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The Octofoil, January/February 1965

Ninth Infantry Division Association

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THE OCTOFOIL

VOLUME XVIII
NUMBER 4

THE NINTH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

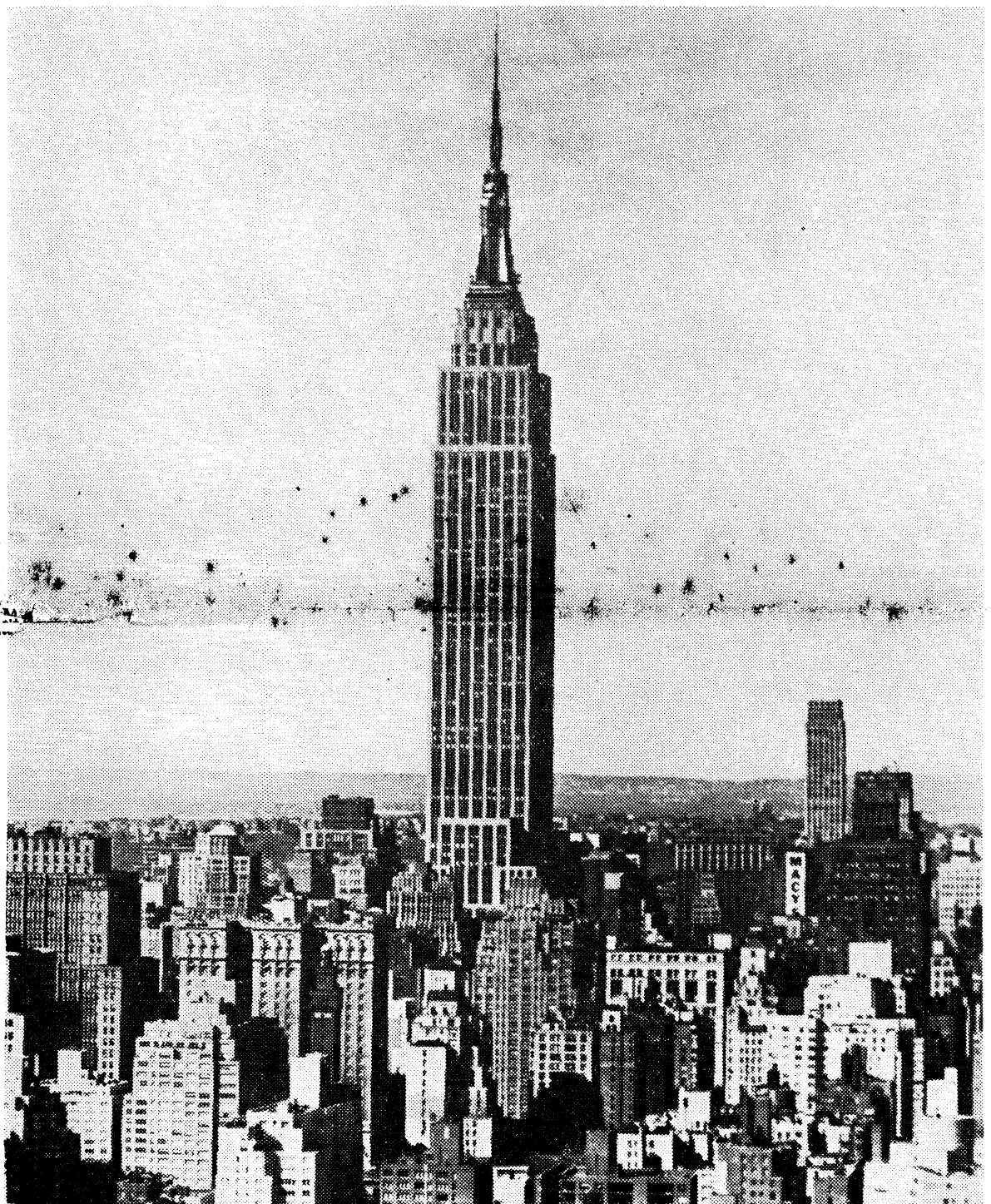
\$4.00 per year (This \$4 per year subscription
also pays one year's dues.) Single copy, 35c.

Columbus, Ohio — 286 Zimpfer St. — Hickory 4-9709

January-February, 1965

NEW YORKERS INSTALL FAZIO AS HEAD MAN

Empire State Building Furnishes Thrills to Any Who Go to the Top



The Empire State Building, tallest building in the world, towers above its neighbors in Midtown Manhattan. It stands 102 stories high and is topped by a 222-foot television tower, giving it an overall height of 1694 feet. About 25,000 persons work in the building.

—Photo used through courtesy of New York Convention and Visitors Bureau.

NEW PREXY HOLDS REUNION COMMITTEE SESSIONS OFTEN; SOME SURPRISES IN THE MAKING TO BE ANNOUNCED

Frank Fazio has long been one of the main cogs in the efficiently operating Greater New York Chapter. Now he's in the Driver's Seat and if a Chapter President ever deserved the 100 per cent cooperation of all former Chapter Presidents and the members—that fellow is Frank Fazio. The surprises he's coming up with for the entertainment of those who will be attending the 1965 Reunion will be almost unbelievable when the announcements are released for publication in succeeding issues of The Octofoil.

When an enthusiastic member of the Chapter called The Octofoil long distance and advised the outstanding and famous men who are to be on the 1965 program it was hard to believe. Checking with the Chapter Committee the information was verified with slight variation. However, the Committee was not quite ready to release the information until they were definitely assured that nothing short of death or serious illness would be allowed to interfere with the commitments.

Chapter news from New York—mixed with some Reunion data as submitted to The Octofoil by the New York Chapter's Public Relations Officer follows:

By **ARTHUR RICHARD SCHMIDT**,
69-20 69th Street
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11227
PResident 4-7100, Extension 13
HYacinth 7-3993 (Residence)

The Chapter's newly elected President, Frank Fazio, sent out a most interesting news letter and call for Feb. 5 meeting. The letter is not only interesting but it shows how sincere a person he is. He calls it a privilege to serve as President and calls for the cooperation of the entire membership and for regular attendance at the meetings. He closes by congratulating John Rizzo, immediate past President, on the fine job he did. Fazio adds he will consider his Administration successful if he does half as good a job as Rizzo did.

INSTALLATION

On Jan. 8 1965 officers were installed. Harry Orenstein presided over the meeting. John Rizzo was confined to quarters with an attack of flu. Outgoing Chaplain George Apar offered a prayer for our deceased buddies. Dom Miele, Secretary, read the minutes of the last meeting. They were approved as read. Irving Feinberg, Treasurer reported no money in the bank. Finally Feinberg admitted the Chapter had experienced a profitable year.

Miele made a report on the Christmas Party.

Announcement for a special meeting to be held Jan. 27 at the Hilton was made. The meeting was for all Committee members and the Chapter Board of Governors to work on plans for the 1965 Reunion.

George Apar did an excellent job as Installing Officer. He thanked the outgoing officers individually for a fine job each had done. He honored incoming officers by outlining their qualifications. Vincent Guglielmino demanded that the Chapter elect an Italian Chaplain next year.

THANKS TO RIZZO

Apar asked for a standing ovation for outgoing President John Rizzo.

George Bako donated the dark horse prize—a bottle of Canadian Club. Tony Varone reported on the letter he'd received from Bill Kreye as a result of an article that had appeared in The Octofoil. Al Orletti won the first door prize—the bottle of Canadian Club. Dom Miele donated the second door prize, a gravy warmer — which HE WON. Dan Quinn donated a bottle of Scotch; Al Lechmanek donated a bottle of Scotch and beer. A special buffet supper was held in conjunction with the installation, and Jack Scully pre-

sented this writer a special roasted chicken for the occasion.

EGAN CALLS MORGAN

Ed Egan called George Morgan in Venice, Calif., and Jack Lasky, Emil Langer and Walter Reiman talked to Morgan.

BRUCHAC SHOWS UP

Al Bruchac, a former National Association President, made a rare appearance, but welcome nevertheless. Dave Gelman came out of semi-retirement. Also Jake Lasky and Harry Juneman made welcome appearances.

BRAVIN'S FIRST VISIT

Al Bravin, 3d Bn. Hqrs. 47th—now 3236 Bronx Blvd., Bronx, N. Y., made his first meeting. Warren Lane, F Co., 47th, 926 Chancer Ave., Irvington, N. J., was present; so was Walter Reiman, 47th Medics, 6310 Polk Street, West New York, N. J. He was a member 10 years ago and came to this meeting as a result of a notice he'd read in the VFW Magazine.

Jake Lasky advises that in a recent Octofoil story Vincent Lepore's name was spelled incorrectly. Lepore was with A Co., 47th. Mrs. Lepore is a member of the Auxiliary.

FAZIO TAKES OVER

At the Feb. 5 meeting Frank Fazio took over. Preceding the regular meeting President Fazio "chaired" a meeting of the Chapter Board of Governors. The Board came up with a proposed calendar of events for the ensuing year. The schedule proposed for the meetings is as follows:

- March: A sport film on baseball or football.
- April: An Army film.
- May: A meeting in honor of the past Chapter Presidents.
- June: Bowling Night at Elks Lodge in Union City, N. J. Annual picnic in June.
- July: Reunion plans.
- August: No meeting.
- September: A "Welcome Home Meeting" in honor of the members who served on the various Reunion Committees.
- October: Fall Dance.
- November: Nomination of Officers for 1966.
- December: Election of Officers for 1966. Christmas Party in December.

Harry Orenstein opened the regular meeting with a prayer. Miele read the minutes of last meeting; same were approved. Feinberg still complaining about bank balance not as large as it should be. Fazio reported on Reunion plans. Dan Quinn gave a report on plans of the Gold Star Committee. The writer made a report on plans for Reunion publicity.

DOOR PRIZES DONATED

Tom Rumore donated some window cleaner fluid and bubble bath soap for a door prize which was won by Stan Cohen. Mike Gatto won a bottle of vino. Jake Lasky won the bottle of booze. Jack Scully provided the usual large spread of chow. There was plenty of beer and soda.

THANKS FROM RIZZO

Outgoing President John Rizzo expressed thanks for the cooperation he'd received during the past year, pledging his cooperation to President Fazio. Rizzo received a big ovation.

100 BUCKS FROM LECHMANEK

President Fazio announced that Al Lechmanek had subscribed \$100 for (Continued on Page 3)

Deadline For Next Issue — April 9th

Copy to be used in the next issue of The Octofoil must be received on or before Friday, April 9. Photos must arrive on or before April 1.

Send copy and photos to The Octofoil, 286 Zimpfer St., Columbus, Ohio.
—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

"Pop" Burnett Is Still Hibernating Out West

Perry "Pop" Burnett, former Co. G, 60th man, left Ohio a few years ago, hoping the Arizona climate would be helpful. His present address is 5243 So. 14th Ave., Phoenix, Ariz. 85041.

