



**In Memoriam of the  
West Point Jewish  
Graduates Who Died  
in a War Zone**



#### Names Inscribed on the Wall of Honor

Lt.Col. Madison C. Schepps	Class of 1928
Lt.Col. Paul H. Berkowitz	Class of 1934
Capt. Robert A. Barker	Class of 1938
Capt. Walter I. Wald	Class of 1940
Capt. Robert H. Rosen	Class of 1941
1st Lt. Harry A. Saunders	Class of 1943
1st Lt. David L. Smith	Class of 1943
Maj. Irwin B. Mayer	Class of 1956
Maj. Stephen J. Kott	Class of 1962
Capt. Michael E. Berdy	Class of 1965
2nd Lt. Gary S. Kadetz	Class of 1965
1st Lt. Howard S. Pontuck	Class of 1966
Capt. Ellis D. Greene	Class of 1967
1st Lt. David R. Bernstein	Class of 2002

## Introduction

The West Point Jewish Chapel Fund has installed in the West Point Jewish Chapel a “Wall of Honor” to commemorate Jewish graduates in three categories:

- Died in a War Zone
- Received a Valor Award
- Achieved the Rank of General Officer

This book memorializes the first category of Jewish graduates — those who died in a war zone in World War II, Vietnam and the Global War on Terrorism. Many died while serving their country shortly after graduation from West Point. Six of the fourteen are buried at West Point, one is buried at Arlington National Cemetery, one died when a Japanese POW ship in which American prisoners were interred was attacked and sunk, one died of disease on a Japanese POW ship and is listed on the Wall of the Missing in Manila, Philippines, one is buried at the American Military Cemetery in Cambridge, England, and four are buried in private cemeteries in the U.S.

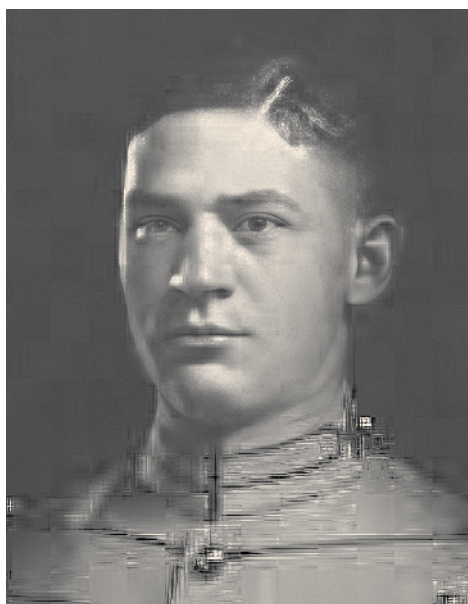
Colonel Mickey Marcus, Class of 1924 was not included on the Wall of Honor in the Jewish Chapel since he was not killed while serving in U.S. forces. However, he deserves to be recognized in this memorial book. The Colonel David “Mickey” Marcus Award is given annually to the Jewish cadet who shows outstanding achievement in the study of the Hebrew language and demonstrated leadership in the Jewish Chapel Program. A plaque next to the Wall of Honor contains the names of the award recipients.

The West Point Jewish Chapel Fund, a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization, raised the funds for the design and construction of a Jewish Chapel at West Point. The Chapel, dedicated in 1984, is the only Jewish Chapel in the Army. The mission of the West Point Jewish Chapel Fund is to support the Jewish cadets and Jewish community at West Point, support Jews serving in the Army, and to assist the Military Academy in maintaining and enhancing the Chapel building.

The primary source of information for this publication was the Memorial articles found on the West Point Association of Graduates website. The FindAGrave website was also used to confirm burial locations.

Lt. Col. (Ret.) Robert D. Wolff, Ph.D.  
 USMA Class of 1965  
 Jewish Chapel Curator  
 West Point Jewish Chapel Fund

*Learn more about the Jewish Chapel Fund at [www.westpointjewishchapel.org](http://www.westpointjewishchapel.org).*



## David "Mickey" Marcus

Colonel, U.S. Army | Brig. Gen. Israeli Defense Forces  
KIA Abu Ghosh, Israel, June 10, 1948 | Israeli Conflict  
Buried: West Point, NY  
Cullum No. 7368

"The most unforgettable man I ever met." That was "Mickey" according to a war-time associate. Those who will echo the statement are legion. Mick's friends and interests stretched in all directions and covered half the globe. In the spring of 1948, the Israeli forces, under the command of Aluf (Brigadier General) Marcus broke the Arab Siege of Jerusalem just hours before a UN-supervised cease-fire. On June 10, Mick was in his forward HQ in Abu Ghosh when a sentry mistook him for enemy and killed him.

Mick entered West Point in 1920. He was one of the most extraordinary plebes ever to enter the Academy. Mick's uproarious laughter became his hallmark. It broke down all barriers of rank and protocol. Because of his warm, human fellowship, he won the affection of his associates. In sports Mick concentrated on boxing and gymnastics. He was intercollegiate welterweight boxing champion in 1923.

In the fall of 1924, he decided to study law at night. He enrolled in the Brooklyn Law School and travelled back and forth to the school in the Brooklyn Eagle Building every weekday night during the winter of 1924-1925. He resigned his commission in December 1926, believing that he could best serve his country as

a civilian soldier and went on to get his L.L.B. degree in 1927. Mick applied for a reserve commission immediately after his resignation from the Regular Army and was appointed a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant, Field Artillery. On July 3, 1927. Mick married his sweetheart of cadet days, Emma Chaison of Brooklyn.

In 1929, he was appointed a junior attorney in the Treasury Department in the New York City Office. In 1931 he was made Assistant U.S. Attorney on the staff of the Federal District Court in New York City and took a major role fighting the New York Mafia. Mick served in the U.S. Attorney's Office until 1934, when he was appointed First Deputy Commissioner of Correction of the City of New York by

Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia. Mick continued this position and ran the outstanding raid to resume control over New York Jails. Until the spring of 1940 Mick performed as the acting Commissioner of Correction, when Mayor LaGuardia promoted him to Commissioner.

Upon the outbreak of the war in Europe in 1939, Mick determined to seek more active participation in military affairs. This resulted in Mick's appointment as a Captain in the Judge Advocate General's Department, New York National Guard. In 1940 he was rapidly promoted to Major and then to Lieutenant Colonel and called to active duty. He was assigned to the Division Staff as Judge Advocate. In this capacity he was reinstated to the Regular Army and went with the 27<sup>th</sup> New York National Guard Division to Fort McClellan, Alabama.

Soon after Japanese attack of Pearl Harbor, David Mick was sent with his Division to Hawaii. As the Division commander prepared to defend the territory of Hawaii, he designated Mick as executive Governor General of the Islands. After the Battle of Midway, when the Division prepared to enter fighting with the Japanese Army, Mick, was designated as Commanding Officer and Director of the RANGERS Detachment and school. In fact, he established the Pacific Theater RANGERS.

Mick was promoted to Colonel in late 1943. During 1943 and 1944 Mick took a major part in the negotiation of important international agreements, including the drafting of the Italian and German Surrender Instruments, and the international agreement concerning the machinery to be used for the control of Germany after her defeat. In May 1944, he got himself transferred to the G-5 section of VII Corps, and a week before D-Day he arranged to accompany the 101st Airborne Division in the invasion. He was then sent back to Washington

to brief the President on the situation in France and prepare him for the meeting with De Gaulle.

1947, the United Nations General Assembly voted a partition of Palestine but no military force was provided to carry out the plan. Israeli officials came to the United States to find a General (WWII Veteran) to organize their irregular forces and transform them into a modern army. They were told that Mick could assist to that mission. After failure in recruiting some candidates, Mick volunteered to come by himself. Mick dropped everything to jump into the new undertaking. He left for Palestine in early February 1948, and arrived in Palestine under his cover name Michael Stone for the first period of two months. Mick reported to Ben Gurion. He wrote the first IDF Field Manuals (FM) on Staff Work and Doctrine. Before returning to the US, Mick handed a memorandum to Ben Gurion regarding the needs to create an Army and the profile of the Future IDF.

On May 28 Mick returned from the NEGEV and assumed command over the Jerusalem Front – the Major effort of IDF. David Ben Gurion, the founder of the Israeli state and the Prime Minister and Defense Minister during the War of Independence, found in the Bible the term of *Aluf* (General in Hebrew). He gave this rank to Mick to present him as senior commander, above all other IDF Commanders at that time. David Mick received that rank on May, 28, 1948 and since then all IDF Generals are *Alufim*.

On July 1, 1948 he was buried at West Point, exactly twenty-eight years to the day after his entrance into the Academy. In addition to his wife, Mick was survived by three brothers, Michael, Isidore, and Jack; and a sister, Mrs. Blanche Berlitz; all of Brooklyn.

*Adapted from a Memorial Article authored by C.G.S. and other sources.*



## Madison C. Schepps

Lieutenant Colonel, U.S. Army

August 27, 1944 | WWII

Died in Air Crash in Scotland on Active Duty

Buried: West Point, NY

Cullum No. 8367-1928

On the 19th of August, 1944, the Commanding General, 13th Armored Division, Camp Bowie, Texas, wrote the following letter to Lt. Colonel Madison C. Schepps, commanding the 67th Armored Infantry Battalion: I regret very much that pursuant to War Department orders you are to be transferred from this Division to an overseas assignment. Like all good soldiers, I am sure you are pleased and proud of the privilege of taking your place among those who are doing the actual fighting. JOHN B. WOGAN, Major General, U.S. Army, Commanding."

With this soldier's accolade to speed him on his way, Matty Schepps set out to accomplish his heartfelt ambition, a brilliant combat career. But fate intervened. On August 27, 1944, eight days after he left Camp Bowie, Matty, with 25 other persons, perished in the crash of a C-54 transport plane in Prestwick, Scotland. The plane had completed a trans-Atlantic crossing with Matty as one of its passengers and was attempting to land at the Prestwick Airdrome.

