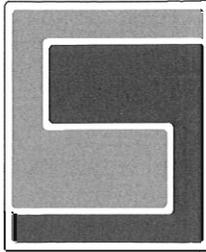


FIGHTING 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION

★★★★ Association, Inc.



VOLUME 65, NO. 1

www.69th-infantry-division.com

SEPTEMBER – OCTOBER – NOVEMBER – DECEMBER
2010

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

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

bulletin

OFFICERS 2010-2011

Robert Crow, *President*
149 East Side Drive, #164
Concord, NH 03301 273

Dr. Edward Sarcione, *Vice President*
P.O. Box 648
Hamburg, NY 14075-0648 272

Melvin Schulz, *Secretary*
5501 Wildrose Lane
Milford, OH 45150-2622 272

John Barrette, *Treasurer*
930 25th Place, P.O. Box 215
Wisconsin Rapids, WI 54495-0215 .. 271

Paul N. Shadle, *Membership Chairman*
P.O. Box 4069
New Kensington, PA 15068-4069 ... 271

William Snidow, *Chaplain* 661

Dottie Shadle, *Editor* 271

Edith Zaffern, *Sunshine Lady*

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Term Expiring 2010

Edgar A. Parsons 272

Robert L. Pierce 273

William E. Snidow 661

Ed Hill 881

Term Expiring 2011

George A. West 271

Walter Haag 881

William R. Nettles 273

Raymond J. Sansoucy 272

Gus Viehman 777

Term Expiring 2012

Warren Goodman 273

Joe Kurt 271

Eugene Pierron 661

Mel Schultz 272

PAST PRESIDENTS

*Maj. Gen. E. F. Reinhardt.
TX Div. Hq.

*Lester J. Milich, NJ 569 Sig.

*Hyman E. Goldstein, NY 272 Inf.

*Clifford E. Ewing, GA 769 Ord.

*Sherman Lawrence, NY 272 Inf.

*Murry Galuten, FL 272 Inf.

*Henry Madison, NY 272 Inf.

*Sol Rosenblitt, FL 271 Inf.

*Cyril Baron, FL Div. Hq.

*Loar L. Quickle, NJ 271 Inf.

*Harold M. Starry, PA 272 Inf.

*Wm. R. Matlach, NY 273 Inf.

*Sam Wolf, NY 273 Inf.

*Geo. E. Phillips, NJ 271 Inf.

Albert Carbonari, CT 271 Inf.

Stanley Olszewski, CT 273 Inf.

*John Monarty, MA 69 MP

*Robert Myers, AZ Div. Hq.

*Walter Doernbach, NJ Div. Hq.

*George Gallagher, FL MP & QM

*William Beswick, VA 661

*William Foster, PA 269

*Earl E. Witzleb, Jr. PA 273 Inf.

*Welkos O. Hawn, CO Div. Hq.

*Curt E. Peterson, WI 569. Sig.

Robert Pierce, CA 273

*Jim Boris, PA 881 FA

Harold Ruck, TN 272

Raymond Sansoucy, MA 272

*Bernard Zaffern, MI 272

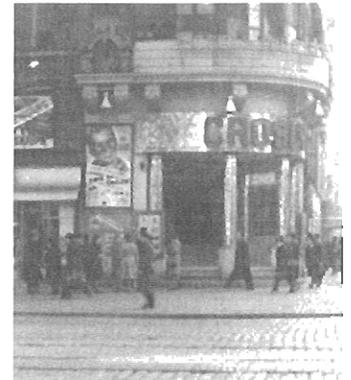
Paul N. Shadle, PA 271

David J. Theobald, CO 272

*Deceased

“Going Home March 1946”

Photos from the Archives: Supplied By: Ted Snyder, *Company D, 271st*



Antwerp, March 1946 Camp and getting ready to go home.



German Railways



Germans greeting GI's on their way home.



At the railyard Germany, March 1946



Transports to the train in Germany heading home!



On Board, getting ready to ship out.

A Message from Our President Robert F. Crowe

Company E, 273rd Infantry Regiment
149 East Side Drive #164
Concord, New Hampshire 03301
Telephone: 603/228-9485



A few years ago I wrote in a bulletin that the association was *not* disbanding but would continue having reunions until we “fade away”.

The 63rd reunion at Charleston, SC shows there is still interest in getting together. While the number of attendees has been low they are steady. We even had a first timer this year after 62 gatherings.

Elsewhere in the bulletin Paul Shadle, chairman for both the reunion and membership, will give information on each of the two jobs he oversees for us.

Also in the bulletin is treasurer John Barrettes statement on our financial position and our CPA's statement on its accuracy.

We now need you to contact your “old” buddies and talk them into coming to our next reunion, our 64th.

Take care and see you late this year.

Annual Meeting of the Board of Directors 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSN. Friday, October 15th, 2010 SHERATON CHARLESTON AIRPORT HOTEL CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

Call to order: The Annual Meeting of the Board of Directors of the Fighting 69th Infantry Association, Inc. was called to order by President Robert Crowe at 3:00 p.m., Friday, October 15th, 2010, at the Sheraton Charleston Airport Hotel, Charleston, South Carolina.

Pledge of Allegiance and Invocation by Chaplain William Snidow.

Roll-Call: PRESENT: Bob Crowe, Pres. — Ed Sarcione, VP — John Barrett, Treas. — Paul Shadle, Membership Chair. — Edgar Parsons, William Snidow, George West, Ray Sansoucy, Warren Goodman and Mel Schultz.

EXCUSED: Joe Huber, Sec'y.

ABSENT: Bob Pierce, Ed Hill, Walt Haag, William Nettles, Gus Viehman, Joe Kurt, Gene Pierron and Bruce Young.

VISITORS: Sam Wolff and Bill Sheavly members NEXGEN.

Minutes of previous meeting; Published in the bulletin. Motion made to accept as published by Ed Sarcione, second by John Barrett. PASSED.

Treasures report by John Barrett, Treas.:

Receipts	\$21,325.26
Disbursements	\$19,426.37
NET PROFIT	\$1,898.89
EQUITY as of 7/31/2010	\$50,588.50

John reported that the audit was completed for the current treasurer report by Wolosek & Wolosek, CPA's of Wiscousin Rapids, WI.

OLD BUSINESS: Due to clerical error, Ladies and Men's renewal fees were mixed into the same fund. Will be corrected. Bob Crowe received a letter from the American Battle monuments that the fund has a balance of \$42.68.

NEW BUSINESS: The auditors will produce a written letter affirming their findings of the Treasurer's report.

(2) Dorothea Duncan contacted the local VA Hospital and made arrangements for them to pick up the robes and knitted goods by the ladies auxiliary. Sam Wolff asked about the flower and flag funds for overseas graves. Flower fund is a perpetual fund, with monies donated to the U.S. Embassy in Paris, France to over-see the placing of flags and flowers on the graves of deceased members of the Division.

(3) The Elbe river fund for flags is a perpetual fund with a start deposit of \$5,000. (4) Paul Shadle announced that the 2011 Reunion will be in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, September 12th to the 18th, 2011.

A discussion took place about the difficulty to obtain members of the association to volunteer their services to the Board of Directors. A motion to suspend the rules and have the Board of Directors appoint members was made by Ed Sarcione and second by Bill Snidow. CARRIED.

President Bob Crowe appointed Chet Yastremski to the board, which was approved by the board members.

Membership chairman, Paul Shadle reported that 424 men were lost from the 69th Division during the war. 50 to 60% of the remains have been returned to the United States at family request.

(2) MEMBERSHIP STATUS: 1800 total members with 750 not paying dues, 250 widows and 150 associates. Paul reported he will be sending out 1st class letters to ALL members to pay \$10.00. If no re-pose the person will be dropped from the rolls.

NEXGEN chair, Bill Sheavly presented the update

(Continued on Page 3)

ANNUAL MEETING BOARD OF DIRECTORS

(Continued from Page 2)

on the next generation group. They have 126 members and \$939.00 in the treasury. The web site is maintained by **Mike McKibben**. **Bob Crowe** and **Paul Shadle** reiterated that the website is not sponsored by the association due to liability risk involved. Bill also said that the NEXGEN group will gladly take over the flag and flower funds to provide perpetuity. Bill also asked for a column in the bulletin in each publication. Motion by **Bud Parsons**, second by **G. West** to allow this to happen was **CARRIED** by the board.

Meeting was adjourned by voice vote.

Respectfully submitted,
Mel Schultz
Secretary
George West
Interim Recorder

**Annual Meeting of
the General Membership
69TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSN.
Saturday, October 16th, 2010
SHERATON CHARLESTON
AIRPORT HOTEL
CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA**

Meeting opened by **President Robert Crowe** at 10:00 a.m., Saturday, October 16th, 2010, at the Sheraton Charleston Airport Hotel, Charleston, South Carolina.

Pledge of Allegiance led by **President Crowe**.

Invocation by **Chaplain William Snidow**.

Introduction of head of table by **Pres. Crowe**.

Treas: **John Barrett**, Secretary: **Mel Schultz**,
President: **Bob Crowe**, Vice President: **Ed Sarcione**,
Membership chairman: **Paul Shadle** and Chaplin:
Bill Snidow.

MOTION to accept the minutes on the 2009 General Meeting as published in the bulletin made by **George West**, second by **John Barrett**. **CARRIED**.

PRESIDENTS REPORT by **Bob Crowe**: There were 424 fatal deaths suffered in WWII by the 69th Infantry Division about 50% of the families of the deceased decided to bring the remains home. The remaining buried on foreign soil have received flags and flowers by a fund provided by the 69th Division Association to the U.S. Embassy in Paris. a letter received by **President Crowe** that the remaining funds are \$42.68. The treasurer will forward funds to the Embassy.

VICE-PRESIDENT: **Ed Sarcione** related the story about "Lefty", a member of the 69th Division Association whose wife called him to dinner. She could not wake him, called **Dr. Sutton**, who rushed over to find no respiration, no pulse, carotid were quiet. Doctor prepared the death certificate and **Dottie Shadle** was notified of the passing and she passed to the family the 69th Infantry Division condolences. His friend came to see him and shook him. "Lefty" woke up and asked, "What's for dinner?" "Lefty" was in the audience and VP **Ed** called on him to stand.

TREASURER: **John Barrett** announced the **INCOME** for the fiscal year was \$21,325.26.

Disbursements\$19,426.37

NET PROFIT\$1,898.89

The **NET EQUITY** of the association is \$50,588.50. The annual audit of the P&L account and **EQUITY** account was completed by **Wolosek & Wolosek** of Wisconsin Rapids, WI.

MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN: **Paul Shadle** announced that membership status stands at 1,800. With 250 Widows and 150 associate members. There are 750 members who have not paid dues. He will be sending out a First Class Letter to all non-paying members to send in \$10.00. If no response they will be dropped from the rolls. Paul also announced that the 2011 reunion will be at the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania Airport Marriott Hotel. September 12th to September 18th, 2011.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE REPORT: Given by **President Crowe**. There were no nominations from the floor for board members. Since there has been a problem recruiting members for the board of directors, the board temporarily suspended the rules and **President Crowe** appointed **Chet Yastrzemski** as a board member and appointment was accepted by **Chet** and the board.

