided hot water for the barracks - most crucially in the morning, for tap water, but also until the later evening for showers as well as hot running water. I had to attend to those heaters during the day also, taking leave of the Day Room so as not to let the water run cold.

That 'running cold water,' instead of hot could have cost me my job one cold morning at about 5:30.

My day began when the C.Q. woke me very early, long before lights on, and I would begin re-stoking the furnace and hot water heaters in both barracks of the battery. From then on I made checks of the running water every so many minutes to see that it was heating up, preferably to about boiling, which is what the First Sergeant demanded.

I had been checking in my barracks wash room (where the First Sergeant had his room) this morning,

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running water on and off in the dozen or so basins for most of an hour - all running about luke warm, and I was running around doing it when who should be first to a basin but the First Sergeant. I sort of stopped breathing when he ran some water and let out a roar, to wit "this dam water's cold."

I made my explanation, that I had been coaling and stoking and firing for all I was worth, but heat just wasn't coming through, and that the other barracks had plenty of hot water. I thought he would make a dash next door, but instead he just told me he would have someone in to inspect and fix it right away, which he did, and went about the manly business of shaving and washing with what he considered to be ice cold water. I still caught Holy Hell from some of my buddies.

The First Sergeant on the other hand never said another harsh word about it, although he reminded me occasionally to keep the home fires burning, which I did without further incident. I improved his outlook in another respect also - the 'short timer' who preceded me in the day room had loused up a couple of inspections by battery and battalion and played fast and loose with the mail regulations, which demanded that mail be delivered only to the recipient, not a friend/ 'buddy,' (Note: despite the fact that the term 'buddy' was used frequently in training films and on various printed material and in talks by senior officers, and is probably the way GIs talked in the days of the Fighting 69th, I never ever heard it used in the ranks during my service) and usually only from the mail room. I kept available at just about any time to open up the mail room (really just a closet with pigeon holes) and hand out mail to anybody who received any.

I stuck by the rules however, which was unpopular with some of the troops, and kept the Day Room 9 which included a pool table, some religious material, a lot of chairs and ash trays and, a pretty well furnished magazine and book rack and a television) as near to spotless and orderly as possible, working at it afternoon and evening when the Day Room closed.

The First Sergeant appreciated that and gave me two or three day passes when he could with which I took in a fair amount of Colorado including Denver (I had an alternate who handled mail and hot water when I was away; no problem ever arose) and schmoozed with me from time to time, telling me stories about his cow bustin' days. I think he had service in China but he never discussed his army career - and I never asked him about it, something I should had done. In retrospect I seem to recall that he had about four rows of ribbons and hash marks that seemed to extend to his armpits. He seemed to have been born into and married to the United States Army.

He smoked cigarettes, but not from a pack instead he rolled his own, and apparently wasn't the only one to do so - roll your owns, with separate tobacco paper and tobacco, tied up in a pouch were sold at the PX,

and I had kind of wondered to who, until I saw our First Sergeant rolling his own. I smoked a pipe then, but monkey see, monkey do, I brought the roll your own implements, and asked his help in rollin' em. Quick as a flash he rolled and tamped me a few and spit licked them into cigarettes as perfect as if they'd just come out of the Phillip Morris coffin nail machine.

After smoking those I tried rolling a few of my own, which were invariably lumpy, leaving tobacco all over my lips and mouth. I made it, Sad Sack fashion through several of those, and the First rolled a couple for me over the next few days. Finally, after those few days, when the First came into the Day Room and saw me just sealing up a smoke consisting of camels humps and near empty spots he said "I've never seen such a pitiful Goddam chickenshit cigarette," and left shaking his head.

That remark was out of character in the sense that unlike F/Sgt. King, other NCO's to come, even a few officers and just about the entire enlistment of the U.S. Army, save for the chaplain's assistants, we all swore, at least from time to time, and mostly a lot, to prove something or other. Aside from a single 'damn' when the water ran cold that one morning I don't recall this First swearing. He got you going without it, with direct orders, anger if needed, discussion, maybe just a look, but hardly any profanity.

On one truly memorable occasion he really stuck his neck out for me in a way that could have cost him his stripes and his career, and it still makes me shudder when I think about it.

During that summer of 1956 the Eighth Division Commander, Major General Thomas M. Watlington, West Point, Class of 1927, and 6'4, 195 pounds, (bearing in mind that I was about 5'6, mid 170's - a little tubby, but not a bucket of lard) became briefly famous. He was written up and pictured in Life Magazine, along with some of us under his command, as the general who said "I cannot and will not tolerate a fat soldier," and attempted to enforce that statement.

Watlington himself was reported to have been so skinny that he had to "guzzle malted milks and stuff himself with bananas" to pass his West Point physical. Later on, after ordering at least one court martial of a fat private, and putting a number of career type NCO's - notably mess sergeants, plus several officers, on diets and exercise programs - a total of 822 officers and EM in all - no doubt reducing the total weight of the Eighth Infantry Division by about a couple 2-1/2 ton trucks, Watlington said that he was only following a directive of the Chiefs of Staff concerning physical fitness. A congressman promised to investigate the complaint of an NCO who lost weight and was being pressured to lose more and the Secretary of the Army got involved when the general ordered certain officers and NCO's to attend church services, an order he backed off of.