Thus prematurely came to an end the career of as upright a person as ever wore the Kaydet Gray. "Physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight," Matty Schepps was the personification of the ideals set forth in the Cadet Prayer. To his family and host of friends

his memory will be forever bright. In the words of his mother, "Matty can never die."

Matty was born in New York City on November 19, 1902, the son of Louis and Therese Schepps. His family moved to Brooklyn and there Matty graduated from Public School No. 168 in 1914 and Eastern District High School in 1918. He then matriculated at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. He won his degree in Chemical Engineering at that institution in 1923. He entered West Point on July 16, 1924, as a member of the class of 1928.

At Brooklyn Poly he was a mainstay of the baseball and basketball teams. In all he won nine letters at Brooklyn Poly. Clippings of his athletic activities are replete with comments such as this: "Schepps was the outstanding star

of the contest. The elastic forward took part in nearly every play executed by his teammates and performed every department of the game with rare skill"; and "Schepps' fielding at third was a feature."

Matty continued his athletic career at West Point. He won major letters in baseball and basketball. One season, 1926, he was the leading college hitter in the East. Upon graduation the New York Giants offered him a contract but he preferred to stay in the Army.

His professional career was marked by clear steady progress upward from "a very promising young Lieutenant, capable, loyal with pleasing personality," as recorded by his first commanding officer, to the finished battalion commander described in General Wogan's letter of commendation written just before his death. In China he proved self-reliant, alert, earnest and eager to learn his profession. He did superior work training his battalion for machine gun range practice. He completed a 250-hour course in the Chinese language. He also showed a flair for amateur theatricals.

As a First Lieutenant he developed into an excellent staff officer and exhibited such traits as to mark him as extremely suitable for duty and contact with civilian components. In the 24th Infantry he proved exceptionally industrious, enthusiastic and ambitious with the intelligence and judgment necessary to make those traits effective. He earned a superior rating as a self-reliant, versatile, well-read officer who initiated action speedily and obtained excellent results.

Matty's success sprang not only from his military attributes but from his innate human qualities as exemplified by the affection in which he was held by the officers and men of his last command, the 67th Armored Infantry Battalion. Matty was with this organization for

just over a year, joining the Battalion on July 31, 1943, when it was the 1st Battalion of the 59th Armored Infantry Regiment. On September 30, 1943, that Regiment was inactivated and the 1st Battalion became a separate battalion, the 67th Armored Infantry Battalion. It was necessary for Matty to start from scratch with a majority of the troops untrained, and mold them into an effective fighting team. When he left the Division, he had one of the outstanding battalions in the Division, a unit ready for combat. He always set a fine example for his battalion. His battalion had the highest record in the Division on physical fitness tests. In the social affairs of the Division, Matty was a past master in making arrangements and preparations resulting in successful and congenial parties.

In his home life Matty was as happy as in his professional career. On August 29, 1930, he married Laura Moffatt of Stow, Ohio. They had known each other only five months but it was a case of love at first sight and it not only endured but grew with each passing day. No couple was ever more devoted to each other. Their first son, Madison, Jr., was born November 11, 1931, in China; the second, Winston Moffatt, in Akron, Ohio, on July 8, 1936. Matty was extremely proud of his family. Two boys have never had a finer heritage than represented in the characters of Matty and Laura Schepps. Madison and Winston Schepps can be counted on to live up to the high ideals of their father and mother. Devoted to his wife and boys, Matty also retained a deep and abiding affection for his parents, his brother, Jesse and the latter's wife, Belle, and son, Bob.

Written by C.G.S.

*Note: Abbreviated from original due to space limitations.*



## Paul H. Berkowitz

Lieutenant Colonel, U.S. Army

July 26, 1944 | WWII

Buried: West Point, NY

Cullum No. 9958-1934

Paul H. Berkowitz was born November 8, 1912, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. At the age of twelve he entered the Germantown High School, and was graduated four years later, in June of 1929. He prepared for West Point at Stanton Preparatory Academy, Cornwall, and entered the Academy July 1, 1930.

In his first year at the Academy he was No. 6 in his class and was one of 13 distinguished cadets. He graduated from the Academy June 12, 1934, and was appointed a 2nd Lieutenant, assigned to the 76th Field Artillery, Monterey, California, and was transferred to the Corps of Engineers November 14, 1935. He was assigned to the 29th Engineers at Port Angeles, Washington and Portland, Oregon. Subsequently was a student at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, where he remained for one year, and from there became a student at the Engineers School, Fort Belvoir, Virginia.

On his graduation from his last school he was named assistant to the District Engineer, Galveston Engineer District, Texas. Later he was transferred to the 4th Engineers, Fort Benning, Georgia. Then to the 64th Engineers Company, also at Fort Benning, Georgia. He was then transferred

to the 69th Engineer Company (TOP) at Fort Lewis, Washington. Later he was transferred to the 648th Engineer Battalion. Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, and with this Battalion went overseas, and which he subsequently commanded.

He was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers June 12, 1937; promoted to Captain, temp. A.U.S. September 9, 1940; promoted to Major, temp. A.U.S. February, 1942; promoted to Lt. Colonel temp. A.U.S. December 26, 1942, and promoted to Captain, permanent rank, Corps of Engineers June 12, 1944.

At the time of his graduation he and one other were the youngest officers of the United States Army.

In 1941 he married Jeanne Grandy of Portland, Oregon, at the Chapel at Fort Lewis, Washington, who is now overseas as a Red Cross worker.

In May, 1944, he was sent back to this country on a special mission by the Southwest Pacific Command and it was on his return from that special mission that he was killed in an airplane crash over Florida Islands on July 26, 1944.

He was interred at the Army, Navy and Marine Cemetery, Guadalcanal, but at the conclusion of the war was brought back for burial at West Point.

He had many friends both in his class and in the Army, and as one of his classmates said of him:

“In his chosen military specialty of mapping, Paul was a trailblazer. Squarely upon his shoulders fell the responsibility for the preparation and mass production of war maps in a part of the world where there were no maps at all before Paul got there. The techniques that were developed under Paul’s direction have served to expedite the work of mappers in other theaters which got off to a later start.

“His associates and subordinates were stunned by the news of his fatal accident, for all had taken for granted the stability and warmth of his leadership.”

Finally, a tribute and expression of the men who served under him:

“Yes, indeed, Colonel, you were a soldier’s soldier, respected by all of us. We will miss your guiding hand, your personal interest in us and your understanding character. You were more to us than just another soldier of which America can be proud. You were an inspiration, a symbol. Your rigid pattern of life will be tried by many but duplicated by few. The Army which you loved so can well say of you: “Well done, good and faithful soldier.” Your services and the knowledge of the work with which you were affiliated will be missed. And while your loss to this unit

is a hard blow, the show must go on and we will carry on as you would want us to. Your spirit and pleasing personality will always be a part of this organization. Yes, Colonel, we will carry on but with many memories of the things you designed and planned.

There will be no taps blown, no flag lowered, no ceremony. Fate decreed that your departure be observed with heads bowed in silent prayer. The men of this unit all raise their heads and salute you, Sir. We can’t pretend that we aren’t sad, but we are proud of you too.

Farewell to thee, O Gallant Soldier.

—First Sergeant Frank Punczak

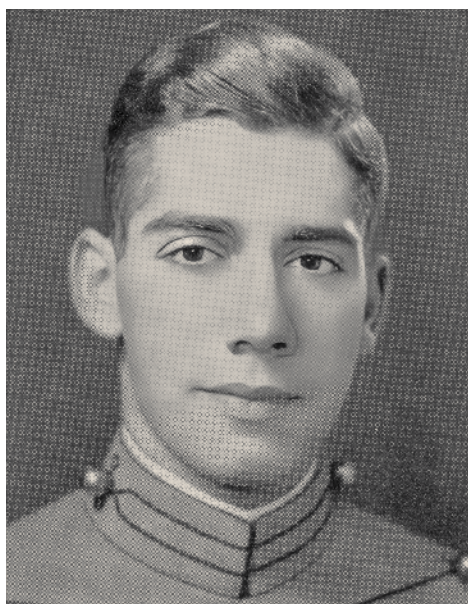
His death was a very severe blow to the men of the 648th who had served under his command for two years. Col. Berkowitz, was an inspiring and highly respected leader as well as an exemplary soldier. His own high code of morals and personal behavior was tempered by an acute understanding of his men and their problems. He strongly encouraged all forms of extra-curricular activity in the Battalion and to him must go the major part of the credit for the outstanding performance of our unit as well as its fine esprit de corps.

Rumorang, the newspaper he fostered, salutes Lt. Colonel Paul H. Berkowitz, the man to whom the U.S. Army was a career and a life in itself. His memory will long remain with us; true men are never forgotten.

“Soldier rest, thy warfare o’er.  
Tread the battlefields no more.”

There is no doubt that his many classmates and friends will miss his smiling face and his good-natured friendliness to all who knew him.

*Note: No author listed. Abbreviated from original due to space limitations.*



## Robert A. Barker

U.S. Army

\*SS, POW January 17, 1945 | WWII

Buried at Sea

Cullum No. 11280-1938

Robert Baker was born 17 February 1916 in Springfield, Illinois, the second son of Emily and Morton D. Barker. He enjoyed a secure and happy boyhood, being very popular and holding the respect of all who knew him. He thrived on sports and entered into all youthful activities. Educated in the public schools of Springfield, he went on to Cincinnati, Ohio to finish his secondary education. Bob Barker had a strong desire for military service and was thrilled to receive an appointment to the United States Military Academy.

Over 60 years have passed since Robert A. Barker left West Point to take up his first post at Plattsburgh Barracks. He had recently married Janet Tidmarsh. Shortly after, he was sent to work on the build-up of Fort Benning.

