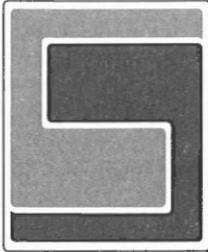


# FIGHTING 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION

## ★★★★ Association, Inc.



VOLUME 67, NO. 3

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MAY – JUNE – JULY – AUGUST  
2013

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

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

## bulletin

# Upcoming 69th Division Association 66th Annual Reunion Nashville, TN Holiday Inn Opryland/Airport

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*Deceased*



# OCTOBER

## 15 THROUGH 20, 2013

# THE MAIL BOX

By Dottie (Witzleb) Shadle  
Editor



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

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E-Mail: danne345@comcast.net

**Bernard Rothenberg**, 42 Saube Drive, Manalapan, NJ 07726-1855 — *Company C, 271st*. I joined the 69th Division at Leipsig, April 21, 1945. I am now 87 years old. I wear my 69th cap everyday and a day does not pass where someone thanks me for my service.

**Chick Moyar**, P.O. Box 546, Wood River, NE 68883-0546 — *Company H1, 273rd*. Thank you for your many hours volunteering for our 69th Division. I look forward to the bulletins. I have been in the banking business in Nebraska since leaving the University of Nebraska after my service years. Each day I use some of the lessons learned while a soldier with the 69th. Our years in combat beginning with the Battle of the Bulge as a rifleman taught me responsibility, for that I am grateful.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Guest Speaker/Link-Up

Submitted by: **Col. S.R. Strauss, U.S.A. Retired**  
*Company C, 272nd, Medical Detachment*  
8 Foxridge Road  
Chapel Hill, NC 27514

I was asked to be the guest speaker for Memorial Day, 2011 in Chapel Hill, NC. It was the fourth time I was the guest speaker. First two occasions was as Commander, VFW in Freeport, NY and the third time when I lived in Grandville, NY. I was asked to write about my experiences during WWII. One hundred WWII veterans were asked to write. I wrote the following article for "We Remember: Stories by North Carolina Veterans of World War II."

The day of our link up with the Russians was April 25, 1945 and it was at Torgau on the Elbe River. My Regiment was the 272<sup>nd</sup> of the Fighting 69<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division.

Soon after the meeting, a Soviet doctor and his nurse appeared at our regimental aid station. We invited them to share our aid station since we were already set up. We also invited them to share our living space in the German house we occupied. Every night they took out their vodka and drank, my sergeant, knowing I did not drink, would slip me a glass of water knowing that the Russians would not know the difference. They even shared my bed (we behaved ourselves) I have pictures of our guests and of the Ukrainians celebrating, doing their usual dances, squeeze box playing, and fraternizing with the Americans. After a week they left for Berlin to finish the job.

I have a sad picture of a sixteen year old German soldier lying in front of his knocked out tank. This was during the last days of the Bulge.

My pictures, taken while crossing the bridge below Remagen were sent to the Paris PX, as I did with my other pictures. I got back a note saying the pictures were classified and that I would receive them after the war. I am still waiting. I have a picture of a burning Tiger tank with several GI's chasing the German tank men over a berm. They caught them. (What in the world is the advanced Battalion surgeon doing so close to a fire fight?)

What caused me to stay in uniform for 37 years was my visit to Buchenwald Concentration camp the day after it was liberated. I have a picture of the entrance to the camp. A survivor is seen in the picture. I thought **Major Hutton** sent me to Buchenwald because I was a combat Medic. It was **General Eisenhower** who wanted as many GI's as possible to see the camp. He said that forty years after that date there would be those who would say it never happened. He was right.

**General MacArthur** also predicted the future. **MacArthur** said we could never win a land war in Asia.

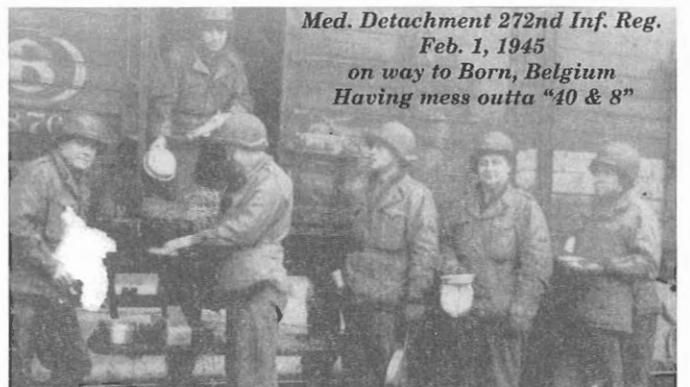
A family friend, who practices psychology at the VA and at DUKE, asked me if I had mental problems after the war. I did not show signs of combat fatigue or PT's. I explained to our friend that I came in contact with people much worse off than I ever was. I have a picture of three Polish Jews sitting on a bench afraid to go back to Poland. The three worked at the Panzerfaust factory; their identity was not exposed to the Nazis by the other Polish slave workers.

I stayed in Germany for a year after VE Day. I was camp surgeon for American Nazis deported back to Germany after the war. I have a picture of the American Fuhrer, **Fritz Kuhn**, leaving the camp of Estonian women I was assigned to. I had to lock my door at night. I was assigned to a camp for Hungarian Jews who probably were the ones saved by the Swedish industrialist **Raoul Kallenberg**, the righteous man portrayed in the movie Schindler's List.

Upon returning to the states, June 1946, I was assigned to the 121<sup>st</sup> Station Hospital in the Oral Surgeon's slot. That is another story after the 121<sup>st</sup> was activated for Korea.

I retired as a Colonel from the United States Army and am still waiting for the pictures sent to the Paris PX.

I was nominated by the Surgeon Generals office for BG, however, President Nixon appointed a fund raising friend from California.



Med. Detachment 272nd Inf. Reg.  
Feb. 1, 1945  
on way to Born, Belgium  
Having mess outta "40 & 8"  
L-R: Jolibix, Gryzko, Grimm, Cody, Hancock, "bappy"  
Lanza in his suite in "40 & 8"

# A Message from Our President Edward J. Sarcione

*Anti Tank, 272nd Infantry Regiment*  
P.O. Box 648  
Hamburg, NY 14075  
Telephone: 716/862-7660



Greetings: Many thanks to the total of 86 69th Infantry Division Association members who participated in the recent straw poll. The final tally was 51 members voted to legally dissolve the existing 69th Infantry Division Association/transfer all future activities to the Nex Gen Group. A total of 35 members voted to continue all current/future 69th Infantry Division Association activities.

The current plan is to **present** resolutions **for approval** to legally dissolve the existing 69th Infantry Division Association/transfer all future activities to the Nex Gen Group at both the Board of Directors and General Membership meetings scheduled at the upcoming October 2013 Nashville, TN reunion. The time has finally arrived for our beloved 69th Infantry Division Association to enter a bright new era, and I strongly urge and recommend all our members to unanimously support this dissolution/transfer resolution.

It should be emphasized that a final membership vote to dissolve/transfer **will not** indicate that the 69th Association is instantly terminated. Up to one year phase out period will be required to complete all financial and legal requirements to achieve an orderly transition. An Ad Hoc phase out committee will be appointed at the 2013 Nashville reunion with a mandate to:

- 1.) Pay all outstanding financial obligations related to the 2013 Nashville reunion, final bulletin publication, NY State Corporation dissolving fee, and cemetery flower arrangements.
- 2.) Perform all legal requirements to dissolve the 69th Infantry Division Association NY State corporation status. (We are indeed fortunate that George West, our esteemed Vice President, has kindly agreed to handle this task for the Association.
- 3.) Finally all remaining 69th Infantry Division assets will be allocated.

**All original 69th Infantry Division members** will participate in a Change of Command Ceremony to be held at the memorial banquet, scheduled for Saturday 19 October 2013. During this ceremony all rights, privileges and responsibilities to continue to perpetuate the history, traditions and legacy of the 69<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division will be transferred to the Nex Gen Group. I have been aured by **Bill Sheavly**, President, and all officers of the Nex Gen Group that they are proud to accept this responsibility and will carry the 69<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division flag far into the future. The Nex Gen will schedule all future reunions, and all current 69<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division Association members are strongly encouraged to join and support all Nex Gen activities.

Also noteworthy is that a new Nex Gen sponsored 69<sup>th</sup> website has been established effective July 2013.

**I strongly urge all 69th members to continue to send pictures and stories for publication in the final 69th printed bulletin and for the new Nex Gen website.**

Best Wishes to All!

\*\*\*\*\*

# 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*

It is time again for the Fighting 69th Division reunion. We hope to see you at Nashville.

This will be the last bulletin that we do for the Fighting 69th Division Association. I would like to thank the members for all the material that you have sent for usage in the bulletin during the past years. It has been a pleasure working with the members and especially with the printer. I am not sure who will take over this duty now, but it will be announced on the internet. Thank you Again.

# Vice-President's Corner



**George C. West, Vice-President**  
*Anti Tank, 271st Infantry Regiment*  
2526 Greenacres Drive  
Allentown, PA 18103-3740

Hope to see many of you at the 66th Reunion of the Division in October. I am especially pleased that many of our families are taking advantage of the chance to get their friends and relatives to join the old guard and the Next Generation Group in the activities provided by the Association. Numbers count in getting a good price for hotel rooms and amenities. Check the bulletin for applications or the website: 69th-Infantry-Division.com for the latest info on the reunion.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Greetings From the Next Generation Group

Submitted By: **William H. Sheavly, Jr.**  
*The 69th Infantry Next Generation Group*  
324 Southport Circle, Suite 103  
Virginia Beach, Virginia 23452  
Telephone: (757) 340-7006 or (757) 470-3622

### New Website to Launch!

We are excited to re-brand and re-launch our Next Generation website on July 4, 2013. Earlier this year we took the site off line to be redesigned and re-branded and we hope everyone likes the new look. We also changed the domain name and web hosting service and we think the new domain name is a bit easier to remember. Our plans are to use the website for most of our activities and events.

The new website address is: [www.69nextgen.com](http://www.69nextgen.com).

### Facebook Update

Our Facebook page will remain an important place for our members to post pictures and articles about their 69th friends and family. **Remember that the Next Generation Facebook page is about the 69th Infantry only.** Please do not post pictures of your dog, camping trip or grand babies to the page, share them on your own Facebook page.

### European Tour News

Our European tour is now finalized and will be held April 16 - 28, 2014 beginning in London and concluding in Berlin. This will be a truly spectacular event and we will be spending April 25th - Elbe Day in Torgau with wreath laying ceremonies at both the Strehla Flag Monument and the Strehla Linkup Monument. All of the tour information, costs and itinerary is being posted to the website.

### 69th Reunion in Nashville - Come to "Music City"

The 69th Infantry Division Association will hold their reunion in Nashville from October 15 -19 at the Holiday Inn Opryland/Nashville Airport. Some of the activities planned include a tour of the RCA Studio B and Country Music Hall of Fame; Nashville Nitelife lunch and matinee and the signature event, a trip to the Grand Ole Opry. Please see our new website for a full PDF file of the reunion information and hotel registration.

