News from France
Information from Jocelyne Papelard

Being the Master of Ceremony at the upcoming Memorial Day event in Epinal American Cemetery, I work closely with the Association of the Cemetery to organize the ceremony itself. We try to include school children (grade, middle and high schoolers) to ensure they are aware of the sacrifices the Soldiers buried at Epinal made to free our country from Nazism.

This year, I selected the son of the colonel commanding the French Air Base 116 as a speaker. The colonel was in the Pentagon as a liaison for two years. His son, Francois-Xavier, speaks English like an American, and while going to private school in Washington DC, he was enrolled in Junior ROTC. Francois-Xavier, is very proud of his uniform even though he is no longer in JROTC as he now goes to school in France. He hopes to wear his American JROTC uniform while delivering a poem in French and in English at the Memorial Day Ceremony.

This young man is so Americanized, it is amazing. He wants to go back to the States to college and then enlist in the American Armed Forces. When I asked his father if he could participate in the ceremony, his father asked him, and Francois said that it was a great honor for him. I have been amazed at the level of American patriotism this young man displays even though he was born in France and even though his father is a French officer. A lot of American teenagers could

Please turn to FRANCE on page 10

Shotguns: The Deadliest Weapon
Adapted from an Internet article by Logan Nye

A single weapon used predominantly in World War I and with a limited deployment in World War II was so effective and so terrifying that Germany lodged a diplomatic protest against its use by American forces. It wasn’t the flamethrower or the machine gun. It was shotguns, especially the Winchester Models 1897 and 1912.

The two shotguns were first entered into combat after America realized how brutal trench warfare really was. The soldiers and Marines serving on the Western Front needed a way to clear attackers from the American trenches as well as to clear defenders from enemy trenches quickly during assaults.

Please turn to SHOTGUNS on page 8

Please turn to MARNE 6 on page 4

Honorary President
Marne 6 Sends

Greetings to all Dog Face Soldiers, Families, and friends of the Marne Division; we hope this message finds you in good health and spirits. Over the past two months, the Division leadership maintained its steadfast dedication to readiness. From the individual Soldier, Family, and unit level, the Marne Division has sustained its high level of readiness to be prepared to answer the Nation’s call at a moment’s notice. In order to maintain a high level of readiness, our tempo has been extremely high. From various Combined Arms Live Fire Exercises on Fort Stewart to the Warfighter Exercise at Fort Hood, Texas, the Division continues to aggressively pursue its mission and remain as the most ready division in the United States Army.

In February, we had the distinct privilege of hosting the 26th Annual 24th Infantry Division Desert Storm Memorial Ceremony and Reunion. The 24th Infantry Division was stationed at Fort Stewart from 1974–1996 and, during this time, they deployed in support of Operation Desert Storm. During the ceremony, the names of two fallen 5th Engineer Battalion Soldiers were added to the base of the memorial. It was an honor to commemorate these heroes at Fort Stewart and their legacy lives on through our Soldiers today.

The Division staff recently completed a Staff Exercise and is currently execut-
It is now spring here in Texas and that means one thing—Bluebonnets! Like the famed Cherry Blossom Tree, they only bloom once a year and put on a spectacular show. The highways and fields cross Texas are filled with Bluebonnets and are a sight to behold.

On March 6th, we remembered the 181st commemoration of the fall of the Alamo here in San Antonio. Although a loss to the Texas Revolution, it paved the way for the ultimate victory that gave birth to our State. This September we will have our national reunion here in San Antonio. You will be able to participate in tours of the Alamo and also of the Missions that are the ONLY site designated by UNESCO, as a world heritage site in Texas. These are fantastic places to visit along with our famous Riverwalk. For our President’s Reception, we have planned a Riverwalk dinner cruise on board boats that are specially designed to serve dinner as you cruise through downtown San Antonio and enjoy the sights. There are very few places in the world where you can do this so you don’t want to miss this opportunity. We have also planned an “Octoberfest”-themed reunion with authentic German beer and cuisine. Please see the registration flyer and forms to sign up for this year’s reunion. Due to some reservation requirements, there are early “cut-off” dates to sign up for some of the activities at the reunion. Make sure you sign up early to be able to participate in all of these events. The 2017 reunion is going to be great.

Raffle tickets for 2017 were sent out on April 1st. This year we will allow tickets to be purchased only until September 15th. Early. Our National Secretary-Treasurer and Roster Manager record your dues promptly. Those whose dues are not paid by June 30, 2017 are listed as delinquent. If dues are not paid by August 1, no further mailing of the Watch on the Rhine and other Society communications will be sent.

Speaking of the Roster Manager’s job. Sonya Frickey does an incredible job in this position, but she needs your help. There are numerous members whose information is out-of-date or not accurate. Recently, I sent out a survey to 188 members concerning the 2018 reunion and more than 60 of the email addresses were returned as wrong. This also happens with issues of the Watch on the Rhine. Each issue returned represents lost revenue in postage. We desperately need your help in keeping member information up-to-date on our roster. Please update your information on your dues card when it comes in the mail. If you are unsure, please contact Sonya Frickey and make sure your info is accurate. Her contact information is on page 2 of this issue.

I recently received OP 22’s newsletter. They are doing some great things! They recently participated a Creative Arts Competition at the Long Beach VA Hospital and awarded Veteran Service Awards to five people in the VA hospital. They have further “adopted” a local Elementary School and awarded Principal Confidence Johnson the Veterans Service Award. Outpost International is also doing some great things. This month, from April 19-22, they will conduct a seminar titled “Forgotten Battles and Units of the Forgotten War.” This three-day event will include topics ranging from the KATUSA program to Korean Partisan Operations to the Battles of Task Force Dog and Outpost Harry, among many others. See their flyer on our Society website under “Hot News.” This is the kind of community outreach I would like to see all of our Outposts do.
I want to thank the Society of the 3rd Infantry Division for your continued support to the Soldiers and Families of the Marne Division.

Company, 2nd Battalion. 7th Infantry Regiment maintain their readiness as the XVIII Airborne Corps Immediate Ready Company which will support the Global Response Force if called to action.

The Falcons of 3rd Combat Aviation Brigade have also maintained a high operational tempo over the past two months. Crazyhorse Soldiers of C Troop, 3rd Squadron, 17th Cavalry Regiment returned home on February 8 after a nine-month deployment to Afghanistan in support of Operation Freedom's Sentinel. In addition to combat operations, the Falcon Brigade has participated in many community relations events. For the second year in a row, they participated in the Student Leadership Program (SLP) on Hunter Army Airfield. The SLP is an energy-filled experience for a select group of motivated high school students from the surrounding community; the program provides students with the skills and tools necessary to build a successful future. The brigade supplied an AH-64D Apache helicopter and UH-60M Black Hawk helicopter with pilots and crew to show to the enthusiastic crowd of students.

Marne Thunder Soldiers from the Division Artillery Brigade (DIVARTY) have been rigorously training in preparation for several critical training events. Throughout the month of February, DIVARTY provided Observer Controller/Trainer support to 1st Battalion, 41st Field Artillery Regiment for their artillery certification tables. This equipped the units with vital feedback prior to their NTC rotation in late March with 1ABCT. Simultaneously, the artillery Soldiers from 1st Battalion, 9th Field Artillery Regiment conducted their own artillery certification tables to ensure all of their Soldiers stay proficient in their respective fields. The DIVARTY Commander and staff are currently supporting the Division as the Fire Support Coordinator in Warfighter Exercise 17-04 by conducting in depth planning and continually refining their mission command capabilities.

The 3rd Infantry Division Sustainment Brigade recently welcomed home Soldiers of 632nd Maintenance Company and HHCS, 87th CSSB after a nine-month deployment overseeing sustainment operations on the Sinai Peninsula. The Special Troops Battalion recently conducted a three-week-long convoy live fire exercise where they trained their troops on basic convoy operations, first aid, call for fire, and many other tasks improving their overall readiness. In the coming months, the Providers look forward to NTC rotations and participating in Warfighter Exercise 17-05 at Fort Lewis, Washington.

This will be my last edition of “Marne 6 Sends.” I will change command in early May. As we welcome MG Leopoldo A. Quintas back to the 3rd Infantry Division team, I want to thank the Society of the 3rd Infantry Division for your continued support to the Soldiers and Families of the Marne Division. Specifically, I would like to thank the Society for their significant contributions in establishing the 3rd Infantry Division Museum, hosting the 2016 Soldiers Ball at Jekyll Island, and for all of the members that support our Soldiers every day. It has been an honor to serve alongside each and every one of you, and I am proud to say that I will always be a Dog Face Soldier.

Your Marne Division remains ready to fight and win our nation’s wars. I ask you to remember all of our Soldiers currently deployed and the incredible sacrifices they and their Families make in defense of our freedom. I also ask that we continue to honor all Gold Star Families and their service members who made the ultimate sacrifice by keeping them in our thoughts and prayers. Rock of the Marne! Army Strong!

James E. Rainey, Major General, U.S. Army, Commanding
The Scholarship Foundation Fundraising Raffle is going well and all purchases of tickets and donations are much appreciated. We have received a few more prizes and those, too, are appreciated.

We have a new Scholarship Foundation Grant: “Award in Honor of Lieutenant General William G. Webster. Prior to commanding the 3rd Infantry Division from 2003 to 2006, General Webster had a 29-year career as a commander and staff officer, including two tours of duty with the Division. While Commander of the 3rd Division, General Webster returned his unit from combat in Iraq, reorganized and re-trained it, and redeployed it into Baghdad. He commanded the 40,000 men and women of Multi-National Division Baghdad from 2005 to 2006. General Webster then served as the Deputy Commander of U.S. Northern Command, responsible for Homeland Defense. As the Commanding General of 3rd Army in Kuwait from 2009-2011, he was responsible for training and support of the troops in Iraq and Afghanistan. He holds the Defense Distinguished Service Medal, the Army Distinguished Service Medal, five awards of the Legion of Merit, and two Bronze Stars. In retirement, LTG Webster continued to serve as a teacher and mentor of senior officers throughout the Armed Forces. We are pleased and proud to award this grant in General Webster’s name. We are sure the person who receives this grant will be equally proud.

In addition to this prestigious award we also have the following awards: Legacy Awards honoring Thomas W. Mason and Major General Maurice Kendall, the “Award Honoring Lieutenant General William G. Webster,” “Award in Honor and Memory of 3rd Infantry Division Soldiers for Their Meritorious Services in the Evacuation of Military and Civilian Refugees from Hungnam, North Korea, December 1950,” “Award in Honor and Memory of SFC Ralph E. ‘Rick’ Richenbacher,” and the Foundation “Award Honoring the Active Duty Soldiers of the 3rd Infantry Division,” as well as the Foundation’s “Memorial Award” honoring friends and relatives who have passed away and were memorialized through donations to the Scholarship Foundation.

The deadline for candidates to submit applications for 2017 grants is June 1, 2017. It is not too early to have your offspring, who are competing, begin preparing their submission packages. We are accepting application now, and have already received one submission. Please ensure that your candidates provide their Student Account Numbers at the universities where they are enrolled. We use the number to deposit grant money to the recipient’s student account. Nowadays, universities will not release any information, so we must already have the correct number to make payments.

We thank all of those who have sent donations to the Scholarship Foundation. These will help with our 2017 Grant Program. Those who contributed since the last issue of the Watch are listed below. Thanks, again, to all of you.

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Membership is Our Strength

It's not the price you pay to belong, it's the price you paid to become eligible to join.

Chaplain’s Corner

My Dear Fellow Veterans, Active Duty Soldiers, and Families:

Your Chaplain has said his prayers for our cast coast people who have been hammered by the snow storms that have not let up for the past months. My dear Lord please help them and also remember all of our California and west coast people who have had rain that has not stopped, the floods and mud slides over the roads. May our dear Lord please help them and I know He will. Here is our daily prayer written by Hazel K. Boyd:

Midst the hustle and bustle of a busy day
I pause and take time to kneel and pray for all of my friends near and far for God to keep them safe wherever they are,
To fill their hearts with His love that nurtures all each day
To show that hope will better things that have gone astray.
These gifts of patience, love, and hope we can always share
Then please let love dwell within our hearts and banish every care.