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I recall having to do a weigh in, but only once, and I was never ordered to diet or exercise. It must have been tough on (and arguably also the right move for) mess sergeants and career men with huge weight problems.

General Watlington became a crisis for me all at once one day just after a mid day formation. Some of the guys in the battery customarily spent time in the Day Room after noon chow, just before formation and returning to duty. I came in from a formation to begin straightening up the Day Room - cigarette butts in ashtrays, chairs moved all about, magazines where they'd been left, (the guys were suppose to put everything in order before leaving the Day Room, and all cigarettes were supposed to be taken outside and field stripped, but I often wound up doing it all) pool balls and sticks left lying on the pool table, coke bottles at random (we had a Coke machine). Just the kind of mess you would have dreaded most when the commanding general made a surprise inspection - and just then "Slim" Watlington appeared in the door of the Day Room - with the battery commander and my First and another officer in tow.

So with my personal GI party barely under way here stood "Slim," all two stars of him, surveying my sloppy domain, and maybe taking in the fact that I, even standing at rapt attention, didn't conform to the dimensions of the Ideal Soldier.

I do know for certain that he looked sharply about, while I just shrank in place, wanting to return to the simple things in life, like stoking furnaces and critiquing colonels.

"Where is the Day Room Orderly," he asked, and Thank God, as it turned out, before I could respond, the First answered "he's out in the field sir." And that was that. No comments on the state of the room, no instructions as to what my fate should be when I returned, and most thankfully of all, no question from The General to me, requesting information as to who I was, what my assignment was, or why I was there.

Neither the CO (who was an up from the ranks officer - I often got mail for him indicating his former enlisted rank) or the First ever said a word to me about the incident. Despite my gratitude and almost overwhelming curiosity about why the First, with all that he had to lose - his stripes, his reputation, his career - God knows what type of reaction a general who wouldn't tolerate a fat soldier would have had to a career NCO who lied to him; but Summary Court Martial comes to mind, I never asked. I do know that in retrospect it was the bravest, or maybe the dumbest thing I ever recall from my term of service, and that includes some self generated stupidity.

During the six or so months I spent at Fort Carson, until the Eighth Division departed for the East Coast and shipped over to Germany, we had a limited number of transfers in and out of my unit. One I recall,

who may have gone overseas with us, or who may have left the battery for special services or some such destination, was a member of a popular singing group, apparently called "The Browns."

I never did respond much to popular recording artists other than Crosby, Sinatra and Your Hit Parade variety, and I had to check some musical sources recently on popular musical hits to flesh out my recollection of this particular soldier - he was a tall, good looking friendly, although not talkative sort, and toward the end of the 1950's was apparently part of a group known as The Browns, who had a hit song (originally French), titled "The Bells," which tells some sort of sad sounding story about Jimmy Brown, a recording that apparently was a huge seller, 'top of the charts' as they say.

I know that he received far more mail than anyone in the battery, perhaps more than anyone in history - fan mail I guess - but if he had any press coverage or on base or front gate female adulation, (which would be pretty hard to forget) like, say, Elvis Presley, who was also in the service about that time, I don't recall it.

Giving troop talks and attempting to keep the Day Room orderly by encouragement as well as my own effort, and act as mailman, pretty much by the book, didn't make me popular with everyone. At least one guy, about my size, actually a little smaller, but an amateur boxer - somebody with an attitude - made life as miserable as he could, or I allowed him to make it so. On one occasion when I had to talk to the troops, and, as sometimes happened, no NCO was present he would sound off with snoring and mooing noises. I tolerated him, with an occasional request to be at ease, which didn't work very well, depending in part on how much of a hit he was making with some of the captive audience. Finally I did leave my station and asked a kind of mean mouth NCO who didn't like me (or very many of the rest of us) to restore order. He put my nemesis at ease and I never had that problem again; only the perception, that I had informed on a buddy which was true, and left me feeling better about myself, since it was that particular 'buddy.' Both the original loudmouth and another mean mouth who bunked right along side of me tried to provoke trouble and fighting, but I didn't bite. I never felt empowered by my job, which required me to withhold mail and request order and attention at times, but to some men with nasty instincts the idea of my playing it straight and just doing my job was more than they could stomach.

I do recall that during that summer of '56 there was either a single or multiple pay days when I put money out as well as drew my pay. In the first instance the touch was put on us to 'voluntarily' contribute to a battery fund; in effect a 'drunken soldier fund' to liberate some in the ranks who had gotten in trouble, mostly in nearby Colorado Springs.

I don't know how it was to work exactly, but I suppose the idea was that if whoever was CQ could guarantee funds to bail these errant soldiers out as

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well as pay cab fare to our battery area they might not face military or civil justice. There were a few of these party animals in our ranks, and of course just about everybody 'volunteered' five bucks, with a little suggestion from the First.

He also did the 'urging' on probably our last payday at Fort Carson, when the paymaster asked us if we would like to have a certain sum deducted from our pay every month and put into something called Soldier Savings (I don't think these savings paid any interest), which would become available to us on the date of release from service. I usually had money left over each month, and sent it to my Dad, just sticking it in an envelope to be deposited to my bank account.

