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The Octofoil, February/March 1960

Ninth Infantry Division Association

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Recommended Citation

Ninth Infantry Division Association, "The Octofoil, February/March 1960" (1960). *The Octofoil*. 117.
<https://crossworks.holycross.edu/octofoil/117>

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THE OCTOFOIL

VOLUME XIII
NUMBER 3

THE NINTH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

One Year, \$1.50
Single Copy, 20 cents

Columbus, Ohio — 52 E. Lynn St., VFW — CA. 4-0989

February, 1960-March, 1960

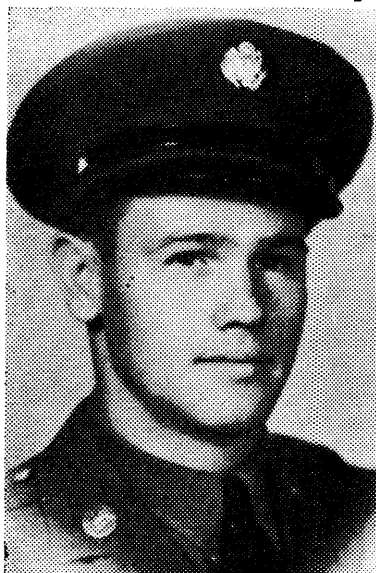
9th Division Lad Headed For Governorship

EACH SUCCEEDING YEAR REUNION HEADQUARTERS SEEM TO IMPROVE



Thanks to the aggressiveness of Past National President Frank Wade and other former Ninth men in the Washington, D. C. area, former Ninth men and their ladies, will be able to participate in the elaborate program being arranged for the next reunion in Washington, at the above pictured "dream world" hotel at very moderate rates. The accommodations at the Shoreham Hotel and the swanky atmosphere far surpasses anything Association members have ever enjoyed at a Reunion. The 1960 Reunion dates will be July 28, 29 and 30. Start feeding that piggy bank today and tell the boss you want that week off from work. Don't worry about the rates just because this is such a swanky hotel. They are as reasonable as any hotel the Association has ever patronized.

Pestel Is Elected Prexy



Dick Pestel, former 47th Regt. man, is the 1960 president of the Columbus Chapter. Dick has devoted many, many hours every year preceding each Reunion in making contacts with old buddies and arranging to meet them at the Reunions. Dick stopped a lot more shrapnel than was his pro rata share, while in combat areas, but that doesn't detract from his pep and energy in behalf of his Chapter and the National Association.

— PAY 1960 DUES NOW —
All is not gold that titters.
— PAY YOUR 1-9-6-0 DUES NOW —

RESERVATION BLANKS FOR HOTEL TO BE IN THE NEXT TWO ISSUES

The next two issues of The Octofoil will have printed a blank to be filled out in making hotel reservations at the Shoreham Hotel, Washington, D. C., for the 1960 Ninth Infantry Division Reunion, July 28th, 29th and 30th.

Memorial Services at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier should be one of the most impressive events of the entire program.

Rates being given to the Ninth Division Association members and their guests are very reasonable. All details will be in the coupon.

— PAY 1960 DUES NOW — A Swell Dad — He Remembers G.I. Son

Mr. J. W. Smith, R.F.D. No. 1, Butler, Pa., is not only a dad to his son, Wrignold J. Smith, but a pal. In a letter to Secy. Quinn, he writes:

"Dear Mr. Quinn: You will find enclosed money order for \$4.00 for my son, Wrignold J. Smith's 1960 Ninth Infantry Division Association dues. Send me the card and I will send it to him. He is still in the Army. Thank you."

— PAY 1960 DUES TODAY —
Hus' and: "After I get up in the morn'g and shave, I feel ten years younger."

Wife: "Why don't you try shaving before you go to bed?"

BOARD MEETING IN WASHINGTON SOON

A date will be set in the near future for a meeting of the Board of Governors to be held in Washington, D. C. The open date hinges on progress being made by the 1960 Reunion Committee of that city.

Former President Frank Wade of the Washington Chapter has contacted Secretary Danny Quinn and secured the names and addresses of all former Ninth men in the District of Columbia. They will be contacted and given an opportunity to help in making the 1960 Reunion an outstanding success.

— PAY 1959 DUES NOW —

GET CHAPTER NEWS AND ALL PERSONAL NEWS IN

The Octofoil joins in and says . . . "Amen," to a paragraph in one of Wilton Taylor's most recent letters in which he says: "I wish all members of the Association would dig down and swamp the Octofoil with news notes, lists of addresses and reports on where you are, what you are doing, and if you know any former Ninth men living near you, let The Octofoil know and we all will enjoy getting such information in the news columns of The Octofoil. Let's all keep the editor printing news—about parties, personal stories about our own selves—but send in some news notes regular. It can't be printed if it isn't sent in."

JUDGE OTTO KERNER IS GIVEN FAVORABLE "NOD" BY POWERFUL COOK COUNTY DEMOCRATIC ORGANIZATION

The Octofoil's mail box has been filled several times during recent weeks with letters from former Ninth men in Illinois who are proud of their old buddy, Judge Otto Kerner. Clippings from all of the Chicago newspapers have been sent in. To print them in full would fill almost the entire eight pages of this edition of The Octofoil. However, excerpts from some of these stories will be noted in paragraphs that follow.

Dave Heller, secretary of the Illinois Chapter, 5218 S. Cornell, Chicago, sent many clippings in about Judge Kerner from The Chicago Daily News, and comments that maybe the boost given in The Octofoil last issue was the reason that Judge Kerner was receiving such a round of endorsements for his gubernatorial candidacy.

Paul Gapp is author of The News story and mentions that Judge Kerner's father was a U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals judge and also an Illinois attorney general.

Kerner was educated at Brown, Cambridge and Northwestern. He won his law degree at Northwestern in 1934.

Former President Truman appointed him U. S. district attorney for Northern Illinois in 1947.

The gubernatorial candidate is an affable man with a ready smile, a military bearing and a fondness for Ivy League tailoring.

ENLISTED IN 1933

He enlisted in the Illinois National Guard's 106th Cavalry in 1933. A major when World War II began, he served with the Ninth Infantry Division in Africa and Sicily.

In 1945 he went to the Pacific as a lieutenant colonel and served with the 32nd Infantry Division.

He was a charter member and one of the organizers of the Illinois Chapter of the Ninth Infantry Division Association.

He is a vice-president of the Chicago Boy Scouts Council and a member of the Commonwealth Club.

The candidate and his wife, Helena, have a son, Anton, 11, and a daughter, Helena, 10. His father-in-law was the late mayor of Chicago, Anton Cermak.

BELMONTE HEARD FROM

Mike Belmonte, 803 S. Kilbourn, Chicago, a member of the Board of Governors, another who sent in interesting clippings about Judge Kerner's favorable chance to become the next governor of Illinois, took occasion to mention that for quite a while Judge Kerner was the Association's Judge Advocate General—and had acted as m.c. at Ninth Division Association banquets held in Chicago in conjunction with past reunions. Needless to say, there's no politics as far as those Illinois former Ninth men are concerned—whether they are Republicans, Democrats or Mug Wumps—they are all out shaking the bushes trying to scare up votes for their buddy they are so proud of—Otto Kerner.

OZART CONTRIBUTES

Good, old dependable Frank Ozart of the Illinois Chapter, 2241 South Marshall Blvd., Chicago, also sends in his bundle of clippings from two Chicago newspapers—The Chicago Sun-News and staid old Chicago

Tribune. It was hard to believe the Tribune would print the nice things that were printed about Judge Kerner. No doubt Kerner has established a record. It has been so long since The Trib had one complimentary word to say about any one who was a registered Democrat that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The 4-column head in The Trib's Sunday, Jan. 17 issue reads: **Otto Kerner: He Steps On No One's Toes.**

George Tagge, a Tribune political writer, has this to say:

"Kerner won't even start campaigning until after he resigns from the bench. . . . But Judge Kerner has the backing of the Cook county party organization, strongest in the nation. Generally Cook county outvotes downstate 2 to 1."

"Judge Kerner would now be commander of the Illinois national guard if he hadn't resigned upon ascending the bench in 1954."

All of the Chicago newspapers had 3 and 4-column pictures of Judge Kerner and his pretty wife, with the two lovable youngsters.

AFFABLE, DILIGENT

Burnell Heinecke's story in The Chicago Sun-Times featured a 5-column streamer head, and he had this to say:

An affable judge with military bearing and a reputation for making quick decisions is the Democratic organization's choice for the gubernatorial nomination.

"County Court Judge Otto Kerner is a man who has seemed destined for high political office all his life."

"The handsome, 51-year-old Kerner exudes personal as well as political charm."

A HARD WORKER

"He's a spellbinder with women, say those who have watched him preside over hundreds of adoption cases in County Court."

"He works like a demon, observe others who have been associated with him in the private practice of law."

"That this combination of personal assets produces votes on election day became increasingly evident in November, 1958, when Kerner ran for re-election."

"Fifteen of 30 suburban townships were carried by Kerner as he led the Democratic ticket in Cook County."

"Of Czech ancestry, Kerner has developed a reputation of having a great understanding of social class problems and never stops marveling at the wonders of democracy."

MAKES FRIENDS

"He works hard at making friends and has few enemies," said one political friend who has watched his career closely. "Like his father, I predict he will be a great compromiser of differences."

(Continued on Page 2)

★

The Octofoil

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EDITORIAL AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES — COLUMBUS, OHIO

Forms 3579 should be sent to 52 East Lynn Street, Columbus, Ohio

Octofoil Editor.....PAUL S. PLUNKETT

52 East Lynn Street, Columbus, Ohio. (Telephone: Capital 4-0989)

★

NATIONAL OFFICERS

GLENN O. MOORE, President

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★

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

1960 —

Arthur Schmidt

Glenn O. Moore

Frank Wade

Vincent Iannucci

Tom Boyle

1961 —

Major Harry P. Jennings

Jack O'Shea

Frank Ozart

Mike Gatto

★

★

The official publication of the Ninth Infantry Division Association — offices located at 52 East Lynn St., Columbus, Ohio. Single copy price is 20 cents per issue or by mail \$1.50 per year, payable in advance. Subscribers should notify the National Secretary, Daniel Quinn, 412 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, New Jersey, promptly of any change in address.

Published seven times yearly, September-October, November, February, March, May, June, July, by and for the members of the Ninth Infantry Division Association. News items, feature stories, photographs and art material from members will be appreciated. Every effort will be made to return photographs and art work in good condition. Please address all communications to Paul S. Plunkett, Editor, The Octofoil, 52 East Lynn Street, Columbus, Ohio.

An extract from the certificate of incorporation of the Ninth Infantry Division Association reads: "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 everlasting world peace exclusively of means of educational activities and to serve as an information bureau to members and former members of the Division."

Copy must be received on or before the 5th of each month to guarantee publication on the 15th. Photographs must be received on or before the 1st day of the month published. Entered as second class matter at the Columbus, Ohio, Post Office. Authorized as of October 29, 1958.

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VOLUME XIII

FEBRUARY, 1960-MARCH, 1960

No. 3

9TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSN. MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Dan Quinn, National Secretary, Ninth Infantry Division Assn.,
Box 483, Union City, New Jersey — or
412 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, New Jersey

Enclosed please find 1960 dues for:

Name.....Serial No.....

Street Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

I was a member of:

Battery.....; Company.....; Regiment.....9th Div.

I wish to sign up for the following:

Regular Member, per year.....\$ 4.00 ☐

Sustaining Member.....☐

THREE-YEAR MEMBER.....\$11.00 ☐

Life Membership.....\$50.00 ☐

Octofoil Automobile License Disc.....\$ 1.00 ☐

Eight Stars to Victory.....\$ 1.00 ☐

(Pictorial History of 9th Division in action.)

Ladies' Auxiliary Member.....\$ 1.50 ☐

Decals—25 cents each—5 for.....\$ 1.00 ☐

Combat Route Map.....\$.50 ☐

60th Infantry History.....\$.50 ☐

Please credit the following chapter:

Philadelphia ☐ Illinois ☐ Greater New York ☐

Buffalo ☐ Columbus ☐ Fort Carson ☐

Western Pennsylvania ☐ Washington, D. C. ☐

New England ☐ Northern Ohio ☐ Detroit ☐

Twin Cities ☐

Leaves Illinois For the Great Northwest Sector

A card proclaiming—"HELLO... From Oregon, gives the new address of Albert J. Lee as 1874 Fir St., So., Salem, Oregon.

The little wife was the cooperative individual who sent in the information. Their old address was 2314 11th St., Rock Island, Ill.

Mrs. Lee advises they left Illinois in July and they are both glad they made the move. Albert is working for the Northwest Natural Gas Co. He also is a "ham" radio operator (K7JMV), and hopes to be able to keep in touch with what's happening "back home."

—PAY YOUR 1-9-6-0 DUES NOW—

Country girls prefer to go out with city slickers because farm hands are too rough.

Martin Niverth, 84th F.A., Now Full-Fledged Member

One of the most recent applications for membership in the Association to reach Secretary Quinn's office was from Martin A. Niverth, Box 397, Marianna, Pennsylvania. Martin was with the 84th F.A. while serving with the old outfit.

—PAY YOUR 1-9-6-0 DUES NOW—

NICE CHRISTMAS CARD FROM TOM FUNKHOUSER

The Funkhouser family, consisting of wife, Edie, Patty, 16; Susie, 13, and Judy 12, and of course Tom, former Co. C, 39th man, sends greetings to all his old buddies in the 39th.

—PAY 1960 DUES TODAY—

If you must kill time, you might try working it to death.

The Years Are Passing Mighty Fast

Interest in the Association seems to lag in most communities until a Reunion is held in the old home town. Then the lads attend the Reunion because it's nearby—most of them pay their current year's dues and have the time of their lives—reliving experiences of the 1940s. This is wonderful. But it shouldn't take a Reunion nearby to rekindle or awaken interest in the Association.

Now that almost 20 years have been added to those who made the initial invasions in North Africa in November, 1942—it seems that now, more than ever before, those old 9th men would be more determined not to lose contact with any of those old buddies who may be still alive—wherever they may be. And the only medium of keeping intact those connections is through an aggressive Association, such as the Ninth Infantry Division Association is—and hopes to continue to be for many, many years to come.

