

7th Inf. Regt. Battle Patrol – World War II

by Norman L. Myhra

I was born on a dairy farm in Central Wisconsin in 1925 and was drafted into the Army in April, 1943. After infantry training in the Southern part of the United States, I was sent over to North Africa, landing in Oran. From there I was sent to Italy where they were in need of replacements. Then I was sent to the Anzio Beachhead where I joined Company B, 7th Infantry, 3rd Division. After doing battle there and through the breakout in May, 1944, we moved to occupy Rome. After our Division arrived in Rome on June 3, 1944, we stayed in a city park for a few days and then were sent a few miles North of Naples to train for our next action.

This is where I volunteered for the 7th Infantry Battle Patrol. Our unit was made up of all volunteers and numbered around 150 men. We were equipped with a lot of firepower for a small unit. They told us that we had almost the same firepower as an infantry battalion, with light machine guns, 60MM mortars, BARs, tommy guns, grease guns, MI's and carbines. Our training included a lot of forced marches and landings from LCT's off the Italian Coast.

In August, we were taken to the harbor in Naples and were all loaded into LSTs for our next action. We traveled along the Italian Coast and then between the Islands of Corsica and Sardinia, heading for Southern France. As we were waiting for our convoy to assemble, we were allowed to swim in the Mediterranean Sea by opening the landing craft doors of our LST. Of course, we all had to wear life jackets while swimming. On the way up to Southern France, a British destroyer came by us and a little short fat guy in a Naval uniform was waving like crazy with both arms at us and we were close enough to see a man with a very large cigar. He was Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of England.

The morning of the invasion of Southern France was August 15, 1944. Our job was to go on the first wave and clear the beach for the rest of the regiment. We slept anywhere we could the night before the invasion and I slept in the forward 40MM anti-aircraft gun position.

After I traveled about a mile down this path, I ran into some prima-cord that was strung up in some bushes along each side of the path and it exploded when I ran up against it waist high with my MI rifle.

When I woke up, about every gun on every type of ship was firing away at the invasion area where we and battle patrols from the other two regiments were supposed to land. When I woke up, most of the other members of our battle patrol were going over the side of the LST, going down the ropes into the landing craft. So I grabbed all my equipment and went over the side with all the others. Another few more minutes and I would have missed my boat. Once aboard we circled the area, then we all headed for the beach at the same time. We hit the beach at the Bay of Cavalaire at 8:00 AM.

There wasn't too much action in the area where our battle patrol landed. However, there were a lot of land mines and booby traps in that area. I remember that there was a railroad running along the beach, then there was a road, and up on the hills what looked like pill boxes and I believe they were firing at us. So it was either move ahead or get killed by enemy artillery. So I headed for the hills down a path with a musette bag on my back full of rifle grenades, hand grenades were hanging all over the front of me and I was equipped with a MI rifle with a grenade launcher on the end of it. After I traveled about a mile down this path, I ran into some prima-cord that was strung up in some bushes along each side of the path and it exploded when I ran up against it waist high with my MI rifle. Both of my hands were torn to shreds and I headed back for some medical help. I never knew what hit me at the time, but one of the other members of the patrol told me later what I hit. I was also told that when I hit the booby trap, the whole field blew up in front of me. I believe that I was the only one that got hit, as I was the lead man in our patrol at the time. I walked back to the beach area, looking for some help. I found a medical corpsman, but he was no help to me at all. When I got back to the beach

area, I was picked up by a landing craft and taken back to an LST that was waiting to unload its cargo on the beach.

Later I was told that when I was brought aboard the LST, I was on a stretcher all covered up, so not much of my body was in view. They let me lay there until later in the day as they thought I was a German prisoner. Then I was told later that one of the reasons that I didn't bleed to death was because the explosion was so great that it swelled up my arms and this stopped most of the bleeding. I was lucky that the ship they took me to had a doctor and Navy medic who was a registered nurse. The ship went back to Naples, and I was put in an Army General Hospital after a five day trip. This was in an area where the Olympics were to be held before the war.

Within several weeks I was flown back to the States, and ended up in Percy Jones General Hospital in Battle Creek, Michigan. Between several operations on the LST, a few more in Naples, then in Percy Jones General Hospital for a total of seven operations, I was discharged on May 8, 1945. I returned to Wisconsin, used part of my GI Bill for a business education, got married, moved up into the Central part of the State where I was born. Then I worked in direct sales, insurance, got elected to the State Legislature, was appointed Postmaster to a large office, served many years on the Wisconsin Board of Veterans Affairs and retired in 1986. I'm still active in many of the Veterans organizations including our 3rd Division Society and our County Veterans Service Commission.

The Navy doctor and medic that helped me when I got wounded said that of what they knew about medical science, wasn't supposed to have made it with the type of wounds that I received on the invasion of

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MEMOIRS OF WORLD WAR I

by

Sgt. James J. Webster

Serial Number 2341040

Medical Detachment

1st Battalion

Fourth Infantry

Third Division

American Expeditionary Forces

May 9, 1917 to August 29, 1919

Copied by his nephew, Jack Conway
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The First Battalion by midnight had occupied MONT ST.PERE capturing fifteen prisoners. The First Battalion spent that night in the front line at MONT ST. PERE. The next morning the First battalion took up the advance, moving northeast. Considerable opposition was met but a steady advance was maintained. Two machine guns and a field piece (77mm) were captured.

While in MONT ST.PERE the Germans tried to hit us in this town but it couldn't be done, although they knew we were there, because the town was built on the face of a cliff, the shells would go over every time. We stayed here over night and started onward the next morning.

Before leaving the town, a soldier was getting a drink of water out of a spring that was at a crossroad and as he turned back to the town, a German sniper got him. Shot through the mouth. Private Ball, a medical man of whom I spoke of in the early part of this pamphlet, courageously, but foolishly rushed out to get him. He was too heavy for Ball to lift. He called to me to help. I was watching him and for the moment forgot myself and did the same foolish thing subjecting myself to the sniper. We both carried him away but it was no use as the body was getting cold.

Jack's note: As mentioned earlier it was standard practice to map a crossroad not only for artillery but by snipers who used high powered rifles with scopes zeroed in on a likely prominent feature that might be used by enemy soldiers such as a stream for drinking water, food left on the road, etc.. It was also usual practice by the sniper to fire at anyone who tried to rescue or treat someone that had been hit. The chances of hitting any rescuers would be very high.

Going up the hill in our attack near a road, I kept close to Major Roy Smyth of the First Battalion, a brave and more fearless man never wore the uniform of Uncle Sam. I would gladly follow that man through Hell. His daring and courageous spirit was so conspicuous that if you were afraid his acting would make you follow him. And every man of the First Battalion, 4th Infantry, thought the same. Our Battalion like every other one had their bad

men, that is, when in the rear they would always be in the Mill or Guard House but up front seem to be excellent soldiers. Major Smyth was the only man that our set of bad men feared because they knew Major Smyth could not be trifled with as he would do what he said he would do. Major Smyth was six feet tall, weighing about 200 pounds, all good stuff, and every inch a man. He would always lead his men and never sent them where he himself wouldn't go. His favorite saying was "Come on, follow me". Lieut. Roach was close behind and would yell to me to stay near him but every chance I got I was near Major Smyth, I actually loved the man. I jumped into a shell hole with him and several others just as the Boche machine guns commenced to bark and lucky for us they (the bullets) went over our heads. P-s-s-s-s P-s-s-s-s-s P-s-s-s-s-s was the sound they made when they passed.

Jack's Note: The probable reason that Sgt. Webster stayed close to Major Smyth and why Lieut. Roach wanted him close was that Sgt. Webster would be able to treat them quickly if they were wounded.

A little further up the road a wounded soldier had to be dressed and it fell to my lot to do it. He was dying but I thought he had a chance. Lieut. Roach said not so, and told me to cover him and let him alone. About 15 minutes later I went back to him and he was still breathing. Whether he lived or died is a question.

Finally after much opposition we got to the top of the hill and we chanced to pass a batch of undergrowth which told a tale of Patrol fighting. Three Germans and two Americans laid dead close together. We were being depleted rapidly in the ranks due to shell shock, wounded, killed and to other conditions that come with war, but we kept on. We slept in the woods for the night. Sleep was a joke as we only got Cat Naps when we could, day or night. We were always on the push. Early the next day I wrote a letter to my folks in a little foxhole that was built by a German. It will give you a good idea of my condition.

