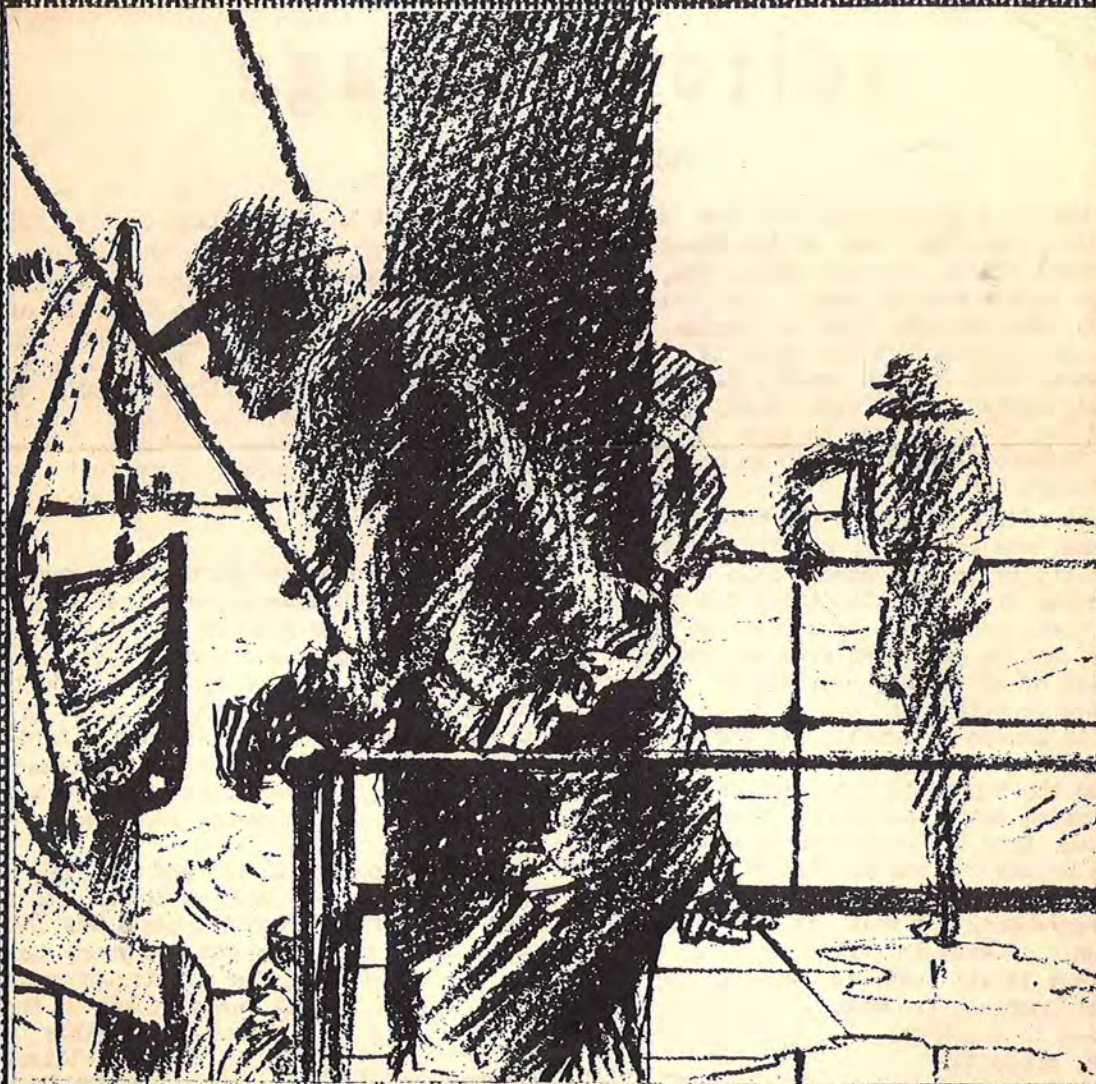


# the infantry live on bulletin

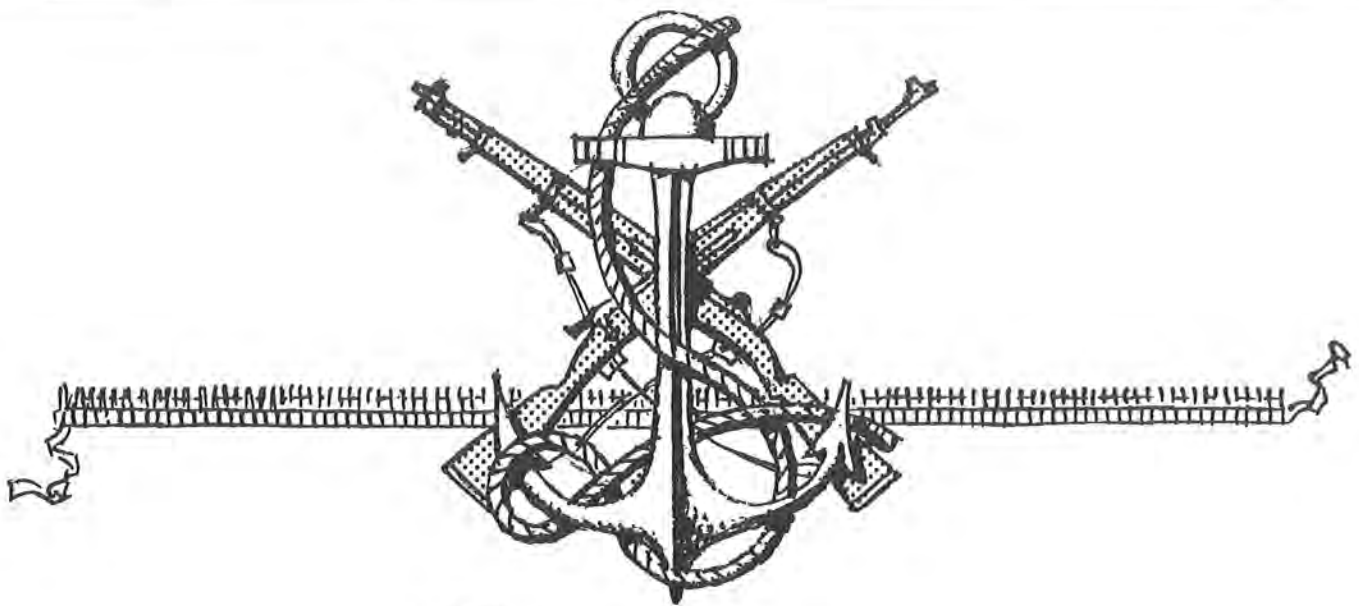


Vol. 13



No. 1





# editorial page

NOVEMBER LONG AGO

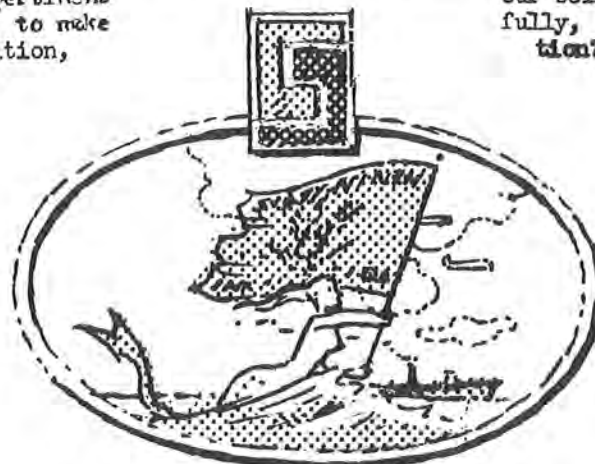
It has been the peculiar lot of the American soldier, from the eve of the Twentieth Century until almost, but not quite, the present, to go to his wars by sea. Our friends and allies, the Marines, like to imagine themselves alone in this, but the truth is that circumstance, that for the country has been wonderfully fortunate, has made us all amphibious, and for the young man to take up arms has been to make all but certain an ocean voyage lay before him.