With the desire for a more stable family life, he misjudged his options and asked for service in the Philippines. After an idyllic but brief life in the Islands, war clouds gathered and his wife, along with others and their dependents, were returned to the United States. A few months later their only child, Emily Louise, was born.

Promoted to captain. Bob Barker took

command of the Anti-Tank Company of the 31st infantry and prepared for the possibility of war. On 7 December 1941 the Japanese struck the Philippines, and, for over four months, he and his fellow defenders held off the numerically superior forces of the invaders. Finally, with supplies exhausted and no hope for reinforcements, the remaining U.S. troops were forced to surrender.

Bob Barker was one of those who endured the Bataan Death March and then entered into a life as a Japanese prisoner of war.

At great risk. Bob kept a secret diary from

the start of his captivity until he was shipped out by the Japanese during the final days of the war, only to find a horrible death. His diary recounts the endless days of forced labor, hunger, disease, brutal treatment, and boredom suffered by the captured officers and men at the hands of their Japanese captors. There are flashes of humor, insights into character, kindness and generosity revealed among his fellow officers, many of them named. Always, he held the hope of rejoining his family and friends, but it was not to be. With the success of the returning U.S. troops at Leyte and Lingayen Gulf, the Japanese began to ship all able-bodied US prisoners to Japan. Bob, then in Bilibid, was one of them.

Over 1,060 men were forced into the dark and steaming holds of the *Oryoku Maru* to suffer three days of starvation, thirst, and near-suffocation. On 15 December 1944, the unmarked ship was attacked by US Navy planes at Subic Bay. Heavily damaged, the vessel was abandoned and, after enduring 12 days of unrelenting cruelty ashore, the survivors were reloaded into the holds of the *Enoura Maru* to continue the most horrible voyage in history. That ship, too, was destroyed by our forces while in the harbor at Takao, Formosa. Bob was one of the few survivors to once again continue aboard another hell ship, the *Brazil Maru*, bound for Moji, Japan. He was not to arrive.

Robert A. Barker, one month short of his 29th birthday, died 17 January 1945 from exhaustion and disease. He was buried at sea.

A classmate writes: "During his cadet

days Bob was an "I" Company favorite of his classmates. He seemed to take in stride the challenges of plebe year, and, as an upperclassman, he handled academics and tactics with determination and relative ease. As a cadet. Bob is perhaps best remembered for his even disposition. A standout football player in high school, Bob was too light to play collegiate ball. His interest in sports, however, continued at the Academy. He was on the plebe hockey team, assistant manager of tennis in his yearling year and played on the goat football team his second class year. When I read Bob's *Philippine Diary*, I suffered alongside with his trials as a prisoner of war, and I especially admired him for his courage and the strength he showed while being so harshly treated. Bob served his country with valor. He is a credit to the Academy and an inspiration to those who knew him so well."

The *Philippine Diary* of Captain Robert A. Barker, 180 pages, hard-bound with many illustrations, has been published in a limited edition. Many events and numerous names of fellow officers are mentioned. The original manuscript is in the Special Collections Section of the USMA Library, and copies are available from the Robert A. Barker Foundation, 180 East Pearson, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Bob had earned the Silver Star and the Legion of Merit, but was never to realize the great future that would have been his. He remains with us, a shining memory, ever youthful, never to grow old.

—Written by his brother Paul Barber

\*Survived Bataan March and two prisoner ships bombed by U.S. Died of disease on third POW ship. Name inscribed on Wall of the Missing at Manila American Cemetery.



## Walter I. Wald

Captain, U.S. Army

\*SS, PH, POW September 7, 1945 | WWII

Buried at Sea

Cullum No. 12057-1940

Walt, also known as Iz to his classmates, was born an Army brat on 2 November 1914 at Fort DeRussy, Hawaii. He was the second of five children born to George, Lieutenant Colonel, United States Army, and Dora, whom he dubbed “Duchess,” both now deceased. George was a sergeant at the time, so Walt’s first quarters literally was a pyramidal tent on Waikiki Beach. Small wonder, throughout his life, he could swim like a fish.

He completed high school near Scott Field in Belleville, Illinois, spent one year at the University of Illinois and two at the University of Michigan, matriculating in the field of Journalism. He was a voracious reader and a gifted writer, and assuredly would have cut his mark in the literary field. But, encouraged by a high school friend who was a United States Military Academy cadet, he tried for and won a Congressional appointment, entering the Academy just under the age limit. By then he had already shown his indomitable spirit and resiliency twice in the face of death, once versus a severe bout of scarlet fever and once

in an auto crash; the Army surgeon at Selfridge Field who pieced his skull back together said he had pulled through on sheer guts.

Walt took to cadet life like a duck to water. He praised the Academy to all who would listen and was the personification of “duty, honor, country.” The 1940 HOWITZER provides a nice capsule of Cadet Wald: “A regimental buck without a buck’s personal indifference—God bless him. His philosophy of live and let live prevented his boning tactical files with the rest of the boys. His tactical indifference was more than balanced by his academic assiduity. Behind those eyebrows lurked a walking dictionary and

encyclopedia—most of which was in Spanish. With his broad knowledge, infallible logic, and convincing obstinance that defeated even his little redhead, he mowed down the best of them in arguments.” Upon graduation he married the little redhead, nee Betty Hunter.

A standard tour followed at the Field Artillery School, Fort Sill. Then, like many of his classmates in those troubled days, he volunteered for overseas duty and was sent to the Philippine Islands. He was a captain with the 61st Field Artillery on Pearl Harbor day and was captured on Cebu after having won the Silver Star for gallantry in action, as well as a Purple Heart.

Betty and all the Wald family, like many others in the same predicament, sweated out news of his survival and when no word came for many months, feared he had been killed. There was great joy when the Red Cross finally got through a card advising that he was alive and a prisoner of war on Mindanao, which was his unfortunate lot for quite some time.

In December 1944, half a world away in France by my own artillery battery, on a cold, sparkling clear night, I thought deeply of him and, unaccountably so to this day, cried like a child. The next day a letter from George advised of Walt’s death. On 7 September

1944 the Shino Maru, an unmarked Japanese transport in process of moving prisoners out of the Philippines, was torpedoed by American forces off Mindanao. Aboard were 750 of whom 82 survived, reached shore and were rescued by guerrillas.

Eye witnesses later told me Walt was killed instantly, just two months shy of his 30th birthday. Surviving at his death, besides his parents and his wife Betty, now Mrs. W.H. Tucker, were his brother Sam, his sister Tootsie Coleman, wife of Pete, United States Military Academy, Class of 1938, his sister Bess Tittle, widow of Norm, United States Military Academy, Class of 1938 and the writer, United States Military Academy, Class of 1944.

Walt was one of those rare, selfless persons, the consideration of others always coming first; a gentle person; a true gentleman; an outstanding soldier, and integrity was his middle name. Many times I heard his favorite quotation;

“This above all: to thine own self be true.  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

In his all too short lifetime, he lived by that credo to the hilt. He stands tall in the Long Gray Line. My oldest son proudly hears his name.

—Written by his brother Al

\*Killed by U.S. Bombers while on a POW ship. Name inscribed on father's (LTC George Wald) headstone in Green Hills Memorial Park, Rancho Palos Verdes, Los Angeles, CA.



## Robert H. Rosen

Captain, U.S. Army  
SS, PH September 20, 1944 | WWII  
Buried: West Point, NY  
Cullum No. 12631

“During his last action he led a portion of his company in a charge into enemy positions. He paused in the middle of a bullet swept street to direct his men and exposed himself to continuous sniper and machine gun fire as he moved back and forth through the lines with snipers less than seventy-five yards away. Any indication of leadership by Captain Rosen brought on a concentration of fire. He crossed an open street to obtain tank support. As he directed them, Captain Rosen was wounded by snipers but refused to be evacuated until the tanks were in a position to bring effective fire on the enemy. This action drove the enemy back and made it possible for the subsequent attack to succeed. The wounds received by Captain Rosen resulted in his death.”

If any one had ever asked Bob to choose—he would have had it just the same, for “Duty, Honor, Country” were more than words to him. He would have laughed if he knew they said he was gallant, and deserved a decoration—for he was only doing his job.

Robert Harold Rosen, the son of Morris and Jenny Rosen was born July 5, 1916, in New York City. He grew up in Brooklyn, and was educated in the public schools. While in school, he came upon a book about West Point, and he settled upon his career right then.

After graduation from high school, he

enlisted in the Army, serving a one-year enlistment in Coast Artillery. A year after his discharge, he reenlisted, determined to get into the Army Prep School, and to win an appointment to West Point. It took him three years, but he entered the Academy July 1, 1937.

Bob was neither at the top nor the very bottom of the class. He never won his “A”, hard as he tried. He received his diploma and commission in the infantry on June 11, 1941.

He was sent to Robins Field, Jackson, MS., for primary flight training. But after some hair-raising episodes of trying to land the plane,

his instructors decided it would be best for everyone if Rosen stayed on the ground. He was sent to Camp Lee, VA., for a course at the Quartermaster School, then to the Motor Transport School at Holabird.

Assigned to the 90th Division, he served a few months as Gas and Oil Officer of the Division. While stationed with the Division, he received his promotion to first lieutenant. In August of 1942 he was assigned to the 104th Division at Camp Adair, Ore., commanding a Q.M. truck company—his first. On September 9, 1942, in Corvallis, OR., he married Miss Marjorie Hammer of Jackson, MS.—the first wedding in the Division.

A tour of duty as Chief of the Basic Training Branch of the Quartermaster Unit Training Center, Vancouver Barracks, Wash., followed. In January of 1943 he received his captaincy, and more important—on June 23, a daughter, Judith Anne, was born. A prouder father never lived.

