

For the Marne Ladies...

Reunion 2000

*Boutique Time, San Francisco,
California, August 31st through
September 3, 2000.*

Here we are again, talking about the Boutique and upcoming reunion. Seems we no sooner get over one and we are right away planning another. Since this is the Millennium, we must make it a superb memory for all who attend. This is the goal I am setting for myself, to put into effort all I possibly can to catch up on my friendships with all the ladies I have met through the years and only see at reunion time. The boutique is a unique way of doing this, for it's one thing planned and carried out just by we ladies. It is our own project from beginning to end. It gives us a gratifying feeling of having been a part of your great Society, gentlemen.

I have heard and talked to several of my old friends from the past and seems they have many items already planned. I just want you all to know I do appreciate your loyalty to me and still believe in the things we do at this boutique. There are already boxes of items promised and I, myself, have already filled one whole box and good size at that. I have several afgans already made it has been noted. Lots of Christmas items, also 3 ID items in the process of being made. I think members will be quite surprised at our enterprising ladies this time.

Bear in mind ladies of all Outposts all over the country!!! If you are planning on attending the National reunion in San Francisco next August & September, you are a part of this Boutique if you want to be. This is strictly voluntary on your part, for what we do is all clear profit and helps the hosting Outpost with the expenses of their reunion. In other words, it's the difference between *red figures and black figures on the net expenses line....*

We will try to keep our hours as we have in the past, working our ladies in two hour increments or longer if they wish to stay. Most of the time, they are there for a long, long time. Ha... I like to plan on 9:00 AM as an opening, and try to work between the scheduled events of any reunion, but most of the time, 5:00

Reunion 2000

Chairman, John Shirley

As you can see by reading our schedule of events, we want to make this a first class reunion to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the start of the Korean War, and to honor the veterans that participated in that war.

Wednesday, August 30, 2000

Arrival for those wishing to play golf on Thursday. Others members might also want to arrive on Wednesday.

Thursday, August 31, 2000

Golf in the morning. If special units like the 7th Infantry Regiment Association, Outpost Harry, and others want to meet early for a business meeting and a dinner on their own, then Thursday would be a good day. Arrival day for those who want to attend the special tour on Friday designated for Korean Veterans and others that want to take the Friday tour.

Friday, September 1, 2000

Arrival day for those attending the city tour and the balance of the reunion. We will tour Travis Air Force Base where our veterans will be honored guests. Travis was the main hospital to receive air evacuated wounded Korean War soldiers. At lunch, there will be a talk on Camp Stoneman, the camp where many Korean veterans were staged to and from Korea. We will also visit the Base's excellent Air Force Museum. We will return to the hotel early in the after-

PM is our closing time in any one day.

For the benefit of new Associate members who have never done this, we invite you to join us and assure you it will be very rewarding to you as well as being in

touch with lots of new faces. You will return home feeling you can't wait for the next reunion, I promise.

Have a great holiday season, everyone.....

Love, Helen

Helen Miceli
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noon for the Welcome Party. This party will have a Korean War theme with decorations, food, entertainment. The theme for the party is, "Downtown Seoul U.S.O". The program will be light and entertaining with dancing to follow.

Saturday, September 2, 2000

We will spend most of the day touring the outstanding areas of San Francisco; The Presidio, San Francisco, home of the 30th Infantry Regiment, and a luncheon cruise on the Bay. This will be a free night for infantry regiment associations to hold their regimental dinners.

Sunday, September 3, 2000

We will hold our annual membership business meeting on Sunday morning. The ladies are invited to attend a special Ladies Brunch with entertainment and fellowship.

Following the meeting, small units such as company or platoon groups often schedule luncheon meetings. Sunday evening, we will have our Reunion Banquet with a dance to follow.

Monday, September 4, 2000

The Memorial Breakfast will be from 8:00 A.M. to 10:00 A.M. This event concludes the reunion.

Post Reunion Battlefield tour to Korea for Society Members, their Family, & Friends.

For information on the tour, please phone California-Pacific Tours at 1-888-822-5258.

Thank You

I would like to thank one and all who acquired 3rd Division items from me at the national reunion at Savannah, GA in September. Hope you are satisfied with what you purchased. If you have any problem with what you got, please let me know. I sold out on several items and wish to apologize for that, but in going such a long distance, can only bring a certain amount. It was also good to see many of you, our once in a year meeting. Hope to see you all in San Francisco next year.

Bruce Monkman— your Quartermaster.

Editor's note: Bruce performs a valuable service to our members in being able to supply those items of interest to us.

The legend continues...

Barfield at the Battle of Boomerang

My small part of history began months before the Battle of Boomerang occurred. When I arrived in Korea, fresh from supply school in Etta Jima, Japan, I expected to become a supply clerk. I was assigned as a rifleman to Fox Company, 7th Regiment, 3rd Division. This was in April, 1953. The company commander, Lt. Cardenas, explained that, "Nobody got a good deal until he served on the line for a while."

After a few months on the line digging trenches, fox holes and bunkers and going on patrols, I was told to report to the supply tent which was about one half mile to the rear on a reverse slope. This happened toward the middle of June, 1953, and I was not in the trenches when the battle started.

When the attack commenced it rained fragments from artillery and mortar fire. Since it appeared from a short distance away that Fox Company was being overrun, all rear echelon cooks, clerks, and other personnel assembled with Easy Company in a rice paddy at the base of the hill and moved slowly upward, not knowing who held the ridge at the top. It was hazy, dark, and the smell of gunpowder was everywhere. Shrapnel was flying. Tracers, flares, and I believe searchlights lighted up the area in spurts. We could make out silhouettes engaged in what was certainly hand-to-hand fighting and close combat on the top of the ridge when battle smoke cleared for moments at a time.

I arrived at the crest at approximately 0600 hours on the fifteenth of June, 1953.

Devastation was everywhere. Trenches that had been five or six feet deep were about two feet deep. Grenades and artillery had demolished bunkers. Commo. wire was shredded everywhere. There were both American and Chinese troops lying dead. The Americans were on the forward slope. While most of the enemy was on the forward slope, there were a few on the rear slope. It appeared that the enemy had withdrawn.

Later that morning I returned to the supply area and was directed to go with a jeep and a driver and bring back any armored vests that I could find for reissue

to replacements. We removed bloody armored vests as grave registration teams and medics moved in to the area.

Following the attack, Fox Company was taken off the line and sent in to reserve. I believe that our combat strength at that time was about 120 men. Prior to the battle of Boomerang we had about 220 men.

When the shooting stopped, Lt. Cardenas had his men wear blue scarves to make Fox Company distinguishable. It inspired confidence and pride in the men. It also created an air of cockiness that did not set well with neighboring companies in the reserve area. I later became Supply Sgt. of Fox Company and soon after the truce was signed, I was transferred to Regimental Supply.

Shortly after the battle of Boomerang, Lt. Cardenas, later Captain Cardenas, told me to write a draft of his request to obtain a Congressional Medal of Honor for Sgt. Bob Barfield. I wrote it with information given to me by Lt. Cardenas, as I had not personally been a witness to his courageous actions. Forty six years have passed, but I clearly remember being told that there were several heroes at the Battle of Boomerang, but only one stood out as deserving the Congressional Medal of Honor. I wrote and typed the draft and prepared it for Lt. Cardenas' approval and signature. I personally handed it to him, he read it and voiced his approval.

While pulling patrols prior to the attack and advancing up the hill during the attack I am the first to say that I was scared. I received a slight shrapnel scratch going up the hill.

When I reached the crest I stopped at the aid station. They asked for my name and serial number. I figured my parents would get a telegram so I walked around to the rear of the station, took a small gauze bandage and applied it myself. The medics were busy with bloody injuries and mine was no worse than one you would get if you fell from a bicycle.