### Ladies Event on Saturday morning in Nashville

We are planning a shopping trip to "The Mall at Green Hills"; it is middle Tennessee's premier shopping and dining destination. Shopping in the morning followed by lunch (at your own expense) at the Nordstrom Sixth and Pine Restaurant. Transportation provided courtesy of the 69th Infantry Division Association. Start planning now to be a part of this fun "ladies only" trip.



### 69th Infantry returns for the 69th Anniversary of the Russian Link-up!

The Next Generation Group is sponsoring an Anniversary tour of Europe scheduled for the Spring of 2014. The tour will follow the historic route taken by our fathers and grandfathers as they crossed Europe and became the first American troops to connect with the Russians at the Elbe River in Torgau, Germany.

In addition to stops at points significant to the 69th Infantry, the trip will include tours and activities at Europe's major cities of London, Paris, and Berlin. Our itinerary includes a visit to Stonehenge, Easter Sunday Services at Notre Dame Cathedral, Buchenwald Concentration Camp, A Rhine River Cruise, Sanssouci Palace. Many other included and optional activities are planned as well.

### Wednesday, April 16

Tour Forms in London; Millenium Gloucester Hotel

### Thursday, April 17

Tour of London, Amesbury, Tour World Heritage site of Stonehenge. Winchester, Salisbury; Tickets for "War Horse"

### Friday, April 18

Leave Hotel and travel by Eurostar Train to Paris; arrive Gare De Nord Station

### Saturday, April 19

Paris tours to Les Invalides and Napoleon Tomb, Musee de L'Armee, Musee d'Orsay or Notre Dame area; evening open for Eiffel Tower or side trip to Lido to see "Soiree Emotion"

*(Continued on Page 5)*

**NEXT GENERATION** (Continued from Page 4)

**Sunday, April 20 Easter Sunday**

Transportation to Notre Dame for Easter Services; travel by train from Paris to Brussels, Belgium; visit Margraten Cemetery with wreath laying ceremony; then on to Henri-Chapelle Cemetery; go to Baugnez site of the Malmedy Massacre and the Battle of the Bulge and into Colonge, Germany

**Monday, April 21**

Colonge; half day tour to Aachen; visit the Treasury Cathedral then lunch with a Rhine River Cruise. Hotel Ramda Huerth-Kolen

**Tuesday, April 22**

Colonge, Weimar, Buchenwald, (tour of concentration camp) Weissenfels (reception by local townspeople) and Leipzig, the site of the divisions largest battle. Mercure Am Johannisplatz Hotel

**Wednesday, April 23**

Leipzig; visit to Nikolaikirche with outside visits of both Volkerschlachtdenkmal and Neues Gewandhaus; view Siegfriedstrasse a part of the Siegfried Line in Leipzig; Hochhaus at the Augustur Square to view the Dragons Teeth

**Thursday, April 24**

Leipzig and then on to Torgau; tour city on own; Central Hotel

**Friday, April 25**

Elbe Day Festivities. Trip to Strehla; wreath laying at monument; wreath laying at River Flag Monument; visit to Joe Polowski grave with wreath laying and visit Russian Cemetery; 3 Course Dinner at the Golden Anker

**Saturday, April 26**

Torgau then on to Potsdam and tour of Sanssouci Neue Palais (home of Frederick the Great) and end in Berlin; stay at the Berlin Mark Hotel

**Sunday, April 27**

Berlin; Tour the Pergamom Museum then afternoon on own

**Monday, April 28**

Buffet Breakfast then tour ends

There will be several options both Pre and Post stay. In London there is a pre stay of two days at the Corus Hyde Park Hotel and at the end of the tour there is a post stay at the Berlin Mark Hotel. In Paris the Lido show and a trip on the Batteaux Parisiens are available for an extra fee as well as a side trip to Versailles.

For more information and registration information please contact Joao Freitas at American Express Travel: 703-893-3550 Extension 42601 or e-mail at joao.r.freitas@aexp.com

**Address Correction**

**William H. Sheavly, Jr.**

**69th Next Generation Group**

**324 Southport Circle, Suite 103**

**Virginia Beach, VA 23452**

*We had this listed incorrectly in the last bulletin and apologize for any inconvenience.*

# Close Encounter in Belgium

Submitted by: **Raymond Pugliese**  
Steelton, PA

*Published in the American Legion Magazine  
September 1999*

## Brothers enjoy brief exchange.

In 1945, I was with the 69th Infantry Division and my brother was with the 190th Field Artillery Battalion. We were in entirely separate commands, but I was aware my brother was somewhere in Belgium from his prior letter.

While in a convoy delivering fresh troops to our regiment on Feb. 28, I saw a soldier on the isolated road, watching us pass by. As our jeep approached this G.I., I noticed it was my brother, whom I hadn't seen since 1942. (He was drafted in 1940 and went overseas in 1942.) Hence, he didn't recognize me right away.

I yelled his name and he yelled, "Who is it?" I yelled it was his brother, Ray. He ran alongside our jeep (we couldn't stop the convoy and I wasn't driving). We quickly greeted each other. I asked him what he was doing on this way-out dirt road and he said his unit was stationed nearby and he heard the rumble of trucks. His curiosity prompted him to see what the trucks were all about.

I didn't see him again until the war was over. We saw each other at home in November 1945.

*(Editors note: Photos attached to this article were not good for reproduction.)*

\*\*\*\*\*

## Do You Remember?

Submitted by: **Loraine Renshaw**  
Daughter of: **Steve T. Lenkevich**  
Canon Company, 273rd

*November 25, 1943,  
me, Steve T.  
Lenkevich cutting  
hair, Falajkowsky  
and Dewey.*



*Siegfried Line,  
Germany,  
February 20, 1945.  
We all slept in this  
hole for 4 weeks.  
Our gun crew.  
Canon Co. 273rd.*

*That's me with the arrow, Steve T. Lenkevich.*



# Dave's War

*Continued from Vol. 67, No. 2*

Submitted by: **Mrs. Jeanne F. Theobald**  
Wife of **David Theobald**

*Company F 272nd*  
8401 Moravian Court  
Sacramento, California 95826

## COMBAT (CONTINUED)

We left in daylight but it was dark by the time we got back to our foxholes. The platoon Sgt told us that the mess crew had brought up some hot food for any of us that still had energy to walk back about half-a-mile. Another member of the patrol and I walked back. Inside a tent we were told to help ourselves. We had fried chicken and potato salad. When I had eaten all I could hold of the first non K ration meal in two weeks, there was still a large thermos jug of fried chicken. I stuffed about ten pieces between my underwear and wool shirt. I ate fried chicken for about two days. It was slightly greasy under my shirt, but when you haven't changed any of your clothes for a month, who's watching. I remember my hands had a layer of dirt as thick as canvas, they too hadn't been washed for a month except for cold snow. Incidentally two members of our patrol were subsequently awarded the Bronze Star and the Company Commander got the Silver Star for leading us by radio on the trek. The CC was back in company headquarters for the patrol, but he earned it in spades in subsequent action.

Two days later, we were told to board up in trusty GMC trucks, we were moving forward. It seems **Patton's** Third Army, which was south of our First Army led by **Omar Bradley**, had penetrated the Ziegfried line and the Kruts had abandoned their positions for positions east towards the Rhine River. (I didn't keep a diary so some of the moves are undoubtedly out of order as I'm able only to hit the high points of my recollections.) One item I remember after the fox-hole stint on the Ziegfried Line was that we were in a farmhouse along the way and I found a jar of canned cherries in the basement. I ate most of the jar, as it was a welcome change from GI boxed or canned rations. I payed for my excess by having the worst stomach ache of my life. I thought I would die.

Another thing I remember about those frigid days and nights in the Ardens, was a night that we were trucked forward to a new position. We arrived at night and had no idea of the surroundings, we got out of the trucks and looked around in the woods for a spot to sleep. I was so tired, I just took off my pack and threw the shelter half (Half of a pup tent) on the ground, lay down and went to sleep. It snowed that night and when I awoke I was laying in a puddle of ice water. When I stood up I realized additionally that my shelter half was laying on the intestines of a cow, about twenty feet away that had taken a direct hit from an 88, it was so cold who worried about details. No Smell.

A few days later we reached the Rhine River. On the way, we went through Achen. Achen was fought over for several days by attack and counter-attack. The town received artillery from both German and US forces. As we passed near the outskirts, two men were with a hay wagon stacked high, like cordwood, with victims of the shelling.

Eventually we unloaded in the village of Rhineck, about 25 miles south of the famous bridge of Remagen. German planes flew up the Rhine River on bombing runs trying to knock out that bridge. Somehow the Germans failed to blowup that bridge across their last line of defense and American tanks and infantry crossed establishing a beachhead on the other side. F Company occupied that town for several days. One of those days I remember walking up a hill near the Rhine and observing American troops and tanks progressing south on a road parallel to the river. I'd guess they were about half-a-mile away across the river.

Another incident that occurred in Rhineck was when someone found a cave that was loaded with barrels of brandy. Because we were stuck on the West side of the river we were not in much danger of a counter attack, and **Captain Calloway** set up a party in a restaurant right on the banks of the Rhine. A large punch bowl was filled with brandy. One of the GI's found a tuxedo and he served as bartender. Each of us had a punch glass full of brandy and there were seconds and thirds. Almost all of us got drunk. The company head cook somehow got some brandy early and I remember he leaned out the window on the second story of a house on the street headed from our house to the restaurant and fell out the window as he waved a captured German sword. He got up, dusted himself off, picked up his sword and staggered back into the house.

A couple days later we boarded trucks again and traveled south on the West Bank of the Rhine. We got off the trucks and boarded small landing crafts. The boats took us across the river and we moved on to a town called Bad Ems. Not a single shot had been fired at us for several days. In Bad Ems we were in a hotel. We pulled guard duty every day and night because we didn't know how far the Krauts were away from us. One incident I will never forget, was when one watch returned to the large room were we slept, a sergeant from another platoon sat down on his cot, not far from me, pulled a .45 automatic from the holster of the guy in the next cot who was asleep, and somehow shot the GI in the next bunk while twirling the gun like they do in the movies. I never saw either of them again, but we heard the shell went through the guys shoulder, bouncing off his collar bone and he lived. After a few days in Bad Ems we boarded our trucks again and headed for Kassel.

When we marched into Kassel, unopposed, it was my twenty first birthday, 5, April, 1945. (There are a few birthdays that stand out in your memory and this was the first in my recollection of 74 years.)

We stayed in Kassel for a few days and then proceeded forward to the combat experiences that had previously been mostly incoming artillery and a few strafing runs by "friendly P-47s." We left Kassel and came to a town called Wittensenhausen.