The operating expenses of the Association are down to rock bottom. No one would accept the secretary's job just for the money unless it paid at least eight or 10 times more than is paid. It is that old Ninth Division spirit that motivates such men as Danny Quinn to carry on and on and on his duties as Ninth Infantry Division Association secretary during off hours from his job that he has to work hard on to support his family in this day and age of cheap money and inflated commodity prices.

Quinn puts in several hours each day before reporting to his regular place of employment—then sacrifices recreation and being with his family on his days off. If it wasn't for having a wonderful and understanding wife and also a few good "sticks" in and around New York City who pitch in and help Danny get his mailing list for The Octofoil prepared and other records brought up-to-date, he nor no other one man could do the job. We were about to call the names of one or two New Yorkers who have been most unselfish in giving of their time to help out in the secretary's office—but that would be manifestly unfair—some deserving members would be slighted if an attempt to call names was practiced in these columns.

The unexpected requests that reach the secretary's office daily is almost unbelievable—but your secretary pitches right in and turns no stone unturned until he has fulfilled each and every request.

The least the rank and file members can do is to pay the mere \$4.00 annual dues—when you have men like Quinn who will use their garage for a warehouse for equipment, surplus histories, etc., and leave the car out in the weather. The basement and attic is made over into offices, in order to hold down overhead expenses so an intact organization of former Ninth Infantry Division men shall continue to function just as long as any former Ninth Infantry Division men are left alive in the whole-wide world.

Some 55,000 men went through the Division during the eight Campaigns. Many thousands were separated from the Division before any thought was given to the organization of an Association. Still many more thousands of these men have never heard of the Association—even at this late day. With a minimum amount of effort members in various parts of the country can get a short story in their home town weekly and daily newspaper asking for former Ninth men in the area to assemble at an appropriate place on an appropriate date. Experience has shown that former Ninth Division men are never at a loss to get a meeting place—if the proper contact is made with either a V.F.W. Post or Legion Post, nights that their assembly rooms are not being used will be available for former Ninth men and their families. *Let's get busy—it's later than you think!*

Send in 1960 dues today!

Make arrangements to be in Washington July 28-29-30. Bring the wife and children. It will be an experience never to be forgotten.

One member from California—in a very isolated section of the state, has written The Octofoil that he felt as close to all men he fought with in the Ninth Infantry Division as he did his own blood brother. That's the proper spirit! An Association such as the Ninth Infantry has more in common—one to another—than any other kind of veterans' organizations. The service organizations are fine—they fill a much needed place in American society—but members can never feel as close to each other as they do in an Association composed of members all from the same outfit.

The ranks are beginning already to thin out. No man who ever served with the Ninth Infantry should be listed as his "whereabouts unknown." We've gotta close ranks now and keep close together from now until each and every one has answered their last roll call!

The Octofoil is printed and distributed to paid-up members to keep them informed of many of their old buddies' activities. Anything sent in about yourself or a buddy—regardless of how small it might seem—is still welcome news to an old buddy in another part of the country.

Much maneuvering and some sacrifice is made in order to get The Octofoil to the membership. Preceding each date of publication it is necessary for the editor to devote many hours a night for several nights and then one or two Saturdays before the sheet is "put to bed." Like Secretary Quinn, the Octofoil editor would have to also throw in the sponge if there wasn't a few swell Joes around who love the Association and want to do all within their power to keep in touch with everyone with whom they ever served while with the Ninth Division. They are a continuous source of inspiration—not to mention the many hours of leg work they save the "old man." Now, aren't some of you guys pretty darned ashamed of yourself—being so small as not to be doing your part to keep such a wonderful organization a going concern? *Pay '60 Dues today and do your part.*

Judge Kerner's Race

Continued from Page 1)

A MILITARY BEARING

"Kerner, 51, stands 5 feet 8 inches tall and is a trim 160-pounds. At all times he maintains the military poise one might expect of a brigadier general. That was the rank he held in the Illinois National Guard in 1954.

"Kerner was an executive officer of a howitzer battalion which took part in much of the heavy fighting at Kasserine Pass in North Africa during World War II."

The Octofoil is a gazette for all the members of the Ninth Infantry Division Association regardless of political beliefs which naturally makes the paper definitely nonpolitical—but an endorsement for Otto Kerner to be the next governor of the great state of Illinois is not politics—that's pride in seeing just another former Ninth G.I. go places in civilian life.

The Ninth Division scores again—Hurray for Otto Kerner—the next governor of Illinois!

—PAY 1960 DUES NOW—

NOTE REDUCED PRICE ON HISTORY BOOKS

Attention is called to the quoted prices on "8 Stars to Victory" and the 60th Histories, which appears in the application blank on the editorial page of this issue of The Octofoil.

These new prices were ordered by the Convention assembled in New York City and corrections should have been made some time ago, but was neglected.

The ever-watchful eye of the secretary, Dan Quinn, called this "bull" to the attention of The Octofoil.

—PAY 1960 DUES TODAY—

BACK TO GEORGIA... AND IS IN COMMAND

Dick Pestel, the new prexy of the Columbus (O.) Chapter, sent out a lot of Christmas cards to former 47th men in December, 1959. When he received on January 5, 1960, an important looking letter with the return address: "Department of the Army, Commanding Officer, Augusta Area Command, Hill Sta., P. O. Box 3265, Augusta, Georgia — Official Business"—he began to wonder?

Then he got one of the most pleasant surprises of his life to read a nice letter from an old buddy — who elected to sign the letter simply as "Your friend, Bill McWaters." The letter which no doubt all former K Co., 47th men, will enjoy reading, follows:

PLEASED TO GET CARD

"Dear Dick: I was certainly pleased to receive your Christmas card with one of Victor Chuck's cards enclosed. It is always a pleasure to hear from any member of our old organization. I have managed to exchange Christmas cards with Geo. Bastedo throughout the years, however this year I did not hear from him.

"I have returned to my native state and am what is known as an Area Commander, for the Reserve units located in this Area.

"A lot of water has gone over the dam since World War II. I commanded a battalion of the —nd Division during the Korean fighting and I can assure you that the entire battalion would not have been a match for 'K' Company.

"Just the other day I attended a meeting of the Area Commanders in the XII USA Corps area and ran into John Wilee. You remember, he was our Communications Officer for a while and later became Hqs. Co. Commander. He has one little boy who he named Donald Clayman Wilee, after Col. Clayman.

"No, I haven't been receiving The Octofoil and would appreciate you forwarding copies to me. I always enjoy hearing about old friends. Keep me informed about the 60th Convention and if possible, I will be there.

"Please give my regards to any of our mutual friends."

—PAY 1960 DUES NOW—

NOT THE TYPE

The Octofoil editor was confined to Mercy Hospital, Columbus, O., for a few days recently.

A well-intentioned friend from the V.F.W. called one of the nurses aside and whispered: "Is he making any progress." And the nurse replied: "None at all. He isn't my type."

The "Bastard" Charges Machine Gun Nest

ARMY ONLY HAD ONE GUY LIKE MOLOTOV...
ONE WAS ALL THEY COULD HANDLE—THEY
GAVE HIM A MEDAL BUT CAN'T FORGET

By MARTIN S. DWORKIN

The MP sergeant grabbed the lieutenant's arm, swinging him around so that he couldn't see the man approaching. "Don't look," he said. "Make out you didn't see him."

"What the hell was that?" the lieutenant asked.

"That," replied the sergeant, with a bitter weariness, "is Molotov—the bastard. I know he's out of uniform. There's no use running him in. He'll only talk his way out of it. Besides," and the bitterness in his voice was joined by a deep admiration, "he's the best soldier in the whole damned army."

(The article that is reprinted below was first published in Battle Attack Magazine in July, 1957. Battle Attack is published by Actual Publishing Co., 509 Fifth Ave., New York 17, New York.)

The man had passed, and the lieutenant turned for a look. What he saw was something out of another age. Strolling along the path that served the field tents as a street on the hard North African plain, was a man wearing a flowing cape that had once belonged to a French policeman somewhere. On his head, at the jauntyest of angles, was a plumed hat of the Italian Bersaglieri. Russet riding boots, probably English, flashed under the rippling cape as the man swung along, for all the world like some cavalier of two centuries ago. The only thing missing, the lieutenant noted, was a rapier.

HERO OF NORTH AFRICA

Molotov would have horse-laughed the lieutenant for thinking him a cavalier. That kind of movie stuff was for the birds. Why he wore such a get-up he wouldn't say—especially to a lieutenant. The GIs of the Ninth Infantry knew he had reasons of his own, however—reasons better than any of the Army brass could give him for not wearing what he pleased.

"You think that's something," the sergeant said. "You should see the tent he's living in. Rugs and mattresses, and lamps—even tapestries. He's conned a whole gang of Arabs into waiting on him, like a bunch of servants. They think he's a sheikh, or something."

The Arabs of Port Lyautey, where the division was bivouacked, knew an ordinary GI when they saw one. They could recognize the differences among enlisted men, non-coms, and officers of five armies, Allied and Axis. They knew Molotov was a plain private—not even a one-stripe PFC. They also knew a real sheikh when they saw one. There was something about this guy, as the lieutenant himself had seen in his walk and carriage.

Back in the States, nobody figured him for any kind of soldier—sheikh, cavalier, or regulation doughface GI. From the day he was inducted at New Jersey's Fort Dix, he was pegged as a loudmouth and a trouble-maker. He didn't like drill; he didn't like officers—barred or striped; he didn't like uniform regulations. And when he went on pass, the MPs always picked him up for having added some outlandish improvement to the Class A uniform. When he could not get a pass, he went over the hill, staying AWOL until he was in the mood to come back—"to give the Army a break." He bragged and he brawled. No man was his buddy, and the whole business of soldiering was for the birds. The men didn't like him—loudly. His company commander thought up new varieties of punishment within the regulations. Molotov kept talking his way out of the guard house, and only providence kept him from being shifted to one of the Army's salt mine units for foul-ups.

HOW HE GOT HIS NAME

Every soldier got away with little bits of murder. Army regulations are made to be killed, piecemeal. Some knew the ropes, or had the breaks, and swindled their way out of scrapes that would get an ordinary GI sent to a stockade. Maybe Molotov was just the extreme case, in which all the exceptions, breaks, and angles came together, so that he somehow beat the rap every time. Maybe the brass had a feeling, for once, that there was more to him than the noise and swagger. Anyway, he beat most of the charges placed against him. There were only two left on the books when he was killed, and they wiped those off—

COMPANY SCOUT

The job of scout suited Molotov fine. He could act on his own, fighting his own one-man war. More than this, perhaps, he could play at being a lone wolf, while really enjoying the dependence of others on him. He had funny manners of showing his feelings for his buddies, usually taking some off-beat way of letting them know he was glad he belonged—even if he hated being crowded.

One time, the company captured an old-time desert fort—like one of those in movies of the Foreign Legion. Molotov, one of the first over the wall, found a complete payroll for the former garrison. He naturally decided this find was legitimate loot, and no business of the brass. Then, in his hard, mocking, street-corner style, he divided up the money among his buddies. By that time, the boys knew better than to call him soft, going along with his game of being the magnanimous chieftain.

WAS FORWARD OBSERVER

Then there was the business of the machine pistols. Many soldiers in the outfit admired the German Schmiesser burp guns, with their terrific firepower of 1250 shots a minute. They were good for souvenirs, and handy to have around—although their peculiar sound, like heavy canvas ripping, could stir up a lot of friendly fire if a guy used one in the dark, or in strange terrain. Instead of passing out those he liberated, and running the danger of being thought generous, Molotov began to gripe loudly against the "inferior" U. S. equipment. The obscene Army didn't give a damn whether the GIs had good guns or not, he said. So, he appointed himself a committee of one to get a machine pistol for every man in the company. The mortality of German and Italian burp gunners climbed sharply.

Infantry scouting wasn't enough; Molotov often acted as forward artillery observer. He liked to park himself somewhere forward of our lines, focus the enemy in his prized glasses, and call the shots for the big guns. In fact, the artillery tried to grab him for keeps every once in a while, and it may be true, as some said, that his company kept charges going against him all the time, to keep him from being transferred.

AHEAD OF UNIT

At Maknassy, Molotov was prowling well ahead of his unit, while his company commander cursed him for taking off. The C.O. soon changed his tune. Molotov came back on the double, passed the word that he had spotted a large enemy force situated around a defile through which the company would have to advance. They were set up for a perfect ambush and could have caught the company in a murderous crossfire. The C.O. dug in and forgave Molotov—for the moment.

A typically wacky Molotov exploit again saved the company at Station de Sened, incidentally aiding the advance of the whole division. The outfit was pinned down in poor terrain for cover, under the fire of a group of well-emplaced machine guns. The latter were hard to spot, even from the observers' holes well in front of the lines. Molotov could take this for just so long; then, he crawled out towards a boulder almost a half-mile forward. When he got there, he stood up, waving and firing his pistols, yelling obscenities, and making himself exasperatingly conspicuous to the machine gun posts. The gunners swung their guns on him, chewed up the ground all around the boulder—while he coolly picked up their locations with his pet French field glasses. When he got back to a field phone he was able to direct a brief, but effective barrage. The mortars and howitzers lobbed their shells right in on the gun positions. Soon, the outfit began to move ahead again.

A little later, also at Station de Sened, Molotov pulled what many called his greatest feat—one that combined his screwball bravery with his talent for fast talk. The company was dug in against an Italian force of unknown size, and Molotov was prowling out front somewhere, sizing up the situation. By chance, he pounced upon a stray Italian, scared him out of his wits, and pressed him into service as an interpreter. Soon afterward, the Italian unit, entrenched in a good position on high ground, was treated to a fantastic sight.

Striding across the open battlefield, with the reluctant interpreter in tow, was this bizarrely-outfitted American. Taking up his finest heroic pose, Molotov told the Italians they were surrounded, they didn't have a chance, they should stop being damn fools and surrender. The interpreter, obviously in the power of this wild man who looked like some savage brigand, gave a note of authenticity to Molotov's spiel. The Italians seemed ready to surrender, but began arguing among themselves over who was to take the responsibility.

Threatening to annihilate them, Molotov strode off, waved his company forward while the Italians split hairs and shouted at each other. In the midst of the confusion, he led a quick rush, in which the Italians were speedily disarmed. Without a shot being fired, 600 enemy soldiers were captured. Of course, the Italians were disgusted to learn that Molotov's vaunted "superior forces" were less than one-third their number. The division laughed and marveled at that one for a long time.