*July 26, 1918 letter to my folks
My Dear Mother and Father,*

The first thing that I should do in this letter is to excuse myself for writing in pencil but I am in such a position that I can't get any ink. You should see me. I look like I was shot at and missed. Whiskers on my

face and clothes half torn off of me, which happens to be the way with all of us, but as soon as we are relieved we will be outfitted again. It would be foolish to give us good clothes where we are. You have to rough it and you can bet we are doing it. In spite of this the spirit of the boys is good, their main object is to end this war and I sincerely believe that the chances are getting better every day.

If I ever get out of this war alive as I feel I will, it will because of Mother's prayers. You know as how the Germans were stopped then pushed back, what part I had in that and I am taking at the writing of this letter I can't state, but it will bear telling when the time comes for us to return home. You may talk about your former war but I think this beats all. My nerves are good yet and if they don't go back on me then I will be O.K. for that is what you need about you in this war, nerves.

The boys are doing excellent fighting that is true but the papers don't tell half and the folks won't know much about it until the boys come home they will make you sit up in amazement.

Your Obedient Son

Sergeant Higbe, of whom I spoke of before became sick of the affair and had to be taken back. It fell to my lot to do it just as I had finished the above letter. I must frankly say that nothing ailed Higbe but he was playing safe like a good many of the men did, especially the self styled old soldier. While going back with Higbe he appeared normal but when I got him to the Regimental Aid Station there was couple of boys who were really shell shocked, and would jerk their bodies, over which they had no control. This was due to shell shock. When Higbe saw this he jerked too. Higbe was the Top Sergeant at the time of Company "A". He must have been sent back to a hospital and they saw he was faking for they sent him right back, but we were relieved by that time. He became a cook. Another soldier of Higbe's class having high honors for Expert Marksmanship and long service, actually sat down and cried and said he couldn't stand it. He didn't give it a trial. He also became a cook.

The same day (July 23rd) we went out of the woods into a wheat field, the wheat the Germans thought they would send back to their people at home. I saw where one of

our shells got a German machine gun nest. It killed four outright and the fifth one was moaning. I gave him some water and rendered first aid to him He was hit in the small of the back and had an internal hemorrhage, every time we moved him blood would pour out. I undid his pack and put his overcoat over him for a blanket. It was a good thing because it rained very heavy that night and his overcoat was a protection. Oh yes we got wet. I also gave him a little water and left some with him. He had been lying there two days and was not removed until the day after we saw him but he was still alive when taken back.

Why we weren't slaughtered in that wheat field then I can't understand because about an hour later, after we went back into the woods, I was placed on the first line of defense. I had no gun but I stuck there just the same. I don't know what I would have done in case of a charge, I was told to hold the line and I was going to do the best I knew how. A charge was made by some men on a German machine gun nest in the same wheat field and the Germans did some cutting up. Lieut. Bell, Headquarters Company, (Jack's Note: At that time 2nd Lieut. Albert H. Bell was most likely with "B" Company) of whom I spoke of before, disliking Lieut. Roach, was hit with several others and the rest of the men scrambled back into the woods. One of them said that Lieut. Bell was hit and Major Smyth, standing over me as I laid on the ground said "HE'LL GO OUT". Did I? WELL I hope to tell you I did. Not to show bravery, or be foolish. Simply because the officer I admired so much, Major Roy Smyth told me to go on. Let me tell you I felt like a new man because he had placed confidence in me. Major Loew, Capt. Rice, Lieut. Roach and all my officers were forgotten for their whole bodies weren't as good as his little finger. I didn't hesitate a minute but crawled out a little at a time, then dropping flat on the ground for the Germans were still playing the field. (Jack's note: playing the field means the German machine gun was firing into the field) Half way out I saw a bulk. At first it looked like a German soldier as it had been raining all night and was still drizzling, which created a mist, but I took a chance and yelled "Lieut. Bell". Receiving no answer I crawled some more and hugged the ground. I finally reached him but he was

dead. A bullet in his mouth. He had led his men and died standing up.

I laid along side of him and reached over his body for his opposite arm so I could roll him over on his back to carry him back into the woods. But he was too heavy to roll. I searched his pockets for a knife, found one and cut off his maps and articles that might be valuable to the enemy should they come out and attack. I then crawled back again under the conditions to the woods as I had coming out. I still hugged the ground for I wasn't taking any chances. I was mud all over and very wet.

When I got back into the woods the boys had fallen back a little to get their bearing as they were "shot up" badly especially Company "B". Entering the woods again a soldier was waiting for me to dress him which I did. He was hit in the arm and to save his blood I told him to keep his arm high after I dressed it. We met later in Germany and thanked me for what I had done for him as he said Doctors told him that it was my presence of mind that saved his arm Joining up with Major Smyth mines started to blow up. Major Smyth, Capt. Dodge, CO Company "C" (who broke down on this account and went back shell shocked) Private Burns (he was Major Smyth's striker and was always at his heels no matter where he went. A striker or sometimes called in the Army Dog Robber is an orderly that see to the officer's needs, nearly every officer has one), a Private Carr and myself were caught in a triangle of mines. Three of them blew up in quick succession. It was lucky that we were inside the triangle. As they blew up I saw a pile of wood go up and only the day before several of us were sitting on the very same pile. Major Smyth yelled "for God's sake cut the wires". We were under the impression that the wires belonged to our troops but we were wrong for they were the wires leading to the mines. Lieut. Bell's knife came into play again to cut the wires.

Jack's Note: Major Roy M. Smyth was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his leadership and courage during the July 23, 1918 wheat field episode at LES FRANQUETTES FARM.

The Distinguished Service Cross is the highest army medal for valor ranking just below the Congressional Medal of Honor. On October 14, 1918 Major Smyth was killed instantly by a German sniper near BOIS-DE-FORET while he himself was

sniping. The highest target priority for a skilled sniper is another sniper or an officer. At the time Major Smyth was the Commanding Officer of the First Battalion which was the unit of Sgt. Webster.

A Lieut. McConnell of Company "B" came up to me bleeding from the left side of his face and he held his hand to it with bandages. His mouth had been ripped open by a machine gun bullet. He was doing his best to hold the artery that was severed but it was beyond my medical knowledge to do any more for him although I put a bandage on him. (Jack's Note: 2nd Lieut. James P. McConnell died from his wound). I then started to yell for Lieut. Roach, he was pointed out to me as if hiding behind a pile of wood. He was wild eyed running from one pile of wood to another, falling all over himself. Every time I would yell for him he would jump up and run again. I was compelled to laugh at him in spite of the surrounding circumstances. Lieut. Roach was no good and I did not see him until we came out about a week later.

That night we slept in the woods and I felt tired out through the days events. I went to sleep in a foxhole, an Artillery officer was in the hole with me and told me I could sleep like an old soldier as a shell had hit another hole not far away from us and I slept on. Fortunately no one was in the hole and no one was hurt. While I may have slept at that time I didn't sleep all night for we were under an intense bombardment off and on during the night.

...to be continued in future issues of the *Watch*

Andy Rooney on Vegetarians:

"Vegetarian - that's an old Indian word meaning 'lousy hunter'."

Andy Rooney On Prisoners:

"Did you know that it costs forty-thousand dollars a year to house each prisoner? Gee, for forty-thousand bucks apiece, I'll take a few prisoners into my house. I live in Los Angeles; I already have bars on the windows. I don't think we should give free room and board to criminals. I think they should have to run twelve hours a day on a treadmill and generate electricity.

And if they don't want to run, they can rest in the chair that's hooked up to the generator."

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Much has been written about the 1950 U.S. Army and Marine actions in the Korean War. There was Eighth Army's defense of the South Korean peninsula by our outnumbered forces in the summer and X Corps' Inchon landing in September. In late 1950 there was China's massive onslaught against both the Eighth Army in northwest Korea and X Corps in northeast Korea. The 1st Marine Division's heroic defense west of the Chosin Reservoir is especially famous. Another heroic, but disastrous, defense was on the reservoir's east side by elements of the Army's 7th Infantry Division. This force, consisting of an infantry component of substantially less than a standard infantry regiment and an attached 105 mm artillery battalion minus one firing battery, became known as Task Force (TF) Faith.

For helping to extricate the Marines and the remnants of TF Faith from the Chinese entrapment, TF Dog of the Army's 3rd Infantry Division has been inadequately recognized. Some historical writers not only fail to address the key role of TF Dog, but hardly even mention that the 3rd Division was part of X Corps.

After the Inchon landing near Seoul on the west side of South Korea, X Corps moved to the east coast of North Korea on Navy ships. From Wonsan, the 1st Marine Division advanced north to Hamhung, and then took the road in-land toward the high

TASK FORCE DOG

The Forgotten War's Forgotten Task Force

By George Taylor, Col Ret.

mountains and Chosin Reservoir. In late October, they received reports that some Chinese soldiers had been captured. From November 3-7, the Marines engaged in some heavy battles with Chinese units from just south of Sudong for about seven miles northward.