After the war I returned to law school got married, had children and buried the memories of Boomerang in the recesses of my mind, ever mindful of my good for-

tune in not becoming a casualty of the war. Just reading about Bob Barfield and Lt. Hotelling brings forth the chills and the fear that I had forty six years ago.

I attended both the dedication of the Korean War Memorial and the ceremony in Washington, D.C. honoring the forty-fifth anniversary of the ending of the war. I did not sit with the 7th regiment or the 3rd division at the memorial ceremony, as I was the guest of my friend Jack Eden, who was the master of ceremonies for the event.

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Restricted to my socks!

While serving as supply sergeant for Co. B 15th Inf. Reg. Korea (Nov '52 to July '53) I had to go to Taegu some 130 miles from the front, to get socks. (We carried 3 pair per soldier.) Getting out of our truck, I approached the supply station and also approached a Major General (never knew his name) who said in a very angry voice, "Sergeant .. where is your weapon?...Realizing I left it in the truck I knew I was in *big trouble!*... The General said, and I'll never forget .., "Go back to your Company Commander and tell him you are restricted to the Company area for 30 days." (I thought I was going to lose a stripe!) Then the General started to laugh while walking away.

It took me several minutes to realize – Where in the hell was I going anyway? Certainly not beyond the 38th parallel and certainly *not* away from my Company area.

Thank You, Can Do
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(My company commander at that time was Lt. Jim Boatner, who later became a major General, also serving in Vietnam.)

Sorting out the needle in the recycling haystack

Bill Wundram; Quad City Times

Another of those “only in the Quad Cities” tales, an answer to the rambling in this corner about, “Is anybody there? Does anybody care?”

Karen Spring, a bookkeeper at Joe Van Foods Bettendorf, cared. It’s a tale of aluminum cans and the recycling center and a ring and Lots of calls and finally (ah, happy groan) a gladdened ending.

It goes like this:

Marshall P. Herrera of Bettendorf was taking aluminum cans to JoeVan’s for refund.

Marshal has lost some weight lately, and his World War II, 3rd Infantry Division ring slipped off a finger along with the cans. He didn’t realize it was gone.

Marshal was mighty proud of his ring, a big ring to show he had fought with the 3rd Division’s 10th Engineers in north Africa, and the tough blood soaked Anzio beach, and up through southern France. That ring was a badge of courage. When a GI is 77 and has lost such a link to one of the pivotal periods of his life, it is serious business.

His ring and the aluminum cans were off to the recycling center. But the wise people there, with all their gadgets and gee-gaws, were able to separate the ring from all those cans and they recognized that this

Marshal has lost some weight lately, and his World War II, 3rd Infantry Division ring slipped off a finger...

batch had come from JoeVan’s. They told the store they had found a U.S. Army service ring with initials M.P.H. and the serial number 37660872.

“I called veterans’ organizations,” Karen says, “and was passed from one to another. Finally, I reached Dan Beber of the Illinois Department of Veterans Affairs. It helped to have the serial number and he got back to me with the name of Marshal P. Herrera.

“I checked the phone book and found that an M.P. Herrera lived on 22nd Street in Bettendorf. I wasn’t going to just call that phone number. I knocked on the door and asked if anyone there had lost a ring.”

Marshal’s wife, Lupe, was ecstatic. “That’s my husband,” she exclaimed.

Yep, yep, yep. It was Marshal’s ring, fished out from all the aluminum cans, and without a scratch.

Says Lupe: “My husband is happy as a lark.”

Says Marshal: “It’s the serial number that did it. A GI never forgets his serial number.” Without an eye blink’s hesitation, he rattled it off: “37660872, sir.”

Old soldiers are like that.

The French remember...

Dear John Shirley,

There has been some time since I last wrote to you. I hope you are fine as well as your family. This year has been rich in events of all kinds, private & association activities. I am preparing a mail for you relating all of those memorable time. Perhaps, it would be of some interest for an article in the “Watch on the Rhine”.

But for now, I’m writing you concerning an information I’ve got yesterday. There will be a monument dedicated to Audie Murphy & the whole 3rd Division, in Holtzwihr (near Colmar) January 29, 2000.

The people there are very motivated to commemorate the liberation of the village,

with our group & others + vehicles (perhaps a Sherman tank), Audie Murphy’s son is expected as well as all veterans who would like to come. For our group it will be a great occasion to end the 55th commemorations of the 3rd Div. route in France.

Hoping you can do that with us, & looking forward reading of you.

PS. It is possible that other vicinities will organize ceremonies, Sigolsheim with the Franco-American Monument. Could you please transmit the information...

Sincerely,

Christophe Viller Rotm

More information, <http://dct.coe.int/info/emfci001.htm>

Byke saves bridge in hot spot

Company “L” of the 30th Infantry had just come to its objective after a headlong dash on a task force that carried them from Munich to Rosenheim on the Inn River

Behind them were: an airport, complete with at least 200 planes, cities, prisoners, bridges, and wrecked German equipment. In front of them were a series of three bridges over Inn tributaries. The men seized them and moved toward a large bridge that seemed to be the objective.

From there 2nd Lt. Emil T Byke, Chicago, took a patrol forward. The battlefield commissioned, medal bedecked officer was leading the patrol as they came upon another bridge. Without taking more than seconds he thought “What the hell is this!”

There were enemy troops on the bridge and a fire fight started. And that was when he saw and did enough to allow two elements of two Army Corps to cross the last water barrier, into Germany.

Lt. Byke saw smoke from the side of the bridge near the street. He jumped down and found a smoldering fuse. Then the sweating started, he said, “I yelled for a knife and in a minute that seemed like hours, I had one from one of the men”

Cutting the fuse just below where It was burning, Lt. Byke stood by and watched the primer cord go off. He wiped the cold sweat off his brow, ordered engineers to remove the demolitions that would have gone off in one more minute, and took his men up to defend this prize catch.

“It was only part of a job,” he commented “I did nothing, but I have got a knife for a souvenir of the Inn River crossing”.

Do you remember this episode, Lt. Byke?

Lt. Byke is a lifetime member of the Society in OP 1 and also a member of the 30th Inf. Regt. Assn. Reference-Archives-Frontline Edition -Feb, 1945

Jack Ellis

MY MEMORIES OF WORLD WAR II

Continued from "The Watch on the Rhine" –
October, 1999

There are other things that happened somewhere in this period that comes to mind and I am not sure as to the exact sequence so I am just going to mention them as I remember them: We were dug in protecting this certain hill in the snow and under open observation from the Germans. My feet were killing me from the cold and I was sure they were frozen so I took a chance to run over to the sergeant's location and when I jumped into his area artillery fire came in. Luckily none of the rounds hit close enough to do any damage. I told him about my feet so when it got a little dark he told me to go back to the aid station and have them checked. When it got dark I started out to find the aid station falling into snow drifts along the way and finally reached this house where the station was set up. When I walked in there was a big roaring fire going in the fireplace. It sure did feel good. The doctor told me to take off my socks and wash my feet and he gave me some ointment to rub on them. He told me to change my socks regularly and try to keep them dry. Ho Ho Ho. How do you do that? He said keep a pair inside your shirt against your body.

Well anyway when I was finished it was late and he told me I could go back to

There were tanks, halftracks and infantry coming at us. I stuck my BAR through the opening and fired a magazine at them. And then I jumped back. That is when I saw a German grenade (potato masher) come through the opening.

my unit. I told him no thanks that I would go back in the morning when they sent supplies. There was a roaring fire in the fireplace and I curled up on the floor and went to sleep. The next morning I rejoined my unit.