Soldier Savings made sense to me in a way, but I recollect kind of dithering when the pay officer asked me if I wanted to join, but before I got past the 'uhs' and 'ahs' I was probably coming to the paymaster's sidekick, my First, sitting beside him volunteered, "Weinstock will put in \$25 a month."

By this time I don't think I would have bucked the First on anything short of being the guest of honor at a firing squad, so that's where part of my pay went over the next two years. It wasn't a bad decision on my part either, because my deduction was certainly more than I was accustomed to sending home, and interest or not, I came out ahead.

Being short of money some of the time wasn't a bad idea either, because there were perennial debtors around (usually foraging for soft touches, often to pay their loans back on borrowings they had made from the real money lenders, who lent at five bucks on payday for seven dollars returned the next month; something we had been made to understand was totally illegal, but which the Army never put a stop to), and I resisted all but a few of them.

I regretted the two 'loans' I made; one at Fort Carson, probably for five or ten bucks to a cook named Billy, who had a reputation for not repaying loans, and who was being transferred but who had such a sad story. The other, in Germany, to a gawky, tailor by trade named Joseph, a Philadelphian with a silly smile, who had been kidded a lot over his looks and mannerism, and who just before going home simply had to buy a pair of lederhosen for his little nephew, which cost me twenty-five dollars. Joseph made a solemn oath to return the money as soon as he got home. The failure of his promise at least insulated me against loaning out any more money.

When the Eighth Division left Fort Carson General Watlington was (as far as I recall) still in charge of the division, but my First was gone. One day or night he had apparently had a heart attack and gone to the base hospital and - uncertainty again - probably died. For certain he was gone, and I missed him. Thinking back I wonder - had I been around and rolling cigarettes for him thirty years earlier, would he have given up smoking in disgust and been with us a while longer?

I had a few days leave to visit with my dad in Brooklyn, probably in earlier September, during which we went to Ebbets Field (I went in uniform, partly so I could get in to a ball game one time for free). The Dodgers were in a tight pennant race with the Milwaukee Braves, which they won by one game, so every game mattered, but as I recall we lost that day - my last trip to Ebbets Field.

Within a few days I reported dockside and took the Army's luxury cruise to Europe - on a hammock that I barely slept in, showers that went from freezing to boiling every time the ship rolled (constantly), incredible cuisine I just managed to hold down. At least we didn't require an escort or a submarine watch on my trip over the bounding main.

My outfit was stationed in the Southern German town of Schwabische Gmunde. My stay however was brief. I remember giving the '50 Meters' lecture there once. The old timers probably had it memorized.

Within about three months a number of us were transferred, and scattered. I don't recall that anyone I knew wound up with me in Bad Kreuznach, or B.K., in a firing battery of the 264th Field Artillery Bn. - 280mm Cannon - capable of firing an atomic armed shell. My recollection is that we had two of those behemoths in the battalion. The guns were towed by a mounted cab at either end, and they were by far the baddest things I've ever seen on wheels, and until the space age really got going ten or so years later, also the biggest.

My mail room and other assignments (there were no lectures that I recall) were taken in my new outfit, but since I had good math scores, misleading though they were, since I did simple math pretty well, but had considerable difficulty with stuff like trigonometry and geometry, as my experience with FDC proved - I was assigned to the artillery survey section where I felt like a dim bulb, but must have succeeded to the extent that none of my computations actually killed anyone, friend or foe. A truer explanation might be that all my work was checked by the head of the Survey Section.

Because I was not a happy camper in that job I managed to land the more humble position of rodman - that is working on one end of a steel tape and laying out distances and directions on positions where artillery was to be laid in the firing position. That was a strain, because I worked mostly with a burly farm boy (cows had been his closest friends) from Michigan who didn't talk much, but when he did made it clear he had no use for anybody from New York City.

When doing the work I would be at the far end of a taut tape, and when Farmer Dave felt like it he used his mass as we were setting up the tape to slam me down on the ground, almost breaking my glasses once. He was unpredictable, but got me a few times in a month or so, but the next time I was ready for him and the instant I felt his power surge I let loose of my end and he fell back, ass over tea kettle. He took it better than I might have expected and there was no more of that.

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

The Last German Soldier at Stalag Luft I

By Verne Woods

(These article were e-mailed to us about the end of the reign of the Germans and their prisons. Even in the horror of war, some "lighter" moments did seem to exist.)

I've often wondered if others in North Compound I who witnessed the scene that I describe here remember it as I still do, a sadly dissonant note to the joy of liberation.

Stalag Luft I was made up of four compounds. My compound, North Compound I, was near the headquarters building where three female members of the Luftwaffe auxiliary worked. We called them luftwaffettes. Two were dowdy, made more so by their rumpled, ill-fitting uniforms. But the third was Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth in one idealized package, at least to us on the other side of the barbed wire who had seen no other women for a year. Furthermore, she wore her Luftwaffe uniform smartly, proudly.

