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The Octofoil, October 1953

Ninth Infantry Division Association

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THE OCTOFOIL

Volume 8
Number 9

THE NINTH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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Jersey City (3), N. J., P.O. Box 428

267

OCTOBER, 1953

November 8th -- Date Set For the Ninth Annual Mass

FESTIVITIES NOTE...

The sound of music, the clinkle of glasses raised in good cheer are perhaps the most joyest sounds when one is seeking good comradeship. Partaking in the festivities of the New York Chapter is one of the best ways to have one heck of a good time.

This all has to do with perhaps one of the finest affairs that will be held by the New York gang at the Hotel New Yorker on the 21st of November, 1953.

For entertainment the New

York group has what they consider to be one of the finest congregations of musicians and entertainers they were able to gather. Many of you probably remember Rex Clayton, the man with the ability to really make music. Well, he is going to be the musical host of the evening. As a side light, if any of you lads don't know who this boy is, Clayton does most of the music work at the better known clubs in NYC and also is one of the standbys in music for the Princeton University lads and lassies. "So, what!" you are probably saying. Well, here then is the answer.

Rex Clayton has gone out on a limb for the NY boys and is bringing along with him a fine group of negro entertainers. Rex claims that he is really going out

for his friends and he promises to put on a show of shows.

The NY lads have not restricted this dance to members only. Each member is asked to set up his own party. Bring all of your friends and neighbors. Where else now-a-days can you get such a gala evening for only \$1.50 a person.

Tickets can be purchased at the door... so you don't have to worry about reservations. There is plenty of room and the room... ah, it is a delightful mixture of good taste and decor.

You'll want for naught except pangs of regret if you dare miss this great affair.

Make a date... Set it straight. Do your best to relate... Nov. 21, 1953 9 PM at the Hotel New Yorker 34th St. and 8th Ave. in New York City.

From Here and There

Every so often one meets old faces and tries to influence them to join the ranks... For instance, on Lexington Ave. in N.Y.C., in just one day I met Bill Reeder of the Finance Sect., Frank Fisher, and Mike Russo. Results: I think one out of the three will anty up... It's easy. All you have to do is to stick your hand in a guys pocket and say, "How about your dues". Seriously though, remind your friends, above all remind yourself, it's about that time again. We need your dues.

Received word that (Sgt.) Sammy Giblin formerly (I-Co.) of the 60th Infantry is now a detective in San Angelo, Texas. If you're south of the border and need the law on your side its good to know where you have a friend.

Speaking of friends here is an item that tops all. While seating comfortably in the office, the telephone rings and the operator asks, "Is this the headquarters of the 9th Infantry Division Association?". "Yes", I reply! With that, the operator says, "I have a long distance call from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Will you speak to the party"? Quickly checking in my mind who I knew in Milwaukee, I replied, "Yes." Lo' and behold I was connected with the proprietor of the Gold Key Tavern located at 364 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His name, Former Sgt. Leonard Ignaszak. Len, was a Sgt. in the APO section. Here is how he happened to call me. Steve Grey from

Washington, D.C., was vacationing in Wisconsin and met John Paruski. John invited Steve to Milwaukee, while walking down 27th Street they happened to stop in at the Golden Key Tavern... and there is our boy Lenard... With the usual gab about well, and so on, they talked about the Div. Association... Len said he wanted to join, but how... With that he is given the address... Rather then write a letter, Len decided to call... Believe me, he would have found it cheaper to write and would have had his dues paid for three years after the lengthy telephone conversation that followed. But, that's the nice part about this outfit. No matter where you go... You meet an old friend who is anxious to learn of the doings of this group. By the way, if you are in Milwaukee, stop in and say "Hello" to Len," a free drink is on the house for all 9th men.

Stork News... Hannah and Alfred Muller of 43 Autumn Lane, Hicksville, N.Y., with great pride and pleasure announce the following happy event on Sunday, September 6th, 1953, Susan Alyssa was brought into this world weighing a grand 4 lbs. and 14 ozs.

Mike Deresh is now out of the hustle and bustle of the city and tells us that he is living in Gods country, and his two kids love it... Mike is a traffic officer with the Port of Authority at the

A Letter of Interest that Needs Only the Following Headline....

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION RECTORY

47 Prescott Street

Worcester 5, Massachusetts

October 5, 1953

Dear Friend,

Every year at this time it is my pleasure to write to members of the 9th DIVISION. The occasion is a Memorial Mass which is offered for the souls of our deceased comrades. On Sunday, November 8, I shall offer our NINTH ANNUAL MEMORIAL MASS for these deceased.

Isn't it a wonderful thing that whereas so many things decline and die, this affair lives on and grows. And what is the reason? There are many reasons. First, there is the spirit of the 9th DIVISION MEN. It is a spirit born in fox holes, nurtured in the sharing of mutual dangers, and developed in constant companionship with a unity of purpose. Secondly, this gathering in November is an occasion to revivify these friendships. Thirdly, and this is perhaps, the first reason — at this Memorial Service our Charity finds a means of expressing its Devotion to our Dead and to their Bereaved. Whatever the reasons, we do gather together each November, and as a matter of fact, each year almost without exception the number increases.

My ecclesiastical C.O., Bishop Wright, has heard of our meetings, and has expressed his desire to meet the gang of the 9th DIVISION of whom I am so

proud. He does not think that any gang can be that good. Although other appointments will prevent him from attending the dinner, he will attend the Mass and on that occasion will speak to us and to our Gold-Star guests. I suppose that I should ask the Bishop to offer the Mass, but in my pride and stupidity, I insist on saving this honor for myself.