Then, puzzlingly, the Chinese simply faded away! This supported Gen. MacArthur and others who felt that China had no intention of becoming a major player in the war. The X Corps was ordered to advance further north toward the Yalu River, North Korea's border with Manchuria.

In mid-November the 3rd Infantry

Division landed at Wonsan, North Korea. As a member of that division, I commanded the 2nd Platoon, Company L, 3rd Battalion, 7th Infantry Regiment. About half of the soldiers in our rifle platoons were South Korean draftees whom we had trained for about six weeks. None of the Koreans in my platoon spoke English. We were fortunate to have some U.S. squad leaders with World War II combat experience. The personnel situation was similar in the other rifle platoons in the division's 7th and 15th Regiments.

On November 27, the Chinese struck hard at TF Faith in its defensive positions on the east side of the Chosin Reservoir. They delivered a heavy blow also at Yudam-ni, blunting a simultaneous attack northward by the Marines. Deployed southwest of the Reservoir along the road from Hagaru-ri to Yudam-ni, the Marines found themselves in a defensive posture against a numerically superior Chinese force. It was unbelievably cold. By November 29, Gen. MacArthur was convinced that X Corps should withdraw and concentrate in the Hamhung-Hungnam area, but it was almost too late.

On December 1, TF Faith, trying to break out south from the Chinese encirclement, lost all of its vehicles. Far worse, about a third of its 3,000 troops were killed or missing in action, and another third were evacuated later due to wounds or injury. Most of those who escaped joined the Marines at Hagaru-ri by walking across the frozen reservoir. That same day, the 3rd Battalion of the 7th Infantry Regiment moved in trucks from Hamhung to Majong-dong where they took up defensive positions some 30 miles south of Hagaru-ri.

We had heard that Marine and Army forces north of us were cut off but thought this might be just a rumor. It wasn't. The surrounded Marines at Yudam-ni fought back along the road to Hagaru-ri, arriving on December 4. On December 6, the U.S. forces there started their movement south to Koto-ri.

Although I do not recall that our defensive positions at Majong-dong were ever attacked by the enemy, some of our patrols did encounter them. Second Lt. Charles D. Friedlander, 3rd Platoon leader, was fortunate. A bullet went through his glove and only grazed his wrist. Another soldier had his rifle stock broken by a bullet but was

BATTLE PATROL from page 17

Southern France. Well, the Doctor died about three years ago, and the Corpsman two years ago and I'm still doing OK, with only one day in a hospital since 1945.

I believe that the way things looked on August 15, 1944, that the war would last for years, and that most of us would be killed before it was over.

I don't have much contact with other members that served in the Battle Patrol, except James Myers from Nappanee, Indiana who also served with me in the same foxhole down in Italy. I have had a lot of contacts over the years from other members of the Battle Patrol that I hadn't known at the time that I served in it in

Southern France.

After the war ended in May, 1945, all of the members returned to their own Companies, and I'm sure that there were many killed along the way, plus after nearly forty-nine years, there probably aren't very many of us left to tell about this outfit that was really never recognized by the Army as to who all served in the unit.

I hope this brings back some memories to other members who served in the 7th Infantry Battle Patrol in WWII.

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not wounded. SFC Simon H. Cook, a 3rd Platoon squad leader with Marine battle experience during World War II, was not so fortunate. While attached to the 1st Platoon, commanded by 1st Lt. Edward J. Smith, Cook was shot in the thigh while on a mission to clear the main supply route (MSR) where two Marine trucks had been ambushed. One of the drivers was dead. The other was alive and happy to accompany the 1st Platoon back to Majon-dong. It was while patrolling north of Majon-dong that I saw my first dead Chinese soldiers. All of these things erased our doubts about whether the Chinese were in the war to stay.

On the morning of December 6, I was briefed on moving to Chinhung-ni with an advance party. The group was to travel there in a convoy of wheel vehicles and reconnoiter the Marine positions to expedite the takeover of their positions by our battalion.

I later learned that a task force was being formed to assist in extricating the 1st Marine Division from the Chinese trap. TF Dog, as it was designated, was to be commanded by Brig. Gen. Armistead D. Mead, the assistant commander of our division. The major combat elements of TF Dog were our battalion and the 92nd Armored Field Artillery Battalion, which was equipped with 155 mm howitzers. The mission of the task force was to move on December 7 to Chinhung-ni, about nine miles north of Majon-dong, to assist the 1st Marine Division in its withdrawal. Initially, it was to relieve the 1st Battalion, 1st Marine Regiment, the most southern Marine unit. Thereafter, the 1st Battalion, commanded by Lt. Col. Donald M. Schmuck, was to attack to the northeast and seize key terrain. The advance party was composed of several soldiers from each company. The convoy consisted of eight to ten trucks. The day was dreary and extremely cold. The MSR was the only road to the reservoir area. It wound through a valley with high mountains on both sides which sometimes abruptly abutted one side of the road. The MSR was reported to be "open." That sounded doubtful since there were no friendly troops positioned between Majon-dong and Chinhung-ni and our patrols had encountered the enemy in the lower part of the area. The valley looked very ominous.

There was cause to worry about the enemy occupying the high ground on both sides of the MSR. The resemblance to the 23rd Psalm's "valley of the shadow of death" was inescapable to us. All went well during the first part of the trip, but about a mile or two from Chinhung-ni, our convoy came under small arms fire from the left. The lead vehicle increased its speed, and all others moved out rapidly. A Marine outpost soon provided the chance to stop for a casualty assessment. One non-commissioned officer, an occupant of one of the rear-ward trucks, was found to be dead. There were no other casualties. Shortly thereafter, it was reported that a Marine convoy of 13 vehicles had been destroyed just minutes behind us on the MSR. Possibly, more enemy troops had come within firing range of the MSR soon after we had passed. Initially, our advance party had been told it would return to Majon-dong later that day. It was good news to us when we received instructions to spend the night with the Marines and wait there until TF Dog arrived the next day. TF Dog arrived at Chinhung-ni as scheduled on December 7. It had met only light enemy contact during the movement. The 3rd Division's 65th Infantry Regiment had assisted TF Dog by acting as its flank guard for the first two miles north of Majon-dong. Although the 65th returned to defensive positions at Majon-dong, its G Company later assisted the task force by occupying commanding terrain in the vicinity of Sudong.

Our battalion promptly relieved the Marine battalion in place, freeing it to plan for its attack within the safety of the Army's perimeter. All of L Company's positions were on the west side of the MSR. My platoon's positions were on the north edge of the task force's perimeter on the valley floor, abutting the west side of the MSR on one side and rising partly up the mountainside on the other flank. Friedlander's and Smith's platoons were deployed well west of my platoon. We could see the MSR wind over the mountains as it ascended to our front. About three miles to the north and near where the MSR disappeared over the mountains, a large gap in the road was visible. The Chinese had blown up the bridge at that location. There was no way for the Marines to bypass this obstacle with their

vehicles since there was a steep mountain on one side and a high drop-off on the other side. The Marines lacked the bridging necessary to replace the blown bridge. On December 7, several sections of bridging were dropped by parachute to them. It was thrilling to see the planes fly over with the bridge sections hanging underneath them. All was quiet in the perimeter that night.

Schmuck's battalion moved out early on the morning of December 8 and encountered strong resistance. It was assisted in its attack by Company A, 73rd Engineer Combat Battalion, a X Corps unit that accompanied TF Dog. The Marines were also assisted by TF Dog's self-propelled anti-aircraft and 155 mm artillery units. The 155 mm fire on Hill 1081, the Marine objective, was particularly effective. The Marines took a major portion of their objective December 8, but they were unable to secure the military crest of Hill 1081. By mid-afternoon of December 9, Schmuck's A Company succeeded in seizing the crest of Hill 1081. A few hours later, construction of the bridge was complete and the first of the Marine vehicles began to cross it. The stubborn defense conducted by the enemy on Hill 1081 illustrates the great importance the Chinese placed on retaining this position. The enemy fought to the last man, leaving 530 dead along A Company's path up Hill 1081. The attack had cost A Company 111 men, about half its strength.