The three women were censors, reading our mail and sometimes using heavy black ink to obliterate sentences and paragraphs from the special forms on which we composed our letters. Thus, the three women knew all of our dreams because we would express these yearnings with a shameless sentimentality to those whom we longed to see and hold again. Sometimes, we on the other side of the fence might elicit a smile from one or the other of the two dowdy ones, but never from corporal Grable-Hayworth. Hers was always a haughty disregard as she walked briskly by on whatever business had taken her outside the headquarters building.

In time, the quality of our guard force deteriorated. Older men, sometimes old men, became replacements. These were members of the Volkstrum, mostly World War I veterans. We felt sorry for them, especially on bitterly cold days during the winter of 1944-45, when they were forced to endure long hours in the open, windswept towers. There was one who, when we ventured out into the biting wind for exercise, called down from his tower, "Kalt, ja?" and we responded, "Ja, kalt."

The Russians had crossed the Oder River, 100 miles away. We could hear the deep thunder of German and Russian artillery from the east. It was the last week of April, 1945, and the end was near. On the afternoon of April 30, a cadre of guards and officers begin to assemble on the other side of the barbed wire where our mess hall (which had burned down months earlier) had been. Two vehicles pulled up, a truck and an open staff car. A German officer, pensive and impassive, and two of his aides stood to one side watching the men assemble.

A sergeant rushed the men along with, "Schnell! Schnell!" as they straggled from the barracks loaded with possessions. Some had strapped these possessions

to bicycles which they pushed toward the forming company ranks. One or two even pushed loaded carts. We spotted corporal Grable-Hayworth amid the as-yet-uncoalesced company formation. As she conversed with the men, she occasionally glanced over in our direction.

At first, as we watched, we hesitated to cross the warning wire that stretched around the inside periphery of the compound, six feet from the barbed wire fence. Then someone daringly stepped over it to the fence itself and called out to a guard he knew by name offering him a cigarette. The guard broke ranks (such as they were) and came to the fence to accept it. While this was going on, a bottle of schnapps was being passed around within the formation. Knowing we were watching this collapse of discipline, corporal Grable-Hayworth admonished them sharply and, this failing, she tried to intercept the bottle, rather like a child grasping for a toy held away by deriding older siblings.

We had by now moved with impunity across the warning wire into the forbidden territory next to the fence. Because the American Red Cross had been generous in the provisioning, we had lots of cigarettes to spare and share. We called out to the guards to come and get them. And they did. To the corporal, this was a more serious breach than the schnapps bottle. She rushed over to interpose herself between the proffering arms stretched through the fence and the receiving hands. We then began throwing the cigarettes over the fence. The guards, having now completely broken ranks, scrambled about picking them up.

The officer in command, witnessing all this, finally bellowed out a command, and the men quickly cowered back into formation. Corporal Grable-Hayworth, with her foot, deliberately obliterated several unretrieved cigarettes scattered about and then stood before to the fence to address us.

"Why do you do this?" she said, her pretty face flushed in fury. "Why do you do this mean thing?" That choice of word, "mean," was one that I would wonder about many times later. We had done much "meaner" things, like bombing her cities. Was it simply her limited English vocabulary? Had she the greater choice of words to draw upon from her own language, would she have used an adjective more precisely descriptive? Whether she intended it or not, I concluded that she had chosen well. What we on the other side of the fence had done was indeed a "mean" thing, perhaps the "meanest" thing of all, the stripping away of dignity.

Finally, the officer and his two aids climbed into the open-sided staff vehicle and, followed by the loaded truck, drove away. The sergeant, without calling the men to attention, gave an order in an almost conversational tone; they began to walk away, some pushing bicycles and carts. Already they were a refugee band.

Only corporal Grable-Hayworth, taking a position alongside the column, marched.

The Bet at Barth

In war-time, a place called Barth was Hell. It was a prisoner of war camp located only a few miles south of the Baltic Sea in Northern Germany. Downed aircrews were interned there after having been shot down and captured by the enemy. Ten thousand were held there as prisoners.

The camp was divided into four administrative compounds with 2,500 airmen in each unit. These "guests of the Germans" were elite quality men – leaders and brave American youths. They had been effective in their aerial combat activity against Nazi Germany.

But now, their role had dramatically changed. Internment brought suffering beyond belief; the unending frigid weather, the unpredictable behavior of the guards. Inadequate food, lice, sickness, boredom, death by starvation or by exposure, was their unchanging agenda. Yet there were times when the spirits of the Prisoners of War were lifted. It was always through their own methods of creativity and ingenious that this happened.

One on-going "high" occurred when each new contingent of "guests" arrived in the camp. Up-to-date uncensored information became immediately available. The reports brought in by these new POWs gave fresh, unbiased running accounts of how the war was progressing on both the Eastern Front with the Russians and on the Western Front.

The increasing numbers of bombers and fighters appearing in the air overhead brought silent but exuberant joy and hope to Barth's imprisoned. As optimism flourished small group conversation centered on the war's end and their freedom. Liberation was on everyone's lips. The war was indeed winding down! Talk of being home for Christmas became a Utopian Dream.

Although all embraced the Dream, not all were optimistic. This difference in opinion brought about the "Bet at Barth." A wager was on. New life came to the camp. But what was there to wager!? There was no money, no freedom of 3-day passes to London, no material possessions for the loser to forfeit, no points or promotions to be gained or lost.