Until I see you all again, I remain your Chaplain of the Society of the 3rd. Infantry Division, ROTM, Jerry Daddato.
Welcome Our New Commanding General: The 3rd Infantry Division will welcome MG Leopoldo A. Quintas, Jr., our new commanding officer in May. MG James Rainey will move to a new assignment at the Pentagon. According to the Internet, MG Quintas was most recently Deputy Chief of Staff U.S. Army Forces Command, Fort Bragg, North Carolina. We will have more information about MG Quintas in the June issue of the Watch on the Rhine.

Special Days: We hope our Jewish members had a joyous Purim and are looking forward to Passover, the Feast of Unleavened Bread, and the Festival of Weeks to commemorate the giving of the Torah at Mount Sinai. At the college where I teach, Good Friday is listed as “Spring Holiday.” While we are given a day off, no mention is made of this important Christian day. Nor is Easter Sunday mentioned. We hope our Christian members have the blessings of good health and enjoyed a solemn celebration of these two important days.

Trouble with accents? When you call a phone number for any kind of service and you are connected with someone who is speaking English as a second language, you can very politely say, “I’d like to speak with a customer service representative in the United States.” The person may suggest speaking with his/her manager, but you can just repeat your request: “Thank you, but I’d like to speak with a customer service representative in the United States.” You will be immediately connected with a representative in the United States. They must transfer you; it is the law.

Would you like to place something on the Society website? Please send your submission to Justin Valle. He is our Website Coordinator and his contact information is on page 2 of the Watch on the Rhine. If you want to place something on our Society Facebook page, contact me (LDBALL1@MSN.COM). Our members are interested in what you have to say as well as what you want to share.

If you want to place an ad in the Watch, the cost is $19.00 per column inch. A column is three inches wide. Discounts are available for those who pay in advance for their ads in three consecutive issues of the Watch. Contact Watch Editor Lynn Ball for more information. Contact information is on page 2 of the Watch.

The Dinner Barge Cruise on the Riverwalk does not have a meal choice. The menu is cheese enchilada with gravy, tamale with chili, Spanish

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Riverboat Barge Dining on the Riverwalk in San Antonio.
reunion was in 1920 in Chicago, Illinois. We didn’t return to Chicago until 1953, 33 years later. In 2013, we again held our reunion in the Chicago Area (Lombard, Illinois).

Over the years, our annual reunions have been held in 43 different cities. The locations most popular were Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (10), New York City (8), and Washington DC (8). In recent years Columbus, Georgia (Ft. Benning) and Savannah, Georgia (Ft. Stewart) have been popular destinations. In late 2015, the last 3rd Infantry Division Unit was deactivated at Fort Benning. This fact may influence and reduce our scheduling of trips to Columbus.

We are told that the “China Room,” formerly on Kelly Hill, has been moved to Fort Stewart. Tom Mason, a dear friend now deceased, was a true “Can Do” patriot and an “Old China Hand.” Tom had personal memorabilia on display in the “China Room.” Tom Mason is honored annually when his Legacy Award is presented to a deserving recipient of his prestigious award.

We hope to see many of you in San Antonio, Texas, for the 98th consecutive reunion of the Society of the 3rd Infantry Division.

A Casualty Without a Shot Fired

By Dan Wolfe

Could you imagine cautiously plodding through a river that begins combat-boot-high at the riverbank and then天鹅 to an uncertain depth as you wade forward? Of course, you can’t. Who could? I couldn’t visualize it, but there I was assigned to carry a bunker bomb consisting of a 30 cal. machine gun canister filled halfway with napalm, attached to a phosphorescent grenade, and connected to a four-foot wooden pole. How does one get involved in such a predicament?

It was the end of August 1952. The Korean War evolved into a bloody battle for hills. I was a member of Co. L, 15th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division. Battalion believed that a sniper’s bunker was hidden at the base of a cliff opposite our position overlooking the Imjin River. It must be eliminated.

Since a runner (me) for the platoon was not needed for this operation, I was assigned to carry the bunker bomb. Our squad would cross the river at a sandbar, then reach the sniper’s bunker. I was to activate the grenade then ram the bomb into the bunker. All went well on the trial run the previous night, but horrific scenarios of the attack kept me awake until dawn.

We were told that all units on our side of the river were alerted to the operation. Upon entering the river, our platoon leader was at the center of the column; I was in front of him. I could feel the water seeping through my cracked boots. We moved on. The cool water, now hugging my thighs, neutralized the day’s blistering August heat. My fatigue were caked with a surreal landscape of bizarre stains decorated from two months of sleeping on the floor of my bunker and rubbing along the trenches, combined with sweat from the unbearable heat. But that millstone in my hands, that wooden pole with the bunker bomb connected at its end, negated any pleasure I could derive from the cool river’s waters.

Halfway to the sandbar, Charley, our point man waded toward our platoon leader to inform him that all was well. The water that was at my thighs was now pushing against my chest.

Was there further erosion of this riverbed? No, battalion wouldn’t plan an operation without knowing the depth of the river.

We moved on. The water was now at my chest.

Oh yes, the water hid us, but as soon as we step onto that sandbar we’ll be target practice. The chlorinated water of the Crotona Park pool where my friends and I splashed and frolicked without a care in the world is now history. Diving into the waves at Innes Beach is now history. I was drafted I’m 22. Here I am, a dogface tene in a river in Korea.

The water crept up to my chin. I lifted the bomb above my head. Another step and I would be sipping the effluence from the fecal-fertilized rice paddies surrounding the river’s banks of the north.

Our platoon leader immediately put a halt to the attack. If I wasn’t benumbed by what had just taken place, I could have kissed him on the lips.

Our squad waded quickly back to the riverbank, then onto the trail that brought us there. We sat on our helmets to await a truck from battalion to take us to a debriefing.

Unfortunately, the tension of the operation was more than our platoon leader could bear. While waiting for the truck, his sporadic laughter, while rocking back and forth on his helmet, told us we had a casualty without a shot fired.

Our platoon leader was reassigned to a motor pool in the rear and was replaced by Lt. Crowe.

danielwolfebooks@aol.com, 914-961-5709.

The Watch on the Rhine

Page 7
The spread of a shotgun was perfect for this mission, but the Americans didn’t stop at just buying off-the-shelf weapons. The War Department contracted for standard, trench, and riot versions of most shotguns. Standard shotguns were civilian versions of the weapon, often with a sling added for easy carrying. Riot guns were similar but with shorter barrels. The most heavily modified versions were the trench guns which featured shorter barrels — usually 20 inches or shorter, heat shields, and bayonet lugs. The Model 97 quickly became one of the most popular shotguns issued, partially because of how well it stood up to the rigorous conditions on the Western Front. Operators could quickly clean mud and water from the weapons and get them ready to fire after a mishap, and the weapon continued to function even if it was dropped or slammed against trenchworks. However, the big reason that the Model 97 became so popular was that it could be “slam-fired.” Typically, an operator readies a pump-action shotgun by pumping it to feed a round into the chamber and eject any empty casing currently in it. Then, they pull the trigger, while aiming at their target, to fire.

But when slam-firing, they keep the trigger held back while pumping the weapon. When the new round feeds into the chamber, it will automatically fire. This meant the weapon could be fired as quickly as the operator could pump the handle.

The Model 97 held six rounds of 00 buckshot; each shell of which held nine pellets. A trained soldier slamfiring could fire all six rounds, 54 total lead pellets, in approximately two seconds. At the close ranges in many World War I trenches, the effect was devastating.

Shotgunners would rapidly clear German trenches, cutting down the defenders. The tactic was so effective that Model 97s picked up the nicknames “trench brooms” and “trench sweepers.”

The German government lobbed an official protest against the weapon, saying that the weapon inflicted unnecessary damage. America responded that the claim was hollow coming from the nation that introduced chemical weapons and flamethrowers into warfare. There are even reports that American soldiers skilled in skeet shooting were placed along the front trenches to shoot enemy hand grenades from the air, deflecting or destroying the devices before they could hurt American troops.

The Winchester Model 97 and Model 1912 would go on to serve similar functions in World War II, again clearing German defenders from trenches and bunkers, and it also saw service in the Pacific. The two Winchester shotguns were deployed to Korea and Vietnam, though the U.S. was slowly transitioning to newer shotguns by that point.

The 240mm Howitzer, nicknamed “The Black Dragon,” is a towed Howitzer used by the U.S. Army. The artillery piece saw service in WWI and was updated and put into service as the model M-1 in 1943. The Black Dragon was the most powerful artillery weapon of WWII used by the U.S. Army. Some may recall the American mortar of WWII nicknamed “Little David.” This mortar was 914mm (36-inch) and totally impractical as was the 800mm German railway gun (Gustav). Twelve 240mm M-1 pieces were sent to Korea in May 1953 for use against deep bunkers and fortifications. This weapon is no longer in use.

The Army has announced the new Division Commanding General for the Third Infantry Division. Major General Leopoldo A. Quintas will take Command on May 8, 2017 from MG Rainey. MG Rainey has been a stalwart of support to the Society and has opened numerous opportunities that have benefited the Society in ways that will last into the decades to come. We cannot express our gratitude in words that will accurately describe our thanks for his leadership, service to our country, and commitment to Dogface Soldiers past and present. We also wish to thank his wife, Tracey, for her service to our division and our country. They are a great command team and we salute them both.

Thank you all for serving in our Society. As I say, our Soldiers are “Honored Citizens” and your membership honors all of our service Men and Woman.

Rock of the Marne, Toby Knight
Silvano Casaldi: writes: “Authorities from the towns of Anzio and Nettuno laid a wreath at the Anzio-Nettuno 3rd Infantry Division Monument located in the Nettuno-Foglino Woods. This ceremony was possible through the efforts of Silvano Casaldi and the associations, Factory ‘44 and UNIMRI (National Union of Awarded for Merit of the Italian Republic).” [It is these associations that care for the monument and keep the grounds surrounding it clean and mowed. We are grateful to The Factory ‘44 for refurbishing the monument. The Society of the 3rd Infantry Division thanks them for their work, for their kindness, and for the support of our Soldiers who lost their lives. We thank Silvano for his personal efforts and for sending us the photo and an article that appeared in an Italian newspaper.]

Volunteers prepare for Wreath-laying at the 3rd Infantry Division Monument in Foglino Woods by the Mayor of Nettuno.

Harvey Sladkus called to thank us for sending him a birthday card. Harvey is a proud 85 years old and still going strong.

James Drury: called to report a member’s death and added that he feels I am “doing a wonderful job.” We talked a moment about the time and energy involved in editing the Watch. I value this comment coming from a past editor who did a great job for many years.

Bill Driggers wrote” Thanks for all your efforts in producing the finest magazine of any Military Association.”

George Bjoetvedt wrote: “A short note to express my appreciation for the publication of my Korean war stories in recent issues of the Watch on the Rhine. You are a gem. Take care and be well, Teniente Jorge [George signed his name the way he was referred to by the Puerto Rican troops in the 65th Infantry Regiment.]

Bob Barfield wrote: Thanks for printing my helicopter story. My wife and I both loved the “Sequel to SSGT Reckless” story.

Regis Rocco wrote “I had a note from John Weiss complimenting me on [my] article in the Watch on the Rhine.”

Tom Maines called to complement us on the February Watch. He had several kind comments about the content.

Larry Kinard wrote: ‘Thanks Joe and Lynn for all you do.’

Toby Knight sent a correction for the April watch and added, “I appreciate all you do. Many thanks for your hard work editing the WOTR. The February edition is fantastic!”

Looking for...

