

first. On that foundation he built respect a brick at a time. His men ate first; he ate last. Instead of merely learning their names, he made it a point to know the men. A lot of the soldiers were high-school dropouts and would-be tough guys just a few years younger than himself. Some were scared, and a few were still in partial shock at being in a shooting war. Sam patiently worked on their pride and self-confidence. Yet there was never any doubt who was in charge. I had been around enough to know what a delicate accomplishment that was.

Half in wonder, an officer once told me, "Sam can dress a man down till his ears burn, and the next minute that same guy is eager to follow him into hell." But he never chewed out a man in front of his subordinates. Sam wouldn't ask his men to do anything he wasn't willing to do himself. He dug his own foxholes. He never gave lectures on appearance, but even at God-forsaken outposts in the Central Highlands, he would set aside a few ounces of water from his canteen to shave. His uniform, even if it was jungle fatigues, would be as clean and neat as he could make it. Soon all of Bravo Company had a reputation for looking sharp.

One sultry and miserable day on a dirt road at the base camp, Sam gathered the men together and began talking about how tough the infantryman's job is, how proud he was of them, how they should always look out for each other. He took out a bunch of Combat Infantryman's Badges, signifying that a soldier has paid his dues under fire, and he presented one to each of the men. There wasn't a soldier there who would have traded that moment on the road for some parade-ground ceremony. That was the way Sam Bird taught me leadership. He packed a lot of lessons into the six months we were together. Put the troops first. Know that morale often depends on small things. Respect every person's dignity. Always be ready to fight for your people. Lead by example. Reward performance. But Sam had another lesson to teach, one that would take long and painful years, a lesson in courage.

I left Bravo Company in December 1966 to return to the States for a month before joining a Special Forces unit.

Sam's helicopter was about to touch down at the attack point when it was ripped by enemy fire. Slugs shattered his left ankle and right leg. Another struck the left side of his head, carrying off almost a quarter of his skull.

Being a big, tough paratrooper, I didn't tell Sam what his example had meant to me. But I made a point of visiting his parents and sister in Wichita, Kan., just before Christmas to tell them how much he'd affected my life, and how his troops would walk off a cliff for him. His family was relieved when I told them that his tour of combat was almost over and he'd be moving to a safe job in the rear. Two months later, in a thatched hut in the Mekong Delta, I got a letter from Sam's sister, saying that he had conned his commanding officer into letting him stay an extra month with his beloved Bravo Company.

On his last day, January 27, 1967 – his 27th birthday – the men had secretly planned a party, even arranging to have a cake flown in. They were going to "pay back the old man." But orders came down for Bravo to lead an airborne assault on a North Vietnamese regimental headquarters. Sam's helicopter was about to touch down at the attack point when it was ripped by enemy fire. Slugs shattered his left ankle and right leg. Another struck the left side of his head, carrying off almost a quarter of his skull. His executive officer, Lt. Dean Parker, scooped Sam's brains back into the gaping wound.

Reading the letter, I felt as if I'd been kicked in the stomach. I began querying every hospital in Vietnam to find out if Sam was still alive. But in June, before I could discover his fate, I was in a fire fight in an enemy-controlled zone. I had thrown four grenades. The fifth one exploded in my hand. I lost an arm and a leg.

Nearly a year later, in March 1968, I finally caught up with Sam. I was just getting the hang of walking with an artificial leg when I visited him at the VA Medical Center in Memphis, Tenn. Seeing him, I had to fight back the tears. The wiry, smiling soldier's soldier was blind in the left eye and partially so in the right. Surgeons had removed metal shards and damaged tissue from deep within his brain, and he had been left with a marked depression on

the left side of his head. The circles under his eyes told of sleepless hours and great pain. The old clear voice of command was slower now, labored and with an odd, high pitch. I saw his brow knit as he looked through his one good eye, trying to remember. He recognized me, but believed I had served with him in Korea, his first tour of duty.

Slowly, Sam rebuilt his ability to converse. But while he could recall things from long ago, he couldn't remember what he had eaten for breakfast. Headaches came on him like terrible firestorms. There was pain, too, in his legs. He had only partial use of one arm, with which he'd raise himself in front of the mirror to brush his teen and shave. He had the support of a wonderful family, and once he was home in Wichita, his sister brought his old school sweetheart, Annette Blazier, to see him. A courtship began, and in 1972 they were married.

They built a house like Sam had dreamed of – red brick, with a flagpole out front. He had developed the habit of addressing God as "Sir" and spoke to him often. He never asked to be healed. At every table grace, he thanked God for sending him Annette and for "making it possible for me to live at home in a free country."

In 1976, Sam and Annette traveled to The Citadel for his 15th class reunion. World War II hero Gen. Mark Clark, the school's president emeritus, asked about his wounds and said, "On behalf of your country, I want to thank you for all you did." With pride, Sam answered "Sir, it was the least I could do." Later Annette chided him gently for understating the case. After all, he had sacrificed his health and career in Vietnam. Sam gave her an incredulous look. "I had friends who didn't come back," he said. "I'm enjoying the freedoms they died for."

I visited Sam in Wichita and phoned him regularly. You would not have guessed that he lived with pain every day.

Once, speaking of me to his sister, he said, "I should never complain about the pain in my leg, because B.T. doesn't have a leg." I'd seen a lot of men with lesser wounds reduced to anger and self-pity. Never a hint of that passed Sam's lips, though I knew that, every waking moment, he was fighting to live. On October 18, 1984, after 17 years, Sam's body couldn't take any more.

When we received the news of his death, a number of us from Bravo Company flew to Wichita, where Sam was to be buried with his forebears. The day before the burial, his old exec, Dean Parker, and I went to the funeral home to make sure everything was in order. As Dean straightened the brass on Sam's uniform, I held my captain's hand and looked into his face, a face no longer filled with pain. I thought about how unashamed Sam always was to express his love for his country, how sunny and unaffected he was in his devotion to his men. I ached that I had never told him what a fine soldier and man he was. But in my deep sadness I felt a glow of pride for having served with him, and for having learned the lessons of leadership that would serve me all my life.

That is why I am telling you about Samuel R. Bird and these things that happened so long ago. Chances are, you have seen Sam Bird. He was the tall officer in charge of the casket detail at the funeral of President John F. Kennedy. Historian William Manchester described him as "a lean, sinewy Kansan, the kind of American youth whom Congressmen dutifully praise each Fourth of July and whose existence many, grown jaded by years on the Hill, secretly doubt."

There can be no doubt about Sam, about who he was, how he lived and how he led. We buried him that fall afternoon, as they say, "with honors." But as I walked from that grave, I knew I was the honored one, for having known him.

Note: At the time that this article was written, Mr. B.T. Collins had recovered from severe war wounds to become the highly acclaimed director of the California Conservation Corps and later chief of staff to the governor of California. He later became California's deputy state treasurer. He is now deceased.

The rest of the story...

Company C and Jackson Heights

by Robert P Lott,
LTC, Ret.2

Mr. Antonio Muniz' remarks published in the April 2000 issue of *The Watch on the Rhine* refer to actions regarding Jackson Heights and other locales. He referred to a similar article by Mr. Ernest Acosta, Jr. which was published in an earlier issue of the Watch. I

was platoon leader of the first platoon Company C, 65th Infantry during its time on Jackson Heights. Let's set the popular mind at rest regarding Company C and Jackson Heights.

The C Company commander and platoon leaders were required to occupy a vantage point behind the MLR and observe F Company attack Jackson. The attack seemingly moved over the objective without flaw. As I understood the scheme F Company would attack and secure Jackson. A Company would follow, relieve F Company on the objective, and F Company would return to the MLR. C Company's mission would be to attack the objective if things went awry. After watching F Company attack successfully, we returned to C Company positions in the reserve battalion area. Later that day we were informed that all officers of both A Company and F Company had been killed or wounded and all men of both companies had returned to the MLR. C Company would conduct an attack that night to seize and secure Jackson.