The enemy did not launch any major attack against our positions at Chinhung-ni. This was surprising since they had units well south of us. They did probe our positions on a few occasions, but none of these could be classified as heavy. One probe occurred about 8:00 P.M. on December 8 in the area where Friedlander's platoon was deployed. It started with rifle fire, automatic weapons fire and small mortar rounds. Within a few minutes the firing became intense and involved a large part of the western half of the perimeter. The next morning, it appeared Chinese casualties were minimal. Friedlander felt only a small enemy reconnaissance patrol had been involved. During the early morning hours of December 11, some of the batteries of the 92nd Field Artillery Battalion received enemy small arms fire. There was

Continued on page 25

The Friend I Never Really Knew

*Russ Cloer, WWII Lt/Cpt,
7th Inf, 3rd Inf. Div.*

**PFC Norman Steele
(Operator, Truck, 1/4 ton,
4x4, General Purpose)**

Of all the men and officers I knew during my WWII army service, I can still remember the names of many and the faces of quite a few. But there are only a handful with whom I was sufficiently close to remember the details of the adventures we shared. One of these is PFC Norman Steele, my jeep driver. I'm sure his skills and courage saved my life on more than one occasion.

In February 1944, I was a green replacement 2nd Lieutenant assigned to the 7th Infantry Regiment on the Anzio Beachhead in Italy. My assignment was platoon leader of the I & R Platoon (Intelligence and Reconnaissance). I would be assuming command from Sgt. Claude Bond (pseudonym), a regular Army 1st sergeant who had held the job since my predecessor, platoon leader Lt. John Banks, had been KIA leading a recon patrol across the Volturno River. My first meeting with Sgt. Bond, was at night in one of the shell battered stone houses of the regimental forward CP near Conca. He described the platoon organization, personnel and equipment. He said the platoon was assigned four jeeps, but these were kept back at Service Company to avoid attracting artillery fire on the forward Command Post. He told me that his own jeep driver was PFC Steele and he recommended that I use PFC Perrault, neither of whom I had yet met. There were two other drivers, one of whom later deserted in the Vosges Mountains of France and the other, a battle fatigue victim, who accidentally shot and killed himself in Germany, two weeks before VE Day. Although I had very limited Army experience at that point, I sized up Sgt. Bond quickly and was determined to start things off on the right foot. I told him there would be no personal chauffeurs in my platoon. If PFC Steele had been driving him, then Steele was obviously the platoon leader's driver and since I was now the platoon leader, Steele

We traveled countless miles on unpaved roads, many of which had surely been mined by the retreating enemy. He had either x-ray vision or a lot of luck, because we never triggered one. You only do that once

would be my driver. It turned out to be one of the best moves I ever made.

I met Steele for the first time a few nights later when it was his turn to bring up the nighttime rations, ammo and water in his jeep and trailer. And later, he drove my lead jeep on night patrols of the rear areas to give early warning in the event of enemy parachute attacks targeting rear Command Posts. The enemy had zeroed in on road junctions in daylight and then shelled them intermittently all night in the hope of destroying supply vehicles. And enemy aircraft would strafe the roads at night until driven away by the Spitfires based at the Beachhead steel matting airstrip built by the Army Engineers. I never saw Steele in daylight until about three months later when we broke out of the Beachhead and it became possible to use the roads again, which heretofore were subject to pinpoint artillery fire during daylight.

Steele was rather short and a little stocky. I don't remember ever seeing him without his helmet and the "steel pot" became part of his face in my memory. He was a skillful yet careful driver, totally focused on the job at hand. His night vision and sense of direction were uncanny. We traveled countless miles on unpaved roads, many of which had surely been mined by the retreating enemy. He had either x-ray vision or a lot of luck, because we never triggered one. You only do that once

And he had other attributes. I have described in another anecdote how Steele solved the problem of broken glass in the windshield of our jeep while we were briefly off the line near Naples. Under cover of darkness, he swapped windshields with another jeep, which was parked in the city unattended. Next morning, I saw him in the motor pool

painting out the words U. S. NAVY on the metal portion beneath the glass.

Our relationship was not formal, but neither was it one of familiarity. He called me "Lootenant," never "sir," and I called him Steele. And of course there was never any saluting. We never talked about home or friends or made small talk. He was my driver for about a year and a half and I don't even know where he was from. Our conversation was limited to the business at hand. He held up his end and I held up mine. We respected each other for that and we saw no need for further discussion. He seemed to resist any intrusion into the enlisted man/officer relationship and maybe I did too. That's the way we had both been trained and army training translates into action without conscious thought.

I remember our jeep being caught in the open in broad daylight by a German tank near Ardena during the Anzio Breakout. The tank was so well concealed that we couldn't see it, but the burst of its first 88mm shell on the unpaved road 20 yards in front of us was terrifying. As our jeep skidded to a stop, Steele and I bailed out and took cover in the shallow drainage ditches on opposite sides of the road. They were so shallow, that I remember turning my head to one side, turning my toes outward and pressing my arms against my sides in an effort to make a smaller (and lower) target. Several more 88 mm shells came crashing in and then the fire stopped. We made a dash back to the jeep and Steele got us out of there safely with wheels spinning.

And on the night of June 4, 1944, he drove the lead jeep on our nighttime patrol into Rome. Our mission was to see if the Krauts had pulled out, as rumored. Rome is an enormous city with dark, narrow, winding streets and we expected to

be ambushed at every corner. I was lost but I dared show no light to read my map. Until we entered a huge piazza and there stood the Coliseum silhouetted against the night sky! I was looking at two thousand years of history and I felt that I had become part of it. Three civilians appeared from one of the nearby buildings. Two with resistance armbands dragged the third, an alleged collaborator with the Krauts, between them. One of the captors carried a captured German machine pistol. They wanted us to take the collaborator into custody. Through my interpreter, PFC Tosti, I told them we had no time for that, to turn the suspect over to the American troops, who would be in at daylight. As we left the piazza, we heard the burrrrrp of the machine pistol. I looked back and saw their captive face down on the cobble stones. They killed him. Steele found the way back in complete darkness, never missing a turn. His courage and driving skills played a large role in the success of the mission and our survival. I reported in to Colonel O'Muhundro, who then sent the second and third battalions of the 7th Infantry in on trucks.

In Southern France, my recon platoon was often one of the first American units to liberate a French village. The church bells rang continuously, as the grateful French civilians, after four years of brutal occupation, lined the road to cheer us and hand us fruit and bottles of wine. In a small town near Orange, France, a very pretty young lady approached our jeep on the driver's side and gave Steele a big hug and a kiss as he slowed the jeep to a stop. The girl then leaned forward between Steele and the steering wheel to give me a kiss in the front passenger seat. But as I was about to get my kiss, she suddenly withdrew and backed away into the crowd. I turned to Steele and said, "What do you suppose that was all about?" With a salacious grin on his face, he said, "I squeezed her titty!"

On another occasion, in France, we were reconnoitering a dirt road one night, that ran around the enemy's flank. We found the road ended at a farmhouse about two or three miles ahead. On the way in, we noticed that the trees bordering the road had been heavily notched so that they could be dropped across the

We had many other close calls when we were spotted by the enemy and became the target of accurate tank or artillery fire. Steele's nerve, concentration and driving skills were largely responsible for our escape in each case, even on the snow and ice of the Colmar Pocket.

road with very little additional effort. On the way back out, after dark, one of the trees was down and lay across the road blocking our escape. While I covered the woods with our 50 caliber machine gun, Steele pulled a length of chain out of his tool compartment, chained the tree trunk to the front bumper of the jeep and pulled it far enough off the road to get by. Was it an ambush foiled by the threat of the machine gun? Or did the wind blow the weakened tree down? We will never know.

On a similar nighttime recon, we saw no one going in. But coming back out, there was an American 6x6 truck blocking the narrow dirt road. Steele stopped the jeep and we walked ahead, four of us, and found that another unit was moving in behind us and their truck had struck a mine. The right front wheel, fender and hood had been blown away. The road was mined and we had somehow missed the mine or mines on the way in. Where there is one mine, there are usually more nearby. Yet, Steele volunteered to drive the jeep around the truck, on the narrow shoulder of the dirt road, while the rest of us took cover behind the truck. Brave man!

We had many other close calls when we were spotted by the enemy and became the target of accurate tank or artillery fire. Steele's nerve, concentration and driving skills were largely responsible for our escape in each case, even on the snow and ice of the Colmar Pocket.

And I have described the night we crossed the Rhine River and flat trajectory 88mm enemy shellfire from across the river that hit and destroyed the amphibious tanks which we were leading to the river bank. This was

followed by a "friendly fire" artillery barrage of air bursts overhead. I found out later that our new proximity fuses were defective and were bursting at the right height, but on the way up instead of on the way down. We abandoned the jeep on the river bank and made our way back to the CP on foot. With the amphibians destroyed, we were then ordered to lead four conventional Shermans to Worms, 10 miles north, where a pontoon bridge was nearing completion in the 30th Inf. zone of advance. Tank drivers had limited vision, especially at night. We crossed the river on the pontoon bridge and led them south in the dark to Sandhofen on the east bank. I remember looking back at them on the bridge, and they appeared to be riding on the surface of the water. Their weight forced the rubber pontoons under until the tracks were in the water. Our rifle companies had now crossed the river in boats near Mannheim and the armored support was badly needed in the attack on Sandhofen on the east bank.