Jim Nolles is currently researching and writing a book on West Point’s basketball team during WWII. Valentine “Dutch” Lentz coached the team in 1943 before going on active duty and becoming an officer with the 3rd ID. More precisely, he likely served with the 15th Infantry in Sicily and Italy. If anyone has any information on Dutch Lentz, Jim would welcome hearing from you. He can be reached at jnolles@balch.com or at (205) 226-8767. Thank you!

Chuck Trout is looking for viewers of his website: www.echoontheweb.org.” Please visit the site and tell me what you think.” Blessings, Chaplain Chuck Trout. chaptrout@aol.com.

Jim Michaud is looking for information on the 7th Regiment “Battle Patrol” in WW2. Specifically, the Battle Patrol Patch, and whether it was worn on the combat uniform (sleeve or upper pocket) or the dress uniform. “Also, I would appreciate any accounts of the Battle Patrol in action from the invasion of southern France through the end of the war. Any assistance would be greatly appreciated. Thank you,” Jim Michaud Director of Living History Programming of American Armor Contact Jim via email at jjjmich@aol.com
adopt him as a role model.

We have the daughter of a 7th Infantry Regiment Soldier, William A. Medlin, who was KIA in the Colmar Pocket. This is her first time to visit her dad’s grave. She lives in Louisiana. We will pay for the duration of her stay at Epinal. We will also pay for the travel of the daughter of a fighter pilot, who will come to Epinal to visit her father’s grave. She was two years old when her dad was KIA; his plane’s name was “Roberta,” like his daughter.

Canadian flag, and a POW flag, as several buried at Epinal died in captivity. I bought the Connecticut flag because that is where I became a U.S. Citizen and my U.S. Citizenship is extremely important to me.

The Association does not have much money as we rely only on membership dues paid by members of ABMC. Nevertheless, we spent $1200.00 for the flags purchased from the United States. We received unexpected support when a long line formed to donate money for the flags. In 30 minutes, we collected more than enough to pay for the flags. We do not, however, have poles for the flags. I will get the poles. The flags will be displayed in two ides (27 on each side) on Memorial Day.

On May 25th, all 1300 pictures of the Soldiers currently in our possession will be on display in the cemetery for a few days. We have no money to buy stands; however, the folks at the U.S. Cemetery at Margraten, Holland, will loan us their stands. I will have to drive six hours each way to get the stands and then to return them, but it is worth the effort for our boys.

For the Memorial Day events, we will have schoolchildren of two elementary schools close to the cemetery who will participate in laying the French and American flags at each gravesite. They will also sing two songs, one in English and one in French, on Memorial Day. Also participating will be the two women mentioned above who will be visiting their fathers’ graves. Additionally, we will have military support and many dignitaries contributing to the events.

The General Assembly of the ABMC Association recently met to plan Memorial Day and other 2017 events at Epinal. More than 200 members attended the meeting and luncheon. While the members did not want to buy 50 flags for Memorial Day to honor our Soldiers from every state buried at Epinal, they went along and bought 54 flags: one from each state, the District of Columbia, a Commonwealth flag (we have a Brit from the West Indies buried here), a

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**Update Your Contact Info**

Update your email, phone, and mail contact information
Send changes to the Society Database Manager

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Your ID Number</th>
<th>Dues Date: Paid until date shown or LIFE</th>
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**DELIVERY POINT BARCODE**

Check your name and address (Apt./Bldg./Lot No.). If your zip code does not contain 9 digits (Zip+4), it is incomplete. Check [http://zip4.usps.com/zip4/](http://zip4.usps.com/zip4/) or contact your local post office for your zip + 4
Welcome New Committee Chairs

New Public Relations Committee Chair: Major Heriberto Marrero was born in Toa Alta, Puerto Rico and lived in Puerto Rico for 18 years. He enlisted in the US Army in March 1994 and served ten years as 68A Biomedical Equipment Repair Specialist, where he progressed to the rank of Sergeant First Class before commissioning in the Regular Army from the Army Officer’s Candidate School (OCS) at Ft Benning, Georgia, in Dec of 2003. His education includes a Bachelor of Arts in Business Administration-Management, and a Master of Business Administration, focus in Human Resources. His military schools include the Air Defense Artillery Officer Basic Course (Patriot), Military Intelligence Captain Career Course, Command and General Staff Officer Course, Recruiting Company Commander Course, Electronic Warfare Qualification Course, Combined Arms and Services Staff School, Tactical Information Operations Course, Army Cyberspace Operations Planner Course, and Electronic Warfare Integration Course.

As a Major, he served as an ARNORTH G2 Plans Officer, NORTHCOM J2 LNO at the US Embassy in Mexico City, and the 3rd ID Electronic Warfare Officer on Fort Stewart, GA. He is currently serving as the Deputy Electronic Warfare Officer for 3rd Infantry Division. During Marrero’s proud military career, he has received many prestigious awards and medals. We congratulate him.

Major Marrero is married to Ruth and has two children, Gizy (17), and Fabian (10). He is fluent in Spanish.

Amy McKenna, Constitution and By-laws Committee Chair

Electronic Warfare Officer on Fort Stewart, GA. He is currently serving as the Deputy Electronic Warfare Officer for 3rd Infantry Division. During Marrero’s proud military career, he has received many prestigious awards and medals. We congratulate him.

Major Marrero is married to Ruth and has two children, Gizy (17), and Fabian (10). He is fluent in Spanish.

New Constitution and by-laws Committee Chair: Amy McKenna joined the Army in 2001 and served as an intelligence officer in the 3rd Infantry Division, including deployments in support of Operation Iraqi Freedom (OIF) I and OIF III before leaving the military in 2006. Since leaving the service, she and her husband have had four children, fostered nine other children, and have been active in the veteran community, including serving as Secretary/Treasurer for Outpost #13 for nine years and as a Veteran Mentor in the Livingston County Veteran Treatment Court. Amy looks forward to working with the Society in her new position as Committee Chair of the Constitution and Bylaws Committee.

Bets Are Not a Good Idea

By James Campbell

It was a beautiful summer afternoon. Not much going on. We were standing around on our mountain jawboning, fooling around, and soaking up the rays. I suppose the Chinese were doing the same on their mountain opposite us and just across the valley. More than likely though they were sitting it out in one of their cave/tunnel complexes playing Chinese checkers or something. Of course, I don’t know what they did for entertainment when they weren’t shooting at us, but all was quiet which was a nice change.

“Hey, Lieutenant, see that old helmet down the slope there. Bet you can’t hit it.”

Our Platoon Leader strolled by. He was a good guy and a good officer. We liked him. One of my buddies said, “Hey, Lieutenant, see that old helmet down the slope there. Bet you can’t hit it.”

Bets and side bets were immediately made and the Lieutenant pulled his .45 from its holster. The old helmet was about 30 feet down the slope and presented a pretty small target for a pistol. But the Lieutenant took aim and he rang the bell a great shot. But unfortunately, there was a large rock imbedded in the ground in back of the helmet. And the inside of the helmet was facing us. The Lieutenant was right on, he hit the lower lip of that old steel pot, the round zoomed around the inside of the helmet, did a 180 degree turn, and headed back for us in a split second after the Lieutenant fired.

One of the young soldiers was standing next to the Lieutenant. The round came back on its 180-degree course and slammed into the young GI’s shoulder which knocked him flat on the ground. He didn’t even have time to holter though it must have hurt since the round lodged in his shoulder. We called the aid station and asked them to send an ambulance, and he was quickly evacuated to the rear. We never saw him again. I suppose he asked for another outfit after he recovered. Who could blame him.
To be held at The Holiday Inn Riverwalk Hotel located at 217 N. St. Mary’s Street San Antonio, Texas 78205. Room rates are $119 per night, plus tax. Parking at the hotel is $12 per night.

**Thursday September 28th**
2:00pm Registration and Hospitality Room Opens
5:00pm-6:00pm ~ No Host Social Hour ~ 6:00pm-8:00pm~ President’s Reception Dinner ~ River Barge Cruise

**Friday September 29th**
9:00am-4:00pm ~ San Antonio City Tour
TBD ~ 15th Regimental Dinner

**Saturday September 30th**
8:30am-10:30am ~ General Membership Meeting
9:00am-10:30am ~ Ladies Breakfast
10:30am-12:00pm ~ Executive Committee Meeting
1:30pm-4:30pm ~ Optional Tour Fort Sam Houston
6:00pm-7:00pm ~ No Host Social Hour ~ 7:00pm-10:00pm ~ Reunion Banquet, Program, and Awards

**Sunday October 1st**
8:00am-10:00am ~ Memorial Breakfast and Reunion Farewell

**Call the Holiday Inn Riverwalk at 210-224-2500 no later than August 28, 2017 to make your hotel reservations. Be sure to mention you are with the 3rd Infantry Division to receive the group rate of $119 plus tax per night.**

**Optional Tours**

**San Antonio Tour**

**Friday September 29th**
9:00am - 4:00pm
Price $40.00

The first stop on the tour will be Mission San Jose, known as the queen of the missions, where you will learn the history of the Spanish missions in Texas and watch an award winning video about the first people of South Texas. Next we will travel to Mission Concepcion built in 1731. Mission Concepcion is considered the most beautiful of the missions and is the oldest un-restored Catholic Mission in the U.S. The next stop will be the Mercado, which is the largest Mexican market outside of Mexico. In reroute we will do a window tour which includes Main Plaza, San Fernando Cathedral and the Spanish Governor’s Palace. Lunch will be on your own at the Mercado Market. After lunch we will tour the Alamo, Guenther House and the Guenther Family owned Pioneer Flour Mill in King William District.

**Fort Sam Houston Tour**

**Saturday September 30th**
1:30pm-4:30pm
Price $24.00

The Fort Sam Houston Museum collects, interprets, preservers and displays materials related to the history of Fort Sam Houston, Texas, and of the United States Army in the San Antonio area from 1845 to the present. This includes the military units and organizations stationed there, the significant events which occurred there, the distinguished soldiers who served there, and the influence of Fort Sam Houston on the Army and the Nation. The Museum promotes stewardship of the 900 historic structures on this National Historic Landmark site.

**For More Information Contact**

**Toby Knight 210-885-2137**
Tobster16@gmail.com

**The Reunion BRAT 360-663-2521**
thereunionbrat@hotmail.com
98th Annual Reunion  
Society Of The 3rd Infantry Division  
San Antonio, Texas, September 28- October 1, 2017

Address ___________________________________  City ___________________________  State ___  Zip____

Phone ___________________________  Email ___________________________

| If You Served In The 3rd Infantry Division Fill Out This Section |
| Name ___________________________  Preferred Name On Badge ____________________ |
| Unit Served In ____________________  Outpost ________________________________  Please Check One Or More:  |  WWII  |  Korea  |  Cold War |
|  Gulf War  |  Iraq War  |  Afghanistan  |  Peace Time  |  Active Duty |

| If You Are An Associate Member Fill Out This Section |
| Name ___________________________  Preferred Name On Badge ____________________ |
| Associate Member:  ☐ Yes  ☐ Outpost ________________________________ |

| If You Are A Guest Fill Out This Section |
| Name ___________________________  Preferred Name On Badge ____________________ |
| Name ___________________________  Preferred Name On Badge ____________________ |

Please List Any Special Needs: ___________________________________________________________

In Case Of Emergency Notify: __________________________________________________________

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**Registration**

- Required Registration Fee (Per Person) .......................................................... _____ X $39.00 = $ _____
- Thursday September 28th ~ President’s Reception Dinner River Cruise.......................... _____ X $63.00 = $ _____
  - President’s Dinner Is Non-Refundable After July 25, 2017
- Saturday September 30th ~ Ladies Breakfast......................................................... _____ X $26.00 = $ _____
- Saturday September 30th ~ Banquet Dinner......................................................... _____ X $54.00 = $ _____
  - Banquet Meal Selection:  Beer Brats & Sauerkraut  (or) Chicken Schnitzel
- Sunday October 1st ~ Memorial Breakfast.............................................................. _____ X $27.00 = $ _____

**Optional Tours**

- Friday September 29th ~ San Antonio Tour ........................................................... _____ X $40.00 = $ _____
- Saturday September 30th ~ Fort Sam Houston Museum ........................................... _____ X $24.00 = $ _____

**Total Enclosed...........................................................................................................** $ _____

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**Required Information For Fort Sam Houston Museum Access.**

If you have more than two people attending, please put information on separate sheet.

