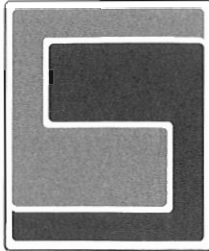


FIGHTING 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION

★★★★ Association, Inc.



VOLUME 66, NO. 1

www.69th-infantry-division.com

SEPTEMBER — OCTOBER — NOVEMBER — DECEMBER
2011

"THE THREE B'S"
BOLTE'S BIVOUACKING BASTARDS

P.O. BOX 4069
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bulletin

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Deceased

Some Scenic Views from our 64th Annual Reunion in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania



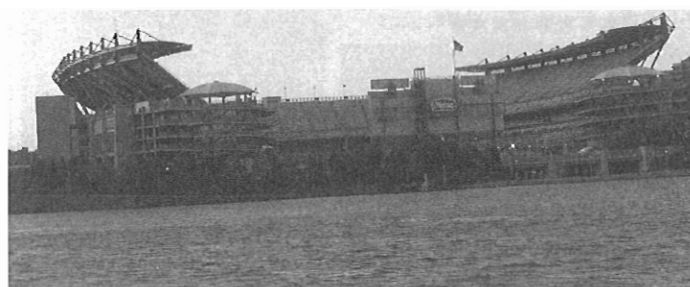
Beautiful skyline of Downtown Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania from Point Park



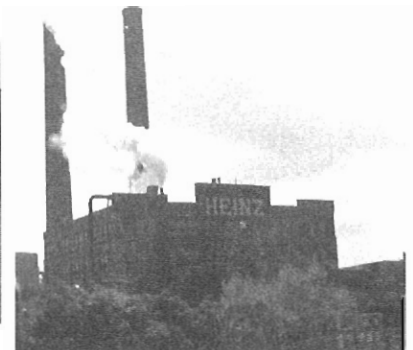
Pittsburgh Airport Marriott



Heinz Ketchup "Dinosaur" Bottle



*Heinz Field: Home of the Pittsburgh Steelers
as seen from the Allegheny River*



H. J. Heinz Plant

Annual Meeting of the Board of Directors 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSN. September 17th, 2011 PITTSBURGH MARRIOTT PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Call to order: The Annual Meeting of the Board of Directors of the Fighting 69th Infantry Association, Inc. was called to order by **President Robert Crowe** at 9:45 a.m., Saturday, September 17th, 2011, at the Pittsburgh Marriott, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Members present: E. Parsons, G. West, R. Sancousy, W. Goodman, M. Schulz, R. Crowe, E. Sarcione, J. Barnette, F. Spangler

Invocation: R. Sancousy

Salute to Flag: R. Crowe

Reading of the Past minutes: M. Schulz, minutes accepted as read.

Presidents Remarks: R. Crowe, Dottie Shadle to be commended for her outstanding job on the bulletin.

Treasurer: J. Barnette, asking for donations to the Battlefield Monument.

Membership Chairman: Paul Shadle reports of 1,782 listed members. Board voted to remove 487 individuals from our roster and the association will no longer furnish them the Bulletin. It was also noted that 37 members were deceased since the last meeting.

Reunion Chairman: P. Shadle, proposed two sites for the 2012 reunion, Norfolk, VA and Virginia Beach, VA. Paul to secure additional information on both locations and with the help of current president to make selection.

Nomination Committee: C Yasterzemski, G. West to replace E. Sarcione as V.P. Also, F. Spangler to come on board.

Old Business: Some members voiced their opinion as to continuing with the *Armed Forces Reunion Group*. E. Parsons is to secure information from other groups like AFR and report back his findings at the next board meeting in 2012.

New Business: B. Sheavley reported of the direction and current status of the NEXGEN.

Motion by G. West to adjourn Board Meeting was seconded and meeting was adjourned at 11:00 a.m.

P.S. Great seeing all of you guys this year and the Board members look forward to the 2012 meeting.



1) Good Lookin' Chap! Could this be you or a buddy you knew?



2) A celebration after getting all the socks washed and hung to dry!

Minutes of the General Meeting of the 69TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSN. September 17th, 2011 PITTSBURGH MARRIOTT PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Call to order: The General Meeting was called to order by **President Robert Crowe** at 9:30 a.m., Saturday, September 17th, 2011, at the Pittsburgh Marriott, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Meeting began with the invocation and Pledge of Allegiance.

It was moved and seconded to accept the minutes of the 2010 meeting. These minutes were published in the Bulletin.

Vice President **Ed Sarcione** gave a short comment as to the place and general conditions for the 2012 Association meeting.

Treasurer Report: J. Barnette, stated 1,742 members of which 487 have not paid dues and the Board determined these members be dropped Motioned, Second and carried.

Questions were then taken from the floor at the meeting a request was made to have available for the members beer and wine in the Association Hospitality room.

The association needs individuals to serve on the Board of Directors.

Names submitted were as follows:

G. West — W. Haag — Bud Parsons

There being no further business, it was moved and seconded we adjourn until the 2012 meeting. Motion carried on a voice vote.

UnKnowns

Submitted by: **Joseph Abasolo**

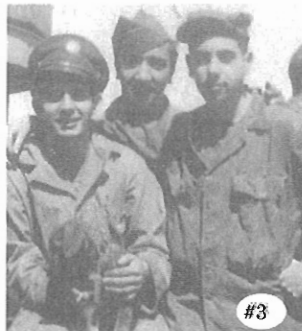
Tec 5, 273rd Infantry Division

1324 Horne Court, Brentwood, CA 94513

Cell Phone: 925-642-6869

Email: abajoe69@gmail.com

Maybe you fellas out there can help identify some of these fellas in some photos I came across that unfortunately I did not have identified.



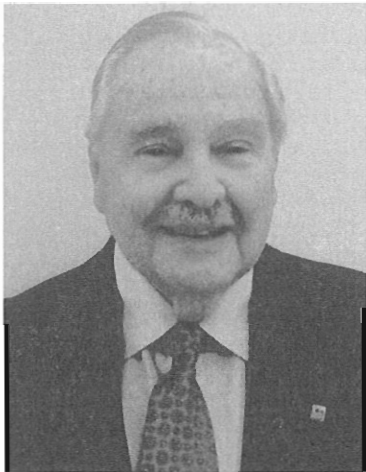
3) Just hangin' out with the puppy.



4) Enjoying a sunny day!

A Message from Our President Edward J. Sarcione

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



From all reports the 69th Infantry Division Association reunion held in Pittsburgh, PA was a resounding success, except for some glitches with the registration desk during certain days. I have been assured by Ted Dye, Armed Forces Reunion Group, that this problem *will be* remedied for all future reunions.

I wish to thank **Bob Crowe**, past president, **Paul** and **Dottie Shadle** and **John Barrette** for their long, extensive and valuable service rendered to the 69th Infantry Division Association, I am particularly pleased to report that **Paul Shadle** (Membership Chairman) **Dottie Shadle** (Bulletin Editor) and **John Barrette** (Treasurer) have generously agreed to continue serving in their respective posts for the next two years. In this regard, **Dottie Shadle** and I *urgently* appeal to all 69th association members, widows, sons/daughters of 69th members, and members of the Next Generation Group to continue sending needed pictures and articles of interest for publication in upcoming issues of the bulletin. It is generally agreed by our peers that the 69th Infantry Division Association Bulletin is among the very best military-type bulletins published. We need everyone's assistance to maintain our bulletins reputation as "the very best."

I am also pleased to welcome **George West** as our new Vice President, and I am confident **George** will provide much valuable council and assistance during his term of office.

I would also like to take this opportunity to announce that a final decision has been made to schedule our 2012 reunion for September 9-16 at the Sheraton Norfolk Waterside Hotel, Norfolk, VA. The decision to choose the Norfolk location versus a Virginia Beach location was arrived at after an extensive analysis of the advantages and disadvantages of each location, based on comprehensive detailed information received from the Armed Forces Reunion Group, and trusted appointed consultants. The final decision to choose the Norfolk location was based primarily on several advantageous financial considerations.

Among them, the Virginia Beach location required a large binding contractual cost agreement for food consumed by our members which our previous records indicated would be difficult to achieve. The Norfolk location did not require a similar food agreement. Regardless, several interesting excursions to the Virginia Beach location are planned. I am aware that a few of our members will be disappointed with the Norfolk decision; however, spirited defense of opinions regarding alternative decisions are a time honored American tradition. It is equally true that once a final decision is made all parties involved will enthusiastically support the final decision and move forward to accomplish the final goal. Due to the camaraderie and unbreakable bond that exists between us, I am confident that a great and enjoyable time will be had by all at the 2012 69th Infantry Division reunion, God willing, Dollie and I look forward to greeting all of you in Norfolk.

★★

COMBAT DEER HUNT

Submitted By: **Edwin G. Lansford**
HQ, 271st Infantry Regiment
1096 Peavine Firetower Rd.
Crossville, TN 38571-0919

After the fierce attacks on New Year's Eve had been repulsed in our sector, Hitler's final offensive (Nordwind) shifted toward Hagenau, and our sector became rather quiet. The I&R platoon was instructed to set up and maintain an OP along railroad tracks behind our front line positions. The designated spot was in a patch of woods with no visibility at all. I suspect that the sole purpose of the assignment was simply to keep us occupied so that we didn't get too rusty from lack of activity. Regardless of the mission, it was a clam, quiet day, not nearly as cold as earlier in the month, and I was glad to be out of our quarters.