Then there was the time around Thanksgiving that they promised we were going to get a turkey dinner. They turkeys were in a freezer for other holidays that we couldn't celebrate. We were really looking forward to it but all of a sudden the cooks started frying hamburgers and we knew something was up. We moved out to take a position on another hill that needed defending so that the troops there could move up into the line. We got the hamburgers later ice cold as we were in our fox holes. We then found out that the Germans had broken through and they had sent this other unit to help plug up the gap. This was when the Battle of the Bulge started.

I am having trouble trying to get everything in so I will move on the last big battle that will forever remain in my mind. We were told to paint our helmets to cover up our IDs and take off our Third Division patches, rank, etc. THIS was going to be some kind of surprise attack. We were all gathered out in the open getting organized when a German spotter plane flew over observing us. We were wondering how this could be a surprise attack with the plane spotting us out in the open.

Well anyway we all got lined up into position and moved out. It was in the wee hours of the morning and quite dark. All of a sudden they crisscrossed two beams of light way off on the left and from the right. They created a sort of artificial lighting. What it did was silhouette the men in front of me as they were going over the rise in front of me. I figured that Wasn't the way to go so I went around the side moving forward all the time. I could

see muzzle flashes from the German guns in front of me and every time I did I dropped down and sent a burst at them. We finally joined up together around the other side of the hill and my sergeant asked what happened to me (probably thinking that I had run away) and I told him that I didn't want to be silhouetted and be a sitting target.

As daylight came up we found ourselves out in the open in this small village or city with most of the buildings demolished and only half cellars showing. It seems that they (our troops) had captured a couple of hundred Germans and had them collected by this cemetery. We set up a defensive position and were waiting for our tanks to come up. But then we got word that the tanks ran into a mine field and weren't coming up.

As the day moved on we started receiving artillery rounds (we thought it was artillery) but it must have been coming from the German tanks out there. Then it became direct tank fire and we moved into one of the half cellars and settled down. I leaned my BAR against the wall and dozed off. I awakened when I heard excited talk it's coming down the street and I became very alert. It seems that a tank was coming up the street near us and two of the guys had loaded a bazooka, had opened the door and was planning on trying to get the tank. Well the tank stopped and trained their 88mm on the bunker and the two jumped back and closed the door. At that time I had my BAR in my hands and looked out through one of the holes in the wall and couldn't believe what I was seeing.

There were tanks, halftracks and infantry coming at us. I stuck my BAR through the opening and fired a magazine at them. And then I jumped back. That is when I saw a German grenade (potato masher) come through the opening. I yelled grenade and ran away from it. I ran right into another that came in through another opening and was hit in the face. I

BY JOE ENGLERT

put my hand up to my face and could feel my right eyeball and said to myself There goes my eye. Just about then another grenade exploded behind me hitting me in the back. It hurt like hell and I looked down at my chest expecting the shrapnel to come through. My ears were ringing and I started saying an Act of Contrition thinking that this was it. I was going to die.

Then they stuck a burp gun through the opening and sprayed the place. Luckily no one appeared to be hit. Then they proceeded to pump in smoke. I was one of the lucky ones who had not thrown away my gas mask and I put it on. I had taken my wool knit cap and put it by my right eye to try to stop the bleeding. Just about then they told us to come on out. I could see as couple of guys were bleeding from the ears and others were coughing their heads off. We filed out one after another and as I was going through a young fellow about 15 or 16 yanked my hand down (probably thought I might have grenade) but he saw the blood on the wool knit cap and let me put it back on my eye.

There were quite a few young ones and it looked like they wanted to shoot us (we were well aware of the reports that they had machine gunned prisoners captured in the Battle of the Bulge) but thank goodness an officer stopped them and told them to take us prisoner. The officer spoke perfect English and led us to an aid station they had set up. They checked us over and put a few bandages on us and then they decided to make a stretcher case out of me and had the others sit up as they placed us in a German ambulance. As the driver drove off we could hear the artillery coming in. We sped off across the Rhine river on a pontoon bridge. (I learned later that our people had given up on us and decided to go after the tanks. I understand they also sent in planes to bomb them.)

I don't know what they did with the other people that were with me in the ambulance but I do know that they cleaned me up, put fresh bandages on me and moved me into a German hospital (as far as I now at the time I seemed to be the only American there). I laid back and thought to myself well at least I m out of it for the moment. While in there several events happened.:

A young German girl came over by me

We had to sleep on pads full of straw on the ground and everyone ended up catching lice. It was a mess. We were give a piece of black bread with a little white margarine as a meal. Sometimes we had potato soup with maybe one small potato.

(I think maybe she was a nurse's aid) and she had an English version of Mein Kampf and she wanted me to help her with the English. I looked around at all those scowling faces looking at me and I said that I was sorry but I couldn't help her.

Later on a German nurse who reminded me of the witch in the Wizard of Oz came over to me and said: Your name is Englert? That s German isn't it? I told her my family had migrated from Germany but my parents were born in the USA. She said: Fighting against your own people. Poor Germany, attacked from the East and from the West.

Later a motherly looking German nurse came over to me and started removing my bandages to change them. All the while she was saying sweet nothings in German and I pointed at myself and said Americaner but she continued removing the bandages and said What difference does it make? Boy what a difference in people.

Some of the Germans in that ward were in pretty bad shape and I wasn't too comfortable sleeping at night.

I am not sure but I think it was the next morning but when I woke up the sun was shining brightly and I said to myself It looks like a beautiful day. Just about then I heard the sound of a diving plane and then a big explosion. It pretty much shook the hospital. Everybody started grabbing things and running for either the cellar or maybe a bomb shelter but I stayed put. I walked over to the window and looked out. There was a big red cross on the hospital grounds and I was sure we wouldn't bomb a hospital. I also saw a big railroad station and tracks and figured they were after the rail center. The antiaircraft was hot and heavy and there were a few more bombs dropped. Then I saw that one of the planes was hit and then a parachute opened up. I understood later that the civilians had caught the pilot and beat him

up pretty bad and then he was brought somewhere in where I was. I never did get to see him or talk to him. (Watching all this going on I felt like I was watching a movie and it Wasn't real.)

There was a blond-haired German who had lost his arm walking around playing a harmonica and singing. He figured he was going home soon and I got to talking to him and he told me he had spent five years on the Russian front and didn't get a scratch but when he moved over to fight us a rifle grenade knocked his arm off. He started showing me pictures of his girl friends. He was in each picture with a different girl. He seemed friendly enough and I said he must be okay. Then when he got to one of the pictures with him in uniform I saw the lightning insignia of the Storm Troopers. Oh well so much for first opinions. He Wasn't too happy when the propaganda minister came in the hospital to give a report on what was going on. (He was a kind of fat guy with a little gun strapped on his belt in the back. He started telling them all about some victories but then he got to the information of what they had lost and lo and behold one of the losses was the hometown of the storm trooper who thought he was going home.

It wasn't too long before I started seeing other Americans in the hospital and finally they got us all together and moved us to a former insane asylum that was converted into a prison camp in Heppenheim (near Heidelberg) and that is where I stayed until one of the regiments of the 3rd Infantry Division came through and liberated us. While I was there a French doctor was treating the prisoners. They told me to take off my shirt and the doctor ripped off the scabs on my back (boy did that hurt) because they were all infected. He said that was the only way to let them heal. He then put new bandages on.

While at the camp there several men who had amputations done on them before

they were brought to this camp which they cried were totally unnecessary. Because they didn't have medications to treat them they just amputated. They said that they gave them a piece of wood to hold in their teeth to bite on and then they operated. Boy, I don't know if I could have taken that. We helped them with the bedpans, etc. and made them as comfortable as we could.

We had to sleep on pads full of straw on the ground and everyone ended up catching lice. It was a mess. We were given a piece of black bread with a little white margarine as a meal. Sometimes we had potato soup with maybe one small potato. In two weeks time I lost about 15 pounds.