Legal Name (Last, First, Mi) ___________________________  Dob (MM/DD/Year) ______________

Driver’s License# ___________________________  State Issued _________

Legal Name (Last, First, Mi) ___________________________  Dob MM/DD/Year __________________

Driver’s License # ___________________________  State Issued _________

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**Payment Is Due No Later Than August 28, 2017**

Please send payments, made payable to: The Reunion Brat, 16817 Mountainside Drive East, Greenwater, WA 98022.

- Confirmation of Registration and Itinerary will be sent out by September 4, 2017
- A $20 per person cancellation fee will apply to all cancellations received within 30 days of the event. Cancellations received within 15 days of the event will be non-refundable.
- Call the Holiday Inn at 210-224-2500 no later than August 28, 2017 to make your hotel reservations. Be sure to mention you are with the 3rd Infantry Division to receive your group rate of $119 plus tax per night, including double occupancy. Based on availability the group rate is available 3 days before and after the reunion.
Society bequeathed an IRA: A Senior Registered Client Associate from the Kobrin Group in Coral Gables, Florida recently informed the Society that an IRA was bequeathed to the Society from deceased member Clifford J. Hall. We are very honored that he donated such a generous gift in his will.

The Dust of Kandahar by Ambassador Jonathan Addleton: I recently received an email from retired Ambassador Addleton. He informed me that “I served as the United States Senior Civilian Representative (SCR) in Kandahar from August 2012 until August 2013 and was attached to the Third Infantry Division for most of that time. Prior to arriving, I also participated in pre-deployment events at Fort Stewart, GA. Recently Naval Institute Press published my reflections on that year with the 3rd ID under the title The Dust of Kandahar: A Diplomat Among Warriors in Afghanistan. In effect, it also serves as a history of the 3rd ID deployment, at least through the eyes of a civilian. “I participated in all the briefings with General Abazov as well as most of the Purple Heart ceremonies, ramp ceremonies, and memorial services. I traveled extensively across the battlefield during that year, sharing in both the successes and heartbreaks of the 3rd ID. I also sang “Dog Faced Soldier” with the 3rd ID at the evening briefings throughout those twelve months. Here is a website with more details on The Dust of Kandahar; including some of the initial reviews: www.dustofkandahar.com” I will submit a review of this book for a future edition of the WOTR - Toby Knight

The Famous Italian Bersaglieri Honor Two Dogface Soldiers by Luigi Settimi: All around Europe, people are honoring the sacrifices of American Soldiers in WWI and WWII. I was recently contacted by Luigi Settimi from Monterotondo, Italy, concerning his establishment of a monument honoring Maurice Lee “Footsie” Britt and Floyd K. Lindstrom. In his own words he describes this journey. “Monterotondo is just a corner, a small corner of the world, where men fought like animals and were destroyed by war. My tale of two American guys, and the search for information has been beautiful, and at times, had touching moments. The nights spent trying to rebuild, translate, and design the story were not strenuous, but I knew I had it within myself and that I owed a lot to those two guys, like everyone else in my town. The hope is that the generations who come after will continue to honor and remember their sacrifices and that this small iron monument is only the seed planted in the ground, flanked by two cypress trees I call “Britt” and “Lindstrom.” I wish that one day the two cypress trees are healthy and tall so that everyone can see them and are a point of reference for all those who will see them from afar.

“See those?” Tell a tourist from St. Peter’s Terrace finally, “those are the cypresses of Britt and Lindstrom, two American heroes, who fought on that mountain to free Italy from Nazism and Fascism!”

The Bersaglieri are a corps of the Italian Army originally created by General Alessandro La Marmora, on 18 June 1836, to serve in the Army of the Kingdom of Sardinia, later to become the Royal Italian Army. They have always been a high-mobility, light infantry unit, and can still be recognized by the distinctive wide brimmed hat that they wear (only in dress uniform in modern times), decorated with black capereaulie feathers. The feathers are usually applied to their combat helmets. Another distinctive trait of the Bersaglieri is the fast jog (running) pace they keep on parades, instead of marching. Members of the Bersaglieri Corps are sharpshooters.

Hat with feathers worn in dress uniforms of Royal Italian Army sharpshooters.

The 98th Annual Reunion...
We Were Lucky

At the start of a new day, I was still standing, but barely. My first night on Korea's front line was a disaster. I almost killed a soldier, a soldier who was scheduled to rotate the next day. The shooting incident was an accident. But, I made sure thereafter that my chamber loaded .45 pistol's safety was on. Fortunately, the bullet missed the soldier, and he made it off the line successfully.

That same morning, the early sunrise found my platoon men still sleeping in their earthen bunkers. I was not sure how I was to announce to them that I was their new platoon leader. The platoon was part of Company A which was serving as reserve for the 1st Battalion of the 65th Puerto Rican Regiment. The regiment was part of the 3rd Infantry Division which held the west sector of the main line of resistance (MLR) southwest of the town of Chorwon.

Company A had a football-field-long trench which followed a crest of a low hill to the MLR. This trench was without any gun emplacements. The nightly patrols from the company would use the trench to reach the front line. Once there, they would exit over the top, down the trails of several fingers to the valley and Imjin River. Across the shallow river were the regiment's three important outposts; namely, Kelly, Big Nori, and Little Nori. Outpost Kelly was up and on the right, a short draw from the river. It was approximately 400 yards in front of the MLR.

Prior to my arrival on July 19, 1952, an ambush patrol had been surprised by the Chinese between Kelly and the MLR. The results of the firefight were that many were wounded. The survivors made it back safely to the line, but they left one dead member who had been decapitated.

Prior to my arrival on July 19, 1952, an ambush patrol had been surprised by the Chinese between Kelly and the MLR. The results of the firefight were that many were wounded. The survivors made it back safely to the line, but they left one dead member who had been decapitated.

At this juncture, I had my hands full. That is, I had to assume my leadership with the platoon after such an event. Added to the mix was my failure to speak or comprehend Spanish. Most of the company's bilingual sergeants had rotated leaving behind enlisted men who spoke only Spanish. It was impossible that day to acquaint myself with the men. I had to exercise patience. Go slowly. I needed to learn some simple commands in Spanish and fast. I didn't want to be caught with my proverbial 'pants' down.

If I had thought my first night on the line was the epitome of stupidity, there would be what they call the creme de la creme. On the surface, it didn't seem reckless. As it happened, the commanding officer, Colonel Cordero, desired the retrieval of the head of the soldier, who had been decapitated, for positive identification. It would be better to record the soldier as KIA instead of MIA. His parents deserved a proper notification. It was clear that my company commander, 1st Lieutenant Street, wanted to please the colonel. He agreed to organize a patrol to locate and return the head. It wasn't until I entered the company's CP that I was told I would be part of the patrol. It was now the second night.

Lieutenant Street, was an aggressive individual and "by the book." He appeared stiff like a ramrod, but he was fearless. Maybe a bit too fearless. He was a career individual who had signed an additional six-month extension to make captain. The announcement that I would be a part of the patrol made it very personal and troubling. How the Hell does one go about in the dark looking for a human head? There was some moonlight but it was limited, and there was no desire to use a flashlight. In addition to me, the patrol would have six enlisted men and a sergeant. Street in his infinite wisdom, considered my participation an excellent opportunity for me to familiarize myself with some of no-man's land.

We headed down to the front line, I was behind Street who was carrying, a folded black canvas bag. We went over the top which had a wide band of low barbwire. The trail leading down to the valley was clearly marked. It was covered by a multitude of strands of black commo wire. It was like we were "off to the races." Street literally ran down the trail. The men with their M1 rifles had trouble keeping the pace and...
A Look into the Life of WWI Vet

By Henry Bodden, Society Historian [from the archives]

“Every death is like a library burned down” (Alex Haley, author of Roots). While going through some of the boxes in the archives of the Third Infantry Division, I came across a sealed box which I proceeded to open and investigate. It contained a “Stars & Stripes” newspaper, plus about ten very old weathered and brittle newspapers from 1917—one hundred years old. These newspapers are very historically interesting as they serve as a 100-year-old time capsule. I hope to preserve and frame a few of the more interesting papers. Also within the box were several souvenir album postcards from France and Germany where the donor served during WWI.

I also came across a Chase Bank box that once contained checkbooks, but inside this box were about ten old weathered medals that really intrigued me. I called Keith Myers, a fellow historian with the Marine Corps League and an expert on the preservation of military artifacts. He identified each medal and placed them in a display box with a description of each medal.

Mr. Michaels was with Company L, 7th Infantry Regiment, Third Infantry Division (Rock of the Marne) of the American Expeditionary Forces of WWI. The most interesting medal (medal #1 in display box) was the WWI Victory medal with six campaign clasps—for Aisne, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Defensive Sector, and Meuse-Argonne campaigns which indicated his battle involvement. Note: Mr. Michaels (unofficially) attached his WWI ribbon with six campaign stars for his battles served into his United States issued medal. Of great interest to me was a 100-year-old mini diary, compliments of the First National Bank of Hastings, Pennsylvania, that chronicled his travels to the western front. The first page titled “My Soldier” has a photo of David at age 22 in an unidentified basketball uniform. He was born on April 17, 1895, in Cambria County, Pennsylvania. The next page indicates he enlisted on July 16, 1917, in Altoona, Pennsylvania. On July 17, 1917, he arrived in Camp Gettysburg National Park, Pennsylvania. “It rained the first three nights and [was] very hot at daytime. Sworn in July 18, 1917.”

Transfers

He writes “from Gettysburg to Camp Greene; Charlotte, North Carolina on November 4, 1917. Then on to Camp Merritt, New Jersey on March 28, 1918.” On April 7, 1918, he embarked from Hoboken New Jersey on the Aggeomenon [HMS Agamemnon?] with a convoy of six destroyers bound for Brest, France. He com-

Henry Bodden and Keith Myers display medals.
David Talmadge Michaels

He was then sent to the front and writes his first “under fire” was on June 1, 1918. The first fight he records was June 3, 1918 in the Champagne Marne Defense and three days without rations, “but very eager to fight.”

mentioned that he was very seasick, but the weather was pleasant. After arriving in Brest, France, on April 16, 1918, he completed his training on May 28, 1918. He was then sent to the front and writes his first “under fire” was on June 1, 1918. The first fight he records was June 3, 1918 in the Champagne Marne Defense and three days without rations, “but very eager to fight.” After his campaigns in “The Great War,” David was assigned to the Army of Occupation in the Alsace-Lorraine, Boppard and Koblenz areas, of France and Germany.

Homeward Bound

On August 15, 1919, he left Andernach, Germany, for Brest, France, where he departs on August 20, 1919, on the voyage back home. He writes “seas very rough causing delay of 28 hours, and ships very small on our nine-day trip.” He landed at Philadelphia and was discharged at Camp Dix, New Jersey. He is home on August 31, 1919.

After serving and fighting in six campaigns on the Western Front, I don’t have much information about his life after WWI. His obituary states his spouse was Blanche Marie Boucher, who died in 1982. They had two children, and on May 8, 1968, David Michaels died. David Talmadge Michaels served honorably and with distinction in the Third Infantry Division, 100 years ago, on foreign soil, and his life needs to be remembered as all do. I do not know when he donated these materials to our Archives, but I am honored to resurrect his military service and put a face to his combat exploits in France.
Midwest  
Chicago, IL

Outpost #1 will hold its spring meeting at Elgin Public House, 219 E Chicago St, Elgin, IL 60120-6502 Phone: 847-468-8810. The 11:30 AM meeting on Tuesday, May 23, 2017, features a visit to the Elgin Veterans Memorial Park a few blocks away. Other sites are available for us to visit and depending on what is decided at the meeting other sites may also be scheduled.

