



**OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE 6TH INFANTRY DIVISION, INC.**

Featured in this issue:

BACK TO LINGAYAN GULF! and KOREA - COLD RAID

PAGE 3



Army Troop on the Road in Luzon before the

End of the War 1945

“THE SIGHTSEER”

National Association
of the 6th Infantry
Division

Vol. #40-2, Winter 2015

Editor: Thomas Price

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MESSAGES

From the President: Dear Members—
 All of our officers have agreed to serve for an additional term of office. Due to our dwindling resources, member numbers and board member capacity we are considering a proposal for dissolution to be voted upon September 15, 2016. This is an important issue that we urge all of you to consider.

Cliffor Kessen, President (Cannon & K Co, 1st Inf

From Thomas Price-Editor/ Website Historian:

I have served on the Board for the last decade. I am the person who makes sure you have a website and a Sightseer.

It is my duty to inform you that the National Association continues to struggle. It does not have sufficient membership or board membership. For these reasons the Board is providing **NOTICE** that it will consider a motion to dissolve the organization on or about **September 15, 2016.**

Funds for the organization are just over \$9,000 and our treasurer reports renewals (income) at \$20 per month. That is about \$240 per year. The cost for publication of the Sightseer every year is about \$1,200. Other expenses are several hundred more including maintaining the website. Dues paying members are dropping below 170. No reunion was held this year due to lack of capacity any members (including board members) to attend. The Board believes that we should consider a vote for dissolution. The 6th Infantry Division will never die and reunions and gatherings can continue, but the 501(c)(3) Corporation will consider dissolution in a thoughtful way while members can still participate in that decision.

I will keep the website maintained as long as I am able, and will assist in publishing the Sightseer, this year, but unless a proposal is voted upon for how to continue the organization by September of this year, I know of no good alternative other than dissolution. I encourage all of you to carefully consider the motion set out in the Board minutes of this issue and communicate with your board.

Thomas Price, Editor Website Historian,(son of Robert E. Price, 63rd Inf Co D, L & Hq)

NATIONAL OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES

NATIONAL OFFICERS

Sept. 2015 to Sept. 2016

PRESIDENT

Kessen, Clifford (Cannon & K Co, 1st Inf.)

VICE PRESIDENT

Copinger, Jr., Roger (Co.F, 63rd Inf.)

JR, VICE PRESIDENT

[VACANT]

SECRETARY

Wilson, Catherine S.,
(Daughter of Andrew Sharpe,
Co H 20th Inf)

TREASURER

Patricia Kessen

CHIEF OF STAFF & HISTORIAN

[VACANT]

EDITOR AND WEBSITE HISTORIAN

Price, Thomas E., (Son of Robert E. Co L, D, Hq. 63rd Inf.)

CHAPLAIN

McLogan, Russell (Co.K, 63rd. Inf)

SURGEON GENERAL

Groff, Robin (Son of Robert Groff, Co L. 63rd Inf)

SGT.- AT- ARMS

Groff, Kelly (Son of Robert Groff, Co L 63rd Inf.)

TRUSTEE COMMITTEE

TWO-YEAR (2014-16)

Halberg, Virgil E. (HQ/HQ Btry, 80th.FA Bn.)

ONE-YEAR (2014-2015)

DuPriest, Wm. Lee (Co.E, 20th.Inf.)

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

An advisory function to the current president, consisting of active past presidents:

Wessely, Joseph L (Co.K, 63rd Inf.), [deceased] (DOD May 14, 2015).



View of Medical Tent Luzon 1945

Back to Lingayan Gulf

By **ALBERT L. SESSLER,
JR.**

Co L. 20th Inf.

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Following Japan's surrender, the 20th Infantry Regiment moved again on September 7, 1945 for the last time on Luzon. We came down from Bagabag by truck through the Balete Pass and across central Luzon in a grueling all-night ride to the beaches of Lingayan Gulf. Our new base area was near San

Juan, only a few miles north of the well-remembered location which had been designated as Blue Beach, where we first came ashore in an amphibious landing on Luzon nine months before.