LIKE PAUL BUNYAN

In fact, Molotov had become a kind of folk-hero, like Paul Bunyan. The men got vicarious thrills out of his brushes with the brass. They admired his ornery heroism. Deep down, he represented the feeling that war was crazy as hell, what with the things a man had to do just to stay alive, with guys he never saw before knocking themselves out just to knock him off. Molotov, with his reckless bravery and disdain of formal rules, became a symbol of the persistence of the ordinary guy caught up in madness—madness the more exasperating because it was all organized, with rules and uniforms and a lot of pomp and parading around. He was a throw-back to that older type of American fighter, in coon skin cap and fringed buckskins, who was the despair—and the salvation—of the regular soldiers trying to fight European parade-ground wars in the savage forests of the new continent.

But, Molotov the legend of immortality in the midst of constant death proved mortal. In April, 1943, he was killed while on an advance patrol with a party of French Ghaums and Commandos, near Sedjenane in the desert. He was supposed to have been maintaining liaison with French troops flanking his unit, and his last report was of an enemy machine gun position. The gun was wiped out, but French soldiers found Molotov dead, face down and facing forward. His glasses were gone.

CAME HOME TO HIS CITY

Even in death, the Army didn't know what to do with him. They gave him a Silver Star, but turned him down for a Distinguished Cross—while the doughfaces in the know snickered. They erased the two remaining charges of insubordination against him—while he seemed to mock them from his grave.

He had been buried near where he had fallen. When the Army was ready to bring his body back home in 1947, they couldn't find any next-of-kin to claim him. Finally, after 11 months of searching, a sister was turned up, living in Manhattan. "Of course he is to come back," she said. "New York was his home. Karl loved the place."

So he was reburied there, but his spirit is in the Tunisian desert, where the Ninth Division gave its blood. They couldn't make him into a clay-coated, rotogravure hero for the Sunday papers. The Army couldn't glorify a guy whose career was a great guffaw at rules and regulations. But Molotov's real glory was in being himself—and that they could not give him, nor take away.

(The End) —PAY YOUR 1-9-6-0 DUES NOW— A 15TH ENGR. CHARTER MEMBER, IS INTERESTED

Carlton C. Curtis sends in his 1960 dues and requests one of the combat route maps.

He was with Co. B, 15th Engrs. all through North Africa and until he left the outfit in Germany in July, 1945, being one of the charter members, having joined at Ingolstadt, Germany in June, 1945. His present address is 304 Worth Ave., Elkins, West Virginia.

—PAY 1960 DUES NOW—
I want a girl just like the girl Dad had on the side.

Wants to Locate Some Former 9th Men In St. Paul, Minn. Area

Frank S. Jacksha, 361 Bates Ave., St. Paul 6, Minn., is anxious to get in contact with some other former Ninth Division men in that area.

It is hoped that Frank can get them stirred up out there in Minnesota. It has been only a few years ago when news notes were coming in from the Minneapolis-St. Paul area at regular intervals. Secretary Quinn has furnished Frank with the names of all former Ninth men in that area that he has on file. Quoting from Frank's letter:

"I am sending you my dues for 1960. I received The Octofoil—the first one I ever received. Sure was most interesting reading.

"I would like to know when they say Twin Cities Chapter in the application blank, what do they mean? St. Paul and Minneapolis or is it another section of the country?"

"I was just wondering. I know there must be quite a few men in this vicinity who were in the Ninth Division. I was wondering if they ever have any kind of get together around here. Please let me hear from you."

—PAY 1960 DUES TODAY—

Daysh Taking Out His Citizenship Papers In the "Tar Heel" State

Harrison J. Daysh, in his latest communique to The Octofoil, gives his address as 1930 Brantley Street, Winston-Salem, N. C. Harrison, at one time was Judge Advocate for the National Association. He was a member of the Washington Chapter at that time.

Presently he is functioning as an attorney for the 11th Regional Office of the National Labor Relations Board, with jurisdiction over both North and South Carolina.

In a letter to Secretary Quinn the up and at 'em barrister asks for a list of former Ninth men in his part of North Carolina. He hopes to get a chapter going and also get some of them all hepped up about the 1960 Reunion in Washington.

—PAY 1960 DUES NOW—

Carson's Chop House In Detroit Is Very Friendly

Carson's Steak and Prime Roast Rib House and Cocktail Lounge, at 6001 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich., is quite a swanky layout. And the employees are all very friendly—and especially if a visitor happens to be a person attending a meeting of the Greater Michigan Ninth Infantry Division Association group. This fact can be attested to by Messrs. Pestel, Moore and Plunkett of the Columbus Chapter, who attended the December meeting of the Michigan group at this outstanding layout.

Remembering the names of a few who sit near the visitors from Columbus, thanks is extended for their fine hospitality to John and Rose Bonkowski, Bob and Florence DeSandy, Coleman Gronseth, Dick Adlin, Bob and Betty Rumenapp, Al Yockey, Eugene and Phyllis Reedy. Lyle R. Darnell, formerly of 1739 Warren St., Ann Arbor, Mich., now gets his mail at Farwell, Mich.

—PAY 1960 DUES NOW—

John Badura Operates Business In California

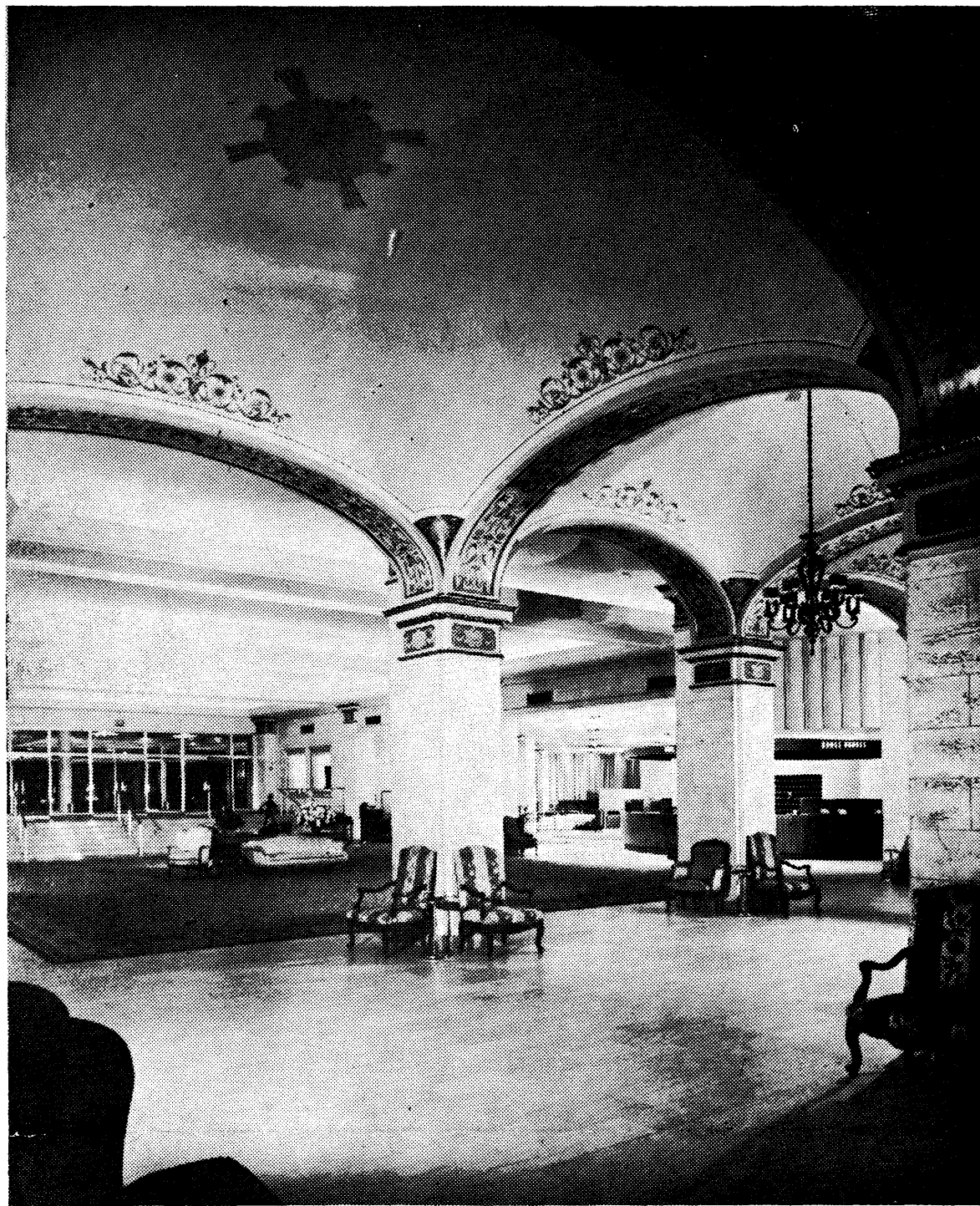
John Badura sent in his check for \$50 for a Life Membership in the Association. His address is 7 San Gabriel Drive, Fairfax, Calif. John is a landscape gardener and is in business for himself in Fairfax.

—PAY 1960 DUES NOW—

QUICK
A slightly obese man had taken a prominent seat in a street car. A woman sitting opposite, noticed him and whispered to her lady friend: "If that stomach was on a woman it would indicate that she was in a family-way."

The man overheard the remark. He smiled back, gently, and said: "Lady, it was; and she is."

BOYS MAY HAVE TO SHOOT AN AZIMUTH IN ORDER TO GET AROUND



Pictured above is an interior view of the elegantly furnished lobby of the fabulous Shoreham Hotel, in Washington, D. C., 1960 headquarters for the Ninth Infantry Division Association's 15th Annual Reunion, to be held July 28, 29, and 30th.

MAJOR A. L. BAKER SENDS DUES AND REGARDS FROM OVERSEAS; PLANS TO VISIT HEDGEROWS

A new address to reach The Octofoil is Major A. L. Baker, Ordnance Division, USAREUR/COMZEUR, APO 58, New York, N. Y.

Major Andy writes an interesting letter. Parts of his letter are reproduced below:

"Just a few lines to enclose my dues for the next three years. Sorry that I'm a little late. It just slipped my mind.

"We haven't done too much traveling over here. Last winter the family and I spent 3 days at the British Army Rest Center in Winterberg. It's still a small village but has more people on the streets now than when the 39th went through there.

"The USAREUR Ord. Div. has moved to Orleans, France. I'm due to leave and join them. I hope then to get an opportunity to visit the Normandy area. My two boys want to see the hedgerows. It should be more pleasant than in June of '44 without the 88s.

TWO YEARS

"I've been over here for two years now and have met up with a few old Ninth men. Lt. Col. Leo C. Williamson, formerly of the 47th Inf., is now with G-4 USAREUR, and Lt. Col. J. M. Willis, formerly Q.M.

"I have hopes of making the 1961 Reunion and will be looking forward to seeing the old gang again. "Best wishes to them all."

Dr. Bruce Ryder Doing Okay In Henry, Illinois

Under date of Jan. 10, 1960, The Octofoil received a nice letter from Dr. Bruce I. Ryder, M.D., Henry, Ill.

Dr. Ryder was Battalion Surgeon to the 15th Engrs. Bn. and was a good friend to the then Major Thomas Gray, executive officer to Colonel John J. Schermerhorn, commanding the 15th Engr. Bn.

The good doctor saw a list of 9th Q.M. men who attended the New York Reunion and a Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gray were among that list. He was of the opinion The Octofoil had transferred Major Gray out of the Engrs. into the Q.M. However, the Major Tom Gray that Dr. Snyder was trying to locate was located in Massachusetts and the address forwarded to the Illinois medic. It is to be hoped that each succeeding issue of The Octofoil will be helpful in establishing contacts between old combat buddies.

PLANS TO ATTEND A NEW YORK MEETING

Frank Heikhila was passing out business cards at the Boston Reunion with a Mansfield, O. address. He was with the Westinghouse Company of that city at the time. However, Secretary Quinn has more recently heard from him at 662 Scrubgrass Rd., Pittsburgh 16, Pa.

Frank is in New York City quite often on business for the Westinghouse people and has written for the dates on which the New York Chapter meets and the place.

He hopes to be able to plan his itinerary in the future so as to be in New York City on the dates the New York Chapter holds its regular monthly meetings.

— PAY 1960 DUES NOW —

A young steno had just returned from her Mexican vacation. "Did you learn any Spanish while you was there?" a girl friend asked. "Oh, yes, I found out Manana means tomorrow and pajama means tonight."

L. J. SATTORA, FORMER 60TH MAN, DIES AFTER HAVING HEART ATTACK

The Octofoil is indebted to Bruce B. Johnstone, former Co. C, 9th Med. Bn., for sending a clipping from the Rochester, N. Y. newspapers, concerning the death of L. J. Sattora.

Johnstone's address is 21 E. Park Rd., Pittsford, N. Y., and he certainly displayed some fine Ninth Division traits when he paid his respects to the bereaved family after learning the deceased was a former Ninth Division man. The deceased's widow advised that her husband had served at Fort Bragg with the 60th Regt. and at one time was a member of the Band.

Parts of the clipping read:

L. J. SATTORA DIES; CLERK FOR OIL COMPANY

L. James Sattora, 43 of 18 Vincent Dr., Pittsford, a clerk with Socony Mobile Oil Co., Inc., died in Strong Memorial Hospital of a heart attack. He had been admitted to the hospital three weeks ago.

Mr. Sattora was born in Mt. Morris. He and his wife moved here two years ago from Horseheads where he was employed in the Socony plant.

During World War II, Mr. Sattora served with the 9th Division in Europe.

He was a member of the Rochester Power Squadron.

He is survived by his wife, Verna; a daughter, Lynn; a son, Timothy, and his mother, Molly Sattora.

The Octofoil extends heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved Sattora family.

— PAY 1960 DUES NOW —

Military courtesy must be maintained, even when two service baseball teams clash. The batter will remember to address the umpire as "You stupid, blind robber, sir."

— PAY 1959 DUES NOW —

COLUMBUS GROUP SELECTS PEARL NICKLES, LEO HOPE, DICK CORBIN TO ASSIST PRESIDENT DICK PESTEL

The Columbus Chapter met on a wet, miserable night Jan. 27—but the stalwarts fought the elements and attended. An election of officers for 1960-61 was held.

Richard Pestel, a former 47th man, was elected president, and Pearl Nickles, a former 39th man, was given the nod for the vice-presidency to assist Dick.

