A 55 year search...

3rd Div. Army Buddies are Reunited

By Judith Toole, Reprinted from the Tabor-Loris Tribune, NC, Wed., July 28, 1999

For nearly 55 years, Fred Duncan had wondered whatever happened to Isodore Valenti. He hadn’t seen Valenti since the invasion of southern France in 1944.

During that attack, Duncan was shot in the shoulder at point-blank range by one of Hitler’s soldiers, and the last time Medic Valenti heard from his friend, he was certain that Duncan had died from the wound.

“At first, Fred was reported missing in action,” Valenti said. “But then, we heard that he was killed in action. I thought he was dead. But Duncan didn’t die. Disabled, he made his way home to Columbus County’s Pireway community and after the war was over, he began his search for his friend.

As a veteran, he began receiving regular issues of The Society of 3rd Infantry Division’s bi-monthly publication, “The Watch on the Rhine.” He read every page for years hoping to see Valenti’s name. Two years ago, the name Isadore Valenti finally appeared on a list the magazine published. “I was shocked and happy,” Duncan said. I couldn’t wait to call him.” That call led to a reunion that both men say they never believed could ever happen.

Last week, Valenti flew to the Myrtle Beach airport from his Penn Hills, Pa., home as he arrived to visit Fred and Connie Duncan.

During the time Duncan was searching for him, Valenti, a high school drop-out before the war went back to school under the G. I. Bill. He became a school teacher and high school principal. His book, “Combat Medic.” is online at Amazon.com.

“Please turn to REUNITED on page 4

Isadore Valenti, right, flew from Pennsylvania to see Fred Duncan and wife Connie of Pireway. It had been almost 55 years since they last had seen each other.

Staff photo by Judith Toole, Tabor-Loris Tribune, NC

The Third Division Insignia

The division insignia consists of three diagonal stripes 5/16 “wide and 5/16” apart, superimposed diagonally upon a dark blue field 2 1/4 square. When sewed on the left shoulder even with the seam, as prescribed in General Orders from G.H.Q., the three stripes should run from the upper rear corner downward to the front lower corner.

...by some mysterious alchemy, wearing that Third Division patch tattooed it indelibly on your heart.

The clear field of blue stands for the loyalty, steadfastness and undying devotion to the principles of right and justice by the American soldier. The three clear-cut white stripes stand dually, for the three operations up to the signing of the Armistice, of which the 3rd Division took part (Marne, St. Mihiel, and Argonne-Meuse), and for the numeral designation of the Division. One of the basic facts considered in the designing of the insignia was the striking appearance of any design that embodied the use of equal stripes as shown to the world by the flag of our country. The extreme simplicity of the design was a strong point in its favor, as it can be easily and correctly made by any member of the division, whereas a complicated design invariably deteriorates into a caricature.

The idea of the insignia originated with Brigadier General Preston Brown,
The Watch on the Rhine is the official publication of The Society of the Third Infantry Division, U.S. Army. The Watch on the Rhine is published bi-monthly for members of the Society by Finisterre Publishing Incorporated, PO Box 12086, Gainesville, FL 32604. A subscription may be obtained at a cost of $8 by applying to the National Headquarters, The Society of the Third Infantry Division-U.S. Army, PO Box 1156, Ft. Myer, VA 22211.

Contributions and suggestions are welcome and should be sent to James E. Drury, Editor, 716 9th St., Camanche, IA 52730-1418.

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The Watch on the Rhine

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The Executive Committee did approve the publication of a new Society Membership Roster. Distribution is planned for this November or December.

I am pleased to report that all of the 1998-1999 staff and committee chairmen have agreed to fulfill the same positions for another year. They are listed on page 2.

Internet support needed.

A member with Internet access is needed to publish a new website for the Society. The current Society website can not be updated because of changes in operating systems. Any member whose provider offers a free website is urged to contact me for this project.

November marks the birth of The Third Infantry Division at Camp Green North Carolina in 1917. There has never been a better Infantry Division than the Rock of the Marne!

Martin

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The 3rd Med. Bn, 3rd Inf. Div. WWII Club is holding their annual reunion in Lincoln City, OR this year. Ed Hamel publishes a regular newsletter for the Medics. Anyone who is interested in the club should contact Ed Hamel, 936 Pineridge Ct, MedCo/15Inf. Although this information did not arrive in time to make the August issue, we hope for a full report from Ed following their September meeting.—Ed.

Check your label

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JAMES DRURY
716 9th Street
CAMANCHE IA 52730-1416

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Company A (1967-69)

1-15 “Can Do” Reunion

July 16-18, 1999: Five members of Company A, 1st Bn. 15th Inf. from Harvey Barracks in Kitzingen, Germany during the years of 1967-69, met in Buffalo, New York for a 30 year reunion. Those participating in this reunion were: Don Carlson and his daughter, Sara of Joliet, IL, Joe Curalli and his son Joe Jr. of Lockport, IL, George Krounek and his fiancee, Jean, of Downers Grove, IL, Paul Vanderbusch and his wife, Joanne and children John, Caitlin, and Kristine and her children, Kristofer and Evan of Cheektowaga, NY and Tom Heitzer and his wife Susan and daughter Cris, of St. Louis, MO.

Each brought photos and memorabilia to help relive those days when we were only 19 years old and away from home for the first time in our life. There was German Beer and Strawberry Wine available for those who wanted to relive those days with a taste of the past. This historic meeting was preserved by photo and video, to go along with all the memories. Saturday night was topped off with a visit to an authentic German Restaurant for Schnitzel. Sunday was devoted to visiting the Niagara Falls area.

Not present at this reunion was Herbert Pichler of Kemper, TX, James Mathwig of Oskosh, WI, Kimberlain Gillman of West Alton, MO, Raymond Tewes of Temple City, CA, Russell Daines of Laforge, WI, Frank Costa of Melrose Park, IL and Mike Lynch of Heyworth IL. It was suggested at this years reunion for each person to join the 15th Infantry Regiment Association and to apply for the Cold War Recognition Certificate. Forms were passed out to those who attended this reunion and also sent out to those who couldn’t attend. We are currently looking for about 50 other comrades who served with us during this tour of duty for another reunion being planned next summer in St. Louis, MO.

A third meeting is in the works for 2001 in the Chicago, Illinois area. If anyone was with the 1st Bn 15th Inf. during 1967-69 and would like information on these reunions, please contact Tom Heitzer, 3725 Hwy Z, Hillsboro, MO 63050, 636-475-4042 or e-mail trheitz@marz.com.
From the Editor

Jim Drury

I ask again that each Marne Man consider themselves, guest editors and submit any stories they encounter or bring to mind. posterity. I have yet to receive a story that was not interesting and not needing to be told.

Our publisher Gerald Wadley has done a fantastic job of formatting and keeping the magazine looking as professional as he can. Jerry is a pleasure to work with and very professional.

Again, keep those pictures and articles coming. Thanks to all of you “The Watch” continues.

Jim Drury

Audy Murphy Stamp Approved!

From Linn’s Stamp News, Oct. 19, 1998: The Audie Murphy Stamp has finally been approved and will be issued in 1999. If any Post would be interested in further honoring Audie, they could participate in the Pictorial Cancellation program, by offering a special postmark on the first day of use of this stamp. Those not familiar with this program can seek assistance from the local postmaster. RE: Postal Bulletin, Postal Operations Manual, POW7, and the Domestic Mail Manual. – Ed Nevins, Post 0119, Dunellen


INSIGNIA from page 1

who was then in command of the Division while the division was in action in the Argonne-Meuse operation. The first official representation of the design was made by the G-2 Section of the division.

Maybe you have worn this patch for years...maybe only for a few months. You may have cussed it, and the whole damned army too, waiting for the day when your uniform, patch and all, could be taken off for good.

None of that matters now! For, as if by some mysterious alchemy, wearing that Third Division patch tattooed it indelibly on your heart.

Yes, chances are that it’s there to stay. As we grow older (and we’d like to think wiser as well), of those days at the Marne, at Anzio and on Heartbreak Ridge in Korea, retreat into the hazy mists of memory, the more we realize there are some things that a man becomes a part of, that becomes a part of man.

And that is why we have a Society of the Third Infantry Division, U.S. Army.

Its continued growth and solvency depends on you. Let us honor those comrades who gave their lives to make the Third Division the best combat outfit in the Army by making the Society the biggest and best organization among Division Associations. Can we do less than this for those who gave so much?

Taken from History of the Third Division United States Army in The World War. Submitted by Historian, Jack Ellis

REUNITED from page 1

“We had a toast in Hitler’s mountain-top hideout, in the great-room where he entertained heads of state.”

... Isadore Valenti

“This is a great experience,” he said as he sipped iced tea with the Duncans. I’m sorry that Fred didn’t get to see the end of the war overseas, because we had a grand celebration.

“We had a toast in Hitler’s mountain-top hideout, in the great-room where he entertained heads of state,” he said. “He had the finest wines and liquors in the world and we celebrated our victory in that spot.”

Valenti’s visit to Pireway was a victory, too, because two friends who thought they’d never meet again had time to catch up after more than a half-century.

Funny though, Connie Duncan, who had never met Valenti, was the one to spot him at the airport. “I’d heard so much about him from Fred, I knew it was him when he walked off the plane,” she said.

“I recognized him before Fred did.”
Visit Rekindles Quiet Friendship

From the Sunday Star-Ledger, October 4, 1998, Submitted by Joe Poggi

Visitor from France renews friendship with 7th Regt veteran.

By Cathy Bugman, Star-Ledger Staff:

The world’s deadliest war forged a quiet friendship between an American soldier and a French orphan.

It was a friendship built around a G.I. mess hall in a time of hunger, founded on gestures and a single word - “cake.”

Their friendship had become a memory of war, until the Somerset County veteran and his former tagalong met by chance in France six years ago and a new relationship was born.

The last days of World War II pushed the soldier farther east after Hitler’s armies, bestowing medals on him for valor before his return home to a medical practice in Plainfield. The 7-year-old boy became a soldier, like his American friend.

As a two-week reunion in Watchung between the two men and their families came to an end yesterday, Dr. Maurice Meyers, 73, once more said bon voyage to his French friend.

“I still can’t believe it,” said Meyers. “I’ve lived with this for so many years. It’s a most wonderful story. So unusual. To have them sitting in my house was wonderful. When they go tonight, I won’t be able to believe it.”

Daniel Joly, 61, his daughters, Carole, 22, and Isabelle, 28 are returning to France with memories of playing chauffeur - when the doctor and his wife met the Meyerses to his home in Nancy for an emotional reunion. “For a half-hour, everybody cried,” Meyers recalled. “And then we drank champagne.”

In September 1995, three years after reuniting with his GI friend, Joly and his family got together again with the Meyerses for a reunion dinner the Americans sponsored in a restaurant in Belleville.

Despite all the sadness and loneliness inherent in his upbringing, Joly said he now has a rich life. For the first time, he has an extended family to share memories with.