President Bob Crowe asked for a motion to accept all the reports as stated. **Ed Sarcione** made the motion second by **Bill Snidow**. **MOTION CARRIED**

OLD BUSINESS – **NONE**.

NEW BUSINESS:

Bud Parsons asked about the \$50,000 equity fund's future. **President Crowe** advised that some perks to the association was paid out of the fund.

Carl Arfa suggested monies from the equity fund be used to further the advance of the Next Generation Group.

Sam Wolff suggested **Carl Arfa** be the liason between the Association and the NEXGEN group. **President Crowe** appointed **Carl** to do that and he accepted.

Bill Sheavly chair for the Next Generation Group discussed the upgrades to the 69th website by **Joe Lipsius** and **Mike McKibben**. The past bulletins are now on the site.

The membership of the NEXGEN group has exceeded 130 members. He announced that the NEXGEN has their own office and **Jean Parsons** will be the administrator. The group will take care of the Veterans flower fund. **Bill Sheavly** asked that the NEXGEN be permitted to have a column in the bulletin. The request was agreed to by the membership. **Joe Lipsius** advised that NEXGEN applications were available on the website.

President appointed the following positions:

Chaplain: **BILL SNIDOW**

Membership & Reunion Chair.: **PAUL SHADLE**

Bulletin Editor: **DOTTIE SHADLE**

Nominating Committee: **CHET YASTERZEMSKI**

Motion to adjourn by **G. West** – **CARRIED**

Respectfully submitted,
Mel Schultz
Secretary
George West
Interim Recorder

69TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSN. Statement of Cash Receipts and Disbursements

For the period of August 1, 2009 to July 31, 2010

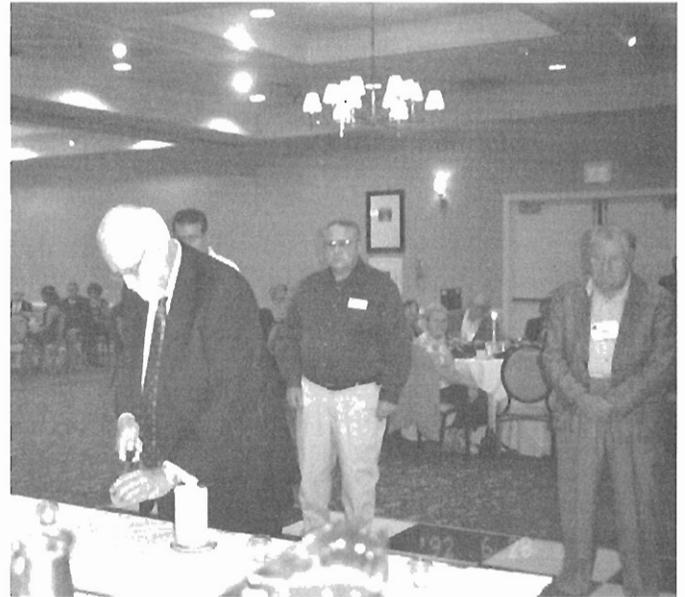
Cash Receipts - 8/1/2009 to 7/31/2010

Regular Dues	\$	10,515.00	
Auxiliary Dues		394.00	
Donations - Postage, etc.		<u>5,446.00</u>	
Subtotal	\$		16,355.00
Sales - Souvenirs			523.50
2010 Reunion Deposit			333.00
2009 Reunion Refund - Nashville 2009			2,408.41
Interest			75.35
Postage Deposit			1,580.00
In memory of Ed Lucci			<u>50.00</u>
Total Receipts	\$		<u>21,325.26</u>

Cash Disbursements - 8/1/2009 to 7/31/2010

Supplies, Postage, Fees, Phone Calls			
Paul Shadle	\$	611.41	
John Barrette		522.56	
Joe Huber		78.43	
Sunshine Lady		863.38	
P.O. Box Rental		255.00	
Service Charge		14.50	
Souvenirs		1,136.17	
Checks Returned		<u>30.00</u>	
Subtotal	\$		3,511.45
Bulletin - Printing & Distribution			10,309.53
U.S. Postal Service			
Postage Fee	\$	185.00	
Postage Deposit		1,580.00	
Postage Used		<u>2,208.85</u>	3,973.85
2009 Hospitality Room			619.47
Plaque for Sunshine Lady			27.07
Tomorrow Valley Healthcare System			500.00
The Flag Factory			135.00
Audit - Wolosek & Wolosek CPA's, WI.			<u>350.00</u>
Total Disbursements	\$		<u>19,426.37</u>

<u>Equity</u>	<u>8/1/2009</u>	<u>Credit</u>	<u>Debit</u>	<u>7/31/2010</u>
Checking Account - US Bank	\$ 28,271.08	19,669.91	17,467.52	30,473.47
Savings Account - US Bank	19,217.05	75.35		19,292.40
USPS Postage	1,451.45	1,580.00	2,208.85	822.63
Checks Outstanding	(250.00)		(250.00)	
Total Equity	\$ 48,689.61	21,325.26	19,426.37	50,588.50



2010 Reunion Memorial Service, Charleston, SC
Photo submitted by: John Barrette, HQ, 271st

VA Donation Presentation

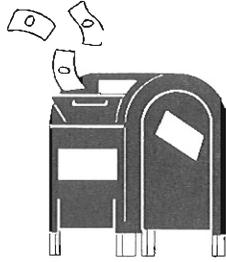
Photos Submitted By: Larry Crowe



(L-R) Jeremy Comeaux, Accepting the donation for the Charleston VA Medical Center from Dorothea Duncan and Jennie Ambrose, 69th wives

THE MAIL BOX

By Dottie (Witzleb) Shadle
Editor



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

New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068-4069

Telephone: 724/335-9980

E-Mail: danne345@comcast.net

Michael Booker (Honorary), 50 Edgehill Road, Mitcham, Surrey CR4 2HU, England: I have been collecting your News Bulletins since the days of **Clarence Marshall** and they have formed an important part of my Colditz collection and the 273rd.

I am researching as a sequel to my book 'Collecting Colditz And Its Secrets', in which the 273rd played a prominent part in the Liberation of the notorious POW camp at Colditz Castle. The book will be titled "The Postal History of Colditz in the Third Reich". I am researching mail and postal documents together with photographs of the 69th personnel and areas in which they served from Camp Shelby to England and then to Occupied Europe and Colditz and the meeting with the Russians. Also of postal interest is the German POW camp at Shelby. My main interest will be the postmarks and mail cancellations and anything unusual in relation to the mail. I am willing to pay for items received, either to the contributor or donation to the 69th Association from the owner. Thank you for your assistance.

Raymond K. Mann, 18535 Melissa Springs Drive, Tomball, Texas 77375—Company H3 271st: The most recent bulletin I received appeared to be a little short on submitted articles. In case that was all you had available, I am enclosing another story from our WWII days which your readers may find amusing (perhaps not ex-officers). In fact, at the request of my nephew, I have written a total of seven short stories from those days. Besides the enclosed story, I have four remaining stories which I will submit one at a time if you can use them.

Unfortunately, for several reasons, it looks like I will not be able to attend this years reunion. Although I no longer need to care for my invalid wife (she passed away last December), I don't travel very well. I have a leaking heart valve to contend with and I'm not always steady on my feet. Furthermore, there are no younger family members who could accompany me on such a trip. So I guess I will have to enjoy the reunion vicariously by reading the wonderful bulletin you provide us with every four months.

(Editors Note: look for Ray's story in this edition)

Edwin G. Lansford, 1096 Peavine Firetower Road, Crossville, Tennessee 38571—Company HQ 271st: Here are a couple of items in case you need something for the next bulletin or two.

I think that I procrastinated for too many years before writing anything down, because early on, everyone else I knew had had the same or similar experiences. Any account would have prompted only "Yeah, yeah,

we know, we were there too." That's not the case any more. Now, it seems, there is no one left to challenge my errors or to confirm the accuracy of my accounts. I miss that and them.

Anyway, use either or both of these accounts if you need them.

Stanley Eskin, 1074 Exeter - E, Boca Raton, Florida 33434—Company A, 269th Engineer Battalion:

Frankly, at this point in my life I've become disgusted with how medals are handed out. A case in point was my reading an article in the *Miami Sun-Sentinel* that a Mr. Bernard Metrick was given a Bronze Star for his separating the seriously ill prisoners from the other prisoners in the Nazi holocaust camps.

I've never said anything about my actions but I must at this point in my life. At wars end I went around to all the lumber yards in the Leipzig area, giving receipts to the owners for their lumber, so that many thousands of feet of lumber could be shipped throughout Europe to help rebuild the destroyed cities. For this, the 269th Engineer Combat Battalion was awarded the Meritorious Unit Citation.

I neither received a promotion nor so much as a thank you for my actions.

Carl A. Fritch, 60 S Park Avenue, Mertztown, PA 19539-9001, Phone: (610)682-7225—569th Signal Company: Would like to hear from any of you men from the 569th Radio Operations, etc.

Arthur Ayers, 15 Eagle Rock Village Apt. 8A, Budd Lake, NJ 07828-3315, Phone: (973) 691-7050—Company D, 273rd: Dear 69th Buddies, a note to let you know I will not be at the reunion this year. I am recovering from surgery on my leg (vascular). I want to thank Dottie for the hard work she puts into the bulletin. I read them over and over, one dates back to 1947.

I want to give Thanks to all my Buddies in the 69th, for knowing them and serving with them. I am always thinking of them and **THANK GOD** for being their brother.

Gus Wiemann, 7126 Canella Court, Tamarac, FL 33321, Company L, 271st: Had a few more writing assignments, hope that you can use them in the bulletin. By the time that you read this note Thanksgiving will be a memory. I hope that you all had a pleasant one.

Frank W. Novak, 395 Taconic Road, Greenwich, CT 06831, Anti-Tank, 272nd: The latest edition of the "Bulletin" with the article on the 272nd Anti-Tank Company sure brought back memories, especially with the reference to the march to Dahlem.

I was the bazookaman in Charlie Squad, Third Platoon, under S/Sgt. Bruno Stefanoni. My ammo bearer was Bob Naugle. For some reason, he and I were selected to be the point team of the group headed to Dahlem. As the two of us walked down the road towards Dahlem a couple of hundred yards ahead of the others, I remarked to Bob that I felt as if I was wearing a big bull's eye on my chest for some German sniper waiting ahead and he said he had the same feeling.

Needless to say, our fears were groundless and we walked into Dahlem intact.

A Message from Paul and Dottie Shadle Membership Chairman and Editor

Paul Shadle, *Company E, 271st Infantry*
P.O. Box 4069 • New Kensington, PA 15068-4069
Telephone: 724/335-9980
E-Mail - Dottie: danne345@comcast.net
Paul: pauls1504@comcast.net



*Membership Chairman Paul Shadle
and Editor, Dottie Shadle*

The reunion in North Charleston, South Carolina is now history. We had a nice turnout of members and their families. The visit to the Citadel was very impressive. While on the boat ride many of the attendees were surprised to see that BMWs were shipped out of the Harbor. We also went to the Farmer's Market where Paul was introduced to Oliver, his new friend. Oliver entertained the membership at the Saturday Night Banquet. I am sure he will entertain this year at the reunion in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. **The dates are September 12 thru September 18, 2011.**

We must give a special THANK YOU to **Larry Crowe**, son of our **President Robert Crowe**, for the pictures that he had taken. Some of these pictures are included in this bulletin. The next bulletin will be out in early May 2011.