"Pop" sent in dues for 1965-66-67—and writes that he hopes his health will continue to improve so he can plan on attending another Reunion in the not too distant future.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

It has been claimed that a man doesn't have to be a bigamist to have one wife too many.

Want Pictures Made During Field Services

The Octofoil is anxious to get a photo from some former 9th Division man that was made of Father Kines while he was conducting religious services overseas. There were many such pictures made and a little research work in the old barracks bags will no doubt uncover many such pictures. To run one of these pictures with an installment of Father Kines' diary will add much to the effectiveness of the narrative.

As soon as a cut is made of the photo it will be returned to the sender undamaged. Send to Octofoil, 286 Zimpfer St., Columbus, Ohio.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

TWO WIVES

Jack was wheeling his infant twins down the street when a woman stopped and gushed over them. "Are they twins?" she asked.

"Oh, no," said Jack, "I've got two wives."

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

Rev. Wm. C. Phillips Moves to Tennessee

The post office department notified The Octofoil that Rev. William C. Phillips address is no longer Box 535, Pontotoc, Mississippi. The pastor's new address is 4817 Spottswood Rd., Memphis, Tenn. 38117.

Rev. Phillips has planned several times in recent years to attend a Reunion, but something has always developed which prevented him making the trip. No details have been forthcoming about his new pastoral assignment, but it is hoped that it is of such a nature that Rev. Phillips can arrange to attend the Reunion in New York City, July 29-31, 1965.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

BIG DEAL

Said the country girl to the city girl, "Did you know that if you treat a cow with affection, it will give you more milk?"

Said the city girl to the country girl, "Big deal! So will the milkman, and who wants to kiss a cow?"

★ THE OCTOFOIL ★

Forms 3579 should be sent to 286 Zimpfer St., Columbus, Ohio
EDITORIAL AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES — COLUMBUS, OHIO
 Octofoil Editor.....PAUL S. PLUNKETT, 286 Zimpfer St., Columbus, Ohio
 Assistant Editor....."DICK" PESTEL, 1422 Dyer Road, Grove City, Ohio

★ NATIONAL OFFICERS ★

WALTER O'KEEFFE, President, 1859 Woodbine St., Ridgewood, Queens, N. Y.
VINCENT E. GUGLIEMINO, 1st Vice Pres., 114 Charles St., Floral Park, L.I., N.Y.
HERBERT OLSEN, 2nd Vice-President, 389 Highland Avenue, Randolph, Mass.
SALVATORE P. TRAPANI, 3rd Vice-President, 4733 Wyocanda Rd., Rockville, Md.
HARRISON DAYSH, Judge Advocate, 4303 Carriage Court, Rock Creek Highlands, Kensington, Maryland
DANIEL QUINN, Secretary, 412 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, New Jersey
THOMAS BOYLE, Treasurer, 39 Hall Ave., Somerville, Mass.

★ BOARD OF GOVERNORS ★

1965 —
 Frank Ozart, Chicago, Ill.
 Richard Pestel, Grove City, Ohio
 Walter O'Keeffe, Ridgewood, Queens, New York
 Herbert Clegg, Fayetteville, N. C.
 Leonard DeBell, Warren, Michigan

1966 —
 Harry Orenstein, Bronx, New York
 John Bonkowski, Detroit, Michigan
 Victor Butswinkus, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Frank S. Wade, Port Tobacco, Md.
 Henry Shmakoski, Worcester, Mass.

1967 —
 William Hennemuth, 505 North Wille, Mt. Prospect, Ill.
 Ronald Murphy, 44 Strawberry Lane, Scituate, Mass.
 Emil Langer, 30-07 89th St., Jackson Heights, N. Y.
 Arthur MacDougall, 5051 Homestead St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Board Member Emeritus
 Maj. Gen. Louis A. Craig (Retired)
Honorary Chaplain Emeritus
 Father Ed Connors, Worcester, Mass.

The official publication of the Ninth Infantry Division Association—offices located at 286 Zimpfer St., Columbus, Ohio. Single copy price is 35 cents per issue or by mail \$4.00 per year, payable in advance. This \$4 subscription price automatically entitles any former Ninth Division man, who qualifies in accordance with the Association By-Laws, to one year's dues as a member of the Ninth Infantry Division Association. Members should notify the National Secretary, Daniel Quinn, 412 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, N.J., of any change in address.

Published six times yearly, July-August, September-October, November-December, January-February, March-April, May-June, 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, 286 Zimpfer St., 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 former members of the Ninth Infantry Division."

Copy must be received on or before the 10th of each month to guarantee publication on the 20th. Photographs must be received on or before the 5th day of publication month.

Entered as second class matter at the Columbus, Ohio, Post Office. Authorized as of October 29, 1958.

VOLUME XVIII JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1965 NUMBER 4

SOUVENIR JOURNAL
20th Annual Reunion
NINTH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION, INC.

To Be Held On
JULY 29, 30, 31, 1965
AT THE STATLER HILTON HOTEL
32nd Street and 7th Ave. — NEW YORK CITY

Chairman: Dave Gelman Co-Chairman: Mr. McInerney

I, the undersigned, authorize the insertion of an ad in the 1965 Ninth Infantry Division Association's Annual Reunion Journal.

Enclosed is \$_____, for an ad to fill the following space that is checked:

RATES

Full Page\$25.00 ☐ Quarter Page\$ 7.50 ☐
 Half Page\$15.00 ☐ Eighth Page\$5.00 ☐

COPY FOR ADVERTISEMENT

WRITE ON SEPARATE PIECE OF PAPER

Signature.....

If ad is from a chapter give Chapter name and sender's title.

Make Checks Payable to
GREATER NEW YORK CHAPTER 9TH INFANTRY
DIVISION ASSOCIATION, INC.
 P. O. Box 1108—General Post Office, New York 1, N. Y.

Tom Egan Helps Keep Address List Correct

If all members who change addresses were as considerate as Tom Egan, many dimes the Octofoil has to pay Uncle Sam could be saved and Secretary Quinn could keep his mailing list up to date. Many weeks before changing addresses Egan sent The Octofoil a card filled out thusly:

After Feb. 15, 1965 my new address will be:
 Thomas M. Egan, 38 Stratford Ave., Garden City, New York 11530.
 The old address: 92-19 Springfield Blvd., Queens Village 28, N. Y.
 —PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

DAVE GELMAN

BUSINESS PRINTING

Advertising Pens — Calendars
 Imprinted Gift Items

74-25 220th St., Bayside 64, N.Y.

HO. 4-9200

AFTER 6 P.M.

ALMOST FROZE

Two mountaineers were complaining about the cold. "Nearest I ever came to freezing," said one, "was when I was holding the lantern for my wife while she cut the kindling."

Thanks for Cards...

Gen. Louis Craig always gets to the point with his letters—and that's it. He writes Secretary Quinn: "Dear Dan: Many thanks to you for your thoughtful Christmas card and for the Association button. They are greatly appreciated. Best to you and to your family—Sincerely, Louis A. Craig, 3700 Fordham Rd., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20016."

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

TONY MADONNA O.K. IN FLORIDA

Tony Madonna, a former Co. B, 15th Engr. man, now of 4580 East 8th Ct., Hialeah, Fla., writes his old Engineer buddy Art Schmidt, in part as follows:

I was pleased to hear about the boys who attended the Father Connors' Mass. I'm sure they all enjoyed themselves. . . I want to extend my good wishes for a Prosperous New Year.

I am well and so is Trudy. I did suffer one setback that had me in a dangerous way. But that's all over now and I am feeling good again.

Trudy and I send best regards to you, Art, personally and all the old gang.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

Alcohol does not, as some few believe, make people do things better. It just makes them less ashamed of doing them badly.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

BOOSTER ADS... \$1.00

Members desiring their names on the Booster Page of the 1965 Reunion Journal should send \$1 to the Secretary of New York Chapter. This pays for the member's name and unit. Cards with blank lines drawn to be filled in are being sent to Chapter Secretaries. Those unattached who do not receive such a card can get a booster listing easy enough. Just jot down name and unit on an ordinary piece of stationery and send to Greater New York Chapter Ninth Infantry Division Association, Inc., P.O. Box 1108—General Post Office, New York 1, N. Y.

Name.....
 Unit.....
 —PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—
AFRICAN PAVILION HAS CONGO NATIVES DOING THE WATUSI

Association members attending the 1965 Reunion in New York and who will visit the World's Fair before or after the Reunion will have many thrills in store for them—but one of the most interesting will be the AFRICAN PAVILION. That Pavilion will offer an exciting and fantastic BONANZA of entertainment that is straight from the Dark Continent.

On the outdoor arena stage will be many Watusi dancers and drummers—some of them towering up to eight feet tall—flown out of the Congo, Uganda and Tanzania. A fabulous array of 21 shows daily will go on at the African Pavilion, located right at the rim of the Unisphere.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

GEN. SMYTHE ABOUT READY TO TELL NEWS MAN FACTS OF LIFE

When a guy like Col. George Smythe rounds up an outfit—then moves in and drives the Krauts into oblivion, relieving the pressure on other units, he feels mighty proud of his boys' performance. Col. Smythe and his "ragged army" were feared by the Krauts as much as they feared the Sengalense knife-wielding cannibals who had previously put the Jerries into hysterics of fear.

Then when some guy comes along and attempts to broadcast authentic data about that Battle of the Bulge and knows so little about what happened there as to omit the part Col. Smythe and his boys played in making bitter defeat change into a much different ending, it's about time to set these Johnny Come Latels right on some of the facts that they seem so grossly ignorant of. And Colonel Smythe, who is now retired as General George Smythe expressed himself in no uncertain terms about the unreliability of Chet Huntley's recent broadcast in a letter to Secretary Quinn. The General's letter in part reads:

"I have a problem on my mind, in view of the recent broadcast by Chet Huntley on the Battle of the Bulge. Perhaps someone should remind him that there were other people in the Battle of the Bulge who did not let themselves get surrounded like the people in Bastogne, but went to the rescue from a position some 40 miles away. No credit was given to the 47th which moved in under cover of darkness and brought order out of chaos. In my opinion, if Chet Huntley had anything to do with the report—he should get better assistance than he did get from those who helped him. —Sincerely, George W. Smythe."

Former Ninth men who heard this unreliable broadcast are rooting for the "old man" to give 'em hell. When he gets through with these civilian Arm Chair Generals they'll be wishing they had consulted someone who knew the facts before the farce they produced and called history was ever passed on to an unsuspecting public.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

Walt Reiman, Medic, Asking About Reunion

Secretary Dan Quinn has put notices in the VFW Magazine and the Legion paper about the forthcoming 9th Infantry Division Association Reunion. Response has been most encouraging. One of the first former 9th men to be heard from was Walter Reiman, 6310 Polks Street, West New York, N. J. Walter was with the Medics and assigned to Cannon Co. He has joined the Association and also sent dues in for his wife to become affiliated with the Association.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

Sign in a lingerie shop calling attention to a new type of brassiere: "THIS IS THE REAL DECOY."