In a heated conversation two men got carried away in their claims. An optimistic airman bet a pessimistic one on the following terms. "If we aren't home by Christmas, I will kiss your a** before the whole group formation right after head-count on Christmas morning." They shook hands. The bet was on!

Well, the optimist hadn't counted on the Battle of the Bulge in early December. Consequently, the war was prolonged and they were still in Barth on Christmas Day, 1944. Christmas morning was cold, there was snow on the ground and frigid air was blowing in off the Baltic Sea. The body count for the compound began, each man was counted off. ein..., zwei..., drei..., vier..., funf..., sechs..., sieben..., acht...

Under ordinary circumstances, when the counting was completed and the German guards were satisfied that everyone was accounted for, the group split up and everyone went to their barracks. But this time, everybody stayed in formation. The two betting

"Kriegies" walked out of the formation and went into the barracks. No one else moved! The guards were puzzled. They didn't know what was going on.

Soon, the two men came back out of the barracks. One was carrying a bucket of water with a towel over the other arm. The second one marched to the front of the formation, turned his back toward the assembled troops and guards, pulled down his pants and stooped over. The other took the towel, dipped it in the soapy water and washed his posterior. The whole formation was standing there looking and laughing. The German guards and dignitaries of Barth stood gazing in amazement, they didn't know what was going on. Then the optimist bent over and kissed his opponent on the rear! A mighty cheer went up from over 2,000 men. Then the puzzled guards joined in the fun.

Nothing changed on Christmas day – the same black bread and thin soup, sparse and flavorless. As evening fell, the weather worsened, the barracks were cold, the last of the daily allotted coal briquettes were reduced to nothing but white ash.

Boredom was setting in and the prisoners anticipated another long miserable night. Suddenly, the door opened...a voice shouted, "The curfew has been lifted for tonight! We're going to have a Christmas service over in the next compound." The weather was bitterly cold, the new fallen snow crunched under the feet of the men as they quickly shuffled towards their congregating comrades in the distance.

The nightly curfew always kept men inside – this Christmas night's reprieve allowed them to be outside after dark for the first time. Above, the stars were shining brightly and were high in the northern skies; the dim flicker of Aurora Borealis added a magical touch as the troops assembled. Gratitude was felt in their hearts... a lone singer led out with one of the world's most familiar and loved carols. Others joined in and soon there was joyful worship ringing throughout the camp.

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright...

The German guards marching their assigned beats stopped in their tracks... they turned their heads toward the music. The words were unfamiliar but they recognized the tune...after all, Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht was composed by a German. They loosened up, smiled, and joined in the celebration; the praise became bilingual.

Round yon virgin mother and Child
Cinsam wacht nurdas traute hoch heilige Paar
Holy Infant so tender and mild
Holder Knabe im lockigen Hoiar

Sleep in heavenly peace. Sleep in heavenly peace.
Schlaf in himmlischer ruh! Schlaf in himmlischer ruh.

The Bet at Barth had paid off. Everyone had won! As the words of the carol rang in their hearts, there was a literal fulfillment. Tonight they would sleep in peace. War and internment did not have the power to destroy the meaning and beauty of this special day.

It was Christmas. They were not at home. But they declared, "Next year we will be! All of us!" And they were!

The Average Military Man

The average age of the military man is 19 years.

He is a short haired, tight-muscled kid, who under normal circumstances is considered by society as half man, half boy. Not yet dry behind the ears, not old enough to buy a beer, but old enough to die for his country.

He never really cared much for work and he would rather wax his own car than wash his father's, but he has never collected unemployment either.

He's a recent High School graduate; he was probably an average student, pursued some form of sports activity, drives a ten year old jalopy, and has a steady girlfriend that either broke up with him when he left, or swears to be waiting when he returns from half a world away.

He listens to rock and roll or hip-hop or rap or jazz or swing and 155mm Howitzers.

He is 10 or 15 pounds lighter now than when he was at home because he is working or fighting from before dawn to well after dusk.

He has trouble spelling, thus letter writing is a pain for him, but he can field strip a rifle in 30 seconds and reassemble it in less time in the dark.

He can recite to you the nomenclature of a machine gun or grenade launcher and use either one effectively if he must.

He digs foxholes and latrines and can apply first aid like a professional.

He can march until he is told to stop or stop until he is told to march.

He obeys orders instantly and without hesitation, but he is not without spirit or individual dignity.

He is self-sufficient. He has two sets of fatigues; he washes one and wears the other. He keeps his canteens full and his feet dry.

He can cook his own meals, mend his own clothes, and fix his own hurts. If you're thirsty, he'll share his water with you; if you are hungry, his food.

He'll even split his ammunition with you in the midst of battle when you run low.

He has learned to use his hands like weapons and weapons like they were his hands. He can save your life - or take it, because that is his job.

He will often do twice the work of a civilian, draw half the pay and still find ironic humor in it all. He has seen more suffering and death than he should have in his short lifetime.

He has stood atop mountains of dead bodies, and helped to create them.

He has wept in public and in private, for friends who have fallen in combat and unashamed.