Veteran's Day - November 11, 1999

What is a Vet?

Some veterans bear signs of their service: missing limb, a jagged scar, a certain look in the eye.

Others may carry the evidence inside them: a pin holding a bone together, a piece of shrapnel in the leg, or perhaps another sort of inner steel, the soul's ally forged in the refinery of adversity.

Except in parades, however, the men and women who have kept America safe wear no badges or emblems.

You can't tell a vet just by looking.

What is a Vet?

He is the cop on the beat who spent six months in Saudi Arabia sweating two gallons a day making sure the armed personnel carriers didn't run out of fuel.

He or She is the nurse who fought against futility and went to sleep sobbing every night for two solid years in Da Nang.

He is the POW who went away one person and came back another, or didn't come back at all.

He is the Quantico drill instructor who has never seen combat, but has saved countless lives by turning slouchy, no-account rednecks, and gang members into Marines, and taught them to watch each other's back.

He is the parade riding legionnaire who pins on his ribbons and medals with a prosthetic hand.

He is the three anonymous heroes in the Tomb Of The Unknown, whose valor dies unrecognized with them on the battlefield or in the ocean's sunless deep.

He is the old man bagging groceries at the super-market, palsied now and aggravatingly slow, who helped liberate a Nazi death camp and who wishes all day long that his wife were still alive to hold him when the nightmares come.

He is an ordinary and yet extraordinary human being—a person who offered some of his life's most vital years in the service of his country, and who sacrificed his ambitions so others would not have to sacrifice theirs.

He is a soldier and a sword against the darkness, and he is nothing more than the finest, greatest testimony on behalf of the finest, greatest nation ever known.

So remember, each time you see someone who had served our country, just lean over and say, "Thank you". That's all most people need, and in most cases it will mean more than any medals they would have been awarded or were awarded.

Two little words that mean alot, 'THANK YOU'.

Remember November 11 is Veterans Day

Four Machine Gunners

Photo to left. Submitted by: **Kenneth Sawyer**
2207 Country Club Road
Melbourne, FL 32901-5323
Company D, 273rd

Left - Right: George Johnson, Ken Swayer, Allan Blackmar, Roland Hendrickson

661st Tank Destroyers Mini Reunion

Submitted By: **Thomas Slopek**
Company C, 661st T.D.
2515 Shade Road, Akron, OH 44333
Home Phone: 330-665-3510
Cell Phone: 330-715-2659
Email: tas5559@yahoo.com
or: Legacy of 661st Tank Destroyers on Facebook

The annual reunion of the 661st Tank Destroyers took place this year in Akron, Ohio, with Tom and Tamara Slopek as hosts for this year's events.

There was a great turnout with 10 veterans attending, 1 of them a first timer. Many extended family members also made the trip including grandchildren, for a total of 61 attendees at the banquet.

The reunion commenced on Thursday, August 12 with a welcome reception in the hospitality room of the hotel. Many old and cherished friendships were renewed and newcomer **Rufus McBride** was welcomed to the reunion. An interesting event occurred this year with the reintroduction of **Rufus** and **Marvin Brown**. It seems that **Marvin** had always wondered what had become of a fellow in his company whom he had witnessed being involved in a wartime accident. Ironically, that fellow was none other than **Rufus**, and their anticipated reunion was remarkable and heartwarming.

Friday brought a visit in the morning to the Slopek's home to view and peruse their collection of WWII and Tank Destroyer memorabilia. From there, many folks made the short trip to visit and tour Stan Hywet Hall, an Akron landmark. The Hall is the former home of F.A. Seiberling, founder of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company. Many enjoyed a full tour with some taking an amended first floor tour of the mansion. However, considering that the house has no air conditioning and we were "blessed" with a 90 degree day, the beautiful gardens of Stan Hywet were greatly appreciated also! Many of us attended dinner at the Longhorn Steakhouse adjacent to the hotel on Friday evening, and kept carousing even later into the evening with a trek to Mary Coyle's Ice Cream Parlor, another Akron institution not to be missed!

Saturday's record heat did not stop most folks from attending a Civil War camp and battle reenactment at Hale Farm and Village, a local working farm in the 1800's style. There were many attractions at Hale Farm that Saturday including a Fife and Drum Corp, an Abraham Lincoln reenactor, various working displays of blacksmithing, maple syrup manufacture, restored period homes and shops, and a battle reenactment that never quite got off the ground because the reenactors kept fainting in the heat! They were falling with such regularity that **Tony Puccio**, **Bill Dawson's** grandson, was left to wonder aloud if perhaps they had mistook real ammo in place of the fake stuff! Many of us ended up taking refuge in the air conditioned visitor center and saved our strength for the upcoming Saturday night banquet.

Our banquet was held in the Peninsula GAR Hall, which is a restored depot previously used as a commissary for embarking troops since the Civil War. Its period charm and military history were enjoyed by the veterans and their families as we dined all together on this final reunion night. The evening ended with great fun in a gift raffle that entailed a twist of the rules that enabled people to "steal" gifts from each

other, planned and furnished by **Patricia Smith**, daughter of **Julius Slopek**.

To our delight, the **Mellinger** family has volunteered to host our reunion next year in York, PA, and we are all looking forward to that. Here is a list of this year's attendees:

Bill and Mary Wahl with family members **Bill, Jr.** and **Jan**, **Paul and Debbie Steer**, **MaryAnn Erlandson**

Bill and Ellen Snidow with family members **Pat and Steve Woody**, **Nathan Snidow**, **Connie Snidow**, and **Zoey Eller**

John and Eva Golden

Marvin and Connie Brown with daughter **Valerie Brown**

Rufus McBride with son **Dale**

Jim Binder with son **Jim**

Mike and Dorothy Kotnick with family members **Vince and Linda Puccio**, grandson **Tony Puccio**, and great-grandson **Josh Puccio**

Charles and Carol Rodgers

Marie Mackey and Nena (Mackey) Dresser

Marion and Wayne LaFranco (Hilton Spokane)

George Wallis

Pat Slopek and Jack Dowler, **Tom and Tamara Slopek**, **Patricia Smith**, **Ashley Smith** and **Doug Holbert**

Dawn Kilhefner

Dave and Karen Royer

Marlin Mellinger

Ellen Levie and daughter **Michelle Heckman**

Thanks

Submitted By: **Joe Huber**
Prairie Gardens, 900 O'Keefe Road, Apt. 209
Sun Prairie, WI 53590



I would like to thank the Association for the wonderful plaque. I appreciate it to the max! Also want to thank the members who were at the reunion for the GREAT get well cards. It's a good feeling to know that one is remembered.

As you can see, I am wheel chair confined at the present time. I walk, using a walker, from 100 to 200 yards daily and do daily exercises to build up my legs.

And now, my "swan song". Due to Doctor's advice I may not go to this year's reunion. I may not stray more than 1/2 an hour from St. Mary's Hospital in Madison, I do not know if I will be out of a wheel chair by next year's reunion. Therefore, I should resign as Secretary.

Over the past years, it has been my pleasure to work with the officers, directors and members of the association.

Thanks again for everything.

Prayers with Instant Answers

Submitted By: Edwin G. Lansford

Company HQ 271st

1096 Peavine Firetower Road, Crossville, TN 38571

After the 44th Division landed at Cherbourg on September 15, 1944, it bivouacked in Normandy for a month before moving to Alsace to join General Patch's 7th Army. All of the members of our company were fortunate in that we had enough vehicles for transportation so none of us had to go by train (40 men or 8 horses?).

The move took four days by convoy, with vehicles as far ahead and behind us as I could see. I was a back seat passenger, wedged between three full duffle bags, weapons and other gear. Thinking back now, I'm not sure how lucky I actually was because the space was really cramped. The bags were stood upright to make room for me. That made the fully loaded jeep really top-heavy and unstable. The lug tires were even more unstable on pavement, especially when the pavement was wet and slick.

One rainy day on that move, darkness had overtaken us before we reached our destination for the night, and the convoy was moving with blackout lights (cat's eyes) only, when our driver accelerated and swerved for some reason. I felt the jeep tilt to one side and realized how unstable we were. The thought of tipping over and rolling scared me so much that I closed my eyes to pray. Immediately, I felt the jeep slow down so fast that it pitched me forward, so I opened my eyes to see the most beautiful sight: Bright red brake lights as far as I could see in the convoy ahead of us. What a blessed assurance that sight was after feeling so helpless a moment earlier! We had safely reached our destination for the night!

Many things happened in the days following that incident, but the timing haunted my memory. Why had I lost hope just when relief was so imminent? Had we topped a hill that made me lean forward? Probably so, because a long line of brake lights could be seen instead of just those of the next vehicle in front of us. Had my eyes been closed for a long time? I don't think so. I think I only blinked. What had rocked the jeep at that precise moment? I know, it swerved, but why? Was someone (?) trying to get my attention? I continued to ponder without any satisfactory conclusions.

Weeks later, while at Embernenil, Lt. Askins asked me to go with him on a mission with one of our jeep drivers, Edward Warfel, I think it was. Parking the jeep, the three of us proceeded down a farm trail (twin cow paths) curving to the left around the side of a hill until we came to an open area where the slope joined a second slope with the beginning of drainage in between. The second slope was a wide pasture with a few trees on the horizon several hundred yards away. There we stopped while Lt. Askins pondered as to where we were.

Sounds of war were constant in the distance: sporadic small arms fire, a BAR dueling with an MG, and muffled explosions from mortars and artillery. We had become accustomed to such background noises by that time, concerned for those involved, while concentrating on our own situations. That changed suddenly, because we had been observed by the enemy from somewhere

on that long slope up ahead!

We all three hit the ground when the first shell came screaming in, followed by many more hitting on the slope behind us! Never mind looking around to see how close they hit! I was trying to crawl under my helmet. Each new shell made me try harder. I could feel debris landing on my back and ping-pong off my helmet I felt at least one larger clod land with a soft thump right between my elbows!

Listening to each shell scream in, I realized that they were coming through a line of trees where the drainage began. That did it! A tree burst could kill us all! That's when a feeling of helplessness and total despair swept over me just like it had that rainy night in the jeep, and I turned again to God as my only true refuge before the next shell came in! That next shell never got there! Did it get stopped in mid-air? Immediately, there was no more noise of any kind, just peace and quiet. There even were no distant sounds of war within our hearing! Our world was suddenly at peace, even if only for a brief time.

No, I had lost my hearing, even temporarily, because in the stillness, the first sounds I heard were the rustling of a field jacket and a helmet rubbing the collar as someone raised up to look around. I did the same. We all three glanced at each other, got up, and hastily retreated out of view back the way we had come.

Once out of view, we slowed to a normal pace while returning to our jeep. Meanwhile, the distant sounds of war resumed in the distance. Also, the frustrated gunner fired one more round in our direction, estimating our position pretty well. The shell hit right on the edge of the path, but we were already beyond the spot by several yards. God was still with us.

Postscript #1: How long did it take to open a crate of 88s? The tops of some German ammo crates were secured by wing-nuts on all four corners. How long did it take the gunner to get a new supply of ammo? How far did he have to go to get it? (I'm just speculating that he had used all of his opened supply when he stopped firing at us the first time).