And yet, the Army caste system, kept Steele and I from becoming good friends. In fact, when we were on Occupation Duty in Germany after the War and people were being rotated individually back to the States by the point system, I never even knew Steele was leaving until a new driver suddenly appeared. Steele, who was with me through six campaigns, (he had ten!) was already gone. I never saw him again. In recent years, I have tried to locate him through the Internet without success. It's said that you can't go back, and maybe it's better that way.

National Reunion Planning	
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Collinsville, IL 62234	
(618) 345 1067	

a lively fire-fight for about 30 minutes, but the losses were small on both sides. Although our patrols did not make any substantial contact with the enemy, the task force did capture a few prisoners. Rather than hitting TF Dog hard, it appeared that the Chinese were concentrating their efforts in the area of Sudong. The task force's reconnaissance platoon and artillery battalion and also G Company of the 65th Infantry were involved in several actions against the enemy in that area.

Our mission became primarily one of watching anxiously and waiting for the Marines to come over the mountains and cross the bridge. Temperatures in the area dipped well below zero, reportedly as low as 35 degrees below zero. Each hour seemed like an eternity.

The first Marines reached Chinhung-ni very early on the morning of December 10. It was evident that the brave men in the Marine column had experienced heavy fighting and terrible hardship. Ed Smith has said that "each vehicle had as many Marines as it could carry; if it had a bumper, ...a fender, ...or a gun barrel, dead Marines were [tied] to them." He feels that he will never "erase the sight from [his] mind." It is quite remarkable that they were able to survive the onslaught of the enemy's seemingly unlimited manpower and still remain a viable fighting force.

The fighting was not over, however, for those in the Marine column. The enemy still tried to block their way between Chinhung-ni and Majon-dong. Army Lt. Col. John u. Page, an artillery officer, was part of that column. He had already performed a number of valuable services for the Marines after becoming entrapped with them at Koto-ri while assigned by X Corps to establish communication points on the MSR. When the 1st Marine Regiment's trains were ambushed by about 30 Chinese, he led two Marines in a charge straight into the enemy. The Chinese fled with Page chasing after them.

At Chinhung-ni, many Marines boarded trucks of TF Dog's 52nd Truck Transportation Battalion for the trip south. This battalion was commanded by Lt.Col. Waldon C. Winston. When Page failed to return, Winston took over the leadership at

It is quite remarkable that they were able to survive the onslaught of the enemy's seemingly unlimited manpower and still remain a viable fighting force.

Sudong and organized a Marine and Army counterattack. The fighting lasted for several hours. Shortly after the column moved through Sudong, Page was found dead with 16 dead Chinese bodies near him. Page was posthumously awarded the Navy Cross and Medal of Honor.

The last of the Marine column cleared Chinhung-ni early in the afternoon of December 11. It was several hours after that before our company started to withdraw. The mobile parts of TF Dog were the first elements on the MSR behind the Marine column. The engineers went first and were followed by the artillery battalion with task force headquarters, the small support detachments, and the command group dispersed between artillery batteries. TF Dog's movement order indicated that our battalion was to follow the last of these units. Lt. Col. Alvin L. Newbury, the task force executive officer, has stated that our battalion "simultaneously ...started southward afoot occupying and successively passing through delaying positions along the ridges." My platoon was not involved in providing that flank security. Rather, it was one of the last elements to leave Chinhung-ni. Because of our position next to the MSR, we were in the best location to act as a rear guard to cover the other units as they moved from their positions onto the MSR.

The Marines had established a large stockpile of supplies at Chinhung-ni. TF Dog had earlier sent some of it to the rear by truck, but a large amount of canned food, ammunition and fuel remained. TF Dog left its reconnaissance platoon and a demolition party behind to destroy what remained.

Shortly after my platoon moved onto the MSR, we came under rather heavy small arms and automatic weapons fire from our right. The enemy had wasted no time moving into the task force's former positions. We took cover in a narrow ditch on the left side of the road that abutted a mountainside. Before long the enemy fire was neutralized. We arose and started our march south again. The column stopped

several times for what seemed like long periods. This was probably due to delays at Sudong where the enemy chose to make the most trouble.

It was in the vicinity of Sudong where Gen. Mead's aide, 1st Lt. Harley F. Mooney Jr., was wounded by a mortar round that struck the hood of the vehicle he was riding in. Also at Sudong, Ed Smith found "the area strewn with dead Chinese and dead Marines." Some of the Marines had died in their vehicles, which had been pushed off the road. Most of these probably had been with the Marine trains. I did not see this since darkness fell before my platoon reached Sudong. Both Smith's and Friedlander's platoons were assigned an off-the-road mission during the withdrawal. Two of Ed Smith's Korean soldiers were killed on one of these.

After darkness fell, the valley seemed even more fore-boding than it had on the trip up. It was easy to imagine Chinese hordes, under the cover of darkness, streaming down the steep hills on each side of our vulnerable column. Fortunately this did not happen. There was intermittent firing after passing Sudong, but it was insignificant. It seemed as if friendly lines would never be reached. It has been reported that TF Dog closed into Majon-dong at 8:00 P.M. on December 11 when it passed through the defensive positions of the 65th Infantry Regiment. It seemed much later.

Possibly because of TF Dog's low casualty rate and short five-day participation in the Chosin operations, many authors have overlooked the importance of its role. With no intent to detract from the Marines and TF Faith, it seems appropriate to also assess the importance of TF Dog's contributions.

Schmuck's battalion was positioned on critical ground at Chinhung-ni. On December 6, the Chinese had cut the MSR above and below Chinhung-ni which, according to one Marine author, made this battalion "the most isolated, vulnerable, and endangered unit in the division." Replacement of the blown bridge was essential for a successful Marine with-

drawal. Otherwise, it would have been virtually impossible for them to escape with their vehicles. The Chinese occupied Hill 1081, which overlooked the bridge site. Before the bridge could be built, it was necessary for friendly troops to occupy that hill or, at least, divert the enemy's attention from the construction of the bridge. Distinguished Korean War author Roy E. Appleman in his book *Escaping the Trap* described Hill 1081 as the "most dominating and critical enemy position on the way down" from Koto-ri to Chinhung-ni. If Schmuck's battalion left its positions unoccupied at Chinhung-ni, the enemy would most certainly have occupied that key terrain from which they could have delivered effective firepower onto the bridge site and a large part of the MSR. As an added bonus, they also would have captured the large stockpile of Marine supplies located there. If Schmuck's battalion had not been used to attack Hill 1081, it may have been possible for a Marine unit moving southward from Koto-ri to do so, but that most likely would have substantially delayed the withdrawal and resulted in more Marine casualties. Thus, by occupying and holding the positions at Chinhung-ni, a small group from the 3rd Infantry Division ensured that the extrication of the Marines and their attached units from the Chinese entrapment was successful. That small force was TF Dog.

COL. GEORGE O. TAYLOR JR., USA Ret., commissioned in Armor through ROTC, began his 24-year career as a platoon leader during the Korean War. He later served as a staff judge advocate in Korea. After retiring from the Army, Col. Taylor worked as an attorney and administrative law judge. He received his J.D. from the University of Georgia. Col. Taylor is also a member of The Society of the Third Infantry Division.

So that his brethren shall know...

Please report the death of any member of the Society of the Third Infantry Division to Jim Drury, 716 9th Street, Camanche, IA 52730-1418, (e-mail: jimd@cis.net) for listing in the "Last Call."

Anzio Revisited

Former 3D Infantry Division members gather to remember January 1944 invasion

Timothy L. Hale, Chief, Hunter Public Affairs Branch

Sgt. Sam Pollard remembers the day well - the day that he and other members of the 3rd Infantry Division landed on the beaches of Anzio, Italy. The date was January 22, 1944 and the German Army figured they had the Allies bottled up at Monte Casino. What they hadn't counted on was an ingenious and dangerous plan to land Allied troops behind enemy lines up the coast at Anzio.

Pollard, along with nearly 100 members of the 3rd Inf Div who participated in the Anzio landings, gathered in Pooler last Spring. Now, members of the Anzio Beachhead Veterans of 1944-WWII, they remembered those who fought valiantly to break the Axis stronghold on what started as a 15-mile stretch of Italian coastline.