Elected secretary was Leo Hope, a former 60th man. Leo has had much organization experience, having just finished a year as Commander of the Franklin Post, American Legion, one of the largest in this section. His pretty wife also is quite an organization worker, having served as president of the Franklin Post Auxiliary. Mrs. Hope attended the meeting. She and Leo should be a big help to Dick and Pearl during the ensuing year. Richard Corbin, the outgoing president, was elected the chapter's treasurer. Corbin is with the Homicide Squad of the Columbus Police Department's Detective Bureau.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Stone have recently moved on their 104-acre farm near Grove City, Ohio. Their interest in the Association can not be doubted. They bundled up all five of the youngsters and came into Columbus for the meeting. Mrs.

Stone invited the members to come to their farm as soon as the weather permitted a Sunday out of doors meeting. Mrs. Hope announced that she and Leo had recently moved into their new home and very shortly she hoped to have the basement equipped to accommodate the chapter members for a meeting at their home.

Paul Keller and Mrs. Keller had another meeting to attend before coming to the Ninth meeting and had an excuse for being late. So did Mrs. Glenn Moore, who was on duty with the Ladies Shrine Patrol. But Bill Brabson, the local radio celebrity, had no excuse for being one hour late—and will be court martialed at the next meeting. Jean Corke's mother was ill and was marked up as legitimately excused.

Dick Pestel's heart and soul is in the interest of the Chapter and the Association and the members expect some novel ideas to be injected that will create much added interest before very much longer.

The members enjoyed hearing the recording from Fort Carson made by the new Ninth Division. The records are being manufactured by a Columbus radio station from the tape recording sent from the fort.

— PAY 1960 DUES NOW —

Frank Gunter's Sister Forwards The Octofoil

It's Sp-6 Franklin W. Gunter, RA 6 592 496, 225th Station Hospital, APO 189, New York, N. Y. However, Frank's Octofoil goes to his sister's home in Tacoma, Wash., and she sees that he gets it right away. The lad sent in his dues plus 50 cents in event dues had been raised along with everything else.

Frank writes: "As you can see by the return address at the head of this letter I am once more stationed over here in Germany for another tour of duty. We are stationed near the little town of Muenchweiler, just a short way out of Permesens on the road to Karlsruhe.

A "GO DEVIL"

"My unit with the Ninth was Co. L, 60th Inf. "Go Devils," and I might add there are still some Ninth men around this Army even today.

"Hoping that this amount of money sets me in good stead for another year and that it will see my membership card on its way real soon again. Please air mail on any letters you send to me for surface mail takes almost a month to reach us over here.

"Hoping that one of the Reunions you have will come at a time when I will be able to attend once more and meet some of my old buddies again. Kindest regards to them all."

— PAY 1960 DUES NOW —

MARIO SALVI TRYING TO CONTACT OLD BUDDIES

Mario Salvi again writes The Octofoil in a frantic attempt to locate two old buddies. One is Leon W. Seberian, formerly of Cannon Co., 39th Inf. He was wounded badly in Tunisia. His last known address was Brooklyn, N. Y.

The other buddy is Edward J. Powell, formerly of Co. B, 39th Inf. He also was wounded in Africa and again in Italy after being attached to the Third Division. His last known address was Philadelphia, Pa. Edward had a brother with the Engrs.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of either Powell or Seberian should write in care of Mario's TV Bendix Service, North Village Green, Levittown, New York.

Mario is a former 39th Inf. Serv. Co. G.I., Cannon Co., and B Co.

— PAY 1960 DUES NOW —

WHAT A KISSER

A sweet young thing was entertaining her date and the guy was getting close to her.

"If you kiss me," she said, "I'll call a member of the family."

So he kissed her.

"Bro-ther!" she whispered.

— PAY YOUR 1-9-6-0 DUES NOW —

COL. BETZ IS TALKING AND WRITING JUST LIKE AN INFANTRYMAN

On Page 3 of the last issue of Octofoil a notice was printed advising that Col. Ward R. Betz, USAF, Asst. DCS-Logistics, J-4, Ent Air Force Base, Colorado Springs, Col., was preparing an article on some of his experiences in Bavaria from April, 1946 until the 9th Division returned to the States, and he was desirous of getting in touch with some of the officers who were with the Division during that time.

Shortly after the Octofoil was put in the mail, a nice letter was received from the Colonel, extending his thanks for the plug, and mentioning the thrill he got from seeing some 47th Inf. signs at Fort Carson. Even though old friends were gone to know the regiment was around was consoling. The colonel asked for data about the Association and expressed a desire to become a member.

In the meantime a few skeptical Association members wrote The Octofoil and put the query: "What kind of history would an Air Corps Colonel compose about an infantry division?"

Maybe it was a good idea or maybe a bad one—anyway, the skeptics' point of view was passed on to Colonel Betz. If the vernacular used in his answer isn't typical infantry jargon, then it's certainly a good imitation. The letter, short and sweet and to the point, reads in part:

NOSE IN THE MUD

"Dear Paul: Many thanks for your letter of Jan. 24 and copies of The Octofoil which I received today. Inclosed is my check for \$3.00 to cover two years' subscription.

"Thanks also for your defense against infiltration of my present Air Force status. Just for your information, 11 of the 13 hunks of fruit salad on my Class A blouse came from the ground pounding Service, and I've plowed just as much goddam mud with my nose as any battalion runner!"

"P. S.—I note that you've transferred me to Fort Carson, but will get in touch with the postoffice there in case anyone writes."

The Octofoil last month inadvertently gave the colonel's postoffice address as Fort Carson. Now any of you ex-G.I.'s in position to give the Colonel any information that will be helpful since he talks the Infantryman dialect, such help will be greatly appreciated.

— PAY 1960 DUES NOW —

Doctors now give children just one shot to protect them against four diseases. If it ever gets to the point where the rookie soldier only needs one shot for everything, all the fun will go out of being a medic.

ADDITIONAL NAMES, ADDRESSES OF THE 1959 REUNION VISITORS

The September-October, 1959 issue of The Octofoil printed two columns of names and addresses of those who were in attendance at the 1959 Reunion in New York City. Members have continued to write in, asking that the remainder of the names be printed as early as possible. Listed below are more names of members who were in attendance at this great Reunion:

William H. Lape, 304 Cherry St., Findlay, Ohio. Div. Arty.
Hugh J. Lee, 42 Montrose, Summit, N. J. L. Co., 39th.
Mr. and Mrs. Steve Lelak and daughter, Rt. 1, Box 59, Venetia, Pa. Co. B, 47th.
Sydney Levison, 38 Waumbeck St., Roxbury 21, Mass. Co. B, 15th Engrs.
Charles A. Libretto, 30-28 150th St., Flushing-Queens, N. Y. 60th.
John Lihach, 2574 48th, Long Is. C., N.Y. 1st Bn. Hqs. 39th.
Tony Loscalzo, 1834 Jennings Rd., Fairfield, Conn. Div Arty.
Luke Lukesavage, 3003 Versailles Ave., Eastport, Pa. B Co., 47th.
Joseph E. Lynch, 93-54 216th St., Queens Village, N. Y. M.P.
R. J. Lynch, 2103 11th St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. 9th Recon.
Joseph Lynch, Allendale, N. J. Gold Star Dad of Capt. Paul Lynch, 39th Inf.
Bernard English, 548 40th St., Union City, N. J. 47th Inf., Co. I.
Fred Falgiano, 2258 Herman Ave., Bronx, N. Y. Co. M, 47th.
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Farrauto, 352 S. Olden Ave., Trenton, N. J. Hq. Co., 1st Bn., 39th Inf.
Jerry Fasano, 294 Arlington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Co. A, 15th Engrs.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fazio, 2529 Matthews Ave., Bronx, N. Y. Co. H, 47th.
Irving Feinberg, 501 Riverside Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. 2nd Bn., 47th.
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ferrante, 35 Cove Ave., Framingham, Mass., Co. B, 15th Engrs.
Nathan Freilich, 566 Cleveland St., Brooklyn 8, N. Y. 47th Inf. 3d Bn. Medics.
Barney Fritz, 725 Southern Blvd., Bronx, N. Y. Hq. 3d Bn., 47th.
Simon Garbor, 136 S. Capen Street, Dorchester, Mass. Co. B, 15th Engrs.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Garguilo, 238 Laurel St., Easthaven, Conn., Co. B, 15th Engrs.
Edwin Garvey, 1435 154th Street, Beachhurst, L.I., N. Y. Co. F, 39th Inf.
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Giarraputo, 8902 133rd St., Richmond Hill, N. Y. Co. F, 47th Inf.
Aldo Giovannini, Macanagua, Pa. Co. C, 60th.
Sal Giunta, 57 Oakland St., Irvington, N. J. Rgt. Hqs. 60th Inf.
H. Goldstein, 64 St. Pauls Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Wilbert Goldsmith, 160 Bruce Ave., Yonkers, N. Y., E. Co., 39th.
Fred Golub, 21 Lenore Ave., Monsey, N. Y. Sv. Co., 60th.
Frank Gonzol, 29 Dayton Ave., Middlesex, N. J. Co. F, 47th.
Thomas Gray, 73 Monmouth St., Brookline, Mass., 15th Engrs.
William Greenfield, 602 No. 25th St., Reading, Pa. Hq. Co. 1st Bn., 60th Inf.
Charles Gregor, 1274 Fulton St., Rahway, N. J. 84th F.A. C Bty.
William Griesbach, 215 W. Town St., Norwich, Conn., 26th F.A. Hq. Btry.
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth T. Grosse, 236 Hawthorne Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. Divarty.
George Grossman, 463 Pelham Rd., New Rochelle, N. Y. Sv. Co. 60th.
Vincent Guglielmino, 114 Charles St., Floral Park, N. Y. Cos. E and F, 47th Regt.
Albert Haber, 69 Ethel St., Metuchen, N. J. 2nd Bn. Hq. 47th Inf.
Charles Hacker, 2220 Bath Ave., Brooklyn 14, N. Y. Can. Co. 47th.
James K. Haroutunian, 90 McLean Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. Divarty.
Henry Havemeyer, 149-60 Cherry Ave., Flushing, N. Y. Regt. Hqs. 60th.
Mr. and Mrs. William Hennemuth, 505 N. Wille, Mt. Prospect, Ill. 1st Bn. Hqs. 60th Inf.
Robert W. Herman, 1140 E. 27th St., Erie, Pa. Co. B, 47th.
Patty Higgins, 144 E. Dean St., Freeport, L. I., D Co. 39th.
Robert C. Hilpert, 6 W. Mill Dr., Great Neck, L.I., N. Y. Hqs. Co., 47th.
Charlie Hoffman, 91-43 81st St., Woodhaven, N. Y. Co. B, 15th Engrs.
Robert D. McCarthy, 44 Morgan Pl., Princeton, N. J. Hq. 9th Div.
Daniel McGrath, 174 North Grove, East Orange, N. J. E and C Co., 39th.
Edward McGrath, 157 Roosevelt, Torrington, Conn. G Co., 60th.
Mr. and Mrs. M. J. McInerney, 505 E. 87th St., New York 28, N. Y. Gold Star parents, Sgt. McInerney, 39th.
Mr. and Mrs. Clair McKee and son,

Bobby, Rt. 2, McComb, Ohio. Btry. B, 60th Field.
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur MacDoughall, 5051 Homestead St., Philadelphia, Pa. Co. F, 60th Inf.
Mr. and Mrs. Mike Mysyk, 12604 Darlington Ave., Garfield Heights, Cleveland, Ohio. Co. G, 60th Regt.
Ernest and Alice Newhart and the three children, New Hope, Pa. Co. B, 15th Engrs.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Niblock, 425 E. 161st St., Bronx, N. Y. 60th Inf.
Ed Nizalek, Elizabeth St., South Bound Brook, N. J. 60th Medics.
Jerry Northman, 1339 E. Weaver, Philadelphia, Pa. Hq. 1st Bn., 39th.
Francis J. Nugent, 104 East Slope Rd., Mahwah, N. J. 39th Anti Tank.
Mr. and Mrs. George Oakes, 26 E. Grand St., Hampton, N. J. 1st Bn. Hqs., 47th Regt.
Walter J. O'Keefe, 1858 Woodbine St., Ridgewood, N. Y. Co. E, 47th.
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Olsen, 389 Highland Ave., Randolph, Mass. Co. G, 47th Regt.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Orband, 29 Delmar St., Binghamton, N. Y. Cannon Co., 39th Regt.
Harry Ornstein, 640 East 139th St., Bronx, N. Y. 9th Q.M.
J. O'Rourke, 130 W. 228th St., New York City, N. Y. H Co., 47th Regt.
Phil Ortoff, 3925 51st St., Woodside L. I., N. Y. 9th Recon.
Jack O'Shea, 412 South Avenue, Holmes, Pa. 3rd Bn., Hq., 39th Regt.
William O'Shea, 673 River Drive, East Patterson, N. J. Hqs., 47th Inf.
Frank Ozart, 2241 So. Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Co. D, 47th.
John L. Pagliarulo, 6 Crutis Rd., Saugus, Mass. 9th Recon.
Bill Palady, 322 31st St., McKeesport, Pa. Q.M. Co.
Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Palega, 8814 Sabre St., Bellerose, N. Y. Co. B, 47th Regt.
Louis Pandolei, 35 Hay Ave., Nutley 10, N. J. C Bty., 60th F.A. Bn.
Clif Parks, 611 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y. 60th Medics.
Arthur P. Paulus, 147-49 Huxley, Rosedale, Queens, N. Y. Co. C, 15th Engrs.
Harry G. Pavluck, 218-43 112th Ave., Queens Village, N. Y. 1st Bn. Hqs., Det. 39th.
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pepper, Syracuse, N. Y. 39th Inf.
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pestel, 1467 Livingston Ave., Columbus 5, Ohio. Co. K, 47th Regt.
Casey Petraitis, 1704 Eastern Ave., Bethlehem, Pa. Military Police.
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pizzoferrato, 985 Potter, Steubenville, O. Co. H, 39th Regt.
Paul S. Plunkett, 52 E. Lynn St., Columbus, Ohio. Co. B, 60th Regt.
Mr. and Mrs. James E. Posten, 11 4th Ave., Atlantic Highlands, N. J. Div. Hqs., APO 9.
Michael Procvic, 14 Knollwood Drive, Totawa Borough, N. J. Co. K, 47th Regt.
Fred Elmo, 158-51 89th St., Howard Beach, N. Y. Co. B, 15th Engrs.
Chaplain and Mrs. Cecil L. Propst, Headquarters, A.R.D.C., Andrews Air Force Base, Washington, D. C. Hq., 9th Inf.
Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Przybylski, 1042 Dewey Ave., Evanston, Ill. Hq. 3rd Bn., 39th Regt.
Dan Quinn, 412 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, N. J. 47th Regt.
Pete J. Radano, 2525 88th St., East Elmhurst, N. Y. Hqs. Co., 15th Engrs.
John J. Reilly, 67-30 Parsons Blvd., Flushing, N. Y. Co. B, 47th Regt.
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Ricco, Crestview Drive, Bernardsville, N. J. Co. F, 47th Inf.
H. Rini, 204 Irving Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Co. D, 39th Regt.
Mr. and Mrs. Percy F. Rishel and daughter, 645 W. Main, Geneva, O. 2nd Bn., 47th Regt.
Mr. and Mrs. John Rizzo, 29 Louisiana St., Long Beach, L. I., N. Y. Co. F, 47th Inf.
Bob Roberts, 5300 Webster St., Philadelphia 43, Pa. Co. A, 15th Engr.
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence R. Rogers, 1910 Van Buren St., Hollywood, Fla. 26th F.A.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Donald Rolar, 105 Oak Lane, Shippensburg, Pa. 26th F.A. Hqs.
Rev. Gerald F. Rowan, 1406 No. Erie, Wichita, Kans. 9th M.P.s.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rumennapp (Betty), 22613 Furton Blvd., St. Clair Shores, Mich. A.T. Co., 60th Regt.
Frank Russo, 28 Gaston Ave., Raritan, N. J. Co. B, 39th Inf.
Mr. and Mrs. John P. Ryan, Sacandaga, N. Y. 60th Inf. Regt.
John Sabato, 2743 Snyder Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Co. E, 39th Inf.
Paul J. Sakai, 6 Southfield Road, Glen Burnie, Md. 1st Bn., 47th Inf.
Salvatore J. Salerno, 1 Riggs Pl., West Orange, N. J. 47th Inf.