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

A man never wakes up his second baby to see it smile.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

STATLER HOTEL RESERVATION FORM

The Hilton Hotel management will mail out thousands of postal cards with Reunion rates similar to coupon below. Members, in order to enjoy the special Reunion rates should fill out one of the cards or the following blank and send to the hotel several weeks before the Reunion dates:

FRONT OFFICE MANAGER THE STATLER HILTON

7th Ave., 32nd and 33rd Sts., New York, N. Y. 1001

Please reserve accommodations as checked (✓) below:

Name..... (Please Print)

Address.....

City..... State.....

Firm Name (mention 9th Division).....

RESERVATIONS MUST BE RECEIVED

not later than 2 weeks prior to opening date of convention and will be held only until 6 p.m. on day of arrival unless later hour is specified.

Date Arriving..... Hour..... A.M. P.M.

Date Departing..... Hour..... A.M. P.M.

SINGLE.....\$10.00 ☐ DOUBLE.....\$13.00 ☐

TWIN.....\$18.00 ☐

Suite—Living Room, Bedroom and Bath—\$43.00 ☐; \$45.00 ☐; \$47.00 ☐

More than two persons in one room —

For each additional adult in Double or Twin-Bedroom, the extra charge is \$4.00 per day.

NO ADDITIONAL CHARGE FOR CHILDREN OCCUPYING THE SAME ROOM AS PARENTS.

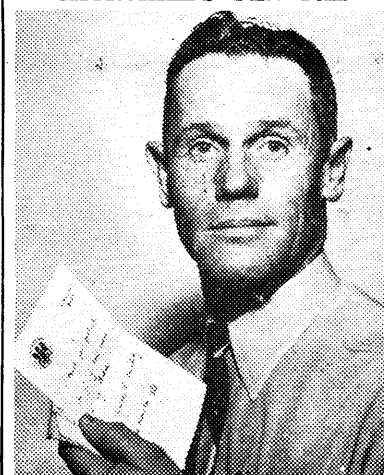
Ninth Infantry Division Association

July 29-31, 1965

New York Statler-Hilton Hotel

SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWS GATHERERS DRAMATIZE SIR WINSTON'S LETTERS MAILED TO PESTEL

CHURCHILL'S PEN PAL



RICHARD PESTEL

The above photo is one that was used in the Scripps-Howard News Syndicate's morning Citizen-Journal. However, the picture used in that newspaper was much larger than the one shown above.

When the great Winston Churchill passed away recently The Octofoil's assistant editor's picture was splashed across four columns in a feature story printed in the Columbus, Ohio Scripps-Howard newspaper. The picture showed Dick Pestel, 1422 Dyer Rd., holding a letter he had received from Churchill wishing him a happy birthday. The Octofoil run a story about the incident when it happened several years ago and an alert Scripps-Howard news writer remembered the incident and a search for our hero was on. The 4-column feature story read:

SWAPPED BIRTHDAY GREETINGS Countian Treasures Churchill Letters

"I thank you gratefully for your kind message on my birthday," the note said.

The return address was 10 Downing St. The scrawled signature on the bottom was that of Winston S. Churchill.

TO RICHARD PESTEL, 47, of 1422 Dyer Rd., Grove City, the above message is irreplaceable.

Pestel, a veteran of World War II, saw the famous Briton a couple of times at parades and reviews.

THEN, IN 1944, Pestel was wounded by German tank fire. While recuperating at various Army hospitals, he dwelled on Churchill, a

man he admired. "I realized our birthdays were both on the same day, Nov. 30."

In 1949, Pestel wrote his first letter to Britain's wartime prime minister:

"PLEASE AT this time accept my sincere wish for a happy birthday to you and yours. Here's hoping that you have a very pleasant anniversary and that God may spare you for many more years. . ."

Since 1949, with the exception of Sir Winston's 90th birthday, and two other years, Pestel has written his wishes and received an answer from Churchill.

"SINCE HE DIED, I really feel bad that I didn't write him on his last birthday. I meant to, but never found the time. My wife, Edith, kept reminding me, but I never got to it," said Pestel quietly.

Now Sir Winston is dead. The correspondence between a man who led nations and a soldier who fought to preserve them is over.

In Pestel's front yard, an American flag flies at half staff.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

"MOM" LEAKE REPORTS ON "RED'S" CONDUCT

In a letter to Arthur Schmidt sent with a beautiful Christmas card, Mrs. C. H. Leake, mother of Carroll Leake, a former Co. B, 15th Engr. buddy of Schmidt's, "Mom" comments thusly:

We're still doing a lot of fishing out here in this part of Texas. A lady friend of mine living nearby has her own boat so the two of us made the intercoastal trip and had my line broke three times with big ones—but still brought home more fish than we needed. "Red" is building a new boat house, 12x24, whenever he can stay out of Corpus Christi long enough. He's acting funny, like he's stuck on some girl in the city. He asked me to pass on his best wishes for a Prosperous New Year to all the old Co. B, 15th Engr. gang—"Mom."

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

SKAGEN IS LIVING IN "LOST WAGES," NEV.

Ernest O. Skagen has left the cozy quietness of 124 S. Johnson Place, South River, N. J., and took up his residence at 2413 Pardee Place, Las Vegas, Nevada.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

ASKS SO LITTLE

"I ask so little in life," moans Lulu. "Just a nice man to love and understand me. Is that too much to ask of a millionaire?"

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!

New York News

(Continued from Page 1)
an ad in the Reunion Journal. Tony Varone and the writer purchased two advance strip tickets.

MR. McINERNEY ILL

Mr. McInerney called in to advise illness was keeping him away from the meeting. But hoped to attend the next meeting.

PRODIGAL SONS RETURNING

Cal Harms, Service Co., 47th—186 7th St., Cresskill, N. J., and Harold Schramm, 1st Bn., 47th—497 Boulevard, New Milford, N. J. were welcomed to the meeting. Harold is one of the original Chapter members.

Others showing up for the first time in many moons were: Tom Rumore; Tiny Tim and Ralph Alessi.

The Chapter decided to set up a "Scrap Book" on former presidents with interesting data occurring during each individual's term in office.

Anyone having data suitable for such a scrap book are asked to send the information to Dominick Miele, Secretary, Greater New York Chapter, 9th Infantry Division Assn., Inc., P.O. Box 1108, General Post Office, New York 7, N.Y.

Local or out of town members desiring advance strip tickets or ads in The Reunion Journal should send copy and money to Miele at address noted above.

Secretary Miele would appreciate information regarding the burial place of any former Ninth men who might be buried anywhere in or near the Greater New York Chapter area. The deceased's name, unit, name of cemetery lot, or section, if possible, should be given.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

REX FORD SENDS IN DOPE CONCERNING OLD 39th ADJUTANT

The Octofoil is in receipt of an interesting letter from Rex H. Ford, 204 Hanbury Ave., Portsmouth, Va. 23702. It's been quite a while since this former H Co. 39th Regt. man has written The Octofoil. He enclosed a clipping from The Progressive Farmer about Wayne Corpening, a former Adjutant of the 39th. Rex says when he was growing up back in the Hill Country The Progressive Farmer and a copy of Sears Roebuck catalogue were the only printed pieces people ever received, with exception of the Family Bible, of course.

Heading the article was a picture of Wayne and old Father Time has treated him pretty good. Parts of the article reads:

"Wayne Corpening is a man who has so many things going on at one time, it's impossible for him to get them all done. But he does."

These words, spoken in a tone of mixed disbelief and admiration by one of Wayne A. Corpening's many friends, describe best the energetic North Carolina banker and agribusiness leader.

Corpening, manager of the agricultural department of Wachovia Bank and Trust Co., refuses to accept the argument that something cannot be done. This fast moving vice president of the Southeast's largest bank has attracted national attention for his leadership in community development programs. . . .

Corpening was born on a farm near Mills River in Henderson County, North Carolina. After college he became assistant county agent in Haywood County. Soon after he advanced to county agent in 1941, he became Lt. Corpening of the 39th Regt., 9th Infantry Division. Four years, three "D Days," and seven campaigns later, he wore the silver leaves of a lieutenant colonel.

Rex adds that he knows Wayne's many old buddies will be happy to learn the high esteem in which he is held by his neighbors and friends.

The Octofoil hopes that the announcement being made about the former 39th man being a big wheel banker, doesn't start a stampede of former 39th men to try and negotiate loans.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

ED RHOADS IN RIGHT CHURCH, BUT HE WAS PUT IN WRONG PEW

On Page 2, of the September-October issue of The Octofoil a story was printed to the effect that Edward Rhoads, 825 Madison St., Coatesville, Pa., was trying to locate former B Co., 47th men, so as to have a good representation at the New York City Reunion. The story was only partly correct. Ed is trying to locate all his old buddies from B CO., 9TH MED. BN., and give them a booster shot in an effort to get a big turnout in New York City.

Rhoads recently contacted another former Co. B, 9th Med. man — Roy Clark. He hopes to have Roy signed up in the Association soon.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

Aerial View of the 1965 World's Fair Shows What a Big Thing It Is



The above general aerial view of the New York World's Fair 1965, spans from the Bell System Exhibit (foreground), down the Main Mall Area (center) to the Unisphere, theme symbol of the exhibition. In front of the Bell Exhibit is the pool of industry where a nightly display of colored fountains and fireworks provide one of the highlights of the Fair's evening program.

HOPKINS LOOKS FOR PICTURES

Ed W. Hopkins, 1922 Dewey Place, Jacksonville, Fla. 32207, a former 39th Regt. photographer, is now engaged in similar work with the Jacksonville Times-Union, morning newspaper. He has forwarded three pictures of cemetery and firing squad scenes made in North Africa. These photos are being forwarded to Father Kines to learn if, in his opinion, any of these pictures might fit in with the next installment of the Father's diary.

Quoting from Hopkins' letter which The Octofoil greatly appreciates, he writes:

"It has been too long to tie in names with faces. One of the enclosed photos may be Father Kines. If so the negative of the picture should be in the file. These prints were made in the field and are not the best."

"Most of my personal negatives of North Africa were lost while I was in the hospital, but I do have pictures from Sicily until we met the Russians at the Elbe. But none of Father Kines that I can identify."

"I have several negatives of a church service in France or Belgium but I do not know if Father Kines is in the picture. If you want me to, I will have prints made and send them to you."

"HOPING THAT I CAN BE OF FURTHER HELP TO YOU AND THE NINTH DIVISION, I AM—Sincerely, ED HOPKINS."

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

"MOLLY" MADE IT BACK TO ENGLAND

Reaching Dick Pestel, care N. E. Chapter President Francis Maher, while Pestel was attending the Father Connors Memorial Services in Worcester, Mass., was a letter from Basingstoke, England, from "Molly" Baldwin, 39 Blenheim Rd., Basingstoke, England, advising that she had arrived safely and found the folks all okay. "Molly," her mother and other members of the family are all held in high esteem by former 47th men.