My platoon led the approach (column of platoons) to Jackson. The head of the column was some three maybe four hundred yards from the base of the ridge that was Jackson Heights when flares dropped by an aircraft illuminated us. Doctrine at that time directed that movement be stopped if illuminated at night. So we stopped movement and lay on the ground. The company commander crawled to my position and told me that a unit of another division was controlling the flares and would not stop



Jackson Heights with Camel's Hump on the right. No of the 38th parallel. East edge of Chorwon Valley. Photocopy courtesy of Jim Jarboe.

them. We were very close to the boundary with the division to our east. The aircraft would drop four flares, circle around and as the last flare flickered out, it would drop four more flares. The flares continued until day began to break (morning twilight). Unfortunately, or fortunately, a dense fog had begun to develop and by day visibility was restricted to 10 or 20 yards.

Platoon Leader, 3rd Platoon crawled to my position to coordinate our attack on Jackson. We then crawled to a position along a concrete irrigation canal (2 feet deep, 2 feet wide), which was about 50 yards from the base of Jackson. The fog was beginning to thin. The attack order issued the day before and some three to four thousand yards behind us from a map recon. required 3rd platoon to attack east along the ridge that was Jackson. My platoon mission was to move east in the valley north of Jackson for several hundred yards, turn south and attack to the top of the ridge. It looked good on the map for night, but it would now be a daylight attack. The valley floor on both sides of the ridge from what we could see looked flat and wide open. Neither of us wanted to subject our platoons to flanking fire during a lengthy maneuver in the open. We decided to hit the ridge head-on its western end where we were. 3'd platoon would attack eastward along the south slope while my platoon would attack eastward along the north slope of the ridge.

We sent runners to bring our platoons. While waiting for our platoons both of us

commented that we thought we saw movement about halfway up the end of the ridge.. About this time we heard a short burst of fire behind us. The sound seemed to come from the area where the 3" platoon would be moving so the platoon leader went to check. His platoon and mine came up at the same time. The burst of fire (6 rounds?) had happened when one of his auto riflemen stumbled and accidentally fired the burst while he was off balance.

We started the attack. I like to think that my platoon formation was two squads abreast and one back. In fact all movement was soon restricted to single file along a chogie path that angled toward the top and laboriously rose along the ridge. Actually the north side of the ridge was so steep and with a surface of hard rock that foot movement was impracticable except along the chogie path. The fog had now lifted so we could see the top of the ridge. Since neither attacking platoon had drawn defensive fire, neither platoon had fired. C Company was not fired at that day. The stumbling auto rifleman's accidental burst was the only fire delivered by C Company on Jackson Heights. Platoon Leader 3rd Platoon and I arrived on top about the same time and coordinated our defensive limiting point. The 2nd Platoon was filing through going to its designated defensive area on the eastern end of the ridge.

After leaving Platoon leader, 3rd Platoon, I moved eastward along my platoon front designating squad defensive areas and locating automatic weapons positions for the defense. I noticed that the troops were hesitant to take up a fighting position or even assume a fighting attitude. There was a lot of standing around. In truth, there was no place to dig a fighting position as the ground was solid rock. Previous occupiers had assembled rocks and built rock parapets which, of course, would not offer protection against high-angle fire fragmentary effects. The ground was littered with corpses: Chinese, Puerto Rican, and continentals. When walking one had to consciously avoid stepping on a body. At one rock parapet the body of a Chinese rifleman still kneeled as if ready to fire. Body and rifle were propped up by the rocks. I told a squad leader to put an auto rifleman there. No movement, only hesitation. They said the position could not be occupied because the dead Chinese soldier

was still there. I reached over grabbed the dead Chinese under the armpits of his uniform to pull the body away. Arms and legs fell away and I had only the torso, which I removed.

About this time I heard the voice of the Platoon Leader of the 2nd Platoon speaking in a loud, angry tone. He was standing on a boulder with his carbine leveled at members of his platoon who were grouped in front of him. Thank God that the fog still limited visibility. The platoon leader was saying that he would shoot the first one to leave and he took his weapon off safe. As he did so 15 to 20 M1 rifles were leveled at him and taken off safe. With that the platoon leader said that he didn't care, they could go all the way back to Puerto Rico." I noticed some members of my platoon joining the group. I questioned the group asking what was going on. Some one said there is too much death here and we can't stay here. I told one of my men, a Virgin Islander, who spoke excellent English and Spanish to tell them that we were all staying on the ridge. I told him to say that to the men. He refused to do so. With that the men began to leave in twos, threes, squads, and bunches. However, they carried their weapons with them. When the troops were gone, eleven remained: 4 officers, 4 platoon sergeants, and 3 KATUSA. My platoon sergeant was a PFC. The Platoon sergeants of the 2nd and 3rd platoons were corporals.

We prepared to defend with that force. The best that could be done would be to find a boulder big enough to offer some protection from small arms direct fire. The fog began clearing about mid-morning and by noon the skies were clear. During this period the platoon sergeant of the 2nd platoon

asked me why do we fight for this place. I had to tell him that I didn't know. About noon the company commander stated that he had lost radio and telephone contact with battalion and that we would leave the position. So the eleven of us left Jackson. Later I heard that the French battalion was the next unit to go on Jackson. They evacuated the bodies, declared the position to be untenable, and withdrew

Upon returning behind the MLR we found the men of Company C assembled and formed by the Regimental Commander and a non-com. With the non-corn translating into Spanish, the Regimental Commander gave the men a direct order to return to Jackson. To a man they refused to do so. The company commander was directed to move the men to a reserve location, put them under arrest and prepare court martial charges against them.

We moved to a location in the rear. The eleven who had stayed on Jackson stretched a strand of commo. wire around a group of trees in which 121 were placed in confinement. Memory serving me correctly, 76 were tried by general courts-martial with 51 being convicted. Anyone interested can review the records of courts-martial to determine charges and specifications and sentences. C Company is the only company I know of that was marched to the rear in disgrace. We deserved it. C Company had not faced hostile fire that day.

Some of those who walked away in October fought in January and February-some with distinction.

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"It was not fun..."

The following is the retirement address of Marine Col Wayne Shaw who recently retired from Quantico after more than 28 years of service. It is making the rounds and is worth the 5 or 6 minutes it takes to read.—John L. Tompson

"In recent years, I've heard many Marines, on the occasion of retirements, farewells, promotions and changes of command refer to the "fun" they've had in the Marine Corps; "I loved every day of it and had a lot of fun" has been voiced far too often. Their definition of "fun" must be radically different from mine.

Since first signing my name on the dotted line 28 years ago I have had very little fun. Devoting my entire physical and mental energies training to kill the young men of some other country was not fun. Worrying about how many of my own men might die or return home maimed was not fun. Knowing that we did not have the money or time to train as best we should have, was not fun either.

It was no fun to be separated from my wife for months on end, nor was it fun to freeze at night in snow and rain and mud. It was not much fun to miss my father's funeral because my Battalion Commander was convinced our peacetime training deployment just couldn't succeed without me. Missing countless school and athletic events my sons very much wanted me to see was not much fun either. Not being at my son's high school graduation wasn't fun.

Somehow, it didn't seem like fun when the movers showed up with day laborers from the street corner and the destroyed personal effects were predictable from folks who couldn't hold a job. The lost and damaged items, often irreplaceable family heirlooms, weren't much fun to try to "replace" for pennies on the dollar. There wasn't much fun for a Colonel with a family of four to live in a 1200 sq. ft. apartment with one bathroom that no welfare family would have moved into.