Following graduation from Command and General Staff School January, 1944, Bob was sent overseas to serve in the Movements Branch of E.T.O.U.S.A. The next July, he received an assignment he had long desired—to the “jump school” of the 82nd Airborne Division. On July 29, 1944, perhaps the proudest day of his life, the coveted paratroopers wings were pinned on his blouse.

From his letters written at this time, it is evident that he had at last found his place to serve to the best of his ability. He was prouder of his job as company commander than anything he had ever done—and more satisfied with it. The rest of the story is told in the citation that accompanied the Silver Star awarded posthumously to him “for gallantry in action” and in a letter written to his widow by the Commanding General of the division, Major General James M. Gavin:

“Putting aside family ties, the admiration, respect, and affection of comrades are a soldier’s most priceless possessions, because collectively these comrades are unfailing judges. These possessions I believe your husband had earned in full measure”.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Marjorie Rosen; a daughter, Judith Anne; his mother, Mrs. Morris Rosen; a brother, Lt. Col. Milton L. Rosen (U.S.M.A. Class of 1935); two sisters, Mrs. Dorothy Marsh, and Mrs. May Friedlander.

His warm smile, generous heart, and his lovable personality will never be forgotten by those who knew him. And his willingness to fight—to lay down his life if necessary—for freedom places him among the ranks of the great patriots of history “who dared to die that freedom might live”.

– Written by M.H.R.





## Harry A. Saunders

First Lieutenant, U.S. Army

POW, PH March 5, 1945 | WWII

Buried: Amer. Military Cemetery, Cambridge, ENG

Cullum No. 13123-1943

Harry Saunders was born and raised in Norfolk, Virginia. Graduating from Maury High School in 1936, Harry went on to VPI. His parents owned a dry goods store which they wanted him to help manage when he grew up, but Harry had other aspirations. He wanted to go to West Point and become an Army officer. Frustrated in obtaining an appointment, he enlisted in the 6th Field Artillery, attended the West Point Prep School at Fort Monroe from 1938 to 1939, and won an appointment.

Performing well in academics at West Point, Harry graduated in the top quarter of our Class. He was well liked by his fellow cadets who remember him as quiet and efficient. His *Howitzer* entry cites his abiding interest in Army field manuals, the pseudo-pessimism that earned him the nickname of “Happy Harry,” and the prospect that his “true” soldierly ability should win him honors. Ranking high enough to gain his choice of branch and troop assignment, Harry selected the Infantry and the 78th Division in North Carolina, the closest division to his home in Norfolk.

On reporting to the 78th, Harry was assigned to Company K, 310th Infantry Regiment. Shortly thereafter he was promoted to 1st

lieutenant and company executive officer. In this post he helped lead his company through basic unit training, combined unit training, Tennessee winter maneuvers, and final training for combat at Camp Pickett, before sailing for Europe in October of 1944.

The 78th Division entered combat in the bitterly fought Hurtgen Forest sector of the Siegfried Line southeast of Aachen. Its initial mission was to breach the double Siegfried Line and seize the town of Schmidt—a town which dominated a critical Roer River dam which, should the Germans blow it, would block dozens of British and American divisions poised to drive to the Rhine River. The Hurtgen Forest was one of the bloodiest battlegrounds of

the war, with fields of waist-deep snow, dense forests, steep hills, swollen and icy streams, concrete pillboxes, dragon’s teeth, barbed wire, and the thickest minefields yet encountered on the western front. The fields around Schmidt were already littered with burned-out tanks and other debris left by the two US regiments earlier frustrated in their attempts to take this critical terrain.

Harry’s company was in the forefront of the 78th Division’s initial penetration on 13 December 1944—through the first part of the Siegfried Line to seize positions that sparked repeated and strong counterattacks from Germans massing for the celebrated Ardennes offensive which jumped off three days later to drive 60 miles into Allied lines. The 78th Division turned out to be the left anchor of Allied defense, frustrating German attempts to widen their attack northward.

When the division attacked the second line of Siegfried fortifications immediately after the Ardennes campaign, Harry’s company was once again in the center of action when it completed the final seizure of bloody Schmidt. Wounded once again during these battles, Harry was awarded the Bronze Star Medal for his exemplary performance. The citation reads, “During one attack he brought a rifle platoon and section of tanks which had lost contact through a hail of enemy fire, which resulted in the capture of the objective.” Unhappily, this award reached his bedside just after his death.

In a personnel shift to rebuild units badly depleted in the battle for Schmidt, Harry was given command of the adjacent Company L

and recommended for captain. But almost immediately he was fatally wounded in his new command post. The battalion history records, “On the morning of February 14th, Company L’s command post was subjected to the most deadly and accurate mortar concentration ever encountered, causing many casualties ... LT Saunders was mortally wounded.” Harry was evacuated to a military hospital in England where he died on 5 March.

Remarks from Harry’s commanders reflect how deeply his loss was felt. His battalion commander, Lieutenant Colonel Harry Lutz, has written: “LT Saunders was one of the finest and most dedicated officers with whom I have ever served. He was a very quiet person who said little, but got a lot done. Everyone respected him—his senior officers as well as those under him.”

His company commander, Captain Sherman Owens, described Harry as “...very quiet and considerate, and well-liked by all around him. In battle he was right there to provide ammo, flame throwers, or fight off German paratroop fanatics—whatever.”

Though his life was short, Harry fulfilled his early aspirations to join the Long Gray Line, and served his country faithfully and well. The Bronze Star Medal which reached his bedside after his death was later joined by the Combat Infantryman’s Badge and an Oak Leaf Cluster to the Bronze Star, together with the Purple Hearts already awarded. Today’s Long Gray Line joins us in salute to duty bravely and well performed.

—Written by FAC



Class of  
Jun 1943



## David L. Smith

First Lieutenant, U.S. Army

KIA, PH November 4, 1944 | WWII

Buried: Lindenwood Cemetery, Fort Wayne, IN

Cullum No. 13846

David L. Smith was a remarkable individual whose life was defined by his dedication to duty, service to his country and unyielding commitment to his faith. David Lester Smith was born in Missouri, lived in Nokomis, Illinois and received his appointment to West Point from Illinois. He graduated from West Point in June 1943 and was commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant in the Army Corps of Engineers.

David went for pre-deployment combat engineering training at Camp Abbott in Oregon. He married Evelyn Wurtzburg in her Tennessee hometown on October 4, 1943. The following year he joined the 413<sup>th</sup> Infantry, part of the 104<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division known as the "Timberwolf Division" which entered combat on October 24. The 104<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division was part of a multinational allied combat operation led by Canadian forces called Operation Pheasant that was fighting German forces to liberate the Netherlands.

Operation Pheasant, also known as the Liberation of North Brabant, was a major operation to clear German troops from the province of North Brabant in the Netherlands during the fighting of the Western Front. The

offensive was conceived as a result of the failure of Operation Market Garden and the allied effort to capture the important port of Antwerp, Belgium. A coordinated attack over the Mark River at Standdaarbuiten on November 2 established a bridgehead and the rest of the division crossed the river. With the strong Allied presence north of the Mark River, the German defenses collapsed. For the next two days, the Timberwolfes pursued German remnants north to the Hollands Diep. Zevenbergen was captured and the Hollands Diep was reached on November 5.

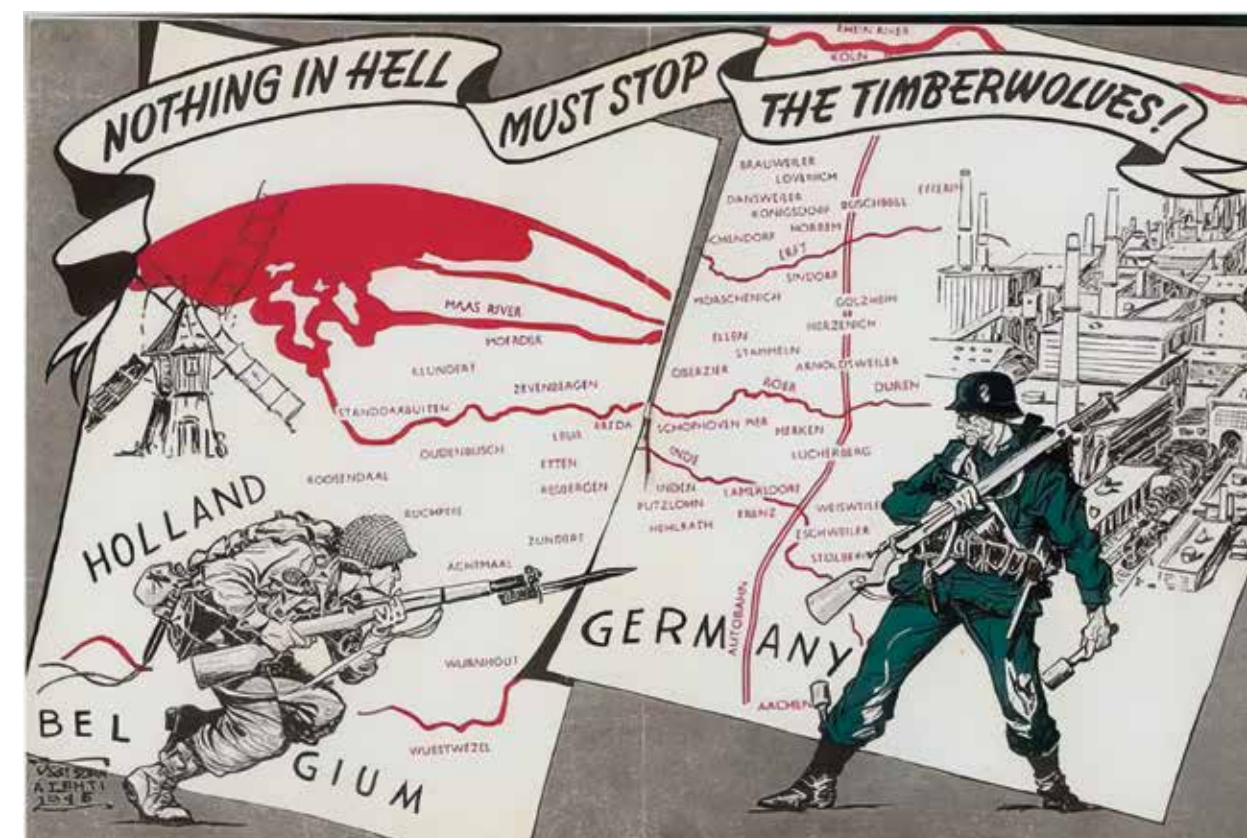
The Battle of Hürtgen Forest was a series of battles fought from 19 September to 16 December 1944, between American and

German forces on the Western Front during World War II, in the Hürtgen Forest, a 140 km<sup>2</sup> area about 5 km east of the Belgian–German border. The battle was one of the longest and bloodiest conflicts in World War II and it exacted a heavy toll on both sides.