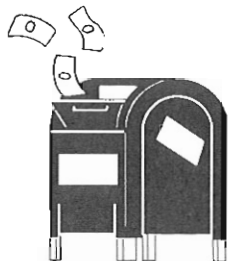
On the way down the tracks, we had seen a herd of deer browsing in the snowy woods above the tracks, and my friend **McDougal** jokingly remarked that we should get one to improve our rations. The day became very boring. Finally, **Mac** could resist the temptation no longer, and disappeared into the woods with his M1 garand. **Mac** had no ammo with soft point, expanding bullets - just the regular as-issued GI ammo with 150gr. FMJ bullets - not recommended for big game hunting at all.

Nevertheless, the tranquility was suddenly shattered by **Mac's** first shot. It sounded like a cannon in the quiet countryside! My first thought was "Uh-oh, **Mac** has given our position away", as if that mattered. Then, as shot followed shot, I really became concerned that we might attract unwanted attention, maybe get cited for "disturbing the peace", or receive a few enemy mortar rounds. Or, at least have someone coming to investigate. Sure enough, all of the units in front of our OP did get concerned, of course, with several shots being fired from the rear of their position. HQ must have been suddenly deluged with reports and inquiries, although they had no idea what was happening either - not until they contacted our OP.

That OP was abruptly cancelled in mid-day, so we returned triumphantly to base with **Mac's** trophy (a doe) draped across the hood of his jeep. **Mac** gave the deer to the family living next to our quarters in Sarreinsming. They were most grateful for the fresh meat, and treated our squad to a real home-cooked meal a few nights later. **Mac** tells me that he received a stinging, emphatic lecture on OP Etiquette.

THE MAIL BOX

By **Dottie (Witzleb) Shadle**
Editor



Company E, 273rd Infantry Regiment

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Ilse H. Gordon, I am the widow of two 69th soldiers - **Nat Suckermans** and **Isaac Gordon** both from Company C, 881st Artillery Battalion. Enclosed please find my check for 2011-2012 Membership dues. I so enjoy the bulletins! Keep up the good work.

Randy McDaniel, 158 S. Locust St., Steele, MO 63877-1710, Telephone: 573-359-4109: Looking for Information on **TSGT William Clinton Gallaher**, who was killed in action on April 15th, 1945 near to Colditz, Germany. He was a Platoon Sgt. of 2nd Platoon, Company I, 3rd Bn, 273rd Regiment. 69th Division. He served with **Sgt. Walt Gerwin**, **Walfred Hoglund** and **Earnest Rowe**.

Marlene R. Kotsko and **Zachary P. Reynolds**, 215 Ice Ave. No. 100, Dayton, OH 45402. I am enclosing dues for me and my grandson, **Zachary P. Reynolds** who is an auxiliary member. As a widow I enjoy getting and reading the Bulletin. It helps keep the memory of my husband alive in me and respectful to all who are still alive and those who gave their lives for us and our God-given country.

At last years Veterans Celebration my son and I met a 69er. He seemed well and very conversational. I really need to visit him and ask if he receives the Bulletin. I can take mine for him to see.

I liked the informative recent issue and learning about the Next Generation Group. My son who is in the A.F. Reserves may be interested.

A thank you to all of you for keeping the memories alive and working to keep people together through the Bulletin. God Bless you. Respectfully and Prayfully submitted.

Water W. Haag, 420 Paramount Dr., Millbrae, CA 94030 — Company B, 881st. Was glad to receive my 69th Bulletin (3/8/11) as I was anxious to learn the outcome of the Charleston Reunion. The photo of the 44 69ers in attendance was great. I noticed there was no breakdown of Units and names of those that were there - maybe you intended it for the next edition coming. Charleston was the first reunion I've missed since 1983. I guess I really didn't have an excuse this time, except my knees are in bad shape and it's a chore walking any long distances. I see next year its in Pittsburgh, PA where we had a great time before and quite a few of BTRY "B"-881st F.A.Bn. attended. Just maybe I'll make it one more time.

I noticed in an item submitted by **Gus Wiemann** "the G.I. Left Behind", he mentioned he needed 50 pts for redeployment and only had 49. You had to have 85 pts to go home.

In the "TAPS" column I see my old buddy **Jim Boris** put on. We had kept in touch for many years. Now I know why I didn't receive any answers the

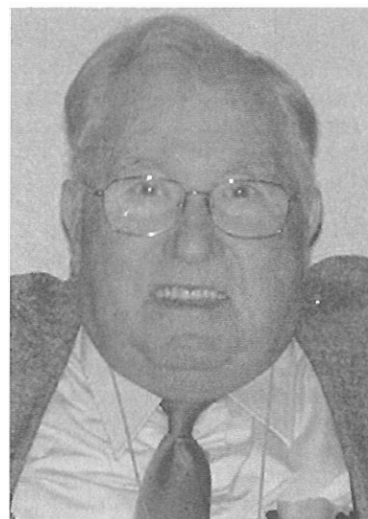
last two years since his wife Tillie left him, he went downhill. Remember him getting the band at the banquet to let him get up and sing "I Did It My Way" - thought he was Sinatra Ha! Ha!

Guess I'm getting picky but I think I mentioned before that in the Field Artillery its not Co. 170 Btry G, 50 gone this quarter.

Anyway hope the **Shadles** are still holding their own - Keep up the good work!

Joseph Lipsius, 6314 Deerings Hollow, Norcross, GA 30092-1800 — Company A, 272nd. Website Seeking Loan of Hard Copy of History of Company K 271st Inf Rgt. In messages with a 69th widow, the Website has learned that there is an approximate 60 page hard copy of the history of Company K not under Unit Histories. She is unable to copy the history for the Website which is seeking the name, postal and email address and telephone number of a Company K or family member with a copy to arrange to use it. It will be returned undamaged in less than 15 days with credit given to the name of the 69er/family making the loan.

Vice-President's Corner



George C. West, Vice-President

Anti Tank, 271st Infantry Regiment

2526 Greenacres Drive

Allentown, PA 18103-3740

The 64th reunion is now history, however it will go down into the books as one of the best. Thanks to the work of the reunion committee, the volunteers, and the capable people of the Armed Forces Reunions Group, Inc. for a job well done.

The hospitality room was extra nice this time because everything was in one room. NEXGEN provided cards and games for all the tables, and last but not least the room was open *dawn 'til dusk* (well almost) for all to enjoy.

All the trips were well attended. The busses took us right to the door for each activity as they have done in the past. Lina and I were well pleased with all the arrangements made by the reunion committee and I am sure that those who attended the 64th reunion will agree.

The 65th reunion is set for Norfolk, VA from September 9-16, 2012. Lina and I hope to see you there, for another terrific reunion.

Personal Journal

Continued from Vol. 65, No. 2

Submitted By: **Thomas H. Clews**
Company L 272nd
317 W. Quannah Street
Broken Arrow, Oklahoma 74011-4151
Phone: 918-455-6262

April 6, 1945

Today we relieved the 80th Division and moved through the city of Kassel. The 3rd Battalion was moved into an assembly area and held Hill No. 332 to protect the rear of the Regiment and maintain contact with the 3rd Battalion of the 273rd Regiment.

L Company was acting as point for our move. The 3rd Battalion continued our Mission for the rest of the day. We cleared several small areas of resistance and captured a number of prisoners. It was raining again.

The machine guns were set up on high ground where we had a good view of the surrounding area. Two squads of riflemen were scattered around the hill as protection for the guns. The rest of the company crammed into several abandoned AAA Huts to get out of the rain.

We are about 5 km. north of the town of Uschlag. **Merel Kuhlman** and I pulled 4 hours on our gun before dawn. The night was PITCH BLACK -No flashes from artillery fire, VERY QUIET.

April 7, 1945

3rd Battalion received orders to move an assembly area in the vicinity of the town of Hubenrode. Our mission was to protect the rear of the combat team, and clear the town of Ziegenhagen which was thought to contain a German Regimental Command Post. The mission was completed by dark with light resistance.

There was no evidence to suggest a command post had been in the town.

April 8, 1945

Last night the 2nd battalion made a night attack and took the town of Witzhausen and made a crossing of the Werra River. Just as the forward elements reached the river, the Germans blew the bridge. Company B, 269th Engineers constructed an infantry foot bridge across the river under cover of fog and smoke while under artillery and sniper fire.

3rd battalion moved across the river on the bridge to an assembly area around a canning factory.

About 0900 hours the fog cleared and the sun came out. Our advance was stalled because we were unable to get our tanks across. We were in a Bar Ditch out side the factory when we heard a shell coming in. It landed several hundred yards beyond the ridge that rose up from the road along the river. Somebody said it was our artillery. A minute or two later another round came in, it was closer. Hell they're firing short if its ours. I moved across the road and got down alongside a rock wall opposite the factory.

I called **Bob Reiman** over, but he stayed on the other side of the road, busily eating a "K" ration with apple jam we found in the factory. Suddenly a machine gun cut loose and began to fire on every jeep that came

across the bridge. Then a sniper started firing at the men around the factory. We could see the bullets hit the building walls.

Almost immediately we heard another round coming in, this one was louder and started to whine, it hit the top of the ridge in the trees. Then another much louder, "This is it," I thought. It hit the rock wall about 10 or 12 feet from **Merle Kullman** and I.

I felt the heat of the explosion and was hit by blasted rock and dirt. I felt something burn my right leg and left arm, and then they both got sort of numb. It was shrapnel, apparently not much because I could still move. The two of us got up and started across the road toward the factory. Everything was smoking. One of M Companies jeeps was on fire and so was its trailer (loaded with ammo).