We got up early and proceeded East, we came to a river that engineers had built a bridge across. It was a small river and not much of an obstacle. Where we crossed was in a small village that had apparently been subjected to artillery fire. Some GIs had probably been in the village the day before us because there was a German casualty, propped against a power pole in the sitting position with a cigarette in his mouth.

*(Continued on Page 7)*

## DAVE'S WAR (Continued from Page 6)

We walked about two blocks and entered some metal buildings that could have been a school. We sat on the floor for about ten minutes and then we heard "incoming mail." The shells landed around us and the shrapnel hit the metal buildings causing one and all to hit the dirt and to say a prayer or two. Eventually that ended, and I became the object of some real kill or be killed combat.

### DAVE FINDS OUT ABOUT COMBAT

F Company was selected to proceed East. The first platoon was chosen to be the point platoon, and the third squad of the first platoon was to lead out. I happened to be the first scout of the third squad. The order was to move out. **Dave** was first down the road by 100 yards. The story was that the Germans always let the first scout go by and then attacked the rest of the squad who were not spaced 100 yards apart. Small consultation to yours truly. **Collins Foucheux** was second scout.

We walked down this rural highway and I was using all the knowledge of camouflaged foxholes I had learned in training plus a huge urge to stay alive. Get the picture here, the first scout is supposed to draw the enemy fire, and allow the rest of the squad to attack without being ambushed. Think about that and decide how you would react.

After about a mile down the highway, we came to a bridge over a railroad track. I walked up onto the bridge, and upon reaching the apex, I observed about five or six Germans standing around a machine gun aimed at the summit of the bridge.

I opened fire. The Germans were only 50 yards away. After getting off several rounds, a bullet from the enemy on a hill 100 yards to my right not only cracked like it did when you were in the pits on the rifle range, but I actually heard the bullet go by my head. I hit the dirt, and scrambled to my left on the far side of the bridge embankment from the machine gun and the sniper. **Collins Foucheux**, our second scout, had proceeded up on the bridge behind me and had knelt down behind a granite rock that acted as a bridge rail. Some German on the hill to our right hit the rock and with a bullet and a fragment of the rock struck him in the eye. **Collins** became our first casualty and I have never seen him again.

I proceeded forward on the far side of the embankment, from the machine gun nest until I thought I was opposite from them. I pulled the pin on a hand grenade and was about to throw it when a Sergeant ran up to me and said don't throw it, the second platoon is coming up the other side of the embankment. I said what do you want me to do with this hand grenade? He said put the pin back in, and I said I've already thrown it away. He said OK throw it, which I did. It went off about where the machine gun nest was located. A couple minutes later a German soldier came away from the nest location with his arms in the air. He was bleeding. We took him prisoner.

Later I heard from the second platoon who overran the machine gun position, that there were several dead Germans at that spot. I don't know if I shot them, or got them with the hand grenade.

I proceeded down the highway, this time more carefully than before. A couple hundred yards down the

highway, I spotted a foxhole on my left. Remember I was kind of on my own, the rest of the company and the rest of the battalion and the tank company were behind me. My job was to draw the fire, I pulled the pin on another hand grenade and lobbed it towards the foxhole. Actually, I was hoping I would miss. I did miss, about a yard. Two Germans came out of the foxhole, surrendering. Only one of them came out with his rifle in an attack position. I tried to shoot him, but I had expelled all my rounds on the machine gun nest and in the excitement had not realized the clip had ejected. The rifle went click-luckily the German was not interested in shooting his enemy or I wouldn't be writing this now.

We proceeded without further incident to a little village located about 100 feet in elevation below the approaching highway. When I reached the crest of the hill overlooking the village I stopped. Officers and non-coms came up to me and we surveilled the situation. Usually when a town wanted to surrender, they hung a white sheet out the bell tower of the church. No such sheet was visible. Some of the mortar squad came forward and lobbed a few mortars into the village. Nothing happened in return, so **Dave** got to be the first GI into this little town. I can't remember the name except that it began with an "A". I've tried to find it on a map, but have been unsuccessful. If I ever get back to Germany I'll try to find it.

Later I was in further combat, but not so personal and so vivid in my mind than that day in April, 1945. Our recent trip to the Alps featured visits to cemeteries like Obergameron, where I noticed several graves of 21 year olds who had died in 1945 in the war. I couldn't help but wonder. We marched into Kassel on my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday, April 1945. I was officially a man. The only people that knew about the momentous occasion besides myself, all lived an ocean away.

### SOUVENIR ABANDONMENT DAY

We moved forward several days, sleeping at night in commandeered houses in small villages. Along the way souvenirs were collected. German rifles, ceremonial short swords, German helmets, flags, swords, German medals, Like the Iron Cross, all kinds of good stuff with swastikas on them. I personally was toting a German 32 automatic pistol I had picked up in Bad Ems. Naturally there were no post offices where we could send the items home and no trucks or other places we could stash our loot. We all were carrying the goods. Which brings us to another combat incident worth mentioning.

We were in a little village located on a small river. There was no bridge in the village to cross the river. On the far side of the river, running parallel to the river was a railroad track. We were told there was a bridge across the river in a village about two or three miles away. E&F Companies were ordered to advance to that next village and secure the bridge. By later research the river was determined to be the Werra. On the east side of the river a Railroad embankment provided perfect protection for the German riflemen. As F Company advanced North towards the village of

(Continued on Page 8)

## DAVE'S WAR (Continued from Page 7)

Gertenbach on the West side of the Werra. The path of F Company was across open plowed fields and the situation was like a shooting gallery for the defenders. As a consequence all excess baggage was discarded in those fields. (I later heard other troops found two truck loads worth of stuff.) We stood and ran until we dropped from exhaustion then repeated the maneuver when we got our breath back. I finally just stood and walked. There was a whole company worth of targets and I hoped the enemy would lay off the moving ones. About the time we reached the outskirts of Gertenbach, about 6 of our tanks pulled up beside us and started firing into the town. It was just dusk. The results were spectacular as the town was pulverized. For all the casualties we took, our goal the bridge, was blown before we could take it.

Speaking of rivers, one thing that sticks out in my memory is the lack of bathing facilities and the layer of dirt that was acquired on my hands. The packed dirt was almost like a pair of gloves on our hands. The ground was wet from either rain or snow and the only thing to do was to hit the dirt when you were under fire. I can only remember one occasion when hot showers were available all the way through Germany.

My recollection of our next encounter with the enemy was when a ten man patrol including myself grew to the entire battalion when we discovered that a troublesome "single 88" was not single. Leading the patrol was a Captain "forward observer" from our attached artillery unit. The 88s were stationary and their location was on top of a hill. Our artillery unit had already been in a duel with, what they thought was a single 88. We approached the 88 from its flank across the bottom of a pit mine. Located on the floor of the large pit was the biggest steam shovel I had ever seen. It was three or four stories tall and the control room was the size of a large office. The original patrol moved to the edge of the pit and we all were intent on the top of the hill where the 88 was supposed to be located. The forward observer called for a round of high explosives for the top of the hill. After the barrage all of a sudden a large 88 appeared on top of the hill and it fired off a round in a westerly direction. The forward observer called for another round this time correcting from his closer view. Besides the high explosives he also asked for white phosphorus. The Germans realized they were under observation and they fired a round into the clamshell control office right over our heads. They got a direct hit and bent a steel beam on the steam shovel. The appearance of more 88s on top of the hill convinced the FO that the top of the hill was a permanent anti-aircraft position. We relayed this information to the second battalion and they sent the rest of the units including the heavy weapons company. After all the units of the battalion were ready, the word was given to use "Marching Fire" and attack the German position about 500 yards up the hill. In "Marching Fire" the entire Battalion lined up shoulder to shoulder, marched forward every ten steps, each individual stopped and fired off a round at

the target. At the same time all our artillery were filling the air above the hill with white phosphorus and all our mortars were also firing over our heads. I remember that I thought this is it Dave. With all those 88s firing at us as we marched up that hill we all would be casualties. Amazingly the 88s couldn't be lowered enough to aim at our line. We were so close the only thing they could do was try timed fire. Those 88s had such high velocity their shells were already past us before they exploded. One of the most important rules of "Marching Fire" is to stay in line so your field of fire did not include the man next to you. Another item of my training was "most good looking collection items are usually booby trapped." Both of those bits of information were brought to mind while advancing up that hill and seeing a German P-38 pistol laying at the bottom of a trench I jumped over. Several German infantry occupying this trench further to my right surrendered without firing a shot. Those that did put up a fight were out gunned and overrun. Our line of riflemen scared up a few rabbits as we moved up the hill, with no other thing to shoot at, the rabbits became temporary targets. A lot of ammunition was expended in the rabbits direction but not a single rabbit bit the dust. Finally we topped the hill and I saw 36 88s each mounted on a concrete pedestal, surrounded by a 12 foot high concrete wall. The caliper of the cannons was 88mm but the barrel length was twice the length of our 105s. Down where the 88s were mounted were concrete surrounded rooms, German troops began streaming out and surrendering. My recollection is that we captured 500 Germans and conscripted persons. Surprisingly, I saw only one American casualty, when I was sure we would take many.

The spare ammunition for the 88s was stacked in individual wooden boxes about fifty feet outside the concrete walls. The wooden boxes with the spare rounds were on fire and every twenty minutes or so one of the spare rounds exploded, and fizzled out of its box about 200 feet down the hill. After about an hour our troops got used to the 88 shells going off and quit hitting the ground.

About this time here comes our regimental commander, **Colonel Buie**, up the hill in his spotless jeep. The Col. was a sharp dresser, pants sharply pressed, tie in place ready for the parade grounds or reviewing the troops. Congratulations were being passed around all the officers for the good work. All of a sudden another of the spare 88s went off. The good Colonel and his driver both took a dive for the dirt which was mostly mud. A good round of laughter by everyone but the Col. followed. As the rest of us prepared for a counter attack, which never came, we were told that our President FDR had passed away.

## LEIPZIG

The 272nd Infantry Regiment moved east across Germany until we overran the Anti-aircraft position west of Leipzig. At that point, F Company boarded trucks and rode south of town to the eastern outskirts. From that point we entered one of the main Boulevards to the west. As we progressed in the westerly direction the apartments grew larger, and the wide sidewalks were filled with cheering masses much to my surprise. I remember **Wendell Lumas** jumped up into the bed of a truck equipped with a 50 caliper

(Continued on Page 9)

## DAVE'S WAR (Continued from Page 8)

machine gun, that was following along with us. He aimed the gun up in the air and fired off a few bursts just to clear the sidewalks. The 50 caliber must have spoken German, the sidewalks cleared immediately. I guess the word was out that the Russians were approaching the Elbe River just a few miles to the East, I'm sure the American reputation as captors was preferred to our allies, the Russians.