“They belong to each other, heart and soul,” Marc Meyers wrote in a page of a family scrapbook filled with photos of the pair. Meyers and Joly plan to start another bulging photo album with more snapshots of their time together, building more memories.

The Army is now giving all recruits under the orders from the Clinton administration in the mid-nineties, the Army introduced what is called “Stress Cards.” These pocket-size, yellow, laminated plastic cards are distributed to recruits just after they arrive for their basic training and indoctrination. If the training becomes too much to bear, or if the trainee believes he is being unfairly singled out by his drill sergeant for punishment, he can hold up his stress card and declare, “Time Out.” The sergeant must back off and leave the trainee alone for half an hour, so that the soldier can compose himself.


The Army is now giving all recruits a green tag to put on with their dogtags. It is a list of Army Values: Loyalty, Duty, Respect, Selfless-Service, Honor, Integrity, & Personal Courage.
Southern France

I still remember our D-Day, Aug. 15, 1944. We boarded our LST on Aug. 12. The LST was a brand new ship, fresh from the states—not a scratch anywhere. The crew was on their first operation. They were completely in awe of the “battle hardened” veterans of the Third Division. In the wardroom was a framed original drawing of the “Dragon Lady” in a provocative pose. On a table in the wardroom was a sandbox mock up of Beach Red, Cape Cavalaire, our landing area. It was made from aerial photos, and it was so realistic that it seemed deja vu when we made the actual landing. It was signed by the cartoonist, Milton Caniff, who drew the popular strip “Terry and the Pirates.”

Early on D-Day, about 3 a.m., the navy gave us a special breakfast of fresh eggs and bacon. We were fully combat loaded and checked, and then we began the climb down the cargo nets to the bobbing, motor churning, LCVPs [Landing Craft Vehicle, Personnel, Ramp.] One platoon to each boat. About 3 ft. sea was running, and the trick was to time your drop into the boat on the upswing. I judged we were about three to five miles to the beach, which was still unseen.

After loading the boats we circled a long time to rendezvous, so as to get the position and timing just right. From the greasy bacon and eggs and the roll of the sea, almost everyone in my boat became seasick. The sides of the boat were too high to put your head over, and it was forbidden, anyway. The steel deck was slick and awash with vomit. I was concerned about our fighting ability if and when we got ashore.

When we began to see signs of daylight, the navy began our run in with the engines speeded up. The warships behind us began the beach bombardment. When a rifle or machine gun round passes overhead, you hear a small “pop.” When it’s a 16-inch shell, you feel as if you are going to be pulled out of the boat.

The British had some LCTs [Landing Craft Tank] with rocket frames mounted on them. I heard the “whoosh” of the rockets being launched, and watched them are into the air. When they came down they bracketed our boat and almost got us. The Brits hadn’t come in close enough to shore. As we neared the beach, smoke shells were laid down and the beach was no longer visible. Amid all the noise and explosions, a thump was heard when the bow hit the sand. The ramp was dropped and we stormed off onto a dry beach.

Didn’t even get our feet wet. The navy coxwain put the engine in reverse and got out of there real quick. I looked at my watch, which indicated 8:02 a.m., only two minutes past H-Hour. The navy did a good job.

The smoke was clearing, and I could see about fifty yards of beach and then a paved highway. A Kraut sign was stuck in the sand with skull and crossbones and the word “Minen.” Lt. Dean, looking like a drowned rat, had hit an underwater mine and most of his platoon was killed or injured. He wanted to follow me and my platoon in with what he had left. I agreed, but I told him we had to get off the beach. We didn’t want any more Anzio’s. We had to go through the minefield, hoping that the pre-invasion bombardment had detonated most of the mines. We dropped our gas masks on the beach, as pre-ordered, and took off. Miraculously, no one was seasick any longer, and we didn’t step on any mines. I heard later, however, that people coming after us had many casualties. We encountered a minimum of artillery and small arms fire.

We crossed the highway and passed the Grande Hotel without incident. We started up the hill through the dry brush and stunted pine trees. There was little resistance. The enemy seemed stunned in their holes. Sgt. Crawford had a field day. He would rush to the holes and spray with his tommy gun. Some Krauts would be killed and some would sur-render. We had more than 35 prisoners within the first hour.

By early afternoon we had reached our third objective, a high ridgeline. A new problem appeared in the form of a brush-forrest fire. From my California experience with forest fires, I proposed that we try a backfire. Moving down the line with Zippos and matches, we got a pretty good backfire going. It was unsettling, however, when the fire reached the bodies of some Krauts killed earlier, to hear their ammo popping and detonating.

Then we began the chase along the coast and up the Rhone Valley. I went the next 38 days, without taking off my boots. I was wounded in late September near Ferdrupt, France. [As a result of the wound, Lt. Wolever was evacuated to the United States, where he was honorably discharged in April, 1945.]
Fort Stewart, GA

3-15 Inf. undergoes blood training

By Pvt. Adam Nuelken
Staff Writer, “The Frontline”

Thursday, July 22, 1999: Medics from 3rd Battalion, 15th Infantry recently underwent a course offered by the American Red Cross. This course certified them as phlebotomists which allows them to assist and perform blood drives.

The training itself is a two-day event in which the medics learn all the steps to administering a blood drive. Twenty 3-15 Inf. medics and ten 3rd Bn., 7th Cavalry units went through the course. “The training I received was excellent because it gave me a chance to improve my skills, and I would recommend other units to go through it,” said Sgt. Javier Cardenas, medic for 3-15 Inf. “It is not difficult, just detailed. You have to be very detailed,” he added. The medics said they found the program to be extremely helpful because they were able to hone their skills in giving shots and IVs. These new skills, they said, will help them do their job more effectively.

This certification will offer more assistance to Red Cross members, and it will allow 3-15 Inf. the ability to give something back to the community through blood drives, according to Lt. Col. Mereness, 3-15 Inf. battalion commander. The course is a two-fold benefit according to Dr. Jane Jennings, a medical director for Red Cross, because it not only helps with blood drives, it also gives the medics more training that they always be able to use in and out of the military.

The Southeast regions are very low on blood reserves, and this program is a way to help the Red Cross and community, said Mereness. Blood reserves have been really critical ever since the 4th of July, and the Red Cross is appealing to people for donations, said Jennings. Blood can only be stored up to 45 days, yet people can only donate every 56 days, she added. Nearly every day of the week, Red Cross holds blood drives somewhere in the Fort Stewart and Hinesville area. Jennings encourages other units to do what 3-15 Inf. has done - participate in the phlebotomy training offered by Red Cross.

How I Became a Browning Automatic Rifleman

and how it saved my life

By Carl Q. Topie

During World War II, I was a rifleman in Company K. We were preparing to cross the Rhine river on March 25, 1945. The Division artillery opened fire at 0050. Approximately 10,000 rounds were fired in a 38-minute period. At 0230, my company was in the first wave that crossed the Rhine River in small rubber boats under intense heavy enemy artillery and mortar fire. We ran into stiff opposition while advancing towards the town of Lampertheim about five miles from the advance, our squad had to cross an open field. Our Browning Automatic Rifleman advancing far ahead of us fell when he received a wound to his head by sniper fire. My Squad Leader, S/Sgt. Lloyd E. Jack, shouted, “Topie, go out and help him!” I ran out under a hail of small-arms fire and dragged him back along with his BAR. Our medic took him back to an aid station and we never saw him again. S/Sgt. Jack said, “Topie, you are now the BAR man!”

As our squad was low on manpower, I did not have an assistant BAR man to carry extra rounds of ammunition. So I had to carry the extra rounds myself. I also carried two extra magazines in the breast pockets of my combat jacket.

Later, during a fire-fight, I got hit by a rifle bullet that pierced my left breast pocket and hit the magazine. The magazine spewed out the twenty rounds of ammunition along with the spring which cut up my face. However, the magazine which I still have, saved my life.

As a postscript, forty-seven years later, I was at a Third Infantry Division reunion in San Francisco. I walked into the hotel’s restaurant and spotted my old sergeant, Lloyd E. Jack, sitting at a table. I recognized him immediately after all of these years!

The last production variant of the Browning Automatic Rifle (usually known by its initials as the BAR) remained in use into the 1950s as a light machine-gun/automatic assault rifle, but by then if was an anachronism, having only a 20-round magazine and no quick-change barrel facility.
Matthew B. Ridgway was born at Fort Monroe, Virginia on March 3, 1895. Twenty-two years later, in 1917 he graduated from the United States Military Academy. During the same year as his graduation he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in April and a First Lieutenant in May and a temporary Captain in August. He also was a Company Commander and Adjutant of the 3rd Infantry Division.

Ridgway served as a Spanish instructor and an athletic executive for six years at West Point from 1918-1924. During that time he was promoted to permanent Captain. He graduated from the Infantry School at Fort Benning in 1925 and served with the 15th Infantry in China and the 9th Infantry in Texas from 1925-1927.

Ridgway rounded out the 1920s serving on the American Electoral Commission in Nicaragua and the Bolivia-Paraguay Commission of Inquiry and Conciliation from 1927-1919.

The Captain married Margaret Wilcox in 1930 only to face divorce in 1946. From 1931-1933 he served with the 33rd Infantry in the Canal Zone and was technical advisor to the governor general of the Phillipines. In October 1932 Ridgway was promoted to rank of Major. He then went on to graduate from the General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth in 1935 and the Artillery War College in 1937.

Ridgway rapidly began to ascend the ranks during the time he served in the War Plans Division of the General Staff from 1939-1942. He was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel in July 1940 and to temporary rank of Colonel on December 1941. A full year after his temporary assignment he was branded a Brigadier General in January 1942 and Major General in August of the same year.

During his time spent as Major General he commanded the 82nd Airborne Division in operations against Axis forces in Sicily, Italy and France from 1942-1945. Ridgway was then promoted to Lieutenant General in June of 1945. As lieutenant general he commanded the Mediterranean Theater of Operations and was Deputy Supreme Allied Commander there from 1945-1946.

In 1947, Ridgway re-married to a Ms. Mary Anthony. From 1946-1948 he was a representative of the United States to the United Nations Military Staff Committee and chairman of the Inter-American Defense Board. He then went on to become Commander-in-Chief of the Caribbean Command from 1948-1949.

Some of his most infamous days were spent in command of the eight Army against Communist forces in Korea from 1950-1951. It was after this command that he was awarded his fourth star and promoted to general in May of 1951.

Ridgway went on to become the American and Supreme Allied Commander in the Far East from 1951-52 and Supreme Allied Commander in Europe from 1952-53. He then went on to become Chief of Staff of the United States Army on August 16, 1953 until June 1955.

During his time as Chief of Staff, Ridgway dealt with postwar demobilization, training of the South Korean Army, strengthening of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, establishment of NATO line of communications, potential crises in Indochina and Formosa and the effects of budget cuts upon the Army’s capability to carry out its mission.

Matthew Bunker Ridgway retired from active service in June of 1955.
Most of you know of the US Naval Home and the “Old Soldiers Home.” Paul Hamilton, Secretary of the Navy under President James Madison, established the Naval Home in 1811 under a charter stating the Home was “to provide a permanent Asylum for decrepit and disabled naval officers, seamen, and Marines.” It was opened in 1833 in Philadelphia, PA, and relocated to Gulf Port, MS in 1976.

