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1ST Battalion 50th Association



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From the Hatch

Hello everyone,

I hope that everyone had a good Veteran's Day.



It has been a busy time down at Ft. Benning. I have had the privilege of going to many graduations that have occurred in the last few months. We wish the best to the new graduates as they begin their new positions.

On September 22, I had the opportunity to attend the Change of Responsibility Ceremony for the new Command Sergeant Major. We want to thank the outgoing CSM, Dennis Morton, for his services to the 1/50th as well as all his help in making our reunion a success. CSM Morton will be retiring in December after 25 years of service.

We welcome incoming CSM Joshua McDonough. He comes directly from the 1/50th as a Battalion CSM. He has over 23 years of service and 7 deployments while in the US Army. Just a few of his duty positions include: Scout Sniper Observer, Fire Team Leader, Squad Leader, Ranger Instructor, Weapons Squad Leader, and Operations Manager with Ranger Special Troops, OSM Ranger Military Intelligence, Platoon Sergeant and BN CSM. We look forward to working closely with him in the future.

I hope everyone has a blessed Holiday Season.

Jimmy Segars



Luke 2:7 And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in bands of cloth, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room in the inn.

Luke 2:14 Glory to God in the highest heaven, and on earth peace among those whom he favors.

Editor: Lorene Burch

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Advent will have started by the time you receive this newsletter.

The first Sunday is for Hope. What is it you Hope for this year?

The second Sunday is for Peace. Where do you find Peace?

The third is for Joy. What brings you Joy?

The fourth is for Love. How do you define Love?

In the Bible it tells us that the greatest love is when someone is willing to lay down their life for them. Christ did that by his willingness to come down from heaven to die on the cross to bear our sins. What greater love is shown than that. Christ is willing to give you hope for your future, peace and joy in your life. Seek and you shall find. May God bless you this holiday season and bless each of you. Think what you can do to make someone else's life better. You'd be amazed as to how much better you will feel. A small deed may be huge to someone else.

Merry Christmas!!!

Greetings:

The holidays are upon us. We have been busy making plans with the family here in Salina.



What a year! Along with so many hardships, we have been blessed. It is so easy to get caught up in all the bad stuff going on that we forget to look at the many blessing we receive every day. When we look at the important things in life such as loving those who will allow us to and being blessed by the time we get to spend with them, then the world seems better. We were blessed with spending a quiet weekend with our granddaughter and her family. It was just what Roger and I needed. They live in a small town, so small that we had to rent an airbnb in another small town 17 miles away. They came to spend the time with us and we were invited to a BBQ at her Grandparent-in-laws. You just can't beat fresh air, good food and good company.

So sit back relax and take a deep breath. There are things in this world we cannot control, that includes family members. So, accept the limits that are placed on us and do what we can to make this a better world to live in.

Blessings,

Lorene

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92ND ARMORED INFANTRY BATTALION, 6TH ARMORED DIVISION.

FORT LEONARD WOOD, MISSOURI, 1957

Submitted by Jim Sheppard, Your Historian



At Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri in the mid 1950s, the 6th Armored Division formed a 4th Armored Infantry Battalion*, The 92nd Armored Infantry Battalion. The 92nd Armored Infantry Battalion was actually unrelated to the wartime 50th Infantry but was given its lineage and campaign streamers. (Possibly members of the 50th infantry were used in the new unit formation). The 92nd Armored Infantry Battalion Distinguished Unit Insignia, shield and motto were approved and authorized in 1955. The colors on the shield are reversed from those found on the 50th Infantry Shield. The Motto reads “We Go First”.

The 4 Armored Infantry Battalions were inactivated along with the 6th Armored Division in July of 1957 and consolidated into the new 50th infantry of the Combat Arms Regimental System (CARS) in 1959, leaving only the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Battalions of the 50th Infantry still active.