Please contact me via email at dlongfel1776@gmail.com, by phone at 815-973-0201 or by mail at 807 Washington Avenue, Dixon, IL 61021-1230 or you may contact Secretary/Treasurer John Spratt via email at jpspratt@gmail.com.

Please indicate how many will attend the meeting with you. If you would like to attend and need a ride, please let us know that. We will try to make arrangements if at all possible. We generally have 10-15 in attendance and would like it if more of you could attend. Also, if you happen to meet someone who served in the 3rd Infantry Division please invite them to come to our meeting and give them information about the Society of the 3rd Infantry Division.

Our fall 2017 Outpost #1 meeting would be in the Joliet area. If you know of any sites to see or places for us to meet and eat, please send the information to either me, Richard Longfellow, or John Spratt. Looking forward to seeing you at our spring meeting.

—Submitted by Richard Longfellow, President

John S. Cole  
Tampa, FL

Outpost #2 met on Saturday, March 11, 2017 at 12:00 noon at Capone’s Coal Fired Pizza, 2225 First St, Fort Myers, FL 33901. A report will follow in the June Watch on the Rhine. Rock of the Marne.

—Submitted by Robert Gibson, Secretary/Treasurer

Washington, DC

Plans are complete for OP #7 to once again remember and pay tribute to the Marnemen who have gone before us. On Memorial Day, Monday May 29, 2017, we will first meet at the 3rd Infantry Division Monument in front of the Arlington National Cemetery Amphitheater at 2:30 p.m. Following a brief ceremony at our Monument we will proceed to the Tomb of the Unknowns, where we are scheduled to have a formal wreath ceremony at 3:15 p.m. Any and all Marnemen who are in the area are welcome and encouraged to join us. It continues to be difficult to get approval for our Memorial Day and Veterans Day ceremonies at the Tomb so we need a strong show of force at our meetings to keep our Marne tradition alive and leading the few organizations who are allowed to have ceremonies at the Tomb on special days. Please save the date May 29 and attend if at all possible.

—Submitted by John Insani

Charles D. King  
Michigan

The spring meeting of Outpost 13 will be held on Saturday 13 May 2017 at noon at Bakers of Milford on Milford Road, three miles north of Exit 155 of Hwy I-96. If you are planning to attend, please let President Faulkner know by calling him at 248-231-8730.

See you there!

—Submitted by Gordon W. Draper, Vice President

Audie L. Murphy  
Huntsville, Texas

Outpost #35 members gathered at Golden Corral in Huntsville, Texas, at 11:00 AM on March 25th for lunch and a meeting. A report will follow in the June Watch on the Rhine.

—Submitted by Lynn Ball, Secretary-Treasurer

Hiroshi Miyamura  
Colorado

On March 4th many of us came together for Harold Nelson’s 102nd Birthday Celebration held at the Biaggio’s Restaurant in Colorado Springs, Colorado. The group consisted of Outpost Miyamura members, representatives from the Korea War Veterans Association, the Military Order of the Purple Heart, a Colonel recently retired from the USAF, two retired LT Colonels (USA), the former Chief of Police from Pueblo, CO, a member of the Denver Police Department, 2 civilian guests from New Mexico (not counting Hershey and Jim Hoffsis) and eight members of Harold’s family. There were forty-seven people in attendance.

On February 2nd Joe Anello and I met for breakfast in Castle Rock Colorado. One of my employees also joined us, SGT Matt Ortiz, a Purple Heart/Marine. Joe Anello gave Matt Ortiz a signed copy of Hiroshi Miyamura/Joe Anello’s book Forged in Fire. Matt also received one of Hiroshi’s and one of Joe’s coins.

In May 2017, Outpost Hiroshi Miyamura will be hosting our annual meeting in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Details will be provided soon.

Submitted by Bill Buntrock, Secretary
Tim and Monika Stoy visited with longtime Society Member Colonel, retired, Bill Ryan, his daughter, Patty, and son-in-law, Steve Lewis, in Manassas, Virginia. Colonel Ryan lives in a retirement home in Manassas. He will be 97 years old in October. Colonel Ryan served with the 15th Infantry Regiment from November 1944-June 1945.

Between 2 and 13 February 2017 Monika and Tim Stoy visited several special Society members on the West Coast. Our visit included Bob Dutil in Williams, California. Bob served with 3/7th Infantry in WWII. Bob is 91 years old and still going strong.

From Williams, we drove to Bend, Oregon, to visit our nation’s oldest living Medal of Honor recipient, Bob Maxwell. Bob is now 96 years old, and he served with 3/7th Infantry in WWII. We also visited the High Desert Museum which is a wonderful facility. Bob’s uniform, Medal, and other items connected to his military service are currently on display in the museum.

While visiting with Bob Maxwell we called Gregg Ross, the son of 3ID Medal of Honor recipient in WWII, Wilburn K. Ross, to check on how his father is doing. Unfortunately, Wilburn is at the VA Medical Center in Dupont, Washington, for memory care. We also called the Division’s other still living Medal of Honor recipient, Hiroshi Miyamura, in Gallup, New Mexico. Hershey is doing well but he doesn’t travel much as he is having problems with his legs.

From Northern California, we flew to Phoenix, Arizona, to visit former Society President David Mills and his wife Shirley. They live in a nice condo in Phoenix over winter and are doing well. David remains deeply interested in Society affairs and in the 15th Infantry Regiment Association. We very much enjoyed catching up with David and Shirley. Together we visited another Korean War Ex-Prisoner of War, Major, retired, Arden Rowley, who is living in nearby Mesa, Arizona.

David and Shirley accompanied us on a drive to Las Vegas, Nevada, where we visited with Society Member Donald Han. We first met Donald at the 2007 Society Reunion in Colorado Springs. Donald shared his truly unique American success story, going from a North Korean Army POW on Koje-Do to working for the US 8th Army. After the war, he worked in Las Vegas, New York, and Los Angeles.

David, Arden, and Donald will be joining Outpost International in Springfield, VA in April for the OP’s Korean War historical seminar. Bob Dutil will join us for our ceremonies in Germany and Austria in May. Bob Maxwell plans to join us for the Outpost’s 6th Army Group historical seminar in September.

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Response to M1 Carbine Article
By Royal A. Meyers, Medical Company, 65th Reg. 3rd Div. 1953

I read the article in the “Watch” by Kenneth Schmidt about the M1 Carbine with much interest. I never shot an M1 Carbine in field training, but learned quickly how to strip one after arriving in Pusan. I was given the task of teaching a group of Ethiopians how to field strip the weapon in a darkened tent. Needless to say, I was the one who learned.

I took my basic training at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania, on heavy weapons and then went to Camp Drake in Japan and finally to Eta Jima to train as a medic and ultimately transferred to Medical Company, 65th Reg. 3rd Division, Korea.

During July of 1953, Baker Company captured two Chinese prisoners. One took 30 rounds to his head and body and the GI ran out of ammo. To our amazement none of the bullets penetrated the bones of the scalp or his eyes. As you probably know the GI grabbed the barrel of his carbine and whacked the prisoner with the butt of his gun to subdue him.

I was the attending medic and had to attend to his wounds and prepare to evacuate him to our MASH Unit by helicopter. In assessing the wounds sustained by the Chinese prisoner, I questioned the needed muzzle velocity for today’s army while still keeping the carbine light (or equivalent weaponry). I know you will agree that accuracy is always determined by the situation and how one attacks the problem. I am confident that you will agree that, in the case above, there must be a better way to monitor muzzle velocity of bullet—possibly by color code.

Lastly my M1 Garand could knock the eyelashes of a mosquito at 100 yards. I will admit that sometimes I might hit the mosquito, and sometimes take privileges with the truth.

[Editor’s Note: There may be some inaccuracies in this article. The M1 Carbine was issued with a 15-round clip, though a 30-round clip could be used. The story about the Chinese soldier being shot 30 times has been going around for many years. Your call.] [You can respond to Royal at ramblings333@gmail.com]
PART 1

Prologue: My father, Bud Fink, was a member of the Third Infantry Division during WWII back in the days when the division song said “I eat Kraut for breakfast everyday.” He was a tanker and a proud member of the 756th Tank Battalion. He was an eighteen year old tank commander at the Colmar Pocket still a month from his nineteenth birthday. What follows are the stories of my father’s experience of basic training.

This is an American story about millions of men represented by one. By January 1943, America had been at war for two years. In January ’43 my father turned 17. He lived in Brooklyn, NY; he was a junior in high school, still played stickball in the streets, wasn’t old enough to drive or buy a drink, and was four years from being able to vote. But he did, what millions of men and boys before and after him did at the time, he joined the Army.

I’ve heard the stories of my father’s basic training experience so many times that a recent conversation made me realize that so many of our WWII Vets are either no longer with us or their memories are no longer with them. So hopefully, I can relate some of the experiences of my teenage father, which despite his personal terror at the time, are in retrospect humorous, so much so, that he often cackles with laughter telling the stories.

It began with his constant pestering of his parents about joining the Army and doing his duty. He must have been so annoying (runs in my family) that my grandmother finally relented and said “Go already.” He enlisted within days of his 17th birthday and a month later, on February 24th, he was called.

My grandfather drove my dad to Fort Dix, NJ, dropped him off at the gate and was off to see his sister in Lakewood. So here’s my Dad, 17 years old, 5’6” and 118 pounds. He had a 14-inch collar and a 29-inch waist. He was so small that my grandfather was sure the Army wouldn’t take him. He walked through the gate and presented his papers to the MPs and was told to go to the admin building. After that he is sent to his barrack and assigned a bunk. He was given a “critique” which is a rundown of what he should expect over the next couple of days.

Processing began: He received a physical, injections, a haircut which took seconds, uniforms, and equipment. The Army had its own method for boot sizing in those days. Recruits stood on a boot stand and lifted two buckets full of sand in each hand. The impression their feet made in the pad was measured and two pairs of boots were drawn.

He also got socks, underwear, blouse, overcoat, raincoat, OD’s (olive drab), suntans (khakis for summer, no short sleeves), ties, leggings, fatigues, brass insignias, helmet, web equipment, canteen, shelter half, tent pegs, trenching shovel, first aid kit, and an A bag and B bag to put them in. This was the first time in my father’s life where everything he got was brand new and of the finest quality.

The men were also fitted and given an overseas cap in the colored piping of the branch they were to serve in. Green-tanks, blue-infantry, red-field artillery, vermillion-coast artillery, and yellow-mechanized cavalry.

He was issued “dog tags” with his serial number 12230219. My father is 91 years old; this happened over 70 years ago, and he still remembers his serial number. In those days if your number started with 1, it designated you were regular army which meant you enlisted, and your service was for the duration of the war plus six months. Being that we never signed a treaty with Germany, I guess my old man is still in. An O start meant you were an officer and a start with 3 or 4 meant you were a NCO.

After three days at Fort Dix the tanker recruits were loaded onto trains departing for “basic” at Fort Knox, KY. During WWII it was not called boot camp. Dad doesn’t remember how long the trip took. All he knows was that it was light when he left Dix and dark when he got to Knox though someone did mention that their arrival time at Fort Knox was 2 A.M. Those days were not too far removed from the Depression and watches were still a luxury reserved for the wealthy.

The men were moved off the trains and onto busses on the way to the barracks. My father never forgot going through the gates of the fort and seeing a big sign that said WELCOME TO FORT KNOX KENTUCKY HOME OF THE ARMORED FORCE. At a reunion of the 756th Tank Battalion in 2002 he told me the sign was still there.

The barracks were drab, two story, clapboard buildings. Thirty men to each floor, sixty men to a building. There were 150 to 180 men in a company. My father was Company C, 12th Battalion.