Bernie Zaffren joined us and we headed down to the river bank as shells kept coming in. We were ordered to dig in and prepare for a counterattack.

Someone said **Bob Reiman** was hit in the leg. It turned out not to be as bad as first thought. The shrapnel hit him in the pocket. In his pocket was a cartridge which was struck by the piece of shrapnel setting fire to its powder load. All **Bob** got aside from sheer fright was a powder burn.

I went to battalion aid station where they bandaged me up, I was lucky, they were only minor cuts.

The aid station came under fire and they had to evacuate. They sent me back to the Weapons Platoon. They had moved down the road and dug in under a railroad overpass.

It was not until then that I realized I left my radio in the ditch by the wall.

By noon the engineers had finally managed to get a treadway bridge across the river. This made it possible to get our tanks and T.D.s across.

The tanks were able to flush out the buildings on our side of the river, killing many Germans and capturing a number of prisoners. The shelling stopped shortly after. Some of the occupants of the buildings were observers for the German artillery. We later found out the artillery was Self-Propelled 88's.

We formed up behind the tanks and moved on down the road toward the town of Eichenberg. As we passed the wall opposite the factory, there was my radio in the ditch where I left it. Entering Eichenberg the column encountered machine gun fire. The tanks knocked out the German gun which was on the second floor of a farm house.

I Company moved to the north and took the town of Berg. We moved ahead and took the town of Hebenhausen, only some small arms fire was encountered.

Captain Bernard said L Company would be leading the attack. Our mission was to take the town of Nieder-Gandern and seize and hold the bridge over the Leine River which was still intact.

As soon as we left Hebenhausen we came under artillery and sniper fire. The artillery was the same S.P.s that shelled us at Witzhausen. The tanks moved up on a railroad overpass to where they could see the Germans and fired on them.

(Continued on Page 6)

PERSONAL JOURNAL (Continued from Page 5)

A machine gun was in the steeple tower of a church in Nieder-Gandern. One of our tanks opened fire on it with their 50 cal. They practically tore the top of the tower off.

We raced into town crossed the river on the east side and seized the bridge. As we moved into Nieder-Gandern the rest of the battalion following behind was pinned down by mortar fire.

Captain Bernard called for the machine guns out front. We crossed the river, and the company minus Headquarters and the mortar section moved out about 300 yards and dug in. I stayed back with the mortar section. The tanks and T.D.s hid among the houses in the town.

Shortly after dark the rest of the battalion moved into town. The Germans fired a number of rounds at our position in an attempt to knock out the bridge. One round fell in close to the machine guns and killed **Sgt. Swartz** and **Pfc. Tipton**.

I dug in under a pile of logs at a sawmill next to the bridge. After the shelling stopped I got some straw from the barn to put in my hole. It was very cold.

Around midnight someone yelled, "Enemy Tanks!" We could hear them but it was a while before we could make them out. We called for the T.D.s, but they stayed put in town. Soon we could see it was two tanks and a half-track, with infantry on board. Behind them was a horse and wagon with infantry and even some on bicycles.

The Rifle Platoon along the road opened fire on the tanks. **Pfc. Washburn** was killed by a machine gun on the lead tank. The tank unloaded the infantry and then tried to grind in the foxholes along the road.

Pvt. Humey, Bazooka man with the 3rd Platoon hit one of the tanks but the round failed to go off. After a short but intense fire fight the tanks retreated and most of the infantry fled into the woods. We killed about 30 and captured 27 Germans. All was quiet again. We suffered 4 dead and 3 wounded. **Pvt. Humey** was one of the dead.

April 9, 1945

Drew C rations for two days and had mail call. I got three letters from home.

About 0900 with L Company in the lead we moved out and took the towns of Rustenfelden, Burgwalde and Retgenrode, with little resistance. We moved on ahead and with the 1st Battalion took the town of Helligenstadt. Again with only light resistance.

During the night the 9th Armored Division moved through our positions. We learned that Helligenstadt had been declared an open city because of the number of hospitals there.

April 10, 1945

We left Helligenstadt about 0500 and moved to the town of Reiser, which was about 5 km. northwest of Muhlhausen. Our mission was to follow the 9th Armored Division to the east.

April 11, 1945

We left Reiser about 1000 hrs. Because of rapid advance with the armor we rode on everything possible, tanks, trucks, trailers, etc. 4th Platoon on top

of Ammunition trucks of the 955th Field Artillery. We traveled about 49 km. to the town of Ostramundra.

Just outside of town our column was attacked by eight German Focke-Wolf 190's. Here we were on top of a load of artillery shells. We left the trucks and ran about a quarter mile away from the trucks. The column was well protected by AAA and after a couple of passes the planes left.

We found billets in Ostramundra and stayed the night. Later we discovered the Germans had been driven from the town the previous day and not all the houses had been cleared.

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT EDITION

Dave's War

Submitted by: **Mrs. Jeanne F. Theobald**

Wife of **David Theobald**

Company F 272nd

8401 Moravian Court

Sacramento, California 95826

Reading a book by Andy Rooney entitled MY WAR influenced me to write down a few things about my war.

My mother, Lauretta Rose Costigan Theobald had five brothers who, in young adulthood, lived during World War I. As I understand it he was a machine gunner that served in battles during the trench warfare in France. I remember seeing a photograph of Uncle Ivan in a prone position behind his machine gun. I can believe he was a machine gunner in the infantry, because in my army experience, the machine gunners and mortar men were all robust fellows able to carry their weighty weapons. Their size was a prerequisite for their assignment Uncle Ivan was gassed during those battles and suffered irreparable damage to his lungs. Years later when I visited the family residence at 410 East Douglas after catechism classes at Holy Trinity, Uncle Ivan, as he sat in his easy chair reading the Sunday paper, was caught up in coughing spasms. I was told that was an affliction attributable to his being gassed. Other than knowing Uncle Ivan was a machine gunner and that he was gassed, additional information was never passed on to me.

My father, **Darrell Theobald** served in the U.S. Marines during WW I. His duty was limited to the Marine Corps base at Paris Island North Carolina. He was a tough hombre and advanced to the rank of corporal. He considered corporal in the Marine Corps was equivalent to Captain in the Army in that he was a company commander. My dad was always stronger than I was and I never challenged him mano e mano. I remember bragging that I could take a bayoneted rifle away from him after a lot of bayonet drills at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. We got out my shot gun while I was on furlough and he taught me a few tricks that weren't in the Infantry instruction manual as regards to taking away rifles from a charging opponent. The lesson I carried back to the 69th Infantry Division was shoot first and use the bayonet only when out of ammunition, I mention this because at the time I was 6 feet 175 pounds, not more than a couple of pounds of body fat, able to march 25 miles with a 40 pound back pack, steel helmet and an 11 pound rifle, all in seven

(Continued on Page 7)

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

hours. We did nine miles with the above equipment in one hour 50 minutes every morning before breakfast. I remember on a particular furlough, the last one before going overseas, that I went for a swim at a little pond in Bloomington called Anglers. I swam out to a raft, 50 yards off shore and was basking in the sun on my back. A girl that I had gone to grade school with swam out to the raft, taking hold of the raft, near my feet. As she climbed out, she wondered, "What is wrong with your feet?" Nothing I replied, those are calluses. Calluses she said, how did you get them? The Infantry I said, I'm in the 69th Infantry Division. We walk a lot.

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE

World War II started for me one Sunday afternoon in Bloomington, Illinois, December 7, 1942. I was sitting with my girlfriend on the couch in her parents home. Martha Beadles father was a professor at Illinois Wesleyan University. (Martha says we were on my parents couch and there probably will be other things that people will have different recollections about in this piece. They all can write their own recollections.) I was 18 on that previous April and a senior in high school. My immediate reaction was this War is going to include me.

As a senior I applied for admission to a program at Northwestern University that was called the Work-Study Program. Northwestern was apparently short of male applicants and in their influential status in the Chicago area they had put together this program. Accepted students had only medium grades and most had no money. I met both criteria. We were housed in the Lawson YMCA on Chicago Avenue, near Clark Street. We were "given" jobs at the Continental National Bank & Trust Company. The Bank was also looking for male employees. We worked eight hours a day so we could afford tuition at N.U. and went to school at night at the Downtown (as opposed to Evanston where regular students went) Campus.

I have a lot of memories about my nine months as a resident of the Lawson YMCA and night student at N.U. First you have to understand that most of us in the Work-Study Program were poor. We made \$105 a month at the bank. If at the end of the month I had \$2 left I went to a show. I seriously considered each morning whether the cost of shoe leather to walk the 2 miles to the bank was more or less than the 10 cent streetcar fare.

As far as eating during that time I recall one Sunday chicken dinner we had in our room at the Y. Hot plates were forbidden in our rooms which had, however, a sink in each room. The bathroom and shower was down the end of the hall. My roommate and I, (I can't remember his name but he was of Italian ancestry and not a bad guy.) bought a chicken already cooked in a large can and a can of peas. We placed the cans in the sink about noon on Sunday and ran hot water over them until five in the evening. By then they were hot and we had a swell Sunday dinner. I don't think whole chickens with bones, in a can, are on the market today. Energy wise the Y would have been much better off letting us have hot plates.

Several other incidents come to mind about the Lawson YMCA. In the summer and fall of 1942, the U.S. was preparing for attack either by the Nazis or the Japs. How their bombers would ever have made their way inland a thousand miles from the east coast

or two thousand from the West coast to Chicago was of no concern to the Civilian Defense Command. We had regular Blackouts complete with airraid signals and parading Block Wardens. A lighted window was forbidden.