This year we are adding a special feature which I hope will please you. Saturday evening, November 7, there will be OPEN HOUSE at CONNORS' COFFEE SHOP. For this gathering we shall use the Parish Hall, which is underneath the church. At the Coffee Shop everything is "on the house" — coffee, sandwiches, and "what will you have?" For those who intend to stay overnight in Worcester, the Coffee Shop will be a good meeting place. For those who live in the vicinity of Worcester, or Boston, or Springfield, or Providence, or Hartford,

it is not too long a drive to come Saturday evening and enjoy the gathering at the Coffee Shop.

Once again then, it is my happy privilege and great honor to invite all 9th DIVISION MEN and their families and friends, and Gold-Star associates to attend our ANNUAL MEMORIAL MASS and get-together. All are invited — no matter what your faith may be. If you would rather offer your prayers in some other church, that is fine. In that case come to the other events of our get-together. All are invited — Infantrymen, Artillerymen, Engineers, Medics, members of the Special Troop. Come yourself, bring members of your family, especially your wife. Get the word to others. If you know of any 9th DIVISION MEN who would like to hear from me, send me their names and addresses. Especially, if you know of any of the bereaved, send me the information.

Saturday Evening, November 7

Immaculate Conception Hall — CONNORS' COFFEE SHOP (strictly on the house)

Sunday, 10 A.M., November 8

MEMORIAL MASS — Immaculate Conception Church (Bishop Wright will speak)

Sunday Noon, Dinner, Hotel Sheraton

Please sign and fill out the application below and return it to me by November 1, if possible. However, even though you do not send the application, and find out at the last minute that you can come, COME ALONG. If you send me the information, I shall be happy to make hotel

reservations for you. (Incidentally, Holy Cross plays here Saturday afternoon.)

Let us keep up the team work. Pray for our deceased, pray for their bereaved, pray for one another. God bless you. I thank God and I thank you for the privilege that was mine — to live with

you 9th DIVISION MEN for almost three years.

Sincerely yours,

(Rev.) E. T. Connors
Edward T. Connors (pfc)

P.S. I urge the Catholic men to receive Holy Communion on this occasion.

Ninth Memorial Mass Reservation

To: Immaculate Conception Rectory
47 Prescott Street
Worcester 5, Mass.

I of City

State will attend (check one or both)

Saturday evening or Sunday Mass Sunday Dinner

and will bring guests.

MAIL THIS TODAY!

(Continued on page 4)

THE OCTOFOIL

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Extract from the certificate of incorporation of the Ninth Infantry Division Association: This Association is formed by the officers and men of the Ninth Infantry Division in order to perpetuate the memory of our fallen comrades, to preserve the esprit de corps of the division, to assist in promoting an ever-lasting world peace exclusively by means of educational activities and to serve as an information bureau to members and former members of the Division.

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A TRIBUTE TO A FEW

The general attitude of many of our members is to do a lot of shouting either by mail or at local or national meetings about what we should or shouldn't do to improve the quality of our group.

But, when it comes down to actual work, it's the old familiar attitude that prevails; let someone else do it. This "leave it to someone else" has become an old cliché that is constantly used time and time again.

We want to go on record and thank those of our members who don't evade work. They know who they are and we know who they are. Rather than naming — let us just say the "Few who care enough to help" are the guys who we have learned to count on so much.

They just don't talk; they work. It's not a tremendous amount of work, and they don't get paid for their efforts. The only salary they want is the end result of having fostered the name of the outfit to the outside world comprised of civilians and old buddies.

Some of the men are always hustling to get new members; others are workers whom you always count on to do things on their own without even being asked to do it.

These men do not wait to be asked. They do it and then tell you about it. They take a few minutes out of their normal daily routine to aid us. It's just a few minutes but these few minutes are indeed valuable to perpetuate the ideals of their association.

Just to further prove a point. One of the above men happened to stop into the National office to go over his mailing list. The one factor that stood out like a sore thumb was that the individual had more names on his list from his battalion than the National office did.

Now we have found a new channel for securing men. This list is not used once a month, or once a week. It is only used once or twice a year for Christmas cards and the like. The most significant discovery about this meeting was that if one guy has it, the probabilities are that other members have new names for our mailing lists.

We can preach the failings and we can rave about the good of a few.

We are not going to say that every man must do a herculean job, but we merely refer you to a statement of fact. It can be done.

To you who have helped us so wonderfully in the past, we say, "Thanks," and to you who can help us out in the future, we say, "Please do."

1954 DUES ARE NOW PAYABLE

AND THEY MARCHED,

*And they shall march everyone on his way,
and they shall not break ranks. — Joel 2:7*

BRIGADIER GENERAL EDWIN H. RANDLE

"From the September 1953 issue of Combat Forces Journal copyright 1953 by Association of the United States Army. Reprinted by permission of the copyright owner." This article was sent in by Wilton M. Taylor...

The commander's car moved cautiously through the traffic of lumbering carts, jaywalking Arabs, and girls on bicycles with attractive lengths of leg showing. There must have been some men and boys on bicycles, too, but the Colonel and his driver and orderly saw only the girls. They had not seen any for two months. And all the girls riding bicycles in Casablanca that day seemed very pretty, indeed.

"Hancock," the Colonel said, "keep your eyes on all the traffic. The Arabs, too."

Hancock made no reply but drove the awkward vehicle a little more carefully than usual. He was a Florida country boy and no conversationalist. But he could find his way over strange roads in blackouts without the Colonel having to watch every turn.

"The French are very proud of this town," the Colonel said. "They developed it from a little Arab village."