Postscript #2: Both of those incidents involved some unusual circumstances, which any doubter can explain as co-incidents. I can also. However, the timing of certain aspects of both incidents leaves me with but one conclusion, that God got my attention and assured me that He was with me. I have never felt such depths of despair before or since as I did on both of those occasions — and followed by such an immediate sense of relief, assurance and peace.

PLEASE

If you have newspaper articles or photos that you would like to have in the bulletin. Send the originals. We will make sure we get them back to you. We can not reproduce a photocopy of the pictures.

Personal Journal

Continued from Vol. 64, No. 3

Submitted By: **Thomas H. Clews**

Company L 272nd

317 W. Quanah Street

Broken Arrow, Oklahoma 74011-4151

Phone: 918-455-6262

January 24, 1945

We left the ship and went down cargo nets that were hung over the railings, into British Landing Craft. We were carried to the beach where bulldozers were clearing rubble to make places for the Landing Crafts to put us on shore.

It had stopped snowing in the morning but now it has started again. It is very cold.

We were loaded onto a convoy of waiting open racked trailer trucks and were packed in like sardines. Everyone had to stand.

After a couple of hours the convoy started moving. It was almost dark and still snowing. We traveled about 80 miles. It took us 6 hours in the cold and snow.

We arrived at our destination in the vicinity of Forges-Les-Eaux, near the Division C.P.

Regimental HQ and the Battalions were located in the town of Gaillefontaine, a village located halfway between Dieppe and Konun.

Since it was the middle of the night we couldn't see much. We moved into several houses and were to rest and that a formation would take place in the morning with more details.

The houses were no more than bombed-out shells. We had to clear spaces to lay down.

The next morning the snow had stopped but there was about a foot of snow on the ground. We were told we would be here several days. We were warned not to stray out of our platoon areas. Blackout restrictions were in force. No fires or lights after dark. Heavy security restrictions were enacted.

During the next few days the division received 810 replacements. This is what was holding up our movement to the front.

January 30, 1945

Today the Regiment moved via "Forty and Eight", box cars from Gaillefontaine to the vicinity of Lahne, France. Many of our fathers can relate to stories of these 40x8 box cars in the First World War. They were built to carry 40 men or 8 horses.

The trip was LONG and COLD.

February 1, 1945

We arrived at Staging Area J-9. Division C.P. was at Liesse, Regimental HQ and Special Units were at LeMarais and the Three Battalions located at Goudelancort, Ebenleau, and Montigny Le Franc. The names were so hard to pronounce that they became known as; "Camp Wheatfield, Mud Flats and Tent City." We were at "Tent City."

Pattons' Armor had used this area prior to us. The tanks had churned up the ground and with all the rain and snow it was like 12 inches of chocolate pudding.

Most of us still didn't have overshoes. We put down straw in the tents to help dry up the mud, which helped. Then we got cots, when we laid down on them they sank in the mud.

The next couple of days were spent trying to make this place habitable.

February 7, 1945

Left "Tent City" via 40x8's after dark. We learned a few lessons from our previous experience and hung up all our gear possible.

February 8, 1945

Opened the car several times to try to see where we are. Many of the towns have been bombed. The train stopped for meals and we were treated to hot "C" rations. This was a big improvement over the "K" rations we have been dining on.

That night we crossed the French border into Belgium at the town of Mauberg.

February 9, 1945

This morning we arrived at the town of Pepinster, Belgium. Here we boarded trucks and were transported to a Bivouac area between Born and St. Vith in the Eifel Forest, a part of the Ardennes.

St. Vith was a R.R. Center and was almost totally destroyed. A short distance away is the town of Malmedy, famous for the Massacre of American Prisoners.

Regiment was placed in V Corps and became a part of the First Army.

The sound of artillery fire is becoming much louder. The weather is cold and raining.

We set up pup tents in the woods, dug fox holes, and camouflaged everything. All extra clothing and equipment was discarded. We got down to living in the woods in mid-winter. Only small fires were permitted during daylight.

A heavy fog has set in.

This is the Ardennes. This is the area of the Bulge.

February 11, 1945

We had been warned of German Patrols in the area. Extra security is in place throughout the bivouac area. During daylight we sent out small recon patrols several hundred yards out from our area.

We scouted the rise above our position and came across a knocked out German tank, the dead crew still inside. There are numerous German corpses in the area. All frozen solid. There is the foul odor of rotting flesh in the air.

February 12, 1945

The regiment moved to new positions on line where we relieved units of the 99th Division. We are still in the Eifel Forest near the town of Hansfeld.

Machine gun and small arms fire can now be heard. It is very cold. There is over a foot of snow on the ground and it is snowing again.

Our artillery is set up a few yards from our positions and they are firing all the time.

(Continued on Page 10)

PERSONAL JOURNAL (Continued from Page 9)

February 15, 1945

Four of us built a dugout and covered it with logs and dirt. It was only about 3 feet deep because the ground was frozen and hard to dig.

Jerry had this habit of dropping a few 88's in on us at the most annoying hours; usually about three or four in the morning, when we were trying to sleep.

This afternoon a Focke Wolf 190 strafed our positions but before he could do much damage, three P-47's jumped him and drove him off.

The war is beginning to get a lot closer and little did we know what was in store for us in the coming days.

Suffered our first casualties, one man killed and three wounded by artillery.

Weather was intensely cold and the snow has melted just enough to make the ground very muddy. We have not seen the sun for days.

February 19, 1945

Several 88 rounds fell in our area and killed three men in I Company.

During this period the regiment organized an elaborate defensive position along the high ground in the vicinity. Positions were dug, camouflaged and prepared for occupation should the Germans launch another counterattack.

Heavy fog and rain were making things miserable.

February 20, 1945

Our battalion moved back to Weywirts, Belgium on detached service and for the next five days worked with Co. C, 262nd Engineers. We helped repair the MSR—Main Supply Route. The mud was hindering movement of equipment and supplies.

We hauled brick and rock from demolished buildings and dumped it on the very muddy roads to help truck traffic move.

February 26, 1945

The Division moved back on line to positions opposite the Siegfried Line on the German border.

This move was on foot through the toughest conditions we have ever encountered up to this time. Even though there was the possibility that the shoulders along the road were mined everyone had to stop and take occasional breaks.

The battalion started off fine but within an hour each company was spread out over about 800 yards. We were not in great shape. It was very cold, the clouds and fog lifted and visibility has improved.

February 27, 1945

This morning the division attacked the Siegfried Line with two regiments abreast. The mission, to seize the high ground between Nonningen and Gesheid.

In the north the objective was taken by 0900; and in the south by 1100 and gains up to 2000 yards were made and 6 towns overrun. We were now in Germany.

Our artillery was successful in driving the Germans from the frontline pillboxes and bunkers. It snowed again during the night.

The next couple of days were spent consolidating our positions. On and off snow and rain, very cold.

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT EDITION

Rendezvous on the Elbe

Submitted By: **Lorenzo Piscitelli**

Company C 271st

206 Stoney Way, New Fairfield, CT 06812-4027

From the News-Times

By Robert Miller

For soldiers who fought in World War II, the memorable days might be the days they fought. Or they might be the quiet days when the fighting stopped and they got a chance to breathe.

For **Lorenzo Piscitelli** of New Fairfield, it was a meeting at a river.

In the waning weeks of the war in Europe, **Piscitelli** was with the 69th Division of the U.S. Army, moving across Germany.

"We went all across Germany, across the Rhine," **Piscitelli** said. "Then we had to stop."

The troops waited in the town of Torgau on the Elbe River. And in the last week of April 1945 65 years ago this week the American Army met the



Lorenzo Piscitelli, 83, of New Fairfield, shows off the medals he earned during WWII. Piscitelli was drafted into the Army as an 18-year-old during the waning days of the war. He fought as a replacement soldier in the Battle of the Bulge and then marched across Germany with his unit, The Fighting 69th, to meet the Russian army at the Elbe River, a sure sign that the war in Europe would soon end.

Russians. The final moves of the endgame had begun.

Soldiers from the two armies made initial contact on April 25—a day still celebrated in Torgau. Lt. **Albert L. Kotzebue**, a 21-year-old infantry officer from Texas, in the 69th Division — known as "The Fighting 69th" — was the first American to see the Russians. He commandeered a small boat, crossed the Elbe and shook hands with his Russian counterparts.

Later that day, an even more dramatic moment occurred when Americans inched across a battered railroad bridge from the west, Russians did the same from the east and they embraced on bridge's twisted girders, halfway over the river.

By April 30, the leaders of the two armies held formal meetings.

"There were no parties, or anything," **Piscitelli** said. "But they had vodka and they handed that out."

That same day, Adolph Hitler committed suicide in Berlin. By May 7, the fighting was over, with the Germans signing an unconditional surrender.

Piscitelli, now 83, was an 18-year-old from the Bronx when he was drafted and sent to Europe. He saw action as a replacement soldier at the end of the

(Continued on Page 15)

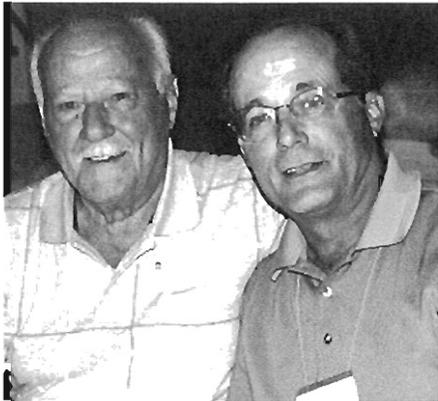
69TH INFANTRY DIVISION REUNION ATTENDEES

OCTOBER 12TH THRU 17TH, 2010
 SHERATON CHARLESTON AIRPORT HOTEL
 CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

~ MEMORIES FROM THE 63RD ANNUAL REUNION ~

It was nice to have been at the reunion. The company was good, the tours and food were good.