Tragically, David's life was cut short on November 4, 1944, during the Battle of Hurtgen

Forest in Germany. The 104<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division command was in the town of Hoeven, in the region of North Brabant, the Netherlands at the time of David's death.

*Note: There was no Memorial article for David Smith. Information in this article was obtained from archival research.*





## Irwin B. Mayer

October 2, 1970 | Died in Taipei, Taiwan  
Buried: Ava Cemetery, Ava, MO  
Cullum No. 20718-1956

Irwin "Irv" Mayer joined the Air Force following his graduation and became a pilot. He earned an MS in aeronautical engineering from UCLA. He joined the 766 Tactical Air Squadron in Taiwan in 1969 in support of operations in Vietnam. On one of his resupply missions from Taiwan to Tan Sanut Air Base, Major Mayer's C-130 cargo plane tragically crashed in bad weather. His body was recovered some days later. He was brought back to the U.S. and buried in Ava, Missouri. He left behind a wife and four children.

Irwin Mayer was born in Baltimore, MD, the son of Caiman and Irene Mayer. Irv graduated from Baltimore Polytechnic Institute in 1949 and enlisted in the Army. After serving for 3 years, he entered preparatory school at Stewart Air Base, entering the Military Academy in July 1952 with the Class of 1956.

In a memoir of Irv, a classmate, Buck Abell, wrote in 1971, "Irv was a good student. One reason is that he took all his studies very seriously, studying very hard. Although he enjoyed having fun and seized every opportunity to travel away from West Point on the weekends with the Choir or the Glee Club, he organized the time set aside for study very effectively, never letting himself be distracted

from what he considered to be his primary mission. Those of us who marched each Sunday morning from the gymnasium to the Old Cadet Chapel near the Post Cemetery for Jewish services with CH Tintner and then CH Kaplan formed a special bond that remains strong even today. Irv was in the Chapel Choir all four years. We needed his assistance because he also was in the Cadet Glee Club and could carry the more marginal performers."

Upon graduation, Irv married Judith Cohen in Brooklyn, NY who became a vice president in the advertising industry. They had four daughters. Deborah, the eldest, became an arbitrator for the California School Employees Union. Karen became a kindergarten teacher.

Janet became a media supervisor for the MGM/United Artists movie studios. Nancy, the youngest, followed in her father's footsteps and became an aerospace engineer.

Lt.Col. Howard Cannon, USAF(R), Class of '56: Irv and I were assigned to the Air Force Space Systems Division in El Segundo, CA, now called the Los Angeles Air Force Base, somewhere between 1962 and 1966. Irv was in the Gemini Program. We socialized frequently, and became good friends.

Deborah: I have many clear memories of my father and the gifts of love he gave to all who knew him. He instilled in me a great sense of worth and independence. His words of encouragement are recalled on their own volition. He passed on his love of music and song and taught us by example that nothing is unattainable. If he were interested in something, he learned it from others or taught himself. One of the more precious mementos I own is my father's guitar that he taught himself to play, and I also did. I know we all carry with us the strong dedication to the moral ethics he taught us and the importance of family, friendship, truth, and honesty. My father had no son. My son is the first grandchild in our family. I was so proud and happy to name my son after Daddy, even with the family name as his middle name. I am sure my father is more than proud of the way his daughters turned out, and of all his grandchildren. The circle is complete. Bless you, Daddy.

Karen: In November 1970, on the first Veteran's Day after Irv's death, my 6th grade class wrote compositions on "Why Do We Have Veteran's Day?" Mine was printed in the school newspaper. The following is what I wrote: "We have Veteran's Day honoring the dead soldiers. My father is one of them. He died in an aircraft

that crashed on 2 Oct. I know what it feels like to lose someone you love. That's why my family honors Veteran's Day very much. That's why we all do. I'm sure that all the families of those men in the aircraft honor it very much also."

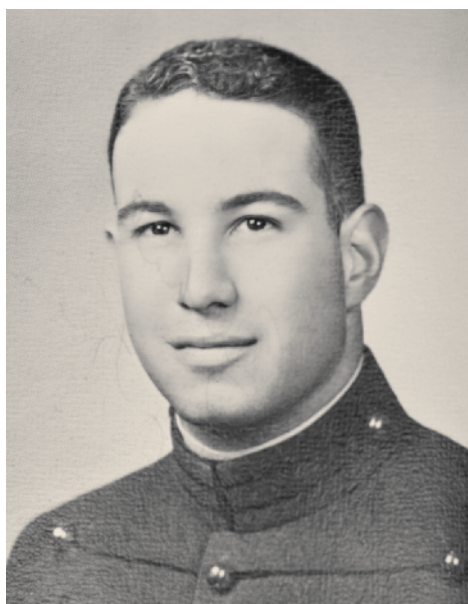
Janet: My memories of my father are very scattered because he was not at home for long periods of time. However, I do know that when he came home, everything other than us was secondary to him. He always made us feel special and made it seem like he was never away at all.

Nancy: It's strange what you can remember from your childhood. I was only 6 years old when my father died, but so much of my life has been influenced by him. He had great enthusiasm for the U.S. space program. As a very young child, I remember being able to stay up past my bedtime to witness, as my father put it, 'history in the making.' I remember those times that I watched as a sleepy child and recall the sense of amazement that my father exuded. Years later, when deciding on a career for myself, those memories gave me no option other than to follow in my father's footsteps and support the space program. I believe my father shaped my destiny and would be pleased with the results.

Irv also is survived by his brothers Marvin and Sheldon, both residing in southern California. In a eulogy in October 1970 at a memorial service, Marvin closed with this sentence, "To know Irv was to love him, and that is the finest measure of any man."

Maj Mayer earned the Air Force Commendation Medal and the Air Medal with two oak leaf clusters while in service to his country.

*Adapted from Memorial Article authored by family and classmates.*



## Stephen J. Kott

Major, U.S. Marine Corps  
KIA October 31, 1967 | Vietnam War  
Buried: Arlington National Cemetery  
Cullum No. 23916-1962

It really was a dark and stormy night when *Stephen Jay Kott's* A-6 Intruder took off from the Marine Airbase at Da Nang, South Vietnam. On Oct 31, 1967, Steve's mission would take him over Hanoi, North Vietnam, for dangerous low-level bombings. Steve's aircraft could fight and survive under the worst of night flying conditions, but on this evening, it was not to be. During Steve's low-level run, his wingman saw a bright flash in the vicinity of the target and nothing again was heard from Steve or his fellow Marine crew member.

Steve never took the easy way out. He spent his life for the very military mission that unfortunately took his life. He was born in Nassau County, NY, on May 12, 1940, to Samuel and Thelma Kott, but moved to Greenville, SC, when he was ten years old. While there, he became a boxer and rose to be a Golden Gloves Champion. He graduated from Staunton Military Academy in Virginia and received a Congressional appointment to West Point, where he joined Company K-2 with the Class of 1962.

Life at the Academy was rarely a challenge for Steve. He was bright, tough, and determined. He would often bounce into classmates' rooms with that big smile and share funny and relevant stories. He left his mark on Company K-2 as

a great football player on the 150-pound team and as a Corps' Champion boxer, winning both Regimental and Corps Championships for his weight class. He was quick, had a terrific right hook, and coached the K-2 boxing team his First Class year. Not only was Steve very successful in his studies, but he was always ready to provide help to those company classmates struggling in theirs. Academic departments identify cadets who demonstrate potential to be future instructors—in Steve's case, the then-Department of Military Psychology and Leadership wanted him to return to West Point to teach its courses.

Steve married Julie following graduation and, because of his toughness and determination for something different, chose a Marine Corps

commission. The two headed for Quantico, VA, where Steve attended The Basic School (TBS). They loved every minute of the grind of being a Marine family. After graduation from TBS, they left for Ft. Sill, OK, where he attended Officer's Basic Artillery School. There he would take his new Studebaker Golden Hawk over the Oklahoma prairie chasing buffalo and long horns; Julie took it all in stride with their first baby, little Stevie, in her arms. After Ft. Sill, they were off to the Fourth Marine Brigade at Kaneohe Bay, HI, where Steve was assigned to "H" Battery, 3rd Battalion, 12th Marine Artillery Regiment. In addition to other duties, Steve coached the Marine Pacific Boxing Team and was as a competition marksman for the Marine Corps. While there, they grew their family with the birth of Tara.

Steve loved artillery but longed to be a Marine aviator. After a year as a "cannon cocker," he applied for flight school at Pensacola, FL, and while there welcomed his third child, Jack. From the T-28 to carrier qualifications, Steve loved flight school. After graduating he was trained in the A-6 Intruder as a bombardier navigator and assigned to the 2nd Marine Air Wing at Cherry Point, NC, where he was promoted to captain. In August of 1967, he was assigned to the I Corps at Da Nang, South Vietnam, and was assigned to his A-6 squadron, the VMA (all weather) 225, 2nd Marine Air Wing. He was with his squadron only three months when shot down.