"It's sure different from Newark," Cull said.

Hancock stopped to ask directions of an American soldier and the command-car moved on again.

"Colonel, sir," Cull said, "we took Safi three weeks ago. How long are we going to stay there?"

"That's what I've come up here to find out. Since November 8th, when the 47th Combat Team landed in the dark and captured Safi, I've heard from General Patton exactly three times. But he has been pretty busy. It's a sort of a compliment, too, not bothering about us."

"We did pretty good, didn't we, Colonel?" Cull, like the whole Combat Team, was intensely proud of his outfit.

"Better than pretty good. And don't let anyone ever tell you we had no opposition, either. Our fifteen dead and fifty wounded weren't casualties because we fired our ourselves."

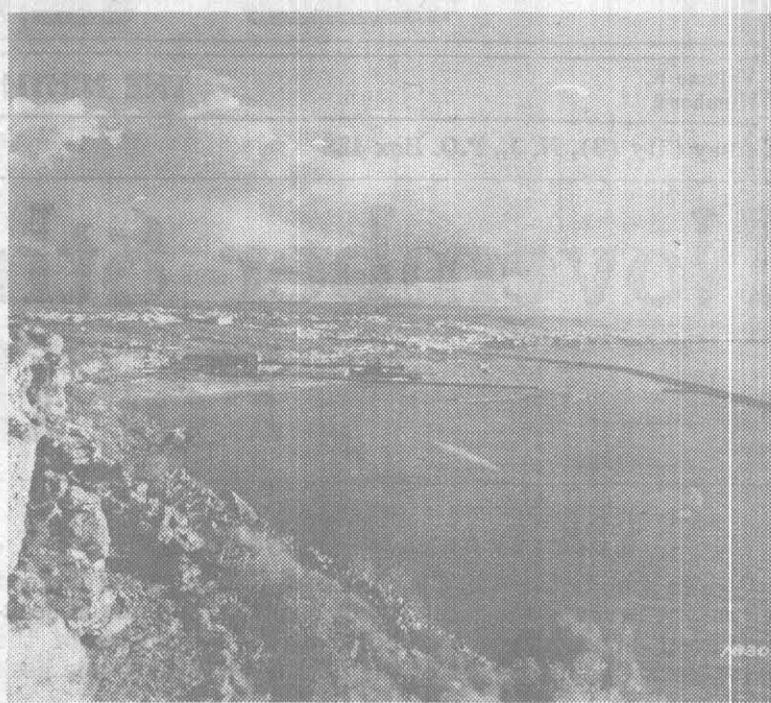
Busting illusions, the Colonel thought, is not my trade. To these boys the Safi operation was the biggest adventure in their lives. But very little of it will ever get written up in the history books. It was a side show. And the Combat Team and the Navy operated so smoothly, it looked easy in the reports. Guess I should have messed it up a little to make it look desperate.

Just then Hancock pulled up in front of the Shell Oil Building, General Patton's headquarters. The Colonel got out and stretched. He went up in the elevator and found the G3, who said, after the usual preliminaries, "Your division will concentrate at Port Lyautey, about eighty-five miles north of here. You are to move your Combat team — less one battalion — by rail. Figure how many trains you need and let me know."

"You haven't enough locomotives to haul my outfit, without slowing supply hauling." The Colonel paused to let that sink in. "Let me march it. Division Headquarters and a lot of odds and ends have to come over from the States. It will be wonderful training in march techniques."

The G3 had to put it up to the General. In a few minutes he returned with a grin. "The General says you can march. You can start when you are ready, and take any route you want. Just let us know where you are every day."

After a little haggling over 2½-ton trucks and ambulances, the Colonel hurried down the stairs,



Safi, French Morocco... The starting point

not waiting for the elevator, jumped into the back seat of the command-car and said, "Let's roll."

Hancock drove back through the city with more assurance. Cull, beside him, was quiet, too, enjoying the sights and thinking of Newark and girls, all at the same time.

Strange, the Colonel thought, nobody questions the time-tested two-and-one-half miles an hour marching rate for infantry until a war comes along. Then some cavalry or field artillery joker gets command of an infantry division and wants to improve on Nature. The idea, someone should explain, is to get the troops to their destination in shape to fight when they get there.

"Cull, did you bring along anything to eat?" the Colonel asked.

"Yes, sir. I put some K-rations in the back."

"Well, let's pull up in the shade of that eucalyptus tree and eat."

The K-rations with their tasteless biscuits and potted meat stopped that gnawing in the stomach, but contributed no pleasure in doing it. I've been a doughboy, the Colonel thought, for about twenty-six years — a captain for sixteen of them — and marched all over France to get to fight in World War I, and then all over Texas and Arizona for years. Not riding horses, either. Always a footslogger commanding rifle companies. A man can swing along mile after mile at 88 yards, or 106 thirty-inch steps a minute, provide he gets his full rest periods. He'll end up tired, of course, but in good shape and able to fight if he must. But step the rate up to three miles an hour, or more, and his endurance comes down disproportionately fast. He thought of the general who, on a twenty-mile hike, ordered the infantry to march three-and-one-half miles an hour under a blazing sun. From the second halt on, men were dropping out right and left. The small percentage that reached the bivouac in formation were completely exhausted.

"If one of my battalion commanders ran a march like that I'd reclassify him just as sure as hell," the Colonel muttered.

"Sir?" said Cull.

"Nothing Cull. Were you on that march the regiment made when Sergeant Ellis and his pioneer section built a log footbridge over the creek?"

"You mean, sir, the one where we marched fifteen miles, rested in the pine woods for three hours, and came on in two downs?"