After the confusion, fast pace, and sleeplessness of the past few days, his life was about to turn to the first terror of his military experience. The men in Company C were about to be introduced to the meanest “son of a bitch” they would encounter in their young lives, “GOD.” Referred to among the men for the rest of their lives as “Sergeant God, who promptly told them in no uncertain terms that their “souls may belong to Jesus, but for the next seventeen weeks your ass belongs to me.”

“Sergeant God” was old army. When he was angry and screaming, he could curse for forty minutes and not repeat himself; all the while, spit was landing on your face that was two
inches from his. He had been there since the late twenties. He and his corporals would teach his recruits the “army way” of doing things.

Recruits were issued a foot locker. Into that footlocker would go socks, underwear and other personal items folded in a particular way and placed in a precise order and position in the locker. The standing locker was where all the other clothes were on hangers with the hook of the hanger always pointing in. In the locker on the left was the raincoat, then overcoat, blouse, shirts, pants, fatigue. Always in that order, always with every button buttoned, every zipper zipped, and never a speck of dust in or on the outside of the locker. Boots spit-shined, evenly spaced laces all the way to the top and tied with equal loops in the bows of the laces.

This was just the beginning of the “army way” in basic during WWII. Future columns will deal with how the army broke recruits down and built men into a cohesive fighting force. It is funny in retrospect, but it was deadly serious to these young men at the time. It is a part of the fading American history of the sacrifice of our “Greatest Generation” that isn’t taught anymore.

PART II

In part one of Basic, the story of my father’s arrival at Fort Knox dealt with the “army way” of doing things. Sergeant “God” and his corporals drilled and drilled the men, harassed them into submission of acceptance of a discipline and order that mostly teenagers and men in their early twenties had never experienced.

The proverbial bouncing of a quarter on a bed is true but only one of the requirements of inspection of the barracks. The requirement of cleanliness of the barrack and personal belongings of these young soldiers was something that was taught, cajoled, shamed, and often driven into their psyche through punishment.

Saturday mornings was the time for inspection. This occurred after a grueling, physically and psychologically punishing week of training. The company commander or a colonel often accompanied the Sergeant. You would never want to embarrass your Sergeant because if you did there was “hell” to pay.

Dress for inspection was in your Class A dress uniforms: Pressed sharp, brass shined, boots spit shined, nothing in your pockets. According to my father, one of the great mysteries of basic was why the clothing had so many pockets but nothing was allowed in them.

Your locker would have all your issued clothing in the proper order starting from left to right with the hooks of hangers all pointing in. Every button would be buttoned, fly zipped, clothing pressed, boots spit-shined and laced to the top and tied with each bow of equal proportion. The locker itself would be clean and free of dust. The agony of being chewed out and the embarrassment when a wipe of a white-gloved-hand on the inside edge of a locker that would reveal dust was enough to cause terror.

The footlocker containing socks, underwear, and other personal items drew the same scrutiny. Everything rolled and folded the “army way” placed in exact position and order.

Not only were two men required to draw a cot’s bedding tight enough to bounce a quarter but the fifteen cots down a row were in perfect alignment as well as the army insignia on the blanket in perfect alignment, achieved through a series of string lines. The springs under the cots were wiped free of dust.

Wood floors were scrubbed with brushes, GI hard, brown soap, and hot water. The latrines were spotless. All the chromed plumbing behind and under toilets and sinks was scrubbed and polished as well as the latrine floors and walls. All the brass doorknobs were washed and polished.

During my Father’s first inspection a corporal called for a chair and unscrewed the grate on an exposed duct. The Sergeant then climbed the chair, stuck in a white gloved hand and came away with dirty digits. In future preparations for inspection, the man with the longest arms always cleaned the inside of the ducts as far as his arm could reach. My father never remembered another duct inspection but they never failed to clean the ducts anyway.

The men were issued their M1s after a week and they were taught to field strip and clean their weapons. The M1s were part of the inspection and memorizing your weapon’s serial numbers was part of the process. The purpose of all this and everything else at Basic was to establish discipline, order, and cohesiveness of a force that would act in concert in the terror of the battlefield.

The Army was taking men of a nation of essentially different cultures and trying to weld them into a single fighting force. My father remembers the agony of reveille at 0500 and seeing the southern farm boys on the porch just outside the barracks already dressed, having a smoke and ready to go. His bunk was just under the loudspeaker and he remembers always hearing the bugler’s lips against the mouthpiece prior to reveille. The bugle ruled life. Besides reveille there was the call for chow, attack, retreat, and Taps.

The day was started with a half-hour of calisthenics, jumping jacks, sit-ups and push-ups. Then back to barracks to make bunks and personal sanitation. When chow was blown you ran to the dining room and got in line. You were served by KP (kitchen police). Breakfast was often SOS (the army acronym for chopped beef on toast, decorum does not allow me to tell you what the first S stood for but O and S stand for, On a Shingle) eggs, bread, butter, coffee, milk, oranges, pork chops, and bacon. My Dad remembers the food as always greasy.

There was no short-stopping. If someone called for salt or pepper or any other condiment it went to the one that asked first. There was no shake of the salt on the way to the requestor. The lack of decorum of short-stopping was highly frowned upon as it was when I was a kid growing up.

After chow, it was constant drilling overseen by the noncoms. Learning to salute, the manual of arms, and drilling and marching in formation. The recruits were learning the intricacies and movements of deploying in formation. The purpose was to train a large body of men to move quickly, in a disciplined formation, and get ready to fight. Keep in mind that these men were tankers but the first six or seven weeks of basic was infantry training.

At noon, the bugler blew chow and you ran to mess. Lunch was generally meat sandwiches, coffee and water. After lunch, there were more drills. According to my father, it took about a
week until the unit could march and perform basic maneuvers without crashing into each other.

Everything was on a daily schedule for the entire seventeen weeks of Basic. Rain, snow, hurricane or the Armageddon would not disrupt the schedule and even one mistake could rain discipline on the rest of the guys in the platoon. Training films were considered a break but whoa unto God the tired GI that leaned against a wall or fell asleep during the film.

Dinner chow was heavily meat based, with lots of gravy, potatoes, vegetables and the ever-present large quantities of bread. Evening did not necessarily offer respite for the GI during Basic. Next time, fox hole, night hikes, the rifle range, and more.

A German Tale: Cold War

By Chris Armstrong

I had taken German in elementary school, middle school and high school, and could speak some German when I was assigned to 3rd Platoon, 3rd MP Co., 3rd ID in 1976. My German wasn’t all that good, but on a very basic level, I could deal with the German people so I had many adventures while I was stationed with 3rd ID.

Since I could speak some German it was common for our Platoon Sergeant SFC Thomas to use me for errands. One of my main errands consisted of grocery shopping whenever we went to the field. SFC Thomas was married to a German lady and had spent 18 of his 24 years in the Army in Germany. Per SFC Thomas, he was damned if he was going to pay to eat C-Rations, so I would make grocery runs. As the norm, we’d pull into the wooded area by some town. Generally, I would have no idea where we were, but Top would point out the nearest town on a map, give me some marks, and send me off.

One of my strangest encounters happened in the field, somewhere near the Fulda Gap area. As usually we’d pull into a wooded area and set up camp. It was snowing lightly that day and it was a muddy mess. Top called me over to the Lieutenant’s jeep and pointed out the nearest town for my shopping run. As I drove into town, I pulled my M151 up in front of the town’s butcher store to get Top his Blutwurst, or congealed blood cold cuts, his favorite. I had opened the shop’s door and was in the process of knocking the slab off my boots, when the woman behind the counter said in English, “Oh my, your American.” I was caught off guard and amazed. I approached the counter introducing myself to the lady who in turn introduced herself to me. It turns out that the lady behind the counter was from Texas. She had been a nurse at a Luftwaffe POW camp during WWII and had fallen in love with one of her patients, a pilot. After the war was over and her pilot had been sent back to Germany, he had returned to Texas and proposed marriage. Her husband was the town’s mayor and she ran the town’s butcher store. She took me down to her husband’s office and introduced me to her husband, the mayor; then she took me around to several shops, introducing me to her friends. We spent several days living in the sticks by that town, and I made several runs into town during that time and our money was good for nothing. Everything was gratis. They were awesome folks.

LUCKY from page 15

maintaining an upright position on the slippery wire. The sergeant brought up the rear. Once at the bottom, we hesitated. I had worked up a sweat. At the bottom, I made out numerous shallow circular shell holes which were all around us.

Just then, Street shouted, “Incoming!” There wasn’t a satisfactory depression to take cover in. I gave out with, “oh shit!” The incoming mortar rounds with their high trajectory were very audible. The distinct sound provided time to take cover. I was surprisingly calm. No panic, but very scared. At that instant, the six enlisted men scurried out and up the trail. In short, they bugged out. They ran back up to the front trench. The four mortar shells landed up and on the front line missing us and the departing men. The men never came back. And there we were, three leaders without a command to lead.

At the time, I was ignorant of the fact that the patrol was assembled without any communications with the front line. Apparently, Lt. Street had a good idea where the ambush had happened. Therefore, he did not take a radio operator. It was conjecture on my part, but he probably felt that he could get there and back without any trouble. But, we could have been ambushed and listed as another MIA statistic.

There was a command decision. Lt Street decided to abort the mission. That spoke volumes. I was glad to be alive to fight another day. The climb back up was silent and orderly. When we hit the top, the sergeant headed off to his bunker. The missing men had disappeared into their bunkers. I spoke to Lt. Street about the men who bugged out. What did he plan to do about the incident? There was no response. I saluted and returned to my bunker. I was not a happy camper. Could what had happened recur? I contemplated the situation. What if I came up was not good. I had no way to communicate with the enlisted men effectively. To rely on an intermediary to pass on commands didn’t cut the mustard. I collapsed into a deep sleep. Best to sleep on it.

Next morning, I confronted Lt. Street about his proposed action. He said he had spoken to the Colonel about the aborted mission. Colonel Cordero did not request another patrol to find the missing head. I pressed Street about disciplinary action to be taken with the men. The answer was that the Colonel did not wish to pursue the matter. The explanation was something to the effect that they were like children without proper supervision. He was going to overlook the matter. I could not believe my ears. Desertion under fire is a general court-martial offense, similar to a civilian trial but with a military judge and several officers who serve as a jury. I suppose technically, the Korean War was considered a police action. Maybe therefore, the rules could be overlooked.

The following month, Company A would provide all the nightly patrols for the remaining time the regiment was on line. Maybe as a result of our aborted patrol, subsequent nightly patrols would have the services of a scout dog and handler. They would become my security and possibly mitigate future violations.
The Eighty-Dollar Champion: Snowman, The Horse That Inspired a Nation, by Elizabeth Letts, is an excellent, very well written book. When I started reading it, I did not intend to publish a review in the Watch; however, the book covers the demise of farming in America as well as much information about the Nazis invasion and occupation of Holland during WWII, which is disbursed throughout the book. I thought our readers would be interested in the firsthand account of Harry de Leyer, the man who owned Snowman; he was a twelve-year old boy at the height of the Nazi occupation of Holland.

Harry de Leyer and his bride, Johanna, immigrated to America in 1948. In Holland, his family owned much land, horses, and a brewery. The Nazis destroyed much of what Harry knew of life, but they did not destroy his love for and knowledge of horses. As the eldest son, while growing up, Harry thought he would take over the farm and brewery as an adult. He thought of himself as a farmer. Upon entering America, he planned to farm. He took a tenant farmer job at a tobacco farm. The drought that year prevented that from working out so he moved to working with horses.

Due to his vast experience with horses and his previous awards earned in Holland, he was able to secure a position as the head master of horse training at the Knox School for Girls. Harry trained both horses and students to compete in Horse Shows. While the book does not discuss how he was paid, I assumed that he was paid for his time as well as the use of his horses. In 1956, he was in the market for a lesson horse so he went to the largest horse auction east of the Mississippi. Even though he arose very early for the long trip, his car created problems. The lights did not work; the windshield wipers worked only intermittently, and he had a flat tire. These problems together with the snow that was falling made Harry late for the auction that lasts only about two hours. No one remained on the grounds except the man who buys all of the horses that found no homes during the auction. He then sells them to a factory that kills the horses, processes their hides, and makes dogfood and glue from what is left of the animals.