For the past 14 years "Molly" has been working in Canada. This is her first visit back to the old homeland.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

Pat DeColli Has Been Confined to Hospital

Pat and Rita DeColli sent out some beautiful Christmas cards to Pat's old Co. B, 15th Engr. buddies. Personal notes attached to the cards explained that Pat had gotten behind with letters he should have written to many buddies—because he had to spend quite a bit of time during 1964 in a hospital.

Pat is quite a camera bug and has promised now that he is up and at 'em again, to get some shots that will interest former 15th Engr. men and send them in to The Octofoil.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

Lulu says she's finally found out what pointed shoes are good for—killing bugs in corners.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

You gotta give Americans a lot of credit. How else could they buy a new car every year?

TV SHOWS IN NEW YORK CITY BIG ATTRACTIONS

A chance to see a television show in the making . . . or better yet, possibly take part in one, is one of New York City's most popular tourist attractions.

Everyone has his favorite program, and a chance to visit behind the scenes offers a special treat to the "living room watcher." Tickets to all but a few of the many shows may be had for the asking by simply visiting the Information Center of the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau, where tickets are distributed free, on a first-come, first-served basis, the day of the show.

Another popular sightseeing attraction is an hour-long tour offered by NBC, which takes the visitor through the network's television and radio studios and offers detailed explanations on the intricacies of producing a show.

Visitors to New York are invited to visit the Bureau's Information Center for literature on what to see and do while in New York. Trained receptionists are on hand daily from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. to answer any sightseeing questions. The offices are located at 90 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.

The Greater New York Ninth Infantry Division Association Chapter has made contacts with some of the TV studios whereby tickets for some choice presentations will be available to Ninth Division people attending the Reunion July 29, 30, 31, 1965.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

New Englanders Met On Feb. 5th

Thomas Boyle, National Association Treasurer, and Secretary of the New England Chapter mailed out notices for a meeting of that Chapter on Friday, Feb. 5, at Connors Coffee Shop in Worcester.

Tom will no doubt send in a full report on the meeting that will be printed in the next issue of The Octofoil. One of the problems that was to be resolved was whether the New England Chapter should go all out in an effort to get the 1966 Reunion for that section of the country.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

Along with Boyle's Chapter meeting notice was his National Association financial report—a concise and easy to understand report that shows the Association continues to be under the stewardship of efficient officers, operating within the budget set up at the last Reunion.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

CONTRIBUTOR

Two well dressed, matronly women entered the business office and approached an executive, "Sir," said one, "we are soliciting funds for the welfare and rehabilitation of wayward women. Would you care to donate?"

"Sorry," replied the executive, "but I contribute directly."

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

THE FABULOUS HAY MARKET DOOR IS OPEN TO PUBLIC

People who have visited the New York City Statler Hilton since the opening of the new Hay Market Restaurant still think it's a beautiful dream they've gone through—because that Fabulous Hay Market is a place people read about but seldom ever see. The Hilton people have put out well over a million bucks renovating the ball rooms and other facilities which will be placed at the disposal of the New York Chapter for the convenience and pleasure of Association members from far and near who will move into Manhattan next July 29.

PRICE \$15.00 FOR TICKETS

The \$15 strip tickets includes a free ticket to the World's Fair—the golf tournament, Thursday, July 29, Beer Party and Get-together, Thursday, July 29, in the Gold Ball Room; Beer Party and Dance, Friday, July 30, Terrace Ball Room; banquet and dance, July 31, Main Ballroom.

Association members coming to New York City before the Reunion to visit the World's Fair will enjoy the Special Reunion Rates at the hotel. Beginning Monday, July 25 strip tickets may be purchased in advance at the hotel. Tickets for children are much less than the adult tickets.

Free tickets are available to many famous TV and radio shows.

After taking a poll of many Chapter members, the committee decided the majority seemed to prefer prime ribs of beef on the banquet menu. Wanting to please the majority—that will be the banquet's chief item—with appropriate and appetizing side dishes that makes one's mouth water just to mention them.

The New York Chapter's Public Relations Officer, Baron Arthur Richard Schmidt must be burning a lot of midnight oil gathering information for The Octofoil to pass on to the members. Copies of letters with requests for information relative to specific points of interest that Schmidt has sent to various agencies have been sent to the Octofoil. Replies should be forthcoming before the next issue and the information gathered will be printed.

FRANK S. JACKSHA ENJOYED READING THE "SAFI" STORY

Frank Jacksha, a former Co. D, 47th man, writes from 1872 Reavy Ave., St. Paul, Minn. Parts of the letter reads:

"I just read The Octofoil and it was interesting throughout. The excerpts from General Randle's book, 'Safi,' were enjoyed greatly."

Frank advises that former Ninth are few and far between out there in Gopher Land.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

Should a one-eyed Peeping Tom have to pay the full penalty for his crime?

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

DO NOT BECOME AN ADULT DELINQUENT

The Association's National Secretary, Dan Quinn, is in the process of getting letters ready for Uncle Sam to deliver to former Ninth men who have gone to sleep at the switch and are about to become Delinquent Association members. With civic minded people across the country alarmed because of so much Juvenile Delinquency it's a shame that so many former 9th Division men are becoming such a problem and headache to Secretary Quinn by allowing themselves to become Adult Delinquents by not paying 1965 dues. If anyone reading this notice has not sent in dues for 1965—take care of that detail NOW before Danny gets those PLEASE REMIT letters on their way to you and you and you.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

Woodside Plans Visit to Gen. Edwin Randle

The wandering former 60th Jeep driver, Bob Woodside, has now established residence at 12408 Florida Ave., Tampa, Fla. 33612.

When sending in this new address, Woodside mentioned that his home was only 25 miles from General Randle's home and he had plans of visiting Gen. Ed and taking a look at the printing equipment being used to run off the General's book, titled "Safi," a chapter of which was run in a recent issue of The Octofoil.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

VICTOR "RUNS INTO" FORMER NINTH MEN IN STRANGE PLACES



SFC. ROY C. BOGARD, Hq. Hq. Co., U.S.A.-OCLS Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Maryland, a former 47th Regt., C Co. man

Walter Victor, 340 Lynhurst Drive, S.W., Atlanta 11, Ga., has just returned from a refresher course at Aberdeen Proving Grounds that pertains to his civilian job. It seems that anywhere Victor goes he has the knack for ferreting out former 9th Division men. While attending the Aberdeen school Walter met Sfc. Roy Bogard who had charge of the NCO Club at Aberdeen. It turned out that Roy is a former 47th man. Victor writes that the other students kept wondering why the man who examined their passes regularly was so much more friendly toward Victor. They never realized that it was 9th Division comradeship expressing itself.

Enroute to Aberdeen Victor contacted Joe and Dot Mowery in Forest City, N. C. They were still talking about the wonderful time they had in Philadelphia.

Another happy coincidence took place: One of Walt's Aberdeen instructors has a sister living in Marietta, Ga., some 30 miles from Atlanta. Upon returning to Georgia, Victor called the instructor's sister, and asked how it was she was living in the Southland instead of her home town of Buffalo, N. Y. She explained she had met a wounded soldier in a Memphis, Tenn. hospital, who had been "shot up" while serving with the Ninth Infantry Division. The sister explains her husband did not stay with the Ninth very long before he was wounded and sent back, but he is still mighty proud of having been a part of the Ninth even if for only a short time. Victor plans to call on the lad, taking him a copy of "8 Stars to Victory," making a few pictures and sending The Octofoil full details for the next issue.

There were several other former Ninth men Victor had planned seeing before returning South from Aberdeen, but a heart operation a brother-in-law was having in New Haven, Conn., necessitated a side trip to that city.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

Some folks read just enough to keep thoroughly misinformed.

THE MEMORIAL FUND OF THE 9TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION Scholarship Information

The Memorial Fund of the Ninth Infantry Division Association was established by the members of the association to commemorate the memory of their comrades who paid the supreme sacrifice in battle. As a part of this fund the association established a scholarship program. Scholarships are awarded each year to relatives of men who served in The Ninth Infantry Division.

ELIGIBILITY FOR SCHOLARSHIP APPLICATION

A person who wishes to apply for a scholarship must be related to a man who has served with The Ninth Infantry Division. Children of former members of the division will be given first consideration, but children of men killed in combat given first preference. Applicants who are not children of former members of the division will not be considered unless no child of a former member qualifies.

APPLICATION PROCEDURE

The following procedures must be followed by those wishing to apply for the scholarships:

1. Send a letter of application to the chairman of the scholarship committee stating the following: name, address, age, and sex of the applicant; name, address, and occupation of the applicant's parents or guardians; the name and address of the secondary school the applicant is attending or has attended and graduated; the name and address of the college the applicant expects to attend; the vocational goal of the applicant; and the name of and degree of relationship to a former member of the division. The unit and dates of service in the division of the former member must be included.
2. A transcript of the applicant's high school record must be included with the letter of application. The transcript must include at least the first seven semesters of the applicant's record.
3. The applicant must have a counselor or principal of the high school he or she is attending write a letter of recommendation to the chairman of the scholarship committee.
4. Effective with the 1965 scholarship award, the applicant must take the PSAT given every October. The applicant must list the name and address of the chairman of the scholarship committee in the space on the application for the PSAT requiring three names of institutions or individuals to be sent the results of the test.
5. THE APPLICATION MUST BE SENT TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE SCHOLARSHIP COMMITTEE BY MARCH 15. Applications received after March 15 will not be considered.
6. All applicants must accept the decision of the Scholarship Committee as final.
7. Information to determine financial need will be requested by the Scholarship Committee after the applications have been considered. Only the top ten contenders will be asked to submit information on financial need.
8. All applications must be sent to: John J. Clouser, Scholarship Chairman, Ninth Infantry Division Association, 200 North Elm Street, Mount Prospect, Illinois.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP in the LADIES' AUXILIARY of the NINTH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Mrs. Tippie Plunkett, Secretary-Treasurer
Ninth Infantry Division Association Ladies' Auxiliary
286 Zimpfer Street, Columbus, Ohio

I would like to become a member of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the to the Ninth Infantry Division Association. Enclosed is check or money order for \$1.50 for 1965 dues. Please mail my membership card to—

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

While attached to the Ninth Infantry Division my _____
(state relationship, whether the Ninth Division man was a husband, father, brother, son, etc.)

was with _____
(give company, regiment, battery, attached unit, etc.)

Make checks or money orders payable to Ninth Infantry Division Association. Mail to Secretary-Treasurer Tippie Plunkett, 286 Zimpfer St., Columbus, Ohio. A 1965 counter-signed membership card will be sent as soon as possible.