"Yes. How did you feel when you got in?"

"Well, sir, there's no use kidding

anybody. I was tired, but I wasn't all in. With a little rest I could have done another two downs, if I'd had to."

I ran that march, the Colonel thought, exactly as prescribed in the march graph in the Staff Officers' Notebook for a twenty-mile march. And the regiment got in without a single man falling out. A lot of officers haven't learned yet what has been in FSR for years: a forced march is not going faster, but marching longer hours. The young male machine has a good motor, but also has its limitations. You can overheat it and you can burn out the bearings. And by stupidly conducting marches you can breed an intense hatred for marching, and for the infantry which does it.

When they reached the gates of the command post it was dark, two helmeted sentinels presented arms as the Colonel stepped down. Their heels and gun slings popped. The CP was in the El Marhaba Hotel. It was beautifully situated in a walled garden on a hillside overlooking the town of Safi, and the ocean. The Colonel passed through the wide doors and entered the circular Moorish lobby with its pillars and arches decorated with intricate designs in green and red and gold. He was met by his executive.

"Hello, Rumbaugh. As soon as I grab a bite I want to see Fred and Herman. And tomorrow at nine I want a meeting here of all the staff, battalion and special and attached unit commanders." The Colonel went down the steps to the dining room.

At 0900 the next day the officers assembled in the little theater just off the lobby. As the Colonel came down the aisle all stood at attention. He was intensely proud of his Combat Team. He had joined the regiment as a battalion commander in 1940 and had had a major hand in developing these youngsters.

"Rest. Be seated." He thought of his first Colonel. An apoplectic old bastard who deeply resented being officered with "ninety-day wonders." The only advice he ever gave was, "You're confined to camp for

BRIGADIER GENERAL EDWIN H. RANDLE, retired, commanded the 47th Infantry Combat Team in North Africa, and later served in the Pacific theater. This is his second appearance in these columns in recent months, the earlier one being a penetrating analysis of the need for more training of small units as teams.

EVERY ONE

three months," and "Did you ever hear of Army Regulations? Well, God damn it, go look it up." The only people we could approach for advice were the old noncoms who had been made lieutenants and captains. Not a one ever turned us down or hazed us.

"Gentlemen," the Colonel said, "our Combat Team — less the 2d Battalion — moves day after tomorrow, December 1st, by marching, to Port Lyautey where our division will concentrate." He paused. The only sounds were pencils writing and notebook leaves turning.

"The march order will be out this afternoon. Tomorrow morning, after you have studied the order, we will again assemble here. Save your questions until then. It is about 220 miles to Port Lyautey. We will make it in easy marches, about fifteen miles a day. Sundays we will rest. The rate of march will be the standard two-and-one-half miles an hour for foot troops and 25 for transportation. Two-and-a-half miles an hour is 88 yards a minute, or 106 thirty-inch steps a minute.

"As you know, we landed here with a minimum of transportation. Western Task Force can give us only seventeen 2½-ton trucks with trailers, for kitchens and blanket-rolls. That means the artillery, which was equipped for this operation with pack howitzers towed by half-ton trucks, will have to march on foot, as will the engineers and others. They will make it and take pride in it. Of that I am sure.

"Units will be rotated each day. Thus, every unit, regardless of branch, will get its turn leading its battalion, and the Combat Team. The road is blacktop but there are good dirt footpaths, made by the Arabs and their donkeys, on both

two sergeants you will select, will be the Provost Guard. Do you know the duties of a Provost Guard?"

"Well, only vaguely, sir."

"The Provost Guard marches just behind the last unit in the column. If you see a man who has fallen out, ignore him."

"Ignore him, sir?" thought . . .

"Yes, ignore him. The Surgeon will be right behind you. He will examine the soldier and decide whether he should ride or continue marching. If the latter, he will turn the man over to you. He will march with you the rest of the day.

"Now should the Surgeon find the man is sick, or for some other reason should not march, he will put him in one of his ambulances. Is that clear, Major?"

The Major nodded that it was.

"Each platoon," the Colonel continued, "will select a pace-setter. They should be men of average height who naturally take a thirty-inch step. Get them watches with second hands. The pace-setter will march in front of his unit, and alone. If a man marches alongside another he will engage in conversation and forget about the pace. Too, the natural inclination of men marching abreast is to conform to each other's length of step and cadence. But caution them that when tired, or going uphill, a man tends to shorten his step as well as slow it down. When going downhill the reverse is true. By continually checking his 106 steps with the second hand of his watch — or 53 in half a minute — the cadence can be maintained. But unless the pace-setter is alert, during the last part of the march his step is likely to be only twenty-five inches instead of thirty. Then you get the accordion action which is so exasperating; men bumping

substituted Hitler. I wasn't issued pictures of FDR.

"Gentlemen, the march order lists the items of uniform to be worn. Among them are steel helmets and leggings. The lightpack is prescribed. Raincoats are always part of the light pack. Two things look particularly sloppy: raincoats draped over the cartridge belt and dragging at a man's heels; and part of a unit wearing them and others not. Battalion commanders will decide when raincoats are to be worn, and removed. They will be worn by all, including officers, and likewise removed by all and placed in the pack or musette bag.

"Every officer and man will shave every day. You may think this a little overly nice. It is not. If we are a thousand miles from civilization, I will see you and you will see each other. We are going to look like the smart outfit of first-class troops we are. When a soldier begins to look like a bum, he begins to feel like one. And then it isn't very long until he begins to act like a bum. Your men will growl at some of these things, but watch when they see other troops. They will sneer at them for not doing the things they themselves grumbled about. That is soldier nature.