For almost 100 years, the Home was funded by the Naval Hospital Pension Fund, started in 1799 with monthly contributions collected from active duty personnel and fines/penalties. In 1934, Congress abolished the Pension Fund and put proceeds in the US Treasury. From 1935-1991, the Navy provided appropriated funds for the operation of the Home.

The “Old Soldiers’ Home” was established in 1851 in Washington DC as an “asylum for the old and disabled soldier.” It was started with “booty” collected by General Winfield Scott at the conclusion of the Mexican War. Currently, it is called the US Soldiers’ and Airmen’s Home (USSAH).

In 1992, Congress merged the two homes under the umbrella of the Armed Forces Retirement Home (AFRH) and they are funded from the Armed Forces Retirement Home Trust Fund, an independent Federal agency in the nature of a congressional trust. The trust fund receives funds by monthly pay deductions from active duty enlisted personnel, fines/forfeitures, resident fees and interest.

Unfortunately, the income into the trust fund has shrunk drastically since the draw down of the military starting in 1990. If something isn’t done soon, it is conceivable that the Homes may have to close as early as 2004 unless the $8 million annual drain on the trust fund is resolved.

Over the past years the retirement homes have taken various actions to reduce operating costs and increase income, including reducing the number of residents and staff, increasing the resident fees, creating an Armed Forces Retirement Home Foundation, establishing a military retiree voluntary payroll deduction and requesting an increase in the active duty monthly fee to $1 from 50 cents. Although DoD was given congressional authority to increase the fee, it has not happened because of objections from the Navy.

Another consideration to raise money for the trust fund was to use the power Congress granted and develop a 49-acre parcel of land to help ensure a continuing source of funding.

In the meantime, an amendment introduced by Senator Rick Santorum (R-PA), compelling the sale of the land to an entity of the local Catholic Diocese was tucked away in Section 1043 of the 1999 National Defense Authorization Act. It passed without congressional hearings or public input. No input from the home’s director was solicited.

Sen. Santorum’s amendment precludes competitive bidding and development. It is a serious matter when Congress directs the non-competitive sale of property belonging to America’s enlisted men and women. This is especially true when the forced sale could result in the home receiving less than its proper value or loss of income by acceptable development. In actuality, with its already dire financial circumstances, it could result in the Home’s closure or severe cutbacks in the number of people who are able to be cared for and live there.

Maffucci’s Artistry Displayed at the Kentucky Derby

A sample of Andy Maffucci’s work. On left is Will Rogers, 2nd from left is General Riley.

Our Society has a budding young artist in our midst. Andy Maffucci, Secretary of Outpost 88 in Colorado has had one of his oil paintings displayed during Derby weekend on the Capitol grounds in Kentucky. In a letter from the Governor of Kentucky, Paul E. Patton the Governor thanked Andy profusely for his kindness and generosity. Over 12,000 people enjoyed this year’s Derby Breakfast festivities.
Florida outpost # 2 will have their annual reunion and meeting in the Orlando, FL area in April 2000. Final dates and exact location have not been determined at this time, however, a release will appear in “The Watch” when everything is finalized.

This reunion should be a great one as Disney World is the main attraction. All 3rd Div. Society members are invited to attend if they plan to be in Florida around that time.

Re: Article, p6 in the August “Watch”, Tahoma Nat’l Cemetery Memorial
The article was written by Morris Krepyk and Dale asks that Morris be given credit. (Your editor regrets the omission.)

A letter and Certificates of Appreciation for John Blaikie, Morris Krepyk, Ralph Reid, Glenn Rathbun, and Winston Whall were sent to Dale Mc Graw, President of Outpost 4 from National thanking them and all members who undertook this project. Presentation was made to those present at the last outpost meeting.

Dear Dale,

It is with great pleasure that I forward the enclosed Certificates of Appreciation for John W. Blaikie, Winston G. Whall, Ralph E. Reid, Glenn E. Rathbun and Morris Krepyk. They all are worthy of this special recognition by the Society. Their dedication in ensuring a lasting memorial to the many veterans of the State of Washington and the United States of America, who served in the Third Infantry Division, United States Army is in the true spirit of a Marneman. The effort they made to have a Memorial placed in the Tahoma National Cemetery, Kent Washington will be appreciated by all who were fortunate to have worn the blue and white patch.

Please convey my personal thanks to each of them for a job well done in supporting the Society objectives by perpetuating the memory of other former comrades who shared a background of honorable military service with the Third Infantry Division, U. S. Army

Rock of the Marne
Martin Markley

John Insani reports OP 7 will be laying wreaths at the Tomb of the Unknowns and also at the 3rd Infantry Division Monument in Arlington on Veterans Day 1999 at 14:05.
If you are in the area on that day please plan to join us.
to outlining the events planned for San Francisco, John distributed brochures of the Korea Revisit program and discussed the ongoing effort to tailor the trip to the battle sites of the Third Infantry Division.

Art and Evelyn Weldon will host the next meeting on November 6, 1999 in San Diego. All Society members are invited to attend.

**OP 54 Summer Meeting**

Forty one members and guests attended our summer meeting held at the Brass Door Restaurant in Dublin, CA.

Highlight of the meeting was our presentation of scholarship checks and plaques to three outstanding Jr. ROTC cadets of the San Francisco School District. LTC (ret.) Doug Bullard, Senior Military Instructor of Lowell High School, introduced the students and reported the 900 cadets of the San Francisco Brigade were a great group of students, very dedicated to their Brigade and very active in community service. He announced the Brigade had just won the National Marksmanship Competition the day before our meeting.

OP 54 gives annually a $500 scholarship to the top cadet of the department, but this year the department said all three were tops, and asked the award to be divided. We gave each a $200 check and a plaque recognizing their outstanding records with the brigade. The award is given in memory of the veterans of the 30th Inf. Regt., stationed at the Presidio San Francisco from 1901 to 1941, and known far and wide as “San Francisco’s Own”. The cadets honored were Jessica Ng, Cadet Colonel of the Brigade, Cadet LTC, Chance Glover, Battalion Commander and Brigade S-3, and Cadet LTC. Whei-sze Lui, Battalion Commander. All three students expressed their appreciation and related their plans for college. Each sat at different tables with our members, and the conversations were lively. Richard Neddersen, former Battalion and Regimental Commander of the 30” Inf. in WWII, made the presentations, assisted by Barney White, former Commander of the 41st FA in WW II and the constant artillery support for the regiment.

Barney White, our scheduled speaker has been hospitalized several times in recent months and asked to be excused as our program speaker. John Shirley presented a brief history of WW II including statistics on the military and industrial build up, and course of the war in Europe and the Pacific.

The OP voted to purchase commemorative medallions to use as favors for our 50th anniversary meeting on Nov. 13, 1999 at the Brass Door Restaurant. All members and friends of the Outpost are urged to attend this historic occasion. Jerry Sapiro, founding president of the Outpost, will be the program speaker, and will relate the history of the Outpost and its activities over the years. We look forward to a fine turnout for this meeting.

Respectfully submitted, John Shirley, President

Report reprinted from Glen Rathbun’s Western Region newsletter.

**Outpost 57**

Outpost 57 will be holding it’s next meeting Wednesday, October 20, 1999 at the Sheraton Suites Akron/Cuyahoga Falls. The lunch will be at 12 noon, followed by the meeting and fellowship time. Members are encourage to share their stories and any pictures or memorabilia. Arrangements have been made for rooms at the Sheraton. Reservations can be made by calling, 1-800-325-5788. The evening of October 19” prior to the meeting, we’ve made plans to go to the Carousel Dinner Theatre to see The King and I. Contact Richard Martinet for more information and/or reservations. Office number: (440) 944-2002, Home number (440) 942-9258.

**Correction:**

Credit for authorship of “Monument Dedicated at Tahoma National Cemetery” on page 6 of Aug. 1999 “Watch,” should be given to Morris Krepky, OP 63.
Dear Editor,

I would like to know how others feel about the proposed World War II monument that is to be erected in Washington. Only half the money needed for the project is available. I feel the government should have taken the initiative 50 years ago at 1/3 of the cost. With more than 80% of the WWII Vets deceased and presently dying at 1000 per day, it indicates to me that there will be very few of us left when the project is completed. At the present rate the dedication to honor WWII vets would be dedicated as the WWII Tombstone Warriors which should never be.

I believe the project should be down sized using what funds are available to erect something. It is better to settle for a sandwich if you can’t afford a steak dinner.

I would like others’ opinion on this.

Yours truly,
Harold Taylor
6641 Hazelett Rd.
Fort Wayne, IN  46835
219 485 6420

Dear friends,

Would like to share this with you. It was sent to me by my friend, Dominic T. Biello. We, the people who were liberated by you, the Americans (and of course the other Allies as well) will never be forgotten. We here in Holland have friendly relations with the Americans for more than 200 years. We were the first in the world that “recognized” the new country and opened official diplomatic channels with your country. “Yanks” thank you !

Jan Bos

Dear Martin,

It is a pleasure to inform you that Riviera Post 5 is of course most honored to represent your famous Division whenever possible in our mission area.

As I have already previously mentioned, Riviera Post 5 Legionnaire Albert Cohen presented your “Floral Display” on the occasion of the 1999 Memorial Day Ceremony held at the Rhone American Military Cemetery at Draguignan, France.

On 15 August1999, Post 5 Legionnaire Cohen represented your Division while participating in the First French Army (Rhim et Danube) Torch Pilgrimage that began at the Southern France Beachheads and followed the route to and down the Rhone Valley, into the Alsace. Their convoy consisted of a command car and several jeeps that made stops at the major combat areas for a commemorative ceremony for those that did battle and our heroic war dead.

On 15 August 1999 Post Legionnaire Edward Monroig presented your “Floral Display” at your memorial at the Cavalaire Beachhead.

On 1 November 1999, “All Saints Day” Riviera post 5 will hold a joint ceremony with the French Army at Draguignan, France with commemorative ceremonies at the French Military Cemetery and last but not least at the Rhone American Military Cemetery in honor of our heroic war dead.

Should any other opportunities appear we shall of course include your Division in our program and so advise.

Sincerely yours in Friendship,
John H. Wilms, Commander, Riviera Post 5
Les Strelitzias
1 Rue Pierre Commanay, A-2
06162 Juan Les Pins Cedex, France

Dear Mr. Drury,

As a new member, imagine my absolute surprise and thrill garnered from the first issue I received of your publication, “The Watch on the Rhine”. Finally after 47 years of not ever reading, hearing, or being aware of any media attention concerning circumstances reported in the well-written and accurate article penned by Ernest Acosta, Jr. This really brought back a flood of memories. These two incidents were a couple of the most significant affecting me during my service in Korea from July 1952 to May 1953. I don’t know whether Mr. Acosta served in Korea, had a relative who did, or is a history buff for this period. Whatever the situation may be, will you please share my correspondence with him.