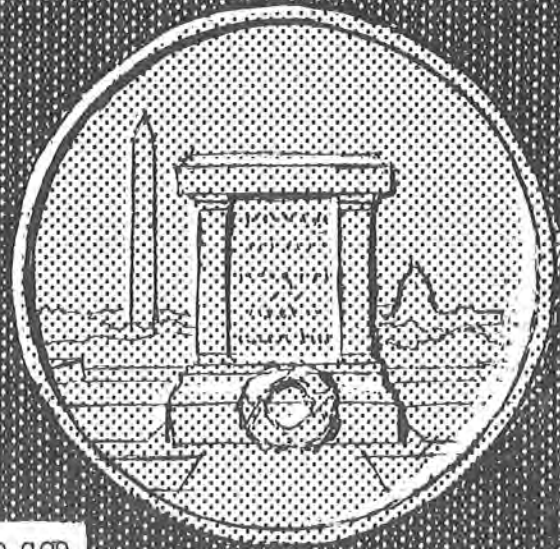
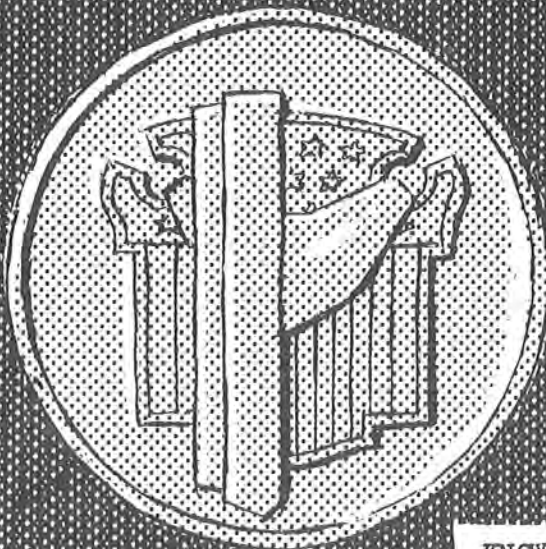
The first of the occasions for this, the war in Cuba, was soon over, but the corresponding activity, on the other side of the globe, in the distant Philippines, did not so soon die down, and troops have been on their way there, and to garrisons even so remote as the capital of old China, ever since. Nor did we have to wait for the first great struggle in Europe to come to its end before the transports were putting ashore assault parties on the shores of the Caribbean, and this continued until the last troops were brought home from the Dominican Republic, but ten years before our own participation in all this. It is not so clear this made friends for us everywhere, but that is another consideration. What is pertinent here is that it all went to make up a great American tradition, a tradition in which we, ourselves, presently came to play a part. A century and a half earlier, Canning, the British Prime Minister, whose role was among

the foremost in the pulling down of Napoleon, uttered his great lines on the period, "When, in the fullness of time, the New World would be called in to redress the balance of the old." In our own age, his great successor had repeated them. Well, here we were, the instrument of this. Billy Mitchell, among a rash of prophecies, not all of which were possessed of much more substance, predicted that the A. E. F. would turn out to have been the last army to cross the ocean. Not quite!

A day of two out of port many were sure battle could hold no terrors that would exceed those of the journey toward it. But recovery was general and soon. By and large, this interlude between rehearsal and performance was an agreeable one, and as "old Ocean's grey and lonely wastes" unfolded before us, the infinite horizon dictated something of the contemplative mood it is the intent of the cover drawing to convey.

Were we heavy with thought at the prospects that awaited us? I think it fair to say that was far from the case. Was this owed our being yet too young to grasp, fully, the gravity of our situation? Perhaps; but on the other hand, possibly we had been soldiers long enough to know that, whatever the future held in store, to dwell on it would not be, in any way, to alter it.





KNOWN BUT TO GOD

As all dedicated readers of the Bulletin are well aware, each Re-union is more wonderful than its predecessor. (Check old issues) Seriously, there really was something a little special about our recent assembly in the Nation's Capital. As is fitting, every time we have met there, a tribute has been paid the Unknown Soldier, with a simple ceremony at the Tomb accompanying the presentation of a wreath.