"Captain Schmidt."

"Yes, sir."

"Among your many duties as S1 is billeting-officer. This afternoon take a guide from each battalion and separate unit and select tomorrow's bivouac. There is plenty of space. I want large areas. Each platoon is to have an acre of ground and its own straddle trench. Each day, Captain, you and your guides will leave the bivouac first. Go to the next one and guide in the transportation and foot troops when they arrive. Then, each afternoon, you with your guides will select the bivouac for the next day.

"The march order states there will be 100 yards distance between all vehicles on the road. They must never be bunched, not even when entering or leaving bivouac areas. Especially not then. Move them off the road and into the areas without stopping, losing distance or jumping the road. It can be done. Flow them in at as many points as possible. Transportation is divided into march units and sections. That will facilitate control.

"In bivouac no vehicle must be parked closer to any other than 50 yards. When parked, all must be headed out, that is, toward the highway. Then, should you have to get them out in a hurry they will not have to be turned around. When leaving the bivouac each morning the exits must not be jammed. Every driver must know his place in the column — the vehicle he is to follow — and not move until that vehicle has gained the required distance. To do this and not stretch out the column on the road, the lead vehicle of each march-unit will keep to 15 miles an hour until all its vehicles are clear of the bivouac. It will then gradually increase speed to 25 miles an hour.

"You have noted that the foot column moves out first each day. The transportation column is timed to pass the foot troops during the first rest period. There are other ways the two could be coordinated but this, I think, will be most advantageous for all of us. The IP and the times the columns reach it will be announced each afternoon by the S3.

"Colonel Rumbaugh, each day when the transportation has cleared, you and the Surgeon will make a sanitary inspection and later report to me the police of areas, latrines, and sumps. That completed, Colonel Rumbaugh will move to the bivouac and organize it. The Surgeon will take his post at the tail of the foot column.

"Captain Murphy. We will base on Safi until halfway to Casablanca, and thereafter on that city. Maintain march discipline and 100 yards between vehicles in your supply convoy.

"Now, let's have the questions." There were surprisingly few and the meeting was soon ended.

Early the next morning, Decem-

ber 1, 1942, the Colonel's commander-car approached the IP a few minutes before the head of the first unit reached it. The weather was clear and cool. The sun promised increased warmth later. Gathered there was a little group come to say au revoir. When he had shaken hands all around, the Colonel said: "I'm changing to the jeep, Cull. Remain and check the timing at the IP. When the transportation has cleared, go to the new bivouac and help Rumbaugh."

The Colonel, with his jeep driver, pulled ahead to the top of the cliffs. A little beyond they turned off the side of the road and waited. As the foot column neared the dismounted and stood just off the road. He watched the entire column pass. The climb up the winding road was strenuous, but the pace was good and spirits were high. A change always boosts morale, he thought.

Day after day during the entire march the Colonel followed the same routine; precede the troops half a mile, pull off to the side and, as the column approached, dismount and stand until its tail had passed. Then his jeep would move between the files to a new post and again he would review the column. It was not that they needed constant supervision. He had a deep-rooted feeling that his place was with the troops all the time.

Sometimes it was amusing. As men caught sight of him they would straighten up a little, cover-off better, or in a jump quickly regain a few inches distance they had somehow lost. Some would pretend not to see him and go marching past with head and eyes to the front. Some, engaged in soldier talk, did not see him. A few would turn their heads and grin. One, he found himself watching for. He was short. Thirty inches was long for him but he had learned to roll his hips with each step to keep up. His helmet was too big and always over on his left ear. Each time he passed he looked up with an infectious grin. He was not trying to attract attention or bootlick. He was just a likable kid being natural.

The Colonel was the last one in each day. When the Provost Guard and the Surgeon had cleared, Cull was there to guide him to his tent. His steel helmet came off first. But as long as he made the men wear helmets, he wore his. The first day when Rumbaugh came up he said, "I don't like the kitchens."

The kitchen crews had taken the easy way and had prepared dinner on the trucks.

"Hereafter have the field ranges unloaded, kitchen flies pitched, kitchen trucks lined up alongside, supplies stacked uniformly, and company and battery guidon displayed. You decide the arrangement, but make it uniform. The men are hungry, and when at last they near the bivouac they want to see well organized kitchens that look capable of turning out a good meal. Also, units are to be bunched. We must get them used to spreading out, in bivouac as well as in combat."

The third morning the Colonel waited to watch the tank company and the transportation move out. They didn't very well. But he saw one kitchen truck with too many men on it. "Those of you who are not cooks or KPs, dismount and line up." Nine men slid to the ground with the appearance of patient suffering.

"Why were you on the truck?" he asked the first.

"Sir, I've got a terribly sore foot. I can't make it today."

"And you?"

"Colonel, sir, I had cramps all night. I'm too weak to march."

Each had an excellent reason for waiting and climbing on the kitchen truck at the last minute. The Surgeon joined the group. He had the faculty for showing up when he was wanted.

"Major Roberts, these men say they can't march today. If they are not in condition to march they ride in your ambulances, not kitchen trucks."

That afternoon at dinner the Colonel asked, "Roberts, how are those nine men from K Company?"

"Colonel, sir, they are all right. They made the march."

"All of them?"