Harry asked to look over the horses in the man’s trailer. They were all very nervous, except for one. Harry asked to look at that horse, a big grey gelding. Harry was impressed with the horse’s demeanor and the way the horse followed Harry with his eyes. Certainly, the horse was in poor shape: a missing shoe, open sores on his knees, scarring across his chest from pulling a heavy halter, plus he was eight or more years old. Nevertheless, Harry gave the man all the money he had, eighty dollars, with the understanding that he would deliver the horse to Harry’s home and stable, Hollandia.

When the horse arrived during the snowstorm, Harry’s children immediately fell in love with the horse and named him “Snowman.” Despite his sorry condition, with good care, he would fill out and be healthy. The gelding, even cleaned up and well fed, would never be beautiful. He was plain-faced and friendly as a favorite mutt—wised-eyed and eager to please, a “man’s best friend” kind of horse. However, beat up or not, this horse seemed brave. Even from the first day, Snowman gave three whinnies when Harry approached early in the mornings. Harry said he played the part of the farm rooster.

As a lesson horse, Snowman was more than satisfactory for quite some time. Harry tried to jump him, but Snowman did not seem to be interested. Eventually, Harry had acquired too many flashier horses and needed to make room in his stable. An elderly man who lived nearby wanted a calm horse to ride occasionally. The man pledged that he would give Snowman a good home. Even though Harry and the horse had bonded and Harry loved the horse, for business reasons, he sold Snowman.

A couple days later, Snowman arrived back at Harry’s stable. Discussion between the man and Harry ended with the man insisting he had not left a gate open. There was a repeat of this situation three or four times. Finally, Harry, puzzled by how the horse could have crossed several properties to get back to Hollandia, suggested the man tie Snowman to a rubber tire. That would prevent him getting out of the paddock. Harry was convinced that Snowman could not jump. The next day, Snowman was back with the tire still tied to him and parts of various fences stuck in the tire. Harry got the message, kept Snowman, and began training him to jump.

Soon he was competing as a show horse. Snowman competed against the best of the best and always won something, usually first prize, though he had a few second and third prizes. Snowman performed in many exhibitions, even before the President of the United States. Many articles and books were written about Snowman, and he was the popular favorite at most shows—the “underdog” rescued from the slaughterhouse.

By 1961 and ’62, Harry cut back on the number of shows in which Snowman competed. Harry felt the horse had done enough. After nearly a decade of continuing as a lesson horse, Snowman made a final appearance at his retirement at Madison Square Garden. The big white gates swung open, and Harry de Leyer walked into the arena under blazing lights and the cheers of thousands. All cleaned up for the occasion, Snowman followed willingly behind him. Men and women wearing evening finery came out to put a red-and-white blanket of roses on Snowman. Folded in their arms was a cooler in the green and yellow colors of Hollandia.

Following retirement, Snowman lived out his days in a beautiful pasture with pine trees. He was a great attraction which brought busloads of school children to visit him. Snowman passed away in 1974 and is buried at Hollandia.

Read the book. It is very inspirational. It includes a great index, many pages of notes, pages of interviews, and a bibliography of over one-hundred sources. It is the best-researched book I have read recently. I purchased my book at Sam’s Wholesale for about $10.00. I will definitely read it again.
Against Orders: Korea ‘52

By George Bjoetvedt VMD

George sold some of his 10-line story-plots to 20th Century Fox and several were adapted for the TV series M*A*S*H. The following story is an extension of one of those plots.

When I recall Korea in the summer of 1952, I remember that the stalemate was entering its second year. The Main Line of Resistance (MLR) had remained static with only outpost attacks that became tests of wills. The significance of these battles was lost on me. It probably had something to do with maintaining the fighting readiness of the infantry units. Sort of training with live ammunition. At the time, the truth of the matter was elusive for those who were doing the dying.

The problem was that in order to hold the line, replacements with combat experience were needed desperately. Officers who had served in WWII were an excellent resource. But, these men had made the transition from their military service into successful careers in civilian life. As patriots, they had signed up in the inactive reserves at the time of their discharge. Throughout the country these former army officers were called up to fight in the war. They left their families and civilian careers behind and took their places with the American forces on the MLR. For example, there were 1st Lieutenants who looked like they were passed over in grade several times. The others, regardless of their physical appearance, answered the call honorably to serve in another of America’s wars.

That August at Camp Casey, situated some three miles to the rear, we got our new commanding officer (CO) of the 1st BN, 65th Puerto Rican Regiment, 3rd ID. The Lt. Colonel, a career officer, had spent his entire military time in the Quarter Master Corps. This assignment would be his first combat command after twenty years of service. His appearance reminded me of a grandfather figure who, with his balding, fine strands of gray hair, glasses and a distended abdomen, did not exactly exude confidence. He had brought with him a library of Army field manuals. The possession of manuals struck me as being weird. But, I made no comment.

At the camp, he instituted a rigorous training program and rifle range firing. He personally demonstrated the proper sitting and prone positions for firing the M-1 rifle. At the time, I thought target practicing a bit strange. Also, rifle platoon leaders would have their men practice taking an enemy stronghold. The attacks were conducted during day light hours with the men walking in line guns blazing away at a small hill. These activities continued until the regiment was ordered back on line.

Strange things were to happen. The CO appeared with a field manual for the proper procedure for the convoy arrangement of a battalion's vehicles. The colonel who was in plain view was reading the manual and attempting to place the vehicles in their proper position. These included jeeps which were interspersed at proper intervals in front of the 6x6 trucks. But his directions were to no avail. The Puerto Ricans had performed this maneuver many times. They would pop up behind an open truck and toss equipment and duffel bags indiscriminately into the cargo space. Importantly however they would wait and then gently place a toilet seat on the top. Then the pile would be tied down with ropes. Once a truck's pile was secured it would pull out and head up to the front under darkness. The notion that a military convoy had to be arranged by the book was simply nonsense. The truth of the matter was that nobody was in charge. It was as they say, spontaneous.

After the regiment completed its move, the business at hand commenced with the departure of nightly patrols. The inference that the CO derived from the patrolling was that there were no prisoners taken. The patrols would return empty handed which was the norm. This outcome needed to be changed. The colonel proposed to his staff that a section of the front trench facing the enemy be cut and dirt removed. This significant gap in the line would attract enemy soldiers to infiltrate the position. When the enemy soldiers entered the line, they were to be clubbed and taken alive for interrogation at regiment. When word got down to front line companies there was complete disbelief of such a hair-brain scheme.

Fortunately, the plan was scratched by his staff who came up with an alternative. The S-3, Captain Atkins, a recent replacement, who had served in combat in WWII proposed attacking the enemy to get prisoners. Two squads would serve as a base of fire while another two squads would make the assault. I was to head the squads which would serve as the base of fire for the attacking squads. From the start, I had serious doubts of the success of the mission. The two groups were drawn from different line companies, there was a full moon out and the Chinese were in a strong defensible outpost. But on the map these limitations were not apparent. For these reasons, and the inability to communicate with the attacking group, I felt helpless. But there was no other option, you simply followed orders.

My squads left first, the fire power consisted of fourteen men with their M-1 rifles coupled with a 2.3” bazooka, a 30 caliber light machine gun, and a flame thrower. I literally freaked out with the thought of firing the flame thrower. Needless to say, it would mark our exact position to the enemy. Our route was down a finger that had not been used by any previous patrols. The finger was covered with close and thick bushes. These bushes had long, thin branches which ricocheted off the flame thrower tanks with a noise that would wake the dead. From my position, I looked back and could make out every man in the patrol. When we
36 Points and Home

By George Bjertvedt

January 1953 was a pivotal month for me in Korea. I was back on line as the intelligence officer, S-2, of the 1st Battalion, 65th Regiment. The appointment was authorized by Colonel Baker who was the G-2 of the 3rd Infantry Division. I knew the staff position to be a fact after a flight over the battalion’s front and into enemy territory. Plus, a box of Air Force aerial reconnaissance photos of the battalion’s front confirmed the assignment for sure. The intriguing part of the appointment was that it had commenced the previous summer when I was assigned as platoon leader in Company A. Now at the battalion’s Command Post (CP), I renewed old acquaintances. It was like a homecoming.

But there he stood, my Nemesis Captain Atkins, the battalion’s S-3 and acting executive officer (XO). Until now, there had been a long absence since we had a face-to-face meeting. His past threat to recommend a court-martial for me still rang clear. While serving as platoon leader in Company A, I had elected to abort a combat patrol mission. His threat was just that. Nothing came of the perceived violation, by me, of any of the articles of war. For me, I could not forgive his impulsive reaction. He obviously sensed my disgust. But now, we were staff equals regardless of the disparity of rank.

The personality issue was brushed aside. The problem for me was to prevent the unnecessarily sacrifice of lives. Sending out patrols, in the previous summer, without accurate intelligence information had been unsuccessful. Also, the capture of prisoners had proven unsuccessful. The employment of scout dogs on patrols was impossible. Their numbers were too small for the demand. The appeal of using aerial reconnaissance photos as an intelligence resource, was that they were available. Cost was not a problem. It could prove to be an effective measure in providing safety without compromising security.

With the aid of the section’s tech sergeant, we decided to compose a mosa-
On the Saturday following Thanksgiving, 2013, Ms. Karen, my 94-year-old father, Bill Gressinger, and I were visiting Pima Air and Space Museum. We were in Hangar #4 to view the beautifully restored B-29, when I happened to take notice of a P-51 Mustang near the big bomber. It’s name? “Bad Angel.”

I was admiring its aerodynamic lines and recalled enough history to know that until the Mustangs came into service, the skies over the Pacific Ocean were dominated by Japanese Zeros.

Then something very strange caught my eye. Proudly displayed on the fuselage of “Bad Angel” were the markings of the pilot’s kills: seven Nazis, one Italian, one Japanese, and one American. Huh? “Bad Angel” shot down an American airplane?

Was it a terrible mistake? Couldn’t be. If it had been an unfortunate misjudgment, certainly the pilot would not have displayed the American flag. I knew there had to be a good story here. Fortunately for us, one of the Museum’s many fine docents was on hand to tell it.

In 1942, the United States needed pilots for its war planes, lots of war planes, lots of pilots. Lt. Louis Curdes was one. When he was 22 years old, he graduated flight training school and was shipped off to the Mediterranean to fight Nazis in the air over Southern Europe.

He arrived at his 82nd Fighter Group, 95th Fighter Squadron in April, 1943, and was assigned a P-38 Lightning. Ten days later he shot down three German Messerschmitt Bf-109 fighters. A few weeks later, he downed two more German Bf-109’s. In less than a month of combat, Louis was an Ace. During the next three months, Louis shot down an Italian Me 202 fighter and two more Messerschmitt Bf-109’s before his luck ran out. A German fighter shot down his plane on August 27, 1943, over Salerno, Italy.

Captured by the Italians, he was sent to a POW camp near Rome. No doubt this is where he thought he would spend the remaining years of the war. It wasn’t to be. A few days later, the Italians surrendered. Louis and a few other pilots escaped before the Nazis could take control of the camp. One might think that such harrowing experiences would have taken the fight out of Louis, yet he volunteered for another combat tour.

This time, Uncle Sam sent him to the Philippines where he flew P-51 Mustangs. Soon after arriving in the Pacific Theater, Louis downed a Mitsubishi reconnaissance plane near Formosa. Now he was one of only three Americans to have kills against all three Axis Powers: Germany, Italy, and Japan.

Up until this point, young Lt. Curdes’ combat career had been stellar.