This year, something more ambitious was decided on. The Amphitheatre of Arlington Cemetery houses a Museum, given over to testimonials from, first, the Allied Powers of the First War, to the originally entombed Unknown American Soldier; then, many more from fraternal societies, and groups much like our own, made up of veterans, to not only that early occupant of the Tomb, but the two subsequently placed there, from our own war, and that in Korea. For permanent installation in that collection, on behalf of the Sixty-Ninth, a tablet was designed and executed during the course of the year, a project that was described and discussed at some length in previous numbers of the Bulletin, its completion on time sometimes appearing highly problematical, so formidably loomed the mountains of red tape before us.

But those obstacles were overcome, and on Saturday afternoon of the Re-union week-end a motorcade made up of the members and their guests left the hotel to cross the Potomac to the cemetery. There, a very moving ceremony, made splendid by the participation of the full Guard Platoon assigned to the Tomb, was held. In the central hall of the Museum, our tablet was turned over to the chief custodian, and placed by him in the case where it will remain on view, a part of the great collection of mem-

orials there brought to-gether. Then the Association's officers proceeded in a body through the parted files of the Guard Platoon to the Tomb itself, at whose base President Quickle placed the wreath of the Sixty-Ninth. All this was attended by a ceremonial drill strange to the old soldiers looking on, in that it was made up out of a manual peculiar to the Third Infantry, the regiment that provides this detail, but all the more striking by virtue of its novelty.

From the Tomb, the motorcade, re-assembled, drove to another famous resting place, the grave of President Kennedy. Here, the wonderfully accommodating Arlington authorities allowed us to by-pass the long lines of visitors that still, three-quarters of a year after the assassination, came to mourn, and to march past the grave ourselves, pausing while a gate was opened to permit Loar Quickle to present a wreath here, as well.

It might be added that all this was concluded by as hectic a ride through the city streets as any Washingtonian present had ever experienced, as the long line of cars was led back to the hotel at a bone-shaking pace by a party of District of Columbia motor-cycle patrolmen. One of these cyclists, as the procession hurtled around the circle that leads on to Memorial Bridge, went straight across the cement divider of that circle, jolted into the air all the way. Was he hardened to this, or astonished at what his bit of showboating subjected him to?

That this will last in the memories of all who took part goes without saying. For a more concrete token the cardboard medal pictured above will have to be settled for, that shows on one side the Tomb, with our wreath; on the other a shrouded United States shield, the chief motif of our tablet.





## The President's:

Loar Quickle,  
Princeton University Store,  
Box 31, Princeton, New Jersey

## The Treasurer's:

William P. Matlack,  
19 Barberry Road,  
West Islip, L. I.  
New York State

## The Corresponding Secretary's:

Sol Rosenblitt,  
601 Pelham Parkway,  
The Bronx, New York  
#312

In connection with names and addresses:

Clarence Marshall,  
345 6th Avenue,  
New Kensington, Pa.

For submission to the Bulletin:

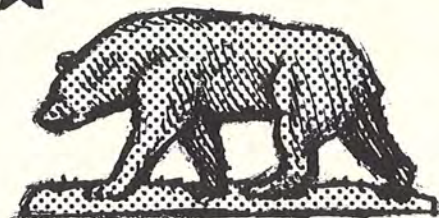
Pierce Rice,  
2001 16th Street, nw, #504  
Washington 9, D. C.  
20009



This year's award of the Association's \$500 Scholarship has been awarded to Bob Milich, son of Lester Milich, a long-time member of the Association. Bob's very high marks in Fair Lawn (New Jersey) High School are what earned him this honor, which will go toward his college expenses. We mentioned his father's early membership; Bob, himself, played a little part in Association history. He was the first youngster to attend a Division Re-union, Les having brought him to, if memory serves, that held in Washington a dozen years ago.

And on the eve of completing her scholarship, the first awarded, Margaret Young will soon be graduated by Shepherd State Teachers College, of West Virginia. Murry Galuten, the Chairman of the Scholarship Fund, keeping tabs on the kids so sponsored, assures us that Margaret's college career has been, in every way, a credit to herself, and gratifying to the Association.

This Fund, you know, is what ads in the Annual Re-union Journal support.