(Continued on Page 6)

Another Eskimo Added to Major Kraft's Family



Pictured above are the children of Major Walter Kraft. The major's good wife, Audrey, keeps The Octofoil advised of what's going on in the Kraft family, way up there in Kodiak, Alaska, Box 911. Major Kraft was C.O. of Co. G, 47th. Another member has been added to the family since The Octofoil last heard from the former Ninth man: Little Jennifer, age 8 months. From left to right: Susanne, 12, holding Jennifer; Tessa, 7; David, 10; Kevin, 4, and Timmy, 2. Mr. Ben Kraft, the major's father, passed away at the age of 70 in October, 1959, which put many more responsibilities and duties on the shoulders of Waldo, who is now president of the O. Kraft & Sons, Inc., which includes a modern supermarket, dry goods, men's wear and hardware stores. In behalf of the major, Audrey sends best wishes to all former Ninth Infantry Division men.

ASSOCIATION COMES ACROSS WITH AN ASSIST TO CAPT. RITTER, 84TH F.A. UNIT HISTORIAN

Capt. William H. Ritter writes from Headquarters 3rd Gun Battalion, 84th Artillery, APO 34, United States Forces to the secretary of the Ninth Infantry Division Association, but sends his letter in care of the Association of the United States Army, 1529 18th St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C. His letter reads:

In June, 1958, the 868th Field Artillery Battalion was re-designated the 3rd Gun Battalion, 84th Artillery, but as yet, all attempts to formulate a Unit History have been frustrated. During World War II we understand that the 84th Artillery was an integral part of the 9th Infantry Division and that your History, is in effect, our History.

We have written to the Historical Branch, Military History Branch, for

clarification of Battle Honors, Lineage, etc., but the Annex which pertains has not been approved as yet. We are anxious to establish our history in written form and feel that you, with your vast source of historical material, may be able to be of assistance.

Quite naturally we are interested specifically in the 84th Artillery portion, but feel that any 9th Division history would concern us. Any information, assistance, or advice you may be able to furnish would be especially appreciated.

After rechecking through the New York postoffice regarding the APO 34, Secretary Dan Quinn was finally able to send the captain a copy of "8 Stars to Victory" on Jan. 14, 1960.

—PAY 1960 DUES NOW—

A GOLD STAR PARENT, LIFE MEMBER AND 3-YEAR MEMBER ARE "LOST"—HELP IS NEEDED BADLY

Somebody's just got to come to the rescue of Secretary Dan Quinn, 412 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, N. J. As Danny so aptly puts it: "We just can't afford to lose contact with members like Bob Wolfsberger, Mrs. Marie Faulkhaber and Philip Branoff."

The last known addresses of the three named follows:

Robert K. Wolfsberger, 874 Hardesty Blvd., Akron 2, Ohio. Bob is a LIFETIME member and headquarters has lost contact with him.

Mrs. Marie Faulhaber, 123 Chest-

nut St., Adrian, Mich., a Gold Star parent who the Association has not been able to contact at the Adrian address.

Philip Branoff, 348 East Atherton Rd., Flint 7, Mich. Phil is a three-year paid-up member and he has also vanished in thin air.

Any member who can help Secretary Quinn out in his efforts to contact any one or all of the above folks will be doing the Association a great favor to send in the information at once.

—PAY YOUR 1-9-6-0 DUES NOW—

Bob Cunningham Is Located By Taylor

Wilton M. Taylor, Star Route, Stop 6, Lost Hills, Calif., is continually shaking the bushes for "lost" former Ninth Division men. He recently contacted a former Co. M, 47th man out there in far-off California. The former G.I. is R. S. (Bob) Cunningham, 12036 Havelock Ave., Culver City, California.

A great reader, Taylor advises the new book, "The Longest Day," can be obtained at public libraries and is a most interesting account of events on the eve of D-Day in 1944. He also mentions the May, 1959 National Geographic Magazine has an interesting article about Normandy.

LOCATES PHILLIPS

Taylor has been carrying on a one-man campaign to locate Major Henry G. Phillips. Finally General Smythe was able to get the dope and pass it on to Taylor. Here it is: Major Henry G. Phillips, Army Section MAAG (R.R. TCAT), APO 93, San Francisco, Calif. He would be glad to hear from any former 47th Co. M men.

—PAY 1960 DUES NOW—

OFFICERS OF THE NEW YORK GROUP INSTALLED BY APAR

The installation of the newly elected officers of New York Chapter for 1960-61 was held in New York on January 8.

George Apar did a fine job (as usual) of discharging the old and inducting the new.

REFRESHMENTS

Refreshments were served with Jack Scully in charge of the Committee serving drinks, hot dogs, hamburgers, salads and what have you?

It was a bitter cold night but there were approximately 35 men on hand to greet the new officers, including several men who turned up for the first time in years.

—PAY 1960 DUES TODAY—

Vincent Iannucci Sends Christmas Party Picture

Vincent Iannucci, 58 Ellsworth Ave., Yonkers, N. Y., a member of the National Board of Governors, has furnished The Octofoil with a colored slide taken at the Christmas Party the New York Chapter held for the kiddies. About 75 children were present at the party, held at the Elks Club, Union City, N. J.

Including children and parents—about 200 were at the party and each child received at least 2 or 3 gifts.

The picture will be used in the next issue. Much work was necessary to get the film made into a cut. A photography shop has to get a black and white negative from the colored film and then make a print from the black and white. Then the print has to be sent to a photo-engraver for a newspaper cut. Altogether the operation would take 2 weeks to complete. Hence, failure to get the print in this issue.

—PAY 1960 DUES NOW—

JOHN O'ROURKE HAS RENT-A-CAR BUSINESS IN SUNNY FLORIDA

John D. O'Rourke, 914 Canton Ave., Orlando, Fla., writes a most interesting letter to headquarters—and enclosed three years' dues.

Parts of John's letter reads: "I would like you to know I have enjoyed receiving The Octofoil over the years, and hope you will continue sending it."

"I was with the 3rd Bn., 60th Inf. and the Div. Hqtrs. Co. throughout all eight campaigns and recognize names of old friends and associates in the interesting stories and pictures carried in your fine publication."

RENT-A-CAR BUSINESS

"I am now engaged in the Rent-A-Car business in Orlando, and would appreciate hearing from any and all former Ninth men when they are in this part of the country. I am also associated with Olin's Rent-A-Car—the largest independent auto rental company in the world—and we can offer the finest service and equipment at all major cities in Florida."

"Congratulations to all the officers of the Association for a fine job during the past years. It will continue to be my ambition to attend one of the national reunions someday to renew old friendships."

"Does The Octofoil accept advertising, and if so, what are the rates? What better place to acquaint our members with the finest Car Rental Service in Florida?"

The Publication Committee at the Washington Reunion might take a cue from O'Rourke's suggestion about accepting some paid advertising for The Octofoil with the thought in mind a little more added revenue will enable the Board to authorize an 8-page paper more often.

—PAY 1960 DUES NOW—

Americanism Resolution Given Page 1 Break

A resolution on Americanism that The Octofoil editor prepared for a state VFW convention was given an 8-column headline in The Columbus (O.) Evening Dispatch. The local American Legion newspaper for Post No. 1 complimented the resolution.

—PAY 1959 DUES NOW—

HELP

A young lady's definition of "like" and "love": "If I likes em I lets 'em but if I loves 'em I helps 'em."

—PAY YOUR 1-9-6-0 DUES NOW—

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP THE BOYS ARE MARCHING DOWN 5TH AVENUE



Every mother's son in this parade swore while overseas some day he'd march down Fifth Avenue in New York City, accompanied by a military band. It took a long time for this dream to come true. But thanks to Ed Egan and some others on the New York Parade Committee the City Fathers were finally persuaded that they owed the Ninth Division the courtesy of a permit to parade down the great White Way in Gotham. There may have been a little rout stepping before the march was over—but to the everlasting credit of all the members they stuck it out to the last man until the Shrine of Eernal Light was reached. The Washington Chapter will have to go some to outdo the kind of Reunion the New York Chapter put on in 1959.

MAJOR JOHN HILL ANXIOUS TO HEAR FROM ANY OF THE OLD 47TH GANG

While sending in 1960 dues Major John A. Hill, 30 Cassidy Drive, Plainville, Conn., mentions some of the old gang from Co. G, 2nd Bn., 47th Inf. who he'd like to hear from. He's particularly anxious to get a few lines from a former platoon leader of Co. G, 47th, Lieut. Frank Hall and Captain Charles "Chuck" Laurenz, C.O. "H" Co., 2nd Bn., 47th Regt. During combat days Major Hill was platoon leader in "H" Co., 2nd Bn., 47th Regt. After V-E day he was C.O. of "H" Co. and later "G" Co. in 2nd Bn., 47th. The major says

it'd tickle him to hear from anyone who was in either of the companies mentioned. He mentions Frank Fazio in the letter who was a sergeant in the heavy weapons platoon of "H" Co. Major Hill doesn't want any slip up and miss getting any issues of The Octofoil.

He has one youngster, Erick J. Hill—who is 10 years old.

His occupation is given as U. S. Army, Major in U.S.A.R.; rank, CWO, W-2 on Active Duty, "B" Btry. 1st MSL, Plainville, Conn.

—PAY 1960 DUES NOW—

MERT CALL CATCHING UP ON WHAT ALL HAPPENED

Merton LeRoy Call, 9 Orange St., Eastport, Maine, is not a member of the Association, having been taken prisoner in Tunisia. But through the grapevine he has learned about the Association and has written for a copy of 8 Stars to Victory.

Secretary Quinn located an old buddy of Call's—Milton Hacker, 202 Van Buren St., Newark, N. J., who was taken prisoner at the same time Call was. Hacker joined the Association during the 1959 Reunion in New York, and has promised to get in touch with Mert Call and sign him up.

—PAY 1960 DUES NOW—

THREE MORE LIFE MEMBERS SIGN UP

Secretary Quinn has notified The Octofoil that he has received payment from three more members to become enrolled as Life Members.

Names of the latest members to be added to this Honor Roll are:

Vincent D'Addora, New York Chapter.

Martin A. Niverth, Marianna, Pa. (Western Pennsylvania Chapter.)

John S. Burda of Fairfax, Calif.

—PAY 1960 DUES TODAY—

WHAT DO YOU KNOW, JOE?

Little Joe had been a confirmed thumb sucker. Finally his mother told him: "Joe, if you continue to suck your thumb your stomach will blow up bigger and bigger until it bursts."

This scared the lad.

A few days later Joe's mom was entertaining some friends and among them one of the lady's was pregnant. Her frontal contour fascinated the lad. He just stared at her. Not being able to control himself any longer, in a voice everyone could hear, Joe pointed and said: "I know what you've been doing."

DANNY QUINN BRINGS BACK OLD MEMORIES

Just when the new secretary, Dan Quinn, sleeps is the \$64 question. He has to work 8 hours a day on his job in order to eat—and he's putting in many, many hours on the secretary's job. He keeps The Octofoil posted almost daily on developments and finds time to harken back to the days spent with the Ninth Division in most every letter. The following paragraph is taken from a letter he wrote The Octofoil on Thanksgiving Day:

"Well, here it is the eve of Thanksgiving and I believe we have a lot to be thankful for. Often times I recall the memories of the Thanksgiving days spent in the Army, the first one we were on the Carolina maneuvers and so did not have the dinner until the following Sunday. The next one was spent in Safi—which wasn't too bad. We had scrounged up a lot of food and had a pretty good spread. In 1943 we arrived in England from Sicily and that too was celebrated the following Sunday as we traveled all day from Liverpool. The fourth and final was spent in Germany—that too was a day or two late; we had taken some beating after jumping off around Hamich. There were plenty of seconds that day; very few guys around to eat. Oh, well, that's the way it goes."

—PAY 1960 DUES TODAY—

STUNNED

A young lady was invited up to her boy friend's apartment to look at his etchings. When they arrived at his apartment she was surprised to find no etchings at all. In fact, she found he had no chairs, no tables, no furniture at all. She was floored.

—PAY YOUR 1-9-6-0 DUES NOW—

MUCH HARD WORK BEFORE THE MASS

No one will ever know the many man hours Father Connors and his assistants must have put in arranging for the Memorial Mass. President Glenn Moore and Dick Pestel turned over to The Octofoil a copy of the impressive program.