His story was about to take a twist so bizarre that it seems like the fictional creation of a Hollywood screenwriter. While attacking the Japanese-held island of
Lt. Colonel La Hatte, the battalion’s CO, acknowledged the potential contribution of the mosaic. It could become an important single source of intelligence information for his battalion. He requested that the S-2 section take over the additional mission of patrol planning. At first, the order could prove problematic, but I didn’t question why. Besides, he wouldn’t expect a 1st Lieutenant to disobey his order.

Perhaps the bigger surprise, with the operational change, was that it didn’t faze Captain Atkins. It didn’t surprise anyone in the battalion that Captain Atkins preferred his role as XO. It was more prestigious and intimidating. It made it easier for him to operate his specialty of “Red Dog” poker. He always managed to be the banker in the game of chance. Besides my disdain for the captain, I completely lacked any card sense. But others fell prey to his ever ready pack of “Bicycle” cards. Some of the players lost big money to the Mississippi boat gambler. Did they ever.

The waning weeks of winter were brutal with temperatures hovering well below freezing. In addition, February had many days of snow. Despite the elements, nightly patrols went out regularly. Protecting the men were their flak jackets, parkas, gloves, hand warmers, and insulated boots. Another safety measure was the routing and positioning of the patrols away from recent enemy foot trails in the snow. Any terrain feature or disturbance made by man was highlighted and avoided. Safety was instilled in the patrol leaders; however, they were still expected to do their duty. At this stage of the war, it was considered prudent to avoid fierce fights beyond the MLR. Better to make a hasty retreat back to the frontline trenches and call in mortar barrages. No need to become possible victims of friendly fire.

In the meantime, I was deeply moved by the appearance of the American replacements to the battalion. They looked so young. Maybe the reality was that I had gotten older. The draftees were shipped to Korea right after finishing their basic training. They were teenagers mostly from rural America. They had not received any training in night patrols. I had observed anxiety in many of their faces.

Word was that the regiment would be pulled off line for training and replacements by the end of March. The long winter was over. The patrols had accomplished their intended missions without any serious casualties. The requests for additional air reconnaissance photos over our front had added immeasurably to the safety of the patrolling. However, there was one report about a soldier who had shot himself in the foot. He broke under the strain of his participation in the patrols. He was quietly evacuated to the NORMASII (Norwegian) for surgery and religious counseling by the hospital’s Chaplain. He was eventually transferred to Tokyo General Hospital.

Back at Camp Casey, spring was in the air. At the camp, one of my duties was to prosecute, as trail judge advocate, cases of infractions by soldiers. Fortunately, the sentences amounted to either a drop in grade or forfeiture of pay. Another duty involved the battalion’s security. What it entailed was the removal of Korean girls who were plying their trade in the open, flat ground, and in the tall grass. The sergeant and I performed the round up quickly. The very young girls were deposited at the regiment’s stockade. To this day, I can still see their frightened faces cowering in a far corner of the stockade.

Eventually, the girls would be taken to NORMASH for medical examination. From there they would be placed in a secure, safe rehabilititating orphanage. Near the end of April, I was requested to report to Colonel La Hatte’s headquarters. He had my orders to return to the states. I respectfully declined the offer to remain an additional six months, in order to make captain. I felt some shame about the refusal. To compensate, I offered to take my replacement up to the line for orientation.

The colonel respectfully denied my request. The next day, I was on my way, part of the advance party, to Inchon and the USNS General Gordon and home. My nine-month combat tour with the 3rd ID was officially over.
**April 5, 2017:** Outpost #4 will meet at Golden Corral, 7117 N. Division Drive, Spokane, WA, at 11:30 AM.

**April 20-22, 2017:** Forgotten Units and Battles of the Korean War historical seminar and commemorative ceremony hosted by OP International at the Hilton Hotel, Springfield, VA. Contact Tim and Monika Stoy at timmoni15@yahoo.com for details.

**April 23, 2017:** Outpost #18 will meet at 10:30 AM at The Five Pillars Supper Club, Hwy 57 & City Truck Hwy. K. in Random Lake, WI.

**May, 2017:** Outpost #88 will hold its annual meeting in May. No date is yet firm and details will be provided soon.

**May 13, 2017:** Outpost #13 will meet at Baker’s of Milford at noon. The restaurant is on Milford Road three miles north of Exit 155 off Hwy I-96.

**May 23, 2017:** Outpost #1 will hold its spring meeting at Elgin Public House Restaurant, 219 E Chicago St, Elgin, IL 60120-6502 Phone: 847-468-8810 for a 11:30 AM meeting. We will visit Elgin Veterans’ Memorial Park after the meeting.

**May 27, 2017:** Outpost #88 will meet at 11:30 AM at the Olive Garden in Colorado Springs, located at Chapel Hills Mall at 7815 N. Academy Blvd.

**May 29, 2017:** Outpost #7 will conduct Memorial Day ceremonies at Arlington National Cemetery. Members will meet at the 3rd Infantry Division Monument at 2:30 PM for our wreath-laying ceremony. Events at the Tomb of the Unknowns are at 3:15 PM. Members are urged to attend. For more information, contact Dennis M. Barletta (dennisbarletta@gmail.com) or Pat Williamson (army3rdvtsr@gmail.com).

**September 14-16, 2017:** 9th Annual Historical Operation Dragoon Seminar and Commemoration will be held in Springfield, Virginia, and at Arlington National Cemetery.

**September 28-October 1, 2017:** Society of the 3rd Infantry Division 98th Reunion in San Antonio, Texas. See details in this issue of the Watch on the Rhine.

**October 14, 2017:** Outpost #13 will meet at Baker’s of Milford at noon. The restaurant is on Milford Road three miles north of Exit 155 off Hwy I-96.

**November 2017** is the 100th Anniversary of the 3rd Infantry Division. There will be many activities at Fort Stewart. More to come.
New Members — Society of the 3rd Infantry Division

9158 CHASE CALL, OPMA-ER
B Co, 3rd BSB, 1 ABCT (OIF) Oct2010-Aug2014
SSG, 3rd ID Soldiers Ball

9164 LESTER C. SCHAFFER, OP 5-ER
15th INF RGT, 1963-1965, SGT

9168 NATHAN PETERSEN, OPMA-ER
C Co, 2-7 IN, 1ABCT, 3ID, May 2016-Pres., CPT
Referred by MG James Rainey

ASSOCIATE ANNUAL MEMBERS

9152 LUIGI SETTIMI, OP 5845
Referred by 1SG Toby P. Knight

9154 ANASTASIA PRATT, OP 35-CR
Referred by Tom Maines

9159 SHARON STATZ, OP 18-CR
Referred by Sharon Statz

9160 TODD STATZ, OP 54-WR
Referred by Sharon Statz

9161 TAMMIE ALEKNA, OP 18-CR
Referred by Sharon Statz

9167 ANTHONY J. GRISANTI, OP 5-ER
Nov1903-Nov1905, PTC

9165 JUSTIN M. BELL, SGT, OP 35-CR
Referred by William Driggers

LIFE MEMBERS

9161 ROBERT PESTA, OPMA-ER
HHC, 1st BN/15th INF Jun 1971-Feb1973, SP/4

Last Call

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.

In Memoriam

We no longer list the addresses of our deceased members. This is being done to curtail predators and people who victimize our members’ survivors with schemes. If you need an address of one of the following, you can find it in your Roster or you can contact the editor, Lynn Ball. Contact information is on page 2 of the Watch.

During Jan-Feb 2017, the following personnel were identified as deceased.

JAMES W. NIKOLA
16INF/A, 1BN, Outpocct Harry, KOREA, Nov51 Nov52, CPL, DOD - December 16, 2016,
Reported by Tom Heitzer

ROBERT R. LARSEN SR
15INF/F, KOREA/Jun50-Jun53, MSGT
DOD - February 17, 2017 Reported by Bill Vanark

WILLIAM J. DILLON JR
15INF/M, KOREA/51-53, CPL
DOD - November 30, 2016 Reported by his daughter Deb Irvin

EUGENE C. EGG
7INF/B 1BN/HQ, KOREA, 1948-1950, LTC
DOD - February 22, 2016 Reported on the Internet

LIFE MEMBERS

RICHARD R. GALLMEYER
58FA/ & DIV/ARTY, KOREA, SGT
DOD - October 28, 2016,
Reported by new homeowner

RAYMOND D. WHITE
30INF/L, WW2, CPL, DOD - December 20, 2015,
 Reported on the Internet

LEONARD L. LEWAN
64TK, KOREA, May-Sep53, 1LT
DOD - January 7, 2017,
Reported by Lynn Ball

ANNUAL MEMBERS:

JAMES W. NIKOLA
16INF/A, 1BN, Outpocct Harry, KOREA, Nov51 Nov52, CPL, DOD - December 16, 2016,
Reported by Tom Heitzer

ROBERT R. LARSEN SR
15INF/F, KOREA/Jun50-Jun53, MSGT
DOD - February 17, 2017 Reported by Bill Vanark

WILLIAM J. DILLON JR
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7INF/B 1BN/HQ, KOREA, 1948-1950, LTC
DOD - February 22, 2016 Reported on the Internet

The Watch on the Rhine
**Purpose**

The Society of the Third Infantry Division, United States Army, was founded in 1919 and incorporated in 1958 as a non-profit, fraternal, social, educational, patriotic, military service organization and shall always remain non-profit and non-political.

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 goals for which it is formed, that same full measure of loyalty and devotion which my comrades have who have fallen to the Division and to the cause for which they fought.

Through my loyalty and devotion to their memory, they shall not be forgotten by the country, for which they died, or by the comrades at whose sides they fell.

To them, I pledge in peace and war the dedication of myself to that country and that cause to which they consecrated themselves.

**General Information**

All members in good standing receive the official bimonthly publication, *The Watch on the Rhine*. Life Members shall receive the *Watch on the Rhine* with no further dues payments during their lifetime. The National Membership Roster is printed every three years. All members receive a copy of the roster on the three-year cycle. All new members receive a copy. The next National Membership Roster will be printed in 2018.

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**Membership Application**

- **Date:**
- **New Regular Annual or Life Member (Circle Annual or Life)**
- **New Associate Annual or Life Member (Circle Annual or Life)**
- **Name**
  - (Last)
  - (First)
  - (Middle Initial)
- **Date of Birth**
  - (Required for Life Members)
- **Phone No**
- **E-Mail Address**
- **Home Address**
  - (Street)
  - (City)
  - (State)
  - (Zip+4)
- **Unit(s) Served with:**
- **Served From**
- **To**
- **Rank:**
- **Current/Former Occupation**
- **Spouse’s Name**
- **Amount Enclosed:**
- **Referred by:**

Please print clearly, detach, and mail this application for membership along with a check or money order payable to Society of the Third Infantry Division to: *The Society of Third Infantry Division, 510 W. York Street, Blue Hill, NE 68930-7488*

*Website: www.Society3rdID.org*
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 [39 Medals of Honor]
- Algeria-French Morocco (with arrowhead)
- Tunisia
- Sicily (with arrowhead)
- Naples-Foggia
- Anzio (with arrowhead)
- Rome-Arno
- Southern France (with arrowhead)
- Ardennes-Alsace
- Rhineland
- Central Europe

KOREAN WAR [13 Medals of Honor]
- CCF Intervention
- First UN Counteroffensive
- CCF Spring Offensive
- U.N. Summer-Fall Offensive
- Second Korean Winter
- Korea, Summer-Fall 1952
- Third Korean Winter
- Korea, Summer 1953

WAR ON TERRORISM [1 Medal of Honor]
- Liberation of Iraq
- Translilion of Iraq
- Iraqi Governance
- National Resolution
- Iraqi Surge
- Iraqi Sovereignty
- New Dawn

Rock of the Marne
- WWI 1917-1918
- Peacetime 1919-1941
- WWII 1941-1945
- Korea War 1950-1953
- Cold War 1945-1991
- Desert Storm 1990-1991
- Peacetime 1992-2001
- Bosnia 2000-2001
- Peacetime 2002-2003
- Middle East 2003-present

WWI, WWII, Korea, Cold War, Peacetime, Bosnia, Iraq, Afghanistan

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