Particularly encouraging is the news that California is sending at least a dozen members on THE RETURN TO THE ELBE. California is, in any case, very active, with a vigorous and expanding Association Chapter.

The Chapter's President, Hugh Arnott, says nothing would please them more, out there, than to be hosts, in 1967, to the Re-union. Well, that's a long way off (in distance, not time) for a good many of us. On the other hand, who wouldn't love to see California? Certainly a lot of interest displayed in this invitation at the recent annual Business Meeting in Washington. We'll see.

In the meantime, Hugh is anxious to hear from any California Sixty-Niners not yet in touch with his group. Far West names that reach the Association Headquarters are sent on to him, but for readers that want to (as is best) write direct, here's the address:

Hugh G. Arnott,  
1010 Shady Brook Lane,  
Napa, California 94558

Also of great interest from out that way has been the turning up, at long last, of the whereabouts of the one member of the Sixty-Ninth to win world-wide acclaim. He, of course, was William Robertson, who led the First Battalion, 273, patrol that met the Russians. Bill, featured at the time in every newspaper in the country, and brought back to the States to be made much over, then disappeared from view, at least insofar as his old comrades went, for the next nineteen years. Now, writing the Association's President, he says: "Your efforts to locate me have been resoundingly successful!" Well, yes, in a manner of speaking, but that effort has gone on, intermittently, for that whole period. In any event, now we're delighted that the West Coast Branch has, at last, landed him.

William D. Robertson, M. D.,  
10702 Esterina Way,  
Culver City, California



Another member of the same Battalion recently located was Herb Smith, a platoon Sergeant with A Co., 273. Smitty, wounded on the Belgian border, in front of Kamberg, in February, was never heard from again, until, a year ago, Eddie Lucci, his old Platoon Leader, out to the Coast on business, finally ran him down. It was Smitty's and Eddie's platoon nearly all of whose members were killed in the terrible explosion, at Mischied, that also took the lives of an entire B Company platoon.

Herbert William Smith,  
West Montana Road,  
Ojai, California

And to the Re-union itself, an example to all of us, came, all the way from California, Eldon M. Atwood. These long trips, in either direction, are not easy, to say the least, but we hope we see Eldon soon again, perhaps with other members of the Chapter. His friends might be interested to know, by the way, that he looks startlingly youthful, and has a beautiful wife, genuinely youthful.

Eldon M. Atwood,  
Superior Court No. 1,  
Court House,  
El Centro, California

We don't quite understand that address, but there it is.

#### THE CAVALRY



Also working, certainly not at cross, but at what might be called, parallel, purposes, it now turns out, has been the Recon Troop. This bunch has held no less than thirteen annual re-unions of its own, over the years. A very fine roster of the Troop has been compiled, a copy of which has been given the Association, to be added to its own lists. The most recent Troop re-union was held almost on the eve of the Association's, early in August, at Columbus, Ohio.

Troopers in the Association, who did

not know their old buddies had an organization of their own, will want to get in touch with them. In this connection, they can write Ralph Riggs, at 2790 Fairfax Drive, Columbus, Ohio, or, in search of individual names, Clarence Marshall, keeper of the Association's roster, now embellished by this windfall, a whole unit at one fell swoop, very gratifying, in that the struggle, customarily, is for one name at a time. We hope next year, at Holiday West, we see every one of them.