After a couple of these blackout drills some of us bored students decided to add a little spice to the occasion. The Lawson Y was 24 stories high. The front, on Chicago Avenue was very plain and uniform. From the sidewalk on the Y side of Chicago Avenue it was impossible to count up the building to locate a lighted window above the 14th floor unless the light was left on for three or four minutes. With that information we students drove the block wardens wild by lighting our windows for 30 seconds at random intervals. They screamed at us to turn off the lights, then another student on another floor and a different column would light his. The Block Wardens, all important members of the neighborhood, were apologetic but they were helpless to stop us. After a while we got bolder. Besides no lights permitted, noise was also prohibited. Traffic was stopped and the corner of Chicago and States Streets were dead silent. We would open a window on some fairly high floor, (hard to count) scream screw you and throw out a full roll of toilet paper holding on to one end until the roll hit the street and the 20 story high string of tissue would drift down Chicago Avenue. Later water filled balloons were added to our arsenal and we had the Block Wardens going crazy. Luckily no one was hurt, but a \$50 reward was offered for the perpetrators. A water balloon hit the roof of a parked car and I'm told a fair dent ensued. I'm fairly certain the Y management knew it was the Northwestern students who were doing the dirty deeds, but without more definitive evidence there was little they could do. Northwestern is a major force in the Chicago area and they backed their people to the hilt.

Most of our classes were in the Medical School, where I was first introduced to a cadaver when we snuck into the unlocked anatomy lab during class breaks. The Med. school is right on Lake Michigan. When the wind was off the Lake in December and January and the temperature near zero, the cold pierced like a spear on our seven block walk into the wind.

I received good grades, and my math teacher suggested I try for the Evanston Campus. He didn't know I had no money for that kind of move. We finished the summer semester and moved on to the fall. We rode the elevated out to Evanston every Friday evening for the chemistry lab. One night out there I saw an advertisement on the bulletin board that the Army Air Force was accepting applicants for a Meteorology School leading to a commission. I applied and was accepted. That was just before Christmas in 1942. The only problem I had was that I had to be in the Army by March of 1943. Volunteers were no longer accepted in the Army. You had to be drafted. The brother of one of my uncles was on the Draft Board in Bloomington. He moved me up the draft list and I was drafted and entered the service 31, January, 1943. I was assigned Serial #36 728 527. The 36 meant I was drafted in the Chicago area and was an enlisted man.

My first recollection of being a member of the United States Armed Forces was at Camp Grant, Illinois. Old timers (2 or 3 days) leaned out barracks

(Continued on Page 8)

DAVE'S WAR (Continued from Page 7)

windows as our group of civilian dressed recruits staggered by, and admonished "You'll be sorry." That was probably the most accurate advice I'll ever receive. After some rather roughly applied shots, we were herded into the supply building.

I distinctly remember I had a big smile on my face as I was issued my first set of olive drab clothing. The Army liked me and "gave" me a set of the highest quality clothing I had ever owned. I was one proud dude when I put on that new set of olive drabs. I don't recall, but I probably leaned out the window and said to the next platoon of recruits, "You'll be sorry."

A few days later I took the first of many Army train rides to Jefferson Barracks Missouri. J.B. was the Army Air Force. Off We Go, etc., etc.

J.B. had other than recruits. Recruits talked like ordinary people. But the "old timers" at Jefferson Barracks talked like tough American Soldiers. The adjective "@#%&" preceded every noun. Pass the "@#%&" butter, I need a "@#%&" pass, the "@#%&" sergeant is a tough customer, etc., etc. I wasn't used to that kind of talk so I had a smile on my face most of the time just getting used to this new life style and to the conversation.

While I lived at Lawson YMCA in Chicago, several times the 25 or 30 of us in the Work-Study Program had a beer party in the rooms, although it was strictly prohibited. A couple of times I had a drink of whiskey. Two beers and I was feeling no pain. When I was assigned a bunk in the barracks at Jefferson Barracks, the soldier in the next bunk was obviously an old timer having mastered the use of "@#%&" to perfection. I was somewhat apprehensive when he asked me if I'd like a drink, since I knew alcohol was not allowed in the barracks. But wanting to "fit in", I said sure. He opened his footlocker and pulled out a bottle of Aqua Blue Shaving lotion. He wasn't kidding. I politely declined without telling him that wood alcohol will make you go blind.

My next free train ride was to Utica, N.Y. When we left Missouri our wool shirts were all the clothes needed. When we arrived in upstate New York, overcoats were the dress of the day. We rode in busses from Utica to Clinton and up the hill to Hamilton College. Snow was banked on both sides of the road to the level of the top of the bus.

Watch the next Issues for More of DAVE'S WAR

FRIDAY THE 13th

Submitted By: **Raymond K. Mann**

A&P Platoon, Hq Co, 3rd Bn, 271 Infantry

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Tomball, TX 77375

I was raised by a family which did not take popular superstitions seriously. Such things as broken mirrors, black cats crossing our paths and Friday the 13th were little concern. However, an experience I had with the Fighting 69th caused me to have second thoughts on the subject.

On Friday, April 13, 1945, members of my A&P Platoon and I woke and began preparations for another day doing our bit in the conquest of Nazi Germany. We had spent the night before in a three story house. The first soldier to step out into the third floor hall yelled "Damn! There's a black cat out here on the stairs!"

Soldiers, on the whole, tend to be a superstitious lot. My platoon was no exception. During training in the States, because we were versed in the use of explosives, we had the job of setting "booby traps" in the group of buildings known as German Village. The rifle companies used the village for training in street fighting. We also acted as the enemy during field exercises, shooting fireworks over the heads of the rifleman and setting off small charges nearby. As a result, our 27-man contingent suffered 10 injuries, one crippling, before we shipped out for the real war. Some of our guys who had been at this the longest were convinced the German Village was "jinxed."

After the presence of the black cat in our quarters was announced, someone exclaimed "Oh, *@#&! It's Friday the 13th!" Nervous laughter followed. there was no laughter when we learned later in the day that our Commander-in-Chief, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, had died the previous day. with this depressing news, our mood darkened, but we remained determined.

On the previous evening, our Second Battalion had begun attacking the small city of Weissenfels, about 25 miles southwest of the major city of Leipsig. Surprisingly, Weissenfels turned out to be heavily defended by some 1500 regular Wehrmacht, SS and Volksturm (Homeguard) troops. In the afternoon of the 13th, my Third Battalion was ordered into action north of Weissenfels. Apparently the plan was for us to make an "end run", outflanking the city's defenders, thereby taking some pressure off Second Battalion, which was encountering fierce resistance to their frontal attack on the city. Unfortunately, the enemy was onto us.

I was ordered to accompany one of the rifle companies, carrying a mine detector in case mines were encountered. The battalion proceeded along a narrow blacktop road flanked on both sides by plowed fields. Infantry are always looking ahead for the next place of cover where they can have some protection from enemy fire, in this case, there seemed to be none. I'm sure I was not the only one thinking to myself, "this is not good!" An elevated railroad diagonally crossed the road ahead, making it impossible to see what lay beyond. After most of the column had cleared the railway, all hell broke loose! The enemy hit us with artillery, mortar and machine gun fire. Those of us still short of the railway quickly left the road running for cover. Discarding the mine detector as I ran, I saw others taking cover several tens of yards ahead in a shallow, partially water-filled ditch running parallel to the road. I joined them. Several mortar rounds exploded in the plowed field after we reached the ditch.

Miraculously, no one was hit by the shrapnel. As the barrage continued, most of the casualties were suffered by our Regimental Canon Company, which was pulled up behind us and were trying to get their guns in position to provide fire support for the infantry. An enemy 88-millimeter gun battery in a low hill to our left front had then in their sights. They never had a chance. A Silver Star was earned that day by Canon Company tech 5, who jumped into a burning ammunition truck and drove it way to save his buddies. The battalion remained pinned down several hours before withdrawing under the cover of darkness. Thankfully, Friday the 13th was almost over. So much for us superstition skeptics!