It was not much fun to watch the downsizing of the services after Desert Storm as we handed out pink slips to men who risked their lives just weeks before. It has not been much fun to watch mid-grade officers and senior Staff NCOs, after liv-

ing frugal lives and investing money where they could, realize that they cannot afford to send their sons and daughters to college. Nor do I consider it much fun to reflect on the fact that our medical system is simply broken. It is not much fun to watch my Marines board helicopters that are just too old and train with gear that just isn't what it should be anymore. It is not much fun to receive the advanced copies of promotion results and call those who have been passed over for promotion.

It just wasn't much fun to watch the infrastructure at our bases and stations sink deeper into the abyss because funding wasn't provided for the latest "crisis". It just wasn't much fun to discharge good Marines for being a few pounds overweight and have to reenlist Marines who were HIV positive and not worldwide deployable. It sure wasn't much fun to look at the dead Marines in the wake of the Beirut bombing and Mogadishu fiascoes and ask yourself what in the hell we were doing there. I could go on and on.

There hasn't been much fun in a career that spans a quarter century of frustration, sacrifice, and work. So, why did you serve you might ask? Let me answer that: I joined the service out of a profound sense of patriotism. As the son of a career Air Force Senior NCO, I grew up on military bases often within minutes flying time from Soviet airfields in East Germany. I remember the Cuban Missile crisis, the construction of the Berlin Wall, the nuclear attack drills in school, and was not many miles away when Soviet Tanks crushed the aspirations of citizens in Czechoslovakia. To me there was never any doubt that our great Republic and the last best hope of free people needed to prevail in this ultimate contest. I knew I had to serve. When our nation was in turmoil over our involvement in Vietnam, I knew that we were right in the macro

strategic sense and in the moral sense, even if in the execution phase we may have been flawed. I still believe to this day that we did the right thing. Many of our elite in the nation today continue to justify their opposition to Vietnam in spite of all evidence that shows they were wrong and their motives either naive or worse. This nation needed to survive and I was going to join others like me to ensure it did.

We joined long before anyone had ever referred to service in the infantry units of the Marine Corps as an "opportunity." We knew the pay was lousy, the work hard and the rewards would be few. We had a cause, we knew we were right and we were willing when others were not. Even without a direct threat to our Nation, many still join and serve for patriotic reasons.

I joined the Marines out of a sense of adventure. I expected to go to foreign countries and do challenging things. I expected that, should I stick around, my responsibilities would grow as would my rewards. It was exciting to be given missions and great Marines to be responsible for.

Finally, I joined for the camaraderie. I expected to lead good men and to be led by good men. Marines who would speak frankly and freely, follow orders once the decision was made and who would place the success of the mission above all else. Marines who would be willing to sacrifice for this great Nation. These were men I could trust with anything and they could trust me. It was the camaraderie that sustained me when the adventure had faded and the patriotism was tested.

I was a Marine for all of these years because it was necessary, because it was rewarding, because our nation needed individuals like us and because I liked and admired the Marines I served with but it sure wasn't fun. I am leaving active service soon and am filled with some real

I am leaving active service soon and am filled with some real concerns for the future of our Marine Corps and even more so for the other services.

concerns for the future of our Marine Corps and even more so for the other services.

I have two sons who are on the path to becoming Marine Officers themselves and I am concerned about their future and that of their fellow Marines, sailors, airmen and soldiers. We in the Corps have the least of the problems but will not be able to survive in a sick DOD. We have gone from a draft motivated force, to an all volunteer force, to the current professional force without the senior leadership being fully aware of the implications. Some of our ills can be traced to the fact that our senior leadership doesn't understand the modern Marine or service member. I can tell you that the 18 year old who walks through our door is a far different individual with different motivations than those just ten years ago.

Let me generalize for a moment. The young man from the middle class in the suburbs comes in to "Rambo" for a while. He has a home to return to if need be and mom has left his room unchanged. In the back of his mind he has some thoughts of a career if he likes it or it is rewarding. The minorities and females are looking for some skills training but also consider a career if "things work out." They have come to serve their country but only in a very indirect way.

They have not joined for the veterans' benefits because those have been truncated to the point where they are useless. No matter what they do, there is no way it will pay for college and the old VA home loan is not competitive either. There are no real veteran's benefits anymore... It is that simple, and our senior leadership has their head in the sand if they think otherwise. As they progress through their initial enlistments that are four years or more now, many conclude that they will not be competitive enough to make it a 20-year career or don't want to endure the sacrifices required. At that point they decide that it is time to get on with the rest of their lives and the result is the high first term attrition we currently have to deal with.

The thought of a less than honorable discharge holds no fear whatsoever for most. It is a paper tiger. Twenty years ago, an individual could serve two years and walk away with a very attractive amount

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of Veterans benefits that could not be matched by any other sector or business in the country. We have even seen those who serve long enough lose benefits as we stamped from weaker program to weaker program. This must be reversed.

We need a viable and competitive GI Bill that is grandfathered when you enter the service, is predicated on an honorable discharge and has increasing benefits for longer service so we can fill the mid-grade ranks with quality people. We must do this to stop the hemorrhage of first term attrition and to reestablish good faith and fairness. It will allow us to reenlist a few more and enlist a few less. The modern service member is well read and informed. He knows more about strategy, diplomacy and current events than Captains knew when I first joined. He reads national newspapers and professional journals and is tuned into CNN.

Gone are the days of the PFC who sat in Butzbach in the Fulda Gap or Camp Schwab on Okinawa and scanned the Stars and Stripes sports page and listened to AFN. Yet our senior leadership continue to treat him like a moron from the hinterland who wouldn't understand what goes on. He is in the service because he wants to be and not because he can't get a job in the steel mill. Three hots and a cot are not what he is here for. The Grunts and other combat arms guys aren't here for the "training and skills" either. He is remarkably well disciplined in that he does what he is told to do even though he knows it is stupid. He is very stoic, but not blind.

Yet, I see senior leaders all of the time who pile on more. One should remind them that their first platoon in 1968 would have told them to stick it where the sun doesn't shine. These new Warriors only think it...He is well aware of the moral cowardice of his seniors and their habit of taking the easy way out that results in more pain and work for their subordinates. This must be reversed. The senior leadership must have the moral courage to stop the misuse and abuse of the current force. The force is too small, stretched too thin and too poorly funded. These deficiencies

are made up on the backs of the Marines, sailors, airmen and soldiers. The troops are the best we've ever had and that is no reason to drive them into the dirt. Our equipment and infrastructure is shot.

There is no other way to put it. We must reinvest immediately and not just on the big ticket items like the F-22. That is the equivalent of buying a new sofa when the roof leaks and the termites are wrecking the structure.

Finally, let me spend a minute talking about camaraderie and leadership.

I stayed a Marine because I had great leaders early on. They were men of great character, without preaching, men of courage without ragging, men of humor without rancor. They were men who believed in me and I in them.

They encouraged me without being condescending. We were part of a team and they cared little for promotions, political correctness, or who your father was. They were well-educated renaissance men who were equally at home in the White House or visiting a sick Marine's child in a trailer park. They could talk to a barmaid or a baroness with equal ease and make each feel like a lady. They didn't much tolerate excuses or liars or those with too much ambition for promotion. Someone once told me that Priests do the Lord's work and don't plan to be the Pope. They were in touch with their Marines and supportive of their seniors. They voiced their opinions freely and without retribution from above. They probably drank too much and had an eye for beautiful women as long as they weren't someone's wife or a subordinate. You could trust them with your life, your wife, or your wallet.

Some of these great leaders were not my superiors — some were my Marines. We need more like them at the senior levels of Government and in military leadership today. It is indeed sad when senior defense officials and Generals say things on TV they themselves don't believe and every service member knows they are lying. It is sad how out of touch with our society some of our Generals are. Ask some general you know these ten ques-

tions:

1. How much does a PFC make per month?
2. How big is the gas tank on a Hummvee?
3. Who is your Congressman and who are your two Senators?
4. Name one band that your men listen to.
5. Name one book on the NY times best-seller list.
6. Who won the last Superbowl?
7. What is the best selling car in America?
8. What is the WWF?
9. When did you last trust your subordinates enough to take ten days leave?
10. What is the leave balance of your most immediate subordinate?