The first inside page has the song "It's Good to Get Together," five verses, two of which read:

But there's little talk of glory,
As the memories unfold,
In Connors' Post-War Coffee Shop,
Where the brew's not quite so bold.

We just tell again each story
That gains angles every year,
And stroll the paths of memory
As we sip a little beer.

The next page with Father Connors' message is naturally soul-inspiring. (Maybe the next time The Octofoil prints 8 pages that message can be printed in full.)

The double page spread that prints the menu is next. It is unique. For instance, the first three dishes are: Grapefruit de Safi-Thala (A good beginning)

Soup de Maknassy—El Guetta (Sip to the strain of "Flashlight Freddie on Arabian Nights")
Chicken (peutetre) de Bizerte (This is one bird we plucked)

And so on and on it went, fellows. Nothing else like it has ever been held.

The In Memoriam page headed—"Remember Our Dead—Pray for Them" is followed by some most beautiful quotations.

The page dedicated to Old Glory and the dedication of the flag is also beautifully written and it closes in this way:

"May the White of the flag remind us to keep our souls white and immaculate. May the Red remind us that in God's service we shall not be afraid to shed a few drops of the blood of sacrifice for God and for one another. May the Blue be a symbol of Heaven where, please God, you and yours, and all of us will enjoy God for Eternity."

As mentioned previously an examination of the badges, the caps, ribbons, Connors Coffee Shop coasters, the matches all appropriately imprinted, took many, many man hours of work. There will always be a 9th Division Association as long as there is a Father Connors.

—PAY 1960 DUES TODAY—

More Names Of Members Attending '59 Reunion

(Continued From Page 5)

James R. Macedo, 12 Lawrence Ave., North Tarrytown, N. Y. Co. A, 47th Regt.

Peter T. Magnanelli, 6704 Hillandale Rd., Chevy Chase 15, Md. Co. A, 15th Engrs.

Francis A. Maher, 14 Davenport St., Worcester, Mass. Co. C, 15th Engrs.

Robert Maher, 890 Westgate, Valley Stream, N. Y. 60th Medics.

Mr. and Mrs. James Malley, 4404 Dell Ave., North Bergen, N. J. Co. K, 47th Inf.

Mr. and Mrs. John Maloney, Bennington, Vt. M.P.s.

Vincent Mann, 41 Woodcrest, So. Orange, N. J. Hqs. 39th.

Frank James Markland, 148 Luquer Rd., Port Washington, L. I., N. Y. Co. D and Co. M, 39th Regt.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Martin, Box 991, Hamlet, N. C. Cannon Co., 60th Inf.

Norman Martin, 6 So. 14th St., Belleville, Ill. Hq. Co., 60th Regt.

Mr. and Mrs. John Maule, 124 Fairlake Rd., Muskegon, Mich. Co. A, 15th Engrs.

Russell Maurer, 226 Wilmet, Camden, N. J. 26th F.A.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Maxman, 29 Murdock Court, Brooklyn, N. Y. Co. I, 47th Regt.

Joseph M. Mazzrese, 61-33 223rd Place, Bayside, L. I., N. Y. Co. K, 47th Regt.

Harry Meltzer, 1197 Anderson Ave., Bronx 52, N. Y. Co. G, 47th.

John A. Merrick, Newtown, Pa. Co. A, 60th Regt.

George Merz, 52 Terhune Ave., Jersey City, N. J. 3rd Bn., 47th.

Peter Mezzapela, 140 Orchid Dr., Mastic Beach, L. I., N. Y. Co. I, 60th.

George Michalec, Parker Road, Summers, Conn., Bn. Hq., 2nd Bn., 47th Inf.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Micolucci, 1614 Lynnwood Road, Haverton, Delaware County, Pennsylvania. Service Co., 47th Regt.

Dominick Miele, 853 Southern Blvd., Bronx 59, N. Y., Co. M, 47th.

Vincent Montura, 1306 Forest Ave., Baldwin, L. I., N. Y. 60th Meds.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mooney, 3449 81st St., Jackson Heights 72, N. Y. Bty. C, 26th F.A.

Glenn O. Moore, 940 Pleasant Ridge Ave., Columbus, O. Co. L, 39th Regt.

Pat and Anne Morano, 6515 Boulevard East, West New York, N. J. Co. B, 47th Regt.

Murray Morell, 130-22 225th St., Laurelton, N. Y. Div. Hq.

S. Morrongiello, 819 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn, N. Y. Co. L, 60th Regt.

James G. Mullen, 15 Twin Lane, North Wantagh, L. I., N. Y. Co. B, 15th Engrs.

Gerard Murphy, 4050 Denman St., Elmhurst 73, N. Y. A.T. 60th.

Benjamin A. Murrell, 434 Warren St., Hudson, N. Y. Medics, 39th.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schacor, 2206 Brookside Ave., Wantagh, N. Y. 39th Inf., Service Co.

Arthur Schmidt, 69-20 69th Street, Glendale 27, N. Y. Co. B, 15th Engrs.

Mrs. Marie Schmidt, 6926 69th St., Glendale, N. Y. Co. B, 15th Engrs.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore C. Schmidt, 1803 Allen Lane, Abington, Pa. Hq. Bty. 26th F.A.

Marcus Sciarappa, Box 202B, Rt. 1, Asbury Park, N. J. Bty. C, 26th F.A.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Scott, 77 Marvelwood Rd., New Haven, Conn. Co. A, 60th Regt.

John J. Scully, 99 Summit Ave., Summit, N. J. Co. H, 47th Inf.

Al Sebock, 4211 Mackinaw, Chicago 3, Ill. Co. K, 60th Inf.

Harold Segal, 11 Market St., Dunellen, N. J. Hqs. 1st Bn., 47th Inf.

Dr. and Mrs. Hyman Seslowe and daughter, Helen, 439 Brooklyn Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 9th Medics.

Jerry Shaperio, 739 W. 186th St.,

New York 33, N. Y. 2nd Bn., 47th.

Nathan Shenkman, 150-08 North Hempstead Turnpike, Flushing, L. I., N. Y. Service Co., 47th.

Stanley Silverman, 588 E. 2nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Co. L, 60th.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew H. Sinare, 716 E. 162nd St., Cleveland, Ohio. 9th Q.M.

Harold W. Smith, 436 Overbrook Rd., Baltimore 28, Md. 60th Inf.

Anthony Soprano, 713 Delaware Ave., Norwood, Pa. A Co., 15th Engrs.

Ralton Speers, 5 Patricia Ave., Albany, N. Y. Hqs. 1st Bn., 60th Inf.

George S. Stegner, 132 Old Mill Rd., North Merrick, L. I., N. Y. Co. D, 39th Regt.

Arthur Stenzel, 8949 215th St., Queens Village, L. I., N. Y. Co. B, 47th Inf.

George H. Steward, 774 Princeton Rd., Princeton, N. J. 9th Recon.

Ray Strall, 276 Van Buren St., Teaneck, N. J. Co. K, 47th Regt.

Hermilio Suarez, 535 East 135th St., New York, N. Y. 39th, Cannon Co., Anti Tank, Hq. Band.

Robert G. Sullivan, 9305 123rd St., New York, N. Y. Co. L, 60th Inf.

Daniel J. Taggart, 12 Dover Rd., Massapqua, L. I., N. Y. Co. K, 60th.

Salvatore Trapani, 4733 Wyaconda Rd., Rockville, Md. Co. H Medics, 39th Inf.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Trapasso, 46 Linden Ave., Ossining, N. Y. Co. G, 60th Regt.

John G. Tschupp, 2216 1st St., East Meadow, N. Y. 1st Bn. Hqs., 39th.

Pete Uhl, 59 Woodlawn St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Co. D, 39th Regt.

Max Umansky, 8320 141st St., Jamaica, N. Y. Co. K, 47th Regt.

Mat Urban, 13850 Lake Drive, Monroe, Mich. 60th Inf.

Mr. and Mrs. Nat Valone, 74 Dorrington Rd., Rochester, N. Y. Co. K, 47th Inf.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Vanni, 419 Parker Ave., South Amboy, N. J. Anti-Tank, 47th Inf.

Rocco Vita, 27 Victory Court, East Norwalk, Conn. Cannon Co., 60th.

Adolph Wadalabage, 94-30 96th St., Ozone Park 16, N. Y. M.P. Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank (Libby) Wade and Children, Port Tobacco, Md. 39th Inf.

Charles F. Warner, 507 Main St., Bound Brook, N. J. 1st Bn., 39th.

John Washine, 41 Hawthorn Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. 60th Inf. Med. Det.

Walter Wasserman, 224-24 Union Turnpike, Flushing 64, N. Y. 3rd Bn. Hqtrs., 60th Regt.

Harry Wax, 2451 East 2nd, Brooklyn, N. Y. 2nd Bn. Hqs., 39th.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Weaver, 1136 Oak St., Allentown, Pa., Co. B, 15th Engrs.

Aaron A. Weinberg, 1364 New York Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Co. A, 39th Regt.

James F. Wenner, 623 2nd St., Fullerton, Pa. 15th Engrs.

Harry Whalen, 3146 Perry Ave., Bronx, N. Y. Co. K, 47th Regt.

John S. White, Rockland, Mass. Bty. B, 26th F.A. Bn.

Milton Wolstoff, 368 New Lots Ave., Brooklyn 7, N. Y. M.P.s.

Frank I. Wyandt, 1423 East Elm St., Scranton, Pa. Co. A, 15th Engrs.

Mr. and Mrs. Yednak, 43 Delaware Ave., Metuchen, N. J. Anti-Tank, 47th Regt.

William Zachman, 3 Cottage Drive, Massapequa, N. Y. 47th Inf.

Vincent W. Zalis, 154 Bradford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Co. D, 39th Regt.

George Zipfel, 81 Sussex Ave., East Orange, N. J. Co. C, 47th Inf.

Irving Zucker, 494 Bloomfield Ave., Nutley, N. J. Co. F, 47th Inf.

Peter Zullo, 287 Pennsila Blvd., Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y. Hqs. Co. 39th, Bn. Hqs.

William Zweil, 8 Ithoma Ave., Maywood, N. J. Cannon Co., 47th.

JOHN RIZZO MAKES BIG HIT WITH NEW YORK KIDDIES IN HIS SANTA CLAUS ROLE AT PARTY

Secretary Quinn has furnished the Octofoil a good report on the Christmas party staged by the New York Chapter on December 6. Parts of Danny's communique reads:

As expected, a good time was had by all who turned out for the Christmas Party, sponsored by the New York Chapter, held December 6th at the Union City, N. J. Elks Home.

Approximately 125 children and 70 grown ups were on hand to greet Santa. John Rizzo did an excellent job and thrilled the kiddies in his Santa impersonation. Rizzo was selected to replace Jack Scully for this party because some the "kids" were getting suspicious that Santa could

be Jack. So the youngsters got a bit mixed up when they saw Jack in the room when Santa arrived. All the kiddies received a gift or two—and ice cream, soda, candy and cookies. (Free enemas were given to those who overindulged.)

TAKE PICTURES

Movies of the party were made and plans are in the making for them to be shown at the 1960 Reunion.

The New York Chapter has the Memorial Parade and Services from the 1959 Reunion, the Fall Dance, and now the Christmas party. The pictures were shown at the Feb. 5th meeting.

—PAY 1960 DUES TODAY—

The Coward... Afraid To Leave His Fox Hole

IF THE LIEUTENANT WAS AFRAID TO LEAVE THE SAFETY OF HOLE HE HAD DUG, HOW WAS HIS MEN TO BE ORDERED TO ADVANCE

By GENERAL EDWIN H. RANDLE

The Jeep picked up speed and disappeared around a bend, leaving the lieutenant standing in the narrow dusty road. His distraught eyes contemplated a small, blue, canvas marker. It sagged between two rods thrust into the bank beside the road and bore a device he recognized. The marker told him the command-post of his regiment was in the woods.

(A letter from Harry A. Harchar, Editor of Boys' Life Magazine, authorized The Octofoil to reprint the story appearing below that was written for that magazine by the Ninth Division's own Brig. Gen. Edwin H. Randle. A letter granting his permission was also received from Gen. Randle. The article appeared in the October, 1959 issue of Boys' Life, a publication published by the Boy Scouts of America.)

The lieutenant's slender body accepted the warm spring sunshine of northern Tunisia, but he gave it no thought. It was different from the recent winter's miserable cold and rain, nothing more. The other attributes of spring, the soft air, the birds, and the new green leaves gave him no pleasure. He did not even notice them. The lieutenant was very young, but his helmet hid that, and the anxiety and humiliation in his eyes.

He lingered, dreading to enter the woods, encircled by an island of peaceful, unscarred countryside. Except for a tangle of telephone lines in the ditch, and strung from tree to tree, there was no evidence of war. Not for months had he been so completely alone. He wanted to remain, but the sound of an approaching truck spoiled his feeling of isolation. With a glance at his dirty, spotted field jacket and OD trousers, he walked toward a trail leading into the woods.

There was no underbrush and the tall pines, bare of branches except near their tops, cast long shadows on the brown, needle covered earth. After a time he came upon a group of small, black, rectangular tents. A sign on one read ADJUTANT, and he shambled toward it. As he drew near a captain came out; he was bareheaded and had friendly blue eyes.

"Hello," the captain said, "are you Carroll?"

"Yes, sir. The colonel wishes to see me?" The lieutenant hoped for a negative answer, but knew that was impossible. They'd sent for him, hadn't they?

"Yeah, but he's busy now. Wait over there with Lieut. Osborne." The adjutant made a motion with his head. "The colonel will see you together." He turned, walked around the blackout curtain and re-entered the tent.

GLAD COLONEL BUSY

Lieut. Carroll was glad the colonel was busy. It was quiet here. He wished they would keep him, give him a job on the staff. But there wasn't a chance, he thought, not with my record.

Osborne was lying on his back under a tree. He was long, slim, and older than Carroll. He did not move when Carroll let the Tommy-gun slip from his shoulder, leaned it against the tree trunk, and slumped to the ground.

Opposite them a wide path ran back thirty yards to a small, black, wall-tent. A fly had been pitched in front. Beside the tent, on the back seat of a command-car, two men were talking. Carroll recognized the colonel and lowered his eyes.

"What's he got on you?" Osborne asked, rolling over and raising himself on one elbow.