He was declared Missing in Action, and his family hoped and prayed he was safe and alive and would return home when the war was over. When the POWs returned, Steve was not among them, and his status was changed from MIA to Presumed Dead. Then in 1984, North Vietnam returned the remains of eight Americans, including Steve's. As sad as it was to bury his remains, the family felt fortunate

to at last have him home because many were still unaccounted for. Steve was laid to rest with full military honors at Arlington National Cemetery on Aug 13, 1984.

At his funeral, many classmates and close friends came to welcome Steve home and say goodbye. Steve's parents never gave up hope that he was alive and would come home, but they passed away before his remains were returned. Steve's final resting site is near the intersection of Patton and Eisenhower streets and in view of Headquarters, Marine Corps, which is quite fitting. After the ceremony, many classmates gathered Steve's children and regaled them with stories of mischief, adventure, toughness, and brilliance that they had experienced with their father. In the proud tradition of West Point, his classmates were there to comfort and assuage the painful sense of loss and grief of 18 years of hope extinguished and to share in the bittersweet realization of his children's prayers answered, "Please bring Daddy home".

It was our personal loss as well as our Nation's when Steve died. But his memory and devotion to country, Corps, and family was carried on by his loving wife, Julie. To this day, his children: Steve, Tara, and Jack; as well as his grandchildren, hold his memory dear to their hearts.

When you, his classmates, visit Steve's grave at Arlington, place a stone on his headstone in the Jewish tradition and say a prayer for him, affirming that he is respected, remembered, and revered for his service and sacrifice. He would love that. When you visit the Vietnam Memorial, you can find Steve's name on Panel 28E, Line 104.

—Written by Tom Haley '62, Jerry Garwick '62 and Steve Kott's family

*Note: Abbreviated from original due to space limitations.*



## Michael E. Berdy

Captain, U.S. Army  
December 26, 1967 | Vietnam War  
Buried: West Point, NY  
Cullum No. 25914-1965

This present undertaking has been a most difficult task for me. I have sought to complete it on many occasions and have failed. A fear that I could not do justice to expressing, in words, the death of the love enjoyed by our family, and a hope that one of your classmates might assume the task, provided an effective self-imposed obstacle for me.

Yes, the years since your death have produced feelings of acrimony and vindictiveness in your family. This is due, in part, to the frustrating conclusion of the war you died in, and, additionally, to the exoneration of those who violated the law of the land and fled, only to be hailed for their “sacrifices” like some cruel epitaph for the thousands that died. However, if anything has been able to assuage the rancor in our hearts it has been the powerful love which permeates the entire fabric of our family relationship, and the knowledge that in such a short amount of time you had been able to touch so many people. How sad that most men pass a lifetime without experiencing that love or knowing the admiration and respect which you did. Indeed you were a very fortunate man and

your family was as equally fortunate for being a part of it.

When I think back to our years together, which is usually every day, what do I remember? Primarily I recall an older brother who showered me with love and sought to ease my own growing pains by passing along the things he had learned before me. Our father, wisely gauging the breadth of your capabilities, allowed you great latitude and autonomy in guiding me through my early years. Always present to apply the brakes if necessary, Dad recognized the special bond between us and allowed it to manifest itself through this subordination of some of his prerogatives to you. No, they were not all days of wine and roses for many were filled with fights and recriminations. However, through it all the one overriding

impression that prevails is that there was always a conscious desire on your part to teach me, to prevent me from erring along my path of growth. There was never a selfish motivation or jealous reaction characteristic of most older to younger brother relationships. Or, if there was, you had enough love and understanding to shelter me from it. Whether it was academics, athletics, or just life in general, you assiduously sought to impart in me those lessons which would assist me in achieving the very successes you had. You were not always successful with me and often I would have to learn from my own failures. But ultimately you did succeed in transferring to me the need for hard work and dedication and above all an abounding degree of love and loyalty to our family. That family has grown to include a wife and two boys and I hope that the example you have set lives in my relationship with them. If there is any sadness in this it is the knowledge that we will never be able to share in the common experience of family and career which has marked my life since your departure. I can only hope that you are watching us from afar and gaining pleasure from your observations.

I recall the day of your death and the subsequent traumatic period afterwards as some dark cloud. Tears, hysteria, and above all an aching helplessness to want to strike out at something that simply was not there. We only knew that you would never be coming back to us again and this stabbed at Mom, Dad, and me like a knife piercing our hearts. Your burial at West Point was marked by one overriding aspect—specifically, the attendance of an entire community and scores of classmates wishing to say a last goodbye to their friend and comrade. What was so special about you to command an appearance of so many people? Why did

the Corps chant for “Igor” on the football field when you certainly could not be termed a star in a true sense of the word? There are a myriad of reasons, some of which I am probably unaware of. However, foremost among them was a rare blend of leadership, charisma, dedication to hard work, and love and respect for your fellow man which few people were fortunate to have. Your physical, mental, and moral strength impressed all who had contact with you and the flood of sympathy which attested to these qualities serves as testimony to your accomplishments and is a more worthy epitaph than the one alluded to earlier.

You died as a professional doing that which you cherished most—leading an infantry company. Your letters to me were flowing with pride and accomplishment as you recounted your experiences as an infantry officer in combat. They were not filled with the bombast of someone thrilled by the exposure to battle. Rather they reflected the serious nature of war and the death contiguous to it and the role that the leader played in limiting the latter in this destructive experience. You were wounded once and could have avoided return but chose not to knowing that there was a job to finish. Your joining of The Long Gray Line can be noted with pride as you served your Army and country honorably.

We miss you dearly beloved brother. However, our loss is mitigated by the memory of love that we held for each other and by the knowledge that you died doing that which you most wanted to do. May God be with you. I love you and always will.

—Written by your brother, Andy

*Note: Abbreviated from original due to space limitations.*



## Gary S. Kadetz

Second Lieutenant, U.S. Army  
KIA, May 19, 1966 | Vietnam War  
Buried: West Point, NY  
Cullum No. 25877-1965

The 1st Battalion, 8th Artillery, held memorial services at Cu Chi, Vietnam for Second Lieutenant Gary S. Kadetz. Lieutenant Kadetz was killed on 19 May 1966 by enemy fire during Operation "Wahiawa" while acting as a forward observer with Company A, 2d Battalion, 27th Infantry.

The service, conducted by Rabbi Greenspan from Saigon, began at 10:00 a.m. and was attended by 125 men who had known and respected Lieutenant Kadetz. Major General Fred C. Weyand, Division Commander, Brigadier General Edward H. de Saussure, Assistant Division Commander (Support), and Lieutenant Colonel James W. Cannon, Battalion Commander, were among those present.

Gary Kadetz was born on 24 June 1943 in Brooklyn, New York. At the time of his death, he was survived by his wife, Norma, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Kadetz.

When he first entered West Point in the summer of 1961, his name "New Cadet Kadetz" gave him more attention than he deserved. It was his first military experience, though, so it took a "normal" adjustment period before

he became a good plebe. Classmates always remembered his determination during Beast Barracks to make it through, no matter how tough it was. He was a constant source of encouragement to his classmates. Even through the toughest times as a cadet, e.g., Beast Barracks and Plebe Year, he was never reluctant to show friendliness and a smile to his classmates and even the upper class.

We remember well the difficulty Gary had in learning Russian because of his Long Island accent. But as was typical of him, he overcame this problem and eventually even enrolled in advanced Russian courses. He also volunteered to fight in the Yearling Open boxing tournament at Camp Buckner in the tough heavyweight division. He lost in a close match, but it was not because he quit— as usual, he gave it all he had.

Gary was very active in football as a lineman for four years, participated in track as a shot putter, belonged to the Russian Club, and was an active member of the Jewish Choir. One particular asset Gary had was perseverance; he never would quit, no matter what. We can still recall the beatings he would take as a third team lineman taking on the first team in football to better prepare them for the big game the following Saturday. Not once would he complain or quit! He was admired by all who knew him for this noble trait.

There was no doubt that Gary cared for his classmates. He was always willing to do more than his share of company duties as a plebe. Even as an upperclass cadet, he continued to assist his friends and classmates in academics, as well as in setting them up with some very attractive "drags" from New York City. We can still remember how happy and satisfied he was at both recognition and graduation. Although not the most gifted cadet, he was certainly one

of the most determined to succeed and he did! Gary became a member of The Long Gray Line on 3 June 1965, graduating in the second third of his class.

Gary enjoyed discussing the virtues of duty, honor, and country. He could win just about everyone over to his way of thinking on this very important subject. His integrity was impeccable!

His parents lived in Queens, Long Island while he was a cadet, and they really made his friends feel at home when we visited. They are special people, as Gary was.

Gary Kadetz's desire to follow the "sound of the guns" was no accident. He was very patriotic and felt strongly that it was his duty to fight if our Nation was engaged in a conflict. He felt pride in defending our freedom and in preserving the freedom of other nations like South Vietnam. In doing this, Gary made the ultimate sacrifice—he gave his life for his country!

—Written by your classmate Joseph P. Koz '65



## Howard S. Pontuck

First Lieutenant, U.S. Army  
BSMv, PH, KIA March 8, 1968 | Vietnam War  
Buried: Cedar Park Cemetery, Paramus, NJ  
Cullum No. 26613-1966

Howard Samuel "Howie" Pontuck was born in Brooklyn, NY on October 2, 1943. He was thoughtful, studious and serious about sports and his schoolwork. He also worked to help his family. Classmates and friends looked up to Howie because of his athletic abilities, his kindness to others and his exceptional work ethic. He excelled in gymnastics and gained the attention of the U.S. Military Academy Gymnastics Coach Thomas Maloney, who was very interested in coaching Howie on his team at West Point. Howie applied, was tested, qualified for admission, and entered West Point with the Class of 1966 on July 2, 1962. As a cadet, Howie applied himself with fierce determination and sense of purpose.