By order of the President:
MRS. BETTY MacDOUGALL, President

"Rog" Schaeffer Gets "Knifed"

Roger Schaeffer, 1664 Sunset Ave., Akron, O., and a former Hqtrs. Sp. Troops soldier, has undergone some painful surgery during recent weeks, but now seems to have fully recovered from the "noble experiment."

Roger is a musical instructor with the Akron public school system. He sent in his Association dues and also Mrs. Schaeffer's dues as an Auxiliary member. Schaeffer is a former member of the Board of Governors. Both he and Mrs. Schaeffer are making plans to attend the Reunion in New York July 29-31, 1965.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

Toreador pants make their feet look big—too.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

A man is as good as the woman he's with.

Paul Potts Sends His Best to 39th Buddies

Paul Potts, 5100 Norton Lane, Bedford, Ind., writes in part as follows:

Will take this opportunity to say hello and wish my old 39th Regt. Hq. Co. buddies a most prosperous New Year.

I was very pleased to see Gen. Bond's and Father Kines' pictures in The Octofoil. It seems that time has treated them both kindly. Though time dims one's memories on many things—mine will be ever fresh of many guys and incidents that happened while I was with the 39th Regt. of the Ninth Division.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

Ad in a weekly paper, "Lawn mower, push type. Used very little and when used, pushed very slow."

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

KIDDIES' PARTY IN NEW YORK A BIG SUCCESS

By ARTHUR R. SCHMIDT,
69-20 69th Street,
Brooklyn, New York 11227
HYacinth 7-3993

New York Chapter's Christmas Party for the kiddies which was held on December 6, at the Elks Lodge, Union City, N. J., was a most successful venture.

There were at least 75 children at the party—the children outnumbering the adults.

Dom Miele started the show off with some films on Charlie Chaplain and Oliver Hardy. Dom then showed films of the Father Connors Memorial Mass, the New York Chapter Dance of 1963, the New York Chapter Picnic of 1963, and the New York Chapter Dance of 1964. Miele had an assistant to help present the films.

The weatherman cooperated by seeing to it that Santa arrived amid a shower of Christmas snowflakes.

KEEP CONTACTS

These family gatherings always serve to keep former buddies in contact with each other. For instance—John Mutchko of B Co., 15th Engrs., and Al Rago made appearances. Al explained he had not been able to attend meetings lately as he has been working on Friday nights. He hopes to be able to attend meetings more often hereafter since he no longer works on Friday evenings.

There was plenty of soda, potato chips, pretzels, and lolly pop for the children. Grownups did a good job on the sandwiches and beer. Before Santa arrived John Rizzo led the children in singing some Christmas hymns.

Santa had several helpers, among them were Frank Fazio, who handed out the ice cream; Emil Langer, who passed out the ice cream spoons; Irv-Feinberg, money collector for the 50-50 Club; Al Rago, beer dispenser; John Rizzo and Emil Langer assisted in handing out pretzels and potato chips and beer. George Fraenkel was observed making himself busy. Your Reporter kept busy drinking pitchers of beer and eating platters of potato chips and pretzels. Frank Fazio did a good job in making up the sandwiches. Quinn was hiding at the bar, along with Ed Egan and Lou Almassy. Apologies are offered if any of the hard workers who made such a success of the event have been omitted in the listing of names in this story.

Assisting Santa in handing out the toys and candy were George Apar, Jack Scully, Al Lechmanek, Dan Quinn, Hermino Suarez, Frank Fazio, Al Rago, John Mutchko, and Irving Feinberg. Dan Quinn coerced this Reporters into getting in the line with Dan and the kiddies, in an effort to shake Santa's hands—but Santa would not have anything to do with such shenanigans. Emil Langer also assisted in passing out the toys.

50-50 CLUB WINNERS

John Rizzo and Frank Fazio helped in passing out the prizes for the 50-50 Club. Mr. McInerney, our Gold Star Parent, picked out the first prize winner, Emil D. Donato, who won \$100; Michael Monitore won \$35; Folsum won \$25; Tony Repetty won a prize. The following won \$5 prizes: J. Elker, Robert Tatus, Al Rago, Vincent Guglielmino, Harold Greller, A. M. Welke and Walter O'Keefe, our national president.

Assisting in the policing detail at the end of the party were Adolph Wadalavage, Walter O'Keefe, Dan Quinn, Jack Scully, Emil Langer.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

Rhoads Uncovers Old-Time Picture

Ed Rhoads, 825 Madison Street, Coatesville, Pa., has uncovered an old picture that creates nostalgia—and sent the photo to Secretary Quinn. Al Wisnowski, who is shown in the photo was killed in action on March 25, 1945, after being transferred to the 3rd Bn. 47th Meds. Al was a Staten Island lad.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

Widow Can Still Get a GI Loan

A widow of a World War II veteran may be eligible for a GI Home Loan if the veteran's death was service connected. The fact that the veteran may have had a GI Loan and paid it up during his lifetime does not affect the widow's eligibility.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

TRADING STAMPS

A New England woman recently wrote to her local newspaper with the frightful reminder that Russia could wipe us out without firing a single shot—merely by poisoning the glue on trading stamps.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

LARRICK, BTY. A, 34TH F.A., DIED ON OCT. 18TH

Jesse R. Davis, Box 84, Hebron, O. 43025 and an original member of the Ohio Chapter, sends The Octofoil sad news for this edition. Parts of Jesse's letter reads:

"I received a letter recently from Mrs. H. W. Thatcher, of Cambridge, Ohio. She writes that her brother, Winfield Larrick, died on October 18, 1964. He was a former Ninth Div. man, having been with Bty. A, 34th F.A. Larrick had been suffering from a heart condition for about six years, but had never suffered an acute heart attack until the one which caused his death."

Davis and Larrick left Fort Hayes, Ohio, together, winding up at Fort Bragg and both were assigned to the Ninth Division and the 34th F.A.

Jesse sent in dues for three years and stated that after paying dues all these years he had never met his Ohio Chapter Secretary, Dick Pestel, until he and Mrs. Davis had a pleasant chat with him while they were all attending Father Connors' Mass in Worcester last November. After having sized the secretary up—Davis says he thinks he can support Pestel very enthusiastically if Dick will stand for re-election.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

HAROLD HUBER'S DEATH RECORDED

Joe McKenzie, Waltham, Mass., sends The Octofoil the following sad news:

Harold Huber, 1111 W. Henley St., Olean, N. Y., former member of Service Battery, 26th F.A., died on Sunday, January 17, 1965.

Harold was at Worcester last November with his wife and three children. He has been under doctor's care for about five years but had been doing fairly well under his instructions.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

FORREST'S CARDS FROM GERMANY

A. T. Forrest, 155 Wilson Ave., Beaver, Pa., a former 15th Engr. man, completed his fifth trip to Europe since Easter, just before the Christmas holidays. On this latest trip Forrest's company had him visiting the following countries on business: Austria, Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, England and Scotland. Christmas cards mailed back to old buddies in the states were mailed from Germany.

SCHOLARSHIP PROGRAM GIVEN BOOST BY MIKE BATELLI, 2ND BN, 39TH

Michael Batelli writes and gives his home address as 74 Lakeview Ave., Paterson, N. J. Mike is a former Hq. Co. 2nd Bn. 39th man. In his most recent letter to Secretary Quinn—Batelli enclosed a check that he wanted to contribute to the Association's Scholarship Fund.

OTHER NOTES

Some other highlights from the interesting letter follow:

Company "E" men dating back to Fort Bragg and North Africa will appreciate knowing the "Ole Sarge" Joe Santucci, is reported in good shape, and is living in Wilkes Barre, Pa. Sam Figa, another E Co., 39th man, located the "Ole Sarge."

SAD NEWS

Mike advises that "Mexie" Lomberti's wife, Rosemary, died recently. It only seems like yesterday when Rosemary used to visit "Mexie" at Fort Bragg.

Mike appeals to former 39th men to send in more news notes to The Octofoil. He says "The Octofoil is our only means of contact with our associates of the historical 1944-45 era."

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

CARL KOHN SEEKS DATA ON ERECTING MEMORIAL

Karl K. Kohn, former E Co., 39th man, writes from 512 W. Front St., Plainfield, N. J. Imprinted on the stationery he used was a picture of the CARKO Realty Co. building.

Carl and his company are interested in seeing that a fitting memorial is erected in Plainfield, honoring the war dead of that city, with the possibility of listing names of those who served in the armed forces from that area.

Carl was much impressed with the pictures he has seen of the beautiful Ninth Division Memorial erected on the Immaculate Conception Church grounds in Worcester, Mass., and is desirous of contacting the designer of that Memorial.

Secretary Quinn has advised this civic minded former 39th man that Father Ed Connors will gladly cooperate with him in his efforts to have a memorial erected. The designer of the 9th Division Memorial is a member of Father Connors' parish in Worcester, Mass.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

Giving up luxuries in Communist countries is a necessity.

NINTH INFANTRY DIVISION ASS'N. MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Dan Quinn, Natl. Secretary, 9th Infantry Division Assn.,
412 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, N.J.

Enclosed please find 1965 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 ☐

Donation Memorial Scholarship Fund _____ ☐

Three-Year Member _____ \$11.00 ☐

LIFE MEMBERSHIP _____ \$50.00 ☐

Octofoil Automobile License Disc _____ \$.50 ☐

Decals 25c; (5) five for _____ \$ 1.00 ☐

"Eight Stars to Victory"
(Pictorial History of 9th Division in action.) _____ \$ 2.00 ☐

Ladies' Auxiliary Member _____ \$ 1.50 ☐

Combat Route Map _____ \$.50 ☐

60th Infantry History _____ \$.50 ☐

Coat Lapel Octofoil Pin _____ \$ 1.25 ☐

•• •• ••

Please give credit to the following Chapter:

Philly-Delaware Valley ☐ Greater New York ☐

Illinois ☐ Washington, D.C. ☐

New England ☐ Michigan ☐

Ohio ☐ Fayetteville-Fort Bragg, N.C. ☐

Massachusetts Vets Make Annual Award



Page 2, last issue of The Octofoil carried a story about Worcester, Mass. Veterans' Council awarding Father Ed Connors a Veteran of the Year Plaque. The above photo was run in the Worcester Telegram-Gazette, shows the Veterans' Council Commander, Joseph DeLaura, presenting the plaque to Father Ed. To the right will be noted Senior Vice Commander of the Council Maurice Goldsmith and in the background is Congressman Harold D. Donahue and City Councillor Andrew Hohnstram.

The Octofoil is indebted to Franny Maher and William Cardozza, also a member of the New England Chapter for securing the photo for The Octofoil.

JOE MCKENZIE'S REPORT FILLED WITH SAD NEWS TO SERVICE BTY. 26TH F.A. MEN

By JOE MCKENZIE,
95 Washington Ave.
Waltham, Mass.

This is the season of the year when all good people express their feelings by wishing all their friends and neighbors a "Happy New Year". Men of the Ninth Division Association are good men and they all deserve that cheerful greeting "A Happy New Year".