We all know they won't get two right and therein lies the problem. We are in the midst of monumental leadership failure at the senior levels.

Just recently, Gen Shelton (CJCS) testified that he didn't know we had a readiness problem or pay problems.... Can you imagine that level of isolation? We must fix our own leadership problems soon. Quality of life is paid lip service and everyone below the rank of Col. knows it.

We need tough, realistic and challenging training. But we don't need low pay, no medical benefits, and ghetto housing. There is only so much our morality should allow us to ask of families. Isn't it bad enough that we ask the service members to sacrifice their lives without asking their families to sacrifice their education and well-being too? We put our troops on guilt trips when we tell them about how many died for this country and no hot water in housing is surely a small sacrifice to make. "Men have died and you have the guts to complain about lack of medical care for your kids?"

The nation has been in an economic boom for damn near twenty years now, yet we expect folks in the military to live like lower middle class folks lived in the mid fifties. In 1974, a 2nd Lt. could buy a Corvette for less than his annual salary. Today, you can't buy a Corvette on a Major's annual salary. I can give you 100 other examples... An NROTC midshipman on scholarship got \$100 a month in 1975. He or she still gets \$100 in 1999. No raise in 25 years? The QOL piece must be fixed. The Force sees this as a truth teller and the truth is not good.

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I stayed a Marine despite the erosion of benefits, the sacrifices of my wife and children, the betrayal of our junior troops and the declining quality of life because of great leaders, and the threat to our way of life by a truly evil empire that no longer exists. I want men to stay in the future. We must reverse these trends. There will be a new "evil empire" eventually. Sacrifices will need to be made and perhaps many things cannot change, but first and fore-

most we must fix our leadership problems. The rest will take care of itself, if we can only fix the leadership problem. Then, I still can't promise you "fun" but I can promise you the reward and satisfaction of being able to look into the mirror for the rest of your life and being able to say: "I gave more to America than I ever took from America.... and I am proud of it.

Semper Fi and God Bless you!"

The Korean War - A Family Matter

James W. Kerr

Dr. Kerr of Easton, MD, grew up in Korea where his family were missionaries, returning to fight in the Korean War. This report is condensed from his featured speech at the Dover, DE. Celebration 4 July, 2000, where the Korean War Veterans were honored.

Growing up in a beautiful, unspoiled land, not yet denuded by the Japanese occupation, I graduated from high school in Pyongyang in 1938. My stepfather's family had been missionaries in the area since the early 1900's. All in all, I was prepared in many ways to take up arms against a new set of invaders. I spoke passable Korean, was a highly trained Regular Army officer, and my immediate family had been driven from their home at the start of the war.

Three topics demand exploration, and must lead to future action. First, overall U.S. policy toward Korea has been inconsistent, to say the least, from 1895 onward. While our involvement has surely contributed to the economic miracle that puts Hyundai on our roads instead of Datsun, we blew hot and cold when it comes to the menace of North Korea — the country that started the 1950 war.

Second, we have failed to indemnify our citizens who were materially damaged if not destroyed by communist aggression. My parents and my sister returned to Korea in 1950 after an absence of some years, prepared and outfitted to spend five

years. All their possessions even the family silver were lost when they fled by night over the mountains to Pusan. There is so far no War Claims process to make whole or compensate in any way U.S. civilian victims of that War. We temporized for 49 years, calling it a "conflict", but now it is officially the "Korean War". Probably legislation is needed to rectify this injustice; let us hope the congress is listening.

Finally, the sore subject of friendly fire rears its ugly head again. I was not at No Gun Ri, but I know how the U.S. leaders felt when they gave the order to fire on people who might have been allies. In June 1953, when the Chinese had begun to penetrate our very highly critical defensive positions east of Seoul, I persuaded our artillery support to fire the pre-arranged concentration into our own lines. We were thus unable to retake our hill, but—we hit any of our own men? Survivors report being aware of our "friendly" support as they were bayoneting Chinese infantry. At dawn we counted over 1000 enemy dead; we lost about 200 killed and wounded.

This does not mean a lack of sympathy for the Koreans at No Gun Ri, but rather some awareness that the U.S. troops who fired on an unidentifiable mass moving toward them deserve our moral and legal support.

Policy, legislative relief and empathy — can we rise to those challenges?

No time to brag...No need too

Gentlemen:

I am not writing this letter on my own behalf, but on behalf of the majority of the members of this Division, the 3rd Infantry Division.

In practically every issue of Army Times that we receive there is printed one or more letters from various and sundry persons of those great fighting units stationed within the continental limits of the United States, who are having such a tough time these days—what with being on maneuvers as many as nine consecutive days at the time and so heroically defending our west coast, which is quite an arduous task. In view of the fact that they probably limited to only six passes per week.

Each such letter is on one of three subjects—“My outfit has set a record for the five mile hike, and through those rough (like hell) Cookson hills too,” “I have been In the Army two years now and have never been on guard or K.P.,” or “Our Mess Sgt. can prepare better meals than the Mess Sgt. of the ___ Bn, who received the Legion of Merit for the meals he prepared, so why don't they give our Mess Sgt. a Legion of Merit too.” Now, we would like to make only one or two comments on such letters.

This Division is one of the oldest Divisions of the Army. It has more Battle Streamers than any other Unit in the Army. It has the second oldest Regiment in the United States Army, which was organized before the War of 1812, in which it fought. Yet, with those and countless other honors, you never see any such silly, bragging letters from members of these Units. Why? Because they have something a hell of a lot more important to do than tell people what they have done. They are making history (and not on maneuvers either) and not trying to tell it.

As for marching records—the attention of all concerned is invited to the September 11th issue of *Colliers*, which makes the true statement that the 3rd Division marched 72 miles in 2 days, and in combat too, through hills as high as 2,000 feet and damn near impassable. And at the end of the march, which resulted in the capture of Palermo they did not have barracks with warm beds and clean sheets to sleep in either—they slept in foxholes and ate “C” Rations.

So, gentlemen, would you print this letter in your paper, and it would be greatly appreciated if in the future we see a few less number of the aforementioned letters appear in your paper. It is believed that this space could be devoted to something at least worthwhile.

On behalf of the members of this Division,

T/Sgt. Hubert Gaskin
C/O Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

From th *Army Times*, Dec. 18, 1943. Saved for 57 years and presented by: Arthur Grau, Jr., PO Box 93, Wisconsin Veterans Home, King, WI 54946

Hubert Gaskin is listed in the 3rd Div. History as being with the 3rd Medical Battalion and being awarded the Bronze Star during WWII.—Editor

Memo

TO: Mr. John Shirley,
FROM: Col. John T. Barber, AUS,
(Ret.), Executive Director
SUBJECT: Soldiers', Sailors', Marines'
& Airmen's Club of New York City.

I am sending this memo via email to introduce your organization to the Soldiers', Sailors', Marines' & Airmen's Club of New York City. The Club provides hotel accommodations in New York City exclusively for your membership.

The Soldiers', Sailors', Marines' & Airmen's Club is a *not for profit organization supported through tax deductible donations*.

Patriotic private citizens founded it in 1919 with the assistance of General John J. Pershing to “Promote the general welfare of the men and women of the U.S. Armed Forces and its Allies”. To accomplish this objective we have been operating the Club as a hotel in New York City for 81 years to provide affordable lodgings *exclusively for active duty military, national guard, reserve, military retirees, honorably discharged veterans, dod civilians (active and retired)—on official duty or leisure travel; and the dependents and sponsored guests of these eligible individuals*.