Because NCAA rules prohibited freshmen from competing at varsity level, Howie's first year was spent learning to be a cadet and preparing for varsity gymnastics. In Howie's second year he competed on the floor exercise and parallel bars, earning his first of three Army "A" letters and three stars for beating Navy each varsity season. Senior year he was elected team captain, leading the team to a great winning season. He even gave up Christmas vacation to participate with two teammates in the 1965 National Gymnastics Clinic, competing in the North-South All Star meet. That dedicated effort paid off in the remaining competitions of the season. Howie

and two teammates qualified in conference and regional championships to compete in the 1966 NCAA National Championships. Howie set the example, inspiring all other teammates and competitors to match his trademark intensity and high level of performance.

Upon graduation, he was commissioned an Infantry second lieutenant and graduated from Airborne and Ranger schools. As a platoon leader in B Co., 1st Battalion, 50th Infantry Regiment, he received orders to the Republic of Vietnam. He served with distinction in combat and was awarded a Bronze Star for valor. He then requested to serve where he could have a

greater impact to improve the Vietnamese Army capability. Promoted to first lieutenant in June 1967 and assigned to MAT 12, MACV as a team leader, he served with exemplary dedication and positive attitude, always helping others as much as possible. On March 8, 1968, he was killed by an exploding landmine.

Howie's name is engraved on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Wall at Arlington National Cemetery, Panel 43E, Line 58. The memories of his smile and life are forever etched in the hearts and minds of every member of his Class of 1966 and the entire Corps of Cadets during his years at USMA. All who knew him respected and loved him. He was a true friend, always encouraging others. He always set the example, inspired everyone and fascinated all who saw him compete. Had he lived to serve a full career in the Army, he undoubtedly would have inspired and led soldiers at the highest levels. He embodied the West Point motto: "Duty, Honor, Country." He accepted true challenges in life, the rigors of academic, military and athletic programs, proving his character, capability as a student, athlete and leader at West Point and in wartime service in the United States Army. The voices of those cadets, gymnasts and soldiers whose lives were positively influenced by Howie will never be silenced. Words of admiration, love, praise and thankfulness for him will forever echo in the hearts and minds of his loved ones, his classmates, his teammates and all of the soldiers who were led by him. His example changed forever the lives of countless cadets, soldiers, friends, teammates and classmates. Thank you, Howie, for your life and the love we shared.

The 1LT Howie Pontuck Wall of Distinction was dedicated on January 15, 2022 in the Neal Creighton Gymnastics Arena on the campus of West Point. Howie is the focal point of a tribute to his contribution to the lives of all who knew

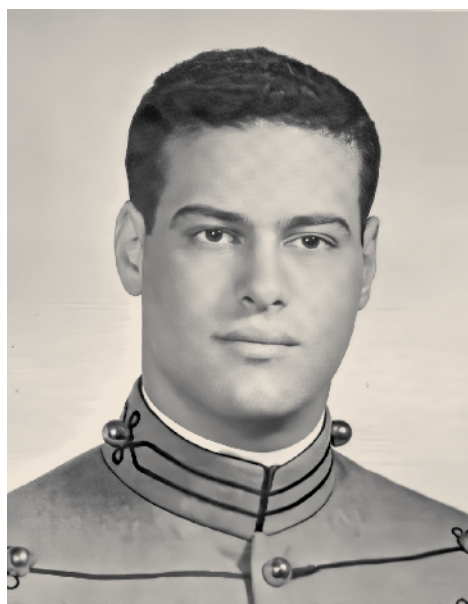
him, several of whom have commented below:

You are the most inspiring person that I ever met! Your bravery, intelligence, tenacity, sense of humor, athletic ability and infectious smile were just some of your outstanding qualities. You are and will always be an American hero to all who knew you! You were always larger than life. You were the best gymnastics athlete that I ever knew. God bless your soul for an eternity! — Joel Liebefeld, youth baseball player in Brighton Beach, Brooklyn, NY.

*We were fellow gymnasts on the team at Brooklyn Central YMCA. I still have the West Point cufflink I got from Howie after the 1962 Army-Navy Game. He spent four days on an exchange visit with me at the U.S. Naval Academy during our junior year.* — Thomas D. Lomacchio Jr. USNA '66:

Although a true Brooklynite, Howie was markedly different from everyone else. While we were a comparatively wild, undisciplined, ragamuffin bunch of kids focused on sports, neighborhood shenanigans, Howie was serious, disciplined, totally principled, dedicated to his family and truly gentlemanly. His presence naturally conferred an air of authority, confidence, sincerity and respectfulness. He was as pleasant as he was morally principled. He was one of those individuals whose presence alone garnered respect. I'll never forget my astonishment watching Howie miraculously raise himself up from a sitting position on the floor, moving his straight legs back through his arms and up into a handstand, or the time he climbed the 50-foot gym rope with his legs locked in a perfect L position. I am certain that Howie could have pursued an Olympic career. God bless you, Howie. The world lost a great one. With love and affection... — Jeff Dembicer, friend of Howie's brother, Joey.

—Written by Paul Roggenkamp '66, Teammate and Friend



## Ellis D. Greene

Captain, U.S. Army  
SS, DFC May 23, 1970 | Vietnam War  
Buried: Ft. Logan Cemetery, Denver, CO  
Cullum No. 27172-1967

Ellis David Greene was born in Cleveland, OH, one of twin sons, to LTC (Ret.) Monty P and Helen C. Greene. He attended George Washington High School in Denver, CO, where he lettered two years in gymnastics, and received a congressional appointment from Representative Bryan G. Rogers, State of Colorado, District 1. He entered the Academy as one of the youngest members of the Class of '67.

At West Point, he succeeded in many things but met with one frustration. As he pursued gymnastics excellence, he was plagued by something beyond his control—he kept growing. By Yearling year, he was nearly 6'4", a considerable height for a "free exercise" competitor. But height turned to his favor, as he was constantly the companion of attractive young ladies caught up with this tall, dark, handsome cadet. Not enamored with academic pursuits, Ellis knew how to do "well enough" to ensure plenty of time for extracurricular activities, trips off post, and a spot on the Goat football team. He enjoyed horses and rode the "Purple Sage" as a member of the Cadet Riding Club.

Perhaps his greatest enjoyment at the Academy came from membership in the Jewish

Chapel Choir and teaching Jewish "Sunday School." Ellis had a good voice and was a leader in the choir. To give the choir a larger look, all Jewish cadets, regardless of voice credentials, traveled with the choir. Those who couldn't sing were to remain silent and mouth the words. A classmate, quite tone deaf but unwilling to admit it, recalls singing lustily, especially as a Firstie, only to be chided into silence by Ellis. The Jewish Chapel Choir was a fraternity unto its own, accepting of all. Short years later this same classmate would ache to the core upon learning of Ellis' death. In later years, he would remember his friend dearly upon emotion-filled visits to the Vietnam Memorial.

Events moved quickly for Ellis following June Week and graduation. In September, after

completing the Infantry Officer Basic Course, he shipped off to Europe, where he served as a platoon leader in Company B/2-36 Infantry, 3d Armored Division, near Kirch Gons, Germany

During this tour, he perfected his French and developed a keen interest in French music, wine, and clothes. Before long, he met his beloved Judith-Ann, who was employed by the American Embassy. In January 1969, after a 6-month courtship, they married in Switzerland.

After serving as a general's aide and receiving a waiver for a back problem, he began rotary-wing flight school in April 1969 at Ft. Wolters, TX. Promoted to captain in June, he completed helicopter training at Hunter Army Air Field, Savannah, GA, in December 1969.

On 7 Nov 1969, his son Ari was born, named after the lead character in Leon Uris' book Exodus. Shortly after graduating, he received orders for Southeast Asia. Of his flight class, one in 3 would give their lives in the Vietnam War.

On 1 Mar 1970, he arrived in Vietnam and went to Company C, 227th Aviation Battalion (Assault Helicopter), 1st Air Cavalry Division (Airmobile). On 1 May 1970, two months after joining his unit, Ellis distinguished himself on a combat assault mission into the Republic of Cambodia. Piloting his UH-1H helicopter with a full complement of ground troops, he maneuvered through intense antiaircraft weapons fire, inserting the troops and departing the area safely

During the balance of the day, he participated in two more assaults and 3 other missions. Ellis' performance that day was conspicuous. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for exceptionally valorous actions and outstanding flying ability. In the short time that followed, Ellis also earned the Silver Star, the

Bronze Star, the Air Medal (1st through 13th award), and the Purple Heart, symbolic of his ultimate sacrifice.

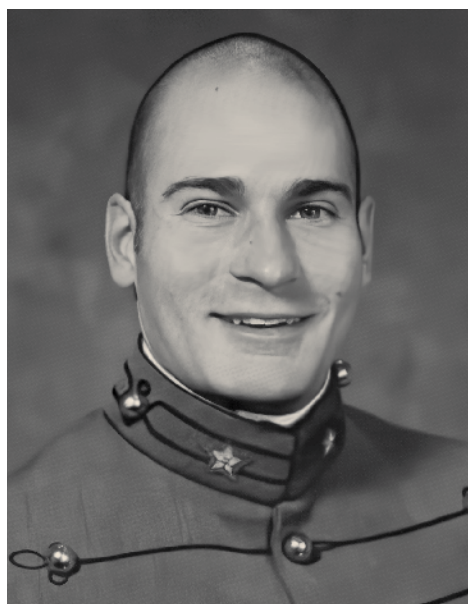
On 23 May 1970, as Assistant Flight Leader for another combat assault mission into Cambodia, Ellis again distinguished himself by his heroic actions and extraordinary sense of duty. Inserting ground troops in an area of Cambodia known as Parrot's Beak, approximately 30 miles from Song Be, Vietnam, he observed that the troops were immediately engaged by a numerically superior enemy force. Ellis instinctively responded to the situation. In a voluntarily action, he returned to base camp to pick up reinforcements. Returning to the landing zone, he was able to safely insert the fresh troops, but, before he could clear the area, his aircraft was hit by a rocket-propelled grenade. Ellis was mortally wounded, and the earthly life of this brave, skilled, and selfless soldier was over.