He feels every note of the National Anthem vibrate through his body while at rigid attention, while tempering the burning desire to 'square away' those

around him who haven't bothered to stand, remove their hat, or even stop talking. In an odd twist, day in and day out, far from home, he defends their right to be disrespected.

Just as did his Father, Grandfather, and Great-grandfather, he is paying the price for our freedom.

Beardless or not, he is not a boy.

He is the American Fighting Man that has kept this country free for over 200 years.

He has asked nothing in return, except our friendship and understanding.

Remember him, always, for he has earned our respect and admiration with his blood.

Any Battle Patrol Patches Out There?

Frank Taraburelli

Company K, 272nd Infantry Regiment

91 Forest Street, Danvers, Massachusetts 01923-1833

I received the last volume and the write-up on the Battle Patrol and it was well put. I forgot to say that the patrol member, **Harold Zeiger** and I, would like to have a Battle Patrol patch if any are available, for family reasons and remembrance. When I received the patch I was issued two of them, one is still on my jacket and the other one went south. Somehow I lost it. If anyone out there knows where I can get one, please let me know.

I received a letter from **Robert Gipple**, 2nd Battalion, 272nd Regiment, in regards to the Battle Patrol and his statement on how he was affiliated with the patrol.

(This letter appears elsewhere in the bulletin, sent in by **Clarence Burke**. The Battle Patrol article caused quite a stir and we received several letters which are scattered throughout this issue.)

Do You Just Belong

Submitted By: **Walter W. Haag**

Battery B, 881st Field Artillery

420 Paramount Drive

Millbrae, California 94030-1327

Are you an active member, the kind that would be missed?

Or are you just contented, that your name is on the list?

Do you take an active part to help your club along?

Or are you satisfied to be, the kind "to just belong?"

So attend the meetings regularly,

and help with hand and heart.

Don't be just a member, but take an active part

Think it once member, are we right or are we wrong?

Are you an active member?

Or - Do You Just Belong?

CALENDAR OF COMING EVENTS AND COMMUNICATION SCHEDULE

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

2003

MAY 7th or 8th, 2003

COMPANY I, 271st INFANTRY REGIMENT

INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL

Canal Street, New Orleans, Louisiana

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

For Information Call or Write:

Dale Thompson

1223 Cody Cove Road

Babson Park, Florida 33827-9784

Telephone: (863) 638-2044

E-Mail: PApadale@Sprynet.com

* * * * *

MAY 15th, 16th and 17th, 2003

MIDWEST GROUP SPRING MEETING

STARVED ROCK STATE PARK, ILLINOIS

Starved Rock Lodge and Conference Center

P.O. Box 570

Utica, Illinois 61373

Reservations: 1-800-868-7625

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

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

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

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

Program:

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

Hiking • Heated Pool

Hospitality Room

Dinner at Selected Restaurant

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

Tours for non-golfers.

Hospitality Room • Dinner at Selected Restaurant

Saturday, May 17th: On Your Own.

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

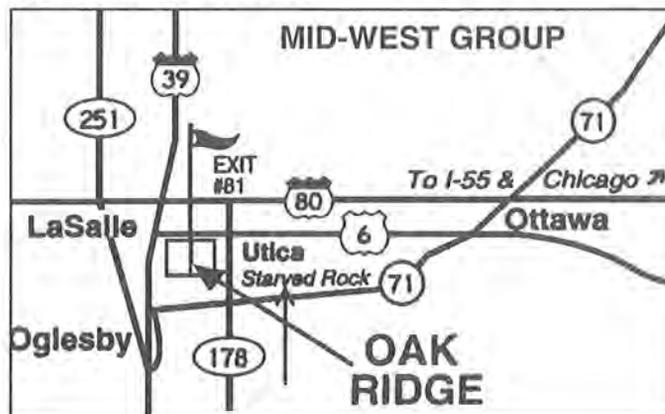
For Further Information Contact:

Gene Mischke

1021 West 3rd Street

Spring Valley, Illinois 61362

Telephone: 815/664-2437



AUGUST 21st, 22nd and 23rd, 2003

69th CAVALRY RECON TROOP

50th ANNUAL REUNION

In conjunction with the Division Assn. Reunion

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

St. Louis Airport Marriott

I-70 at Lambert Airport

For Further Information Contact:

Bob Schueler

1484 Stahlheber Road

Hamilton, Ohio 45013-1916

Telephone: 513-869-6970

Mike Moscaritolo

19 Trotters Circle

Kissimmee, Florida 34743-7727

Telephone: 407-348-6527

Harold Gardner

2929 Mason Avenue

Independence, Missouri 64052-2962

Telephone: 816-254-4816

We'll have a separate hospitality room.

(Continued on Page 57)

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

ST. LOUIS AIRPORT MARRIOTT HOTEL

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

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FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT:

Bob and Theresa Pierce

144 Nashua Court, San Jose, California 95139-1236

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

Robert Crowe, Bob and Jean Ross, Bob Pierce

**Committee Members: Al and Edith Carbonari, "Dutch" and Jeanne Hawn,
Dick and Gerry Hadley, Elmer and Erma Bronske, George and Ruth Ehll, Charlie White,
LeVerne Loveland, Joe Huber, Will Frazee**

WE STILL NEED LOCAL MEMBERS TO HELP OUT. PLEASE CONTACT BOB PIERCE.