We heard all the shelling and activity getting near us and wondered what was going on. Soon the troops pulled out and we started moving the amputees to a better location but just about then the civilians with patches on their arms (the home guard) chased us back to where we were before.

The next day I looked out the window and saw this tank coming up the street with the infantry in front of it and everybody let out a howl of joy. These guys had the 3rd Division patch on their arms and it was a sight to behold. Of all things being rescued by your own division after all this time. What luck.

They kept us in the camp because some of the men were prisoners for so long that they needed to be fed just a little at a time because their stomachs couldn't handle real food right away. I went out in the yard and saw a break in the fence and headed for one of the mess tents. I asked if they had any coffee. They said help yourself. I filled up a cup with hot coffee and put what I thought was sugar in it. When I took a swallow I had to throw it away. It was salt. I filled up a cup and sweetened it with sugar this time and took a big gulp. They gave me a piece of white bread and it tasted like cake. Man, what a treat. We talked to the Red Cross and asked them to notify our families that were okay. Well I found a V-mail, filled it in, and asked the cook to mail it for me. I found out later that my family didn't hear from the Red Cross but they did get the V-mail that let them know I was okay.

A few days later I was flown to a hospital on the outskirts of Paris, France. It

was my first plane ride. It was a C47 which would really bounce around. It was a new experience for me. I was glad when we finally landed. When we got to the hospital they took us to the showers and scrubbed us down. Boy did that feel good. Then they sprayed us down with DDT to get rid of the lice. I went to bed that night thinking at last I was nice and clean. When I woke up the next morning my body was outlined with black specs on the bed. I headed for the showers and took another long shower. Then I headed to supply and got a new uniform. I was sitting outside the doctor's office waiting to see him and hoping to maybe get a pass to go see Paris. When I walked into his office he told me to take off my coat and sit in the examining chair. He looked at X-rays he had taken and saw three pieces of shrapnel located in the corner of my right eye (they were in the sinus area). He said they might not bother me but again they could work themselves into my eye or brain so he decided to take them out.

He put drops into my eye which turned out to be medication to perform a local operation. He went into my right nostril and started probing into my sinus looking for the shrapnel. He found two pieces after about two hours, the perspiration was running down my arms it was something similar to a dentist drilling a tooth. He taped the probe onto my face and sent me in a wheel chair to get a wet print. He told the nurse he had to go to a meeting and would be back in a few minutes. When I got back from X-ray he looked at it and said Oh, I was in the wrong area. He then scraped again for another hour and finally said I got it. I said Amen to that.

My face swelled up twice its normal size and my eyes were swollen shut. My temperature climbed to 102 and they were concerned about complications. I was in bed for about a week and then I was feeling better and still looking to get to see Paris. The colonel was so proud of his operation on me. Not cutting open the area and going through the sinus and cutting it out seemed to have been something to brag about. Every time he had a visiting doctor he called me in and explained to the visitor just what he had done.

I finally saw Paris from the seat of a bus driving through to the train station. They sent me to an Air Force hospital in

Scotland. There were quite a few other POWs there with me and the thing I liked the most was the food. They had fresh milk and everything. As you walked into the mess tent you just reached down and picked up a quart of milk and took it with you to the table. It was quite a luxury getting that kind of food again.

I was dreading the long trip to get back to the states but I had a surprise coming. I had returned to my bunk and was sitting there trying to decide on whether to go see a movie. A soldier stuck his head in the door and yelled Englert, come on, you're holding up the plane. It seems since I had been a POW I was given air priority. Boy, what a surprise that was. This would be the second time I would be flying. I had to rush and throw my stuff in a barracks bag and head for the plane.

The plane was a big four-engine C54. The seats ran along each side of the wall. We made several stops along the way home. We stopped at Newfoundland, Iceland and spent a lot of time over the water. We could see the waves on the water which appeared to be pretty close. I had this crazy feeling like I wanted to get out and walk around. I guess you can tell I wasn't used to it. When we were going in for a landing I was looking out the back of the plane. Just when it appeared we were going to land in the water we landed at Long Island, New York.

We were continually talking what we would do when we got back to the states. Even after we were there we were talking that way. I didn't kiss the ground when I got out of the plane but it was a great feeling to be back in the good old USA.

On the subject of my wounds I consider myself so very fortunate as to the end result. At the time I was wounded I thought sure that I may have lost my eye. It turns out that the sight in that eye was checked out at 20/120 but after treating it over a period of time it returned to 20/20. The scar tissue in the corner of the eye was pulling my eyelid down halfway over my eye so they moved me to Northerton Hospital in Tuscaloosa, Alabama for plastic surgery. As far as the wounds in my back again I was most fortunate. They couldn't find any shrapnel and found only some holes right next to my spine which healed up over time. So I figured I got off easy.

When I got to the hospital in Tuscaloosa I observed some miraculous things in the works. This one soldier had been hit in the face with a large piece of shrapnel which took out his left eye, ear and also his nose. The first operation they did on him they took and placed a large patch of flesh and skin over the area and let it heal up. Later on they cut into his stomach area and formed a roll of flesh and skin into a tubelike structure. Over a period of time it healed up and they took one end of it and planted it into his arm to take root. After that healed up they took the end that was attached to his stomach and planted it into the area where his nose had been. He walked around for quite a while with his arm braced up until that healed. Finally they formed a nose and were planning to cut in an eye socket and give him an artificial eye. Also they planned to make an ear for him.

In my case they cut out the scar tissue by my eye and released my eyelid. Then they cut a small piece from the inner part of my right arm and sewed it over the hole they had made when they took out the scar tissue. They did a great job but the only thing was when they started sewing it up the pain killer had quit working so I felt every stitch they put in it.

When I shave in the morning I still have to occasionally shave that part because it grows hair. But I am well pleased with the job that they did. I walked around for a long time with a patch until it was okay. Meanwhile I got to go to some of the University of Alabama football games. I couldn't see too good with the one eye from the stands so I went down on the field and they let me sit with the football team on their bench. That was quite a thrill because at that time they had this All-American Harry Gilmer who was one of the first passers who leaped high off his feet when he threw the ball.

I consider myself one of the luckiest guys to come out of the war. God was looking out for me because I lucked out in so many ways. It took me a long time to sit down and write this. I would have hoped to have done a better job of it but I just waited too long to do it. It's hard to realize that all of this occurred 54 years ago.

Boomerang, part of the Iron Triangle in North Korea

Oral History of past war events by Pat Rampino
written by Barbara Rampino on May 11, 1999.

My name is Pat Rampino, Item Co., 7th Inf. Reg., 3rd Inf. Div. Item Co. was in a blocking position. (that means to help the MLR any where they needed us.) I was part of the First Squad Recoilless rifle, 57 MM. My squad leader was Fred Valentine from Puerto Rico. The Gunner, Hendrickson from the Virgin Islands. The assistant gunner was Wilson from Georgia. First Ammo Bearer was Terpington from upstate NY. I was Second Ammo Bearer from NJ.

On June 15 they woke us at 0200, said dress for battle, the enemy has broken through. We were loaded up on trucks and rushed up to Boomerang. When we arrived at the bottom of the hill, there were already two or three trucks unloading soldiers from Easy Co. We noticed some guys were praying, some making signs of the cross. They went in front of us with two platoons and they left one platoon behind. We were going up through the back part of the minefield as the shells and artillery were hitting every second or two. We were told to go ahead but I felt like going the opposite direction. We finally got up to the top of the hill and along the way a lot of shells and shrapnel just missed us.

I remember a soldier that was hit and he was hollering out for his mother in the dark. He was saying, "Mom! Mom!" I don't know whether he was from Fox Co., Easy Co. or Item Co. But it brings tears to me yet today and tugs at my heart. I followed my Squad and we covered certain parts of the trenches and

positions. I survived till morning.