In 1986, Jewish War Veterans Post No. 344 was established in Denver in the name of CPT Ellis D. Greene. At the time of this writing, his son, after completing college and moving to Denver (about two miles from where his father was raised), continues the care previously given by Ellis to his handicapped twin brother Laurie.

The 27 years that have passed since Ellis' death have not lessened by one measure the memory of this man and valiant soldier. Words cannot express tire loss felt by those who knew and loved this husband, father, brother, son, friend, and classmate. Ellis, your family and friends remember you, your classmates salute you, and we are all comforted in the knowledge that you are at peace and with God. "Grip hands with us now, though we see not ..."

—Written by his family and classmates





## David R. Bernstein

First Lieutenant, U.S. Army  
SS, PH, KIA Taza, Iraq, October 18, 2003 | Global War on Terror  
Buried: West Point, NY  
Cullum No. 57619

David Richard Bernstein was born on April 14, 1979 in Mountain View, California to Richard and Gail Bernstein. He had two siblings. David lived with his family in Los Altos, California until 1982, when his father was transferred to Dallas, Texas. In Dallas, David started school and became active in sports, especially soccer.

In 1985, the family relocated to Austin, Texas where David spent most of his youth. He excelled academically and was a participant in several gifted student programs. During summer vacations, David began to swim competitively and continued to do so for his high school team. David became very active in the B'nai B'rith Youth Organization, and was elected to a position on the regional board of directors during his sophomore year in high school. He attended national summer camps and conventions in 1994 and 1995.

David graduated first in his class from the Phoenixville Area High School, Pennsylvania in 1997. He was awarded a scholarship from Centocor, Inc. and received nominations to both the US Military and Naval Academies. David accepted the nomination to the US

Military Academy at West Point and entered as a plebe in June, 1997. He believed that he would receive an outstanding education, combining both academic and physical challenges, and have the opportunity to serve his country as an officer in the US Army.

During his four years at West Point, David:

- excelled in academics, athletics, and military science degree in Civil Engineering
- was nominated by the Academy for a Rhodes Scholarship
- was member of the swim team, lettering each year
- qualified as a combat diver and became airborne qualified
- participated in triathlon competitions
- was a member of the brigade staff during his senior year

David graduated from West Point on June 2, 2001 and received a commission as a Second Lieutenant in the United States Army. He then served for nearly a year on temporary duty at Fort Benning, Georgia. It was at Fort Benning that David completed the Infantry Officers Basic Course and the Ranger Qualification Course. In May, 2002, David reported to his permanent duty station in Vicenza, Italy. He was assigned as the platoon leader of the 2nd Platoon, B Company, 1st Battalion (Airborne), 508th Infantry, of the 173rd Airborne Brigade.

David was serving with the unit at the outbreak of the war in Iraq in March 2003. He was part of an airborne combat assault carried out by 1,000 soldiers of the 173rd, who parachuted into northern Iraq in the early days of the war to secure an airbase and oil facilities around Kirkuk. David continued to serve as platoon leader, leading his 30-50 man unit on various combat missions until August 2003 when he was assigned to be the Executive Officer of C Company.

David served with distinction in Iraq and was well liked and respected by both his subordinates and superiors. He was affectionately known as "Super Dave" by his men and the senior officers of the 173rd Airborne Brigade. On the night of October 18th, 2003, David was traveling in the third vehicle of a three-vehicle convoy returning to their base of operations. While they were enroute, the base came under rocket attack. His convoy was the closest force to the location of the rocket launchers, and it was ordered to investigate and to stop the attack.

As the convoy neared the suspected location of the rocket launchers, it came under attack by small arms fire. The driver of David's Humvee lost control, resulting in it crashing into an embankment. The Humvee gunner was killed by gunfire and his assistant was immobilized. Their driver was thrown out of the vehicle and

was trapped under the wheels when the Humvee rolled back over him.

David exited the right side of the vehicle firing his weapon at the attackers and was immediately hit in the upper thigh by a bullet. He continued around the back of the vehicle and attempted five times to climb in behind the steering wheel. His fifth attempt was successful and he was able to move the Humvee off the driver and then pull him out from under the vehicle. At that point, David collapsed from loss of blood as the bullet had severed his femoral artery. The rest of the convoy returned and the enemy retreated. A medical helicopter was called in, but David never regained consciousness and was pronounced dead at the hospital.

1st Lieutenant David Richard Bernstein was Killed In Action on October 18, 2003. David was buried on Friday, October 31, 2003 at West Point with Full Military Honors. David was posthumously awarded the Silver Star for his action on October 18th. David was also awarded the Purple Heart and Bronze Star, as well as the Combat Jump Star on his airborne wings, and Combat Infantry Badge. The Army, continuing to recognize David's courage, named a forward operating base in Iraq in his honor.

The Phoenixville Area School District dedicated a Wall of Fame with David as its first inductee on May 25, 2004. David's family established the David R. Bernstein Memorial Scholarship Fund for the Phoenixville Area High School graduates named as class valedictorians. His family also established, as a perpetual tribute, the 1st Lieutenant David R. Bernstein Memorial Award to be given to those in each graduating class of the United States Military Academy who achieve the fifth highest class standing, David's standing in 2001.

—Written by his parents, Richard and Gail Bernstein

*Note: Abbreviated from original due to space limitations.*

Silver Star

Distinguished Flying Cross

Bronze Star with V Device

Purple Heart

Prisoner of War



## Valor Award Citations

### Captain Robert Allois Barker, Class of 1938

#### Silver Star Medal

For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in connection with military operations against the enemy while serving with the 31st Infantry Regiment in the Philippine Islands in 1942. His gallant actions and dedicated devotion to duty without regard for his own life, were in keeping with the highest traditions of military service and reflect great credit on himself, his unit, and the United States Army.

#### Prisoner of War Medal

Captured by the Japanese after the fall of the Philippine Islands in 1942 and was held as a Prisoner of War until his death in captivity on or about January 17, 1945.

### Captain Walter Israel Wald, Class of 1940

#### Silver Star Medal

Awarded the Silver Star for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in connection with military operations against the enemy while serving with the 61st Field Artillery Regiment, Philippine scouts, in the Philippine Islands in World War II.

#### Prisoner of War Medal

Captured by the Japanese after the fall of the Philippine Islands in 1942 and was held as a Prisoner of War until his death in captivity on or about September 7, 1944.

#### Purple Heart

### Captain Robert Harold Rosen, Class of 1941

#### Silver Star Medal (Posthumous)

For gallantry in action on September 20, 1944, in Holland. From the time he jumped until killed in action, Captain Rosen, Company F, 2nd Battalion, 505th Parachute Infantry Regiment, 82nd Airborne Division, was a constant example of courage which inspired the company to keep moving forward. During his last action he led a portion of his company in a charge into enemy positions. He paused in the middle of a bullet swept street to direct his men and exposed himself to continuous sniper and machine gun fire as he moved back and forth through the lines with snipers less than seventy-five yards away. Any indication of leadership by Captain Rosen brought on a concentration of

fire. He crossed an open street to obtain tank support. As he directed them, Captain Rosen was wounded by snipers but refused to be evacuated until the tanks were in a position to bring effective fire on the enemy. This action drove the enemy back and made it possible for the subsequent attack to succeed. The wounds received by Captain Rosen resulted in his death. His gallant actions and dedicated devotion to duty, without regard for his own life, were in keeping with the highest traditions of military service and reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Army.

#### Purple Heart

### First Lieutenant Howard Samuel Pontuck, Class of 1966

#### Bronze Star Medal with V Device

First Lieutenant Howard Pontuck distinguished himself by exceptionally valorous actions on January 2, 1968, while serving as Executive Officer with Company B, 1st Battalion (Mechanized), 50th Infantry Division, during a search and clear mission near An Lac, Republic of Vietnam. When his unit became heavily engaged with a large enemy force and sustained several casualties, Lieutenant Pontuck exposed himself to the enemy fire as he moved through an open area to assist his wounded comrades, disregarding his own safety. He then moved the injured men to covered positions. His display of personal bravery and devotion to duty was in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflects credit upon himself, his unit and the United States.

#### Purple Heart

### Captain Ellis David Greene, Class of 1967

#### Silver Star Medal

For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action as the Aviation Unit Commander, C Company, 227th Air Assault Helicopter Battalion, 11th Aviation Group, 1st Cavalry Division.

#### Distinguished Flying Cross

For his heroism and extraordinary achievement while engaged in aerial flight as the Aviation Unit Commander, C Company, 227th Air Assault Helicopter Battalion, 11th Aviation Group, 1st Cavalry Division.

#### Purple Heart

### First Lieutenant David Richard Bernstein, Class of 2001

#### Silver Star (Posthumous)

Awarded for exceptionally valorous achievement while serving with Company C, 1st Battalion, 508th Parachute Infantry Regiment, 173rd Airborne Brigade, 101st Airborne Division, attached to the 4th Infantry Division on October 18, 2003, while on patrol in Qutash, Iraq, during extreme enemy fire, risked his life in an effort to rescue one of his soldiers. Although suffering from a mortar wound, First Lieutenant Bernstein extracted the driver to safety, directed the security of his objective, and repulsed the enemy forces before succumbing to his wounds. First Lieutenant Bernstein's actions are in keeping with the finest traditions of military service and reflect distinct credit upon himself, the 4th Infantry Division, Combined Joint Task Force SEVEN, and the United States Army.

#### Purple Heart



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