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Let us know if you can use brochures, which also provide history, facility and rate information. You can reach us by telephone, fax or e-mail (ssmaclub.org@ix.netcom.com). Thank you in advance for your assistance in disseminating the information to your members.

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Div. of Corps. 41 State St., Albany, NY
12231. Tax. ID: 13-1628214

Corps, and there would be no way of stopping them from driving on to Seoul, South Korea's capital. With the negotiations reaching a critical, final stage at Panmunjon, the cease-fire negotiations would have been altered drastically, to the advantage of the Chinese Communist Forces. The Goat Trail, as well as the Mule Trail farther east, was to be held at all costs. There was no Corps Reserve.

The shattered ROK units inflicted enough casualties to slow the Chinese advance. Some filtered through our position. I recall a very young ROK cavalry Captain, who came up to me as said, "ammo hava no". There was a case of .30 caliber M-1 ammo near me and I pointed to it and said, "help yourself". He and his fourteen men loaded their belts and bandoleers and turned back toward the front. A sergeant, who had been in the U.S. Army as a KATUSA (Korean Augmentation to U.S. Army), spoke some English. I asked him how many men were in his troop, and he replied that there were over 200 men that morning, but only the captain and fourteen men were left. When ammo ran out, they fought with bayonets. When I asked him where they were headed, with a half smile he said, "we go back and kill more Chinese".

I went up to the Battalion Command Post and then to the Observation Post, to observe the area to our front. The ground sloped down to a long plain, with a stream parallel to our front lines, a minor obstacle, and about a mile to our front there was a mountain. The Chinese occupied the mountain, and they would have to come across open ground, offering us good fields of fire, if they attacked us.

From 13 July to 27 July 1953, we successfully held our position. The arrival of the Greek Battalion and the 65th Infantry secured our open flanks and relieved concern for that precarious situation.

Each time Chinese troops attempted to attack, they were met by overwhelming artillery barrages. The "time on target" volleys literally destroyed their formations. Their losses were enormous, and when they realized that they could not capture the Goat Trail, they resorted to artillery strikes. They used the captured

18 howitzers of 555th Field Artillery Battalion, and the ample stocks of ammunition to bombard us.

I still have a copy of the "cease fire" order. It is dated 27 July, informing us that an Armistice Agreement was signed on that date. We were to "initiate withdrawal from the demilitarized zone to previously selected post armistice positions no sooner than 2722001 July 53 and to be completed by 3022001 July 53." Paragraph 6 stated, "There will be no firing after 2721451 July 53 unless actually attacked by infantry."

At 2145 hours we complied with the cease fire order. The Chinese fired as much ammunition they had, as fast as they could, up to 2200 hours. This was their way of showing they were not defeated, although they were denied their objectives.

Sadly, I remember a jeep with four Greek soldiers; drinking, singing and shouting that the war was over. I told them to get the hell off the road (trail) and take cover.

They ignored me and proceeded on their merry way. The next day I learned that the jeep had take a direct hit from a Chinese shell, killing all of them.

On the morning of the 28th, the Chinese raised a huge red flag over their position, but did not have an American flag to display. Paragraph 5 of the cease-fire order stated, "There will be no fraternization or communication with the enemy at any time." We ignored some attempts to communicate with us.

We were withdrawn from our last battle position ending the last engagement of the fighting "Can Do" Regiment and the 2nd Battalion. We went into a camp area and many of the men with sufficient points left for the States. We received stateside replacements and a training program began.

Along with other field grade officers, I received orders to report to K MAG (Korean Military Advisory Group) at Taegu. I was greeted by Colonel Fell, a classmate from the Advanced Officer Course at Fort Benning, and an old friend, who explained the new program of building up the South Korean Army. The

objective was to train an army that could take over defense of Korea successfully, after all U.S. Forces had left.

Leaving the 2nd Battalion was very sad for me, for they were my family and once a "Can Do" soldier, always a "Can Do" soldier. I was delighted to have Major Dennison and Captain Rizzo visit me in my new assignment as G-2 & G-3 Advisor, for the newly activated 28th ROK Division.

My new outfit was located in a training area, just beyond the mountain. Since the detachment commander was still at school stateside, I had the additional responsibility of acting detachment commander. Living with, working with and sometimes eating their food -the Koreans- was a real educational experience. They were very good soldiers, eager to learn.

One day I was told to go to the railway station, to pick up the new Training Center Commander. I was pleased to find that he was Colonel Russell F. Akers, Jr., my regimental commander - 15th Infantry. He informed me that with two "Can Do" officers training them, the Koreans would become first class units. One could not disagree with such a fact.

Over the years I have lost track of most of the comrades I knew in the 15th Infantry. Colonel Akers has gone to soldiers' heaven, as have probably most of the rest. It would be nice to meet or hear from someone still around.

I stayed in the Army, served a second tour in Panama, U.S. Army Caribbean School at Fort Gulick, retired at Fort Jackson in 1962. I went back to college, finished my B.A. then an M.A., and ultimately a Ph.D. in History and Political Science. From 1964 to 1987, I served as Professor of History at Palm Beach Junior College.

Since my second retirement, I have tried to locate members of the 2nd Battalion, 15th Infantry, Korea, 1953, but to no avail.

Arnold M. Freedman, Ph.D.
Lt Col. U.S Army Retired

Editor's note: Sadly, Col. Freedman has passed away since offering the above excellent account of the last days of The Korean War.

Reunion 2001 — Phoenix, AZ

The 2001 reunion of the Society will be held September 13 through September 17 at the Embassy Suites in Phoenix, Arizona. The hotel is located at 2577 W. Greenway Rd., approximately 10 miles from Sky Harbor Airport. There will be shuttle service from the airport to the hotel.

Reservations may be made after September 20, 2000 by calling the hotel at 1-800-527-

7715. Be sure to inform the hotel that you are with the Third Infantry Division reunion group.

Parking will be free, also a free breakfast with your room.

Many interesting activities are being planned. More details will be in the *Watch* at a later date,

Carl R. Duncan
Secretary-Treasurer O.P. 15
Vice Pres. Western Region

...and it's Buffalo for Reunion 2002



No it isn't "Rocky." Stephane Chapelain of Pertuis, France, a 3rd Infantry Division Reenactor stands besides the Buffalo in front of the Veterans Hospital in Buffalo, NY. Photo courtesy of Carl Duncan.

Chicago & New York City have their "cows". We in the Buffalo area have our "Buffalo Herd" throughout the city. Seeing this particular "Doughboy" buffalo complete with army helmet, blanket & "putties", I immediately thought of our glorious 3d Infantry Division.

The "Doughboy adorns the entrance to the Veterans Hospital. The artist responsible, a Viet Nam veteran who works at the hospital is Ralph Sirianni.