RECEIVES SHOCK

The New Year was not too old when Service Battery was shocked by the sudden death of one of their great members. Harold Huber, 1111 W. Henley Street, Olean, N. Y., an ex-member of Service Battery, 26th F.A., a good man, a good father, a good soldier and a good cook, died suddenly on January 17th. For the past five years, Harold and his family attended our Memorial Mass. This trip was a must to once more greet and meet a great gang. May He Rest in Peace.

The past Christmas season brought many greetings to the Maison McKenzie. Some cards carried an additional note such as the one received from Paul Griffin, formerly a Tech Sergeant and later First Sergeant with Service 26th F.A., now a major in Okinawa. Two of his boys played on the Island Little League championship team and they traveled to Japan to play the champs on that Island. He did not say who won.

DOWN ON THE FARM

Louie England added a note to say

he bought a four acre farm to work in his spare time. Lou has a regular job with General Motors near Ridgeway, Ill.

Mrs. Travis G. Seymour, 3022 Skyway Drive, Memphis, Tenn., sent a long sorrowful letter about her husband. Travis has not been able to work for eight years. For the past five years he has been in a wheel chair and is now helpless. So anyone who reads this note, please send him a card. Just sign it "A member of the great Ninth Division". A little cheer is a big boost.

Other greetings were received from Paul Fribush, Roy Cortese, Clem LeBlanc, Frank Grutzius, Lew Ortigari, Joe Mosier, Ross Kepple, Pergi, Willie Leonard, Elmer Roscoe, George Wilykinson, Bill Bonfigliorno, Harold Huber, Elbert Turner, Jim Boyle, Bob Porter, Peter Greco, Harry Fry, Joe Albanese, Charlie Zablow, Bill Andrews, Harold Wallace, Jim Daniels, Cecil Williamson, Ed Kral, Ike Blitstein, Jerry Langer and John Murray.

Chesley Mischler, Paul Plunkett, Lawrence Rogers, Walter O'Keefe, John Clouser, Ernest Spear and Tony Salton are men from other units and whom I have met through our Association who sent their greetings to the McKenzie family.

I hope that we can have many happy days throughout the year. I know we will have a few if we make plans to attend the convention in the summer and the Memorial Mass in the fall.

Gen. Randle Says He Enjoys Visitors

The following paragraphs from a recent letter received at the Octofoil office from Gen. Ed Randle, 503 Althea Rd., Belleaire, Clearwater Fla., is self-explanatory:

"As a result of the piece about my Safi book in The Octofoil, among others a man out of E Co., 47th wrote wanting a copy. Then just before Christmas he and his wife called. He is a rigger with Union Carbide and is doing well. Took an interest in my press, and since his job with Union Carbide is installing and caring for machinery, he is going to rig me a variable speed attachment. His name is Frank Gonzol.

"Perhaps you can imagine how pleased I always am when those boys—they are now middle aged men—stop by to see me."

INTERESTED IN PYLE BOOKS

Ernie Pyle, the great war correspondent spent the last afternoon of his life with Gen. Randle on Ie Shima, sleeping together in the same dugout. The next morning Gen. Randle and his jeep driver and an aide rode over to the CP of another of the 77th Div. regiments. Nothing happened enroute; 20 minutes later Ernie, Colonel Coledge and a couple of enlisted men followed the same route and were shot at—Ernie killed.

Gen. Randle wrote a feature story that was printed in the December, 1955 American Legion Magazine about Ernie.

Any books that are printed about Ernie Pyle are treasured volumes in the Randle library.

Compliment Octofoil In Church Paper

The Octofoil was greatly flattered on Sunday, Nov. 8, 1964, to pickup the official church bulletin for the Immaculate Conception Church of Worcester, Mass., and note on back page, No. 4 an article prepared by Father Ed Connors, which read:

"Many of you men contribute much to keep alive the 9th Infantry Division Association. But I think that we all owe a special debt of gratitude to two people. To Paul Plunkett, who publishes The Octofoil, the Association newspaper—and so contributes the most to keeping us united and informed. And to Dan Quinn, our perennial secretary, to whom we are indebted for his tireless energy and dedication to the Association. These two men are a continual challenge to us all—to stick together—to work together when we can—to keep alive the treasured and inspiring memories of the past. God bless you, Paul, and God bless you, Dan."

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

Richard Dwyer Wants to Hear From John's Buddies

Richard Dwyer, Room 453, Post Office and Court House Building, Boston, Mass., is a brother of John Dwyer, 899th T.D., who was killed near St. Lo.

Richard would like to hear from anyone who was with John or from anyone who knew him.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—
What a picture it would be!—Cleopatra playing the life of Elizabeth Taylor.

WALTON SNOOPING HIS WAY AROUND IN DIXIE

On November 15 "Doc" Paul Walton, Old Dalton Rd., Rome, Ga., ventured over into Alabama to see P. A. Lumpkin, in Gadsden, one of the Medics who was captured by the Jerries around St. Lo. Lumpkin is working for Goodyear in Gadsden.

Walton plans slipping up on Haig O'Quinn, a former 2nd Bn. Medic, now practicing dentistry in Jacksonville, Florida.

The old Atlanta, Ga. Ninth Division Charter is now resting in Rome, Ga., with indications it will be reactivated in the very near future. Walton has made several trips into Atlanta recently—didn't get much done Association-wise. The liquor stores were having a price war and he went busted buying whiskey. Then he got out in the suburbs playing games with the grandchildren and it was time to get across those Kennesaw Mountain Hills back toward Rome. Maybe he'll do better on the next trip to the Rebel Capital.

Gen. Randle has advised Doc that some of the incidents called to his attention have been incorporated in the "Safi" book. Another old timer heard from last month was Col. Roberts. One letter received during the month, never expected, was from Cannon Co.'s Walter H. Reimen, at 6310 Polk St., West New York, N. J., who distinguished himself as the fire eater during cork forest shows. Several Cannon Co.'s "8" balls have sent inquiries about Walt's whereabouts. Walton says the "Cowboy" hasn't changed much.

Now that Dick Pestel owns the ROP Ranch Walton is agitating some future Reunion in Ohio, and advocating Pup Tents be set up on the ranch and eliminate hotel costs.

It'll never do for Doc Walton to write a book about the outfit. He started a chapter for this issue of The Octofoil and most of it was blue penciled. He tells about the Arab jeep washers, the guys who were swapping their razor blades for vino, the Arab barber who set up shoppe and give 'em a shave, hair cut and a shampoo with a mud pack thrown in for good measure—27 cents. Then the bad batch of vino unloaded on the Medics that was sold to a gullible Q.M. G.I. who had just arrived in that part of the world. Episodes are related that can't be printed—but are quite interesting.

GEN. RANDLE'S CHICKEN STORY

In a letter to Doc, Gen. Ed Randle explains to him how it was that the looked for chicken dinner that never materialized. Parts of the general's letter reads:

"Let me assure you that the story about the chicken dinner I promised one day on the march to Port Lyau-utey will appear in the book Safi Adventure.

"Did you ever know the circumstances of that 'chicken dinner' episode?"

"That morning Major Murphy, the S-4, reported to me he was getting fresh chickens for the whole regiment, the whole Combat Team, in fact. I asked him if there would be enough for everybody and he said yes. But as it turned out there was not quite enough to go around.

"Not knowing there was going to be a shortage I promised the troops as they passed me that morning they were going to have a chicken dinner. That was based on Maj. Murphy's report that there would be enough for everyone.

"Part of the 2d Bn. got no chicken. I know M Co. got none. Maybe K and L too. I felt badly about it and decided to make no promises after that."—Cordially yours, Edwin H. Randle.

Now Doc knows where the chicken went while he was plugging down the road to Port Lyau-utey.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

ORBAND BRINGS IN ANOTHER MEMBER

The number of new members Tom Orband has brought into the Association would make an imposing list. Tom's latest recruit is Jim Mahon, out of B Co., 39th Regt., now living at 34 Robinson St., Binghamton, New York. Mahon is now Cop No. 127 on the Binghamton's Finest roster. Orband says now that Mahon has signed up it should shame Pete Santi into putting his name on the dotted line. Orband, in particular, wanted to let Marty Bree know that Mahon had been snagged into the folds of the Association.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

Better to Borrow Than Cancel Out

Thinking of cashing in your GI Insurance policy for an emergency fund? Then investigate the advantages of borrowing on it. You can borrow up to 94 per cent of the policy's face value.

ORENSTEIN KEEPS THE Q.M. 'BOYS' INFORMED ABOUT NEXT REUNION

By HARRY ORENSTEIN,
640 East 139th Street,
Bronx 54, N. Y.

BEST WISHES FOR 1965—

Received 68 Christmas cards. . . Thanks fellows. Hope you had a Merry Christmas and that the New Year will be HAPPIER.

IF WISHES CAME TRUE

How many times have you said these words, "Gee, I wish I could make at least one Reunion in my lifetime." Well, if you haven't attended a Reunion yet, the 1965 New York Reunion is the Reunion to make. The Reunion Committee is making an all out effort to make the 1965 Reunion the best Reunion the 9th Division Association ever had. Based on all the available factors—from the 1964 Philadelphia Reunion, from Father Connors 1964 Worcester Memorial Services, and from letters received from the "Boys", the 1965 New York Reunion will set a new QM Record for attendance. Many children were present at the Fort Bragg Reunion and many children were present at the Reunions that followed.

THE 1965 NEW YORK REUNION HIGHLIGHTS

The November-December 1964 Octofoil issue, the 9th Division newspaper, has published the important facts of the Reunion. Here they are:

STATLER HILTON HOTEL
7th Ave. and 33rd St.
New York City
JULY 29, 30, 31, 1965
* * *

Here are some of the highlights:

A Dinner
Two Beer Parties
A Dance

The cost of the three-day strip ticket is tentatively set at \$15.00, which includes a ticket to the World's Fair. A child's strip ticket will cost \$10.00 and it is planned that the child's ticket will include the dinner and a ticket to the World's Fair.

Bring the children to the New York Reunion and bring the children to the World's Fair.

Dan Sheehy sent in Curtis Witt's address. Thanks Dan. Here is the address:

Curtis Witt,
8 South Curley Street,
Baltimore, Md.

Best regards to all. Hope you are all well at home.—Sincerely yours—Harry Orenstein.

The QM committee's addresses are:

Bill Palady,
322 31st Street,
McKeesport, Pa.
Harry Orenstein,
640 East 139th St.,
Bronx 54, N. Y.

MAUSER AND HIS ACTIVE FAMILY ADJUST TO FLORIDA LIFE QUICKLY

Captain Bill Mauser, a former National Association Board member is now located at 41 Sherri Circle, West Palm Beach, Fla. 33406. Several months ago Bill and his family moved to the "Land of Sunshine" from Cleveland. The Ohio Chapter, along with Mauser's many other Ohio friends and acquaintances were unhappy about losing the Mauser family—but wished them well in their new home. In a letter to The Octofoil during the Christmas holidays Mauser give a rundown on the activities of each and every one of the Mauser clan in the Florida metropolis.