We were progressing down the boulevard at our own pace I remember with no resistance. We came to this location where on the right side of the street was an 8 foot tall wall. I luckily was on the left. All of a sudden, from a building on a side street, the business end of a Panzerfaust swooshed right over my head. It struck the brick wall across the street and glanced off right into the stomach of a GI, my counterpart, just opposite of me. He screamed for a "Medic" but he had no hope, 10 feet of his small intestines were laying on the sidewalk. Right opposite from me across the street was a gate in the brick wall and one of our tanks was emerging. Good Luck for the tank, whom I'm sure the Panzerfaust was aimed, Bad Luck for the GI. Naturally no one was visible from any of the buildings on the side street. At this point in the war Panzerfausts (German Bazookas) were being passed out to boy scouts. We stood where we had stopped until six friendly tanks arrived on the scene. The first platoon was told to mount up on the six tanks which had orders to continue west until we made contact with the 2nd Division.

Two things: one: tanks are not made for outside riders, two: it was beginning to get dark. I was on the second tank looking for something to hold on to as well as my rifle. We continued west with 6 infantrymen holding tight to each tank. By now we had progressed out of the apartment area into the business area. The boulevard had widened to accommodate a twenty foot landscaped median strip. The first tank entered an intersection and there was a loud explosion. The lead tank had taken a panzerfaust directly amid ship. All tanks stopped in place and infantrymen jumped off. We all ran for the bushes in the median strip. **Sgt. Steele** who was on the lead tank was wounded in the leg. **Sgt. Boyer** and I dragged him out of the street into the median. About then a German machine gun began to spray the intersection from a second story window. The trailing 5 tanks opened fire at the buildings at this point causing the German machine gunner to disappear. **Sgt. Boyer** and I put sulfur powder on **Sgt. Steele's** wound and a bandage. The action stopped and **Sgt. Kelly** and **Oscar Hahn** were sent back on foot to the rest of the company to get stretcher jeeps for our wounded. Apparently radio contact was lost in the lead tank. About half an hour went by before **BARman Hahn** limped back to our position. He and **Sgt. Kelly** had walked up to a German patrol, thinking they were Americans to get directions, when apparently the tanks had used the other part of the Y intersection. **Kelly** was killed and **Oscar** was wounded in 5 places. The only survivor from inside our lead tank was the platoon leader. He wandered around with his 45 automatic drawn and asked me what he should do? I told him to kneel down beside one of his other tanks and if he was approached by a person wearing a German helmet to shoot him, it was very dark, luckily that didn't happen. Somehow radio contact was finally

made with the tanks and jeeps holding stretchers hauled our wounded away.

One other event happened in Leipzig that was of interest. The City surrendered and the shooting stopped. Another GI and I decided to go for a walk. A couple of blocks from the big house we were billeted in, we came to a curious scene. A brick wall 8 feet tall had a large hole in it and all kinds of civilians were carrying sacks of sugar or dragging sacks or carts loaded with sugar. Some of the sacks had holes and were leaving a trail of sugar. The GI and I who had our rifles slung over our shoulders walked through the hole and found what appeared to be a candy factory, I grabbed about an inch thick slab of chocolate and broke off a hunk and stuck it in my pocket, the other GI and I had candy for about a week.

F Company advanced by truck towards the Elbe River to a village named Mockarena. The next day the Russians started arriving on foot, perched on great big cannons, in horse drawn farm wagons. For all practical purposes the war was over for F Company and we just waited for our number to be called to take a train to Hambourg and a boat ride back to the U.S.A.

For me the almost year wait included organizing a company newspaper, "The White Fox". A trip to England, several months attendance at the Army University in Biarritz, France, and then finally the telegram asking if I was ready to go HOME!

## THE END

★★

## Honor Flight 2013

Submitted By: **Sidney Rosenblatt**  
*Company F, 271st*  
2061 NW 35th Ter.  
Coconut Creek, FL 33066-3035

## REMEMBRANCE

On May 25, 2013 I was among those chosen to go on the Southeast Florida Honor Flight to Washington, D.C.

Sixty-seven years ago I stood upon the deck of the troopship John Ericson as we sailed into New York harbor, past the Statue of Liberty and the huge sign along the Brooklyn shore, 'WELCOME HOME SOLDIER'. Tears rolled down me cheeks. I was home! I made it, there were Many who did not.

As a nation we have always honored our dead. Today, we the living were being honored. I was part of the Southeast Honor Flight, veterans from all branches of service being flown to Washington, D.C. to visit our memorials, to re-visit that time so long ago when we, as young men fought and defeated an enemy such as the world had never known. Much later, we became known as "THE GREATEST GENERATION". There were Memorials and there were Memories.

We boarded our charter flight to Washington wearing our Honor Flight t-shirts, caps and tote bags in hand.

(Continued on Page 16)

**69th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION**  
**OCTOBER 15-20, 2013**  
**HOLIDAY INN SELECT OPRYLAND/AIRPORT - NASHVILLE, TN**

**Tuesday, October 15**

			Breakfast each morning is included in your room rate
			Hospitality and Souvenir Rooms open
2:00 p.m.	-	6:00 p.m.	<b>Reunion Registration open</b>
			Dinner and evening on your own
12:00 p.m.	-	5:00 p.m.	Hospitality Room open

**Wednesday, October 16**

			Breakfast each morning is included in your room rate
8:30 a.m.	-	9:00 a.m.	<b>Reunion Registration open</b>
9:30 a.m.	-	3:30 p.m.	RCA STUDIO B / COUNTRY MUSIC HALL OF FAME TOUR (description follows)
12:00 p.m.	-	5:00 p.m.	Hospitality Room open
4:00 p.m.	-	5:00 p.m.	<b>Reunion Registration open</b>
7:00 p.m.	-	11:00 p.m.	Hospitality Room open

**Thursday, October 17**

			Breakfast each morning is included in your room rate
10:00 a.m.	-	10:30 a.m.	<b>Reunion Registration open</b>
11:00 a.m.	-	2:30 p.m.	NASHVILLE NITELIFE LUNCH AND MATINEE (description follows)
12:00 p.m.	-	5:00 p.m.	Hospitality Room open
			Dinner on your own
8:30 p.m.	-	11:30 p.m.	PX Beer Party

**Friday, October 18**

			Breakfast each morning is included in your room rate
12:00 p.m.	-	5:00 p.m.	Hospitality Room open
	1:00 p.m.		Board Meeting
6:00 p.m.	-	10:00 p.m.	GRAND OLE OPRY (description follows)
7:00 p.m.	-	11:00 p.m.	Hospitality Room open

**Saturday, October 19**

			Breakfast each morning is included in your room rate
9:00 a.m.	-	12:00 p.m.	Membership Meeting
9:00 a.m.	-	12:00 p.m.	Ladies' "Get Together"
1:00 p.m.	-	4:00 p.m.	Hospitality Room open
6:00 p.m.	-	7:00 p.m.	Cocktail Hour with Cash Bar
7:00 p.m.	-	7:30 p.m.	Memorial Service
7:30 p.m.			Banquet served, followed by music and dancing

**Sunday, October 20**

Breakfast each morning is included in your room rate  
 Farewell Breakfast and Departures

**CANCELLATION AND REFUND POLICY FOR ARMED FORCES REUNIONS, INC.**

For attendees canceling reunion activities prior to the cut-off date, Armed Forces Reunions, Inc. (AFR) shall process a full refund less the non-refundable AFR registration fee (\$10 per person). Attendees canceling reunion activities after the cut-off date will be refunded to the fullest extent that AFR's vendor commitments and guarantees will allow, less the non-refundable AFR registration fee. **Cancellations will only be taken Monday through Friday from 9:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m. Eastern Standard Time, excluding holidays.** Please call (757) 625-6401 to cancel reunion activities and obtain a cancellation code. Refunds processed 4-6 weeks after reunion. Cancelling your hotel reservation **DOES NOT** cancel your reunion activities.

**Register online & pay by credit card at [www.afr-reg.com/69inf2013](http://www.afr-reg.com/69inf2013)**

*69th INFANTRY DIVISION REUNION - TOUR DESCRIPTIONS on page 13*

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## 69th INFANTRY DIVISION ACTIVITY REGISTRATION FORM

Listed below are all registration, tour, and meal costs for the reunion. Please enter how many people will be participating in each event and total the amount. Send that amount payable to ARMED FORCES REUNIONS, INC. in the form of check or money order. Your cancelled check will serve as your confirmation. Returned checks will be charged a \$20 fee. You may also register online and pay by credit card at [www.afr-reg.com/69inf2013](http://www.afr-reg.com/69inf2013). All registration forms and payments must be received by mail on or before September 12, 2013. After that date, reservations will be accepted on a space available basis. Please make a copy of this form before mailing. Please do not staple or tape payment to this form.

**Armed Forces Reunions, Inc.**  
**322 Madison Mews**  
**Norfolk, VA 23510**  
**ATTN: 69th INFANTRY DIVISION**

OFFICE USE ONLY	
Check # _____	Date Received _____
Inputted _____	Nametag Completed _____

**CUT-OFF DATE IS 9/12/13**

	PRICE PER	# of PEOPLE	TOTAL
<b>TOURS</b>			
WEDNESDAY: RCA STUDIO B/COUNTRY MUSIC HALL OF FAME	\$ 64		\$
THURSDAY: NASHVILLE NITELIFE LUNCH AND MATINEE	\$ 64		\$
FRIDAY: GRAND OLE OPRY	\$ 69		\$
<b>BEER PARTY AND MEALS</b>		<b># of ppl</b>	
THURSDAY: BEER PARTY <i>(Please indicate # of people attending)</i>	<b>No Charge</b>		
SATURDAY: BANQUET <i>(Please select your entrée)</i>			
GRILLED SIRLOIN	\$ 41		\$
GRILLED CHICKEN BREAST	\$ 37		\$
BAKED SALMON	\$ 40		\$
<b>MANDATORY PER PERSON REGISTRATION FEE</b>			
Includes entertainment and administrative expenses.	\$ 10		\$
DUES—NEW DUES YEAR IS AUGUST 1, 2013 — JULY 31, 2014			
REGULAR MEMBERSHIP	\$ 10		\$
LADIES' DUES	\$ 5		\$
POSTAGE AND BULLETIN DONATION (UP TO YOU)			\$
<b>Total Amount Payable to <u>Armed Forces Reunions, Inc.</u></b>			<b>\$</b>

PLEASE PRINT NAME AS YOU WANT IT TO APPEAR ON YOUR NAMETAG

FIRST \_\_\_\_\_ LAST \_\_\_\_\_ EMAIL \_\_\_\_\_

UNIT \_\_\_\_\_ NEXT GENERATION? \_\_\_\_\_ FIRST TIMER? (YES \_\_\_) OR (NO \_\_\_)

SPOUSE NAME (IF ATTENDING) \_\_\_\_\_

GUEST NAMES \_\_\_\_\_

STREET ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY, ST, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_ PH. NUMBER (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

DISABILITY/DIETARY RESTRICTIONS \_\_\_\_\_

*(Sleeping room requirements must be conveyed by attendee directly with hotel)*

MUST YOU BE LIFTED HYDRAULICALLY ONTO THE BUS WHILE SEATED IN YOUR WHEELCHAIR IN ORDER TO PARTICIPATE IN BUS TRIPS?  YES  NO (PLEASE NOTE THAT WE CANNOT GUARANTEE AVAILABILITY).