We arrived at our new location of San Fernando on the morning of September 8, and by nightfall we had our tents pitched and our cots in place, with mosquito bar racks set up. We were fortunate to have the tents pitched, since a heavy rain commenced just after dark. The rain still blew in from the sides of the tents, dampening the cots, but it was much better than being out in the open.

At this time, the scuttlebutt had it that the 6th Division would soon be headed to Japan for occupation duty. However planning at higher levels hadn't been completed, and changes were in the works.

Whatever our ultimate destination, it became more and more likely that we would be staying in one location until we left Luzon. We obtained a supply of lumber and built a floor for the tent which housed the battalion aid station. We also added wooden benches and a railing running around the perimeter of the tent. During the time that we were in Manila, we had managed

to acquire a large medicine stand, a metal desk and several metal chairs. Somehow we had managed to keep all of this equipment with us during our travels, and our aid station now took on what we considered to be quite a professional appearance.

Now that the war was over, we no longer had to treat gunshot, shrapnel and other combat-associated wounds. The clerical portion of my duties was relatively undemanding, consisting mainly of making out tags for patients going to the hospital and completing daily reports of cases treated. The most common medical treatments performed at the aid station included "painting" medical solutions on skin rashes and persistent "jungle rot," bandaging cuts, and treating similar non-life-threatening ailments.

With our duties no longer being involved with battle casualties, we spent a good deal of time on the beach and in the waters of Lingayen Gulf. Large waves and rough surf made swimming challenging, but just being in and around the water and soaking up the tropical sun were very pleasant. All in all, considering the attractive surroundings, the relatively easy duties, and above all, the relaxed feeling from knowing that the war was over and we would be going home, this was perhaps the most enjoyable period of my army career.

Also, about this time the Division started a class in basic Japanese, in which I enrolled. It met for a one-hour class three times a week. Unfortunately the class didn't continue long enough for me to acquire any appreciable knowledge of the language.

On September 21, an event of some symbolic significance took place, when all of the battalion medics turned in our firearms and were issued arm brassards with the traditional Medical Corps Red Cross on a white field. We were now up to snuff with the Geneva Convention. As has been noted previously, during the course of the war, the Japanese had ignored the Geneva Convention with respect to medical personnel. As a consequence, we did not wear any identifying insignia and carried the caliber 30 M-1 carbine, as well as hand grenades at times, for our protection. This differed from what we had heard from the European Theater, where the Germans, in this respect at least, fought a more civilized war and generally would not try to kill aid men and litter bearers who were going to the aid of a wounded soldier.

We were quite happy to relinquish our arms, since this meant that there would be no more rifle inspections or carrying of rifles in parades. The painstaking effort to remove the last grain of dust from a rifle bore to avoid a demerit on

inspection was thus no longer required, and we were grateful.

September 23 marked the completion of my second year of service in the army. I celebrated it by duty as Charge of Quarters in the battalion aid station. We had very few patients, so the main requirement was just being there. I spent most of the day reading and writing letters.

On September 30, several of us were gone all day from Camp San Juan on a sightseeing tour to Baguio, known as the summer capitol of the Philippines. The city is located in a mountainous area to the north of Lingayen Gulf and before the war was extensively used during the summer months by government officials and others when the stifling heat and humidity of Manila made life there quite unpleasant. Baguio was wrested from the Japanese only after very hard fighting which resulted in heavy casualties on both sides and left large parts of the city in ruins.

The excursion had been planned for the enjoyment of the troops, but turned into something of a fiasco because of the weather. We left Camp San Juan about 7:30 AM in a convoy of several trucks. The sky was overcast when we left, but we had hopes that the clouds would soon dissipate. However instead of improving, the weather became progressively worse. Luckily our trucks had

canvas tops so we were able to keep fairly dry.

The rain started soon after we left camp and continued all day. After riding for about an hour and a half through a level valley, we started up into the mountains. The scenery, which would have been breathtaking on a clear day, was almost totally obscured by fog.

From the trucks we caught glimpses of Filipino houses close to the road, most built on stilts, with thatched roofs. Sometimes there were tables between the stilts under the houses where the occupants sat, snug and out of the rain. From time to time, we would also see ruined buildings, mute reminders of the vicious battles fought along this road, not too long before. Occasionally we could see further and could admire the tiered rice paddies carved out of the sides of the mountains.