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

DOTTIE WITZLEB

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

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

PAUL SHADLE

1504 Greensburg Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068

DUES SHOULD BE SENT TO OUR TREASURER:

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P.O. Box 146, Sun City, California 92586-0146

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



“Taps”

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

THE WORDS TO “TAPS” SAY IT ALL

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

Raymond C. Anderson
6904 Woodland Drive
Great Valley, New York 14741
Co. B - 661st T.D.

William C. Anderson
Marquette, Michigan
271st Regiment

Fred J. Avery
1509 Bexhill Road
Richmond, Virginia 23229
Div. Hq.

Joseph F. Bavico
415 N. Main Street
Union, Ohio 45322-9744
Co. C - 272nd

Robert A. Bennett
256 Main Street
P.O. Box 132
E. Berlin, Connecticut
06025-1131
Co. K - 271st

Walter B. Bickel
3214 Filton Street
Laureldale, Pennsylvania
19605
Co. E - 272nd

Louis F. Calderone
1339 Wyandotte Road
Columbus, Ohio 43212
880th F.A.

James Cassel
1069 Wooded Lane Drive
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
17111-4766
Co. D - 777th T.B.

Nolan F. Christianson
P.O. Box 102
Pelham, North Carolina
27311-0102
Co. A - 271st

Abraham Cohen
15 Dix Circle
Dix Hills, New York
11746-6033
Btry. C - 724th F.A.

★ ★ **GEORGE PHILLIPS, PAST PRESIDENT** ★ ★
259 Lexington Drive
Little Egg Harbor, New Jersey 08087-1304
Company G, 271st Infantry Division

Melvin R. Conrad
8420 Murray Court
Sanford, Florida 32771-9751
369th Medic

George E. Cook
3509 W. Adams
Temple, Texas 76501
Co. C - 661st T.D.

Stanley Crouch
4650 Rumpke Road
Cincinnati, Ohio 49720
Co. H&S - 880th F.A.

George DeHaven
6106 Wertztown Road
Narvon, Pennsylvania 17555
Co. I - 273rd

George Dinkelacker
74 Northwood Drive
Grenada, Mississippi 38901
69th Recon

William Dubendorf
12047 Thornridge, Hi Point
Brooksville, Florida 34613
Co. C - 661st T.D.

Norman L. Eckman
132 Ewing Road
Boardman, Ohio 44512
Co. I - 272nd

Thomas N. Ellis
2973 Oak Drive
Rockwall, Texas 75032
Btry. A - 880th F.A.

William P. Fiester
164 Valleyview Drive
Endicott, New York 13760
Co. L - 271st

Louis F. Ford
109 Curtis Avenue, #1310
Quincy, Massachusetts 02169
Co. F - 272nd

Albert J. Francaville
650 Luther Road
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
17111-2056
Co. M - 273rd

Jack D. Francisco
111 Hermitage Drive
Danville, Virginia 24541
Co. A - 271st

Getty Glotfelty
2408 E. Hoffmen
Spokane, Washington 99207
69th Recon

Joseph H. Green
4 Green Street
Georgetown, Delaware 19947
Hq - 271st

Wilson Gregory
P.O. Box 7
Clifford, Virginia 24533
Co. B - 271st

James R. Guest
576 93rd Avenue N.
Naples, Florida 33940
Unit Unknown

Richard T. Gullett
1566 Englewood
Florence, Kentucky
41042-7014
Co. F, Unit Unknown

Richard A. Himes
436 Toby Road
Kersey, Pennsylvania
15846-9668
Co. C - 881st F.A.

Calvin E. Howard
4558 Hwy. 29
Richton, Mississippi 39476
Co. B - 273rd

Lowell W. Jackson
6736 Mohican Trail
Fort Wayne, Indiana 46804
Co. D - 272nd

Walter B. Jamerson
549 Leesville Road
Lynchburg, Virginia 24502
HQ - 661st T.D.

Andrew Johnson
3946 Loeb Road
Charlevoix, Michigan 49720
Co. M - 272nd

Harry Kenney
Route 3, Box 95
Meshoppea, Pennsylvania
18630

Howard Klopp
2666 South Street
Allentown, Pennsylvania
18104
Co. G - 273rd

Herbert C. Kroenke
10809 E. 47th Street
Kansas City, Missouri 64113
Btry. A - 880th

Bernard P. Kurdt
316 Sunset Hill Road E.
Fishkill, New York 12524
Co. G - 271st

John Kurey
Port Royal
Vill 17 Marlborough
Belle Vernon, Pennsylvania
15012
H&S Co. - 269th Engineers

Charles E. Lintz, Jr.
9813 Gunforge Road
Perry Hall, Maryland 21128
Co. K - 272nd

Paul G. Locke
4500 Kinkead Avenue
Ft. Smith, Arizona 72903
Co. A - 269th Engineers

(Continued on Page 00)

"Taps" (Continued from Page 58)