EMERGENCY CONTACT \_\_\_\_\_ PH. NUMBER (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

For refunds and cancellations please refer to our policies outlined at the bottom of the reunion program. **CANCELLATIONS WILL BE TAKEN MONDAY-FRIDAY 9:00am-5:00pm EASTERN TIME (excluding holidays)**. Call (757) 625-6401 to cancel reunion activities and obtain a cancellation code. Refunds processed 4-6 weeks after reunion.

# HOLIDAY INN OPRYLAND/AIRPORT - NASHVILLE, TN

**(615) 883-9770 OR (866) 871-1171**

The Holiday Inn Opryland/Airport is located at 2200 Elm Hill Pike, Nashville, TN 37214; approximately 3 miles away from the Nashville International Airport (BNA). If you are driving, please call the hotel for driving directions. The Holiday Inn offers 383 spacious guest rooms each with coffee maker, complimentary Wireless High-Speed Internet Access, hairdryer, iron, and ironing board. Guest can also enjoy the hotel's dry sauna, whirlpool, indoor pool, and on-site exercise facility. Handicapped and non-smoking rooms are subject to availability. Please request these special accommodations when making your hotel reservation.

Parking for registered guests is complimentary. Check-in is at 3:00 p.m. and check-out is at 12 noon. **Jackson's Veranda** serves breakfast, lunch, and dinner offering a variety of menu selections. **Little Johnny's Pizza** is the hotel's on-site pizzeria and service is available for lunch and dinner. **Ivorie's**, open from 6:30 p.m. - 12 a.m., offers guests delicious cocktails and live entertainment after 8:30 p.m. The **Terrace/Atrium** bar serves poolside spirits & eats from 2:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m. Room service is available from 6:00 a.m. - 11:00 p.m.

The hotel provides a complimentary shuttle to and from the Nashville International Airport (BNA) that runs every 20 minutes from 5:00 a.m. - 11:00 p.m. You may want to consider other transportation, as space is limited on courtesy services. More information is available at the ground transportation level in the Airport Terminal.

The Hotel has limited parking space available for guests with RV's. Should you require full RV hook-up service, please call Nashville KOA at (615) 889-0286, Nashville's Jellystone Park at (615) 889-4225, or Two Rivers Campground at (615) 883-8559. Ask for information, reservations, and directions to determine which is best for you. Parks recommend reservations be made immediately due to limited space and availability.

Should you need to rent a wheelchair for the reunion, ScootAround rents both manual and power wheelchairs by the day and week. Please call their toll free number at (888) 441-7575 for details.

**Vendors, Schedules, and Prices are subject to change.**

----- CUT HERE AND MAIL TO THE HOTEL -----

## 69<sup>TH</sup> INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION REUNION - HOTEL RESERVATION FORM REUNION DATES: OCTOBER 15 - 19, 2013

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ SHARING ROOM W/ \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

TEL. NUMBER( \_\_\_\_\_ ) \_\_\_\_\_ HOLIDAY INN PRIORITY # \_\_\_\_\_

ARRIVAL DATE \_\_\_\_\_ APPROX. TIME \_\_\_\_\_ DEP. DATE \_\_\_\_\_

# OF ROOMS NEEDED \_\_\_\_\_ # OF PEOPLE IN ROOM \_\_\_\_\_ HANDICAP ACCESS

\_\_\_\_\_ SMOKING \_\_\_\_\_ NON-SMOKING \_\_\_\_\_ KING BED \_\_\_\_\_ 2 DOUBLE BEDS

In the event room type requested is not available, nearest room type will be assigned.

**Rate:** \$99 + tax (currently 15.25%) + \$2.50 per night per room occupied room tax. Rate will also be honored 3 days before and after reunion dates, based on availability.

**CUT-OFF DATE:** 09/12/13. Late reservations will be processed based on space availability at a higher rate.

**CANCELLATION POLICY:** Deposit is refundable if reservation is canceled 24 hours before arrival. Call (615) 883-9770.

All reservations must be guaranteed by credit card or first night's deposit including tax, enclosed.

\_\_\_\_\_ AMEX \_\_\_\_\_ DINERS \_\_\_\_\_ VISA \_\_\_\_\_ MASTER CARD \_\_\_\_\_ DISCOVER

CREDIT CARD NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_ EXP. DATE \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE (regardless of payment method) \_\_\_\_\_

**MAIL TO: HOLIDAY INN OPRYLAND/AIRPORT, 2200 ELM HILL PIKE, NASHVILLE, TN 37214**

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# 69th Infantry Division Reunion - Tour Descriptions

## **RCA STUDIO B / COUNTRY MUSIC HALL OF FAME**

**Wednesday, October 16**

The country Music Hall of Fame has been the home of America's music since 1967. Located on the west bank of the Cumberland River, it is just a few steps from the historic Ryman Auditorium and the honky tonks of lower Broadway. The Museum presents a vast collection to illustrate country music's story as told through the turns of two centuries. Enjoy historic country video clips, recorded music, and dynamic exhibits. Lunch will be on your own at the Museum's Restaurant or snack bar. Be sure to allow some time to shop in the Museum Store! Following lunch, reboard for RCA's Studio B, one of the world's most important and successful recording studios. More than 35,000 songs were brought to life by Studio B magic — including over 1,000 American hits and more than 200 Elvis Presley recordings.

**9:30am board bus, 3:30pm back at the hotel**

**\$64/Person includes bus, guide, and admissions. Lunch on your own**

## **NASHVILLE NITELIFE LUNCH AND MATINEE**

**Thursday, October 17**

Come and experience a celebration of Country Music from both the past and present. Hear songs from many of the great artists of country music history — Enjoy the music of everyone from Patsy Cline and Hank Williams, Sr. to the superstars of today, Sara Evans and Toby Keith. But first — be sure to bring your appetite - there is a full lunch buffet with salads, vegetables, baked chicken, ribs, pasta, rolls, beverages, and fruit cobblers for dessert!

**11:00 am board bus, 2:30 pm back at the hotel**

**\$64/Person includes bus, escort, lunch and matinee.**

## **GRAND OLE OPRY**

**Friday, October 18**

After an early dinner on your own at the hotel, board bus for the Grand Ole Opry. Tonight's performance will be at the historic Ryman Auditorium. During any given Opry show, audiences can expect the best in country, bluegrass, comedy, gospel, and more by Country Music Hall of Famers, cast members who helped establish the Opry as the home of country music, revered superstars, and young artists just starting to make names for themselves. It is the longest-running live radio show in the world. Sit back and enjoy an American Institution at its entertaining best.

**6:00 pm board bus, 10:00 pm back at the hotel**

**\$69/Person includes bus, escort and show.**

**Driver and Guide gratuities are not included in the tour prices.**

**Please plan to be at the bus boarding area at least five minutes prior to the scheduled time.**

**All trips require a minimum of thirty five people, unless otherwise stated.**

## HONOR FLIGHT 2013 (Continued from Page 9)

Each veteran had a trained personal guide to squire us through the wonderful Labyrinth that awaited us. Some walked, some were in wheelchairs. The youngest among us was eighty-six, the oldest was ninety-five. I thought of the statistics, 16 million served, there are one million left, we are leaving this earth at the rate of six hundred per day. We were strangers bound together by the common bond of service to our country.

We exited the aircraft in Washington at gate 38. Bands were playing, balloons and flags were flying. There was a color guard and multitudes of people. They formed a corridor through which we were wheeled or walked. Signs, many signs "Welcome Veterans. Thank you for your service". People reached out to shake our hands, touch us, and an occasional hug. It was highly emotional and tears rolled down my cheeks.

Our police escorted busses took us through the city to the World War II Memorial. Inscriptions and Memories of my trek across Europe, an inscription on the Pacific side, where my brother served on Tinian Island, it was there that the first atom bomb was loaded for the flight to Nagasaki. Flags blew in the breeze, the band played, we read the inscriptions, names, places, stored in the Recesses of our minds.

On to the Knights of Columbus for lunch. A quiet moment, Taps were sounded.

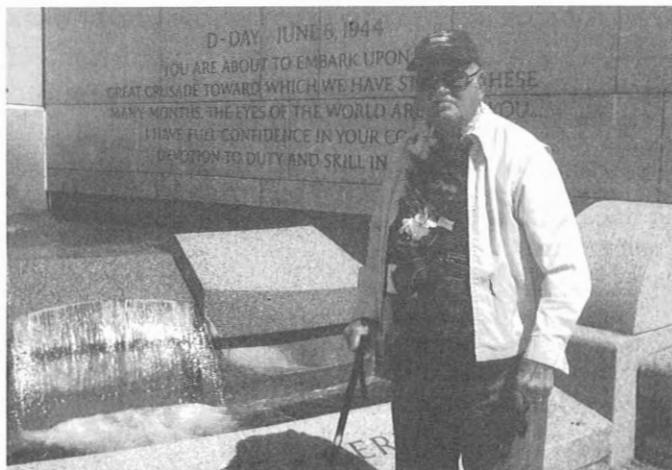
Next to Arlington Cemetery. It was Memorial Day weekend and all the graves had American Flags. An awesome sight. We watched the changing of the guard at the tomb of the unknown soldier. It left a tightness in my chest.

Then to the Iwo Jima Memorial depicting the raising of the flag on Mt. Surabachi. An amazing sculpture.

Pictures, pictures, pictures.

Back to the airport, more people, band playing, shaking hands thank you's, we left at gate 38.

When we arrived back at West Palm Beach, there were more people. Scout troops, children. Again the corridor, children reaching out to touch our hands, we were great grandpas all. We Assembled and marched off to the cadence of a drum and the mournful sound of the bagpipes.



**Sgt. Sid Rosenblatt, Co. F 271st 69th Infantry Division  
At the D-Day Memorial, Washington, D.C.~ Honor Flight  
May 25, 2013.**

## Long Ago and Far Away

Submitted By: **Gus R. Wiemann**

*Company L, 271st  
7126 Canella Court  
Tamarac, FL 33321*

### MARIA

It was the winter of 1944 when my outfit, an infantry division, arrived in England from the States. I was a twenty-year-old interpreter in German and assigned to an intelligence and reconnaissance squad.

Our quarters were in Winchester's old barracks. After a day's training there was the Three Horseshoes for bitters and darts. Saturday nights offered dances in New Alresford or Medstead.