During the last half hour or so of our ride, we noticed that the temperature was dropping. By the time we reached Baguio, it was cold enough that I could see my breath.

We finally reached Baguio about 11 AM. We were given until 5PM to wander around and see the city. Baguio had been a substantial and important city before the war. Now, as in Manila, almost all of its modern buildings were mere heaps of rubble. In one large building, part of the first floor had been destroyed,

and the upper floors were tilted over this portion at a crazy angle to the ground.

In the midst of the destruction, small shops had sprung up everywhere, and with visiting GIs supplying the pesos, a brisk trade went on in clothing, food, souvenirs, etc. A restaurant supplied us with a good meal. The sturdy independence, resilience and entrepreneurial spirit of the Philippine people showed itself in their work ethic and ambition to commence their new life following liberation from the Japanese.

In the afternoon we continued our explorations in the cold rainy weather and finally decided to attend Baguio's one operating movie theater in order to warm up, dry off and relax. Finally, after a long wait in line, because many of the patrons stayed for more than one showing of the feature film, we were admitted and sank gratefully into chairs positioned about ten feet from the screen. As I recall, the movie was "Casablanca," which I had seen before, but the main objective was to get warm and to dry off.

We left the theater about an hour before the trucks were scheduled to return to Camp San Juan. There was no improvement in the weather, so we headed back to the trucks and waited to depart.

The return trip was a repetition of our drive up, only worse. The all-day rain

had made the road slick and treacherous, and in addition had precipitated some small landslides on the mountains towering over the road. At one point, it was necessary for us to de-truck and walk for a distance while the truck proceeded cautiously through a dangerous area. We finally reached camp about 8:30 PM. Though the trip had been made under conditions that were far from ideal, it had been an interesting experience and an opportunity to see one of the most important and picturesque cities of Luzon.

About this time, we began to hear rumors that the previous plans to send the 6th Division to Japan for occupation duty had been changed, and that we would be going to Korea instead. This, in fact, proved to be the case.

The return of troops "state-side" in accordance with their numbers of points credited continued. All those with more than 80 points left our unit around the end of September, and those with 70 points or more would soon follow. This was encouraging, but I knew that I still had a few months to serve overseas before I could join that happy throng.

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Korea-Cold – Raid

By

Roger Copinger

Co E 63rd Inf.

“You Boys Sleep as Close as You Can to Each Other, You Better Hug Each Other”

About 4 PM we halt at a clearing about 25 yards from the edge of a wood line which appears to be on some high ground with a mild slope of cleared ground falling into a large expanse of rice paddies. At the northern edge of the paddies are two typical Korean huts or hooches, probably 20' x 20' in size with a mixture of wood, stone and corrugated metal sides and the typical combination of wood, thatch and corrugated metal shed type roof. Our best guess is these two hooches, which are about half a mile away are probably going to be the objective of the raid. Sgt. Guthrie our platoon Sgt gets us together and tells us, “We will be using this clearing for our base camp tonight. Don't get any closer to the tree line than this immediate area; those two houses are the target of the raid. There will be no smoking after dark.”

He then designates two guys as lookouts and perimeter defense. As he departs to post the two guards, he adds, “Buddy up and start

pitching your tents - it's going to be cold as hell tonight.”

I end up with a skinny little guy from Texas that I really don't know. We begin searching for a spot to pitch our tent. We mutually agree on a reasonably flat area which doesn't seem to have any protruding stones or roots. Without much conversation we begin to button our shelter halves together, each of us produces a tent pole and the required number of stakes out of our packs. Like a couple of robots we erect our tent. We step back to evaluate our work and nod in agreement to express our satisfaction with the results. We now crawl in our tent, take our ponchos out of our packs and spread them on the ground, after some adjusting we are satisfied that the floor of our sleeping quarters for tonight will provide adequate protection from the cold and dampness of the ground.

On top of the poncho we both position our blankets so that we have two layers underneath us and two layers on top. About the time we decide these sleeping accommodations are as good as we can make them, Sgt. Guthrie tells us we have guard duty from 2200 to midnight.