Photos sent in by Larry Crowe, son of Robert Crowe, *Company E, 273rd Infantry Regiment.*



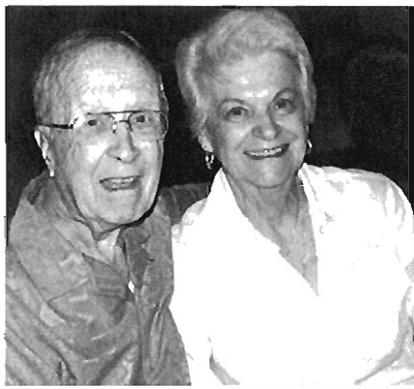
Doug Buckstad and son, retired Col. Robert Buckstad, *Company I, 271st.*



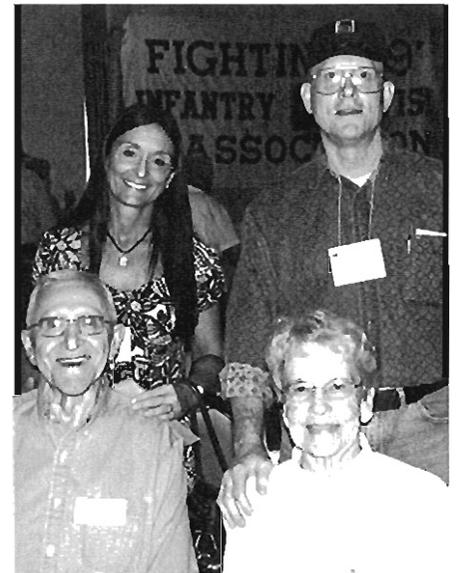
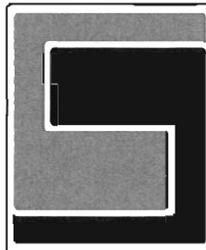
Vivian Brooke Bailey and husband Jack, *Division Headquarters*



Lila Mae Spangler, Chet Yastrzemski and Fuzz Spangler, *Company E, 272nd*



Ray and Polly Nadler, *Headquarters, 272nd*



Emery and Pat Nagy with daughter, Connie Atwood and son James, *Company G, 271st*

Jessica and Kirk Nadler, *grand-daughter and son of: Ray & Polly Nadler*



George and Nancy Chatfield *Headquarters, 272nd*



David with father, Ernest Krause, *Company B, 269th* and Lee Wah, *Headquarters, 271st*

(Continued on Page 14)



FIGHTING 69th INFANTRY DIVISION
63RD ANNUAL REUNION, N. CHARLESTON, SC
OCTOBER 10-17, 2010



FIGHTING 69th IN
63RD ANNUAL REUNI
OCTOBE



INFANTRY DIVISION
ON, N. CHARLESTON, SC
R 10-17, 2010

69TH INFANTRY DIVISION REUNION ATTENDEES

(Continued from Page 11)



Connie Brough with brother Worley Smith and wife Audrey, *Company K, 271st*

2010



2nd Generation of Kurt Family:
Top: Jeff, Justin, and Joe Kurt
Bottom: Jeremy, Lisa & Jordan Kurt and Julie Schilling,
Company E, 271st



Urno and Evelyn Gustafson, *Anti-Tank, 272nd*

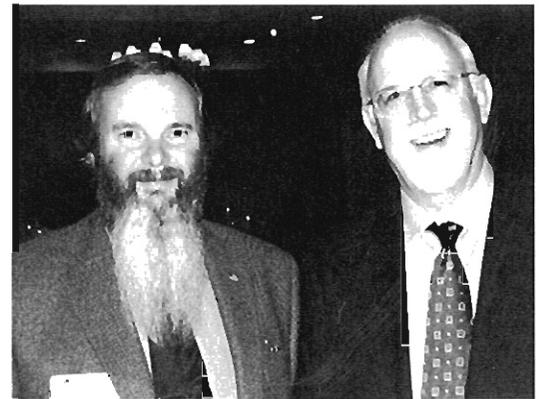
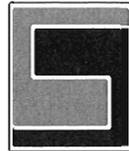


Janet Cope Steedly and Donna Cope McIver, *271st*

Looking forward to seeing all of you at the 2011 Reunion.



Elaine Eagon and son, Paul, *Company I, 273rd*



Steve Sarcione, *Anti-Tank, 272nd* and Bill Sheavely



Chet Yastrzemeski, Fuzz Spangler, Vivian Mae Spangler, Denise Sullivan, Mother, Helen Burns and Kit Sullivan
Company E, 272nd

RENDEZVOUS ON THE ELBE

(Continued from Page 10)

Battle of the Bulge - the last desperate German offensive against the Allied armies in December 1944 and January 1945.

Then rejoining the 69th Division, he marched across Germany, breaking through the defensive fortifications of the Siegfried Line, then heading across a country in absolute ruins.

"We had them on the run," Piscitelli said of the German forces, who fought on while the war's end was at hand.

Piscitelli remembers the hard fighting in the city of Leipzig, where German troops gathered at that city's Battle of Nations Monument and withstood some fierce artillery attacks before surrendering.

"They gave up after a while," he said.

Near Leipzig, the 69th liberated the Thelka concentration camp - part of the complex of camps known as Buchenwald.

It then kept moving east until it reached the Elbe.

The meeting of the two armies clearly signaled the Germans could not continue fighting. The Americans turned around and headed back into Germany to begin the work of occupation.

Piscitelli was stationed first in Quedfurt, then in Bremen, where he was reunited with his brother Jimmy. He was supposed to return home in September, 1945, but by then, he had met a German woman named Egede Landt at a dance. He stayed six months longer, then another six months. Finally, they married in 1947 and moved to the United States. They have two children and four grandchildren.

"We'll be married 63 years this year," he said.

The Piscitelli's lived in the Bronx, where Lorenzo worked as an upholsterer. In 1996, they moved to New Fairfield.

In the past, he's gone to Torgau to celebrate the meeting at the Elbe. But at 83, it's harder to travel overseas, he said.

But his days with the 69th are never far away.



"It's always on my mind," he said. "I'm proud of what I did for my country."

Lorenzo Piscitelli, 83, of New Fairfield, holds the medals that he earned during World War II.

1945: THE LAST DAYS OF WORLD WAR II IN EUROPE

- April 2: Russians begin an offensive against German troops in Austria
- April 10: Buchenwald liberated
- April 19: Russians reach the outskirts of Berlin while American troops move across Germany from the west
- April 24: Allied forces surround Germans in Bologna
- April 25: Torgau Day when American and Russian troops meet at the Elbe River
- April 28: Italian partisans capture, shoot and hang Benito Mussolini
- April 29: Dachau liberated
- April 30: Adolph Hitler commits suicide
- May 7: German army surrenders

A Note from Your Vice President Ed Sarcione

Anti-Tank Company, 272nd
P.O. Box 648
Hamburg, New York 14075
Telephone: 716/861-7660



Ed and Dolly Sarcione

The highly successful and enjoyable 63rd reunion of the 69th Infantry Division Association held in Charleston, South Carolina is now past history. Now we can set our sights on our 64th reunion to be held in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania September 12-18, 2011.

Several observations and reflections made during this past reunion are noteworthy:

1) The continued high level of enthusiasm and good cheer demonstrated by all those that attended are a good omen for future reunions.

2) Noticed that increasing numbers of family and friends are accompanying our 69th comrades to reunions, and hopefully this trend will continue.

3) I was particularly impressed and pleased with the rapid progress, dedication, and organizational skills demonstrated by the newly formed 69th Infantry Division Next Generation Group. It is a warm and comfortable feeling to know that the exploits and legacy of the 69th Infantry Division will be recognized and perpetrated far into the future by this organization. We wish them well.

Dolly and I look forward to meeting and greeting all of you in Pittsburgh in September, 2011.

"It is the soldier, not the reporter,
Who has given us freedom of the press.
It is the soldier, not the poet,
Who has given us freedom of speech.
It is the soldier, not the campus organizer,
Who has given us the freedom to demonstrate.
It is the soldier,
Who salutes the flag,
Who serves beneath the flag,
And whose coffin is draped by the flag.
Who allows the protesters to burn the flag?"

Father Denis Edward O'Brien, USMC

The Pillbox

Submitted By: **Raymond K. Mann**

*A&P Platoon, Hq. Co, 3rd Battalion, 271st Infantry
18535 Melissa Springs Drive, Tomball, Texas 77375*

In mid January, 1945, after the failure of the German counter offensive, we know as the Battle of the Bulge, there followed a period during which both sides were apparently content with the status quo, at least for the time being. The Allies used this time to resupply and reinforce as well as to allow the winter weather to moderate. It was during this time that the 271st Regiment relieved the 395th Regiment of the 99th Division, which had heroically held a portion of the north shoulder of the "Bulge", thereby denying the enemy a breakthrough in the area. Later that month, our entire Division prepared to launch a coordinated attack from positions just inside the line of concrete pillboxes and tank defences the Allies called the Siegfried line. This formidable line had not been able to stop the Allied onslaught. It was ironic in a way, because in 1940, the Germans had been disdainful of the French Maginot Line in the conduct of their new lightning war, "Blitzkrieg". Their armored columns merely skirted the line by going through the lowlands of Holland and Belgium into France. It may have been General George Patton who said that fixed lines of defence in modern warfare are monuments to man's stupidity.

Be that as it may, my platoon was ordered to occupy one of these damaged pillboxes as our Regiment prepared to launch its part of the coordinated attack. Although as a Battalion Headquarters unit we were some distance behind the main firing line, there was an exchange of artillery going on and both sides were patrolling behind each others lines at night. Our pillbox was large enough to accomodate most of our platoon, about two dozen souls. This was as close as we had been to the actual fighting, so we were a little jumpy. During the night, after we had managed to drift off to sleep, the soldier on guard heard noises coming from one of the gun ports. He went to investigate.

Here the writer must take the reader back to the days of stateside training. When in the field, we infantry grunts were subject to discipline if we were found with our weapons cocked and the safety off, even though they were not loaded. It was part of learning how to safely handle said weapons. The tactic we used to avoid getting caught being unsafe was simple. If we saw an officer in the field and were not sure of the status of our weapon, we would reach around with our right hand, feel for the trigger guard and pull the trigger with our thumb. If nothing happened, it meant either the weapon was not cocked or the safety was on. If it was cocked with the safety off, the firing pin would fall harmlessly against an empty chamber. Either way, if the officer asked to inspect our weapon, it would be uncocked or have the safety on.

Back in the pillbox, some of you readers may see where this story is going. Our guard, upon learning the noise emanated from dripping snowmelt, returned to the main area of the pillbox, reshouldered his carbine and absentmindedly reached around and pulled the trigger. Unfortunately, before going into the gunport, he had disengaged the safety. Of course, this time his weapon was loaded! In the confines of these pillboxes, the slightest sound was magnified. You can imagine

what that rifle shot sounded like. At first, most of us thought we had suffered a direct hit from a German artillery shell. When the bullet hit the roof, a piece of concrete was dislodged and struck the arm of a soldier sleeping in one of the top bunks. He awoke, his arm bleeding and in pain, to see the young guard holding his still smoking carbine. "You crazy sonofagun, you shot me!" he screamed. He was not seriously hurt and after a while, there was a lot of nervous laughter at the expense of the guard. In later days, the story was retold many times, much to the embarrassment of the guard.

Snapping Back 66 Years

Submitted By: **Warren E. Dodge**

Company HQ 272nd

701 Old Mill Stream, Paradise, California 95969-5866

The recollection by **Thomas Clews** in the May thru August edition of the bulletin snapped me back 66 years. I went through many of the same experiences. I was in Item Co. 272nd Regiment. I had my 19th birthday on the troop train which passed within a block-and-a-half of my home in Philadelphia. Of course I had no inkling if I'd ever get that close again in the near future. I was lucky - I got an upper berth and didn't have to share my bunk.

As **Tom** pointed out, we did get a short pass before sailing. I took home three cartons of *CAMELS*, two for my Dad and one for my next door neighbor, who went bananas.

Aboard the *MS John Ericson* we were stacked five high in bunks installed in what was once probably a ballroom. No lights, dark, hot, stuffy and malodorous. To go out on deck to escape the heat was to immediately freeze your buns. I think a Thanksgiving mess was served and since a large number of the doggies were seasick, I managed to score a couple of extra meal chits. We were fed twice a day and it was sometimes tough keeping it down. Fortunately I never got drafted into the fire-hose crew who were cleaning up the vomit, which was everywhere.