"As soon as the door went down (on the landing craft) the Germans opened up on us with something that resembled a Gatling gun," said Pollard who was 21 at the time. He said they scrambled out of the water and back into the landing craft while someone, he doesn't know who, managed to take out the machine gun nest, then they hit the beach. He said that was about all the resistance they met.

"We moved inland and established a foothold about seven miles wide to our front and about 15 miles of beach to our rear," he said. "Then the resistance started getting heavier as we moved in."

Clyde Easter, the group's president, said the 3rd Inf Div, was one of a number of units that included the 82nd Airborne Division and three battalions of U.S. Army Rangers, that participated in the invasion force. Easter, a member of 7th Regiment 1st Battalion Co. A, 3D Inf. Div., said they went in "early in the morning and had a fairly easy landing. We went in about 10 miles in the first few days. We sat there waiting for supplies and reinforcements and when we were ready to breakout, they (Germans) were waiting for us."

Above and beyond

The 3rd Inf Div's breakout was aimed at

Cisterna de Littoria, just a few miles from the landing site. It was here that a number of men distinguished themselves, among them, Pollard. According to General Order 115 from Headquarters, 7th Army, Pollard was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for single-handedly capturing 134 enemy soldiers.

"I had a pocket full of hand grenades and a submachine gun," Pollard replied. The General Order explained the incident as if it was scripted for a Hollywood movie.

On May 25, 1944, Pollard led a nine-man patrol to clean out "sniper nests" house by house in Cisterna. His men laid down covering fire while he assaulted the first house that netted four prisoners. The order goes on to say that he went to every house on the street "braving intense point-blank machine gun, machine pistol and rifle fire each time he exposed himself." He charged through a hole in the last house wounding three enemy soldiers downstairs, reloaded then ran upstairs and captured 20 more.

After turning these prisoners over, he and four other men searched another street. He found three enemy soldiers leaving the last house, cross a ditch and enter a large tunnel on the other side of the bank. He fired his gun into the tunnel and called for the occupants to surrender. Much to his surprise, 107 enemy soldiers filed out of the tunnel and surrendered.

For soldiers like Pollard it was the first time many of them had seen combat. Easter was one of these. The Virginia native was drafted in June 1943 and found his way to Naples, Italy where he joined the 3rd Inf Div a few weeks before the landing.

He recalled his time at Anzio as a "see-saw" battle. "We'd gain two or three miles and lose two or three miles. It was from farmhouse to farmhouse," Easter said.

Easter further remember that while they were waiting for supplies, the Germans showed up en masse with an SS Panzer Division along with crack infantry units that came in from Germany, Italy, Austria and France.

"They had time to regroup and Hitler added that he wanted the beachhead at Anzio annihilated," Easter said. "They nearly pushed us off in February but with the help of

Continued on page 27



ANNUAL MEMBERS

- 5977 **COTLAR**, ALVIN M OP10
10EVAC HOSP
924 SAVANNAH PL
GULFPORT, MS 39507
- 5963 **ECKMAN**, DONALD B OP35
15INF/B
14708 CARLON DR
LAKE ODESSA, MI 48849
- 5976 **EILAND**, ROBERT G OP54
7INF/SRV
1451 ROCKY RIDGE DR #3501
ROSEVILLE, CA 95661
- 5962 **ELSTON**, SAMUEL L OP17
DIV/SIG
8 FRIENDSHIP CT
TROY, MO 63379
- 5956 **FELDMAN**, BARNET OP5
41FA/HQ
801 YALE AVE
SWARTHMORE, PA 19081
- 5974 **FLOWERS**, GEORGE W OP17
15INF/H
11582 STATE HWAY 72
MILLERSVILLE, MO 63766
- 5966 **GARCIA**, JIMMY A OP22
15INF/G
14764 CORK PL
SYLMAR, CA 91342
- 5969 **GRIMSLEY**, WILLIAM F OP7
15INF/
3 WYNN PL
FORT STEWART, GA 31315

- 5972 **HENDRIX**, LLOYD M OP88
10FA/A
6771 SNOWBIRD DR
COLORADO SPRINGS, CO 80918
- 5968 **HILL**, EDWARD W OP18
58FA/A
N 5008 OAK VIEW DR
WEST SALEM, WI 54669
- 5967 **HODIN**, JOSEPH S OP5
9FA/
1740 ARIEL ST
SCRANTON, PA 18505
- 5957 **JACKSON**, CHARLES F OP7
15INF/2BN & 10FA/C
520 TRACY LN
CLARKSVILLE, TN 37040
- 5975 **LITCHMAN**, SOLOMON OP5
DIV/
205 PENNSYLVANIA AVE
ISLAND PARK, NY 11558
- 5958 **MANISCALCO**, RICHARD P.
OP7 HONORARY
2349 SKINKER'S NECK RD
RAPPAHANNOCK ACADEMY, VA
22538
- 5954 **MELANCON**, CHARLES J.
OP10 15INF/K
300 SECOND ST
RAYNE, LA 70578
- 5973 **MESIAR**, GINNY OP52
ASSOCIATE
11811 COUNTY HWAY 00
CHIPPEWA FALLS, WI 54729
- 5970 **MILLER**, ARTHUR P OP5
30INF/HQ
111 RUE MADELEINE
WILLIAMSVILLE, NY 14221

- 5971 **MINER**, FRANCIS H OP5
30INF/I
35 VINES RD
CHARLTON, NY 12019
- 5959 **MISZCZAK**, DANIEL G OP1
DIV/AAA/D
3521 S 46TH ST
GREENFIELD, WI 53220
- 5960 **MOWERY**, HARLAN R OP1
15INF/E&HO
1159 W. LOGAN ST
FREEPORT, IL 61032
- 5965 **MRUK**, EDWARD J OP7
10FA/B
7459 WASHINGTON DR
KING GEORGE, VA 22485
- 5951 **PALMQUIST**, EBEN O OP1
DIV/ARTY
55731 RIDGEVIEW LN
NAPERVILLE, IL 60540
- 5953 **PRICKETT**, EVERETT E OPFBA
7INF/SV
PO BOX 584
IDAHO SPRINGS, CO 80452
- 5955 **PUGH**, LANDEL J. OP35
53SIG/
1501 VANCE
IRVING, TX 75061
- 5952 **ROACH**, PAUL M OP7
15INF/G
3751 HUMMINGBIRD LN SW
ROANOKE, VA 24018
- 5978 **SAVIO**, CHARLES J OP5
DIV/HQ
10 IRVING ST
MEDFORD, MA 02155

- 5961 **SIMMONS**, GEORGE D OP17
15INF/I
1618 INDIANA DR
GALESBURG, IL 61401
- 5964 **SPINKS**, RALEIGH J OP5
DIV/HQ
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BUFFALO, NY 14201
- 5980 **SWANSON**, KIRK OP15
ASSOCIATE
4301 PARK AVE #220
DES MOINES, IA 50321

LIFE MEMBERS

- 2520 **COLLINS***, JR, LEONARD W
OP60
ASSOCIATE
22 COLONIAL DR
BARNWELL, SC 29812-2020
- 2736 **DRAINE***, CLARENCE OP88
36INF/H
PO BOX 2474
PUEBLO, CO 81004-0474
- 5979 **MILLS**, HOWARD OP5
30INF/1
2290 COUNTY RT 4
FULTON, NY 13069
- 4312 **RAMPINO***, PAT R OP5
7INF/I
21 FIELDSTONE LN
ASBURY PARK, NJ 07712
- 4735 **STIPPICK*** JR, JOSEPH T OP5
15INF/A&TK
83 MOUNT CLEMENT AVE
PINE HILL, NJ 08021-6230

* Annual to Life Member conversion

ANZIO from page 26

naval firepower that kept the Germans from breaking through our lines.”

Easter recalled the time as the “Agony of Anzio.” He said if it wasn’t raining, the Germans were lobbing shells from the infamous Anzio Annie railway gun from miles away.

“It sounded like a loaded freight train coming at you,” added Pollard. “At dusk they’d start shooting at the ships in the harbor and during the day they would lob them on to land positions. It’d knock you out of the ground if you were close.”

Pollard said that many soldiers would take refuge in the Mussolini Canal during the attacks. “It was one of the main hiding places from incoming artillery,” he said. “It was pretty flat and open country on the coast and there were not that many places to hide.”

Twice wounded

For Easter, his recollections of Anzio

involved being wounded twice - within two months. While clearing out a German machine gun nest, Easter was shot in his right hand. “It went clean through near my thumb,” he said showing the scar. “I didn’t know you could bleed to death from a hand wound.” He said he was sent to a hospital ship and after a short time of rehabilitation, he was sent back to his unit.