In the daylight I could start seeing the casualties; the Chinese and our guys. The ground was chewed up from so many shells hitting it. It looked like it was plowed. We watched as the medics took the dead and helped the wounded. Medic's did a great job, blood was all over them. Immediately we got orders from our Squad leader to take over the positions. We captured about three prisoners and they said another Regiment was coming to attack us.

We stayed on Boomerang for 3 or 4 days, (maybe 5). But the Chinese never came. The orders came down we were to be pulled back to blocking position and relieved by King Co. King Co. was attacked by the Chinese about a week later. We had to go back because the Chinese attacked King Co. But the artillery was not as bad as on June 15. We held them and the Chinese were defeated.

Then we went back into blocking position, stayed a week or so and then we had to go up to the MLR again. To another hill, up to part of the Iron Triangle. In about a week or so we were relieved by the 2nd Infantry Division. We started to go to the rear to rest but as we were doing this the Chinese broke through the right hand side of the Iron Triangle and attacked the First Rock Division and First Capital Rock Division. We were there several days until the Armistice was signed. *O Happy Day!* The *Best Day* I can remember.

Pat Rampino
69 East Huntington Circle
Dover, Delaware 19904
(302) 735 8950

Publication Deadlines – "The Watch on the Rhine"

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

February issue	January 10th
April issue	March 10th
June issue	May 10th
August issue	July 10th
October issue	September 10th
December issue	November 10th



Last Call

In Memoriam

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

Barron, Eugene D. OP 17
Cpl. Hq/39FA WWII
Basehor, KS 66007-9739
DOD June 21, 1999
Reported by Harold Unger

Balkenbush, Adrian F. OP 17
Hq. Co. MP/15 th Inf. 3rd Inf. Div.
WWII
2730 Treston St. Louis, MO 63114
DOD 18 September 1999
Adrian always said he was proud to have served his country.
Reported by his wife, Marie & Jack Swatske, OP 17

Bunn, Edward G. R.M. OP 60
M/Sgt E/7th Inf WWII - Korea
PO Box 113
Hamilton, Ga. 31811-0113
DOD 9-24-99
Reported by his wife Virginia to Bob Bailey

Daly, Thomas M. OP 5
G/7th Inf., 3rd Inf. Div. Korea
8612 261 St. Floral
Park, NY 11001-1441
DOD 10/98
Reported by 7 th Regt. Association

Derringer, Byron I. OP 35
SSgt 30th Inf., 3rd Inf. Div. WWII
PO Box 392
Grottoes, VA 24441
DOD 4,19,1999
Reported by Morris Kirk

Eye, Rafe
SSgt/Hq. 3rd Bn/7 th Inf. Reg. 3rd
Inf. Div. Korea
PO Box 291
Bucksport, ME 04416-0291
Reported by: Arthur J. Bonenfant
President, Cpl.

Clair Goodblood Chapter
Augusta, ME 04330
One More Hill We Will Not Forget.
Ft. Devens providing the military
honors.

Grabert, Donald L. OP 7
T5 M/30 th Inf. Reg., 3rd Inf. Div.
WWII
635 Whig Ln Rd, Rt. 1
Woodstown, NJ 08098
DOD August 11, 1999
Donald was with the 3rd Infantry
through Italy, France, and Germany.
Reported by his friend Carol T.
Cowan

Hannah, Walter C. Jr.
S/SGT Co D 30th INF WWII
PO Box 232
Brookwood, AL 35444
DOD July 24, 1999
Reported by: His wife, Betty.

Holt, Harry OP 7
PO Box 16406

Louisville, KY 40256
C/30th 3rd Inf. Div. WWII
DOD Aug. 30, 1999
Reported by Billie McCombs

Lightcap, George A., Sr. OP 5
E/7th Inf. Regt., 3rd Inf. Div. WWII
1337 Ridge Rd
Phillipsburg, NJ 08865-9328
George was with the 3rd at Anzio
and the invasion of Southern France.
DOD 26 August, 1999
Reported by his Son, Samuel

Locklear, William G. OP 63
M/Sgt I/15th Inf. Reg. 3rd Inf. Div.
WWII & Korea
Boise, ID
DOD September 29, 1999
Mr. Locklear enlisted in the Army in
March 1939 and trained at Fort
Lewis, Wash. He was with the 3rd
Infantry Division from Algiers in
1943 to the final defeat of Germany
in 1945. He received several cita-
tions and decorations for bravery. He
retired from the Service in 1966.
Reported by Jerry Sapiro

Montgomery, George A. LM OP 22
TSGT A / 56th Tank WWII
11625 W Barstow
Fresno, CA 93722
Reported by Helen Miceli

Nelson, Harry R. RM OP 12
T/5 10thFA/Hq WWII
PO Box 81
Clements, MN 56224-0081
DOD 13 March 1999
Reported by his family

Oliva, Philip A. OP 57
756th Tank Bn. WW II
DOD 28 Sep. 1999 at age 83, after
lengthy illness.
Philip was long active in, and past
President of, the Society's OP 57,
Youngstown. He was a retired work-
er in the railroad industry.
Reported by Carl Swickerath &
Richard Martinet.

Riley, Albert OP 77
10th Engrs. WWII
5617 Gipsy Ave.
Las Vegas, NV 89107
DOD September 1999
Reported by his wife, Helen

Romeo, Vincent J. RM OP 17
3rd Div./ Arty WWII
114 Sunset Drive
Collinsville, IL 62234
DOD Sept. 5, 1999
Reported by his sister, Laura Armon

Sheldon, Clyde L. FB OP
35 Houseman Ave.
Chatham, NY 12037-1422
Clyde was a member of The

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."

American Legion and active in
Masonry.
DOD Sep. 24, 1999
Reported by his wife, Florence

Shelton, George Frederick, Sr. (Fred)
LM
C/15th Inf. Regt., 3 rd Inf. Div. Korea
1952-53
59 Brooks St.
Brighton, MA 02135-1732
Fred died while flying his "Birdog"
airplane prior to the start of an air
show in Massachusetts. He had
planned to be in Savannah for the
Reunion.
DOD Sept. 12, 1999
Reported by: Robert D. Sheehan
OP5

Non-Members

Beggs, Lloyd W.
Lt. 30th Inf. Reg., 3rd Inf. Div. WWII
Lloyd fought in North Africa, Sicily,
and Italy with the 3rd Infantry
Division and was twice wounded in
combat.
He was editor of the Auburn Journal,
CA for 25 years.
DOD 20 September, 1999
Reported by Bill Wolever

Carter, Delmas
A/7th WWII
DOD 6/26/99

Conant, Patrick
Veteran of the Viet Nam War, 1st
Cav. Div., 1/7th ACR, 3 rd Inf. Div.
PT, Germany
Leaves wife Judi, Father, Lew,
Brothers Rod and Claire.
DOD October, 1999.
Reported by his father Lew Conant,
OP77

Collins, Leonard W., SR
SFC/Korea/I&R Pl.
DOD 6/12/99

Conner, Garlin M.
Cpt K/7th WWII
DOD 11/05/98

Graham, Benjamin H.
Maj. L/7th 1933-1938
DOD 2/24/99

Hayward, James S.
T5, Cannon Co., 7th Inf., 3rd Inf. Div.
WWII

4317 Whittier Rd.
Clayton, WA 99110
DOD Sep. 26, 1999
Reported by Dorothy Larsen, OP 4

Kutcher, Thomas G.
CWO F/7th Korea
DOD 7/12/99

Ledoux, William J.
LTC Btl Patrol/7th Korea
DOD 4/19/99

Moore, Roy E.
Col. 1st Bn/7 th WWII
DOD 4/2/99

Pettibone, Stephen G.
Cpl. Co. L, 15th Inf.,
3rd Inf. Div. WWII
1214 N.Bannen
Spokane, WA 99216
DOD Oct. 3 rd, 1999
Reported by Dorothy Larsen, OP 4

Phillips, Lewis G.
Sgt. C/7th WWII
DOD 7/19/99

Poole, Gordon S.
CSM A/7th Korea
DOD 10/4/98

Potier, Roland
Cpl. Belgian Bn./7th Korea
DOD 8/3/99

Wedding, Vincent D.
Former member.
1st/Sgt K Co., 7th Inf. Reg. 3rd
Inf. WWII
DOD April 3, 1999
Reported by Ed Sobuta OP 5

White, Roland L
4 th Pl./F Co/ 15th Inf/3 rd Inf. Div.
POW WWII
DOD 23 August 1999
Reported by Michael Halik, F Co.
friend.