Hope to see everyone in **Buffalo in 2002.**

Sincerely,
Bernadine Ginter

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Roll Call

New Members — Society of the 3rd Infantry Division

MICHAEL K BAISDEN RM OP FS
203D FSB
6454 PATRIOT DR
COLUMBUS, GA 31909

KEVIN J BERGNER RM OP FS
5-41FA/ & DIVARTY
1 WYNN PLACE
FT STEWART, GA 31315

AMERICO BONILLA RM OP 35
15INF/MED
4303 SUNSHADOW ST
SAN ANTONIO, TX 78217

JOSEPH P BOWERS RM OP 3
9FA/1BN/B
18913 ALPENGLOW LN
BROOKVILLE, MD 20833

CYNTHIA J BRENNAN AM OP 2
ASSOCIATE
148 PLANTATION CIR
NAPLES, FL 34104-6445

VINCENT K BROOKS LM OP FS
1ST BRIGADE
3 WYNN PLACE
FT STEWART, GA 31315

EMORY C BURKETT RM OP 3
3D MP CO
P O BOX 90826
COLUMBIA, SC 29290

ROBERTO CARDENAS RM OP FS
3D FSB
10 ANDERSON STREET
FORT STEWART, GA 31315

HAROLD E COBLE Sr RM OP 60
3AAA AWSP/B
2033 CARSON SEGARS RD
MAYSVILLE, GA 30558

GORDON W DRAPER RM OP 13
30INF/
14665 RONNIE LANE
LIVONIA, MI 48154-5158

ROBERT E ELWELL RM OP 11
HHC/1/4/3
P O BOX 351
SACO, ME 04072-0351

DEREK J ENGLEMAN RM OP 2
3BGD 3ID
3028 FOREST DR
LAKELAND, FL 33811-1677

STEVE J FERRELL RM OP FS
HHC 3ID
1 CALLAWAY CIRCLE
HAAF, GA 31405

ROY L FISHEL RM OP FS
HHC DISCOM
1106 FAIRFAX COURT
HINESVILLE, GA 31313

GEORGE W FLOWERS RM OP 17
15INF/H
11582 STATE HWY 72
MILLERSVILLE, MO 63766-6124

THOMAS K GAINNEY RM OP FS
3ID
145 LAURENBURG DR
RICHMOND HILL, GA 31324

WOODY M GEBHART RM OP 35
41FA/
1155B LEE ROAD
FORT SILL, OK 73503

ROBERT A GIBSON RM OP 2
38INF/2nd
1925 VIRGINIA AVE #1004
FORT MYERS, FL 33901

JOSEPH GIORGIO RM OP 33
30INF/I
1315 VIVIAN LANE
MUNSTER, IN 46321

PAUL A GOLDSMITH RM OP FS
603D ASB/B
1 EMMET COURT
SAVANNAH, GA 31419

MALVIN U GOLDSTEIN RM OP 60
15INF/MED
3465 MANOR LN., APT 204
BIRMINGHAM, AL 35209-5627

FRANCIS P GRANEY LM OP 13
703D ORD
1495 COPELAND CIRCLE
CANTON, MI 48187

PATRICK J GRIFFIN RM OP 5
30INF/1BG/A
803 COURT ST
HONESDALE, PA 18431-1830

HECTOR V GUTIERREZ RM OP 54
7INF/MED CO
345 LOS PADRES BLVD
SANTA CLARA, CA 95050-6440

BERT F HANDS AM OP 35
ASSOCIATE
2101 S HARVEY, APT 239
OKLAHOMA CITY, OK 73109

ROBERT A HARNEY Jr RM OP FS
203D FSB
212 MILLER LOOP
FT BENNING, GA 31905

EDWARD J HAYES LM OP FBA
30INF/B:1BN HQ
UNIT #29234 BOX R-34
APO AE 09102

JON HEICH LM OP 22
DIV RECON
133E CHANNEL ISLANDS BLVD
PORT HUENEME, CA 93041

AMY B JENSIK RM OP FS
HHC DISCOM
1825 GROVE POINT RD #122
SAVANNAH, GA 31419

ROGER L KEEN RM OP FS
HHC DISCOM
1825 GROVE POINT RD #410
SAVANNAH, GA 31419

GEORGE KNIGHT RM OP 13
15INF/K
7613 SHENANDOAH
ALLEN PARK, MI 48101

THOMAS P KONESKY RM OP 3
9FA/1BN/B
55 MIL ACRES DR
WHEELING, WV 26003

HOBSON B LANGLEY RM OP 3
9FA/B
85 HOLLY GLEN DR
WASHINGTON, NC 27889

TRACY S LAUDERDALE AM OP 60
ASSOCIATE
P O BOX 838
DOUBLE SPRINGS, AL 35553

JOSEPH C LIMMER RM OP 17
3D ADMIN
9713 TESSON CREEK EST DR
ST LOUIS, MO 63123

NORMAN J MAULBECK RM OP 5
15INF/HVY TK CO
1936 MT JULIANO LN
TOMS RIVER, NJ 08753

JEAN MICHAX RM OP FBA
BELGIAN BN
FRANKRIJKLAAN 12
OVERIJSE
3090 Belgium

RICHARD B MIGOT RM OP 11
30INF/2BN/E
3 NEW HARTFORD ROAD
SANDSFIELD, MA 01255

MICHAEL T MINYARD RM OP FS
3D INF DIV
819 BARRINGTON DRIVE
HINESVILLE, GA 31313

GEORGE MONSON RM OP 22
HHB 3ID
7701 HATTON PL
RESEDA, CA 91335

JOHN E MOORE RM OP 60
15INF/MED CO
PO BOX 4006
MONTGOMERY, AL 36103-4006

WILLIS M MOORE LM OP 2
10FA/SVC
P O BOX 212
PINETTA, FL 32350

JAMES S MORRISON AM OP 54
ASSOCIATE
3417 ESTERBROOK WAY
ANTELOPE, CA 95843-4902

WILLIAM MORTENSEN RM OP FS
703D MSB
USA TRNSPRTN CTR BLDG 210
FT EUSTIS, VA 23604

HUBERT R OWEN RM OP 60
30INF/C
545 REYNOLDS STREET
GADSDEN, AL 35901

RUSSEL A PATISHNOCK RM OP FS
HHC DISCOM
418 CHRISTOPHER DR
HINESVILLE, GA 31313

PAMELA J PEREZ RM OP FS
3D FSB
1465 ENTERPRISE DR
HINESVILLE, GA 31313

RICHARD J POOLE RM OP FS
203D FSB
403 RUNNING AVE
FT BENNING, GA 31905

THOMAS W RESAU RM OP 7
703D MAINT BN
41 PLUMB POINT LOOP
ABERDEEN PRVNG GRND, MD 21005

EDWARD I RILEY Jr RM OP 5
41FA/2BN/A
529 BENT OAK DR
MT JOY, PA 17552

ARLANDA U RITCHIE RM OP 54
15INF/B
5555 E ASHCROFT AVE
FRESNO, CA 93727

FRANK M ROHMAN RM OP 2
9FA/C
304 POINCIANA CIR
KISSIMMEE, FL 34744

WILLIAM J RUTLEDGE RM OP 54
30INF/HQ
556 BLUE HERON CT.,
VALLEY SPRINGS, CA 95252

DIONISCIO M SALGADO RM OP 22
15INF/E
969 FORD STREET
CORONA, CA 91719

FRED W SCHERNIG RM OP 54
15INF/M
407 ARLINGTON ROAD
REDWOOD CITY, CA 94062

DANIEL E SCHNOCK RM OP FS
3ID DISCOM
16 HABERSHAM
FT STEWART, GA 31315

A. J. SHEEHAN LM OP 60
4INF/1 BN
2122 SHILLING CHASE DR
KENNESAW, GA 30144

JERRY L SLATER RM OP 17
HHC 4INF/1BN
1574 E WILLOW LANE
MULVANE, KS 67110-8038

ELIZABETH H SNIPES AM OP 3
ASSOCIATE
111 ARCADIA SPRINGS CIRCLE
COLUMBIA, SC 29206

STEVEN C STADE RM OP 88
7CAV/3
533 37TH AVE
GREELEY, CO 80634

WINFORD J STAFFORD RM OP 17
7INF/2BN HQ
#9 DELORES
FENTON, MO 63026

JOHN M STARCEVICH RM OP 88
65INF/
61 AMHERST ST
PUEBLO, CO 81005

RENE THIENPONT RM OP FBA
BELGIAN BN
CHEE DU LOUVAIN 397
BOUGE
Belgium

DARRELL K WILLIAMS RM OP FS
3D FSB, HHC
9 BROWN PLACE
FT STEWART, GA 31315

RICHARD K WRIGHT LM OP 54
76FA/3D BN
6632 CATAMARAN ST
SAN JOSE, CA 95119



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.