The 4 Armored Rifle Battalions were likely:

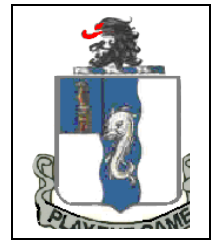
- The 44th Armored Infantry Battalion (1st Battalion, 50th Infantry)
- The 9th Armored Infantry Battalion (2nd Battalion, 50th Infantry)
- The 50th Armored Infantry Battalion (3rd Battalion, 50th Infantry)
- The 92nd Armored Infantry Battalion

Sources: NS Meyer Co, New York (Manufacturer)

US Army Institute of Heraldry currently has no information listed on its website.

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TREASURER'S REPORT

Submitted by John
Topper

Beginning Balance	28-Jan-25		\$ 7,797.47
			\$
Wire Transfer Fee	28-Jan-25		(15.00)
			\$
Printer	14-Apr-25		(155.00)
Reunion Income			\$ 12,225.00
			\$
Reunion Expenses			(8,204.00)
Total	11-May-25		\$ 11,648.47
Post Reunion Finances			
			\$
Rennerfeldt Refund	23-May-25		(200.00)
			\$
Deposit	8-Aug-25		390.00
			\$
Printer	13-Aug-25		(155.00)
			\$
Domain Listing	29-Sep-25		(288.00)
Current Balance	11-Nov-25		\$ 11,395.47



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*Mikes Memories.
The Military Years
By SFC Michael Canavan.
(Part 1)*

I am starting this on 23 May 2001. I have recently been told that I have “Asbestosis” from my civilian occupation as an electrician employed by the New York City (Transit Authority). I do not know how BAD the condition is at this time. It was determined later (in June) that the condition was NOT as bad as we initially were led to believe, and the lung “damage” was minimal. I would like to pass my “legacy” on to our four daughters and their current (or future) spouses so that they will know “what did you do in the war, daddy?”. It is to be hoped that, this will also be passed on to my (former) Army National Guard Unit so they can educate other, younger soldiers about how it REALY was "back in the day."

1966

It all began on 07 September 1966. I had been DRAFTED. I was sent a letter, along with a subway token (for a “one-way-trip”) and told to report to Fort Hamilton Army Base for induction into the Army. About 200 or so of us were there that morning, being poked, probed and prodded along by the strangest assembly of (alleged) Doctors I am sure any of us had ever seen. The Vietnam War (“police action”?) was going full blast in Asia at that time, and “The Machine” needed bodies, bodies, bodies to keep it running. As long as you were walking, talking and breathing you were classified “1-A” and you were GOING. It seemed a little strange that the Military Police were posted right outside the bathroom window of the clinic; until you realized they were there to keep you from sneaking OUT.

Late that afternoon, we were packed into buses, then escorted by Military Police to Penn Station at 34th Street in New York. There, we were loaded onto passenger trains and shipped south. Next stop, Fort Jackson, South Carolina; our “Reception Station” where all the various paperwork was made out (“in triplicate”), and we were issued I set of OD (that’s Olive Drab) fatigues. I do not remember very much about Fort Jackson, other than the old decrepit wooden barracks. We had to take turns standing “Fire Watch” at night for about 2 hours apiece so that if there was a fire, we would not all burn; someone could wake us. I do not remember how LONG we were at Fort Jackson, but would not be surprised if it were only a few days (not more than a week).

One afternoon, a bunch of us were herded up and bused off to the local airport, and put onto a plane. We were flown on this old charter “prop” plane to Austin, Texas, and then another bunch of buses took us to Fort Hood, Texas for our Basic Training. This was my first ride on an aircraft. It was cold and noisy. The “Flight Attendant” was a FAT bleach haired blonde, about 65 or so. I swear that the “pilot” was wearing one of those old leather hats as you see the fighter pilots wear in the Black and White WW11 movies! I am glad that THAT “first impression” didn’t last, or I would never have flown again.