#### PRELIMINARIES

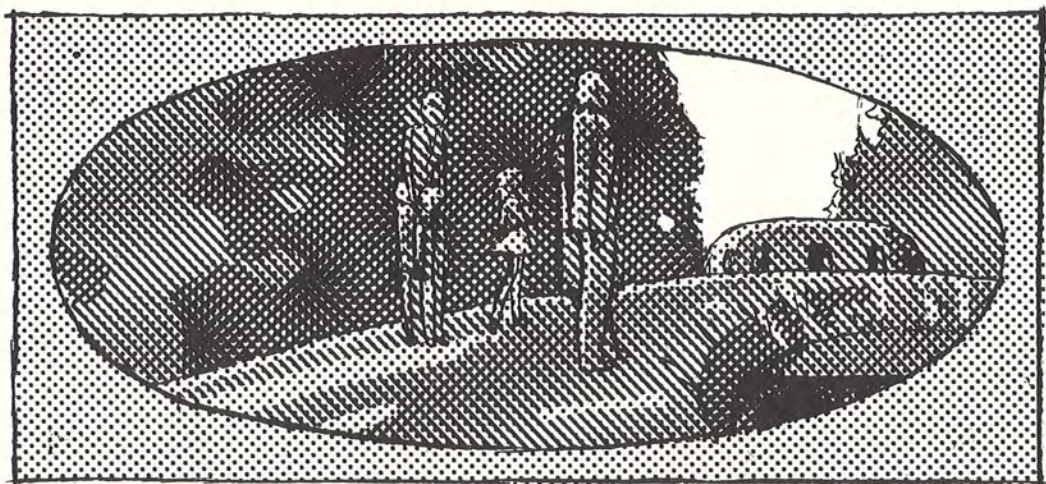


As it is described on the next page, and as its name, Return to the Elbe, indicates, the furthest point of our European trip will be the famous meeting-place between the Russians and ourselves.

Now, it is the President's thought, that it would really put the icing on the cake, in the memorializing of this momentous event of two decades ago, if some veterans of the 58th Guards Division, our counterparts in that meeting, could be brought from Russia to join us on the occasion.

In connection with this, last month, he and the Corresponding Secretary, Sol Rosenblitt, together with Ed Leary, of Division Headquarters, and one of the original members of the Association, met last month, in Princeton, with some representatives of the Soviet Army, who had been brought there as guests of Arms of Friendship, a group one of whose officers and founders is our own General Bolté. Of the five Russians, one a lieutenant general, and one, though a colonel, a woman, it cannot be claimed that an absolute promise to take care of this for us was elicited, but they are sympathetic to the idea, and will put it forward on their return home. Well, we'll see. But you can be sure Loar will be doing more than just waiting to hear from them on this score.





### THE ROAD BACK

The Bulletin's cover is a reminder of that voyage of twenty years ago that, though never to be forgotten by its passengers is already hazy in detail. Now an opportunity has come to refresh a great deal of what has been slipping from our memories, in retracing the path taken in that now far-off time.

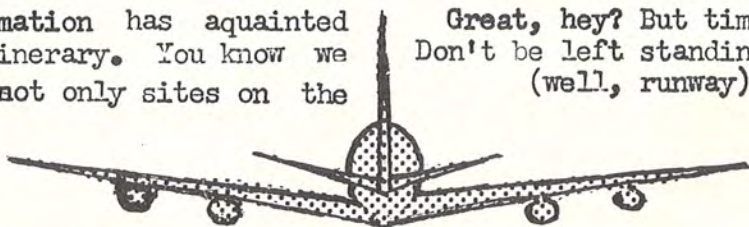
Already a large number of the members has taken advantage of President Quickle's efforts, in arranging, for the Spring of the year before us, a memorial journey to Europe, in which will be followed the old route to the Elbe. All the vacancies in one airplane are gone; the filling up of a second is well under way. The trip must be limited to two planes, so it is imperative, for those expecting to be a part of this sentimental pilgrimage, to be prompt in getting on the rolls. Some must, of necessity, be left behind. This is a reminder, not too early a one, not to risk the disappointment sure to be the lot of many

Earlier information has acquainted you with the itinerary. You know we will see again not only sites on the

Continent forever familiar to us, but our old stomping ground, Winchester and its environs. There will be additions; Paris and London were not included in the marching orders of the Sixty-Ninth, Heaven knows, though many of us got to one or both, fleetingly, but they are on the schedule laid out here. And the great culmination, of course, will be the arrival of our caravan at the Elbe, reached by but few of us originally, but of enormous interest as the scene of the climax of the Division's effort.

Leipsic, that we very much DID all reach, will be of perhaps even greater interest, not least from the isolation it has been subjected to by the developments that followed the war. But chiefly it stands out, a high point of our tank-town trip across Germany, as the one big city through which the campaign took us, and the scene of events all the more dramatic from their old, historic, setting.