Members

Berger, Richard H. OP 1
3d Recon., 3rd Inf. Div. WWII
4501 Bluefield Dr.
Corpus Christi, TX
78413-3144
DOD 6/26/99.
Reported by Herbert Hetzner, of OP1

Boor, Howard D. OP63
Sgt. Div. MP, 3rd Inf. Div. WWII
700 Alturas St.
Boise, ID 83702-3634
DOD Aug 8, 2000 Age 86.
Reported by Louise Rathbun and
Morris Krepky.

Chase, Kenneth OP 4
Sgt. 3AAA, 3d Inf. Div. Korea
2130 Silver Sage Trail
Billings, MT 59102-2529
Reported by Jack Sneddon

Clemens, David A. OP 5
Pfc, D Co. 15th Inf. Regt.,
3d Inf. Div. Korea
15 Thendara Ln
Poughkeepsie, NY 12603-3237
Reported by Jack Sneddon

David, Gilbert D. LM OP 60
Sgt. 9th FA 3rd AAA Bn.
3d Inf. Div. Korea
90 Hickory Lane
LaGrange, Ga. 30740-8600
DOD July 25, 2000
Reported by Bob Bailey

Dickirson, Byron K. OP 1
E Co., 7th Inf. Regt.,
3d Inf. Div. WWII
Olney, IL
DOD August 9, 1998
Reported by his daughter to John
Insani.

Freedman, Arnold M. OP2
2nd & 3rd Bn, 15th Inf. Regt., 3d
Infantry Div. Korea
7978 Edgewater Dr
West Palm Beach, FL 33406-8724
DOD June 30, 2000.
Reported by his wife.

Fyhrie, Lambert W. OP 12
C/Medic/3d Inf. Div. WWII
1807 Gervais Cr. t.
Maplewood, MN 55109
DOD Nov. 15, 2000
Reported by Jack Sneddon

Lumpkin, Albert OP 22
I Co. 15th Inf. Regt.,
3rd Inf. Div. Korea
1666 W 11th St.
San Bernardino, CA 92411-2150

Mr. Lumpkin was past President
of OP 22.
DOD August 25, 2000
Reported by Martin Markley

Melnyk, Michael OP 57
Pfc, AT 15th Inf. Regt.
3d Inf. Div. WWII
453 Washington St
Leetsdale, PA 15056-1005
Reported by Jack Sneddon

Moyer, Robert H. LM FBA
Medic, 7th Inf. Regt.,
3rd Inf. Div. Korea 50-51
2784 Rolling Green Place
Macungie, PA 18062
DOD May 26, 2000.
Reported by his wife.

Nally, John F. LM OP11
Sgt. C Co., 30th Inf. Regt.
3d Inf. Div. WWII
PO Box 116
Newton, NH 03858-0116
John retired after 20 years service
with the US Army as a Captain.
DOD April 27, 2000.
Reported by his wife and Chuck
Murray.

Rice, Al OP 4
39th FA/A, 3d Inf. Div. WWII
PO Box 295
Elmer City, WA 99124-0295
Reported by Jack Sneddon

Suhayda, Sylvester OP 5
S/Sgt I Co. 15th Inf. Regt.,
3d Inf. Div. WWII
194 Linmar Plan
Aliquippa, PA 15001
DOD March 17, 2000.
Reported by his wife.

Swanson, Gordon W. LM OP 63
A/10th FA, WWII
1701 Dinuba Ave. SPC 194
Selma, CA 93662-2266
DOD June 25, 2000
Reported by his wife.

Schumacher, Arlie E. LM OP 17
3d Division Artillery, WWII
600 Saint Nicholas Dr
Cahokia, IL 32206-1835
Reported by Jack Sneddon

Taylor, Russell M. RM OP4
7525 E Trent
Spokane, WA 99212.
DOD Aug15, 2000.
Reported by Dorothy Larsen & Dale
McGraw.

Trigueros, George A. OP 54
C Co. 7th Inf. Regt., 3d Inf. Div.

WWII
17326 E Quail Ridge Dr
Fountain Hills, AZ 85268-4049
Reported by Jack Sneddon

Van Hying, Dale LM OP 33
2825 Gulfstream Rd
Lake Worth, FL 33461-1813
Reported by Mrs. Van Hying via
Sherm Pratt.
(Fellow we kept killing in Germany
and in the *Watch* by error) she
advises that he passed away last
week at 80. Poor chap had emphy-
sema and heart and lung problems –
was long time smoker wife
says...but mostly pipe and had
stopped – but too late?? He was FO
from 10th FA in Germany with my
Co L when we crossed Rhine - 500
pound bomb dropped on us in the
Sanderhoff Luftwaffe barracks -
many buried alive –many more of us
left reeling and out - for while -
when dusk cleared couldn't locate
our FO and some others We moved
on smartly to continue the attack
Thought he perished – found out
years later not so...then few years
back he was announced in *Watch* as
departed for new assignments in the
celestial realms beyond - that too
turned out to be erroneous thankfull-
ly....wrote up article on the matter
for the *Watch* to set record straight
and to appologize... So Bon Voyage
dear comrade Dale – keep your
perimeter ever so tight.
On behalf of Marnemen everywhere
Sherm Pratt

Welsh, Richard A.
D Co. 15th Inf. Regt.,
3d Inf. Div. WWII
Columbus, OH
Reported by Jack Sneddon

Non-Members

Baatz, Joan Ester
Wife of Jonathan G. Baatz, Hq
Battery 9th FA Bn,
3d Inf. Div. WWII
DOD June 26, 2000
Reported by Jonathan to Earl Killen

Blythe, Melvin
Sgt. I Co. 15th Inf. Regt.,
3rd Inf. Div. WWII
Langlade Co., WI
DOD Jan. 6, 2000
He was awarded the Silver Star and
the Purple Heart.
Blythe was a good soldier and well
respected by all his men.
Reported by Herman Goke.

Hancock, Wallace L.
Fillmore, UT
Originally from Pennsylvania.
Wallace was awarded the Purple
Heart while fighting in the 3d
Infantry Division from Africa to
Germany in WWII.
DOD July 2, 2000
Reported by Jack Sneddon

Howard, Grant L.
F Co. 15th Inf. Regt.,
3rd Inf. Div. WWII
He was with the 3rd Inf. Div. from Ft.
Lewis to Sicily where he was badly
wounded in the leg.
DOD 12, Aug., 2000
Reported by John F. Ethen, OP 12.

King, Frank
Reported by Jack Sneddon

McGee, Robert C.
Sv. Btry. 39th FA, 3rd Inf. Div. WWII
401 W Main St.
La Harpe, IL 61450
DOD June 30 2000
Reported by Joel M. Roth & Harold
Unger

Schloss, Marie
Wife of John Schloss OP 4
L Co., 7th Inf. Regt., WWII
Reported by Jack Sneddon

Snipes, George J.
T5, HQ Co., 30 Inf., WWII
111 Arcadia Springs Circle
Columbia, SC 29206.
DOD June 21, 2000.
Reported by his wife.

Weber Jr., Milton J. Col. (Ret.)
Provost Marshall, 3d Inf. Div. Korea
Lacey, WA
DOD June 19, 2000
Reported by Dick Moats

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, for listing in the "Last Call."

Chaplains Corner

Jerry Sapiro

Your Chaplain reports a wonderful 81st National Reunion in the San Francisco area. We started with a bit of rain, but sunshine prevailed.

I again give thanks to the Ritual Team at the Memorial Breakfast. They included Morris Krepky, OP 63, as Presiding Officer, Paul Wing, OP 54, as Secretary, Nellie LoGiudice, wife of Vince LoGiudice, OP54, as Ladies Representative. Jesse Shirley, John's grandson, as bugler played Taps. I participated as Chaplain.