Since I don't know this guy that well, we have some discussion about the advantages and disadvantages of the 2200 till midnight shift. We agree it's

not the worst, we probably won't try to go to sleep earlier, and since we will be in the sack by shortly after midnight, at least we will get six hours of interrupted sleep. We are continually reminded, “Keep the noise down, stay away from the edge of the woods and it's going to get very cold tonight.” Sgt. Guthrie tells us, “You better start eating now, when it gets dark there aren't going to be any flashlights and in these woods there's probably isn't enough moonlight to see what we are doing.” The entrée of C rations is opened with a tricky little can-opener which requires good eyesight and concentration. The smokers are warned, “get your last smoke now -when it gets dark, no smoking until daylight.”

The temperature continues to plummet and since we have not been issued severe cold weather clothing, there is a lot of bitching. We have seen guys from other units wearing Arctic shoe packs and fur hats and wool pants; we wonder where the hell are ours? The dropping temperature and the partially frozen C rations are subject to equal abuse. As it turns to dusk Sgt. Guthrie gets our attention and tells us, “Keep your voices down, that means just whisper because at night or particularly in this cold, noise is going to carry.” He also gives us the recognition /challenge (password) for tonight, “Apple Pam Dowdy.”

As darkness settles in some guys go to their tents in hopes of getting some sleep. Those of us with 2000 and 2200 duty sit in a small circle and continue to bitch about the weather, the lack of decent clothing and why we're stuck on a stupid mission that we don't even understand.

Soon a couple of the smokers figure out if they smoke in their tent, the light of the cigarette can't be seen, so the smokers are given a reprieve if the "in the tent only" rule is followed." Occasionally the conversation drifts to our mission which is "support of the raiding party." We have no idea what unit will conduct the raid, what the actual mission is, and of great concern; what support they will need, if any? Guthrie in his many walks thru the bivouac area assures us we will know every thing we need to know "when the time comes." We agree Guthrie's a good man and with a guy like him in charge, it's probably better that they are no officers around.

We wonder; where are the other three platoons? Are we the only support available? The muted conversation becomes even more subdued and reflective. We are a so called "Training Company," still learning to perform our mission in this environment. We have no automatic weapons, no Medic and a lot of other stuff

we are really going to need if we get involved in a fire fight. Each of us voices our inner thoughts in the form of a question, not really expecting an answer.

"What are we doing in this God forsaken country, freezing to death in a woods, supporting a mission against who?" That's a good question, "Who in the hell are we after?" On any given day the enemy could be renegade Japanese fanatics who refuse to surrender, deserters from the Japanese army who don't want to go home, because they'll probably be shot, communist infiltrators from the North, repatriated native Korean Communists from China or just plain Korean criminals? All of them have had no problem in attacking and killing American GIs.

The two guys on the 2000 to 2200 shift get up and go their separate ways to relieve the guys on duty who come back and tell us how cold it is out there and into their tent they go. My tent mate, Johnson, is not a conversationalist, he is 23 years old, a draftee, hates the Army and really doesn't like anything, Talking to kill time really does not go anywhere with him, we continue to sit on a fallen tree staring into the dark, with no conversation. Since it's getting colder and my teeth are beginning to chatter, I start during doing jumping jacks and running in place to keep warm. This physical activity is a lot more

productive than trying to talk to someone who doesn't want to talk. I spend my time thinking of warmer climates and fantasizing of better days. Johnson sits staring into darkness and saying nothing. He doesn't even move to keep warm.

The guy I am going to relieve comes out of the woods, tells me, "Your turn, It's boring out there, nothing is happening. Don't freeze to death, don't forget to put a clip in your weapon, unlock the safety." As he turns to head for his tent, he says, "Have a great evening."

I put a clip of ammo in my rifle, unlatch the safety and throw it on my shoulder walk to the edge of the clearing and find the engineer tape on the ground.

This tape will lead me to my listening post. About four steps along the tape my training takes over and I move a couple steps into the woods and relieve myself.

Since basic training, it has been drilled into us that both the Germans and Japanese, at night will infiltrate a position and just wait until the unsuspecting G.I. stands up to relieve himself. The normal body function is accelerated in the cold weather. The Army training doctrine: "Other cultures have no problem urinating in their clothes or urinating in an area they are occupying 'i.e., sitting or sleeping. Americans are reluctant to

come in contact or remain in close proximity to their own waste.” The Army solution to this situation is: “Remove your steel helmet, hold it as close to your leg(s) as possible. To eliminate any sound, urinate directly into the helmet. Depending upon your position, with out standing, place the helmet on the ground as far from your position as possible and carefully pour the contents directly into the ground insuring silence.”