Wolfe, Roy W.
3rd Recon. WWII
Seaview, WA
Roy received a Battlefield
Commission during WWII and retired
from the Army as a career officer.
DOD Sept. 30, 1999
Reported by: Charles E. Ulbrickson



Roll Call

New Members — Society of the 3rd Infantry Division

NAZIM ALI RM OP5
15INF/2 BN
85 MANOR DRIVE, APT 3E
NEWARK NJ 7106

DON L BROOKS RM OP35
7INF/HQ & HQ CO
946 REDWAY LN
HOUSTON TX 77062

ROLAND P CARON RM OP3
30INF/E
P O BOX 1377
LINVILLE NC 28646-1377

ANTHONY CARTY RM OP5
15INF/BTL GRP
856 EAST 13TH ST
BROOKLYN NY 11230-2914

VICTOR J CUVO RM OP35
30INF/A
1406 CAMELOT LN
ROWLETT TX 75088-6031

JOSETTE S DELTIEURE AM OP5
35 SHORE ROAD
ANDOVER NJ 7821

NORMAN W DUNN RM OP2
15INF/HQ
9303 US HWY 41 N LOT C8
PALMETTO FL 34221-9650

CHRIS A DURHAM LM OP60
30INF/1
377 HAMILTON STATION
COLUMBUS GA 31909

EARL R ENGLAND RM OP60
424 WALL ST
CRAWFORD GA 30630

JOSEPH F ENGLERT RM OP35
7INF/E
532 METAIRIE LAWN DR
METAIRIE LA 70001

GARY L HARRISON RM OP60
7INF/1 BN
P O BOX 865082
TUSCALOOSA AL 35486

LLOYD F HUMPHREY RM OP4
15INF RCT
P O BOX 771
KETTLE FALLS WA 99141

OSCAR KRESS RM OP11
39FA
187 GREAT RD., APT C1
ACTON MA 01720-5723

KENNETH L KYLE RM OP60
15INF/G
P O BOX 342
ENGLEWOOD TN 37329

WILLIAM W LEE RM OP57
15INF/F
382 DEERFIELD RD
COLUMBUS OH 43228-1247

DOUGLAS LEVIEN RM OP FS
3ID DISCOM
1825 GROVE POINT RD #604
SAVANNAH GA 31419

SAMUEL MARTINEZ-TORO RM
OP FBA
65INF/G
ANGEL G MARTINEZ 85
SABANA GRANDE PR 637

RICHARD C MCGINN RM OP5
15INF/C
53 -32 96TH STREET
CORONA NY 11368

JOSE A MELENDEZ RM OP5
65INF/HQ CO
P O BOX 758
BRONX NY 10454

WILLIAM W MILLER RM OP57
US MIL COM DET
3233 BROWNSVILLE RD
BRENTWOOD PA 15227-2457

MARCO MONTOYA RM OP35
3ID MHCS
P O BOX 16214
AUSTIN TX 78761

HORACE MULLIS RM OP60
7INF/B
3260 UPPER RIVER RD
MACON GA 31211

MARTIN J O'BRIEN AM OP11
11 MEADOW RD., #202
AUGUSTA ME 4330

MANUEL V ORTIZ RM OP15
7INF/1
P O BOX 52
PIRTLEVILLE AZ 85626

SAMUEL D PAGAN RM OP35
65INF/H
5611 MEADOW CREST
AUSTIN TX 78744-4047

DAVID PETRELLA RM OP2
7INF/G
1700 PINE VALLEY DRIVE
FT MYERS FL 33907

JOHN POGRAZNI RM OP5
DIV BAND
5330 TOMFRAN DR
PITTSBURGH PA 15236

THOMAS M POOLE RM OP5
15INF
52 MASON DRIVE
PRINCETON NJ 08540-5408

PETER J ROGALSKI AM OP11
160 AYER RD E
SHIRLEY MA 1464

ISRAEL ROSARIO, JR RM OP5
7INF/B
435 SCHENCK AVE
BROOKLYN NY 11207-4471

MILTON J SCHROTER AM OP15
USAF (RET)
10118 DESERT ROCK DRIVE
SUN CITY AZ 85351

LLOYD M SHERWOOD LM OP11
15INF/C & HQ
114 MAIN STREET
W BARNSTABLE MA 02668-0132

JAMES R STRAWN RM OP54
10ING/C
868 ST GEORGE ROAD,
DANVILLE CA 94526

VICTOR L TORRES RM OP FBA
15INF/E
JARDINES DEL CARIBE 27 U 4
PONCE PR 731

FRED VALLIANOS RM OP2
15INF/ (BG)
1407 SOUND RETREAT DR
NAVARRE FL 32566

SIDNEY L VAUGHAN RM OP17
15INF/B
9916 SUNNY LANE
VERSAILLES MO 65084

DAVID M ZOFCHAK AM OP5
231 PARKER ST
HOUSTON PA 15342

Reunion Planning

2000 Reunion

San Francisco, CA
Aug. 30 - Sep. 4, 2000
San Francisco Airport Marriott
Burlingame, CA
Reunion Chairman: John Shirley
(925) 447 2256 jbshirley@home.com

2001 Reunion

Phoenix, AZ
Carl Duncan OP 15
14617 Shiprock Dr.
Sun City, AZ 85351
(602) 977 2347

2002 Reunion

Niagra Falls, NY
Joe Poggi OP 5
610 Poplar Road
River Vale, NJ 07675-6431
(201) 573-0515
j.poggi@worldnet.att.net

2003 Reunion

Open (*Low Conant withdrew bid*)

Golden Gate Outpost 54 awards scholarships to deserving cadets



Standing (L to R) are Richard Neddersen and Barney White, with Jessica Ng, Chance Glover, and Whei-sze Lui who each were recently presented with \$200 scholarships from OP 54 Golden Gate.

Now at age 81, December 7, 1941 seems almost like yesterday when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. I was already in the military as a draftee stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington. The attack shook the nation and the world into reality that it was the beginning of World War II, a war to be fought not only on land but in the air and high seas as well.

I can remember that day very well. It was a Sunday morning when having just returned to the barracks after attending church at a post chapel, the unbelievable happened. I had just laid down across my bunk which was on the second floor of the barracks and turned on the radio at the head of my bed for a moment of relaxation while listening to some fine music. Suddenly the program was interrupted for the announcement that the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and littered the island with debris, sinking many of our ships, damaging air craft facilities, killing and injuring thousands.

I was a 22-year-old draftee as of June 1941 with six months of my one year of military training in, as required by the draft, when the attack occurred. What it meant to me and others like me, was that our nation was now involved in a worldwide conflict and that our one year of military training would be shelved for the duration of the War. Many like myself were looking forward to a furlough over the Christmas holidays. All furloughs were canceled and never again would such an opportunity present itself where we could visit family and friends. It was more than four years later at time of discharge that I would return home.

Little did I know what I would encounter in the days, weeks, months, or years following the Pearl Harbor attack. Little did I realize what those encounters against the Axis forces would invoke or where I might become involved.