I was very pleased with the large attendance for the Memorial Breakfast including Major General Sharp of our Division and others in his party, Jerry Cunningham, the new President of the Society, and Martin Markley, the outgoing President, their family members and many others. Thanks to all of them for their attendance and remembrance of Third Divisioners who have passed on and those who remain MIAs and POWS. An MIA-POW banner was on the stage near the usual floral altar.

Another event of special importance to your Chaplain was the remembrance and tribute paid to the 30th Infantry Regiment and all of its personnel who had served at the Presidio of San Francisco in the past. Thanks to the request of Larry Driscoll made to me months ago, this was a special stop of the bus tour in the San Francisco area. The ceremony was at the 30th Monument in front of Infantry Row. It included words of welcome, a prayer, presentation of a floral remembrance, and a history of the 30th at the Presidio between 1901 and 1941, with departures for missions of war and peace. It was a very fitting tribute to "San Francisco's Own".

Renewal of old friendships is always a highlight.

Thanks to John Shirley and his committee for all of this and much more, including the Welcome, the Banquet, the tour to Travis AFB, and arrangements for Membership and Executive Committee meetings.

A big thank-you to Helen Miceli and her lady helpers for the fine boutique and its raffles, which gave great support to meet the reunion expenses and enjoyment of the attendees.

Also thanks to Jim Treadwell for his great display of memorabilia.

Regiment Association and unit affairs were also morale builders. We do appreciate your support.

This being the Chaplain's Corner for the issue of the *Watch* which precedes Thanksgiving, I wish all of you and your families a joyous and healthful Thanksgiving. We do have much to be thankful for. God Bless all of you.

Let us all remember our Division and its personnel in our prayers for their success in all of their present and future missions.

ROCK OF THE MARNE!

Jerry Sapiro

"Watch" Website

<http://members.aol.com/vaysmeer/3rdsociety6.htm#Watch>

Notices, Notes & Reminders

Reunion 2000 Video Tape

For those who wish to order a video tape of the 3d Infantry Division San Francisco Reunion 2000:

Raines Video Productions
180 Golf Club Road, Suite 157
Pleasant Hill, CA 94523
(800) 654-8277

Send \$29.95 plus \$3.00 S&H, (or \$32.95).

(Ed. Note) The tape is longer than usual due to the many activities and events that the members will not want to miss.

Hendrix speaks at ROA Nat'l Convention

Gen. John W. Hendrix, former commander of the 3rd Infantry Division is now the U.S. Forces Command, Commanding General and as such was the featured speaker at the Army Section Meeting Luncheon of the Reserve Officers Association of the United States on Friday, June 23 in Milwaukee, WI during their National Convention.

Submitted by: Edd Adam

Marne Association OP to host Reunion 2004

Ft. Stewart Marne Association Outpost's bid to host the 2004 Society reunion was accepted by the membership.

Contact: Col. Richard A. Schwartzman, 5 Wynn Place, Ft. Stewart, GA 31314, e-mail schwartzmanra@emh5.stewart.army

Infantry Division Flags

Valley Views, P. O. Box 340, Flourtown, PA 19031-0340, (215) 248-2572 (Vviews@aol.com) lists Division flags for a price of \$65.00. Unit guidons are available at \$50.00

Martin Markley

FREE BUMPER STICKERS!

Spread the word! Send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Carl Topie, 27 Apple Lane, Milford, OH 45150.



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 **Raymond C. Anderson, 10 Paddington Ct., Hockessin, DE 19707**. 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 _____
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City _____ State ____ Zip _____



Quartermaster

Partial list of 3rd. Infantry Division items available.

DIVISION T-SHIRTS: 3rd Inf. Div – \$12.00 each plus \$2.00 mailing fee. Sizes: S, M, L, XL

UNIT T -SHIRTS: 15th, 30th, 65th, Inf. – \$11.00 each plus \$2.00 mailing fee. Only few sizes left. When gone, don't expect to carry again. All T's XL – \$1.00 extra; XXXL – \$2.00 extra.

VERY IMPORTANT NEW 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.

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



OVERSEAS CAP: White – \$17.00 ea. w/3ID patch – \$1.50; Embroidery of all letters, numbers, periods, marks, dashes, etc. – 45 cents ea.

PLASTIC CAP COVER: \$1.80 ea. + mailing fee – \$2.00

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

- <http://www.audiemurphy.com/holtzwihr1.htm>
- <http://www.enteract.com/~rheller/ww2/general.htm>
- <http://www.koreanwar.org/>
- http://www.benning.army.mil/fbhome/1-15th/welcome_page.htm
- <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://korea50.army.mil>
- <http://www.nara.gov/regional/mprsf180>
- <http://members.aol.com/vaysmeer/3rdsociety6.htm#Watch on the Rhine>
- <http://members.aol.com/vaysmeer/3rdsociety.htm>

Publication Deadlines – “The Watch on the Rhine”

All material proposed for publishing must be submitted to the editor on or before the 10th day of the month preceding the issue date as follows:

Feb issue	January 10th
Apr issue	March 10th
Jun issue	May 10th
Aug issue	July 10th
Oct issue	September 10th
Dec issue	November 10th

Loss of a Marne Man, Charlie King

I received a phone call the other night advising me of the death of Charlie King. Space available I would like to express what I think about his loss.

Charlie King-Society President, Regional, Vice President, Outpost Organizer, Outpost President (His OP members thought enough of him to name the OP after him, while he was living), Watch Editor for some 15 years, winner of half gallon of Jack Daniels from me, friend for some 30 plus years.

Charlie King-Company I, 15th Infantry WW11. At the Reunion in Spokane we had a bet (gallon Jack Daniels) G/30th Inf. would have as many or more members present than I/15th. I lost by one member but I always contended that if the Brass (Cols. Chris Chaney and Lyle Bernard) had shown up at the muster and acknowledged that they had once been Lt. and Captain respectively in G/30th, I would have been drinking Charlie's booze instead of mine. Charlie said later, he had some "No Shows" too.

With Charlie as *Watch* Editor we saw the Society membership grow from 380 members to 3200 members. Charlie Edited the *Watch* and sent it to Lyle Bernard in Arlington VA. Lyle had it printed and stored it in his bathtub 'til Gene Barnes, (3rd Recon. Korea) made the mail labels from the updated list I would send him each month. We took on a whole gaggle of new members in

With Charlie as *Watch* Editor we saw the Society membership grow from 380 members to 3200 members.

Spokane thanks to the effort of the Recruiting team headed by Spanky MacFarland (I/15th) and Glen Rathbun (7th Inf). Hand editing and distribution from the bathtub got to be too big a chore. Anyway we switched got a new printer and mailing system.

Glenn Rathbun organized a Western Regional Reunion in Sparks Nevada. Through donations and other efforts the Regional made \$2400. Money was turned over to National stating new word processor be purchased for the editor and thousand dollars to be used as seed money by OP holding next Reunion.

During all this period Charlie lost his wife and shortly thereafter his Daughter. Charlie had also had his voice box removed. He never complained other then little bitches.

The Society will miss Charlie King. I will miss a friend that thanks to the Society of the 3rd Infantry Division made it possible to meet in the first place.

Rock of the Marne, Charlie.

Lew Conant



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

Dues Information

Annual Membership (per year):.....\$10.00

Overseas Members (per year)\$20.00

Life Membership

Recipients of Medal of HonorNo charge

Veterans of World War I:No charge

Up to age 60\$150.00

60-70\$120.00

Over age 70\$100.00

Dues are payable before July 1st each year to a member's Outpost. "Footsie Britt At Large" members pay their dues to the National Secretary-Treasurer.



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

Date: _____

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

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

Telephone No _____ Served From _____ To: _____

Unit(s) Served with: _____ Rank: _____

Recommended By: _____

Please detach and mail this application for membership along with a check or money order payable to Society of the Third Infantry Division to: **Raymond C. Anderson, 10 Paddington Ct., Hockessin, DE 19707** Phone: (302) 239-1525.



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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

KOREA [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



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