(Continued on Page12)



FIGHTING 69th INFANTRY DIVISION
64th ANNUAL REUNION, PITTSBURG, PA
SEPTEMBER 13-18, 2011

69TH INFANTRY DIVISION REUNION

SEPTEMBER 13 THRU 18, 2011

PITTSBURGH AIRPORT MARRIOTT HOTEL

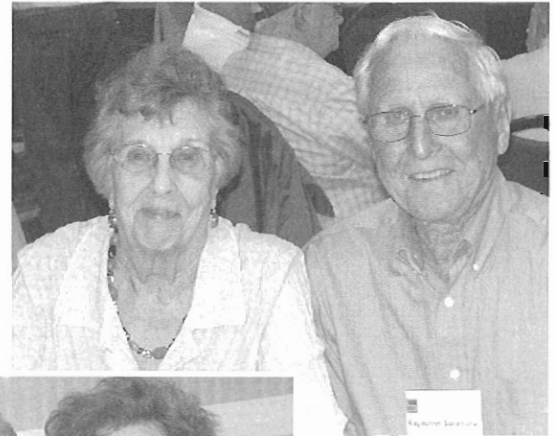
CORAOPOLIS, PENNSYLVANIA

ATTENDEES FROM THE 64TH ANNUAL REUNION

Photos sent in by **Chester Yastrzemski**, *Company E, 272nd Infantry Regiment.*



Ethel Ruck & Janet Houseal



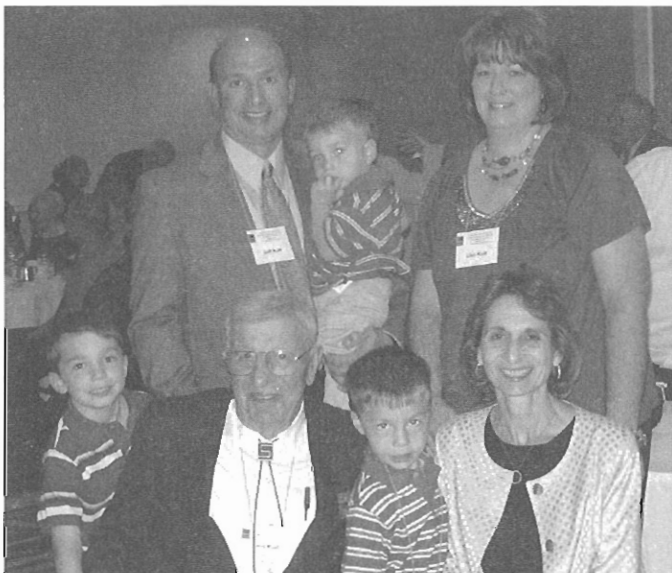
*Janet and
Raymond
Sansoucy*



Fuzzie & Lillie Spangler "gettin' in the swing!"



*Helen Williams
and Daughter,
Melinda*



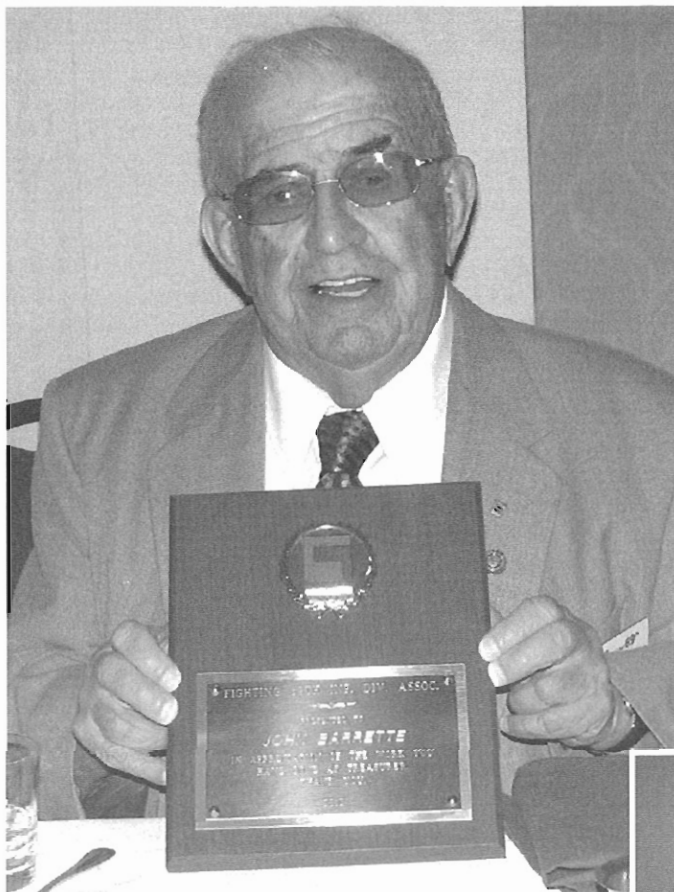
Joseph Kurt with Family



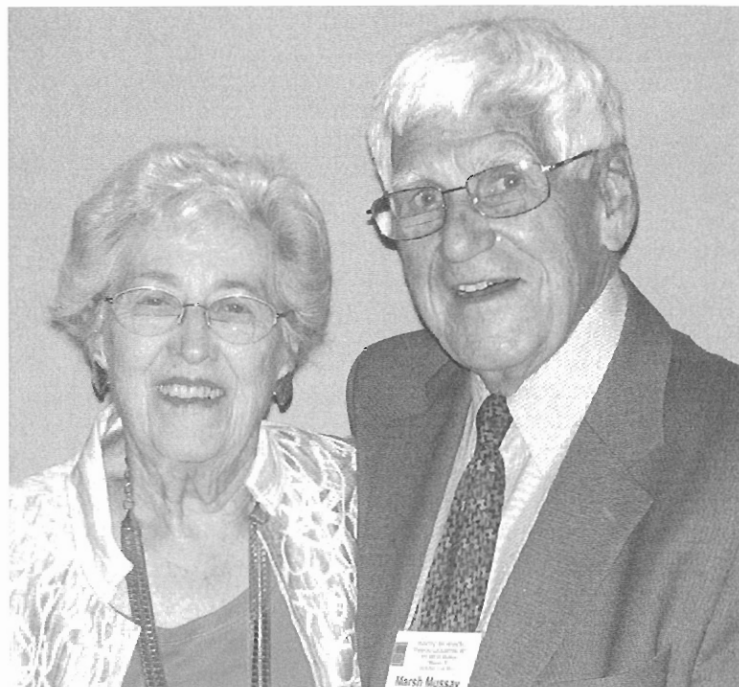
*Mary Edith
and
William Lee*



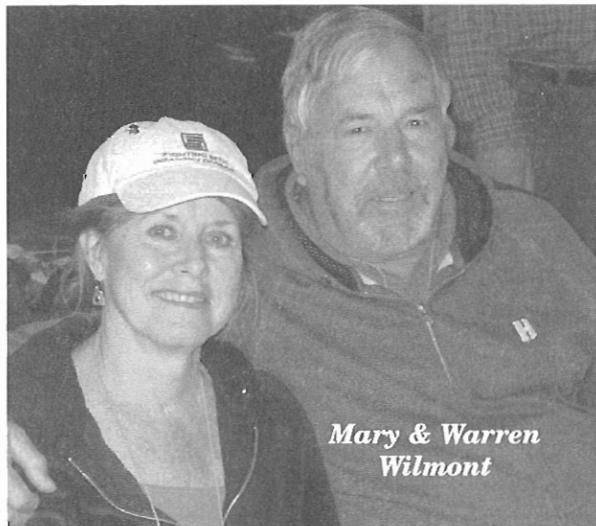
Steve, Edward and Dolly Sarcione



Treasurer, John Barrette with Plaque



June and Marsh Mussay

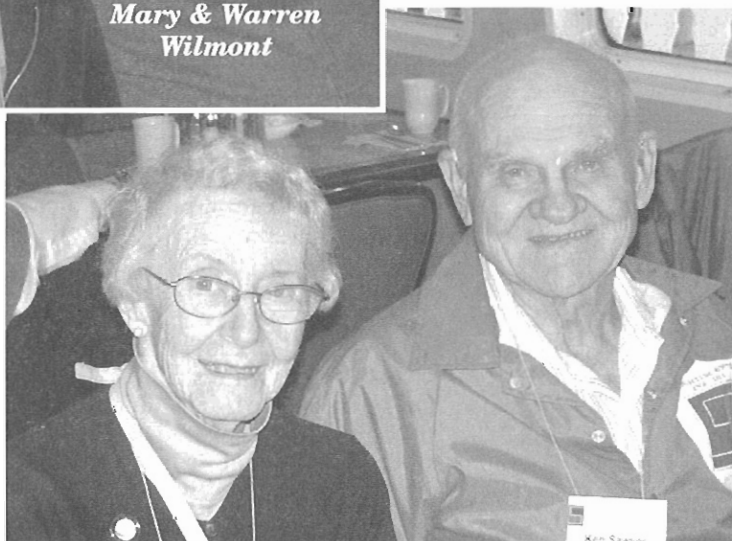


*Mary & Warren
Wilmont*



*William Sheavly, Sr.
with Family*

*Jean Ross
and
Ken Sawyer*



Plan on attending our 65th Annual Reunion upcoming in September 9th thru 16th, 2013 in Norfolk, Va. More details in next issue.

FRIDAY THE 13TH (Continued from Page 8)

Since resuming civilian life, I have always been fascinated by revelations of how the 69th Division's actions fit into the "big picture". A case in point, concerning our experiences in the Weissenfels area, I recently read a magazine entitled "After the Battle, The Battle for Leipzig", No. 130, published by Battle of Britain International Ltd. Reference is made in the account to the existence of a vast belt of enemy anti-aircraft guns, perhaps as many as 1000, forming a semi-circular arc with Leipzig in the center. The arc stretched from Bitterfeld in the northeast past Halle, Merseberg and Weissenfels to Zeitz in the southeast. Although the ring of big guns appeared to be part of the air defenses of Leipzig, they were actually deployed to protect a number of synthetic fuel plants, according to the above mentioned publication. This jibes with my recollection of responses from German civilians to our questions about the purpose of some large "cooking pot" looking installations in the area. The German said they were to confuse night-bombing Allied aircraft as to the locations of the refinery.

According to the British magazine, existence of the "flak belt" was well known among Allied air crews, but no one thought to warn our ground forces. We will probably never know why, but one could speculate that it may be that the "fly boys" did not realize that most of these were dual purpose guns, i.e., they were equally effective against ground targets. For whatever reason, they came as an unpleasant surprise to our entire V Corps, including the 69th, as it led the First Army's drive to the east. After reading the magazine, I knew the circumstances which set the stage for that Friday the 13th so long ago. The good news was that once these gun batteries were located, they were "neutralized", enabling us to move past Weissenfels and continue our push eastward.