It all started with my being drafted, initiated because of a developing war in Europe creating a serious situation before the Pearl Harbor attack. My being drafted took me to Camp Robert, California for basic training prior to my joining the 15th Infantry Regiment of the 3rd Infantry Division at Fort Lewis, Washington.

With the attack on Pearl Harbor, we

A SENIOR REMEMBERS PEARL HARBOR

Harold Taylor

**T4 Hq./15th Inf. Reg.,
3rd Inf. Div. WWII**

went through a vigorous training program that included 25 mile hikes, infantry weaponry and infantry communications that was followed by field operations that would determine how far we came for combat readiness. Being an amphibious division, we worked with the Navy at San Diego Navy base on amphibious landing operations. It meant landing on enemy shores in landing crafts operated by navy personnel. Little did I realize at the time that some four years would pass before I would return home that day being July 26, 1945, four days before my 27th birthday. I carried with me many medals earned during the ten campaigns and four amphibious landings I made with the 3rd Infantry Division as it fought its way across North Africa, across the Island of Sicily, up the boot of Italy, Anzio, France, Germany at



Harold Taylor, somewhere in Italy with the 3rd, 1943.

wars end in Austria.

My 3rd Infantry Division participated in more campaigns than any other American division in the African/European theater of operations. The 3rd suffered the most casualties as well, more than 34,000 and more than 30 Medal of Honor winners also tops. One of these was the wars most decorated soldier, Audie Murphy. To have served in the same regiment with Audie was a real plus for me. Having served with the 3rd Infantry Division, the men associated with it were my friends off and on the battlefield. We were brothers in combat brought together by circumstances of War. One didn't have to be an important person or an impressive individual to be totally committed. In time of war, it became a matter of courage and determination. It's a time when you become totally committed to each other.

Before going overseas, the 3rd Infantry Division was at Fort Ord, California and a move to Camp Pickett, Virginia was initiated. The move was to be by troop train. As a communication Sargeant, I was assigned to ride the caboose as train security. This move to Camp Pickett, Virginia was evident enough, 10/13/1999 that our combat would be that of facing the German army. However, our whereabouts was uncertain at that time. But on October 23, 1942, we bearded ships in the Norfolk Harbor and then had our first encounter in Northern Africa.

What transpired days, weeks, months, and even years before the war came to an end was unbelievable. The price paid in the loss of life and for those seriously wounded plus that of massive destruction was astronomical, a price paid to preserve democracy. Even today we struggle to preserve it with encounters in distant lands. I, and thousands of others, were dedicated to perform a duty that would bring us victory as well as our own survival.

So much consumed me during my time in the military that it seemed never-ending. What transpired was like a dream, yet it was reality that brought so much pain and misery. To see so much death and destruction beyond what one could imagine and to have survived living in and out of a fox hole made what took place seem even more remarkable. War was mud,

IT WAS A TIME WHEN EVERY SOLDIER HAD A PRAYER ON HIS LIPS AND EVEN THOSE I THOUGHT TO BE ATHEIST LOOKED TOWARD HEAVEN FOR AN ANSWER IN TIME OF CRISIS.

mules, mountains, streams, and rivers. It was dark nights and rainy days, patrols and hunger. It was a time when every soldier had a prayer on his lips and even those I thought to be atheist looked toward heaven for an answer in time of crisis. I feel my strong faith in God and that of my parents was instrumental in my surviving. I feel God was watching over me. This I am sure when I think of the number of times sniper bullets whistled by missing me or when my unit got caught up in an ambush where bullets from machine guns churned up the dirt around my feet as I made my way to an area of protection. Many of my comrades weren't so lucky as they fell victim to the rat-tat-tat fire of the machine guns. I also can't forget the many times I took refuge in a building during an artillery attack that destroyed such buildings and I was left standing in the ruins, shaken, dirty and often with tears in my eyes yet uninjured.

I remember the gruesome 60 days we fought up the boot of Italy against the entrenched German forces all the way from Salerno to the foothills of Casino through mud and rain that even hogs would find unbearable followed by four months of a living hell on Anzio of which one General stated, "Anyone who served time on Anzio deserves to go straight to heaven as they already served their time in hell." We were held captive with the sea at our backs but left facing 250 heavy artillery pieces that shelled the beachhead day and night. No one was exempt from such attack including nurses and doctors who also fell victim. What was visible from the battles fought in a 25-mile radius from Casino and Anzio was a cemetery of 10,000 white crosses. There were also more than 100,000 wounded. It was an awful price to pay, but it did open the road to Rome, the largest and most important city taken by the allies up to this time. There was much fighting left before victory could be ours. We still had to take back France, capture Germany, and destroy their army. In May, 1945, this was

accomplished making way for me and thousands like me to return home, pick up the pieces and start life anew.

My return home after the war was based on points earned. I earned 127 points where 75 was required. The amount of points I accumulated gave me an option to return home by airplane or by boat. I had chosen flying for one reason: I had never flown before and it was also the quickest way. Another factor was I would be flying the southern route that would leave from Marseilles, France. It also involved flying to Casablanca and Dakar, North Africa, and then across the Atlantic to Natal, Brazil and then on to Miami making several stops along the way. In all, the flights covered 9000 miles and we sat foot on four continents. We were in Salzburg, Austria when our return home was initiated. To get to Marseilles, France we went by troop train made up of empty 40x8 box cars pulled by a steam locomotive. So many men were assigned to a car. I found it an interesting experience riding those rough riding cars across Germany and down through France.

I arrived home a couple weeks before the atom bombs were dropped on two Japanese cities. Having been discharged from the military service, I returned home

without fanfare, arriving back in Fort Wayne by bus from Indianapolis. When I got off the bus, I made my way through a milling crowd inside the terminal to the outside where a cab was parked at the curb looking for passengers. He didn't have to look any further because I was his passenger. I said, "Cabbie, take me home. It's been a long time coming, more than four years to be exact." As I arrived in front of my home, the surroundings took on a familiar look. Leaving the cab, I made my way to the front door and entered the unlocked door and surprisingly walked in on my parents who had just sat down to eat their evening meal. My appearance startled them. What followed was a breathtaking moment that I reserve

15 August 1944, St. Tropez— Southern France

Remembering D-Day

About 4:00 PM, Colonel McGarr commanding the 30th Infantry Regiment of the 3rd Infantry Division, ordered me and two TDs' to form a task force to proceed inland to Collobrieres, France.

The task force consisted of two TDs', tanks and a platoon of infantry. We proceeded inland, through mountainous terrain approximately 15 miles to the south end of Collobrieres. There we were met with small arms fire from the high ground. We couldn't elevate our 3-inch guns, on our TDs', high enough to return fire, so we returned the fire with our 50 caliber machine guns. The infantry returned the fire, also. The tanks did likewise. After the fire discontinued we proceeded into Collobrieres.

When we entered Collobrieres, there was great ovation. But we knew that the road leading into Collobrieres, the north, must be secured. We immediately set up a defensive position on the north end of town. We sent a French civilian in a car to inform Colonel McGarr of our success.

Within an hour a company of German infantry, with their small arms, rode into view on bicycles. We pulled our armor forward and they quickly surrendered. The Infantrymen of the 3rd. Infantry division led them into a local municipal building as prisoners. This concluded D-day for my men and me. Had these Germans gotten to the south end of town they could have caused a delay in our forward progress and inflicted many casualties.

Colonel McGarr, certainly made a wise decision, sending this task force forward, ahead of the main body, that arrived about 1:00 a. m., 16 august in Collobrieres.

I don't remember the names of the men in the TDs' that rode with me, but I'm sure they'll be happy to read about and remember that day.

Henry Anderson, 1st. Lt.

"C" Co. 601st. TD Bn.