I go back to the path; follow the engineer tape through the pitch black woods until I come to the end where I find a small depression in the ground with a fallen tree. By this time my eyes have adjusted to the total darkness. After a short visual survey of the area I conclude this is a pretty good spot. The moon is not providing much light in the woods but it is lighting up the cleared area between us and the rice paddies and any movement out there can be pretty easily detected. In the other direction there are a lot of Pine trees and dead underbrush. Any movement in that area is going to have to be picked up by my ears. It gets colder so I've got to convince myself I must be able to run in place and do jumping jacks while remaining totally silent. Is this is going to be possible or am I going to freeze to death?

I know the next two hours are going to be the longest

two hours of my life. Listening and watching in the pitch black middle of the night and subfreezing weather is guaranteed to make you miserable. If you look at your watch, by the third time you are convinced your watch stopped or is broken, the hands aren't moving.

Every noise around me brings me to the firing position. Is it a rabbit; is it a groundhog, is it a person? This gets the adrenaline pumping and is supposed to raise my body heat. It's so cold out here; any body heat I may have had is long gone. I am continually checking the safety on my rifle, making sure it's off. This little action requires me to take my right glove off.: With your gloves on, in the dark, it's hard to determine whether it's 'On' or "Off". The night drags on, my ears and feet are freezing, running in place and stomping my feet without making any noise is not possible, I resort to deep knee bends and twisting my hips.

As the temperature continues to fall, so do my spirits, where is the cold weather gear we have not been issued? Where are the wool watch caps which go under the steel helmet? The parkas, the shoe packs and the cold-weather socks are all neatly folded and stacked back in our company supply rooms. “This is a training mission, only one night- that stuff will slow us down.” My

ears are so cold they are burning, I take my helmet off, put my hands over my ears.

I hope for the best, every time I put my hands over my ears I think I hear something . Instinctively I put on my steel pot and bring my rifle to the ready. My teeth are chattering and I can't feel my toes anymore I try some deep knee bends, hopefully to keep me from freezing to death. I hesitantly check my watch, its 11:15. Only 45 minutes to go, I'll probably make it,, more than half of it is behind me. I begin to daydream of the warm nights of two summers ago, partying and swimming in Loch Raven.

I am startled out of my frozen trance; suddenly I'm wide awake with my rifle at the ready. A glow of light is coming from the direction of the hooches. Has the raid started? Is the place on fire? Abruptly the light is gone. Straining my eyes I see nothing but darkness and begin to figure out probably somebody opened or closed the door. As poorly lit as these native hooches are lit, in this absolute darkness the light appears to be brighter then it actually is. I check my watch as I must tell the guy relieving me, what time and what happened and to my surprise, it's 11:50. I get out of my half crouched, half kneeling, position, can hardly stand up, much less walk, I am so stiff. As I make my way back to base camp I realize my feet and my ears feel as if they are on fire, a

sure indication of frostbite. Fortunately the guy relieving me is standing at the end of the tape, I tell him what has just transpired, and my parting word is "I hope you don't freeze to death." He replies, "I know, I just checked my canteen, and it's frozen solid."

Walking back to my tent I check my canteen, it is filled with ice. Johnson is already getting into the tent, I can tell he's not happy, he doesn't speak, is intent on getting his blanket straight. I muse, "No brushing my teeth before I go to bed tonight, the water won't pour out of my canteen."

Inside the tent is no warmer than outside. I can still see my breath, the rubberized poncho dozen bend, it cracks, and it's frozen to the ground and is hard as a rock. As I prepare to get in bed I'm still wearing my gloves, my field jacket and combat boots. Fortunately in my pack I have my cloth fatigue cap.