Take a look at some of Bill's activities:

He is a Deacon and Sunday School Superintendent, along with CBMC and Gideons provides wonderful ground for spiritual growth. His club activities include Lions, where he is Third Vice; Ohio Club, Second Vice, and Hi-12, where he is First Vice.

Bill has taken a "post-graduate" course in public relations and sales work as a Memorial Counselor at Florida's most beautiful cemetery—Palm Beach Memorial Park for the last two years. The Dyers, father and son, who own the Park, have taken a great deal of interest in Mauser. He recently was assigned on a three months' trial as manager of Royal Palm Manor, a newly established nursing down in downtown West Palm Beach. The principals behind this humanitarian project are Dr. Randolph S. Romano, M.D., and Lou Hanale, operator of the Dick Howser Baseball School.

OTHERS ON THE BALL

The Old Man isn't the only active

Mauser in West Palm Beach. Listing some of the others' activities include Bobby, who started school in the first grade in 1964. Rev. Philip Houseman, Calvary Baptist, has Bobby to sing before the Sunday School assembly. Bobby is the Mausers' "Tiger" when he plays soldier.

Barby is nine and one-half and in the fourth grade. She is a Junior Girl Scout, belongs to the Palm Beach Shell Club, and is taking piano lessons. She sings in the Junior Choir (as does Bob). Barby is responsible for getting a Good News Club started at the Mauser home.

BILLY IS THE MUSICIAN

Billy will be twelve in January and is now in the seventh grade. He was playing clarinet, but now has appropriated his dad's saxophone and "made" the "big band" of the Hurricanes. He even had time to bone up enough to make the Honor Roll last semester. In addition to Billy's musical work he has a Palm Beach Post-Times route, mornings and evenings, is Senior Patrol Leader of his Boy Scout Troop, having been promoted to Second Class. He also finds time to belong to the Young People's group at Church.

Dotty keeps the family "Rumbler" racing about, transporting the neighborhood youngsters and running domestic errands. She has a Beginners' Class in Sunday School, is Social Chairman and has recently been elected a Deaconess. She complains about not having enough time to "sit and sun."

Sounds like a pretty busy area—that 41 Sherri Circle, in West Palm Beach, Florida—the Mauser Home!

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

GREATER MICHIGAN CHAPTER MADE "WHOOPEE" AT MONTROSE GRILL... ON DECEMBER 19TH

Shortly after the last issue of The Octofoil went on the presses an announcement was received from the Greater Michigan Chapter Secretary, Robert F. Rumenapp, 28017 Hughes, St. Clair Shores, Mich. Along with the announcement was a beautiful Christmas card signed by Bob and Betty. The printed invitation read:

The Greater Michigan Chapter of the
Ninth Infantry Division Association
requests the pleasure of your company (and of your wife, or lady friend)
on the evening of Dec. 19, 1964
at Montrose Bar & Grill
15703 Grand River, Detroit, Mich.
One block west of Greenfield
837-2160
From 9 in the evening until midnight
to meet and greet each other at
our annual
CHRISTMAS PARTY

NIECE IN CONVENT

Many who attended the Reunion in Springfield, Ill., remember the petite niece of Betty Rumenapp, who accompanied the couple to the Reunion. She is now a Postulant with the Bernardine Sisters of St. Francis at Reading, Pa. Address is Cheryl Ann Parker, Postulant, Mt. Alvernia, Reading Pa.

Betty is recovering from an automobile accident and they haven't been able to visit the niece for some time and it will be some time before they can travel again, and request some of the Ninth Division people in the Reading area to pay Cheryl a social call some week end.

OTHER NOTES

The Chapter had a most successful picnic in September.

Efforts are being made to get the girls interested in forming an Auxiliary within the Michigan Chapter.

Indications are that Michigan will be well represented at the New York Reunion.

MICHIGAN OFFICERS

Officers for the Michigan Chapter are:

President: Bill Phelps.
1st Vice-President: James Dawson.
2nd Vice-Pres.: James Rushlow.
Western Michigan Vice-President: Bill Andrews.

Treasurer: Joe Casey.
Secretary: Robert Rumenapp.
Sergeant at Arms: Lionel Harbord.
Judge Advocate: Robert DeSandy.
Chaplain Pro Tem: John Bonkowski.

National Board of Governors
Leonard DeBell.
John Bonkowski.
—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

KORTAS JOURNEYS TO CLEVELAND AND ATTENDS NINTH "BLOWOUT"

The Octofoil is in receipt of a newsy letter from the "Mad Russian," Mike Mysyk, former 60th lad, of 12604 Darlington Ave., Garfield Heights, Ohio. The letter reached the Octofoil just a bit too late for the last issue.

Mike tells of he and Angie being invited early in December to attend a Ninth Division get-together in the Greater Cleveland area. The gracious hosts were Mr. and Mrs. John Jacobs, Cleveland. Other present were Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Long, Bay Village, Ohio. And to the surprise of all, who showed up but George J. Kortas and his wonderful wife, from Chicago. Kortas regaled his listeners by relating the fun he had while in the 60th as the present Octofoil editor's sergeant and how he lay awake nights planning to make life miserable for that individual. And he did a damn good job of it, too.

BENNETT SIGNED UP

Mysyk recently visited Jack Bennett, 11850 Edgewater, Lakewood, O. Jack seemed to enjoy reading The Octofoil and filled out an application for Association membership.

Cleveland newspapers recently had

three-column banner heads over a story that pertained to Mike's new recruit. Parts of the stories read:

HEADS MEAT COMPANY

"Plans for the first new wholesale meat processing plant have been approved by the Board of Directors of the Cleveland Union Stock Yards."

"The plant, set for immediate construction, will be for the Jack Bennett Meat Co. The new facilities will have four times as much space as the present plant. Jack Bennett, the president said. He added that more employees were being hired."

STUDY PENSION PLANS

Mysyk has been appointed chairman for an Insurance and Pension Committee for the Utility Workers of Cleveland and is having to do a lot of "boning up" on the subject. Since becoming prominent in the trades union circles the "Mad Russian" has been getting many letters from the New York Taxi lad who contributes material occasionally to The Octofoil. Mysyk has devoted a lot of time preparing information charts for the New Yorkers which he hopes will be helpful to them.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

WILBUR BAKER HAS MEMORIES OF FATHER KINES "IN ACTION"

The Octofoil contacted Wilbur L. Baker, 1397 Oxford Rd., N.E., Atlanta, Ga., hoping Wilbur would have a photo showing Father Kines as he was seen in the field many times conducting religious services. Baker has a library of hundreds of interesting pictures he made of many 39th Regt. men in Africa and Europe.

In his answer to the Octofoil's letter Baker writes in part: "I remember Father Kines' work very well, although I never knew him personally. He almost worked himself to death trying to see everybody, take care of the dead, bring up candy and cigarettes, etc. My memory fails on details now. I well remember though a group of us passing another in North Africa and he was holding a service in the field. I didn't make a shot because the day was very dark. The 39th Regt. photographer may have some photos. His name is Edgar W. Hopkins, 1922 Dewey Place, Jacksonville, Fla. He works for the Jacksonville Journal."

Baker advises he is eagerly looking forward to reading Father Kines' interesting diary.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

KOPAC HEADED FOR MANHATTAN ISLAND

Everyone who has ever attended a Ninth Division Reunion knows that the first man to arrive for the affair is George Kopac. Noting the beautiful Christmas cards George sent out to his buddies, written in large bold letters at the bottom of each card was this:

See you in New York City.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

Sarge Steve Budrick Holding Jersey Fort

The "Old Sarge" Steve Budrick, 14 Union Ave., South River, N. J. 08882, keeps plugging along, working part time as one of the municipality's gendarmes. He contributes news items regularly to The Octofoil and is always looking out for former 9th Division men to sign up as members of the Association.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

Rough Raiders Taking McFadden's Mud Hole



Garland Hill, 1632 Williams Ave., Clarksburg, W. Va., sent in the above photo. No one needs a second guess to peg the right location of this photo. What someone jokingly called a pond is McFadden's Mud Hole, being used as a backdrop for the picture of these former G Co. 39th men. The \$21 a day men pictured at the famous Fort Bragg spot are, left to right: Sgt. Quinlan, Pvt. Vulsilko, Sgt. Garland Hill, and Sgt. Moore. Pvt. Cantell in far rear is seen between Hill and Moore.

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING HAS TO BE VISITED TO REALIZE ITS MAGNITUDE

The site of the world's tallest building was once a farm! In 1799, John Thompson's quiet cows grazed where today 30,000 people a day populate the "eighth wonder of the world": New York's great Empire State Building.

Rising 1,472 feet into the sky, the Empire State Building is one of New York's "favorite five" sightseeing attractions, according to the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau.

1,860 STEPS

A modern express elevator whisks the visitor to the 86th Floor Observatory at a speed of 1,200 feet a minute. Another special elevator takes him on to the 102nd story. (If he were to walk, it would be 1,860 steps from street level.)

The spectacular view from the building reaches as far as 50 miles into five states. Ships 40 miles out at sea can be seen from the Observatory. By night, the city spreads out a dazzling panorama of sparkling lights below. Columnist Walter Winchell once said that the glittering night view from atop the Empire State Building made New York look like "the world's largest Christmas tree."

Topping off the engineering marvel of the building itself is the world's greatest TV tower. Used by all seven of New York's television stations, the huge tower transmits to an area in which some 15 million people reside in a four-state sector.

One of the most famous buildings in the world, the great Empire State Building offers visitors the unique opportunity to share the view of royalty.

The Empire State Building is the sightseeing attraction that Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip specifically requested on their New York itinerary. Many other royal eyes have looked out over New York's fabulous skyline from the popular Observatory; the New York visitor who gazes through the Observatory telescopes over the city skyscrapers is sharing the same picture seen by Queen Marie of Rumania, Queen Frederika of Greece, King Baudon of Belgium, the Duke of Windsor, the Shah of Iran, and others.

The Maharajah and Maharani of Bundi have visited the Empire State Building, in flowing robes and jeweled forehead. Schoolchildren have shared with the King and Queen of Thailand, Winston Churchill, Prince and Princess Chichibu of Japan, the King and Queen of Nepal, and Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, the spectacular sight of New York City from above. Even Krushchev and Castro included a visit to the Empire State Building on their New York schedule of sightseeing.

TALLEST LIGHTHOUSE

In addition to its title of the tallest building in the world, the Empire State Building can claim an additional distinction: that of the tallest lighthouse anywhere. The New York Convention and Visitors Bureau reports that its four Freedom Lights, a landmark to sea and air travelers alike, are the most powerful beacons in the world.