11171 NW 114th St

Chiefland, FL 32626

Courtesy of: Bill R. Harper

Chaplains Corner

Jerry Sapiro

As we approach the holiday season, I pray for all of you and your families, and wish you and them the best of holidays and the happiest New Year, entering the 21st century.

In our own ways, let all of us remember our buddies and their family members who have passed on. They shall live in our prayers, hearts and minds forever.

Soldiers in war found strength in prayer, which boosted morale and courage. So it is in civilian life, which presents many hills to climb and take.

I often reminisce about how I spent the holidays during war years, as I am certain many of you do. We, the survivors, should be thankful for being able to greet the year 2000, which at times we thought would not happen. You fought for your country and thereafter fought the "battle of life" and won. I pray for God's blessings on all of you.

Rock of the Marne!

The Director of the Fort Mitchell National Cemetery asked Bob Bailey, OP 60 for help with the following:

Korean War Year of Commemoration at Fort Mitchell National Cemetery

We would like to meet with Korean veterans (and any other interested veterans) to schedule several programs for next year in which our focus would be the 50th anniversary of the start of the Korean War. Would like to have a meeting in January to be fully prepared for a June first program.

We are also asking Korean vets to loan us momentos of that time which we will display here at the National Cemetery. We are asking that each person who loans us something mark their name and address clearly on the back of the item so that we can return it to them after the display ends.

We would like to have many Korean veterans who are interested in this. If they would like to come to the meeting in January, please have them call us with their name and phone number and we will inform them of the meeting time and date.

Contact Mrs. S. Goodrich Fort Mitchell Cemetery Director 334-855-4731 or write

553 Highway 165
Fort Mitchell, AL 36856

or contact

Bob Bailey, OP 60, 160 Huguley Road,
Opelika, AL 36804

Phone: (334) 298-8622 E-Mail:

Maybob56@aol.com.

From the new Historian...

I am honored to be named Historian of the Society of the 3rd Infantry Division and will do everything in my power to fulfill that position with the greatest efficiency and dignity.

Sincerely,
Ed Dojutrek

The Book Place



Bedpan Commando

By June Wandrey

*234 pages plus 20 pages of photographs.
Paperback.*

Reviewer: Brigadier General Connie Slewitzke, USA NC(Ret.) Vice President. WIMSA and former Chief, Army Nurse Corps

The title of this book can never describe the caring, competence and professionalism of this courageous Army surgical nurse. Through her letters home, notes and diary we participate in the campaigns of North Africa, Sicily, Italy, France and Germany. Everyone who reads Ms. Wandrey's harrowing accounts of combat nursing will identify with the heroism and dedication of this outstanding soldier.

Ms. Wandrey captivates our interest as she describes the extremely rudimentary living conditions, inhospitable climate and the constant stress of coping with mass casualties, enemy air raids and shellings, often, while very ill herself. We come to know personalities, some never to be forgotten, who add to the misery of war. We identify with her as she comforts the wounded, grieves for the dying and weeps because of man's inhumanity to man. Above all, we learn June Wandrey is a survivor. She met every challenge with a professionalism that stands out as a shining example for today's military women to emulate. June Wandrey and other nurses arrived home without fanfare. They disembarked at a deserted pier at Newport News, Virginia. The final irony was a ride on a filthy, insect infested train. That's how a country welcomed home women of great courage and honor following World War II. Women who gave so much, yet received little or no appreciation or recognition for their service, even to this day.

This book should be recommended reading for today's military women.

June Wandrey
5240 Mapleridge Dr.
Portage, MI. 49024-5740
1-616-344-8371

Total cost \$23. includes S&H *USA only*. Books sent Priority mail. Print autograph dedication desired. To register women veterans in data base, call 1-800-222-2294

Audie Murphy Commemorative Stamp to be released in 2000

Reported by Duncan E. McCarter OP 7

The USPS formally announced, Oct. 14th, the approval of a stamp honoring Audie Murphy, for publishing in 2000. At the unveiling of the stamp in Dallas, TX on Oct. 24th, former member of Audie's B Co. 15th Inf, 3rd Inf. Div. presented Billie Murphy, Audie's brother a letter that Audie had sent him. The 33 cent stamp is a picture of Audie Murphy in Combat dress with the 3rd Division patch in color at the lower RH corner. Internet users can view the Stamp and read about the ceremony at the "Audie Murphy Research Foundation" website, www.audiemurphy.com/stamp_unv.htm



Quartermaster

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 CAPS: 3rd. Div. Black with embroidered front—\$9.00 each. Unit caps – **7th Inf.** white, blue bill printed logo – \$7.00. New: Khaki with embroidered front – \$10. **30th Inf.** have only Khaki w/emroidered front—\$10.00. For **10th Engr.**, white w/blue bill and artillery white w/red bill—\$7.00 each. Mailing Fee: \$1.25 each.

NEW ITEMS - Necktie—3rd Division blue with 1 1/4" 3ID patch embroidered near bottom— \$15.00 each. Mailing Fee: \$1.25 each. **Cross rifles and cross cannons service insignias** – with your 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.

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

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

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



- SPECIAL -

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.



California residents please include State Sales Tax

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

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

Murphy's Laws of Combat

Law # 9. If you are forward of your position, your artillery will fall short.

Law #10. Never share a foxhole with anyone braver than yourself.

State of Georgia

BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF GEORGIA

A COMMENDATION

WHEREAS: The Third Infantry Division of the United States Army has served our country valiantly and with great distinction in battles during World War I, World War II, the Korea War and the Gulf War; and

WHEREAS: The Third Infantry Division remains the most decorated unit in the United States military, with 2 Congressional Medals of Honor in World war I, 36 in World War II and 12 in the Korean War. They have fought bravely and honorably to preserve the liberties on which our nation was founded; and

WHEREAS: The Third Infantry Division, with veteran members throughout Georgia and the nation and current members serving at Hunter Air Field, Fort Stewart and Fort Benning, continues to serve our state and country with tremendous pride; now

THEREFORE: I, Roy E. Barnes, Governor of the State of Georgia, do hereby commend the

SOCIETY OF THE THIRD INFANTRY DIVISION

for its enduring commitment to protecting the freedoms of democracy.

(Seal)

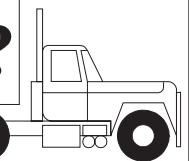
In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the Executive Department to be affixed this 10th day of September, 1999

Governor

Chief of staff



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 _____



Society of the Third Infantry Division

U.S. Army

Purpose

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

Specific objectives are:

To foster and strengthen associations and friendships formed during service with the Third Infantry Division, U.S. Army.

To honor the Third Infantry Division War Dead.

To perpetuate the memory of other former comrades who shared a background of honorable military service with the Third Infantry Division, U.S. Army.

To encourage and achieve the mutual benefit and support resulting from a close and cooperative alliance between the Society and the Third Infantry Division, U.S. Army.

To support the Government of the United States and to give it, in peace and in war, the same devotion and service expected of us as members of its armed forces.

Pledge

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

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

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

General Information

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

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

Eligibility

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

Life Membership: Same as regular membership.

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

Dues Information

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

Overseas Members (per year)\$20.00

Life Membership

- Recipients of Medal of HonorNo charge
- Veterans of World War I:No charge
- Up to age 60\$150.00
- 60-70\$120.00
- Over age 70\$100.00

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



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

Date: _____

Name _____ Serial/Social Security No _____
(Last) (First) (Middle Initial)

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

Telephone No _____ Served From _____ To: _____

Unit(s) Served with: _____ Rank: _____

Recommended By: _____

Please detach and mail this application for membership along with a check or money order payable to Society of the Third Infantry Division to: **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

WORLD WAR II [36 Medals of Honor]

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

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

KOREA [11 Medals of Honor]

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

PERSIAN GULF WAR

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

The Rock of the Marne



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