Shortly after arriving at Camp Lopcombe, which, I understood, was a former RAF facility, I scrounged around and found a closed Quonset hut loaded with steel cots with springs, and liberated one to replace whatever it was we were supposed to use. Many other squad members followed suit. Shortly after we were given British currency we went over the fence and down the road to the pub in Middle Wallop. What with several pints of warm ale we traced our way back to camp, stopping to pee every 30 yards.

Memories include the many green-uniformed EyeTie POWs roaming about trying to sell jewelry made from British coins and the two British blokes emptying the latrine buckets. Whew! Talk about undesirable vocations! Managed to get to London a few times. The first time I tried to find out the location of my brother's outfit—the 12th Armored Division. Seems as if I had just missed him, they had shipped out shortly before.

I remember the British trains, with their compartments and squeaky whistle, the annoying English kids - "Any gum, chum?", the Piccadilly Commandos - "Hello Dearie, two pound for a quickie!" and the unbelievably dense London fog.

(Continued on Page 17)

SNAPPING BACK 66 YEARS

(Continued from Page 16)

It was a cold Winter at Camp Lopcomb, and as Tom mentioned, they were equipped with a coal-burning pot bellied stove. Fuel was a problem for most - it was rationed. Fortunately our squad pulled coal pile sentry duty. We didn't get cold.

All of this was 66 years ago, but with Tom's account the gates were opened.

I did eventually hook up with my brother after the war. His outfit was overseeing a couple of thousand Kraut prisoners around Stuttgart.

I don't get any opportunities to attend the Reunions, but I do subscribe to the Bulletin.

Don't know how Tom kept track of all those dates, but I'm grateful for his account.

Extraordinary French Hospitality

Submitted By: Edwin G. Lansford

Company HQ 271st

1096 Peavine Firetower Road, Crossville, TN 38571

The winter of 1944-45 had been bitterly cold. Temperatures below zero F during January, more than a foot of snow, roads covered with ice, frozen ruts that challenged the best of jeep jockeys, and even the out-houses had ice on the toilet seats. After Nordwind attacks on New Years Eve and the days following, both sides just hunkered down for the most part, with the I&R platoon running jeep patrols to maintain contact with our other units during the bitter cold weather. That was when we lost Nelcamp, an ASTP friend of mine with the 44th Recon. His patrol got ambushed while returning to their base.

Although I visited occasionally with two families while in Saarensring, we had seen very few civilians all winter long, and no girls my age at all except in those two families. Neither of them looked very good in their long black stockings and drab clothing. Outside, it was impossible to look graceful in those clumsy wooden shoes with trousers or stockings splattered with slush. Two civilians walking together sounded like a horse clomping on the ice or cobblestones.

Our unit moved to a quiet area for rest sometime in March after the weather warmed up. Spring was in the air. Daffodils and crocuses were blooming. We were assigned to a house occupied by a cheerful lady who welcomed us while busy with her chores. Later, I heard female voices and laughter outside. The sounds were so musical and enticing that I had to investigate.

What I saw standing in the road was a most beautiful girl wearing a light spring dress, and laughing and smiling while she talked to our hostess. Soft dark hair around a pretty face, and what curves! In all the right places! Wow! And bare legs instead of long black, mud splattered stockings! Had she just come from Paris? After she left, I asked our hostess about her, and our lady pointed toward another house and other buildings some distance up the road. The girl must have stopped by just to get our attention, because our hostess got the message through to me, somehow, that her neighbor would welcome a visit from us that evening! Wow again!

I could hardly wait for evening to come, and as soon

as chow was finished I headed up the road with one of my buddies. I don't remember which one, because my mind was only on one thing: seeing that beautiful girl again! She could have been a teenager, but that didn't matter, because I was one too. Well, almost. I was only twenty. Or, she could have been years older and it still didn't matter. Physical attraction ruled, and this was one reconnaissance that I was eager to commence.

We found the front door, as expected, behind a large stack of straw and droppings from the stable. The barricade was still frozen from the cold winter. The young lady greeted us at the door and ushered us into a large room occupied by her family, consisting of Mama, Grand Mama, Grand Papa, and two or three younger siblings. There was a fire in the fireplace and one or two lanterns. Furnishings I recall included chairs around the fireplace, a large bed, and a built-in table and bench seats like a restaurant booth. I slid into one side of the booth beside the young lady and my partner slid in the other side, while the rest of the family returned to the chairs around the fireplace behind us.

The young lady and I were soon engaged in conversation with the help of my pocket French-English dictionary and a lot of sign language. The young lady was even prettier by lantern light than she had been in the sunshine earlier that day. I was keenly aware of her thigh pressing against my thigh and her calf and ankle rubbing against mine. Wow! Did I dare to put my hand under the table? I probably did, but I definitely didn't want to do anything rash to break the spell! I was beside myself with excitement!

Later, I became aware that Grand Papa had muttered something out loud, and then repeated it, something that sounded like "Ta-ta, poonph-poonph." Then he said it again, a little louder. Did I hear one of the younger ones snicker? My conversation with the young lady ceased when I realized that Grand Papa had her attention also.

"Ta-ta, poonph-poonph" again, still louder, followed by more snickers and titters from other family members. Grand Papa repeated the same again, now in an almost demanding tone! I was puzzled by those interruptions, and so was my buddy. "What's going on?" Was our beautiful young lady giggling also?

"Qu'est que c'est que ca?" or something like that I asked her. She just smiled at me and rolled her pretty eyes toward the bed! "This can't be happening like this", I thought, as the significance of her glances began to sink in. Back home, no family I knew would tolerate even a hint of sex with the family's daughter before marriage, but was it being promoted here? Grand Papa had sounded like he was getting impatient for action. Were we scheduled to be the main attraction for the evening?

"Vous et moi?" (You and Me?) I asked. Her soft eyes and warm smile told me much more than I wanted to believe.

"Maintenant?" (Now?) Again she nodded and smiled expectantly with another glance at the bed.

I was totally unprepared for that much hospitality, much less for a public exhibition in front of the entire family! No way! I had been perfectly content with just some pleasant female company. Chairs were being shuffled behind me so the audience could get a better view of the bed. My partner and I quickly decided that we had enjoyed enough hospitality for one evening. We hastily said our goodbyes and hurried back to the safety and security of our own platoon.

Viva la Hospitality!

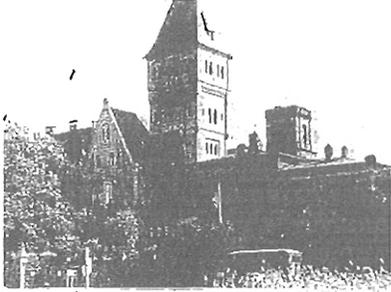
The GI Left Behind

Submitted By: **Gus Wiemann**

Company L 271st

7126 Canella Court, Tamarac, Florida 33321-5342

As many of the 69th Infantry Division Vets, when war ended I was sent to the 29th Infantry Division in Bremerhaven. Troop transports were waiting at the docks here to take us back to the States. However, when my company commander interviewed me, he said, "**Wiemann**, you need 50 points for redeployment. You have 49."



Over the next months I was transferred to our daily newspaper, *The Stars and Stripes*, and later after civilianizing I worked on the English record of the Nuremberg Trail. Stein Castle in a suburb of Nuremberg

and the summer retreat of the Faber pencil family, was my home shared with others working on the record.

During our ten day Christmas vacation in 1947 I joined my English, French and American staff for a Mediterranean cruise. We boarded the *Sobieski*, a former Polish luxury liner, in Genoa, Italy heading for the French Riviera and the port of Cannes. Upon arrival we discovered that its famous casino was closed during the winter, probably preserving our savings.

Our ship then headed for the British island of Malta. Despite continuous day-and-night air attacks during the war by the Luftwaffe and Italian air forces the populace never surrendered.

Our passengers represented most of Europe and many seeking to escape from their homelands after suffering six years of war. An example of some of the European men was their attraction to the American young ladies who had come to work in many of our government offices. One young Italian gentleman demonstrated his amorous attention by knocking on the cabin door of one young lady from my office, whispering, "But, Mary, I love you."

Reminders of war surrounded us as we reached the ports of Tunis and Tripoli, the former territories dominated by Mussolini. As my photographs show, the hulks of bombed-out ships littered the beaches and streets were still cordoned off by barbed wire.

In my wanderings into the countryside just outside the cities I found caves of Arab families. It was at the



Arab girl on street in Tunis, Africa where barbed wire is left from the war.

mouth of one cave where I came across a smiling Arab mother with her two young children. I focused my camera on them and as my shutter clicked I heard a yell behind me. Turning around, I saw what I assumed was the husband and father waving a large club and heading toward me. Fortunately, in 1947 I could outrun him.

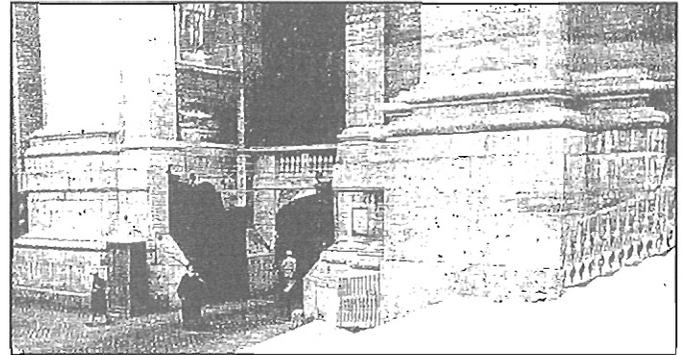
As the *Sobieski* headed back to Italy the captain made an announcement over the loudspeaker. Our next stop was scheduled for Naples. If we wished, we could disembark there, sightsee and take a train trip to Rome. After two days of sightseeing there, we could head back to Germany. An alternative was to stay on board and disembark in Genoa.

Unknown to me, our entire office group had been invited to visit the Vatican residence of the head of the group preparing German-language record. His name was **Sigismund von Braun**, a former diplomat in the German embassy in the Vatican. American Intelligence had extradited him for interrogation and not permitted him to return to Italy. However, the Pope had granted permission for his wife and two children to remain in the Vatican apartment. At Christmas time the Americans allowed him to leave Nuremberg for a visit with his family and to return to Nuremberg.

When our group reached Naples we disembarked, secured hotel rooms and roamed the city for a day. We then headed for Rome and met **von Braun** at the entrance to the Vatican.

"How would you like to meet the Pope?" he asked. It was a unanimous "Yes."

We had gotten several yards past the Swiss guards, were walking along a winding pathway surrounded by a huge garden. Suddenly a small man in civilian clothes stepped out from behind a series of bushes, approached **von Braun** and asked, "Where are you going?"



A view of the Vatican with the Swiss guards.



The garden where Dr. Sigismund von Braun, my friends and I went to look for the pope.

"I was a diplomat here and had many discussions with the Pope," answered **von Braun**. "I merely wished to greet him on my visit and introduce my friends to him."

"Well," came the reply, "he is resting now and does not wish to be disturbed."