It doesn't cover my ears but it does keep the top of my head warm. I notice Johnson is also putting on his fatigue cap. Hopefully this will help keep my head and ears from freezing. Johnson works his way into his blankets. I notice, he still has on his boots, his gloves and his field jacket and his teeth are chattering .as I contemplate what to wear to try to get some sleep, ever present, conscientious Sgt. Guthrie shakes our tent, and quietly

says, "You boys sleep as close as you can to each other, you better hug each other. We're going to be below zero tonight."

I have always thought anybody can be miserable. Conversely it's my nature to try being as comfortable as I can. Before I get into my blankets, I take my boots off; the gloves are coming off too. I unbutton my field jacket and tunnel myself into my blankets hoping to get some sleep. Johnson is silent. I don't think he's asleep. As I settle in my blankets, I'm suddenly aware the ground side of me is cold, very cold, I stick my hand out of the blanket and can feel the cold coming off the ground . We can both see our breath. Neither of us is sleeping, I can see and feel Johnson shivering and hear his teeth chattering. Several times each of us individually rearrange our blankets actually trying to get more heat out of them but since we only have two blankets each, this proves to be a futile exercise. Sometime in the night we decide to rearrange the blankets, putting two full blankets underneath us and spreading the other two blankets on top of us. By getting closer together the top two blankets are allowed to drape on the ground sealing off the cold air coming in from the sides.

We are now actually positioned with our bodies touching back to back; my

problem is Johnson is still shivering. Sleep is impossible. After some stilted conversation we realize that our backs are warmer where they are touching. Using Sgt. Guthrie's advice we rollover, face each other and actually put our arms and legs around each other. His stinking breath turns my stomach, but before chewing him out I realize mine is probably just as bad. While trying to recall the last time I brushed my teeth I realize that I am getting a little warmer. Probably from sheer exhaustion I drift into a restless sleep.

We are awakened around daybreak by some small arms fire and guys outside the tent milling around, bitching about the cold and watching the raid. Johnson fully dressed, is out of the tent immediately .I grab my boots only to find they are frozen, the leather will not bend and they are ice cold, just like my feet which I can't force in the boots because the leather is too stiff. I bring the boots under the blankets and begin to beat on them, put them under my rear end and bounce up and down on them. After a couple minutes of this I am able to get my feet into them.

Lesson learned; from this point on, any time I took my boots off at night when we were in the field, the boots came under the covers or into the sleeping bag (which we will be issued eventually)

with me. By the time I get my feet into my frozen boots, the raid is about over as people are being dragged out of the

huts and loaded into the back of army trucks.

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**TAPS, REST IN PEACE,
DEDICATED TO ALL THOSE WHO SERVED IN WAR AND PEACE.**



- **To all our fallen comrades and supporters over the last 83 plus years of the Sightseer and the last**

100 year of the 6th Infantry Division of the United States Army

DONATIONS



Thanks to all those who have donated to our organization over the many decades of our existence.

JEEP TRACKS



List of members who have paid their dues since the last issue of the Sightseer.

63rd Infantry

George J. Saperstein
63rd Med

Richard A. Gardener
HQ Co. 1st Btn

Elsie P. Laub
Wife of Glen P. Laub
Co. K

Freddie S. Howard
Co. C 53rd FA

Charles R. Kramer
Co. K

20th Infantry

Robert E. Hartinger
Co. F, 2nd Btn

MAIL CALL!

Thank you all for your service to this organization and to the United States

Message from the Website Historian and Editor, Thomas Price:

To All Members of the National Association:

We need your input. The National Association's members, including our Board of Officers, have agreed to serve **one additional term**. This was voted upon and ratified by the Board. Because of dwindling numbers of members, the Board intends to serve this one additional term while we consider how best we might preserve our history and legacy. In doing so, the officers are considering how best to wind up the organization and to whom to donate our funds and artifacts. This would mean dissolution. The likely recipient of our funds and artifacts would be a Military History Museum, such as Carlisle Barracks Pennsylvania where the National Military History Institute Resides for the United States Army.

One last reunion is being considered as we say goodbye and consider voting on dissolution. This may be your next to the last Newsletter! Bear in mind that your membership is for a non-profit organization. Your dues entitles you the right to vote for a board, and go to preserve history, and to tell the story of the 6th Infantry Division. All of our contributions to this organization will live on in the museum or non-profit to whom our funds artifacts and resources may be donated.