I remember our arrival at Texas was at night. It was dark, and the runway seemed to shimmer in the dim lights of the airport. It was not until we stepped off the plane that we found out WHY; it was covered with large

black beetles that came out at night to bask on the warm runway. You almost didn’t have to carry your bags; they nearly “walked” to the buses all by themselves. Crunch, crunch, crunch we went to the waiting buses.

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Our Basic Training was with the 1/66 Infantry at Fort Hood; Home of the 1st and 2nd Armored Divisions (1/66th was part of the 2nd Armor). I don't remember our Drill Instructors name, but will never forget the bastard. He was a tall, white, skinny old "redneck" from somewhere in the South (Georgia, I think). Years later

I saw the movie "Full Metal Jacket" and was INSTANTLY transported back to "Basic." The character in the movie was shorter, and had a different name, but IT WAS HIM!

We were issued our Basic Issue of uniforms here. Our "Class A" back then was the tan uniform (long sleeve in winter, short in summer) along with the green "Flying Saucer" hats. Most of us had the local tailor taper, or "peg" the pants legs so that they fit tight and looked VERY sharp. This, of course was against "regulations," but we ALL did it. Those damned uniforms were HOT (almost "canvas"), but they looked great with the seams pressed and starched.

The Army was full of these crusty old "crackers" as we call them today. All had at LEAST 15 years in the Army then. I suspect they enlisted so that they could have three square meals a day and have a dry place to sleep at night (for two or three hours). Also, I suspect that this was the first time any of these "hicks" had ever owned two pairs of shoes at the same time in their lives. The economic conditions of the "deep south" during this period produced a lot of poverty, especially in the areas that used to depend on coal as a source of income. A person has to do what a man has to do to survive.

Basic Training was 8 weeks of concentrated HELL ON EARTH back then. We marched, double-timed and trained all day (and half the night). We pulled guard duty at the Motor Pool with only a fiberglass helmet "liner," a whistle, and a nightstick to protect a million dollars worth of tanks and trucks. The rifle that we ALL qualified with was the M-14. A .30 Caliber rifle weighing about 14 pounds (empty). Of course, we carried it everywhere with us, but we DIDN'T SLEEP with it. I guess they were afraid that we would "palm" (also known as "steal") some ammo from one of the rifle ranges and shoot someone (probably the Drill Instructor).

After about the 6th week of "Basic", we were allowed to go to the post movies, (on Saturday night), the PX (Post Exchange), and the Enlisted Club. They served BEER there. The problem was that it was only about 3.2% alcohol (watered down). You could drink that swill ALL NIGHT and only get a bad taste in your mouth, and have to pee REAL BAD later.

It only took us a little while to come up with an ingenious solution. Right next to the Enlisted Club was a Snack Bar for us soda drinkers. When you bought a soda, they gave you a STRAW with it. Toss the soda, save the straw. We learned that if you drank the watered down beer through the straw, you are drinking it WITHOUT taking in any AIR with it. We could get a "buzz" with only two glasses or so. We were discrete, so they never caught on.

After "Basic" I was assigned to my new Unit, the 1/41 Infantry just down the street. I didn't even have to leave the post. My MOS (Military Occupational Specialty) was 31B "Infantry Radio Repairer." This was also where a few of "the guys" cut me loose in the motor pool with a "Jeep," so I could learn how to drive. I also managed to take a WRITTEN test while at Fort Hood; this got me my learner's permit from the State of Texas.

Back then, each BRANCH of the Army had its own school for the same MOS (Infantry went to one school; Armor went to another, Artillery to another, all for the same MOS). The Army Signal School at Fort Gordon didn't exist then. They sent me off to the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia for MOS training, right across the street from the OCS (Officers Candidate School) basic.

Fort Benning was an interesting post. Our barracks were a round multi-floor building with only one open end. It was a large brick building about 4 stories tall. There was the usual PX, Movie Theater and bowling alley, but

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not much else. We were young, restless youth, most of us away from home (and Momma) for the first time. Is it any wonder that we wanted to see what the OUTSIDE world looked like?