- | | | | |
|---|--|--|--|
| Robert F. Lynett
1005 Steuben Street
Wausau, Wisconsin
54403-5158
Anti-Tank - 272nd | Maurice L. Meyer
1203 E. Washington, Apt. 138
Washington, Iowa
52363-2152
Co. I - 273rd | Carl F. Rapp
2981 S.W. Ann Arbor Road
Pt. St. Lucie, Florida 34953
Co. M - 272nd | Julius R. Slopek
356 Millennium Drive
Tallmadge, Ohio 44278-1087
Co. C - 661st T.D. |
| Theodore Majewski
4312 N. Oketo Avenue
Norridge, Illinois 60706-1133
Co. G - 272nd | Tod Morgan
3240 Cardinal Drive
Youngstown, Ohio 44505
Hq. 3 - 273rd | William Ridgeway, Sr.
8607 72nd Avenue
Puyallup, Washington 98371
Unit Unknown | Warren E. Spangler
5449 Highway #13
Lumberton, Mississippi
39455-9129
69th MP |
| William J. McCall
743 Purdue Avenue
Wenonaah, New Jersey 08090
Co. E - 271st | Leon Morris
1869 Staton House Road
Greenville, North Carolina
27834
Co. D - 461st AAA | Wilburn Roper
1021 8th Avenue S.W.
Alabaster, Alabama
35007-3856
H&S - 880th F.A. | Philip J. Sparacino
5167 W. Joleno Lane
Brown Deer, Wisconsin 49720
Btry. B - 881st F.A. |
| Dr. Richard A. McCallen
307 E. Lake Avenue
Peoria, Illinois 61614-6120
Btry. A - 880th F.A. | C. Franklin Olson
P.O. Box 52
Clermont, Iowa 52135-0052
Btry. A - 880th F.A. | Irvin Schaffer
7518 Shelowood Road
Baltimore, Maryland
21208-5823
Co. E - 272nd | Wesley Vandine
Rt. 1, Box 104
Carter, Oklahoma 73627
Btry. A - 880th F.A. |
| Arthur McNeil
6814 Pulaski Avenue
Radford, Virginia 24141-6814
Co. D - 461st AAA | William R. Park
P.O. Box 437
Belgrade Lakes, Maine 04918
Co. B - 271st | Earl Schoonover
908 N. 12th Street
Arkansas City, Kansas
67005
Anti-Tank - 271st | Edward Vincent
117 Ramage Road
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
15214
Co. D - 271st |
| Augie Meckel
80 Purdy Laze
Amityville, New York 11701
Hq. - 724th F.A. | Anthony W. Plasic
711 Main Street Bressler
Steelton, Pennsylvania
17113
Co. L - 273rd | Russell Shirk
140 Mechanic Street
Milroy, Pennsylvania
17063-8540
Co. A - 461st AAA | Virgil T. Wheeler
Independence, Missouri
Hq. Co., 2nd Bn., 273rd |
| William Mentinis
541 80th Street
Brooklyn, New York 11208
369th Medics | Albert F. Podolan
Route #2
Mason, Wisconsin 54856
Co. C - 661st T.D. | | Clarence A. Zeien
820 Maple Street
Hastings, Minnesota 55033
Co. D - 461st AAA |

Ladies' Taps

- ESTHER BROWN**
Wife of Charles W. Brown
Medic, 272nd Infantry Regiment
- NORMA GENE BUTTERFIELD**
Wife of Eugene D. Butterfield
Division Headquarters
- MRS. LOIS COLLINS**
Company I, 271st Infantry Regiment Widow
- VIRGINIA M. HARE**
Wife of John J. Hare
Company C, 271st Infantry Regiment
- LOUISE LIGMAN**
Wife of Hubert A. Ligman
Company H, 272nd Infantry Regiment
- JOYCE A. MUELLER**
Wife of Arthur R. Mueller
Company G, 271st Infantry Regiment



- EDITH G. SLIMMER**
Wife of Godfrey Slimmer, Jr.
Battery B, 881st Field Artillery
- MRS. FRANCES SMITH**
Headquarters, 271st Infantry Regiment Widow
- LILLIAN M. UPTON**
Wife of Kenneth D. Upton
Company B, 271st Infantry Regiment
- JANET S. WACHTEL**
Wife of Edgar M. Wachtel
Headquarters, 272nd Infantry Regiment
- DOROTHY WERTS**
Wife of Merrill H. Werts
Company I, 271st Infantry Regiment
- OLA MAY WILLIAMS**
Wife of Lamar W. Williams
69th MP



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“My Four Sons”



69th Annual Reunion, Hampton, Virginia

George Burrows of Company B, 271st Infantry Division with his sons in attendance
 Left to Right are: Bill, Fred, George D. Burrows, Ron, and his eldest son, George I.
 George brought 9 guests in all and enjoyed his time with his B Company buddies.

George Burrows, 1538 Pine Ridge Drive, Roxboro, North Carolina 27573-4160

BULLETIN STAFF

Dottie Witzleb
Editor

P.O. Box 69
 Champion, PA 15622-0069
 Telephone: 724/455-2901
*Send Articles, Pictures,
 and Material*

William Ruebsamen
Treasurer

P.O. Box 146
 Sun City, CA 92586-0146
 Telephone: 909/301-9360
Send Dues to Bill

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
*Send Ladies' Auxiliary
 Material to Dottie*