During the attack on Cisterna, Easter was once again wounded, this time he received a shrapnel wound in his leg. “Twice in two months,” he said. The 3rd Inf Div veteran said he was awarded two Purple Hearts and a Bronze Star for his service.

Telling their story

Guest speaker for the event was Col. Charles P. Murray, U.S. Army (Ret), a Medal of Honor winner. Murray, who joined the 3rd Inf Div after the Anzio invasion, said that WWII veterans should make the effort to

pass on their story, especially to young people.

“We should always talk to others, especially students, and tell them about our history,” said Murray. He added that the story isn’t just about soldiers, sailors and airmen. “Everyone got involved from the farms and fields to the factories. Those of us who lived during this time have been called the ‘Greatest Generation.’”

Murray earned his Medal of Honor for action near Kayserberg, France on December 16, 1944. Murray, then a first lieutenant, was a member of the Co. C 30th Infantry Regiment. Before retiring he also earned four Silver Stars and four Legions of Merit. He joined the unit after the Anzio invasion.

Editor’s note: The above was forwarded by Mike Birmingham MAJ, MP, Director, Consolidated Public Affairs Office 3ID(M), Ft. Stewart & Hunter Army Airfield



Last Call

In Memoriam

All of us in the Society of the Third Infantry Division, U.S. Army, extend our sincere sympathy to the families and friends of those listed below. May they rest in peace.

Bell, Jack W. (2170) OP 22
SFC K Co. 7th Inf. Regt.
3d Inf. Div. Korea
1241 Conway Ave.
Costa Mesa, CA 92626-2714
DOD June 5 2002 of leukemia.
Reported by his wife.

Blaikie, John W. Col. Ret. LM OP63
L Co. 7th Inf. Regt. 3d Inf. Div. During
the 130 days of Hell on Anzio. WWII
5611 153rd Pl. SW
Edmonds, WA 98026-4239
DOD 4 July 2002.
Reported by Frank J. Pistone.

Cook, Glain H. OP 4 (2533)
T5 Hq. 3rd Bn. 15th Inf. Regt. 3d Inf.
Div. WWII
52 E. Everett Ave.
Spokane, WA 99207-1324
DOD July 11, 2002.
Glain was a senior member of OP4
and will be sorely missed.
Reported by John Wiess.

Covington, Henry S. Jr. LM
Sgt I Co WWII
1506 Roslyn Ave.
Bradenton, FL 34207-4641
DOD Dec. 2001.
Reported by Clyde Clapp.

Eschenbauch, Donald L. OP 35 (5788)
CN 15th Inf. Regt. 3d Inf. Div. WWII
PO Box 103
White Lake, WI 54491
DOD August 24, 2001
Reported by his wife, Vera to Joe Ball

Harder, Fitzgerald F. OP 17 (3153)
15thINF/2Bn Hq 3d Inf. Div. WW2
1302 N 8th St
Arkansas City, KS 67005
DOD 8/2002
Reported by wife, Bessie

Hauf, Raymond L. OP 5 (3175)
B Co. 65th Inf. Regt. 3d Inf. Div. Korea
31 Seneca St.
Seneca Falls, NY 13418-1612
Passed away at home 13/July02
Reported by Bill Wayne.

Malagrino, Leonard OP5 (3739)
Cpl B Bat. 10th FA 3d Inf. Div. Korea
2913 Fenton Ave
Bronx, NY 10469-5505
Leonard passed away July 14, 2002
Reported by his wife, Judithhe.

McElroy, Robert C OP 601 (3831)
601TD/C 3d Inf. Div. WW2

6971 N Federal Way Ste 405
Boca Raton, FL 33487
DOD 06/4/2002
Reported by Bill Harper

Merget, Anthony OP601
601TD/ 3d Inf. Div. WW2
DOD Unk
Reported by Bill Harper

Perkins, Lee H. OP 63 (4195)
SSgt E Co. 7th Inf. Regt.,
3d Inf. Div. WWII
3080 NW Park View Ln
Portland, OR 97229-3447
DOD August 14 2002
Reported by his wife, Ginger.

Press, Joseph M. (4281) LM OP 5
K Co. 30th Inf. Regt.
3d Inf. Div. WWII
8626 Magnolia Dr
Nederland, CO 80466-9653
Joe was awarded three Purple Hearts
during the War.
DOD August 2002. Details of
Arlington Cemetery Burial to be
announced.

Reported by Carl Topie
Sanchez, Jesse S. LM OP 22 (4485)
Cpl. A Co. 15th Inf. Regt.
3d Inf. Div. Korea
739 Fremont Villas St.
Los Angeles, CA 90042-5165
DOD July 2002
Reported by Martin Markley

Streid, Delmar C. (4749)
SSgt 39th FA 3d Inf. Div. WWII
PO Box 58
Chenoa, IL 61726-0058
After serving five years in the 3d Inf.
Div. Mr. Streid served his community
well with his Civic activities.
Reported by his Son.

Struck, Elmer P. OP 1 (5706)
K Co. 30th Inf. Regt.
3d Inf. Div. WWII
1198 Royal Glen Dr.
Glen Ellyn, IL 60137
Died of congestive heart failure on
June 12, 2002 at the age of 78.
Reported by Carl O. Topie.

Tait Jr, George R OP 13 (4796)
30INF/L 3d Inf. Div. WW2
PO Box 33
Fowlerville, MI 48836
Reported by Terry Tenant

Non-Members


Burke, Dulcie N. (Nickie)
Wife of John T. Burke
5704 Hasting Square
Columbus, GA 31909-4737
DOD August 9, 2002
Reported by Henry H. Burke

Drum, Charles
3d Inf. Div. WWII
DOD May 11, 2002
I was a 19 yr. old NY City student,
draftee, 6 wks basic training & landed
in Morocco, Nov. 1942. I had never
lived outdoors. Charlie took me under
his wing for six weeks. I followed him
to the letter! He taught me how to be
a good soldier and survive. I never
heard any profanity from him. To me
he was highly moral, and an excellent
teacher and soldier. I attribute my
survival to him. I was wounded at
Anzio, Italy May 1944 and sent home
in September 1944.
Reported by Frank L. Kane.

Dunham, Wilda (Willie)
2144 Sunderland Rd.
Jerseyville, IL 62052
Wife of Congressional Medal of Honor
recipient, Russell Dunham.
DOD July 13, 2002
Willie will be missed by all who knew
her.
Reported by Jack Swatske, OP 17.

Eyman, John

I am writing to inform you that a
member of the Third Division recently
passed. My Grandfather, John Eyman,
served in the Fighting Third as he
called it for the last two and a half
years of WWII. I would like to take a
moment and let your organization
know how proud my Grandfather was
to be a member of the Third. He was
the recipient of two bronze stars, a
purple heart, and several other deco-
rations. Had he not kept the medals
you would never have known this as
he did not talk of any individual
accomplishment. He simply spoke of
his fellow soldiers and the battles they
fought together. We buried him with
the Third Division badge being the
only war item. This was due to what
that meant to him and how little any
other war items he received or col-
lected meant compared to it. In clos-
ing I would like to thank your group
for the battles you won to protect our
way of life and for also taking care of
my Grandfather a long time ago.
Sincerely,
Keith Seger
Cincinnati, OH
KeithS5@aol.com



If you plan to move before the next *Watch* is due or if there is a mistake in your name or address, please enter the correct information below and send to **Society of the Third Infantry Division, PO Box 70291, Beaufort, SC 29902**. By doing this, you will receive your next *Watch* on time. Remember, the USPS will not forward Standard mail (3rd Class) and the Society must pay for each piece returned.

Add Change Delete
 Name _____
 Address _____

 City _____ State _____
 Zip _____

Your editor erroneously listed the death of **Jack Bell**, Seattle, WA in our August Watch. Happily a phone call from his wife reports he is alive and well. I apologize for any inconvenience this has caused.

MARK W. SNEDDON
23834 MOBILE STREET
WEST HILLS, CA 91307

To the President and the Executive Committee
The Society of the Third Infantry Division

I have reviewed the accompanying Statement of Cash Receipts and Disbursements and Fund Balances of The Society of the Third Infantry Division for the year ended June 30, 2002. My review consisted of reviewing, on a test basis, the cash receipts and disbursements as well as the canceled checks, deposits, bank statements, bank reconciliation's, general ledger, and the resulting statement.

Based on my review I am not aware of any material modifications that should be made to the accompanying statement in order for it to present fairly the financial activity and condition of The Society of the Third Infantry Division for the year ended June 30, 2002.