"I put in for a transfer."

"Transfer where?"

"I don't care." Nervously Carroll dug at a stone with his finger. "I'm no good at this stuff. I can't command a platoon. Those fast-shooting German machine-guns paralyze me, even when they're not coming close."

"Yeah?"

"The men look at me, wanting me to tell them what to do, and I can't." He took off his helmet and dropped it beside him. His hands were shaking. "I've asked for a transfer to some rear area job. I'm a college graduate. There's lots of things I can do to help the war effort."

"Sure. Sure." Osborne agreed. He grinned and sat up, wrapping both arms about his knees. "I'm going back, too."

"You've asked for a transfer?"

CAN'T TAKE IT

"Absolutely, I can't take it either. I've put in six years, starting as a private. Thought I was fair shakes as a soldier 'til El Guetta. Boy! No more of that for me! My company commander got it right through the head first day. Lots of other guys, too. You know how it was."

Yes, Carroll knew how it was but a sudden dislike for Osborne came over him. He could not explain it, except the guy had been a soldier for six years and now wanted out of the first tough spot he'd ever been in. A quitter. With himself it was different. Some men are just not suited for combat, their nervous systems, or something. He was one of those. But he hated the way the men looked at him.

Osborne's helmet lay on the ground. He tossed a pebble at it. "Those Germans sure take good cover. From nowhere their fast-shootin' machine guns pin you down. Why don't we have machine guns that shoot that fast?"

Carroll did not answer. His eyes wandered up the trail to the colonel's tent. He closed them, hoping the fear and shame would go away. It did not.

"I didn't think we'd get into the war," he said. "Never really gave it much thought. I guess, just liked the idea of being an officer."

"Well, think about it now."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, think what's going to happen."

"What?"

"A week ago we left El Guettar and moved up here, behind the British. What's next?"

"How should I know?"

"I'll tell you. We'll relieve the Limeys, or pass through 'em. Then it'll be more of the same, machine guns, and more artillery than we've been up against yet, and we're just startin'. After Africa there's Europe. Boy, we're smart, gettin' back to the rear area."

ADJUTANT APPROACHES

It was growing dark. The adjutant came out of his tent and walked toward them. Behind the tents, deeper in the woods, they could hear some metal mess kits banging. Headquarters Company was finishing chow.

"The Colonel will see you," the Adjutant announced.

Carroll and Osborne got up, put on their helmets, picked up their Tommy guns and followed him.

The colonel sat behind a table under the fly. On the table were piles of papers, with rocks to keep them from blowing away.

"Lieutenants Carroll and Osborne, sir," the Adjutant said. He started to leave. The colonel stopped him and pulled two papers from one pile, replacing the rock paperweight. In the dark they could not clearly see his face, but they had seen it before. They knew the tough, determined expression.

"I have your letters," the colonel began. His tone was conversational and Carroll's fear of him subsided a little. He and Osborne remained silent, standing at attention.

The colonel got to his feet, almost overturning the folding chair. "Now let me tell you something," he said. "No officer in this regiment is going back to a soft, safe job, while others are risking their lives every 15 minutes, and quite a few losing them—not as long as I'm around."

He stepped back from the table, placed the metal chair in front of him and rested both hands on its back.

"Both of you accepted commissions in the infantry. You knew the implications, or should have. But now you want to crawl out of having to fight and still keep your commissions." He released the chair and folded his arms. "You can't do it."

"But, sir," Osborne broke in.

"Wait! I'm not finished." The colonel pulled at his belt. "There are

two things you can do. I'll give you a choice. Number one: You can sit here and write out resignations of your commissions. I'll forward them with my approval."

He looked from one to the other. They did not speak.

"Want to hear number two?" The voice was now a little milder, less aggressive.

"Yes, sir," they mumbled.

"It's this. Go back and fight. Someone thought you'd make good officers. I'll transfer you to other battalions, but if you fail again, the other choice is still open."

"But sir, I can't lead a platoon," Carroll pleaded. "I just freeze up under fire."

BEEN TO BENNING?

"You're an ROTC graduate, aren't you? Been to Benning, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just as soon as you decide you'd rather die than have your men know you for a yellow-livered coward, you will be able to lead them. What's your choice?"

"I'll try, sir, if I have to."

"You don't have to. You can resign, but I won't send you to the rear."

"I'll try again."

"And you'll do all right if somewhere in you there's a teaspoonful of guts and a nickel's worth of pride. How about you, Osborne?"

"I'll go back, sir. Maybe I can do better."

They saluted and walked down the path in silence.

Osborne's prediction of the future employment of the regiment was accurate. In a few days it relieved a British brigade at the south end of a valley. For a week it held its positions and patrolled the valley, waiting. The Germans at the north end patrolled, too, and sometimes the patrols met, but not often. Then one night the 1st Battalion was sent to seize the southernmost hill of a chain forming the valley's east boundary. The Germans had neglected to occupy it. In the dark the battalion established itself without firing a shot.

Lieut. Carroll's new command was the 3rd platoon of C Company. He was known only as an officer transferred in because lieutenants were needed. The night they moved onto the hill no one noticed how nervous he was. No one, that is, but the platoon sergeant. He helped Carroll get the platoon in position.

During the ensuing days Carroll kept to himself and avoided the other company officers. He spoke to the men only to make suggestions. They accepted his suggestions as orders. They wanted to like him and look up to him. After all he was their lieutenant. He looked after them, and he dug his own foxhole. They liked that, particularly digging his own foxhole. Two of his squads were sent out, at different times, on patrol missions. Carroll inspected them before they left and made helpful suggestions. He could do this because he spent nearly all his time remembering what he had learned in the ROTC course, and at Benning. It surprised him how much he could remember, now that he was not under fire.

One day, when they had been on the hill a week, the Company Commander sent for Carroll. He explained what he knew of the enemy, and that the big attack south of them had started.

BEGIN MOVING UP THE HILL

"Our battalion," he said, "is to capture this chain of hills. At zero-eight-hundred tomorrow, your platoon will capture the first one." He pointed to the next hill in the chain. "There will be an artillery concentration on its crest from zero-seven-four-five to zero-eight hundred. The last salvo will be smoke. When our concentration starts, begin moving up the hill. Assault with the smoke salvo. You will be covered by all the heavy machine guns and 81-mm motors in the battalion. Clear?"

Carroll nodded. He did not trust himself to speak.

"Tonight," the captain continued, "move down to the base of this hill and dig foxholes from which to attack in the morning, but keep your sentinels awake. I don't want your attack spoiled by a German raid before you get started. I'll be here. Any questions?"

Lieut. Carroll could not speak. The horrible sinking feeling was back in

his stomach. He nodded that he understood, and returned to his platoon.

SERGEANT LOOKS AT HIM

It was mid-afternoon. The platoon sergeant looked at him expectantly, but Carroll threw himself face down in his foxhole. He closed his eyes. Except for the captain's order his mind was blank. He remembered every detail of that, but nothing else came to him, no plans, no ideas, nor any promptings of things to be done or seen to. Three words began repeating themselves in his mind, endlessly, the colonel's words—yellow livered coward.

To get away from the hammering words he sat up and gazed across the valley. It was a lovely valley. On the far green hills patches of wild crimson poppies grew, great masses of them, like huge red blankets laid out in the sun on a grassy slope. There were other patches of color, too, masses of some blue flower whose name he did not know. The blankets of red and blue did not mingle or blend into the green of the hillsides. Their edges were sharp and distinct. Never had he seen such a brilliantly colorful natural landscape. And on the crest of the highest hill, gleaming in the sunlight like a jewel in a crown, stood a tiny, white, domed mosque, a shrine perhaps.

The lovely view and thinking about the mosque quieted his stomach and lessened the fear a little. An occasional shell whooshed overhead, but they were friendly shells and did not bother him.

The platoon sergeant had been watching. He left his foxhole and came and sat on the ground beside Carroll. He was a big, goodnatured, second generation Pole from Buffalo, apparently with no nerves at all, but he had great pride. He was proud of being an American, proud of the platoon, and proud that the men thought him very brave. That they thought him brave, made him braver still.

"Captain have any orders?" Sergeant Zalinski asked.

Lieut. Carroll was sitting on the edge of his foxhole, feet inside on his raincoat.

"Yes," he answered, and in a monotone repeated the order, never lifting his eyes from the raincoat.

"Not so tough," the sergeant said, when he had finished. "Not many Germans on that hill; maybe a few, maybe none."

"But they'll have flanking fire on the slopes, and mortar fire from behind the hill."

"Could be."

The sergeant gazed across the valley. His face took on an expression of embarrassment, like a boy wanting to say something nice.

After a long pause he shifted his position and said, "The platoon thinks we got a good lieutenant this time."

Carroll was startled. He raised his eyes and let them rest on the stony slope a few yards from him.

"Why should they think that," he asked.

"Well, you've looked after them, shown interest . . . and the way you instructed the patrols. . . . Your ideas worked out, especially about scouts farther out, and moving by bounds. And you dug your own foxhole; the men liked that."

"The patrol stuff is all in the book."

"Sure, but remembering it at the right time is something else."

"Wasn't my predecessor all right?" He had not meant to ask that, it slipped out.

PREDECESSOR SCARED

"Him?" The sergeant laughed. "Naw. Scared to death all the time."

"What happened to him?"

"Wounded, if you want to call it that. Cut his hand on a C-ration can divin' into his foxhole. He'll get a Purple Heart, too. German shell made him jump, and that's an act of the enemy, ain't it?"

"Who led the platoon?"

"I did. He left everything to me. To tell you the truth, Lieutenant, he was always so scared he couldn't move. The platoon carried him along, if you get what I mean, instead of the other way 'round. Nice enough guy, but no good to us."

"Don't you ever get scared, Sergeant?"

"Sure. Every time. But I keep tellin' myself, the square heads can't hit me. Besides, I gotta take care of

the platoon. We been together since Bragg."

Carroll remained silent. He gazed off across the valley, feeling weak, wishing he could keep on sitting there, but knowing he must move soon, and dreading it.

Zalinski broke the silence. "You goin' down and pick the position for tonight, or shall I?"

Carroll stood up. "Come on, we'll both go."

He was astonished at himself. It was as though someone else had made the decision, was using his body. The reaction of a cornered coward, he thought. Zalinski had been putting him on a spot, saying he was going to make the platoon a good lieutenant, rubbing it in about his predecessor. But his mind was working. "Bring a man from each squad as guide," he ordered.

SHELLS ARE RUSHING

The next morning at zero-seven-four-five the sun had been up a long time, but its rays had yet to clear the steep, almost round hill that was the 3rd platoon's objective. Shells came rushing at its crest, blasting up cones of rock and dirt and dust, shattering the silence with crashing, overlapping explosions. Carroll shivered in his foxhole. He had slept little, his mind, concentrated on the attack, repelled sleep. Fear was his companion, eroding will, reducing muscles to jelly. With the shelling it became a cold, slimy emptiness in his stomach.

"Lieutenant!" Zalinski shouted from his foxhole five yards away. "Give the signal! We gotta get up there before our concentration lifts."

Carroll heard but did not move. His hands were shaking and he was sweating under the arms in spite of the morning chill. Then the sergeant was squatting beside the foxhole, looking down at him.

"What's the matter, lieutenant?" He had to shout to penetrate the racket, and Carroll's dazed condition.

Carroll's mouth was dry. "I'm sick, Sergeant. I can't move."

The sergeant looked at him, then away. "You don't have to go," he said. "I guess you better not. It might be better. I can take the platoon, I've done it before."

"I know. I want to go, but I'm sick, I can't move."

"Yeah. I know how it is." Zalinski was sympathetic. "Why not try to join us when we've taken the hill. Maybe you'll feel better then."

SPRINGS UP

The big man sprang up. Carroll heard him shout, "Come on, you guys!" Then he heard nothing but shells exploding five hundred yards away on the next crest. His mouth felt like cotton and he reached for his canteen. Trembling hands made it hard to unscrew the cap. When he tried to drink, some of the water ran down his chin. Now they'd send him home in disgrace, after he'd resigned his commission.

He thought of Zalinski and the platoon, what was left of it after El Guettar. He liked them. They thought he was going to make them a good platoon leader, or did Zalinski make that up. If he waited until the concentration lifted and they had the hill, and he wasn't with them, they would look at him as the man had in his other platoon. He dreaded their contempt; he was an officer, supposed to set an example. Maybe the colonel was right. Maybe it was better to die than disappoint those men he liked, see their respect turn to contempt. Maybe dying wasn't so bad, if it came quickly. Better that than hate himself the rest of his life.

The hand that reached for his Tommy gun was trembling. He rose out of the foxhole. His legs were numb, but they supported him and gravity took him the few yards into the gully between hills. He expected to hear fast shooting machine guns, but booming artillery behind and crashing shells on the hill ahead overpowered every other sound.

"They can't hit me," he muttered as he started up the hill. His legs wanted to give way but he made them push. Soon he was gasping for breath. The slope was steep and rocky. Loose stones made his feet slip and held him back. Last chance, he thought. Catch up before the concentration lifts, or go home a yellow-livered coward.

GAINING

He was gaining, clawing his way, making his legs shove harder. They

(Continued on Page 8)

MICHIGAN WORKERS THUMBING THE RECORDS IN EFFORT TO HAVE CORRECT MAILING LIST

Secretary Dan Quinn has forwarded to The Octofoil another encouraging report from the Greater Michigan group. Secretary-Treasurer Robert Rumenapp and his aide-camp, Betty Rumenapp are still checking and double-checking old mail lists, slowly but surely getting them up to date.

Some of the highlights extracted from the Michigan report mention in particular the January meeting, at which time another "lost member" showed up and paid his dues. The "new" member in January was Barney Tobacco and his wife, Helen. Barney left the meeting with a 3-year membership card. Barney was a help to Bob and Betty in trying to get old addresses corrected. He gave the address of Casimer Sitarski, 8512 Middlebelt Rd., Romulus, and Anthony Jaskolski, 5716 Michael, Detroit.

Efforts are being made to locate Francis Caldwell, who at one time was the Association's Michigan Secretary. George A. Smith, 17920 Wood, Melvindale, is still in the Army, stationed in Korea, according to his relatives in Melvindale.

SUONEN DECEASED

Al Yockey in making phone calls for the benefit of a more correct directory was given the sad news that Tauno Suonen, former Co. D, 60th man, had passed away three years ago.