On weekends, we would bum rides from friends, or take the bus into Columbus, Georgia. It was a typical “Army” town full of pawnshops, used car lots, tattoo parlors, and “clip joints” of all sorts. If you used poor judgment and were found wandering around drunk after dark (missing the last bus), you were most

probably robbed of your money, most of your clothes, and thrown in the local lock-up until your buddies bailed you out the next day (IF you were lucky and they knew where to find you)

Just across the river from Columbus, Georgia was Phoenix City, Alabama. We NEVER went there, or even WANTED to. We were shown the movie “The Phoenix City Story” at the school. It seems that sometime after WW11, a bunch of future officers (of course) went over there and tried to drink the town dry one day. They became rowdy and the police were called in. Their money and uniforms vanished, so when a group of their friends came looking for them, they were beaten up and jailed too, but a few got away.

They managed to get back to the Post and alerted the Military Police, who were told that they had no jurisdiction (by the judge) and escorted back into Georgia. The Post Commander was called in. The next day, Phoenix City was surrounded by one angry General, and a Company of tanks. Governors from both states yelled and ranted, as did Washington. We were told that if we DID go there, NOBODY would come to “rescue” us. No, we REALY didn’t want to see Alabama that bad, thank you very much!

There were a few instances that occurred while at Radio School. One day, some student from the Officer school went outside our school building and slit his wrists. He was Vietnamese, about to graduate the Officer course, and did NOT want to go back home to fight in the war. The Medic’s hustled him off. Rumor has it that he got his wish.

Another incident involved an Officer Candidate who was taking Airborne Training at Fort Benning. The Airborne training involved numerous “jumps” from a tower located just outside the Signal School. These towers resembled the old Coney Island parachute ride. You were strapped into a harness with a parachute on top (opened). A giant claw mechanism gripped the edges, and a winch pulled you up to the top of the tower, where the claw released you and you floated free of the tower to the ground.

On this particular day, the damned mechanism stuck. The poor bastard was stuck up at the top of the tower, suspended in the harness, for about three hours. They tried nearly everything they could think of, but it wouldn’t budge. Finally, a UH-1 (“Huey”) helicopter flew over and stopped just above the tower. Someone braver than me climbed down a rope ladder from inside to the top of the tower. He jumped up and down, kicking and banging away until the mechanism FINALLY released, and the parachute floated to the ground. The guy climbed back up the ladder, and off went the helicopter.

I think that the rumor went around that the Officer Candidate decided AGAINST Airborne training; I know I would have.

Remember that learner’s permit I got while in Texas? Well, the powers-that-be in Georgia felt that was good enough to issue me a DRIVERS LICENSE from the State of Georgia. We were given Holiday Leave for Christmas/New Years from Fort Benning, with orders to report back just after the New Year.

(Continued in the next newsletter)

I have two rather long stories to work through, so please bear with me, as I try to keep the newsletter cost efficient, yet put in the stories you all may enjoy reading.

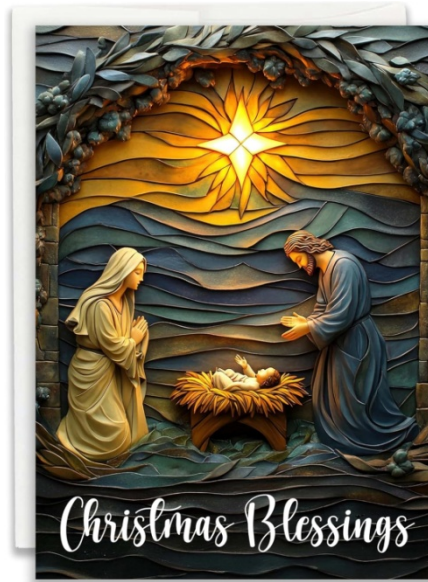
I will post stories in the order in which I received them. Lorene, Your Newsletter Chairperson

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Gary Quint
438 Fairway Lane
Kirkwood, Mo. 63122