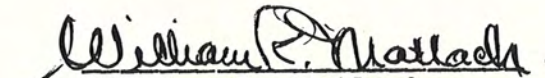
Great, hey? But time is on the wing. Don't be left standing on the dock.  
(well, runway)





STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENSES  
FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDED JULY 31, 1964

	<u>Total</u>	<u>Operating Fund</u>	<u>Welfare Fund</u>
Cash Balance - August 1, 1963	\$1,243.42	\$ -	\$1,243.42
<b>Receipts</b>			
Dues	1,651.90	1,651.90	
Convention 1963	2,280.10	2,280.10	
Convention 1964 (Reservations)	538.00	538.00	
Journal 1963	1,083.00		1,083.00
Journal 1964	120.00		120.00
Sale of Emblems, Glasses, etc.	356.23	356.23	
Ladies Auxiliary	79.50	79.50	
Welfare	<u>31.75</u>	<u>          </u>	<u>31.75</u>
Total Receipts	\$6,140.48	\$4,905.73	\$1,234.75
<b>Disbursements</b>			
Convention 1963	\$2,344.74	\$2,344.74	
Printing and Stationary	1,333.63	1,333.63	
Postage and Permits	273.29	273.29	
Purchase of Emblems, Glasses, etc.	370.04	370.04	
Journal Expenses 1963	435.00		435.00
Journal Expenses 1964	63.63		63.63
Scholarship	125.00		125.00
Shipping Charges & Travel Expenses	60.11	60.11	
Miscellaneous	<u>111.35</u>	<u>111.35</u>	<u>          </u>
Total Disbursements	\$5,116.79	\$4,493.16	\$ 623.63
Cash Balance - July 31, 1964	\$2,267.11	\$ 412.57	\$1,854.54

  
William R. Matlack  
Treasurer

Well, there's where it went. YOU are where it came from. No other source of funds, alas. We could use one, another source, that is, but we're confined, for operating purposes, to the membership's dues. A glance at the figures will indicate that, happily, the Association is in the black, by a little bit. But a glance will show, too, that far from our full roster are paid up for this year. The endeavor is to get the BULLETIN to everyone on the rolls, not checking names against record of payment, so the member who omits or delays his check doesn't too much hazard the likelihood of receiving his copy. On the other hand, punctuality, and, even more important, an increase in the number of members actually sending in dues make more certain the BULLETIN'S continued appearance. So, if you get a little pleasure out of keeping in touch with the old outfit, help maintain that tie.

Send your \$3.00 check or money order, or your three singles, to the Treasurer:

William P. Matlack,  
19 Barberry Road,  
West Islip, L. I.,  
New York State



MR ROY D SLOAN  
227 BOSLER AVE  
LEMOYNE PA  
A 271

RETURN REQUESTED

345 Sixth Avenue,  
New Kensington,  
Pennsylvania

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#### FINAL NOTES

Though the big event next year is, by all means, the TRIP, don't think for a minute there's any lessening of emphasis on the annual Re-union. That will be held from the 20th to the 22d of August, in the Holiday Inn West, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The arrangements are being made by Harold Starry, 150 Glendale, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Full details, with a run-down of the great number of attractions in the area, will be in the next BULLETIN. In the meantime, correspondence in regard to it should go direct to Harold.

The Return to the Elbe, you know, costs but \$625 a person, that covering everything including tips. If you still hope to squeeze aboard, \$75 down, a passenger, is required. If too late, back it will come; the risk is not of your seventy-five, but of your chances to go, if you keep fooling around.

There has been a great accumulation of correspondence, much of it responded to, much that we hoped to attend to in the BULLETIN, but so little a dent could have been made in the pile with the space available in this number, that the task has been put off for the issue to come, when the 1964 Re-union will be far behind us, and the Return to the Elbe awaiting only the day of departure, the writing members can be given our full attention.

In this connection, it should be mentioned here that the names on the Association's rolls have gone up by almost exactly one hundred per cent in the past three years, an increase largely the work of Jack Jones, as busy on the road on the Association's behalf, as for his firm, and Clarence Marshall, who has conducted a tireless campaign by mail to turn up old Sixty-Niners.

  
**Leo Andelman**  
mourned by his comrades