Outpost Kelly as I recall, was located in the Yonchon region. There were three LPs, (Kelly-Nikki, Nicky-Nora). On the night of the attack my company, the 3rd Recon., had the only patrol out in the valley, positioned at the base of Kelly. I was a member of that ambush patrol and WE were ambushed. We clearly heard small, dislodged rocks beginning to roll down the hill indicating movement and immediately before the siege the Chinese started blowing their shrill horns. Our patrol leader was separated from our group during this attack. Being the most experienced on various patrols, I took over and was able to get a portion of our guys back early the following morning. (Our first born boy was commemoratively named Kelly.) This certainly was a tragic and terribly bloody confrontation for those brave individuals on Kelly.

Approximately one month later we were brought up to Jackson Heights which we referred to as the Iron Horse Mountain area. This assignment was quite chaotic as several confused members of the 65th refused to go back and attempt to
retake the hill in front of our perimeter. We were informed along the line to be on the lookout for wounded from the battle the night before.

As the fog lifted at daybreak, I could distinctly hear painful moaning coming from the direction of the minefield. There was a small sapling tree nearby about 20 ft. high. I climbed up and could make out an individual prone in the middle of the minefield. Using the tree as a marker our company Captain, another guy from the Scout section, and myself went out through the safe lane to the front of the minefield. The wounded soldier wandered into this sector during the night, and detonated a mine which had partially blown off his leg.

There really wasn’t much time to save him and fighting was still rampant on the heights in front of us. I decided to go in after him making large pronounced footprints so that if I was successful, someone could follow in them. I reached him and my buddy came in with a stretcher and we carefully followed the same prints out. I never found out what happened to that soldier and wonder if Mr. Acosta has any follow up information or other pertinent details regarding these episodes.

I thank you for allowing me to use the magazine as a forum to address these happenings. It has been such a very long time!

Sincerely,
Ben Farnan
3rd Recon. 3rd Inf. Div. Korea 52-53
30 Francis Terrace
Glen Cove, NY  11542

Ostheim, August 14 1999

I first would like to thank you very much for your intervening in my wish. I was happy to read “The Watch” from April. It was very nice for you to do something for one forgotten village. The town council was informed and the mayor was happy.

Following my investigation for the “Watch,” I have forgotten to indicate to all veterans from the 3rd Division, especially those from the 7th and 30th IR, if they came in Alsace the Rhineland for visiting the battlefield in the Pocket of Colmar, I can be their guide.

In the last “Watch on the Rhine” from August, I was very interested in the story of H.L. Bundy pages 18-21. Because one share of his story after the crossing from the Fecht river, he passed near my village (Ostheim) with his 30th IR.

I have one question: I see we can look for somebody in the “Watch” – permit me to do it.

About WWII, I went looking for soldiers or officers from the 1st Battalion from the 7th Inf. Reg. commanded by Major Kenneth W Wallace in Winter 1945. This Battalion has delivered my village (Ostheim, completely destroyed) on January 23 1945. I am the historian of the village and want to hear more from the battle after the crossing of the Fecht River. If I can have letter exchanges with veterans, or some personal stories from this battle for our newspaper. Thank you for your help.

Sincerely,
Jean-Jacques Sturm
12, rue des Geraniums

68150 OSTHEIM
France  Tel : 03 89 47 80 86

I had the very good fortune of seeing your publication at my parent’s home this spring (Roy A. Lewis, 15th Infantry/3rd Division I, Boca Raton, Florida) as I was embarking on a business trip to Frankfurt followed by a pleasure trip to Rome. It was my thought and hope while in Rome that I could also include a day-trip to Anzio/Nettuno since this would hold tremendous meaning for me and Dad.

Coincidentally, your publication that month included an article from Mr. Alfonso Felici from Rome, Italy suggesting that any veterans or family members contact him for a guided tour to the Memorial and the beach. With this in hand, I felt somehow assured my trip would come to fruition. Little did I know at that time, what a wonderful experience was awaiting me!

It was a beautiful May day in Rome when I met Alfonso for our trip to Anzio. He is a most exceptional and gracious person who spent a day escorting me from Rome to Nettuno. Not only did we visit the lovely Memorial and grounds but we walked the beachfront to the exact spot of the landing. It was quite moving and a most memorable experience for me.

Dad is eighty-two this year and for Father’s Day I was able to assemble my pictures and the memorabilia I collected from that day so that he could see the beautiful tribute in Nettuno for him and all the soldiers at the landing.

Thank you for sharing some very valuable information to your readers and Thank You Mr. Felici for the highlight of my trip!

Sincerely,
Priscilla Lewis
10944 Sunset Ridge Drive
San Diego, CA 92131

Further Report on Korean War Memorial in — Washington, DC

Martin Markley,

Thanks for your E Mail re: OP Harry. I intended to attend the Memorial Service in Crystal City during your reunion, but family matters intervened. Deeply regretted...had wanted to meet the comrades there - had not known of OP Harry and was most impressed with the group...think it is outstanding that there is such a group and that they are so faithfully and energetically
sticking together and meeting with regularity. There should be more such groups...they have meaningful and touching memo-
ries and experiences to record and remember. Concerning the Korean Memorial here and its condition - glad to hear that your OP Harry group was able to visit...had I been along I could have added to the tour I think with my own past involvement and knowledge of events there.

The repair work seems to be winding down...has been a sad chapter in the history of our Memorial.... as I have reported in the Watch and in the KWVA Graybeards, the problem seems to have been mainly caused by the location of the Memorial on grounds that were once marshy and tidal and later filled. Did not make for a firm and sound foundation - so earth shifted and moved and plumbing under and around the memorial pond broke and leaked necessitating excavations and replacement of pipes and trees. I think that is now mostly behind us, or at least so believes the resident engineers from the Interior and Army Engineers that have been on site and that I have talked to.

Last week there was only a small section of the unsightly wooden wall around the repair area and that is due to come down within days. So prospects for a return to normality look good. I think we can soon look forward to our Memorial being free from repair distractions for veteran and other visitors. It is still truly a work of art with its combat troops statues marching through a symbolic rice paddy toward the victory pool and flag, bordered by the meaningful reflective wall with the faces of support troops both in real life and in the Memorial.

Perhaps the above two paragraphs will meet your needs for an update report?

Otherwise I wish all warmest regards in lasting comradeship,
Sherm Pratt 3ID OP 12
Washington and Arlington VA

Memories on Patrol...

Gene Cochran, right, and Watch editor Jim Drury display propaganda left by Chinese in Chorwon Valley, 1952–1953. Gene had confiscated it while a medic on patrol with L Co. (or Battle Patrol) of the 15th Regt. Sadly, Gene passed away recently of cancer. Does anyone remember being on this patrol with Gene?

Has your Outpost had a meeting, presentation ceremony, dedication, or just a fun get-together? Send in your report and photos to the Watch. We want to hear from you!–Ed.
Looking for...

My name is Patricia Morgan, my mother was married to Lt. Frank Codd of Staten Island, New York. He was killed June 11, 1953 - Out Post Harry 3rd Infantry Div. Looking for info on how he died or someone who knew him.

Thank you

Jim,
I answered this on 7/2/99 asking for snail mail address. She hasn’t responded.

Martin

My name is Joseph F. Englert, 532 Metairie Lawn Drive, Metairie, Louisiana 70001, 1-504-835-8095, JEngl000@aol.com

Re: Capture of 2nd Bn, 7th Inf., WWII

I am sure glad that there is some information on that action I was captured in. I sure would like to hear just what finally happened. I thank you for all the help. It would be great to hear all the details as to what happened after I was taken in a German ambulance across the Rhine River.

I heard from one other person years ago who called me from Mississippi for an affidavit to the fact that he was with me in that cellar. He described things that only someone who was there would know so I knew it was authentic. He was having a problem getting his pension and needed proof that he was exactly where we were at that time.

Joe Englert

Dear Mr. Drury:

This past May, I was the first in my family to visit the grave of Ray T. Bean in Nettuno, Italy. Ray would have been my uncle if he had not died at Anzio Beachhead on May 25, 1944. Ray served in Company K, Seventh Infantry, Third Division. I would like to learn whether there are any of your subscribers who have memories of Ray. We do know that shortly after the war, American Veterans post #95 at 637 Webster Street in Chicago was named for him. It was founded by ten of his friends, and I would like to know whether any of them are members of your organization. Their names are: Eugene Golden, Clyde Gillies, Victor Grillo, Richard Glover, William Lloyd, John G. Kelly, James Joerger, Phillip Farrington, Roland Mayhew, Charles Igoe, William Brunhardt, John Brunner, and Leo Swedberg. If you were to put a notice in “The Watch on the Rhine,” perhaps one of these or other friends of Ray T. Bean would contact us at:

Tom Bean
4680 Lake Mary Road
Flagstaff, AZ 86001
(520) 779-4381
e-mail: Lambbeano@aol.com

Thanks very much for the work you do in honoring the Americans who served in the Third Division.

Sincerely,

Tom Bean.

Editor, The Watch on the Rhine:

I am trying to get some info about my uncle, Pvt. Albert Gee, F Co, 7th Inf, 3rd Inf. Div. He was KIA in Italy 26 Sep 1943. I’m trying to find someone who may have known him or may have been in his outfit. He was drafted 12 Aug. 1942 from Cordele, GA, and was trained at Camp Croft, SC. I’d like to know if he would have been in N Africa. I would also like to find out where he was killed in Italy. I believe he was in Sicily, and I would really like to trace where he was for sure. I know this may be a difficult thing to accomplish, but I’m trying because I am planning a trip to Italy next fall to visit Naples, where I was stationed in 1955-58. It would be nice if I could visit some places where my uncle may have been. I found where the cemetery is where he was initially buried and I plan to visit it. Would any Society member know where I could get a cop of the book about the 7th entitled “From Fedella to Berchtesgaden”? I would appreciate very much any information.

Sincerely,

Roycee H. Gee, CMSgt, Ret
618 Meadowridge Dr.
Warner Robins, GA 31093
hgee@bellsouth.net

65th Regimental History

As a hobby I am researching the history of the 65th Infantry Regiment and I am looking for information on the combat history of the Regiment in the Korean War. Hopefully, if I can collect enough information, I will write a book some day.

I would like information about any of the officers, NCOs, commanders, leaders, and soldiers. Any stories concerning the regiment and its soldiers at any period of the Korean war will be appreciated.

I would like to hear from veterans. Please let me know when you served, in what unit (Regimental HHC, Battalion, Company, etc.), what your specialty was (infantryman, communications, etc.), any stories about the soldiers, commanders personalities, anything.

In particular, I would like to hear eyewitness accounts about the battles of Outpost Kelly (Kelly Hill) and Jackson Heights.

What were the regimental commanders like: COLs WW Harris, Erwin O. Gibson, Julian B. Lindsey, Juan C. Cordero, and Chester B. De Gavre. What happened to the Regiment after October 1952? The period the Regiment was commanded by COL WW Harris is well documented in the history books, but what did the Regiment do under other commanders from Jun 1951 until the end of the war?