With that, **von Braun** turned to us and said, "Very well, we'll just head to my apartment and I'll introduce you to my family." In a matter of minutes we

(Continued on Page 19)

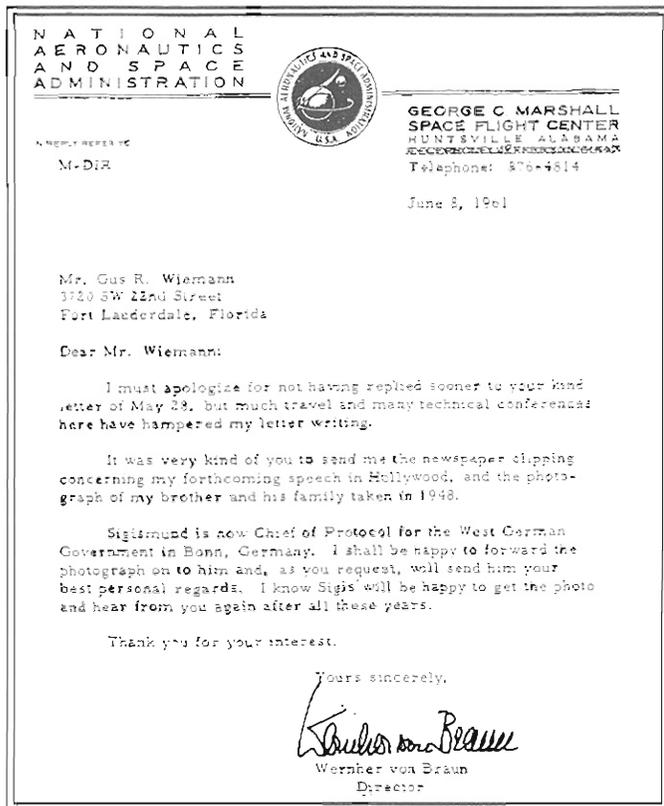
THE GI LEFT BEHIND

(Continued from Page 18)

reached his apartment and met his wife and his two little sons. I took a few snapshots of the von Braun family, we thanked them for their hospitality and left.

Years passed and one day in 1961 I read a newspaper story about the Director of NASA, Wernher von Braun, who was scheduled to visit Florida to give a talk. I had discovered earlier that he was the brother of our guide in the Vatican gardens.

I forwarded the pictures taken of the director's brother and his family to the Director. His gracious reply:



Editors Note: We are sorry we could not use all the photos that Gus sent, due to them being photocopies and not the original photographs.

Greetings From the Next Generation Group

Submitted By: William H. Sheavly, Jr.
The 69th Next Generation Group
3500 Virginia Beach Blvd., Suite 200
Virginia Beach, Virginia 23452
Telephone: (757) 340-7006 or (757) 470-3622

My name is Jeanne Parsons, one of three very proud daughters of Bud Parsons. I have been asked by Bill Sheavly to inaugurate the "Next Generation Group" column in the 69th Bulletin, space for which was graciously approved during the most recent 69th Infantry Division Reunion in Charleston, SC.

I went to Charleston, simply to make sure Dad was able to attend. Never having been to a 69th Reunion

before (but hearing lots and lots about other Reunions which Dad attended!) I was looking forward to learning and observing just what it was that drew Dad each year to a different part of the country for these Reunions. I quickly learned that one of the main reasons was the enjoyment, anticipation and pleasure of continuing the legacy of this fine, long standing Army group through friendships, stories and, of course, family bragging rights! We've all undoubtedly heard of "The Big Red 1," maybe even seen their memorial in Washington, D.C. but until now, I was unaware that "The Fighting 69th" was right up there with the best of them!

I grew up with a love of American history, but whenever I tried to engage Dad in conversation about "What did you do in the War Daddy?" he was always rather noncommittal. Not embarrassed, or apologetic, he just didn't really "want to go there," even after he broke out his Army trunk and allowed us to dress up as the Army squad depicted in the TV series "Combat!" for Halloween. WWII veteran dads telling their kids about this horrific war in any great detail just was not done.

It wasn't until Dad first learned about and started attending the 69th Infantry Division Reunions that he began to open up and tell me about his war experiences from the post D-Day landings through the events leading up to the end of the war in the European theater.

So, when I arrived in Charleston and began to hear about the concept of "the Next Generation Group," I was immediately on board. The friendships that Dad has formed over the years as a result of these Reunions are so genuinely enjoyed in person, they just cannot be duplicated by e-mail, cards, letters, etc. The genuine warmth, respect and mirth - yes, there are definitely some characters in this group! - are easy to see, even among the uninitiated, like me!

I was so delighted to meet other sons and daughters who accompanied their dads to Charleston, as well as to previous reunions, all in hopes of keeping the spirit and legacy of this great 69th Division alive, in their dad's honor. We must remember that all of these dads are the remaining living members of what is now deservedly known as "The Greatest Generation." Their legacy as proud Americans and veteran members of the 69th Infantry Division must remain alive. It is up to us, the "Next Generation Group" to honor, encourage and aid these veterans in their future reunion endeavors, even if it's only a place for them to meet, socialize, tell war stories and have a great dinner with their friends and families. Any hopes for memorials or ideas these current veterans may have for furthering their 69th Infantry Division legacy, after they have departed, will remain for the Next Generation Group to honor and implement, according to their wishes.

That's why I am now a proud member of the 69th Infantry Division Next Generation Group. And just think, this never would have happened, had it not been for my Dad's learning about, attending and participating in that first of many Reunions of the 69th Infantry Division, some 20-25 years ago.

The Ladies Auxiliary
A Thank You Letter From
Department of Veterans Affairs
Charleston-Ralph Johnson VAMC

Medical Center
 109 Bee Street
 Charleston, South Carolina 29401

On behalf of the Charleston-Ralph Johnson VAMC patients and staff, we would like to extend our appreciation to you for your donation of assorted knitted socks, lap robes, and wheelchair blankets. Your thoughtfulness reflects the concern that you feel for our veterans and for the service they provided to all of us while in service to our country.

Without your support, we could not provide for the smaller niceties that make hospitalization more bearable. Your thoughtfulness also reflects the concern and compassion that our community feels for our veterans.

Thank you for your continued Support.

Sincerely,
Derenda McCook, CAVS
 Acting Chief, Voluntary Service

A Thank You Letter From
Department of Veterans Affairs
Charleston-Ralph Johnson VAMC

Medical Center
 109 Bee Street
 Charleston, South Carolina 29401

I wish to extend my personal thanks to you on behalf of the Charleston-Ralph Johnson VAMC patients and staff for your recent donation of \$500.00, check number 1240. As requested, this donation has been deposited in the following General Post Fund account(s):

3333-Patient Programming \$500.00

The commitment you have shown to our patients demonstrates your concern for America's heroes.

Again, thank you for caring.

Sincerely,
Derenda McCook, CAVS
 Acting Chief, Voluntary Service

A Note of Thanks

Submitted By: **Mrs. Janet Houseal**
 3170 Sunset Avenue, Norristown, PA 19403-4413

Thanks so much for the nice note you sent to Sue Zeager. She made a copy for the "knitters" and everyone was so pleased.

Several of them may be coming to Pittsburgh for other reasons and may be able to be there when we are. I thought if this works out they may be able to come to the Ladies Meeting with me. If the date is definite would you let me know what it is so their plans can be made.

Women's Entertainment
Charleston, SC Reunion

Basket Weaving



"Vera" the basket weaver.

Dance Lessons??



Jim trying to teach Kim a dance step.
 "Look in my eyes! Not at your feet."

LADIES

Ladies we are still collecting items for the Veterans Hospitals, please continue to make lap robes for our Vets.

Thank you



Socks knitted by Calvary Baptist Church, Norristown, PA
 Photo Submitted By: **Janet Houseal**
 3170 Sunset Avenue, Norristown, PA 19403

A Poem Worth Reading

He was getting old and paunchy
And his hair was falling fast,
He sat around the Legion, Telling stories of the past.
Of a war that he once fought in
And the deeds that he had done,
In his exploits with his buddies; They were heroes, every one.
And 'tho sometimes to his neighbors His tales became a joke,
All his buddies listened quietly
For they knew where of he spoke.
But we'll hear his tales no longer,
For ol' Bob has passed away,
And the world's a little poorer For a Soldier died today.
He won't be mourned by many,
Just his children and his wife.
For he lived an ordinary, Very quiet sort of life.
He held a job and raised a family,
Going quietly on his way;
And the world won't note his passing,
'Tho a Soldier died today.
When politicians leave this earth, Their bodies lie in state,
While thousands note their passing,
And proclaim that they were great.
Papers tell of their life stories
From the time that they were young.
But the passing of a Soldier, Goes unnoticed, and unsung.
Is the greatest contribution To the welfare of our land,
Some jerk who breaks his promise
And cons his fellow man?
Or the ordinary fellow, Who in times of war and strife,
Goes off to serve his country, And offers up his life?
The politician's stipend And the style in which he lives,
Are often disproportionate, to the service that he gives.
While the ordinary Soldier, Who offered up his all,
Is paid off with a medal And perhaps a pension, small.
It is not the politicians
With their compromise and ploys,
Who won for us the freedom That our country now enjoys
Should you find yourself in danger,
With your enemies at hand,
Would you really want some cop-out,
With his ever waffling stand?
Or would you want a Soldier—His home, his country, his kin,
Just a common Soldier, Who would fight until the end.
He was just a common Soldier,
And his ranks are growing thin,
But his presence should remind us
We may need his like again.
For when countries are in conflict,
We find the Soldier's part
Is to clean up all the troubles That politicians start.
If we cannot do him honor
While he's here to hear the praise,
Then at least let's give him homage At the ending of his days.
Perhaps just a simple headline In the paper that might say:
**"OUR COUNTRY IS IN MOURNING,
A SOLDIER DIED TODAY."**
Pass On The Patriotism! YOU can make a difference.

Peter Viertel

Submitted By: **Gus Wiemann**
Company L 271st
7126 Canella Court, Tamarac, Florida 33321-5342

When we go to the movies most of us are looking toward an interesting story and critiquing the actors' portrayals. How many of us ask "Who wrote the screenplay? What is the author's background?"

As a film buff and ex-GI I saw a picture called "Decision At Dawn" about an American intelligence unit in the front lines near the end of the war in Germany. A central character was a young German soldier who surrendered to the Americans.

During his interrogation an American officer asks him if he would volunteer to return to the German lines to determine the location of a particular German division. When he agrees the officer asks, "Do you feel that you would be betraying your country?" "No." is the reply. "I feel that I would be helping it."

That script contrasted profoundly with the usual Hollywood screenplays and I began exploring the background of the author, Peter Viertel. In his book "Dangerous Enemies" Viertel describes his background as having been born in Germany, emigrating with his parents to Hollywood where they worked in the film industry. Visitors to their home included Greta Garbo, Charlie Chaplin, Thomas Mann and other celebrities.

Viertel, after attending Dartmouth College and the University of California, Los Angeles, followed his parents into the motion picture field, authoring at least nine novels and eleven feature films. Friends included Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Spencer Tracy, Katherine Hepburn, James Cagney, Frank Sinatra, Orson Welles and Ernest Hemingway, among others.

As to Hemingway, his death at first was attributed to a hunting accident. Viertel, knowing that Hemingway was an avid partridge hunter, that his death occurred in the summer and that partridge hunting began in September, realized that an accident was not the cause. Cause of death was changed to suicide.

Viertel and his wife, the actress Debra Kerr, had residences in Switzerland and Spain. Ms. Kerr passed away in October, 2007, followed in death, due to lymphoma, of her husband three months later.