One Friday afternoon our sergeant doled out weekend passes, enough time for a first-time visit to London. Skipping the five-o'clock meal, I caught a train to London, checked into a small hotel and headed for Piccadilly. According to my buddies, this was where the "action" was.

My only "action" in Piccadilly was when a plane at rooftop level buzzed me. Our training was to fall flat when under imminent danger of air attack. Within seconds I was prone on the sidewalk. After the plane passed I scrambled to my feet. As I brushed my uniform off a gentleman passerby remarked, "My boy, that was a Spitfire."

Afternoon drifted into evening as I started searching for a Red Cross club recommended by the same buddies who suggested Piccadilly. As I wandered through the streets I heard an occasional karump sound in the distance. I learned later that those sounds were buzz bombs or small rockets aimed at London from the Continent.

Finally I came across a large building next to a smaller one, which apparently had been struck in an air raid. A Red Cross sign hung over the entrance to the large building. Just a few feet inside the entrance hung large blackout drapes. From the other side of the drapes came the muffled sound of a dance band.

As I opened the drapes I saw a moving circle of maybe fifty uniformed men and women on a dance floor holding hands, dancing and singing "Roll me over in the clover, roll me over, lay me down and do it again." Seated against the walls surrounding the dancers were other armed-forces people, some couples talking and a few singles watching the dancers.

One of the singles, a young blond lady, appeared tired as she leaned back in her chair, resting her head against the wall. I approached her, pointed to the empty chair beside her and asked, "Is this seat taken?" She seemed startled as she looked up. "No, it's not taken," she replied with a slight smile.

"I have a feeling that you don't feel like dancing out there," I said. "No, I'm a bit tired and would rather watch tonight," she answered with the hint of a foreign accent. Introducing myself, I said, "My name is Bob. I arrived from the states a few weeks ago and finally got a chance to visit London." "And I'm Maria. I'm a nurse stationed here in a hospital. This is my evening off and I came to hear some music, even if I'm too tired to dance."

After I told her where my home was in the States

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LONG AGO..... (Continued from Page 16)

and how I was trying to learn more about the English people, she began talking about herself. "I'm Czechoslovakian and I learned English at school in my hometown, Prague. When we were invaded in '38 I escaped and was able to get here. My mother and father stayed behind."

As Maria continued, her eyes almost closed. A lady in a red evening gown stood in front of the band. Despite nearby conversations the lyrics about bluebirds over the cliffs of Dover filtered through.

"Here I found work in the hospital where I am now. After September '39 I was a translator and nurse for the wounded in the Free Czech Air Force. Sometimes there was little hope for the men that were brought in, but I had to smile and tell them that they'd be all right. One day they brought a pilot in who had been badly burned and the doctors didn't think that he would live. After many months he was well enough to be released."

Again a few more words from the next song could be heard: "We'll meet again don't know where, don't know when..."

"I had been working eighteen hours a day, seven days a week and I felt I couldn't go on. Then one night in my room at the hospital I took a bottle of sleeping tablets and emptied them next to a glass of water on my nightstand. I wrote a note to the hospital to explain why I couldn't work any more.

"Just as I finished writing, there was a knock on the door. As I opened the door, I could see in the dim light of the hallway that it was the flyer who had been badly burned. He was in the uniform of the Free Czech Air Force and took off his cap."

"Hello, Maria," he said. "I was passing the hospital and just wanted to thank you for all the help you gave me." He smiled, put on his cap and left. "I closed the door, went to my nightstand, picked up the tablets and threw them away."

By now the band had stopped playing, people began pushing their way to the blackout curtains and the door to the street. I had stood up and suddenly was caught in the surge of bodies. Someone called, "Do you have a torch?" I looked around for Maria, but she had disappeared.

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## The "Link Up" at Torgau

Submitted by: **Vincent A. Romano**  
Company L, 273rd  
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I was a member of the 69th Division, Company L, 273rd from June 1944, stationed at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. I had taken my basic training at Camp Croft, SC, 10 day delay enroute home and then reported to Camp Shelby.

We continued training, marches, phys ed., etc. At that time it seemed that the war in Germany would be over soon. So our training was being pointed toward "jungle" maneuvers, camping out — chiggers — snakes and the like.

Lo and behold the U.S. and Allies started the invasion June 6, 1944. The landings and beachheads

were hard fought and the U.S. took a heavy toll of casualties.

Our training now intensified and our division (69th) was sent full force to Camp Kilmer, NJ. and from there to Doner, England. We were greeted and introduced to Quansette huts, mushroom farms, brussel sprouts, powdered eggs, V-bombs (2 kinds) and some air raids. The English people treated us friendly, royally and cooperated in every sense of the word.

At the time we landed in England, Germany was retreating, and our rumors were that we were to be *Occupation Troops*.

Again: Lo and behold, a sudden turn of events; the German army had re-vamped and was kicking our butts in Belgium (The Bulge).

With this emergency the 69th gave up a large percentage of its men to other outfits that were fighting in the Bulge and those that took on the heaviest casualties.

We received many raw recruits from the states and when we were up to standard troop size we then went over to France. We landed at Le Harve. After a ship to ship change in the "channel" we boarded the old rickety trains (French), then transferred to trucks where we completed our trek to Soissoner, France. We had a short break before we were introduced to combat conditions. At first we replaced remnants of the 104th Texas, who were almost decimated, and then the entire 99th Division who had a rough going over. We saw and spoke to members of the 82nd Airborne who were mostly incoherent.

We then, in the dark of night, were moved to the perimeter of a densely wooded area, and then escorted by platoon to our new homes. (The Fox Hole)

Night and day bombardments from either side. Patrols up the "ying-yang". Finally winter set in, freezing cold, frost bite, self-inflicted wounds, crying out loud in the darkness, screamin' meemies, "Big Bertha", and bunkers you could hardly recognize with "dragon teeth" to protect them. Dead animals, dead German soldiers were everywhere.

I'm guessing that we were stalled and stagnated for at least 30 days or more. Our shelter was a blown out house cellar, where our C.P. was. We had bottled gasoline with a wick for heat and light.

When the weather finally got a little warmer we started our offensive. We attacked the pill boxes with bazookas, bangahre torpedoes, flame throwers (new item) and our own "burp guns", which we were tired of hearing day and night.

We finally broke through the Seigfried Line, with some casualties, and entered Germany. Our first sign of "real" buildings and some people who came out only at night for fragments of wood and morsels of food. We found out we were in Bonn, Germany. (I had never heard of this city before).

From Bonn we went to Remagen, which was on our very alert list and we tried to protect the bridge, so our Armored could cross the Rhine River.

It was now turning to Springtime and the aroma of fruit trees (apple mostly) was a very welcomed adventure. We held the bridge for a while and finally, after a few days it crumbled. Now we had to cross the Rhine in rubber rafts, which we did with little occurrences.

We entered Koblenz and some of the Third Division was also there. **Patton's** third Army in part helped us

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**THE LINK-UP** (Continued from Page 17)

celebrate.

We were apparently going in different directions from **Patton's Boys**. We headed north and went through small towns with sporadic resistance but mostly white flags in the windows. (The Burgermeisters were consulted and the town surrendered.) We kept north to Kassel, Germany, some resistance but not over bearing. We then turned north-east toward Leipzig and Berlin.

We met resistance along the way. One city (Altzengroz) had over 200 Anti Air Craft 88's which were leveled down to meet us. The L Company got caught in a squeeze where the 88's knew we were coming and shelled us for what seemed like forever, all I heard was "MEDIC!", "MEDIC!" Sgts. and Lts. barking orders until we were saved by first the U.S. Planes attacking the 88's stronghold and then our Anti tank and tank units came to our rescue. Company L sustained substantial casualties and they were giving the heavy wounded and killed first priority. My two buddies were killed, among others, **Pvt. Williams (Mariland)** and **Pvt. C. Ogden (Delaware)**. Those of us with minor cuts and bruises were not attended to as for lack of "first aide personnel" (no purple hearts here).

I still don't remember much else of the battle, but as I was laying and reviving on a stretcher with a G.I. blanket covering me and a fellow 273rd alongside me; I **do remember** a Lt. saying to my cohort and I that we had just "volunteered" to join his re-con unit and to hop aboard the armored car with our rifles and packs.

We left the battle area in low spirits and as we were resting that night we were told we were going on to Leipzig, a large German city, then on toward Berlin.

We started out toward Leipzig and all was well until we encountered small arms fire approaching some of the smaller villages along the way.

We captured some German soldiers and some small towns when the "white" flags were shown and slept in German civilian houses along the way.

We reached Leipzig fought and took over but were deterred on going to Berlin. Something about **Gen. Eisenhower** holding us back so that the Russian Army could take Berlin. At that time the milage post said 46 kilometers to Berlin.

Our company was sidelined for 2 days awaiting replacement troops for the casualties incurred. I had just finished breakfast when a 2nd Lt. came up to my buddy, **Pvt. J. Barbello** and me and asked us to join him, as he was leading some troops on division re-con to try to locate the Russian Army which had been reported nearby and coming our way.

We set off and encountered light resistance as we went from one town to another. We captured some prisoners, disarmed them and let them go. We slept in German houses on clean sheets and coverlets with muddy shoes and clothes, while the boys with the motor equipment had to stand guard at night.

On the 24th of April 1945 we set out in the early morning hours and came upon a village with a black and gray sign that said "Torgau". We saw (1st re-con and I, dismounted the armored car) **no white flags** in the windows, said "caution to us".

As I approached the rubble, stained "wet from dew or rain", I looked up at a house in front of us, with the roof half blown off, I saw a man in the open area, that looked like a Russian soldier. I approached the area

with caution and the Lt. in charge yelled, "Caution it might be a trap!" I saw this man confiscating furniture from the house, he had a rope tied to what looked like a bedroom dresser, and was lowering it into a wooden cart. I hollered to him to stop what he was doing and to come down. He waved, and reached for his rifle which I made him know that, that was a no-no.

He smiled, approached us and I showed and offered him a recognizable American cigarette. He smiled and said something in Russian which I didn't understand.

The Sgt. in charge then approached and some words were spoken, and an American soldier was summoned who spoke the language. (**Cpl. Fraynak, pharmacist, St. Louis, MO**). The outfit secured the town, the Russian crossed over the bridge with the interpreter and came back with an officer and some Russian soldiers (some were women). A peaceful, cordial exchange was made of cigarettes and vodka. Everyone went back to their own outfits.

The next day (April 25) a contingent of U.S. soldiers led by **Col. Shaughnessy** arrived at Torgau and the "Link-up" officially became a true fact.

Russian soldiers crossed the blown out bridge at the Elbe with the invitation of U.S. Army Personnel. April 25<sup>th</sup> was a day to behold as both sides celebrated all day.

In the year 1955, the U.S. and Russian officials again met with military personnel from both nations. This time the meeting was at Arlington Cemetery.