Rudy Leyrer~Off to War

Submitted By: **Hanson Meyer**

Grandson of **Rudy Leyrer**

Company H, 273rd Regiment, 2nd Battalion, 69th Div.

Email: hansonmeyer@yahoo.com

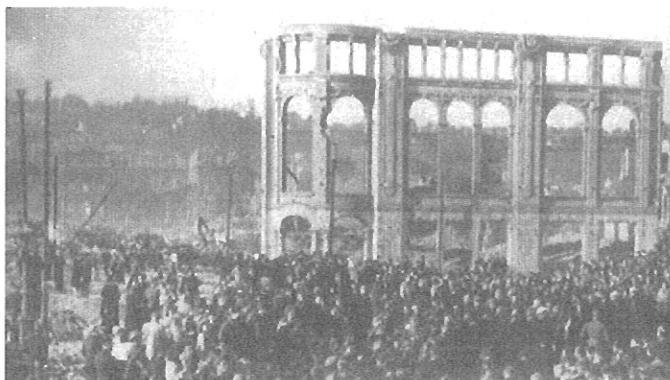
I am working on writing my grandfather's biography; his name is **Rudy Leyrer** and he was a member of Company H, 2nd Battalion, 273rd Regiment of the 69th Infantry Division, if he were alive today he would be attending the Reunion. There is a section of the book which focuses on **Rudy's** military service and I had a couple of questions regarding the Fighting 69th.

I am attaching a chapter of the book regarding his military service from late 1944 to early 1946. Some of this may sound familiar to you and I thought it might be interesting for your readers to hear his perspective.

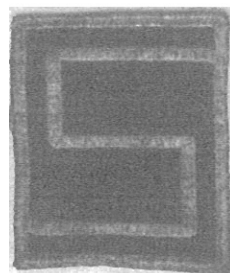
Thank you for your time in assisting me in my endeavor to get his facts as accurate as possible.

The ship we were on was a converted luxury liner and somewhat larger than the SS Hamburg on which I had crossed the Atlantic in 1936. Further, the ocean stayed relatively calm throughout the trip. Except for meals and toilet needs, I stayed in my bunk and read or watched the crap shooters, who had a game going on the floor below my bunk. Consequently, I staved off seasickness. We disembarked at Liverpool on the west coast of England and then traveled by train through

the night to Southampton. There we boarded an LCT (Landing Craft Tanks) for the short trip across the English Channel...We spent the first night on the continent in a small tent city near the pretty well destroyed city of Le Havre. The next morning, we were loaded onto trucks which delivered us to a town called Givet. There we were housed in an old glue factory. The Givet facility served as a replacement depot and numbers of men would leave daily to join whatever unit to which they were assigned. On the second day in Givet, I was sent to Soissons to become a member of the 2nd Battalion, 273rd regiment of the 69th division.



Le Havre, France in late 1944



Rudy's division was known as the infamous "Fighting 69th" Infantry Regiment. The Fighting 69th wore a patch on their shoulder which was a white bordered square with interlocking white bordered numerals, red 6 and blue 9.

His division also wore another patch which represented the American Headquarters for the European Theater of Operations. All American soldiers in that area of Europe between February 25, 1944 and February 28, 1946 wore this patch. The patch has thunderbolts which form the letter "V", the "Victory" symbol, common to both the British and United States forces. The Army Service Forces insignia, blue five-pointed star upon white, refers to the supply function of the organization.



Our division was to relieve the 29th, which had suffered heavy casualties during the German December offensive. We moved toward our positions on January 20. On the road leading from the small city of Spa to the beginning of the Ardennes forest, we observed truckloads of dead Americans being hauled to the rear. Here and there we would see corpses, artillery pieces and burned out tanks, both American and German, partially buried by snow. The men of the 29th were happy to see us and before nightfall, we had moved into their foxholes and dug-outs. In the course of the first week, there was only sporadic action. However, in the course of the first week, I was ordered to report to battalion headquarters (HQ). Some letters had been taken from a dead German and HQ wanted its contents interpreted. The two letters were from the soldier's wife. One was a recent letter, the other over three weeks old. What I read was heart wrenching.

(Continued on Page 13)

OFF TO WAR (Continued from Page 12)

The man's home was in western Austria and also had two children just as I did. His wife reported that all was well at home, that the children missed their daddy and ended one of the letters by pleading with him not to try to become a hero. The letters, obviously, had no military value.

We remained in our position in the forest for nearly two weeks. During this whole period, a steady rain was falling. The nights were miserably cold, our clothes never dried completely. We could build no fires and often had to eat cold "C" rations. Cold pork and beans out of a can is truly no delicacy. By then, I had befriended a fellow from Detroit by the name of **George Hottum**. George was married and had a baby boy. While we were in the woods, he told me several times that if things ever reached a point where he thought he may get killed that he'd do something about it. Anyway, we were happy to get out of the woods. With the help of some supportive artillery, we moved out and took a hill overlooking a small village. After dark we were ordered to dig in. This hill consisted of nearly solid rock. I worked all night to produce a hole large enough to accommodate my body, pack and rifle. Beginning the following morning, the Germans began to pound our hill with artillery which they kept up all day. We were unable to leave our holes until after dark. During the night there was only sporadic rifle and machine gun fire, so we managed to get some sleep. When I called for **George** in the morning, I got no answer. Soon one of the fellows, whose hole was closer to **George's** than mine, told me that in the middle of the night **George** had accidentally shot himself through the foot while cleaning his rifle. He'd been taken to the aid station and may be gone for a while. None of us ever saw him again. Much later we heard that **George** ended up in a hospital in Paris, later became an MP and finished the war in London. I wrote him after I'd gotten home again, but never received an answer.

Shortly thereafter, we got off the rocky hill and moved into the Siegfried Line. A number of us lived in one of the concrete bunkers, which seemed like first class accommodations after living in foxholes for weeks. From there we moved rather rapidly and with few casualties, until we were within a short distance of the Rhine. One of our armored divisions captured the still intact bridge at Remagen and the first American troops were on the east bank of the Rhine. A few days later, I was promoted to Instrument Corporal. This put me in charge of radio communications with other units of our division. Not much later, when our drive toward Leipzig (which was our divisions target) gained momentum, I was given a Jeep and a driver. The radio was very powerful and also had commercial band. During quiet periods, I would pick up British broadcasts and listen to good swing music.

By early April, German resistance had started to crumble. Sometimes we would take two villages or towns in one day. It now became my job to question whatever civilian official we could get our hands on. My leaders wanted to know what German units were in the area and what equipment they had. On several occasions, in the course of such questioning, I would be asked what kind of treatment we would give disarmed soldiers if they wanted to surrender. Naturally, I would give assurance that they would become prisoners

and would be taken to the rear. After I finished questioning, these individuals would disappear and shortly would reappear with sometimes large numbers of very young or very old soldiers. I wish now that I had kept count, but am certain that the number of prisoners "taken" in this fashion was in the hundreds.

On the 18th of April, we reached the outskirts of Leipzig, then, the fourth largest city in Germany. With the help of the 2nd Division, we surrounded the city making all escape impossible, and, on the morning of the 19th, we moved in. The Germans fought fiercely and we suffered many casualties. During this action, I had to strap the radio to my back. The rifle platoon to which I attached myself moved toward the city center via an alley which paralleled the main street, and was separated only by rows of houses. The Germans retreated, but grudgingly. By nightfall, we had advanced only as far as the cemetery. We were ordered to hold for the night. At that point in time, we now were the most advanced body of American troops in the city. Since I needed a place to set up my communications system, I choose a small, only lightly damaged building at the entrance of the cemetery. It turned out to be the public restroom. I was soon joined by the company commander and two of our lieutenants. The "John" became company headquarters. Minutes later, I was instructed to run telephone wires across the street where the colonel had set up his headquarters in a rather nice house. By now there was a full moon. The rather broad street was bathed in moonlight. I tied my wire to a fence post, grabbed my wire roll and ran full tilt to the other side of the street. When I got into the house I made my connection to their telephone and then retraced my steps only at a somewhat greater speed. Early the next morning, five fellows attached to battalion headquarters started to cross the street to meet with us in the cemetery. As they reached the center of the street, they were wiped out by machine gun fire. These Germans had been dug in less than 50 yards from the cemetery gate (and our headquarters) and could have knocked me off at any point the night before. We later figured that they did not want to give their position away for just one man, me...



Rudy and some of his buddies outside the Leipzig Zoo just after the city fell.

After some extended house-to-house fighting, the city surrendered early on the afternoon of April 20, 1945. Since this happened to be sister Dolores' birthday, I wrote a letter that night "giving her the city as a birthday present". The other person who also celebrated a birthday that day, Adolf Hitler, was less

(Continued on Page 14)

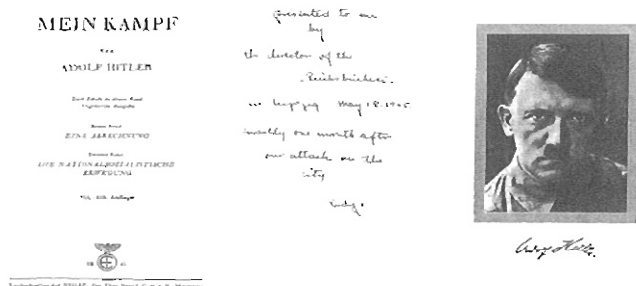
OFF TO WAR (Continued from Page 13)

thrilled with losing Leipzig. In fact, later in the day I picked up a speech by Goebbles on my radio in which he condemned the citizens and troops who had surrendered the city as cowards of the rankest kind.