Thank you for your help,

Bart Soto
296 Blue Heron Dr.
Jonesboro, GA 30238
Email is: Bart377@yahoo.com
The decision was made for a total evacuation of X Corps from the Hungnam area on the east coast. It was to be the biggest seaborne evacuation in U.S. history.

fact, General Dean became the first recipient of the Medal of Honor in the Korean War.

On 2 October, MacArthur ordered a general advance by 8th Army, from the Seoul area toward Pyongyang, the North Korean capital. At the same time X Corps would land at Wonsan and drive to the east to encircle and destroy all North Korea forces in the Eastern central area.

This by time, total United Nations ground forces were more than 1/3 million, including service units. Navy and Air Force units together mustered another 100,000 men. An impressive build-up in 3 months and 1 week, including a sterling defense of the Pusan Perimeter, and a daring amphibious landing at Inchon.

Wonsan was captured by ROK I Corps on 11 October and Pyongyang fell to the 8th Army eight days later. The first U.S. forces actually reached the Yalu River and the 1st Marine Division was ordered to advance and take the Chosin Reservoir. Events moved quickly. The bridges between Manchuria and North Korea were bombed through all of November, but the Yalu was frozen over solid, permitting access across the river almost at will. The Korean winter was in full force, temperatures down as cold as 20 degrees below zero.

Chinese forces—perhaps 300,000 soldiers—were mounting a big offensive. A general withdrawal was ordered. The 8th Army in the west already had surrendered Pyongyang and was withdrawing south toward Seoul. The decision was made for a total evacuation of X Corps from the Hungnam area on the east coast.

It was to be the biggest seaborne evacuation in U.S. history.

The last weeks of 1950 and the first part of January 1951 were days of near disaster for United Nations Forces in Korea. Just as the battered U.S. Forces fell back on Seoul, General Walton Walker, 8th Army Commander, was killed in a jeep-truck accident near Uijongbu, and General Matthew B. Ridgway took over command. On 2 January 1951, Seoul had to be evacuated, and the U.N. Forces slowed to a halt 80 miles south. Ridgway then began to rebuild the 8th Army and literally saved
the U.N. Forces. Within one month we were back on the offensive and stayed on it until we had regained much of the ground we had lost south of the 38th parallel.

The 11th of April 1951 was the fateful day that President Harry Truman relieved General MacArthur of all command. His removal was a “bombshell.” MacArthur wanted to escalate the conflict and to command the entire international scene of the Korean War. Consequently, the President, with the complete concurrence of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, decided that the famous general—in the twilight of his career—must be relieved.

Meanwhile, the main effort of the Chinese had been to build up an assault force of 200,000 in an area in central north Korea that became known as the “Iron Triangle.” The offensive soon began and it became a long, tough grind. There was almost a year of nearly continuous combat for many units. In the closing days of 1951, the armistice negotiators at Panmunjon agreed upon a military demarcation line but hostilities were to continue until the signing of the armistice agreement.

There were 22 more months of warfare before the armistice agreement was signed. During those two years, aggressive deadly combat patrolling was the order of the day. And every day the defenses of both armies were made tougher. In those 22-odd months before the ceasefire, at any time, on any hill, the situation could and did get deadly serious. Heavy artillery contact zones, and men in the open, upon either side, meant just one thing—casualties.

With no agreement being reached at Panmunjon over voluntary repatriation, the talks were recessed in October 1952. The deadlock was only broken by events elsewhere. The threat of turning loose Nationalist Chinese Leader Chiang Kai-shek to attack mainland China, and the threat of nuclear weapons by the United States, resulted in immediate signs that the communists were interested in reopening negotiations. They agreed to a suggestion to exchange sick and wounded prisoners in an operation called “Little Switch.” On 26 April 1953 peace talks resumed.
As Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, I referred to the men and women of the armed forces as “G.I.s.” It got me in trouble with some of my colleagues at the time. Several years earlier, the Army had officially excised the term as an unfavorable characterization derived from the designation “government issue.”

Sailors and Marines wanted to be known as sailors and Marines. Airmen, notwithstanding their origins as a rib of the Army, wished to be called simply airmen. Collectively, they were blandly referred to as “service members.”

I persisted in using G.I.s and found I was in good company. Newspapers and television shows used it all the time. The most famous and successful government education program was known as the G.I. Bill, and it still uses that title for a newer generation of veterans. When you added one of the most common boy’s names to it, you got G.I. Joe, and the name of the most popular boy’s toy ever, the G.I. Joe action figure. And let’s not forget G.I. Jane. G.I. is a World War II term that two generations later continues to conjure up the warmest and proudest memories of a noble war that pitted pure good against pure evil and good triumphed.

The victors in that war were the American G.I.s, the Willies and Joes, the farmer from Iowa and the steelworker from Pittsburgh who stepped off a landing craft into the hell of Omaha Beach. The G.I. was the wisecracking kid Marine from Brooklyn who clawed his way up a deadly hill on a Pacific island. He was a black fighter pilot escorting white bomber pilots over Italy and Germany, proving that skin color had nothing to do with skill or courage. He was a native Japanese-American infantryman released from his own country’s concentration camp to join the fight. She was a nurse relieving the agony of a dying teenager. He was a petty officer standing on the edge of a heaving aircraft carrier with two signal paddles in his hands, helping guide a dive-bomber pilot back onto the deck.

They were America. They reflected our diverse origins. They were the embodiment of the American spirit of courage and dedication.

They were truly a “people’s army,” going forth on a crusade to save democracy and freedom, to defeat tyrants, to save oppressed peoples and to make their families proud of them. They were the Private Ryans, and they stood firm in the thin red line. For most of those G.I.s, World War II was the adventure of their lifetime. Nothing they would ever do in the future would match their experiences as the warriors of democracy, saving the world from its own insanity. You can still see them in every Fourth of July color guard, their gait faltering but ever proud. Their forebears went by other names: doughboys, Yanks, buffalo soldiers, Johnny Reb, Rough Riders. But “G.I.” will be forever lodged in the consciousness of our nation to apply to them all. The G.I. carried the value system of the American people. The G.I.s were the surest guarantee of America’s commitment. For more than 200 years, they answered the call to fight the nation’s battles. They never went forth as mercenaries on the road to conquest. They went forth as reluctant warriors, as citizen soldiers. They were as gentle in victory as they were vicious in battle. I’ve had survivors of Nazi concentration camps tell me of the joy they experienced as the G.I.s liberated them: America had arrived! I’ve had a wealthy Japanese businessman come into my office and tell me what it was like for him as a child in 1945 to await the arrival of the dreaded American beasts, and instead meet a smiling G.I. who gave him a Hershey bar. In thanks, the businessman was donating a large sum of money to the USO. After thanking him, I gave him as a souvenir a Hershey bar I had autographed. He took it and began to cry.

The 20th century can be called many things, but it was most certainly a century of war. The American G.I.s helped defeat fascism and communism. They came home in triumph from the ferocious battlefields of World Wars I and II. In Korea and Vietnam they fought just as bravely as any of their predecessors, but no triumphant receptions awaited them at home. They soldiered on through the twilight struggles of the cold war and showed what they were capable of in Desert Storm. The American people took them into their hearts again. In this century hundreds of thousands of G.I.s died to bring to the beginning of the 21st century the victory of democracy as the ascendant political system on the face of the earth.

The G.I.s were willing to travel far away and give their lives, if necessary, to secure the rights and freedoms of others. Only a nation such as ours, based on a...
More on Boomerang

This is a letter I asked Ernie Clifford to send to me to include his memories of the battle on Boomerang 14-15 June, 1953.

Ernie was a machine gunner and covered a very vital sector of defense position. I was ernie cliffokds platoon leader at this time. He was severely wounded in hand to hand combat with the Chinese forces who overwhelmed our positions. His actions were exceptional in holding Boomerang. Both Ernie and me were put in the chain of evacuation. Both of us had severe right leg injuries. We were both sent to Walter Reed Hospital for an extensive period for recovery and rehab. We have kept in touch over the years.

Ernie recently read the article written by Stan Cahill that was in the “Watch on the Rhine.” Stan was in counter-fire just to the rear of Ernie Clifford’s bunker. Ernie sends thanks to Stan who kept him supplied with part of his beer ration and sends his best wishes to Stan. I have enclosed a note written to me from Ernie dated April 9th, 1999 concerning Stan Cahill and Robert Barfield re: “The saving of Lt. Hotelling”.

Barfield, Ernie Clifford, and me are encouraging other Boomerang veterans to submit their recollections. I have talked to Den Van Hise who was with the 65th Regt. And to Ben Dalukonis who was with e co. 7th Regt. Both of these men are decorated heros for their action on Boomerang and members of “The Society of the Third Infantry Division”.

Bob Barfield who was recently recommended for the Medal of Honor for his actions on boomerang needs additional supporting information according to the awards board. Due to the number of deaths, it is hard to find any other surviving members of the 2nd Platoon F Co. 7th Regt. That was in the 14-15 June, 1953 action.

I would appreciate any one who survived, to contact me:
Maj. Lewis A. Hotelling, USA Ret
Co. F 7th Regt. 3rd Division
182 Morman Rd.
Hamilton, Ohio 45013
Phone 513-868-3009

June 14-15, 1953 as recollected in March 1999:

We had been under enemy fire for several days. Our (Miles Crenshaw and Ernest Clifford) bunker had taken several very close hits by 76mm direct fire shells. The bunker had two machine guns, a 50 caliber and a light 30 caliber. It was located on the 2nd platoon’s far left and was somewhat isolated from any covering riflemen. The light m.g. fired upon a hill (399?) several hundred yards to the right front of the platoon. It apparently was a hill used for enemy comings and goings. The 50 was used for missions called for by the forward observers. On the 14th we had been told to expect an attack that night and to fix bayonets.

The R O K troops had been pushed off to the high ground on our right the two previous nights. Ground retaken in daylight. We could see the heavy fighting at Outpost Harry on the previous nights. (Our left).

Our Turn! Everything was relatively quiet that evening (14th) until after dark. Some flares were fired and someone (Parks) yelled over the sound power phone, “There are chinks all out over there.” Almost instantly the air was filled with the loud “buzz” of incoming artillery rounds. It reminded me of the nest of giant bees swarming. As the explosions started, all other sounds were drowned out. The phone went dead immediately. Miles started firing the F P L with the light M.C. and I covered the entrance to the bunker. The ground to our front fell off sharply so there were no close targets.