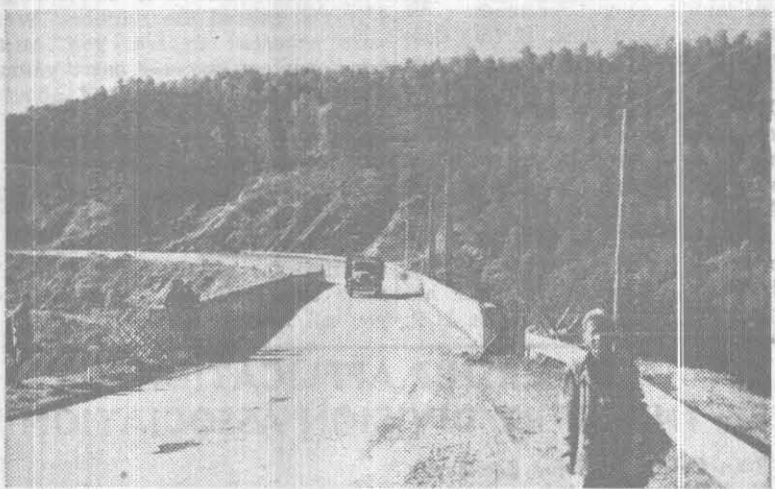
"Yes, sir, every one. There wasn't a thing the matter with any of them."

After the first few days word got around that between the Surgeon and the Provost Guard it was useless to try to put something over. A man might as well march with his own company. Thereafter when the Colonel saw a man beside the road, which was very rare, he felt confident that the soldier really needed attention.

It became a pleasure to watch the transportation column move into a bivouac area. There was no jamming on the road as guides met their sections and march-units and got them off the highway, headed out and parked. Everyone knew his job and proceeded to do it. It was like a circus coming to town. Things got done well, and quickly, and quietly.

It was on Friday that the Combat Team bivouacked on the outskirts of Casablanca. It stayed over and paraded in the city with French troops Sunday afternoon; troops, transportation, guns, tanks and all. Before daylight Monday morning it started on the last eighty-five miles of its march. At the second down a messenger handed the Colonel a letter from General Keyes. It was a commendation for the Combat Team for its appearance and marching in the parade, and for the conduct of its officers and men during the three days they had been given passes to the city.

On December 19 the troops marched through Port Lyautey to a bivouac area in a cork forest a few miles north. Discipline and morale had been superior. The field artillery, engineers and other attached units had taken their turns leading the infantry. They would have much preferred to ride, of course, but they marched, every one. And they did not feel sorry for themselves. Quite the reverse. The entire Combat Team was very cocky and looked down on all other



The winding roads of Africa

sides of it. The formation will be column of twos with a file on the path on either side of the road. Keep the pavement clear for traffic.

"There will be a distance of 100 yards between battalions, 50 yards between companies, and 25 between platoons. Battalion commanders will, on the exact second signal the hourly halts. Files will fall out on their respective sides of the road and stay there. That includes officers. Fall out marching and fall in marching. Troops must have every second of their rest periods for rest.

"There will be no more than seven men, besides the driver, on kitchen trucks: the mess sergeant, four cooks, and two KPs." The Colonel looked up from his notes. "Major Roberts, where will you place your ambulances?"

"Colonel, sir, I don't have any ambulances, except jeeps."

The Colonel grinned. "I saw six new ambulances swung over the side of a ship a couple of days ago. Liberate them."

"Yes, sir. Well, in that case I will put one ambulance in the rear of each battalion and keep the rest with me at the tail of the column."

"No. That creates too great a temptation. Keep them all with you and have them move by bounds."

"Lieutenant Sawyer."

"Yes, sir."

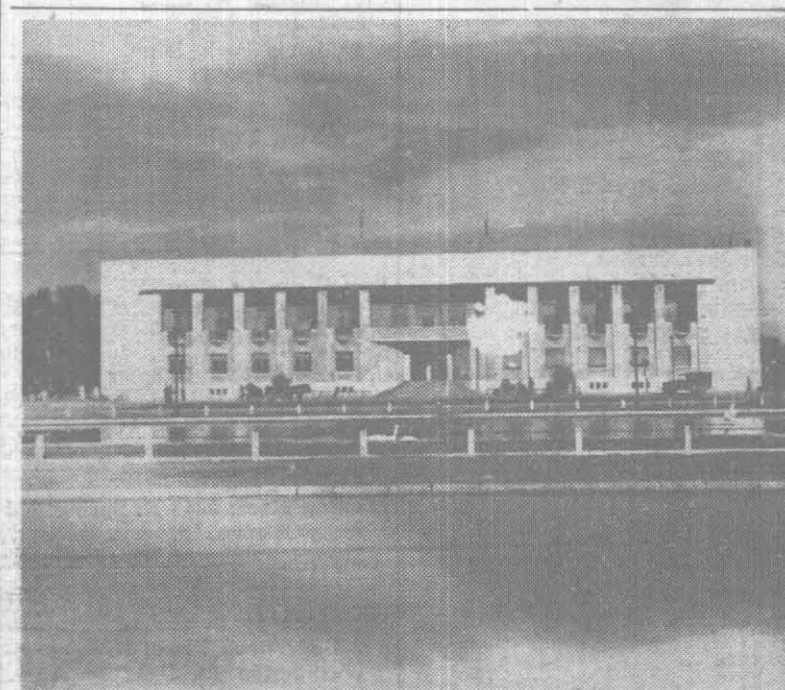
"You and Lieutenant Speer, and

into those in front. The pace must be a uniform 106 thirty-inch steps to the minute uphill, downhill, and on the level.

"As for marching in step, that is optional with company commanders. Some think it makes marching easier. If the men think so then it very likely does. Try it and see. Now none of these ideas is new. Soldiers have been marching over the world for a great many centuries. That is all for now." The Colonel grinned and the serious expressions relaxed a little as the officers stood at attention.