I went to the meeting, where we planted trees in commemoration of 50 years of peace and respect for one another. At this meeting I confronted Dr. Robinson and his photographer and got them to admit that our little re-con unit was really the first to meet the Russians at the Elbe River at Torgau, Germany.

The end of the story is that we got all the Credit and they got all the Glory!

*All the facts are true in this report and I have the video to substantiate them.*

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Come join us  
at the  
69th Infantry  
Division's  
66th Annual  
Reunion in  
Nashville, TN  
October  
15 through 20, 2013

# Two Man Concert

Submitted By: **Edwin G. Lansford**  
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It's interesting how recollections sometimes follow a chain-reaction pattern, as mine recently did, prompted by a friend's remark that "the harmonica is one musical instrument that one can carry in one's pocket", to which I agreed. I had always had one handy in my younger days in scouting, on hayrides and fraternity parties, around campfires, etc. I had even carried one in combat! That, in turn, prompted my recollection of the following incident with the 44th Division in Alsace in November, 1944:

Our advance had paused for the evening and the town had been secured, so I stepped into the deserted street to relax and calm down. Seeing a French civilian observing me from his window above, I impulsively pulled out my Harmonica and began playing what I knew of "The Marseillaise", the French National Anthem.

Much to my surprise, the Frenchman immediately joined me on the street, singing loudly, and waving his arms at me like he would in directing a band or an orchestra! Under his enthusiastic directions, I accompanied his singing through the anthem several times, standing face to face and eye to eye, until we both were fairly winded.

That must have been the first time that gentleman had been allowed to sing the anthem in public in several years. He certainly demonstrated his gratitude and joy of liberation in that two man concert!

Strangely enough, I can't recall any other details as to whether anyone else joined in the singing, how he and I parted, or any other aspects of that meeting except that language was no barrier to our communications for several minutes during the "concert".

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# Background of Ultra

Submitted By: **Gus R. Wiemann**  
*Company L, 271st*  
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Tamarac, FL 33321

While the 69th was in Winchester waiting to cross into France, another Allied unit about 50 miles north of London on an estate named Bletchley Park was working three eight-hour shifts, seven days a week getting information that saved many of us.

Our story begins in a small town in Poland where during the 1930's a young man named Rekjewski, a recent college graduate, listened to German army wireless messages. As he gradually began decoding them he discovered that the Germans were using a little machine resembling a typewriter to code and forward their messages.

The French intelligence service, which also was working to decode German wireless signals, contacted Rekjewski. Together they developed a machine called a Bombe. With that they were able to decode even more military secrets of the Germans, who never suspected anyone could break their code.

In August, 1939, just one month before the war started, the Bombe was sent to England and reached Bletchley Park. Here in a mansion on a sprawling estate with several wooden huts were a few hundred men and women who worked with the Bombe, now labeled Ultra. By 1943 the personnel numbered five thousand.

As an island, a great problem for England was that much of the food had to be supplied by sea. German U-boats were sinking so many ships that rationing food became very severe. Working closely with the Allied navy, the men and women in the huts of Bletchley Park learned that the German submarines were at sea weeks at a time. Their supplies of rations and other necessities were provided by ships called Milchcows, which met the submarines on the ocean at certain times and places. By intercepting radio messages among the U-boats and their bases, the people at Bletchley Park pieced together details as to when and where the rendezvous would occur. Once the navy received this information, it hunted down the Milchcows, and the threat of slow starvation was ended.

Another outstanding success was detecting German positions around the French town of Falais where in August, 1944 250,000 prisoners fell into a combined English-American trap.

Although his army continued to fight into 1945, the average German soldier realized that the war for him was lost. After he had been promised protection from the Allied air attacks, many of them joked bitterly, "If the plane in the sky is silver, it's American. If it's blue, it's British. If it's invisible, it's ours."

Even though World War Two ended on August 14, 1945, with Japan's surrender, the secrets of Bletchley Park were not revealed by the English government until 1973 and 1974.

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# Southern Fried Chicken

Submitted By: **Edwin G. Lansford**  
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When I was young, during the depression years, my family lived close to my grandparents. Who always served dinner after Sunday School and Church, of course for the entire family. Those dinners always included fried chicken and all the "fixin's". No one, not even the Colonel, could prepare fried chicken like Granny could.

During the Seventh Army's November 1944 advance through Alsace, we entered a small, deserted French town (the citizens had all taken refuge in the depths of the Maginot Line) and were assigned to quarters temporarily deserted except for the noisy occupants of a small attached chicken yard. The I&R platoon enjoyed fresh eggs for the first time in months!

Two thick albums of photos on the family's coffee table got our undivided attention when we found that they contained photos of two very attractive young ladies who must have been the family's two grown daughters. We found page after page of those two ladies posing in various positions and conditions, swimming, partying, and who knows doing what!

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**SOUTHERN FRIED....** (Continued from Page 19)

Many of those photos were better than Betty Grable's pin-ups, except for one thing, each photo also had German soldiers enjoying the fun! Those two ladies must have been trying to entertain the entire German army! Maybe they did! There were many portraits of individual soldiers plus the group shots. Small groups and large groups. Some were waving goodbye as they boarded trains (40X8 cattle cars, of course). That didn't sit very well with me and my buddies. Some of those individual German soldiers may have been the same ones who had been shooting at us only a day or two earlier! We then (unanimously) decided that I&R Platoon had gone way too long without enjoying any fried chicken.

That entire flock was quickly caught, slaughtered, and plucked in the chicken yard, cleaned and cut into pieces in the kitchen, rolled in flour and seasonings, fried and on the table with biscuits and gravy. Our own respected and beloved leader, **Lt. Askins** was the master chef on that occasion. What a gratifying feast it was!

Sometime later a middle aged man and woman appeared, probably to feed their chickens and to gather the eggs. When they saw the lifeless yard littered with chicken feathers, heads and feet they both began screaming angrily and stormed into the house ready to do battle with anyone whom they encountered inside. They sounded just like a henhouse full of disturbed chickens! None of us could get a word in edgewise until I opened one of the albums and pointed accusingly at the photos. That ended the cacophony of Gaelic profanity. (Guilty as charged). The couple shook their heads sadly in resignation and left the premises quietly without saying another word.

With so many years having passed since that incident occurred, I can now understand how the two young ladies may have been doing all that they could, the only way that they could, just to survive and to keep themselves and their parents from starving while their country was being occupied by the German enemy, but at the time, we were ready to shave the ladies' heads like the French did the collaborators. Instead, we got our revenge in that delicious dinner of southern fried chicken. I don't think Granny's Sunday dinners, as good as they were, or Colonel Saunders' Kentucky fried chicken, as good as it is, ever tasted better than that chicken tasted in Alsace in 1944.

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## Kandersteg

Submitted By: **Gus R. Wiemann**  
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When our 69<sup>th</sup> Division, still in Germany, learned that Japan had surrendered, we asked, "When do we go home?"

While we waited to board the ships, return home and pick up where we had left off, our First Sergeant announced, "We just got notice from Division that we're going to get one-week passes to these places: Paris, Brussels, Copenhagen or Kandersteg.

Nobody asked where or what Kandersteg was, but the Sergeant explained that it was a Swiss ski resort

and that the passes would be doled out to ten of us each week. It wasn't clear how the ten were to be chosen, but when my turn came, I found that my pass was for Kandersteg.

Within a week I was on a Swiss train winding its way through the snowcapped Alps with about 50 GIs from other companies. Our train stopped at one town for about half an hour and we jumped off to walk around. For the first time in months there were no bombed-out buildings. Well-fed civilians stared at us Americans.

A huge sign in the form of a clock hung over the entrance of a nearby store and a half dozen of us looking for Swiss wrist watches headed for the shop. As we came through the door an elderly man sitting at a work bench looked up, bewildered by the sudden invasion. We had only five minutes left before our train was to leave.

Within three minutes we picked out new stainless-steel automatic watches that showed the day of the week and ran back to the train.

After two more hours we arrived at a small station. The side of its little gray wooden waiting room bore a sign announcing "KANDERSTEG". Grabbing our bags, we hurried off the train and onto the platform. By the waiting room stood a short man wearing a gray suit. A black Tyrolean hat with a white feather in its band sat squarely on his head. He smiled at us and held up a rectangular white cardboard bearing the name HOTEL BELEVEDERE.

"Hello," he called. "Over here." We walked to him as he waved to us. "I have a bus to take you to your hotel. I'm Anton." As we gathered before him and dropped our bags, he smiled again. "Welcome to Kandersteg! Is everybody here?" After counting us he called out, "Follow me."

Picking up our bags, we trailed him to a small bus in a parking lot. Once inside, some of us sat on the floor as apparently the seating was meant for smaller groups. After chugging up a two-lane dirt road for about fifteen minutes we pulled up in front of a three-story stone building. Over its entrance it identified itself in bold black letters as HOTEL BELEVEDERE. On each side of the entrance was a window over a green flower box with red and white geraniums.

Opening the door, Anton hopped off the bus and stood aside until all of us joined him. "Follow me, gentlemen." We tramped into a small lobby where Anton led us to a reception desk. A pretty blonde lady in a flowered dirndl greeted us, assigned our rooms and gave us keys. Anton then led us up a few stairs to a hallway where we found our small rooms. Before we parted Anton called out, "Let's meet in the lobby at six o'clock and I'll take you to the dining room."

My room was just large enough for a single bed, desk, two chairs and a bathroom adjoined. Our trip had lasted two days and I couldn't wait to shower and change clothes. I tried taking a break on the bed. Even though the mattress was hard, I dozed off for about 15 minutes, but woke up shortly before six.

I was hungry and hurried to the lobby to find Anton. He was standing by the reception desk, talking to the blonde. When all of us had arrived he guided us through a large sunny room featuring a huge window and a view of white-capped peaks in the distance. Glass doors led to a veranda with wrought-iron tables and chairs.

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**KANDERSTEG** (Continued from Page 20)

Our adjacent room, oak-paneled, was also large but had no windows. A trophy head of an antlered deer presided over a bar with stools in one corner. About a dozen tables covered with white linen and place settings filled the room. As I didn't know any of the men in the group, I sat alone near the entrance.

I had been seated only a few moments when a young lady in her middle twenties, speaking Swiss-German to a young man, walked through the entrance. Glancing at me, they asked if they could join me. I sensed that when they saw my uniform, they thought that they could practice their English, which many young Europeans spoke.

I introduced myself and the escort, also in his twenties, said, "I'm Hans. I'm from Bern on a short vacation from school."

Then the young lady, an attractive petite brunette, added, "I'm Jeanne. I'm a newspaper reporter from Bern."

A blonde, teenaged waitress with pigtailed approached our table. She had the scrubbed good looks of a girl from ski country. Holding her order pad before her, she said, "I'm Marie. I'll be your waitress." She appeared nervous, probably anticipating taking my order in English. However, after Jeanne and Hans ordered in Swiss-German, Marie relaxed and smiled. "What are you two ordering?" I asked. Jeanne described it as a rolled piece of beef flavored with onion and parsley that is braised. "It's quite delicious," added Jeanne.