After a time (?) grenades started exploding in the entrance and knocked me back two or three times and I was hit with fragments in the left foot but no serious injury. We decided to take care of those people throwing the grenades. The M.G. was shooting at targets hundreds of yards away and we had an immediate problem. I went out of the bunker first to draw any fire so that Miles could come out and get a good shot at the enemy. This was the only time I thought it was over for me but as it turned out that the grenade thrower or throwers must have been killed by artillery. Outside we found no Chinese or U.S. We decided to go toward the location of the tank and platoon C.P. to find out what was going on. You could see for some distance because of flares but could hear nothing due to the intense artillery fire. As we walked along the shallow trench, Miles covering our backs and myself the front, I saw the tops of 4 or 5 hats that identified them as Chinese. They were in an intersecting trench, which was deeper, and they could not see us. I thought that I could handle the situation with the M 1 rifle and as the first one stepped into our trench I pulled the trigger and nothing happened. Apparently as I fired once or twice exiting our bunker, the gun had jammed. The enemy soldier saw me as I pulled the trigger and stepped back to the cover of the intersecting trench, shoved the muzzle of his burp gun around the corner and fired. As we were only about six feet apart he could not miss, all of this happened in seconds.

I had turned sideways so that Miles could shoot his 45 pistol (too late) and the enemy bullets took off the back of my right knee and my right leg became immediately paralyzed. As I went down, I grabbed the edge of the shallow trench and rolled over the side and down the hill toward the tank trail. Later a letter from Miles informed me that he, too, had a similar leg injury and fell to the bottom of the trench and played dead. The Chinese walked over him.

After reaching the tank trail and not having seen or heard any American activity, I thought I heard our mortars still firing. I started pulling myself with my arms in that direction after applying a tourniquet to my leg. Dawn came before too much longer and a U.S. tank started up the trail. They must have seen me as the medics soon appeared and took care of me. My leg remains partially paralyzed to this day.

In retrospect, I should have set up the light M.G. to cover the communications trench but the barrel was so hot from firing, it was too clumsy to handle under the circumstances at that immediate time. 20/20 hindsight!

Ernest C. Clifford
2621 Sherview Lane
Silver Spring, MD 20904-4563
MY MEMORIES OF WORLD WAR II

INDUCTION AND BASIC TRAINING

When I reached the age of 18 on July 21, 1943 it wasn’t too long before I received an invitation from Uncle Sam to join his group of other young men who were being asked to do a little something for their country in its hour of need.

I reported for a physical which I just happened to pass with no problem at all. When I walked out the last door I had a welcoming committee. Which service do you want to go into? Army or Navy? I replied When do I have to leave? They said When I walked out the last door I had a welcoming committee. Which service do you want to go into? Army or Navy? I replied When do I have to leave? They I entered the Army at 145 pounds and after I finished basic training I was up to 160 pounds with no fat left. Those long hikes and physical hardening and five-mile hikes before breakfast did its work. Then they gave us a 30-day leave to go home. (During the training period we spent two weeks on the Mohave Desert. You ran around in shorts during the day with no shirt and at night you had to put on an overcoat when you had guard duty. That was something new to me too).

One incident that happened while we were in the desert training firing the 40mm gun using what they called a director (something like a computer) used to steer the gun in the right direction. I happened to be operating the director when the plane pulling the sleeve (target) behind it came into view and I tracked on it. When the plane was coming into range the officer called out this is a dry run. Track only. I couldn’t get the sleeve into focus so I decided to track the tail of the plane until the sleeve came into view. Just about that time the officer called out commence firing and the man handling the shells started firing. The shells were tailing right behind the plane and I slid the controls onto the target just in time. For some reason that plane headed home and wouldn’t come back to fly in front a bunch of rookies.

LEAVE AND THEN ADVANCED INFANTRY

By the time I had finished my 30-day leave we had gained control of the air in Europe. Evidently they figured they didn’t need any more antiaircraft men so when I reported for duty at Fort Leonardwood, Missouri I was put in Advanced Infantry (which I had no idea of what to expect). They treated you as if you had infantry experience and expected you to fall right in step. That was another experience. It took a while to pick it up but it finally fell into place.

They transferred a group of us to the West Coast to train with the Navy to learn amphibious landings. I happened to run into a buddy by the name of Freddie Cook from home (New Orleans) who was serving in the Navy. He had access to a jeep and in our off time we headed to town where I was introduced to his favorite drink. I don’t know what the name of it was but when we got up to leave we both needed help. We headed to a line waiting to catch a cab. He barged in front of the line causing such a commotion that the SP on duty put us in the first cab that came along just to get us out of there.

It looked like we were headed for the war in Japan as we were given jungle training. Hitting the ground, rolling behind a tree to fire your rifle, etc. We were just about to get to practicing making landings. Just as I was getting the hang of it things changed.

All of a sudden they learned that we had lost a lot of men in Europe and needed replacements so guess what? They picked 500 of us out of our group and shipped us to the East Coast as replacements. They dug through the records and found out that I was an experienced typist so all of a sudden I was the company clerk. We were sent to New York city and when they told me to make up passes for leave in New York City, guess who got the first one? Being in New York city without much money in your pocket isn’t much fun. I went to the Stage Door Canteen and looked around. I saw Ray Milland on the street. The soldier with me rushed up and got his autograph. This is when he (Milland) must have been filming Lost Weekend because he looked pretty seedy.
with that beard he had. That was about it.

This company clerk thing sounded pretty good. It even last but shipping overseas on the Queen Mary. They had this officer that was a real jerk who was pushing everybody around on the trip over. Everybody was talking about getting even with him when they got over there in action but guess what? He waved goodbye to us as we were leaving on the tug boat and went back with the ship.

**OUR TRIP OVERSEAS ON THE QUEEN MARY**

It took us five days on the Queen Mary to get over. During the trip a lot of the guys were getting seasick. I tried eating a lot to keep from getting sick. I understood that when you don’t keep your stomach full you had a tendency to get sick. We alternated sleeping on the open deck and the next night in hammocks. One day I wandered up to the top deck and saw how beautiful it was. The sun was shining and the ship had a slow roll to it. I said it must be a quiet sea. Then I looked out in the distance and a convoy of Navy ships were heading back the other way. They would disappear below the waves and then reappear. They looked like bobbing corks. Well so much for quiet seas.

We had plane escorts for awhile but then they turned back and we were on our own. They steered a zigzag course I understand to dodge the submarines. Well anyway we made it okay. We were put on a tug at the end of the trip near Normandy and when we were pulling away from the ship you could realize on just how big the Queen Mary was. WOW.

**THE LONG TRIP ACROSS FRANCE**

When we reached shore we were put on trucks and started on our long trip across France. It took us several days moving further and further away from home. Looking back at how far we had come I said to myself I’ll never get back thinking it would take so much time to do it. All we could see when we drove across France were apple orchards. The French must have made wine with them because when we stopped along the way people would come out and offer us wine to drink. They were really friendly and it helped by their offering us wine.

As we progressed through France we would stop and drop men off at different units along the way and slowly our numbers were dwindling. They were really spreading us around. Finally they stopped at Company E, 7th Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division and I was dropped off there with a few others.

It was late at night and I was ushered into a tent and introduced to the company commander. I didn’t know it at the time but they only had 36 men left in the company. The captain asked me if I had fired a BAR (Browning Automatic Rifle) and I said yes I had. (I had punishment at one time for skipping over to the service club to shoot pool and the MP’s walked in looking for my pass and I ended up cleaning all the BAR’s as they came off the firing range). He told me that I was a BAR man for the third squad.

That was it. I was in the 3rd Division. To bring you up on our company commander he had been wounded 3 or 4 times but always came back. He was looking to move up in rank on the battlefield and volunteered for just about any mission they wanted him to take. That is probably why there were only 36 men left when I joined them. My squad had five men.

We went through several simulated attack runs and then (it didn’t seem very long) we were off to our first battle near (I think it was) St. Lo. I was scared stiff and I guess I was lucky in my first action as we didn’t meet much resistance. It was just a small town that we occupied but it was my baptism of fire and I had to run into the woods as Montezuma’s Revenge snuck up on me. That’s a hell of a way to get started.

The first time I saw the Rhine River was when we captured Strausberg. It was quite a battle. The Germans had set up machine guns in all the archways and we had a heck of a time getting across the big openings to get into the buildings. We had to call in a tank to occupy the machine guns. We were pinned down for a little while but then one of the men in my platoon fired a rifle grenade that blew a door open and we all took off across the opening a few at a time to get into the building.

We worked our way up to the attic area and used a bazooka to blow openings in the wall so we could move through. We would quit when it got dark and find one of the plush beds available in the apartments to rest. It took several days to clean out the entire area.

I believe our squad was the first to reach the river. We looked over the wall and saw all those pill boxes the Germans had built separated about 50 yards apart. In the background was the Black Forest. I said to myself it’s gonna be tough getting past that line of fire. We set up lookouts in the attic overlooking the river. Every time a soldier would come out to get firewood or whatever the lookout would phone for artillery fire and chase them back into the pill boxes.

We set up a camp there and it was like a garrison in the states for a while. It didn’t last too long because the 45th Division had taken a bad beating so they moved them in to replace us and we took their place in the line. We were back in action again.

The first major battle I remember we had received word from intelligence that we should meet light resistance. We were lined up with the First and Second Platoons were next to each other and we the (Third Platoon) were a little ways behind them in reserve. What stands out the most is that the snow was everywhere and we had on white sheets for camouflage. When we got close to the woods all hell broke loose. Machine guns opened up and the front two platoons took quite a pasting. You could hear the pop of the bullets going by your head and some landed in the snow with a sizzling sound. We were ordered to fall back to the woods we had come out from. We collected every-
body together and a spotter for the artillery called in a barrage from the 105 batteries. This went on for awhile and they brought it in not too far from where we were. I commented as I saw the big chunks of shrapnel spinning through the air: Man look at that stuff. The captain said Yes, and you all are going out under it.

When the shells were hitting about 50 yards away we lined up what was left of the 1st and 2nd platoons, the 3rd platoon and the headquarters platoon just as the captain had said and we moved out. The shells were hitting out in front of us and all of a sudden a round fell short on my right and I saw one of our medics Heinie go down (I found out later that a short round had killed the observer who was calling in the artillery). We kept running forward firing as we ran toward the woods ahead. When we reached a ditch about 50 feet away we settled down in it and I found out that I had completely run out of ammunition. Evidently my assistant who carries extra ammunition for me had disappeared. I asked one of the riflemen for one of his M1 clips which held only 8 rounds. I loaded them into my magazine and we took off again. A German on one of the machine guns who had his hands raised made a grab for the gun. One of the other BAR men shot him down.

All of a sudden they were running away. I could see them in the distance going past an opening and I used my BAR firing one shot at a time until my 8 rounds were gone. We checked with each other and just about everyone had run out of ammo. This being the second time we attacked this day we had shot most of it up in the first attack. We were fortunate that they didn’t counterattack as we were in a bad way. I volunteered to try and go back to see if they could send us more ammunition but at the moment there was none to be had. On the way back I spotted a belt of 30-caliber machine gun ammunition laying by a tree and strung it over my shoulders and started stripping the bullets from the belt and loading up my magazines.

The only bad feature about this I found out later was that the rounds contained quite a few tracer bullets which is a dead giveaway when you are firing as to your location.