A month later, I was assigned to regimental headquarters. Our colonel and some "light" general wanted to go to the "Battle of Nations" memorial (pictured above) and check it out. What we found there was rather surprising. This huge monument, commemorating the final battle of Napoleon, at its base, is the size of a city block. Further, it has three subterranean stories. These underground floors looked like giant warehouses. As it turned out, this location represented shelter for virtually all the books from every library in Germany. The Director of the Reichsbücherei, the man in charge, was a slender man in his sixties. When our contingent showed up with all of us armed to the teeth, we nearly scared the poor man to death. Not necessarily afraid for himself, but rather for his huge treasurer of books. When I gave him assurance that we only wanted to look around, he gushed with gratitude. As we got ready to leave after at least a three hour tour, he thanked me profusely and I saw fit to ask him for a favor. He told me he would give me anything. Well, I asked him for a copy of Hitler's "Mein Kampf" and he was happy to present it to me.

Following the capture of Leipzig, our battalion was



put in reserve and the first and third battalions were put into action. Our company was transported to a little village south of Leipzig called Grötsch. There, with the mandatory cooperation of the mayor, I cleared several houses so as to provide quarters for our troops. This had been my chore ever since we entered Germany. After we got settled, we organized softball teams, and in all, had a good time for several days.

In the meantime, the Russians were coming ever closer to their targets, Berlin and the Elbe River. There existed, for a short period of time, a sort of no-man's-land between us and the advancing Russians.

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT EDITION

First Allied Airborne Army

Submitted by: **Chet Yastrzemski**

Company E, 272nd

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Southampton, NY 11968

I was transferred from the 29th Infantry Division in October of 1945 to Berlin, Germany. There I was assigned to the 269th Military Police Company of the 1st Airborne Army. We were under the command of OMGUS (Office Military Government, United States). There were about 75 men in our company and many had served with the 69th Infantry Division.

We lived in three private homes (our so called barracks), we used the facilities of the former barracks of Hitler's personal troops, the SS Wehrmacht which was located in the "Steglitz" section of Berlin on Berlstrasse. We had female German civilians to do the waitress work, although the cooks were male soldiers.

We wore the insignia of the airborne on our uniforms and on our caps (including jump boots). Our side-arm for duty was the .45 cal. Colt Automatic. We were trained on the .12 gauge shotgun and the .45 cal. Thompson machine gun. I taught other members of our company the break-down of the .45 automatic due to the fact that I was a bazooka man for a while and carried the .45 as my side-arm. We were also taught the use of the baton both as an offensive and defensive weapon.

Berlin was divided into a four power base by the United States, Russia, France and Great Britain. As military policemen we would have problems with the Russian Army who had the habit of speeding through our zone without using any precaution for their acts. When I had left Berlin in April of 1945 our policemen had eliminated six of the Russian soldiers. There really was no problem about the shooting. Our commanding officer would contact the Russian Army and have them come and pick up the bodies. Strange as it might sound the Russian soldier was allowed to carry arms with him but we weren't allowed to carry any arms. I had traded my German Luger with one of our sergeants for a .25 Komt automatic which I carried inside my Ike jacket.

Our main duties in Berlin were mainly connected with the Telefunken Building which had become barracks for the 78th Infantry Division. Also located in Berlin was the 82nd Airborne Division. We had control of those that entered or exited the buildings. My first duty in Berlin was to sit inside the main entrance as information officer to give advice and directions inside the compound. We checked out all civilians who worked in the mess hall and other facilities. All vehicles were checked out that exited the compound for a trip ticket. Those not having a trip ticket were impounded and our Lieutenant would contact their commanding officer to come with a proper trip ticket and the vehicle would be released to him.

We had a U.S. Berlin Stockade District that housed many American soldiers that were to be tried for most military violations. We had two buildings in the impound area and one of our policemen would walk between the two buildings carrying a .45 cal. Thompson machine gun.

(Continued on Page 15)

1ST ALLIED AIRBORNE (Continued from Page 14)

We had four towers on each corner of the compound about twenty feet in height, where the guard would also control the compound and guard the prisoners with the machine gun. The .12 gauge shotgun was also used to guard these prisoners as they double-timed their way to the mess hall for their three meals. The motto of our commanding officer was that should a guard allow anyone to escape he would be put under detention until they were returned. Sadly to say, three of our prisoners did escape and in trying to capture them two of our military policemen were killed. We searched Berlin and two of the three escapees were killed by our policemen. I was on duty the day they interrogated the third escapee and believe me instant justice was given to this escapee by my fellow policemen and I had to endure the torture that was meted out to this escapee.

I had spent my second Christmas celebration away from home in Berlin in 1945 the other being in Winchester, England, in 1944. At this point in time in England the 69th supplied 2,500 or our buddies to the front lines to fight in the Battle of the Bulge.

Our military police company had a night-club about one block from our headquarters. We named the building "The Low Pointers Club". We were entertained by German musicians whom we would pick up and return them to their homes. German females were invited to partake our favorite drink of cognas and coke. Beer was also one of our favorites. Whenever we needed supplies we would contact the quartermaster and they would send out a truck to pick up the supplies.

There were many areas of Berlin that we had to guard including the heating facilities, Telefunken access to the area, Provost Marshall's office. We also had the responsibility of picking up German females to take them to the dispensary to have them checked for infectious diseases. In my last month of duties with the 269th, I was made a mail clerk, I was assigned a jeep of my own and I would take the Lieutenant to all parts of Berlin. Those on sick call I would take to the dispensary. Our main Post Office in Berlin was located at Tempelhof Airport. I would deliver our mail to the airport and pick up mail from home for our policemen. To make extra money our members would buy air-mail stamps by the sheets and send them home for cash by their relatives. On my days off I would take the jeep and ride around Berlin. My favorite destination was the American Red Cross Building and the theatre, "Titania Palast". This was our main source of watching movies. We watched some good stage shows from New York. One of the main events was the championship boxing match between the European Theatre and the Mediterrean Theatre. I was watching the matches when I turned around and saw this soldier coming across the chairs and grab me by the arm. It turned out to be **Ed Kowalski** from Michigan with whom I had taken basic training with at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

In April of 1946 my days in Berlin would end as my travels took me to Camp Lucky Strike in Le Havre, France. I ended up at Fort Dix, New Jersey, for my discharge on May. 6, 1946.

A Day To Remember

Submitted By: **Gustav (Gus) R. Wiemann**
Company L, 274th Infantry Division
7126 Canella Court
Tamarack, FL 33321

Have you ever been in a job that you hated but were not allow to quit? In my case my employer was the United States Army when I was eighteen years old.

My first day I was to report for KP or kitchen police not later than six o'clock in the morning. Someone was to find me in the darkened barracks by a towel tied to the foot of my bunk or bed.

On the assigned morning an unfriendly person approached me as I slept. Shining a flashlight into my face, he muttered, "Rise and shine, **Wiemann**."

I was able to dress in the dark as I had laid out my uniform and coat on the footlocker next to my shoes the night before. Until I learned the way to the kitchen, I depended on the waning light of the moon to guide me through the rows of barracks. Another challenge was snow drifts to climb as it was the middle of the winter.

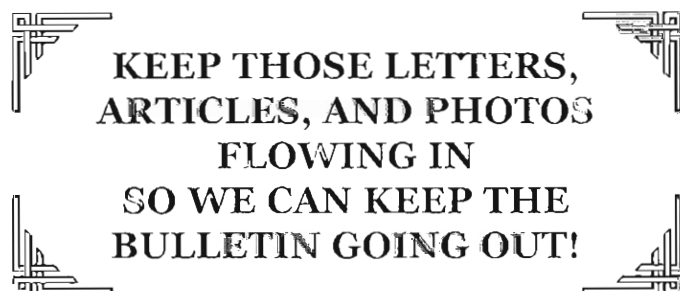
When I finally found the kitchen the mess sergeant, a burly baritone, said, "Okay, follow me. I'll show you what to do." Guiding me through the long mess hall, he took me to a stainless-steel sink filled with several large and dirty pots.

"You see them pots? We're going to need them soon. Empty what's in them and scrub them clean with the scouring pads next to the sink. When you're finished with that, take some scrambled eggs, toast and coffee from the serving line. You'll have to eat in a hurry because I'll open the door in a few minutes and they'll be burstin' in. You'll be serving scrambled eggs."

After I swallowed my breakfast the sergeant opened the doors and an avalanche of noisy GIs charged onto the serving line holding out their mess gear to the servers.

Later, after I had peeled potatoes for a few hours, washed more pots, stood on the serving line for lunch and dinner, the sergeant said, "You can go now."

As I trudged back to the barracks I noticed the moon was guiding me again. One lesson I learned that day for the rest of my life: When you dine, appreciate those who toil in the kitchen.