"Jeanne, you talked me into it," I said. "How about a decanter of red wine to go with that beef? It's on me." Jeanne and Hans smiled in agreement and with a carefully enunciated, "Thank you very much," Marie left the table.

"By the way, Jeanne, I don't hear any accent in your English. Where did you learn it?"

"My mother is from New Jersey," she answered. "My dad was on business in the States, met her, they married and our home is in Bern."

"And I'm Swiss and going to med school," said Hans. "A few months ago I was on maneuvers in the mountains with my Army unit. We serve two to three weeks every summer. Our Army takes us at 20 and we serve every summer until we're 50."

"And how about you?" asked Jeanne. "How long have you been in the Army? Were you drafted?"

"No, I enlisted and I've been in about three years."

After I gave Jeanne and Hans some background on my home in the States and where our outfit had traveled in Europe, Marie brought the wine, followed shortly by our order listed on the menu as *roulade*.

"What did you do in the service?" asked Jeanne.

"I was in I & R, Intelligence and Reconnaissance. We scouted an area for documents, maps, anything the Germans left behind."

Jeanne smiled. "Talking about intelligence, have you ever heard of an American named Allen Dulles?"

I shook my head.

"Up to now," Jeanne added, "his work here in Switzerland is not well known, but if it hadn't been for him, you probably would not be in Kandersteg, at least not yet."

"What do you mean?"

"Dulles worked with OSS. Through Swiss, German and Italian contacts he negotiated with SS General Karl Wolff, who surrendered all German troops in northern Italy almost a week before VE Day. So, you see, there were probably a lot of American lives saved in that time."

By now our decanter was almost running on empty. As Marie passed our table I asked her to bring another.

Hans looked at Jeanne. "Tell him about the Japanese."

I smiled at Jeanne. "What about the Japanese?"

Marie brought a second decanter and each of us poured another drink.

"For the last few years I've been taking lessons in Japanese," began Jeanne. "In Bern there was a Japanese new agency. When I felt confident in translating German and English news reports, I went to the agency and asked if they could use a translator. There were three men in the office and after a quick conversation among them, they asked me, 'When can you start?' They didn't hesitate to pay me what I asked." "Well, for the last year I've been translating news out of Berlin and Washington to be forwarded to Tokyo. Beginning in the early part of this year my paychecks began arriving, from Tokyo sporadically and then about a month before the Japanese surrendered, they stopped altogether. **General MacArthur** froze Japanese assets and no money was allowed to leave the country."

"When I asked the men in the office about my pay, they told me, 'Jeanne, the only way you can get your money is to go to Tokyo.' Then they all laughed."

Jeanne finished her drink and sat the glass down. "Gentlemen, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to catch some sleep. There's a train for Bern in the morning and I'm going to be on it."

As she arose from her chair Hans and I stood up. "Jeanne," I said, "It was good to meet you. Let me give you my address in the States and, if you have a chance, let me know how you are and what you're doing." I pulled out a slip of paper, quickly jotted down my full name, address and I handed it to her. She studied it for a moment. "Sure, I'll let you know," and tucked the slip into her purse.

Hans said, "Jeanne, I'll see you in Bern. I'm staying another day."

"Okay, gentlemen, it's been fun," and she walked out of the room.

I sat down and looked at Hans. "Aren't you and Jeanne staying here together?"

"Oh, no. We're good friends, but that's all. She has a boyfriend in Bern. Both of us wanted to escape from the city for a few days. You may have noticed that Jeanne is a very intelligent girl. She told her boyfriend that she was considering going to the States. He said, 'What do you want to do that for? They have no culture.' Her answer was, 'Give them time. They're not even 200 years old.'"

By this time our second decanter was empty. We put a tip on the table, signed our checks and as we started to leave Marie came to clear the table. "Thank you, gentlemen. I hope you enjoy your stay."

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## KANDERSTEG (Continued from Page 21)

In the morning I met Anton in the lobby. "Anton, what time does our group head back to Germany?"

"Sir, my schedule says that we meet in the lobby at one in the afternoon after lunch. Then we take our bus to the station for the train to the German border. There another train will take you back to your camp."

Thanking Anton, I decided to walk to what the hotel called the "Ski Station," located about half a mile up a nearby mountain. Walking in the crisp morning air was refreshing as I followed signs pointing to the station where the skiers gathered. Reaching a clearing, I saw a few fellows from our group on skis heading down an incline of about 20 feet. Some wobbled, yelled and fell into the snow.

Standing on the side and observing the would-be skiers was our waitress. Walking over to her, I greeted her with "Guten Morgen, Marie." Dressed in a bright-red ski suit, she answered, "How are you today?"

I nodded and asked, "Marie, tell me something. The only girls I've seen here are the blonde lady at the reception desk and you. Aren't there more girls who live around here?"

She stared at the GIs who were throwing snowballs at each other and attempting to ski down the 20-foot incline without falling. Then she looked at me. "Yes, there are girls here, but when their parents heard that American soldiers were coming they kept the girls at home."

"What, are the girls afraid of us?"

"No, it's their parents."

Then, as I said good-bye to her, I noticed that she was wearing a U.S. Army ribbon. Pointing to the ribbon, I asked, "Marie, where did you get that?"

"A soldier gave it to me."

Examining it a little closer, I saw that it was a good-conduct ribbon. I also noticed that she was chewing gum.

By the time I reached the hotel lunch was being served. All I ordered was a Swiss-cheese sandwich on pumpernickel and a bowl of chicken soup. After packing my bag I headed to the lobby and paid the blonde at the desk for only my meals as the Army reimbursed the hotel for our rooms.

Anton was standing in the middle of the lobby with some fellows from our group, again smiling, and saying, "I hope that you all had a good time. Tell your friends about Kandersteg."

Whatever number of the group was missing finally sauntered into the lobby. Anton surveyed the group, moving his lips as he counted. Apparently satisfied that all were present, he called out, "Okay, follow me."

We trailed him to the little bus in the parking lot and piled in. At the train station we jumped out and headed for the platform. Whatever time that Swiss train was to pull in, that was the time it arrived, true to Swiss efficiency.

"Good-bye, fellows," Anton called out. Most nodded in response and boarded a passenger car. As our train left the station Anton waved. Some of the GIs waved while others stared at the small homes on the surrounding hillsides.

## Postscript:

About seven years after I had said good-bye to Jeanne I was a civilian again at home and received a letter from her postmarked "San Francis." It read:

"Hi!

When I returned to Bern seven years ago I decided to go to Japan. It wasn't only the money that was owed, which really wasn't that much. But I also wanted to see Japan and its people.

First I went to New York City and was offered a job teaching English to American Indian children. Most of them spoke only their tribe's languages.

This job took me across the United States and finally to San Francisco. I put an ad in the paper offering to work in the galley of a cargo ship headed for Japan.

One late afternoon I received a phone call from the first mate of a ship headed for the Philippines. He said that the ship was scheduled to leave at midnight.

I told him that I'd be there, packed my things, gave my key to the landlord and took a taxi to the ship. When the first mate saw me he said, "Did you bring any books?" He decided to pick up galley help at Seattle. Luckily, I had packed books and sunned myself on deck all the way across the Pacific to Manila.

There I ran into the problem of getting passage to Japan. However, at the American consulate I ran into a man from Philippine Air Lines. He offered me a flight to Tokyo and a return flight to San Francisco if I would write a public-relations story for PAL. I agreed and wound up in Tokyo where I visited my former bosses and was paid.

When the Korean war was going on I went to the American Embassy and asked for a visa for Korea so I could be a war correspondent. General MacArthur wanted only an American and Margaret Higgins won.

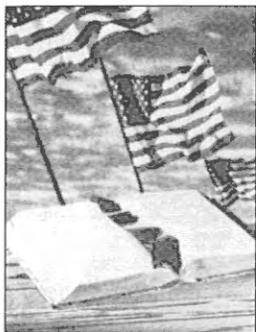
However, I found that the Japanese were hungry for news of the outside world. So I visited chambers of commerce in various Japanese cities and gave lectures on world news.

Now I'm back in San Francisco and married. My husband works for an insurance company. Incidentally, I still owe PAL a story. If you should ever be in San Francisco, stop by. Our return address is on the envelope.

Sincerely, Jeanne"

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# “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.

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## General Order 10

Submitted By: **James L. Mynes**  
*Company K, 273rd*  
1411 Regency Boulevard, S.E.  
Decatur, AL 35601

Earlier 19th June, I e-mailed you regarding General Order 10 for the 273rd Infantry Regiment.

These General orders were obtained from the National Archives & Records Administration, under the Freedom of Information Act. I was able to obtain copies of the individuals that were awarded the CIB of the 273rd Infantry Regiment. The Order was issued 11 March 1945, effective 28 February 1945.

The General Order was issued by Colonel Adams, Commander of the 273rd Infantry Regiment.

The list is not complete. Extracts that are missing could not be found by the National Archives. They advised me it would take a lot of time and money to review all the General Orders issued by HQ 273rd from 11 March 1945 to the end of the war.

There are 19 pages on legal size sheets listings include: HQ 273rd — HQ's Company — HQ 2nd Battalion — Company K — Company L — Company C — HQ 3rd Battalion — Antitank Company — Company M.

If anyone is interested please contact me, Jim.

### Route Across Europe Map

The Route Across Europe Map taken from the History of the 272nd Infantry Regiment still may be had so your family and friends can see where the 69th was in Europe during WWII.

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## D-Day 6-6-44 ~ A Poem

Submitted by: **Vincent A. Romano**  
*Company L, 273rd*  
 20 Apollo Circle, Apt. 20  
 Bethpage, NY 11714-3583

The barrage has started, loud and clear  
 Our ships surround us, nothing to fear  
 Closer and closer we are to this strange shore  
 Closer we're pressing to the L.C.L's front door  
 "Here we go" now I hear the men cheer  
 Louder and louder the shells exploding near.  
 The front door drops open, some men fall  
 Others are crouching, some start to crawl  
 The sound of gun fire is everywhere  
 The smell of smoke permeates the air  
 I'll leave with my squad, we're next in line  
 Just follow instructions, all will be fine  
 I go to leave, I fall clumsily onto the sand  
 I spot a red stain, growing by my hand  
 I struggle, I squirm, but I remain firm  
 I feel as if my strength is coming to term  
 The red spot in the sand must be from me!  
 The crimson spot is surrounding my knee  
 I lay still in the water,  
 which is creeping up my back-  
 I try to move again, I'm just a loaded wet sack.  
 I'll just lay here, the water is not deep,  
 So tired — So tired — I am going to sleep

**IN MEMORY OF THE THOUSANDS OF AMERICANS  
 WHO LOST THEIR LIVES FOR US ON D-DAY, JUNE 6, 1944**

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