As we were moving along we were bypassing different areas to keep on the move. In doing this we left pockets that weren’t cleaned out behind us. We were going through this area near these pockets and we were having problems with snipers shooting at us. We had this fellow named Heard from Brooklyn I believe who thought he was immune to being hit. We were moving along the buildings staying low when Heard stopped short and turned back toward me and I heard a popping sound and a piece of his camouflage popped off his chest. I thought it came from behind me and spun around. Then I realized that he had been hit in his back and the bullet going through his chest made it look like it had hit him in front.

He called for a medic but by the time we laid him down and put his helmet under his head he had started turning white. The blood just drained from his face. I guess he must have hemorrhaged somewhere inside. He died right there. I really felt bad about that. More so because a few days before that we had lost our bearings in battle and ended up with F Company. We had moved out of the line of fire when a fellow from F Company says I think I saw him move. He was talking about one of the wounded laying out in the field. Heard told me Come on let’s go get him. I found an old ladder laying in the field. Heard told me Come on let’s go get him. I found an old ladder laying on the ground and we picked it up and went out there and got him. We saw him (the wounded man) with his head bandaged up out there and got him. We saw him (the wounded man) with his head bandaged up later on that day so we knew he had survived. Heard said Tell you what, I’ll put you in for a citation and you put me in for one. I told him okay but to this day I never did. I sure wish I had. He deserved it.

The captain called up two tank destroyers who had those 90mm guns on them. He got 15 of us together and said we were going to climb up on them and we were going out to clean up on those troops we had bypassed. We sure didn’t feel safe doing this but he said I’m going along with you. So he climbs inside one of the tank destroyers and we were off. Oh yes, he also told us not to take any prisoners.

It was a hell of a feeling from the vibration when those big guns fired and trying to hang onto the side of the tank destroyer. When we got close all we could see were heads peering over the edge of the snow and white flags waving. There were hundreds of them and we could see that they had a lot of weapons. They wanted to give up and I knew if we started firing and killing them we wouldn’t survive being on the outside. (To give you an idea of how nervous we were I spotted an officer’s blue steel Luger lying in one of the holes there and jumped in and got it. When I rose up to get out all the others pointed their guns at me. That was kind of scary.) Needless to say we took them all prisoner.

The next day my left arm started aching like crazy so I went to see the medics. After peeling off three sweaters, jacket, etc. the medic took one look at my arm which had a red streak right up the middle of it. He said it looked like blood poisoning so he put a tag on me and I was sent back to the Evacuation Hospital.

It seems that I somehow had a cut on my left hand and it became infected. When I got to the hospital they were just starting to use penicillin and they gave me a shot every three hours for 11 days. The nurse would come in every three hours day and night. I got so used to it that when she would come I would alternate arms automatically. Both were aching and she told me she could give it to me in the butt but I said it was bad enough my arms were hurting. It really did the job and it cleared up the infection leaving just a little boil at the end.

(I know my unit was involved fighting in the Colmar Pocket. I do believe it happened during the 11 days I was in the hospital because I can’t remember my being there or anything about the battle.)

When I returned to my unit they had an influx of replacements taken from a former hospital unit. They gave them a little training and put them in with us. I was given an M1 rifle and we went through several training runs to get the new men a little experience. The change didn’t agree with me. It felt funny firing one shot at a time. The young fellow who took over my BAR was complaining up a storm saying such things as a BAR man is always a target and draws fire, etc. I reached over and took the BAR from him, gave him the M1 and told the sergeant I’m BAR man again, okay? He said it was okay with him. It sure did feel good getting my gun back. I felt more secure.

...to be continued
Chief of Staff shares concerns for soldier, Army

WASHINGTON - The Army’s Chief of Staff Gen. Eric K. Shinseki said the Army faces three challenges going into the 21st Century, and he plans to focus on them throughout his tenure.

“One is manning, the second is modernization, and the third is to ensure for me that every day for the next four years I have done the best I can to take care of soldiers and families.”

Shinseki spoke to news media representatives in his office at the Pentagon June 24, just three days after being sworn in as the Army’s 34th Chief of Staff.

He spoke of the Army’s challenges, his views of the soldiers in Kosovo and Bosnia, his concerns on keeping soldiers in the Army, and on recruiting quality young people for military service.

He said what excites him and gets him fired up everyday are young soldiers.

“I’ve been at this business for 34 years and the one thing I have never been disappointed in is the young soldiers that wear our uniform.”

The general spoke of how proud he is of the accomplishment of the Army in getting into Tirana (Albania) and outlined the unique challenges of dealing with one airfield and port and rail systems that were inadequate for the Army’s mission. “I will accept the responsibility for making sure that the great effort that was expended by the youngsters that made Task Force Hawk a success is not ignored by the apparent slowness to get there,” he said and chronicled what it took to get Task Force Hawk operational; bringing in equipment, engineers, materials, security, force protection elements, “a 5,000 person plus, brigade combat team.”

“We’ve got to strike a chord in the hearts of young people. They have to see that service in the military is not only important, but meaningful.”

means that though the fighting has stopped, the war isn’t over. “The tough part of the mission is about to start,” he said, and conceded the tensions, causes, and conflicts that erupted are still there and it will be up to the soldiers to get in there and deal with it.

“They have to stay even handed, they have to look like a professional force at all times. We need a good soldier who is self confident, whose own discipline is something that is respected by the locals and our soldiers will do very well.”

He said after spending more than 15 months with troops in Bosnia, he is confident both in the training and leadership of the soldiers on the Kosovo mission and compared that mission to the Bosnia mission.

“We have long adhered to the principle of no soldier goes into harm’s way untrained. You go through a mission rehearsal exercise and then you go and do it for real,” he said.

He said soldiers who are on peacekeeping missions have told him they are glad they came. They have high job satisfaction because they believe that what they are doing is important; still, although they see it as a rewarding experience, “there is a finite number of times you can send them” on such missions.

Modernization may be part of the solution to manning and to how quickly forces can get into areas for assigned missions. Shinseki said by modernizing the force to make heavy forces more mobile and light forces more lethal, the challenge of strategic responsiveness may be solved.

“As we look further into the future at the available leap ahead potential technologies, if they allow us to think about a different solution in the size and weight of what we have, we ought to investigate that.”

The chief of staff also said one challenge he faces is to man the force to slow personnel tempo and give soldiers some predictability in their lives. “We don’t have a serious problem yet (on retaining mid-grade NCOs, captains and majors), but I do see some of the indications that the kids are tired, that’s why I’ve got to get the manning problems solved.”

Not only is retaining good soldiers tough, Shinseki said the recruiting challenge is also a tough one. “We’ve got to strike a chord in the hearts of young people. They have to see that service in the military is not only important, but meaningful.”

General Eric K. Shinseki was appointed Chief of Staff, US Army on June 24, 1999. General Shinseki was a Battalion Commander in the 3rd Infantry Division in Germany in 1987. Submitted by Joe Poggi

Reprinted from “The Frontline,” July 8, 1999

By Sgt, 1st Class
Connie E. Dickey
Army News Service

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:

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mean whishing another year of my tired old life away. My, what fun, eh!!!!!! Working with me this time will be two very hard working ladies and they will be assisting me and overseeing to our continued success, when I am not available at the reunion. If you have any questions, and live closer to these two ladies, don’t hesitate to get in touch with them. The three of us talk quite often together on the phone. They will in turn inform me of what is going on with all of you that they hear from in the future.

Remember, I am always available to talk to, and my address and phone number are as follows: Helen Miceli, 2723 Lompoc St., Los Angeles, CA 90065 Telephone: 323-256-7896.

You may contact Evelyn Weldon (Mrs. Arthur), 6717 Ridge Manor Ave., San Diego, CA 92120 Telephone: 619-286-1076 or Betty Holt (Mrs. Fred), 2 Naples St., San Francisco, CA 94112 Telephone: 415-585-4837.

Note: Do not send packages to San Diego. San Francisco only to Betty. You can talk to either of them if I am not available.

Till next time, please stay healthy and as OP 54 member Fred Holt would say, ‘have a good forever’.

Love to all of you from your Marnelady friend,

Helen Miceli
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.

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.”

Sick Bay

Jack Sneddon reports:
Robert Butler, 510 Closs, Decatur, IN 46733 has had 5 heart bypasses and is very sick. Would appreciate cards. He’s a member of OP 33. Info from his wife.

February 1998
Unger, Lt. General Ferdinand T.

Ferdinand T. Unger, 85, a native of Pittsburgh and a retired Army Lieutenant General, who served as the U.S. High Commissioner of the Ryukyu Islands (Okinawa) in the late 1960's died on January 31, 1999, at Arlington Hospital in Arlington, VA. He suffered from Parkinson's disease.

Gen. Unger was born and raised in Bloomfield and graduated from Central Catholic High School. He attended the University of Pittsburgh for one year, before entering the U.S. Military Academy, where he graduated in the class of 1937. He was the catcher on the Academy baseball team and played against such legends as Lou Gehrig and Joe DiMaggio in the cadets' annual exhibition game with the New York Yankees.

It was at West Point that he received the nickname, "Finn," by which he was known throughout his 33 years in the U.S. Army. During World War II, Gen. Unger commanded an artillery battalion in combat in France and Germany. In the 1950's he commanded the I Corps Artillery in Korea and later served as a senior faculty member at the U.S. Army Artillery School at Fort Sill, OK. He graduated from the National War College in 1958 and was assigned to Allied Headquarters in Paris, France.

He later served as Commanding General of the 3rd. infantry Division Artillery in Kitzingen, Germany. During the Cuban Missile Crisis in 1962, Gen. Unger was the Director of Operations for the Joint Chiefs of Staff. As such, he commanded the National Military Command Center in the Pentagon, which controlled the deployment and operations of all United States Military forces throughout the world. Subsequently, he returned to Korea as Commanding General of the 7th. Infantry Division.

In 1966, General Unger was promoted to lieutenant general and appointed by President Johnson as the United States High Commissioner of Ryukyu Islands. In that position, he was both the Commanding General of all U.S. military forces on Okinawa and the military governor of the island chain, which had been won in bitter fighting against the Japanese during World War II.

Gen. Unger retired from active duty in 1970 and was appointed Governor of the U.S. Soldiers' and Airmen's Home in Washington, DC, where he served for seven years. After leaving government service, he resided in Charlottesville, VA, where he was active in community affairs, and in Alexandria, VA.

General Unger's decorations include two Distinguished Service Medals and five Legions of Merit, as well as several foreign decorations and numerous campaign and service medals.

Survivors include his wife, the former Bayly Bucher of Arlington, VA; two sons, James T. Unger of Montara, CA, and Charles K. Unger of Alexandria, VA; a brother, Col. James F. Unger of Lawton, OK; a sister, Theresa M. Unger of Pittsburgh; three grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren. General Unger was buried with full military honors in Arlington National Cemetery. A Memorial Mass was held at St. Raphael's Church, Morningside, on Saturday, July 10, at 10 am.