The website, will live on, but if we vote to dissolve the organization, the newsletters will discontinue. Any donations will be donated to the qualified charitable recipient of our organization.

It has now been 70 years since the end of World War II, and the Sightseers Newsletter stretches back to, at least 1932 some 83 years ago. The 6th Infantry Division was disbanded in the 1990s. Regiments live on in other units of the US Army. The old soldiers, protectors of our liberty, nation and our way of life, may fade away, but their history and legacy will never die.

Sincerely, Thomas Price, Editor and Website Historian.

MINUTES OF NATIONAL 6TH INFANTRY DIVISION ELECTRONIC MEETING 2015

Election of Officers: All Officers agreed to continue in their same position via electronic meeting until the organization could determine the appropriate steps to wind up the organization. The motion was acclaimed by all Officers via electronic voting.

Proposed and pending is a resolution by the Board to wind up the organization and donate the existing funds and artifacts to a Military Museum devoted to preserving Military History. The resolution now pending before the Board is as follows, moved by Thomas Price, and seconded by Russ McLogan and Catherine Wilson.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A MOTION HAS BEEN MADE AND SECONDED TO PROPOSE THAT THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTION IS AND SHOULD BE VOTED UPON BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS THIS YEAR AS FOLLOWS:

TO DISSOLVE THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE 6TH INFANTRY DIVISION, INC., AND DONATE ITS FUNDS AND ARTIFACTS TO THE NATIONAL MILITARY HISTORY INSTITUTE AND MUSEUM AT CARLISLE BARRACKS PENNSYLVANIA OR ANOTHER SUITABLE MUSEUM AND QUALIFYING 501(C)(3) CORPORATION.

IT IS FURTHER MOVED THAT A VOTE ON THE RESOLUTION TO DISSOLVE THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE 6TH INFANTRY DIVISION BE TAKEN UP BY THE BOARD AND ALL MEMBERSHIP INTERESTED IN PARTICIATION **ON OR ABOUT SEPTEMBER 15, 2016.**

MEMBER SENTIMENTS ON THE PROPOSED RESOLUTION ARE REQUESTED. VOTES ON THE RESOLUTION BY THE BOARD WILL BE CAST in WRITING, BY MAIL OR ELECTRONICALLY conveyed to our **SECRETARY CATHERINE WILSON STATING "YES" OR "NO" REGARDING "DISSOLUTION" BY NO LATTER THAN SEPTEMBER 15, 2016 AT:**

Catherine Wilson
Secretary 6th Infantry Division

Respectfully submitted,

Cathy Wilson, Secretary

Message from Thomas Price---Dear Members and Board:

In the event that the Board votes for dissolution, the organization will need to engage the services of an attorney in Oregon to draw up the paperwork and assist with that process. I am not in a position to provide that service or any legal advice to the organization. I can however recommend an attorney in Oregon to assist with the paperwork and process and suggest that this is considered earlier rather than later.

Sincerely, Thomas Price, Website Historian.



Membership Form - Note New Address for Mailing Dues To our New Treasurer Patricia Kessen

NOTICE TO ALL CURRENT MEMBERS AND ALL PROSPECTIVE NEW MEMBERS:

YOUR MEMBERSHIP IS A DONATION TO OUR NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION AND ENTITLES YOU TO A VOTE ON MATTERS SPECIFIC TO THE RIGHTS OF MEMBERSHIP INCLUDING ELECTING THE BOARD. IN THE EVENT OF DISSOLUTION, THE SIGHTSEER WOULD BE DISCONTINUED. KEEP THIS IN MIND IN CONSIDERING RENEWAL OF MEMBERSHIP. Membership is entitlement to a vote, not entitlement to a newsletter.

PLEASE PRINT
(CUT THIS FORM OUT) **MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION - RENEWAL**
National Association of the 6th. Infantry Division, Inc.

NAME _____, _____, _____
(LAST) (FIRST) (INITIAL)

ADDRESS _____
(NUMBER & STREET) (BOX NO./ APT.#)

(CITY) (STATE) (ZIP CODE)

(_____) - ____ - ____ E-Mail _____
phone #

Served in : Company/Btry- _____ UNIT _____
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DUES
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