Sincerely,

/s/ MARK W. SNEDDON
National Auditor
July 22, 2002

STATEMENT OF CASH RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS
AND FUND BALANCES
FOR THE YEAR ENDED JUNE 30, 2002

CASH RECEIPTS

ANNUAL DUES	\$25,171
LIFE MEMBER DUES	4,480
RAFFLE TICKETS	26,810
WORLD WAR II MEMORIAL FUND.....	765
DONATIONS & GENERAL FUND	1,375
INTEREST	642
	<u>59,243</u>

CASH DISBURSEMENTS

WATCH — PRINTING & POSTAGE	25,271
HEADQUARTERS EXPENSE:	
Postage, Copies, Stationery & Supplies, Etc.	2,417
RAFFLE EXPENSE & BONDS	4,883
ROSTER MANAGEMENT	2,244
DUES & DONATIONS TO OUTPOSTS	573
MEMBERSHIP & ADS	549
PUBLIC RELATIONS EXPENSE.....	141
MEMORIALS EXPENSE	314
WORLD WAR II MEMORIAL FUND	502
AWARDS	399
EDITOR EXPENSE	497
HISTORIAN	100
	<u>37,890</u>

RECEIPTS IN EXCESS OF DISBURSEMENTS.....21,353

FUND BALANCE — JULY 1, 2001	
CHECKING ACCOUNT	\$ 7,324
SAVINGS ACCOUNT	<u>20,615</u>
	<u>27,939</u>
	\$49,292

COMPOSITION OF FUND BALANCE — JUNE 30, 2002

CHECKING ACCOUNT	\$ 4,866
MONEY MARKET ACCOUNT	<u>44,426</u>
	\$49,292



Quartermaster

Partial list of 3rd. Infantry Division items available.

IMPORTANT ITEM: The pin pictured here, is 1 1/8" in length, in 3rd Division blue and white, was created to wear in memory of a loved one or good friend who was a member of the 3rd Infantry Division at any period in time. It can also be worn in memory of a spouse of a 3rd Infantry Division veteran.



\$2.00 of the sales price of this pin will be sent to the WWII Memorial Fund for the memorial to be built in Washington, DC with reference that the donation was made by members of the Society of the 3rd Infantry Division.

The first check for \$200 has been sent.

Price\$5.00 each
(Mailing fee: 1-3 Items-75cents, 4-6 items \$1.25)

OVERSEAS CAP: White

Men\$18.00 ea.
Women.....\$20.00 ea
w/3ID patch - \$1.50;

Embroidery of all letters, numbers, periods, marks, dashes, etc. - 50 cents ea;
cap cover: \$1.80 (Mailing fee: \$2.00)

ZIPPO LIGHTER: w/3rd Div. logo \$15.00 (Mailing fee: \$3.00)

3ID BASEBALL CAPS: Black, w/3ID logo plus "3rd Infantry Division" above and "Rock of the Marne" below. For Korea veterans, "Korea 1950-1953" replaces "Rock of the Marne."

31D\$9.00
Korea\$9.50

(Mailing fee \$1.50 for one, \$4.00 for two/three)

California residents please include State Sales Tax

Have many more items so please write or call for flyer.

Contact: **Bruce Monkman,**
P. O. Box 37-1311,
Reseda, CA 91337-1311
Ph/FAX 818-343-3370
E-Mail: nanman@earthlink.net

Websites that may be of interest to 3rd Divisioners:

- <https://www.stewart.army.mil/homepage.htm>
(Active 3d Inf. Div.)
- <https://www.tfeagle.army.mil/> (This is the website of the division in Bosnia.)
- <http://www.warfoto.com/3div.htm> (Society of 3rd ID Website.)
- <http://www.warfoto.com> WWII Memoirs-3d ID
- Walter.Meeks@stewart.army.mil (The 3ID museum address.)
- <http://www.koreanwar.org/> (Korean War Project.)
- <http://www.army.mil/cmh-pg/default.htm>
- <http://www.army.mil/cmh-pg/documents/eto-ob/3ID-eto.htm>
- <http://www.cottonbalers.com>
- <http://www.sergeantsmajor.org/cando/> (15th Inf. Regt Assoc)
- <http://korea50.army.mil>
- <http://www.nara.gov/regional/>
- <http://www.SwiftSite.com/2IDA> (2nd Infantry Division.)
- <http://www.stewartfrontline.com> (Active duty 3d ID "Frontline")
- <http://www.goarmy.com>



Society of the Third Infantry Division

U.S. Army

Purpose

The Society of the Third Infantry Division, United States Army, was incorporated in the State of Illinois in 1919 as a non-profit, fraternal, social, educational, patriotic, military service organization and shall always remain non-partisan and nonpolitical. Specific objectives are:

- To foster and strengthen associations and friendships formed during service with the Third Infantry Division, U.S. Army.
- To honor the Third Infantry Division War Dead.
- To perpetuate the memory of other former comrades who shared a background of honorable military service with the Third Infantry Division, U.S. Army.
- To encourage and achieve the mutual benefit and support resulting from a close and cooperative alliance between the Society and the Third Infantry Division, U.S. Army.
- To support the Government of the United States and to give it, in peace and in war, the same devotion and service expected of us as members of its armed forces.

Pledge

I pledge to the Society of the Third Infantry Division, United States Army, in the achievement of the objects for which it is formed, that same full measure of loyalty and devotion which my comrades who have fallen gave to the Division itself and to the cause for which it fought.

Through my loyalty and devotion to their memory, their loyalty and devotion shall no more be forgotten by the Country for which they died than by the comrades at whose side they fell.

To them, I pledge, in peace the dedication of myself to that Country, that cause and those ideas of right and civilization, to which they consecrated themselves in War.

General Information

All members will receive the official bi-monthly publication, *The Watch on the Rhine*, and the national membership roster.

The Society is divided into chapters, called outposts, which members are entitled to join. Outposts, at their discretion, may charge a small additional amount for outpost activities. At Large members do not belong to outposts but are referred to as "Footsie Britt At Large."

Eligibility

Regular Membership: Veterans with honorable service in the Third Infantry Division. Also, those who were members of supporting or attached units of the Third Infantry Division.

Life Membership: Same as regular membership.

Associate Member: Spouse, parents, children, or siblings of any person eligible for regular membership, and any person with a special interest in, or an affinity for the Society of the Third Infantry

Dues Information

Annual Membership (per year):\$10.00

Overseas Members (per year).....\$20.00

Life Membership

Recipients of Medal of Honor	No charge
Veterans of World War I	No charge
Other Life membership dues are based on the following scale:	
Up to age 39	\$340.00
40-49	\$300.00
50-59	\$225.00
60-69.....	\$150.00
70-79.....	\$100.00
Over age 79	\$75.00

Dues are payable before July 1st each year. Send payment to: **Society of the Third Infantry Division, P.O. Box 70291, Beaufort, SC 29907.**



Membership Application Society of the Third Infantry Division, U.S. Army

Date: _____

New Annual or Life Member

New Associate Member

Name _____
(Last) (First) (Middle Initial)

Home Address _____
(Street) (City) (State) (Zip)

Telephone No _____ Served From _____ To: _____

Unit(s) Served with: _____ Rank: _____

E-mail Address: _____

Please detach and mail this application for membership along with a check or money order payable to Society of the Third Infantry Division to: **Society of the Third Infantry Division, P.O. Box 70291, Beaufort, SC 29907.**



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Secretary: Bobby Jarvis
1941 Heathrow Dr.
Hinesville, GA 31313
Treasurer: (Open)

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CAMPAIGNS OF THE THIRD INFANTRY DIVISION

WORLD WAR I [2 Medals of Honor]

- ★ Aisne
- ★ St. Mihiel
- ★ Champagne-Marne
- ★ Meuse-Argonne
- ★ Aisne-Marne
- ★ Champagne

WORLD WAR II [37 Medals of Honor]

- ★ Algeria-French Morocco
- ★ Tunisia
- ★ Sicily
- ★ Naples-Foggia
- ★ Anzio
- ★ Rome-Arno
- ★ Southern France

- ★ Ardennes-Alsace
- ★ Rhineland
- ★ Central Europe

KOREAN WAR [11 Medals of Honor]

- ★ CCF Intervention
- ★ CCF Spring Offensive
- ★ Second Korean Winter
- ★ Third Korean Winter
- ★ First U.N. Counteroffensive
- ★ U.N. Summer-Fall Offensive
- ★ Korea, Summer-Fall 1952
- ★ Korea, Summer 1953

PERSIAN GULF WAR

- ★ Defense of Saudi Arabia
- ★ Liberation and Defense of Kuwait

The Rock of the Marne



Society of the Third Infantry Division, U.S. Army
 PO Box 70291
 Beaufort, SC 29907

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