BETTY'S BROTHER'S BUDDY

Bob Rumenapp advises that his brother-in-law, has a buddy, Roscoe Bricker, New Kensington, Pa., who has recently moved to Detroit and is eligible for membership in the Association. The two were together in Fort Carson and later overseas together. And a cousin of Rumenapp, Gene Plotkowski, who was mentioned in last month's Octofoil, is also being taken into the Michigan Chapter as a new member. Gene's address is 5252 University, Detroit.

MAY RENT A HALL

Bill Phelps was delegated the authority to locate a centrally located hall suitable for the Chapter's meeting place. He has come up with a location but wants the active members to inspect the place and place their okay on it before "nailing" the place down for a permanent meeting place.

The Rumenapps are so positive of getting that 1961 Reunion that they are toying with the idea of renting

a headquarters and subletting at times to other groups and also staging functions of their own that could be the means of raising some funds toward entertaining the 1961 visitors.

SINCERE SYMPATHY

All the members of the Michigan Chapter who knew George and Rose Apar were greatly shocked to read in The Octofoil of Rose having passed away. The group sends most sincere sympathy to George and his children.

TWO LOSE THEIR DADS

During the past month Nick Kafkas and Leonard DeBell lost their dads.

OPEN INVITATION

Any member of the Association passing through Detroit at any time are urged to call Bob and Betty Rumenapp, and especially so if the visit is around the third Friday of each month—the Michigan group's meeting day.

THAT BETTY IS A CARD

The wide awake Michigan group pass up no bets. One of the customers of Bob and Betty Rumenapp's dry cleaning establishment was getting ready to leave for Washington. He planned on buying himself a Thunderbird—so Betty steers him out to Frank Wade's Ford agency—about 30 miles from Washington. It seems the lad had an uncle, John Corbin, who was with the Ninth Infantry Division. They've got spotters out now trying to locate John Corbin. He recently moved to Michigan from Missouri. The lad moving to Washington is J. Blum and although not a former 9th man himself, is looking forward to seeing his many Michigan friends at the Washington Reunion in 1960.

NINTH M.P.s

A picture, "Citizen Soldier" was on a TV hookup recently that portrayed the 9th Division M.P.s at Remagen Bridge. "Slim" Rumenapp kept his eyes glued to the screen hoping to spot his half track going across the treacherous bridge. The Octofoil would be interested in learning who sponsored the picture. It is quite possible that some prints could be obtained for chapter showings. The last series of 9th Division pictures shown on TV was sponsored by the Prudential Insurance Co. and they were most cooperative in helping chapters get the films for meetings.

—PAY 1960 DUES NOW—

THEY MAKE WHOOPEE AT DETROIT MEETINGS



Pictured above are just a few of those who attended the December 18 meeting of the Greater Michigan Chapter at the famous Carson's Chop House, 6001 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich. Threatening snowstorms caused many to leave early and many others to arrive late. Dick Pestel (not in the picture), Paul S. Plunkett, Octofoil editor, and Glenn O. Moore, National President, attended the meeting. The group pictured above, seated, left to right: John and Rose Bonkowski, Moore and Plunkett. Standing, left to right: Coleman Cronseth, Bill Montinger (head lowered for some reason or another); Bob DeSandy, Bob Rumenapp, Greater Michigan Chapter Secretary-Treasurer, and Dick Adlen, a new member and brother of Betty Rumenapp (Mrs. Bob).

It's a funny thing about money. Men get their faces on it but women get their hands on it.

—PAY 1959 DUES NOW—

You will live longer if you don't smoke, drink, gamble, or run around with wild women. Anyway, it will seem longer.

—PAY 1959 DUES NOW—

OUT FRONT

The young thing was sitting on her front porch knitting some tiny garments. And her mother said to a neighbor: "I'm glad to see that she has taken an interest in something other than running around with boys."

—PAY YOUR 1-9-6-0 DUES NOW—

Ed Craton Locates Gale Smith Out In California

Edward J. Craton writes from 1777 Glenwood Court, Bakersfield, Calif., as follows:

"Enclosed is my check for 1960 dues. While attending night school this semester, I met a Gale Smith, who I think was in the 60th Infantry, probably Cannon Co. He teaches at Greenfield School, which is just outside of Bakersfield. I hope you are able to contact him."

Attention: Wilton Taylor. Here's a lad in your own backyard that has slipped past you. Secy. Quinn has no record of Gale ever being a member.

—PAY 1960 DUES NOW—

Joe Bouchi Claims He's a Rugged Individualist

Joe Bouchi, 108 Blossom St., Chelsea, Mass. sends in a few years' dues and says "Just sign me up with any chapter being a believer of freedom and a bachelor to prove it."

Joe comments on "the boss," Gen. Eisenhower, hunting quail down in Georgia, at his age. But decides that is just the G.I. in him.

Joe's anxious to get all the dope he can about the 1960 Reunion in the Nation's Capitol City.

—PAY 1960 DUES NOW—

TRYING TO LOCATE ROBERT FLEAGLE, CO. G, 60TH REGT.

Domenic DeSimone of 15 Cross St., Worcester, Mass., is most anxious to locate Robert Fleagle, formerly of Co. G, 60th Inf. Anyone who can help Dom in his search for Bob should drop him a card at once.

—PAY 1960 DUES NOW—

WRITER INVITED TO ATTEND NEW YORK CHAPTER MEETING

Earl Brecher, 205 Taplow Rd., Baltimore, Md., recently wrote Stanley Cohen, past secretary of the Association, in part, as follows:

"For the past year and a half I have been doing a thesis study of the Allied invasion of Sicily in 1943, relying on what books I could manage to lay my hands on. I wish to interview some of the men who were actually in the campaign. I would especially like to have the names of men from the New York area as I plan to be in New York during the month of February."

Stan turned the letter over to Secretary Dan Quinn, who immediately contacted the writer and invited him to attend the February meeting of the New York Chapter. The invitation was accepted most graciously—and no doubt Mr. Brecher will be able to do a much better job because of his visit with the New Yorkers.

—PAY 1960 DUES NOW—

Detroit Is Planning to Charter Plane For Trip

Bob Rumenapp, secretary of the Greater Michigan Chapter has taken time out to get rates from the Detroit air lines for chartered flights to Washington, D. C. for the 1960 Reunion. The rates from different cities will be published later.

NOT GETTING THE OCTOFOIL

Efforts are being made by Secretary Quinn to get the mailing list in good shape and he is meeting with success but it will take him a little while. Some of those Rumenapp says haven't been getting The Octofoil include John Bonkowski, 19941 Hickory, Detroit 5, Mich; Jack Lonsway, Kleber Stockford, B. M. Phelps, William Andrews, Walter Burnett, Al Lillifors, Charles Gateman, Wilbur Sherman and Eugene O. Reede.

Bob and his wife, Betty, visited a real close buddy before returning to Detroit from the New York Reunion. He was Izzy Cohan, 1671 Vyse Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

—PAY 1960 DUES TODAY—

PEDIGREE

Johnny, a rural lad, came late one day to the little Red School House. Teacher asked him why he was late, and Johnny explained:

"I had to take our prize cow to the bull to be serviced."

"Why, Johnny," teacher said. "Why couldn't your father do that?"

Johnny replied: "He couldn't because he isn't registered."

—PAY 1959 DUES NOW—

Speak when you're angry and you will make the best speech you'll ever regret.

—PAY 1959 DUES NOW—

New York Papers Give Data On Fr. DeLaura

New York newspapers recently published a thumbnail sketch of Father DeLaura's fabulous record. The picture of the good father indicates the years in passing have been good to him. Parts of the news stories read:

Father DeLaura, pastor of Our Lady of Assumption Church, Copiague, and member of the Rockville Centre Diocesan Board of Consultants, was born in New York City. He studied at St. John's and St. Francis Colleges, Brooklyn, and Our Lady of Angels Seminary, Niagara, N. Y., where he was ordained June 10, 1933.

He served as assistant at St. Lucy's, St. Rita's, St. Joseph Patron in Brooklyn, before entering the United States Army as a chaplain in 1942. Returning from military service, he was assigned to St. Brigid's, Westbury, in January, 1946.

In September, 1952, he was appointed pastor of Our Lady of Assumption. Bishop Kellenberg named him to the Board of Consultants July 6, 1957. Last Dec. 7 he was appointed a parish-priest consultant.

As an army chaplain, Father DeLaura saw action in eight campaigns with the Ninth Infantry Division. He received two Presidential citations, decorations from the French and Belgian Governments, Silver Star, Bronze Star and Purple Heart. He was released from service as a major.

(Editor's Note: Since the above item was printed in the New York newspapers Father DeLaura has been again recognized by his superiors for his outstanding qualifications and it is now Monsignor DeLaura.)

—PAY YOUR 1-9-6-0 DUES NOW—

Much Material Had to Be Omitted Last Issue

It was necessary to omit from the last issue much material because of the Memorial Mass pictures. After consulting with others the editor was of the opinion those who were unable to be present during this soul-inspiring occasion were at least entitled to get a glimpse at the wonderful photos Father Connors so graciously furnished the Octofoil. There were many more just as highly interesting photos in the lot he sent that The Octofoil just did not have the space to print.

The Octofoil editor was too "busy" to attend the services. After studying these pictures and reading Danny Quinn's and Joe McKenzie's reports he is mighty sorry he didn't let everything else go by default and make a bee-line for Worcester, Mass.

Father Connors and his saintly work is certainly an inspiration to the members of our Association. May God spare him many, many years to carry on this great work. The Octofoil editor tries to believe he's case-hardened, but looking at these pictures and reading the reports tears flowed freely and unashamedly.

—PAY 1960 DUES TODAY—

Notice In DAV Mag Was a Big Boost

Notices appearing in the Disabled American Veterans monthly magazine relative to the 1959 9th Infantry Division Reunion that was held in New York, attracted interest from former 9th men, who otherwise may have never been advised of the big time in the offing for former Ninth Infantry Division men.

—PAY 1959 DUES NOW—

SHAME

The farm had been mortgaged to give the daughter a college education. Father drove his old Model T to meet her at the station after her graduation. She climbed in beside him, sighed, then snuggled close to the old man. "Dad, I'm sorry, but I have a confession to make," she said. "I ain't a virgin no more."

The old man stopped, wrung his hands, dropped his head in shame—a tear welling in his eyes. "To think, that after all our sacrifices, you still say 'ain't!'"

—PAY YOUR 1-9-6-0 DUES NOW—

Telling some brides what they should know on their wedding night . . . is like giving a fish a bath.

—PAY YOUR 1-9-6-0 DUES NOW—

Love is a beautiful thing—it's a shame people have to get married and spoil it.

Gen. Randle's Story

(Continued From Page 7)

felt stronger and he was no longer trembling. Behind him a fearful clatter erupted, the heavy machine guns, eight of them, pouring out lead in conical streams. He glanced at his watch, it was three minutes of eight. He still had three minutes. He must make it, must catch up. Now he was crawling on hands and knees. His stomach did not bother him, he felt better. Mixed with the roar of the machine guns were the hollow belchings of the 81s. Machine guns were boxing in the platoon, covering its flanks, the mortars shelling the reverse slope, searching it.

The platoon, Carroll saw, was crawling now, nearing the concentration. Zalinski crawled and waved his arm, urging on some who were a little behind. Carroll scrambled toward him; it was only a few yards. He ducked his head, crouching double, gasping for breath. The racket was terrific, but he was glad, it meant the concentration was still falling and he was in time. Somehow the crashing din was exhilarating. He felt excited. His helmet slipped forward obstructing his vision. He pushed it back. With one wild leap he threw himself beside the sergeant.

Zalinski turned his head. His eyes opened wide. He said something. Carroll grinned. The sergeant pointed ahead. A dense white cloud was forming on the crest. As it billowed a breeze began drifting it slowly off the crest on toward the next hill beyond.

"Let's go," Carroll yelled. He scrambled to his feet and ran. They must get to the crest before the smoke completely dispersed.

The machine guns and mortars were still firing, though the artillery had stopped. Zalinski was right behind. They ran through the prone platoon, shouting and waving their arms. The men got up and followed. Then the wind changed. Slowly the smoke cloud drifted back until once again it precisely enveloped the crest before them. The machine guns and mortars ceased firing. Carroll stopped at the edge of the smoke. The platoon stopped too.

"Far enough," he called. "The enemy can shell the crest, too." No longer did he have to yell. The only sound was a ringing in his ears. Not a shot anywhere. Sheep were peacefully grazing in the lovely valley below. The men of the platoon were watching him expectantly, their eyes friendly, respectful.

"Flank squads enfilade the reverse slope," he ordered. "Center squad dig here. Sergeant Zalinski, check the casualties."

RELAXES

The flank squads moved off. Men of the center squad slipped off their packs and spread out. Carroll relaxed. The muscles of his legs were trembling, but he felt good—and proud. Unfastening his entrenching shovel he started digging behind the center squad.

Sergeant Zalinski came up. "I'll do that, Lieutenant, if you want to check the flank squads," he offered. "And there ain't no casualties."

Carroll straightened up. "What! What did you say?"

Zalinski grinned. "I said there ain't no casualties."

"No casualties!" The questioning expression was replaced by a slow grin. He threw down his shovel. "Sergeant, there wasn't a German on this hill, was there?"

The sergeant guffawed. I been watchin' this hill for a week. Was almost positive it wasn't occupied." He shrugged off his combat pack, laid it on the ground, and glanced up at Carroll. "We sure had us one swell fight, anyway, didn't we?"

Carroll unfastened the chin strap and pulled off his helmet. He looked sheepish, yet proud. "I had a good fight," he said.

The sergeant smiled. Encouraged Carroll said, "Tomorrow, Sergeant, we'll have to take a hill with Germans on it. But I think I'll be up front. I'll be just ordinary scared—not paralyzed."

"Yes, sir, Lieutenant, that's right," Zalinski replied. "And like I said, the platoon thinks we got us a pretty good lieutenant this time."

(The End)

—PAY YOUR 1-9-6-0 DUES NOW—

THE NEW YORK PAPERS TAKE NOTE OF KERNER'S CANDIDACY

Secretary Quinn advises The Octofoil that the New York newspapers considered it of sufficient importance to print the fact that Judge Otto Kerner, a former Ninth Infantry G.I., was making the race for governor of Illinois, with prospects of making the grade most excellent.

—PAY YOUR 1-9-6-0 DUES NOW—