An interesting fact that I found out during my research, was that Peter Viertel had earned a Silver Star and three Battle Stars for service in the Pacific and European theaters.

Please keep the articles and letters coming in. If you have any Photos from your time in service or even from past reunions, space permitting we will use them and return them to you. (Sometimes we only need to fill a space about this size & a photo would be better than this.)

What Happened to the Boys?

Submitted By: **Thomas L. Scott**
Company F 271st
 2125 Nature Cove Court, Apt. 305
 Ann Arbor, MI 48104

Many years ago the bulletin published my poem, "What Happened to the Boys?", I came across it in my collection of poems entitled *Random Rainbows*. I thought maybe it could be run again while I'm still around (I'm 86). Although it was written with the "boys" of the 69th in mind the theme could apply to all combat veterans of any war.

What Happened to the Boys?

What happened to the boys?

Only yesterday, it seems, I saw them
 Dressing right in khaki squads on Shelby's sultry field
 And standing straight as new fletched arrows
 Pointing at a sunlit, harmless sky
 And not a mortal enemy.

What happened to the boys?

Just yesterday, it seems, I saw some
 Lying still in wakeless sleep on foreign fields,
 Their journey into manhood shortened suddenly
 By shrapnel shard or sniper's round;
 But those that stood kept faith with those that fell
 And fought each battle with resolve
 Till victory's day was seized.

What happened to the boys?

Who found the fields of home again
 Where life's engagement yet awaited them?
 Today, now looking almost like their fathers used to look,
 They sit in peace, their weapons long laid down,
 And share a memory that reaffirms a solemn bond
 Known only to the combat veteran,
 The lasting legacy of war's profound experience.

What happened to the boys?

They live undaunted in the men who won't forget.

*****~*****~

Honor Flight

Submitted By: **Russell E. Koch**
Anti-Tank 272nd
 14054 German Road, Bucyrus, MO 65444-8924

Honor Flight: Springfield, MO, June 22, 2010.



I was fortunate to get to go on the flight to Washington, D.C. the morning of 22nd, June, 2010.

We were to be at the airport at 5:00 a.m. but did not board the plane until almost 8:00 a.m. We arrived in D.C. at 10:15 a.m., a large group was there to greet us, waving flags, cheering and shaking our hands.

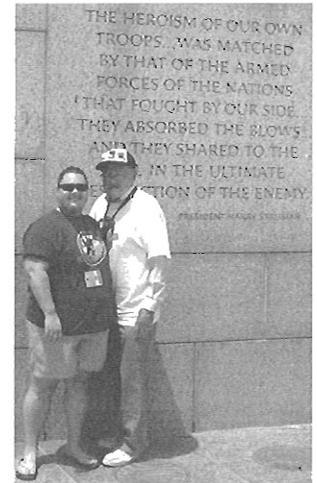
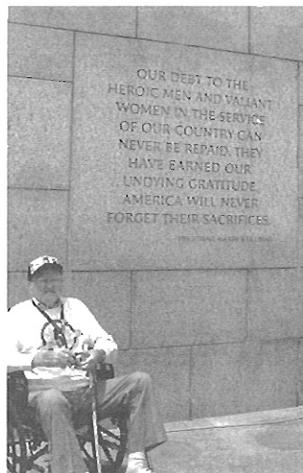
Each veteran had a guardian, my granddaughter was with me, the guardian paid their own fare (300.00) veterans were free.

It was very impressive to view the monuments, the changing of the guard was my favorite.



Russell and Alesha in front of the WWII Memorial

Arrived back at Springfield at 11:00 p.m., another large cheering group to welcome us back, all the volunteers that made the arrangements were wonderful.



The committee list of the Next Generation Group lists Ross and Shirley Duff. Shirley is our daughter. Hope to see you in Pittsburgh!

*****~*****~

ATTENTION

2010-2011 Dues are now due. We will not be sending out a dues notice this year so please send your dues of \$10.00 now.

Mail your dues to:

John Barrette
P.O. Box 215
Wisconsin Rapids, WI 54495-2015

THANK YOU

We sent out 750 first class letters to non-paying members (members that have not paid dues for two or more years) and received only 200 responses. The members who did not respond will be deleted from the roster and they will not receive any more bulletins. Do not let this happen to you.



“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.

Robert H. Andrew
721 Pine Street
Highland, IL 62249
Co. H - 273rd

Colonel E. Blagg
1006 Hawks Nest CV
Cedar Park, TX 7861
Co. H - 273rd

Louis P. Bobo
1292 Oak Park Boulevard
Calvert City, KY 42029-8301
Co. G - 272nd

Donald R. Carney
1200 Wood Street, Suite A20
Brockway, PA 15824-2120
Co. E - 271st

Lebro Casagrande
408 North Marshview Road
Stewartstown, PA 17363
Unknown

Walter L. Citron
1790 East 54th Street #206
Indiannapolis, IN 46220-3454
Co. A - 271st

Rev. Isham E. Crane
1918 Ravenswood Drive
Anderson, IN 46012-5114
RE - 069th

Ellis Godwin
806 S Wilmington Avenue
Dunn, NC 28334
Co. D - 461st

Merle T. Goodling
543 Asherort Drive
Spring Creek, NV 89815-6140
Co. A - 271st

Raymond Halvorosin
1620 Yost Road
Toppenish, WA 98948-9455
Service Co. - 273rd

Billy L. Harbert
205 Vestavia Circle
Birmingham, AL 35216
Co. K - 272nd

William P. Higgins
9774 LaFayette Plaza
Omaha, NE 68114-2140
Co. B - 272nd

Arthur E. Holgate
28 Kory Drive
Kendall Park, NJ 08824
Anti-Tank - 271st

Past President
James E. Boris
14752 Carriage Mill Road
Woodbine, MD 21797-8338
Co. B - 881st

Raymond Johnson
7918 Lynch Road
Baltimore, MD 21222
Co. B - 461st

Robert Kamping
11 Rolfe Avenue
Lawrence Township, NJ 08648-3832
Co. A - 269th

Alfred T. Khoury
180 Marine avenue
Brooklyn, NY 11209-7706
Co. A - 880th

Audrion Kidd
3140 Reimer
Norton, OH 44203-5260
Co. A - 724th

Al Korolevich
64 Lindbergh Parkway
Waldwick, NJ 07463
HQ - 272nd

Ray M. Leonard
1710 Nanticoke Drive
Endicott, NY 13760
Co. A - 879th

Leonard A. Lushbaugh
204 N. Antietam Street Box 93
Funkstown, MD 21734
Co. I - 272nd

Michael Maccarone
250 Sportsman Road
Rotonda West, FL 33947-1927
Co. B - 880th

Mrs. E. C. Marsh
7461 Hauge Road
Indianapolis, IN 46256-1929
Division Headquarters

Douglas L. Mason
1720 Myrtle Beech Drive
Lady Lake, FL 32159-6209
Unknown

Edward P. Meisburger
531 W Aspenwood Street
Greenvalley AZ 85614-5976
HQ - 272nd

Nick Mitchell
41 fourth Street
Hermine, PA 15637
Co. L - 271st

George Moberg
14 Carroll Avenue
Brockton, MA 02301-6502
AR - Division Headquarters

Leo B. Moore
845 West Spring Street
Saint Marys, OH 45885
Co. B - 272nd

Howard H. Ogles
P.O. Box 367
Franklin, KY 42135-0367
Co. C - 269th

Frank Olah, Sr.
76 Champlin Road
Killingworth, CT 06419-1358
Co. H - 272nd

Carroll Powers
5789 Lualoa Place
Kapaa Kauai, HI 96746-2325
HQ - 369th

William R. Proctor, Jr.
Box 160
Halifax, NC 27839
Co. A - 272nd

Louis Raburn
16980 Edgewater Lane
Huntington Beach, CA 92649
SI - 569th

Matilde Ramsey
2601 North Meyers Street
Burbank, CA 91504-2128
HQ - 879th

Louis R. Robbins
711 Amsterdam Avenue, Apt. 11 H
New York, NY 10025-6907
Co. C - 880th

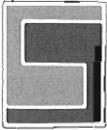
Alexander A. Robertson
29075 Envoy Drive
Nuevo, CA
Medical - 272nd

Robert E. Rosane
15 Sydney Way
Middlebury, VT 05753-4504
Co. A - 273rd

Ernest M. Sensabaugh
322 Liberty Road NE
Roanoke, VA 24012
Co. B - 661st

George R. Sharkey
16 Haynes Road
Sudbury, MA 01776
Co. K - 273rd

(Continued on Page 24)



the 69th
 INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION, INC.
 p.o. box 4069, new kensington, pa. 15068-4069

CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

NON-PROFIT ORG.
 U.S. POSTAGE
 PAID
 PITTSBURGH, PA
 Permit No. 456

Joseph Lipsius
 6314 Deerings Holw
 Norcross GA 30092-1800



2/28/11

This is a solicitation for the order of goods and/or services and not a bill, invoice or statement of account due. You are under no obligation to make any payments on account of this offer unless you accept this offer.

"Taps" (Continued from Page 23)

Edson N. Stagg
 321 Barbertown Pt. Breeze Road
 Flemington, NJ 08822
 Co. G - 273rd

Leonard Stahl
 5115 Rembrant Drive
 Cumming, GA 30040-0567
 Co. H - 272nd

Roger G. Swanson
 P.O. Box 5
 Ortonville, MN 56278-0005
 Co. L - 271st

John L. Taaffe
 668 Jefferson Heights Avenue
 New Orleans, LA 70121-1109
 Co. F - 272nd

Rollard A. Tappa
 525 North 10th Street, #53
 DePere, WI 54115-1403
 Co. C - 777th

Albert B. Tenney
 3508 Sevier Drive Lakewood
 North Little Rock, AR 72116
 Co. I - 271st

Stover B. Terry
 479 Joseph Martin Highway
 Martinsville, VA 24112
 11Q - 273rd

Francis T. Tomczuk
 107 Longfellow Street
 Carteret, NJ 07008-2644
 Anti-Tank - 271st

Kenneth Upton
 351 Windermer, Apt. 201
 Alexandria, LA 71303-2655
 Co. B - 271st

Lamar D. Williams
 1147 Mountainwood Lane SE
 Birmingham, AL 35244-6707
 MP - 069th

Bruce Young
 20 Gloucester Drive, Suite 314
 Martinsburg, WV 25401-2983
 HQ - 879th



L-R: Edward Ambrose,
 Jennie Ambrose and
 Dottie Duncan



L-R: Lee Wah, Bill and
 Dottie Duncan
 HQ Co., 271st Inf, 1&R Pl.



L-R: Ethel Ruck with
 Daughter and Grandson

Photos submitted by:
 John Barrette
 HQ, 271st

BULLETIN STAFF

Dottie (Witzleb) Shadle
Editor
 P.O. Box 4069
 New Kensington, PA 15068
 Telephone: 724/335-9980
*Send Articles, Pictures,
 and Material*



John Barrette
Treasurer
 P.O. Box 215

Wisconsin Rapids,
 Wisconsin 54495-0215
 Telephone: 715/423-4921
Send Dues to John



Paul Shadle
Membership Chairman
 P.O. Box 4069
 New Kensington, PA 15068
 Telephone: 724/335-9980
*Send Address Changes,
 New Members
 and Deaths to Paul*