69TH INFANTRY DIVISION REUNION

SEPTEMBER 13 THRU 18, 2011

PITTSBURGH AIRPORT MARRIOTT HOTEL

CORAOPOLIS, PENNSYLVANIA

MORE MEMORIES FROM THE 64TH ANNUAL REUNION

Photos sent in by **Chester Yastrzemski**, *Company E, 272nd Infantry Regiment.*

With Contributing photos from **Larry Crowe**



Our Officers and Board Members



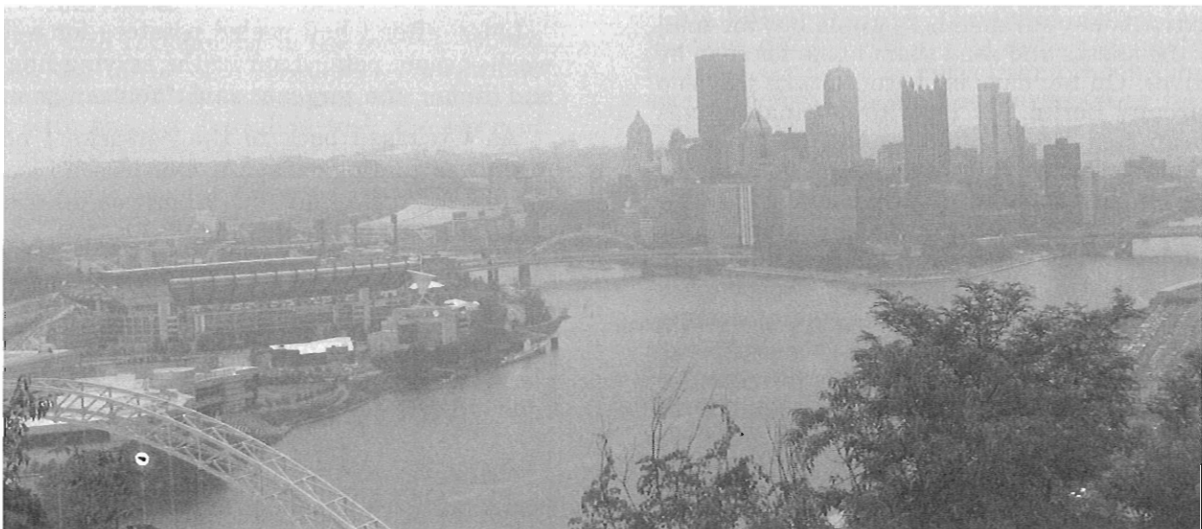
View of the City as seen from the bridge coming from the airport.



Honor Guard



Station Square



The Point as seen from Mount Washington

Donation to Pittsburgh Heinz VA Hospital



*Paul and Dottie Shadle at the Pittsburgh Reunion:
Delivering lap robes, slippers, and puzzles to Karen
Cinnamon of the VA Pittsburgh Healthcare System*

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
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E-Mail - Dottie: danne345@comcast.net
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*Membership Chairman Paul Shadle
and Editor, Dottie Shadle*

partnering in veteran-centered care



VA PITTSBURGH HEALTHCARE SYSTEM
University Drive
Pittsburgh, PA 15240
412.688.6000
www.pittsburgh.va.gov

October 25, 2011

In Reply Refer To: 646A/118VA
11C1295

World War 2nd War Veterans
69th Infantry Division
Mr. Paul Shadle
PO BOX 4069
New Kensington, PA 15068

Dear Mr. Shadle:

On behalf of the Pittsburgh Heinz patients and staff, we would like to extend our appreciation to you for your donation of lap robes, slippers and puzzles for our veterans. Your thoughtfulness reflects the concern that you feel for our veterans and for the service they provided to all of us while in service to our country.

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

Thank you for your continued support.

Sincerely,

Karen Cinnamon, CAVS
Program Leader, Voluntary and Recreation Therapy

In accordance with VHA Directive 4729, we are required to state "The Department of Veterans Affairs did not provide you, the donor, any goods or services in consideration in whole or part for your contribution."

We hope you had a Happy Holiday season. We now wish you a Happy New Year. The reunion in Pittsburgh is now history and I hope all of the attendees had an enjoyable time. The attendance was a little low but we understand that health reasons are part of the problem.

Some of you may already know that **William & Dorothea Duncan** had to leave early due to **William's** health. We are sorry to report that **William** passed away shortly after returning home.

We are working on the 2012 reunion to be held in Norfolk Virginia, September 9 thru 16. We hope we will have a nice turnout for this reunion. Details will follow in the next bulletin.

If you are **NO LONGER** interested in receiving the Bulletin in the future, please let us know.

If you are still interested in receiving the Bulletin, please make sure your **dues are paid in full** and are up to date.

Greetings From the Next Generation Group

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



Officers of the Next Generation: L-R: Treasurer Bill Lee, Co. C 777 TB, GA, Secretary Jeanne Parsons, Co. A 272nd, NC, Vice President Tom Slopek, 661st TD, and President Bill Sheavly, Co. M 271st, VA

NEXT GENERATION ELECTS OFFICERS: At the Pittsburgh Reunion, The Next Generation Group, after several years of formative activities, has elected its first set of Officers and Board. The new officers are:

William H. Sheavly, President

Tom Slopek, Vice President

Bill Lee, Treasurer

Jean Parsons, Secretary

In addition, **Jim Brittain** was elected to serve on the Board of Directors in an advisory capacity. Immediately following the election, the first order of business was the approval of the new Constitution and By-Laws which passed successfully. The Constitution and By-Laws had been a work in progress for the past two years. The primary writers of the documents had been **Ross Duff** and **George West** with the final edit being done by **Jeanne Parsons** and **Bill Sheavly**. Both documents provide a working framework for the new organization and help clarify their Goals and Objectives. The Steering Committee, who had served as the organizing leadership and was organized in Nashville, was officially discharged by the new officers with the grateful appreciation of the entire membership.

NEXT ORGANIZATIONAL PHASE: The next phase for the Next Generation Group is the application for status as a 501 (C) (3) non profit organization. Achieving this status will give the Next Generation Group some significant tax advantages as they raise funds going forward. In addition, we will be investing some capital into some new software which will help us keep our organization and membership organized making contacting our membership easier.

Record reunion souvenir sales! The Next Gen Group had record sales this year in Pittsburgh with a wide variety of new items. One of the most popular items was a new Teddy Bear with the 69th Logo and "The Next Generation Group" printed on the Tee Shirt. It seems that grandparents and parents are helping to work on a "Next Next" Generation! Also popular this year was the upgraded apparel from Land's End.

Special thanks goes out to **Jeanne Parsons** who, working from the Next Generation Office in Virginia Beach, spearheaded the effort to raise the quality of our apparel with embroidered shirts from Land's End. These shirts, ranging from oxford broadcloth, nice enough to wear to a business meeting, to oversized rugby shirts that will be comfy on a cold winter night. Also, for the second year in a row, our silent auction of donated items was a huge success raising another \$200 for the organization.

Reunion attendees were treated to a wide variety of board games, courtesy of the Next Generation Group, to be shared in the Hospitality room. In addition to board games, decks of cards were supplied and from the sounds of all the laughter as games were won, the games were a huge success and lots of fun! The Next Generation Group will continue to supply these wonderful games for everyone to enjoy while they sit around the tables and enjoy each others company.

Possible tour to Europe? There has been quite a bit of interest on having another tour to Europe, and The Next Generation Group's Vice President, **Tom Slopek** has already taken the lead on organizing such a tour through Jao Frietas and American Express. Very preliminary discussion would be that it would be in 2013 sometime and most likely in the 7 to 10 day range hitting most important points along the way. We are very early in the planning stages, but start saving your money for an amazing tour following the route that our fathers and grandfathers took!

Finally, a Big Thank you! The next Generation Group would like to say thank you to **Bob Crowe**, the 69th Association immediate Past President, for his words of support over the past two years for our organization. **Thanks Bob for your support for our efforts.**

The Next Generation Group thanks all members of the 69th Infantry Division Association for their generous encouragement and support in assisting our organization to achieve our many goals and initiative. And Thanks to all reunion attendees who came by our table not only to buy our souvenirs but to join our organization, and to offer their moral support. Our membership is now over 200 and growing every day, and we thank everyone for standing behind us.

MOVING?
Please let
Paul Shadle,
Membership Chairman
Know Your New Address
You can contact him at:
P.O. Box 4069
New Kensington, PA 15068
or
Phone: 724/335-9980



“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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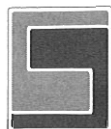
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Anti-Tank - 273rd



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"Ladies' Taps"



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Co. H - 271st

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Co. B - 881st

Mrs. Edith Kaiser
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Wife of Carl Kaiser
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Battle of the Bulge Memorial

Submitted By: **Peter Fiarella**
Company HS, 879th
18 Lynbrook Court, Staten Island, NY 10309

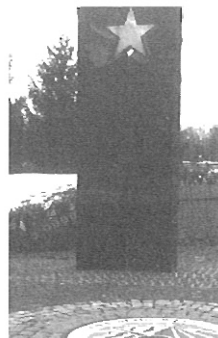
I received the bulletin Vol. 65 No.1 today, my wife and I (68 years married) look forward to receiving them. It brings back many memories of Camp Shelby and Hattiesburg, Miss., until I was shipped out after basic training to Camp Carson, CO. From there I was shipped back to the east coast. Then to England, France, Belgium, Germany, I fought in the Battle of the Bulge.

I'm now a member and Board member of the Battle of the Bulge, Chapter 52, Staten Island, NY. (am sending a few pictures of the memorial)

I have kept in contact with the men of the 879th over the years, such as Balsamo, Fletcher, the Kormas' and Bruce Young (which today brings great sorrow in reading of his passing, R.I.P. Bruce).



engraved on the backside and tying them together is a special glass star which glows celestial blue during the day and a shimmering gold in low light at dusk. The light cobblestones circling the logo were donated by the people of Belgium and Luxembourg. Each having special markings.



Plaza of the Battle of the Bulge, Wolfe's Pond Park, Staten Island, NY. The memorial are two black granite pylons with the names of all the divisions

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