Walking up the aisle, he thought, they call me **The Bear**. I guess I do growl a good deal, but I love them all. Ever so, **The Bear** is a little more dignified than the nickname my Negro soldiers of A Company, 25th Infantry, gave me years ago. He smiled as he thought of it. **Aggravatin' Papa**. I loved them, too.

After breakfast the next morning the Colonel sat at his desk under one of the arches in the lobby, and made notes. Shortly before nine the officers entered the little theater, and exactly on the hour he followed and took his place at the foot of the center aisle facing them. Large lithographs of Marshal Petain flanked the movie screen behind him. The Nazis, he thought, would have pulled them down and



The finish of the march, Port Lyautey

And They Marched, Every One

troops as sloppy, undisciplined pantywaists. "Gangplank soldiers," they called them.

ENVOI

In February, 1943, the 47th Combat Team, by a combination of marching and shuttling, covered the 175 miles between Oran and Arba south of Algiers. It made 30 miles a day. From Arba to Tunisia it moved by motor about 775 miles

and participated in the actions at El Guettar and the Sedjenane Valley. As the African campaign closed it captured Bizerte. Three days later it left by motor for Mascara, Algeria; covering the 950 miles in five days.

The Colonel will always wonder what became of the lad with the outsize helmet, the rolling gait, and the likable grin. He never saw him again.

FROM HERE AND THERE

ther hard to locate but after some questions they finally located it. As a matter of fact, if any of the fellows were here then, you certainly wouldn't recognize the town now. They have repaired and cleaned it up. He says that the entire area where the division was located has been rebuilt and looks quite progressive. Here is a comment worth mentioning . . . "Keep up the good work and don't let the spirit for which the division fought die out. . . Let's all hope that we never again are called upon to participate in con-

flict. . . But we owe a debt of honor to one another to always remember the lads who never have returned." Let's try and keep this outfit together.

From Monroe, Michigan George Bartly of 2054 Vivian Road writes us, "I was with Co. B. of the 60th, and was taken prisoner in the conflict. Would like to hear from the old boys of B. Co. 60th Infantry.

Congratulations to Vincent Guglielmino on his birthday on November 29.

Veterans Information

Q — I wrote a letter to VA and stated that I wanted to apply for disability compensation payments. Is that letter all I'll need in the way of an application?

A — No. VA will send you a formal application, which you must fill out and return. If you send it back to VA within a year from the time you received it, VA will consider as the effective date of your application the date that it received your original letter.

Q — As a disabled veteran, I received an automobile, under VA's program of paying up to \$1,600 of the cost. Will VA also pay for any repairs that I might need?

A — No. Under the law, no payment may be made for repairs, maintenance or replacement of your automobile.

Q — I'm taking on-the-job training under the Korean GI Bill. What does VA consider as full-time training?

A — Full-time training for job trainees consists of the number of hours which make up the standard work week of your establishment. The minimum, however, is 36 hours a week, except in cases where bona fide collective bargaining between employers and employees has established a standard work week of fewer hours.

Q — I'm going to school under

the Korean GI Bill, and my wife just had a baby. What must I do in order to get an increased education allowance from VA?

A — You must apply for the increase. If VA receives your application within 45 days, the effective date of the increased allowance will be the date of the birth of your child. Otherwise, the effective date will be the date VA receives your application. In either case, you must submit satisfactory evidence of the birth of the child within a year of the time you asked for the increased allowance.

Q — If I take VA's vocational counseling in connection with my Korean GI Bill training, do I have to abide by the counselor's decision as to what I should study?

A — The VA counselor won't make any decision as to what you should study under the Korean GI Bill. Instead, the purpose of the entire counseling process is to help you understand your own aptitudes, interests and abilities, so that you'll be in a better position to make up your own mind.

Q — If a veteran doesn't specify how he wants his National Service Life Insurance paid out, in what form will his beneficiary receive it after he dies?

A — If the veteran has made no selection of any mode of settle-

Winchester--England

The past few months correspondence has been received at this office with the following return address on the envelope: "The Mayors Parlour, Guildhall, Winchester". What made this correspondence more effective was the prefix used, "Honorable", . . . Well, anyone getting a letter addressed as "Honorable" would really make it a point to see what this was all about.

But rather than go through the details, I'll start with the beginning of why we received correspondence from "The Mayors Parlour."

The probabilities are that many of our readers are not aware of the existence of a plaque in the Cathedral in Winchester, England. Therefore, here then is a background of what, where and when regarding the plaque.

On August 2, 1950, we, the members of the 9th Infantry Division Association, donated to the people of Winchester a plaque thanking them for all the niceties and for their wonderful hospitality on our behalf.

Maj. Gen. George S. Smythe representing the Division Association donated this plaque to the people of Winchester. The plaque now reposes in the Cathedral next to an American flag which we also donated.

If by any chance any of our members happen to visit England, then make it definite that you stop in at the Guildhall and see our plaque.

Poet's Corner

Fred Golub Sends us the following poem. . .

Wild, wild is the scream of the shell

Like a soul being tortured in hell. . .

Wild is its echo of sounds. . .

The rumbling bark of the War lords hounds

Wild, wild is the scream of the shell. . .

A soul being tortured in the depths of hell. . .

ment, the insurance will be paid in 36 equal installments to his beneficiary. The beneficiary, however, has the right to change to any other method of settlement, so long as it's on the installment plan and not a lump sum payment.