Reported by Tom Maines

The Watch on the Rhine

POWELL from page 18

firm moral foundation, could make such a request of its citizens. And the G.I.s wanted nothing more than to get the job done and then return home safely. All they asked for in repayment from those they freed was the opportunity to help them become part of the world of democracy—and just enough land to bury their fallen comrades, beneath simple white crosses and Stars of David. The volunteer G.I.s of today stand watch in Korea, the Persian Gulf, Europe and the dangerous terrain of the Balkans. We must never see them as mere hirelings, off in a corner of our society. They are our best, and we owe them our full support and our sincerest thanks.

As this century closes, we look back to identify the great leaders and personalities of the past 100 years. We do so in a world still troubled, But full of promise. That promise was gained by the young men and women of America who fought and died for freedom. Near the top of any listing of the most important people of the 20th century must stand, in singular honor, the American G.I.

Colin Powell

#1. Friendly fire - isn’t.
#2. Recoilless rifles - aren’t.
#3. Suppressive fires - won’t.
#4. You are not Superman; Marines and fighter pilots take note.
#5. A sucking chest wound is Nature’s way of telling you to slow down.
#6. If it’s stupid but it works, it isn’t stupid.
#7. Try to look unimportant; the enemy may be low on ammo and not want to waste a bullet on you.
#8. If at first you don’t succeed, call in an air strike.

Murphy’s Laws of Combat

The Fountain Hills Times / July 28, 1999 AZ

George Albert Trigueros, 74, died at home in Fountain Hills on July 24, 1999.

Born in San Francisco on June 17, 1925, Mr. Trigueros attended public: high school and entered the U.S. Army during World War II, where he was wounded in France in November of 1944. He was a member of the 7th Infantry and 3rd Division Society.

After the war, he graduated from the University of California, Berkeley and Hastings College of Law in San Francisco and was subsequently admitted to the Bar in California. Mr. Trigueros became the deputy district attorney in San Luis Obispo and Santa Cruz counties before entering California state service, where he worked as a tax counsel. In 1979, he was appointed administrative law judge by the California Unemployment Insurance Appeals Board, where he served in northern California until retiring in December of 1989.

Mr. Trigueros moved to Fountain Hills in April of 1996 from homes in Ajo, AZ and New York City. Two years earlier he was diagnosed with cancer of the pancreas.

Mr. Trigueros was a supporter of both the Phoenix Symphony and the Arizona Opera. He was active in painting and watercolor classes: at the Community Center and was a member of the Spanish Club. He also served on the board of directors of the Morningside Homeowners Association. He was also an avid photographer and world traveler.

He is survived by his wife, Susanne Darling, of Fountain Hills and his mother and sister of San Jose, Calif. A graveside service with military honors will be held at Arlington National Cemetery in September.

Memorial contributions can be made to The Nature Conservancy, 5308 N. 12th Street Phoenix, AZ 85014.

George Albert Trigueros

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#8. If at first you don’t succeed, call in an air strike.
Dear Mrs. Le Savage,

It was a pleasure to talk with you last week, although I was saddened to learn about Peter’s having died 29 years ago.

As I mentioned to you, I knew him for just a short time. He was a sergeant in C Company of the 7th Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division, to which I was assigned in October 1944. I was a 19-year-old private, coming into the Company as a replacement. The Company was quite depleted because of the many casualties that had incurred in the battles it had engaged in. I was told that the 3rd Division had a casualty rate of 250%.

After I joined the Company I was assigned to Peter’s platoon and he trained me and other replacements who had just joined the platoon. He was always friendly and helpful to us. On the night of November 20, 1944, our Company was taken by trucks from our training site to the front, at the Meurthe River, near Strasbourg, in Alsace- Lorraine.

We crossed the river on a pontoon bridge by the light of a burning farmhouse about 200 yards away that was casting a flickering light on us. It was cold and clear and we were all bundled up in our heavy clothing, winter coats, woolen underwear, with our backpacks, rifles, shovels and personal gear.

One of the older members of the Company instructed us to dig foxholes, then a short time later he came back and told us not to dig because we were in the middle of a German mine field. Pete had told me I was to be the scout for the platoon and to go ahead until I reached barbed wire. Then I was to shove a Bangalore Torpedo (a pipe full of dynamite) into the barbed wire, set off the fuse, and blow a path through the barbed wire. We were to wait until an artillery barrage from our side ended then we would move out. However, when our barrage ended, the Germans began bombarding us with their cannons. One of their shells exploded next to me and blew up my torpedo and flung me through the air. One fragment from the shell went through my steel helmet and into my scalp. Another went into my right lung and a piece of the torpedo went into my right thigh. I was unable to move and when the signal came for the platoon to advance, the men in my platoon passed by and moved toward the German lines.

That was the last night I saw Peter. I always wondered what happened to him and the platoon. But I never came across any other fellow soldiers who had been there when I was taken by the medics to an evacuation hospital for emergency treatment and then to the 10th Field Hospital and then to the 32nd General Hospital in Epinal. I was in the hospital until March 1945 and then was assigned to a Quartermaster unit in Belgium.

I wanted to get back to the 7th Regiment, but was told that I couldn’t return.

I read a book about the 3rd Division a couple of years ago and learned that Company C, Peter’s unit, was the first American unit to reach Hitler’s headquarters at Berchtesgaden in Bavaria. So he was lucky to survive the war and reach the final goal of the U.S. Army.

I was able to get in touch with you because my wife bought a computer and was able to use it to search for peoples’ telephone numbers and addresses. There were two entries for Peter Le Savage, one in Moosic and one in Old Forge. When I dialed the Old Forge number I was informed that it was no longer in service. I called the Moosic number a couple of times, with no answer, then finally David was there and said I could get in touch with you at his house.

My best regards to you and your son and daughter. I am proud to have served with their father.

Sincerely,

George Trigueros
Partial list of 3rd. Infantry Division items available.

**T-SHIRTS: CLOSEOUT SALE** on all unit T-shirts (7th., 15th., 30th., 65th. Inf.) $11.00 each - first come first serve. When supply gone, do not expect to carry again. XXL-$1.00 extra, XXXL-$2.00 extra.

Will continue to carry the 3rd. Div. T—still $12.00 each. All T's - S, M, L, XL. Mailing Fee: $2.00 each.

**BASEBALL CAP:** Have a new type cap for the 3rd. Div. Black with embroidered front - $9.00 each. The unit caps are still for now white cotton twill w/blue bill for Inf. and red for artillery. Crests in color. One size fits all— $7.00 each. Mailing Fee: $1.25 each.

**NEW ITEM** - Cross rifles and cross cannons service insignias – with ur unit identified. Officer type - $6.00 each; enlisted man type - $4.50 each. Have 7th, 15th, 30th, and 65th Inf; 9th, 10th, 39th, 41st F.A. Mailing fee: 75 cents for 1 to 3, $1.25 for 4 to 6.

**MUGS**


  Price each ........................................$7.00
  Two for ..........................................$12.00
  Postage:(for 1) ................................$3.50
  (for 2) ...........................................$6.75

  This includes insurance in case of breakage.

**ANZIO PINS**

- ........................................$4.00 ea.
  plus 75 cents postage for 1 to 3 and $1.25 for 4 to 6.

**SPECIAL**

- **A)** A fabulous all metal model of the German 88mm cannon, from WW II, makes an outstanding display to your collection or Army mementoes. Price - $65.00 plus $8.00 postage/handling. Have had to raise the price as supplier raised it on me. Sorry.

  For you Civil War buffs, have two models, outstanding workmanship.

- **B)** A 1/4 scale brass barrel cannon, early war style, wood carriage, metal fittings. Length 12”; Weight 2 Lb. Price- $40.00 plus $8.00 Postage/Handling.

- **C)** A superbly detailed miniature Civil War cannon, all metal, length 7” Weight 1 lb, together with an all metal limber, length 8”; Weight 1 lb. Total price for both: $40.00 plus $8.00 postage/handling. All are non-firing models, ideal for display in your home or office. Also ideal for birthday present.

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

Visit the Web Site of the Society of the Third Infantry Division, US Army at:  
http://members.aol.com/Markley/3idsocmbr.html

Other Websites that may be of interest:  
http://www.enteract.com/~rheiffer/ww2/general.htm  
http://www.koreanwar.org/  
http://www.army.mil/cmh-pg/default.htm  
http://www.cottonbalers.com  
http://korea50.army.mil  
http://member.aol.com/ROTMMWWII/MAIN.htm

The National Archives and Records Administration can be visited:  
http://www.nara.gov/exhall/exhibits.html

NARA archival information locator (NAIL), a pilot database of selected holdings:  
http://www.nara.gov/nara/nail.html

Full text of daily federal register:  
http://www.access.gpo.gov/nara/index.html

Other:  
http://www.usabmc.com/sr.htm (Sicily, Nettuno Cemetery)  
http://member.aol.com/ROTMMWWII (France, Rock of the Marne Assn.)

“Sailor”

In the summer 1999 issue of the “Howitzer Hotline,” Harold Unger, editor informs us how John Byrne, Col. (Ret.) received his nickname. John had to withdraw because of illness during his first year at Annapolis. He subsequently received an appointment to West Point as a member of the class of ‘39 who, naturally, dubbed him “Sailor.” John was CO of the 39th FA during WWII, where he was awarded a Silver Star, Bronze Star, and the Purple Heart.

**MOVING??**

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 John W. Sneddon, 6355 Topanga Canyon Blvd #225, Woodland Hills, CA 91367. 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 _________

Visit the Web Site of the Society of the Third Infantry Division, US Army at:  
http://members.aol.com/Markley/3idsocmbr.html

Other Websites that may be of interest:  
http://www.enteract.com/~rheiffer/ww2/general.htm  
http://www.koreanwar.org/  
http://www.army.mil/cmh-pg/default.htm  
http://www.cottonbalers.com  
http://korea50.army.mil  
http://member.aol.com/ROTMMWWII/MAIN.htm

The National Archives and Records Administration can be visited:  
http://www.nara.gov/exhall/exhibits.html

NARA archival information locator (NAIL), a pilot database of selected holdings:  
http://www.nara.gov/nara/nail.html

Full text of daily federal register:  
http://www.access.gpo.gov/nara/index.html

Other:  
http://www.usabmc.com/sr.htm (Sicily, Nettuno Cemetery)  
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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.”

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

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
- 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.

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.

Date: ________________
Name ____________________________________________________ Serial/Social Security No ______________________
(Last)                      (First)                   (Middle Initial)
Home Address __________________________________________________________________________________________
(Street)                                                     (City)                                    (State)            (   Z ip)
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: John W. Sneddon, 6355 Topanga Canyon Blvd #225, Woodland Hills, CA 91367 Phone: (818) 710-9457.
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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
★ Ardennes-Alsace
★ Rhineland
★ Central Europe

WORLD WAR II [36 Medals of Honor]
★ Algeria-French Morocco
★ Tunisia
★ Sicily
★ Naples-Foggia
★ Anzio
★ Rome-Arno
★ Southern France
★ 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
★ Defense of Saudi Arabia
★ Liberation and Defense of Kuwait
★ 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
★ Defense of Saudi Arabia
★ Liberation and Defense of Kuwait

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
6355 Topanga Canyon Blvd #225
Woodland Hills, CA 91367

Change Service Requested

October, 1999