Q — I understand that if my entitlement to GI Bill education under the World War II program runs out after I've reached the mid-point of a semester, I will be able to continue, under the GI Bill, to the end of the semester. My entitlement won't carry me to the mid-point. Could I pay my own tuition just past that point, and then have VA carry me to the end of the semester?

A — No. Under VA regulations, you may not elect to pay for a portion of your semester, and thereby extend your entitlement. You must pay from the time your entitlement expires if you wish to stay in school.

Q — Before I went back on active duty, I took training under the World War II GI Bill. I've been discharged again, this time with a disability. Would I be permitted to take further training under Public Law 16, even though I've already had training under the GI Bill?

A — Yes, provided VA finds you need it to overcome the handicap of your disability and you meet the other eligibility requirements of the law. Your previous training, however, will be considered in setting up a new program for you, and it may not be duplicated unless it is essential to restore your employability.

'54 Dues Are Now Payable

60th FIELD REPORT

By Charles Fabres



Most of the 60th Field Gang at the Reunion. See if you can remember the names. Will list them next month

September 14, 1953 Since last we saw you all we have had ample proof of the cooking ability of our esteemed friend Savino (cooky) De Rose. We called him at home one evening about 6 p.m. and invited ourselves for dinner at seven. All we can say is "wow". That boy sure can make with the oven. Then on August 30th Everett Linscott and Leona came down from Mass. and visited us at the house at Lake Erie. So, cooky De Rose again came up with the best cooked meal we ever ate. He brought along everything including a folding table, and we ate chicken till it came out our ears. Cooky and Maria are expecting the son and heir along about December. We sure wish them luck. If this does not sound like my usual raving about good food it is because Cooky asked us not to make it too good. Says a few more like us and we would eat him out of house and home.

From Eldridge Dodge (E) 29 Maple Street, Attleboro, Mass. asking about membership in the Div. Association. We have mailed him an application blank.

From Tom Deli Priscoli, 31 Shawmut Street, Springfield, Mass. A note saying he enjoys our small talk in the Octofoil. Well — Tom — that's fine but how about that note explaining why you missed the reunion? We sure expected to see you and hope you can make it next year. We have recently received about twenty new names and addresses which we are checking now and hope to go to press with our address list in the near future. If you have any names of the fellows, send them along — now is the time for all the loyal men to come to the aid of the 60th. See you all next issue.

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION 9th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Stan Cohen, National Sec.-Treas.
Post Office Box 423
Jersey City 3, New Jersey

Enclosed please find 1953 dues for:

Name Serial No.

Street Address

City Zone State

I was a (Battery member of (Company Regiment 9th Div.

I wish to sign up for the following:

Regular Member\$3.50 per year ()
Sustaining Member ()
THREE YEAR MEMBER\$10.00 ()
Life Membership\$50.00 ()
Octofoil Auto License Disc\$ 1.00 ()
Eight Stars to Victory\$ 3.50 ()
(Pictorial History of 9th Div. in Action)
Ladies Auxiliary Member\$1.50 ()
Decals\$.25 apiece — 5 for \$1.00

Please credit the following chapter:

Philadelphia () Illinois () EUCOM ()
Buffalo () Columbus () Greater N. Y. ()
Columbus () Pittsburgh () Wash., D.C. ()
New England () Northern Ohio () Detroit ()
Twin Cities ()

Explanation of Dues:

Non-Chapter member all payment of dues to Nat'l.
Chapter Member: \$1.00 for chapter, \$2.00 to Nat'l.
Ladies Auxiliary \$.50 to chapter, \$1.00 to Nat'l.
Three Year: \$3.00 to chapter, \$7.00 to Nat'l.
Life Member: \$12.50 to chapter, \$37.50 to Nat'l.
Sustaining Member: Chapter to receive 1/3 of amount over \$3.50, balance to National.

Local Chapters of the Association

New York Chapter

Sec. H. Pepper
P.O. Box 1168
N.Y., N.Y.

Meeting place:

Southern Restaurant
17th St., & 4th Ave.
N.Y.C.

Meeting Time:

1st Frid. of each Month

Phila. Chapter

Sec. Jack O'Shea
1049 So. 52nd St.
Phila, Pa.
SA: 7-5299

Meeting: 1st Frid. every Month
P.R.R. Amer. Leg. Post 204
3202-04 Chestnut St.
Phila, Pa.

Buffalo Chapter

Sec. Henry J. R. Golabiecki
265 Cambridge Ave.
Buffalo, N.Y.

Northern Ohio Chapter

Sec. William C. Mauser
6632 Bliss Ave.
Cleveland 3, Ohio
Endicott 1-1007

EUCOM Chapter

Sec. M. Sgt. Willie F. Unsell
c/o Sec. Gen. Staff Hq.
7th Army, APO 46, N.Y., N.Y.

Detroit Chapter

Sec: Robert J. De Sandy
1685 Faircourt
Gross Pointe Woods 30, Mich.

Twin Cities Chapter

Sec: Richard W. Sims
3932 Brunswick
St. Louis Park, Minn.
Phone WH 3311
Meeting — New Years Eve

New England Chapter

Fred B. D'Amore
75 Webster Street
East Boston 28, Mass.

Columbus Chapter

Sec: Glenn O. Moore
22 East Gay St.
Columbus, Ohio

Illinois Chapter

Secretary, Theodore Preston
3356 N. Springfield Avenue
Chicago 18, Illinois
Phone: Juniper 8-3576

Meeting place: 3346 N. Springfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Second Friday of the month.

Wash. D.C. Chapter

Sec: Anthony B. Micke
7 Underwood Place, N.W.
Washington 12, D.C.
2nd Mon. of each Month at
Hotel Statler, Wash., D.C.