Open every day of the year from 9 A.M. until midnight, the Empire State Observatory is glass-enclosed and heated. Specially-trained personnel are on hand to point out the landmarks and fill the visitor in on interesting facts about the building.

According to the Convention and Visitors Bureau, this popular sightseeing attraction now draws nearly half a million visitors a year.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

FRANKLIN "SNOOPS" AROUND FT. BRAGG

Charles H. Franklin, 5741 Flamingo Way, Hialeah, Fla., writes The Octofoil, in part, as follows:

I recently visited Fayetteville, N.C. and Fort Bragg. My main reason for the trip was to see my old 1st Sergeant, Walter Slaver, in Fayetteville. We took a ride out to the Fort and made several pictures, some of which I am enclosing. We tramped around the old K Co. 39th area and also got permission to go through our former 2nd Plt. barracks. It brought back many fond memories. We could almost see the original company lined up in the company street. There isn't too much difference in the looks of the old Ninth Division area. We drove over the roads Ninth dogfaces packed down while on those long, hot hikes.

The 82nd Airborne Division area is really something to see. It is really beautiful and they also have their own museum which is most interesting. All in all, Sgt. Slaver and I really had our own little reunion after 24 years. We talked each night practically all night.

WILTON TAYLOR GETS BRAND-NEW MEMBER

Wilton Taylor, Stop 6, Star Route, Lost Hills, Calif., doesn't have the time to send in as much news to The Octofoil as he used to, but still takes time from his busy schedule to jot down a few newsy notes. Some of the notes contained in a most recent letter from Taylor were as follows:

Mail addressed to W. D. "Blackie" Waldon, former Co. E, 60th man, care Consolidated Geophysical Company, Port Huron, Mich., will be delivered. Blackie's brother Art, works for Mobil Oil Co., Lost Hills, Calif. Again Waldron extends thanks to Bob and Betty Rumenapp of the Michigan chapter for visiting him while he was hospitalized in a Michigan hospital.

Ed Brown, Hqtr. Co. 47th, gets his mail care Towne House Motel, 505 Union Ave., Bakersfield, Calif. Other former 9th men in the area include: Ed Croyton, teacher, a former 60th Inf., man, 1777 Glenwood Ct., Bakersfield; Capt. Ott, 39th, care Gulf Oil Co., Bakersfield; Harold Russie, Co. D, 39th, 1809 Oscar Ave., Bakersfield. Loyd Wofford, Co. B, 15th Engr. still works at the Belridge Oil Lease. He lives in Taft, Calif. Mail will reach him care Mobil Oil Co., Star Route, Stop 6, Lost Hills, Calif.

Richard L. Kinkennon, former Co. M, 47th man, is with the Engineer Corp at Fort Belvoir, Va. He is retiring from Army life after 20 years. He and his family plan to live in Iowa.

SIGNS HIM UP

Dick lost contact with the Association back in 1962 when his house trailer and all his possessions were destroyed by fire. He has again sent Taylor a year's dues with this address for The Octofoil until his hitch is up in March:

Sgt. Richard L. Kinkennon, 916-D Dogue Creek, Fort Belvoir, Va.

Taylor sends season's greetings to all former 9th men and especially his old 47th gang. He states that contact is still kept with old friends in England. Ella Goulden, who works for the Southern Railway, Basingstoke, sent a beautiful picture calendar of England, along with some beautiful mountain scenes. Wilton and Juanita keep Ella supplied with pictures they make during travels through Western U.S.A.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

HUGH HANSON LIVES IN WILLOUGHBY, O.

The Octofoil was glad to receive a Christmas card from Hugh and Esther Hanson, which had their correct address. It is 1463 Last Nation Road, Willoughby, Ohio 44094.

Hugh has been in and out of VA hospitals almost continuously for the last few years. One address The Octofoil used for the Hansons turned out to be incorrect. Several former 9th men in the Cleveland area attempted to visit him at the incorrect address. Willoughby is in the Greater Cleveland area.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

The height of frustration: The wife who finds a letter she gave her husband to mail three months before in the coat that has been home ever since, waiting for a button to be sewed on.

Flip Wilson Shows Up



Every now and then some of that old gang which split up and went different directions from the Elbe River sector, pops up, and Carl Ward, Box 113, Rt. 1, Reidsville, N. C., grabs em and they get mugged. A few months ago Ward located Jack Davis— took his picture and signed him up in the Association. Now he's located another of those elusive 34th F.A. men who hasn't been heard from since he was last seen sipping vodka with the Ruskies on the banks of the old Elbe. This time it's Flip Wilson who has come out of hiding and is pictured above with Ward.

The Wards—Carl, Laura and Donnie, sent out many Christmas cards to former Ninth men everywhere. Played up in bold handwriting on each of the cards was this message: SEE YOU IN NEW YORK CITY IN 1965.

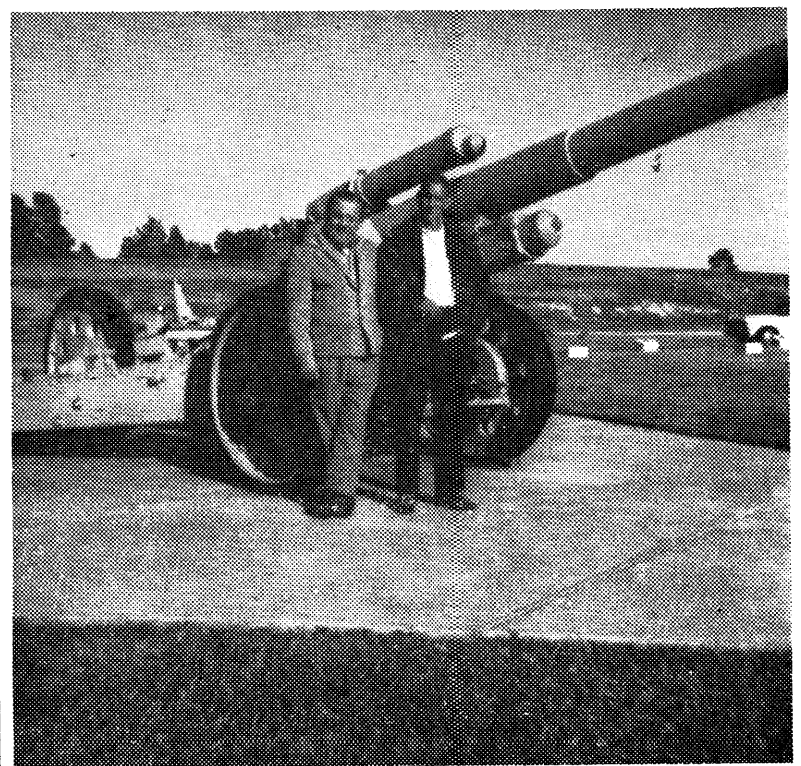
—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W!—

ADAMS FAMILY MAILS OUT ACTIVITY REPORT FOR 1964

Col. Curtis Adams has again filed with The Octofoil a most comprehensive report of the Adams' family activity during the year 1964. The report is lengthy—but every bit of it is interesting. To print the report in its entirety would take up more space than is available. The communiqué give the address thusly:

Our Upper Front Step at Peaceful and Serene, Guanaja, is still located (in spite of the current disruption of the World) at 85 Degrees, 53 Minutes, 15 Seconds West Longitude and 16 Degree, 27 Minutes, 7 Seconds North Latitude. Mail can still reach us at "Guanaja, Islos de La-Bahia, Honduras, Central America, and the Cable Address is "COL-ADAMS, GUANAJA, HONDURAS," when not galivanting all over the world for usually about seven or eight months out of 12. The private yacht harbor is the finest within a thousand miles and the island Airfield will easily take C-47s. An invitation is extended former Ninth friends to visit the Tropical Island Paradise, which was (Honest to God) founded by English Pirates and Witches back about 1668.

Buddies Reminiscence Under Carolina Skies



Charles H. Franklin, 5741 Flamingo Way, Hialeah, Fla., sent The Octofoil several pictures he made during his recent trip to Fort Bragg. The one shown above is Franklin and his old Ninth Buddy, former First Sergeant Walter Slaver, now a legitimate civilian Tar Heel of Fayetteville, N. C.

ALL THE HELL OF EL GUETAR REVIVED

SARGE KREYE TURNS BACK PAGES OF TIME WHICH WILL REVIVE VIVID MEMORIES OF DAYS THAT SEEMED LIKE WEEKS

Sergeant Bill Kreye has one of the greatest memories of any former Ninth man who has ever contributed copy to The Octofoil for publication regarding experiences and incidents witnessed while in combat with the Ninth Infantry Division. The following narrative prepared by the Sarge is a most interesting bit of factual history:

By **WILLIAM KREYE**,
337 20th Street,
Brooklyn 15, N. Y.

"EL GUETAR"

"If there was such a thing as hell on earth, here it was. This was the baptism of the real fifth war and the battle for survival."

The 1st Battalion, 39th Infantry approached the area known as the oasis of El Guetar by truck convoy and the last miles were approached on foot just as it was getting dark. The rest of the 39th and the 47th Infantry were in the vicinity too. El Guetar was just like an oasis with its tall palm trees and green vegetation with the surrounding terrain chiefly sand, hills and stumps of dried yellowish grass.

With Lt. Bromley now at the head of the Intelligence Section, the Intelligence Section came to an area where the lieutenant stated that we the enlisted personnel would form a security outpost having a walking sentinel. The walking sentries would contact another outpost manned by "D" Company. In turn there would be a number of these outposts circling the battalion command post which was situated somewhere in a canvas tent.

When the lieutenant departed for the C.P., I decided that Corporal Ray Baldwin and I would make the first patrol to see how things would go as we were the non-coms. We had patrolled a spell as Ray followed and I figured it was about time that we should have come in contact with the other outpost. It was seconds later that we were challenged by a "D" Company guard.

He inquired, "What are you fellows doing in that mine field?"

HEART STOPS

My heart suddenly became a large lump in my throat. I turned my body from my knees to my head toward Ray without moving my feet and I told him not to move and to listen carefully. I instructed him to follow my footsteps and to duplicate each of my steps. Not to make any extra steps. Although it may have been only minutes, it seemed to be hours before we cleared the German mine field. I believe our feet never touched the ground. When we know we had cleared, we had crossed a white tape which signifies the existence of a mine field but there had been none when we entered it.

PLANES APPROACH

The next day as we advanced through the oasis, an enemy plane approached at low altitude which made it come upon us too suddenly for the usual precautions. Someone jumped into what appeared to be a foxhole but it turned out to be a ventilation shaft connected to an underground passageway. This G.I. fell some 35 feet down and he was probably the first casualty at El Guetar. He was lucky at that, suffering only a broken leg.

Here, with the 1st Infantry Division on the left and the 9th Infantry Division on the right less our 60th Infantry Regiment, we would attack the Gafsa-Gabes axis to relieve the pressure on General Montgomery's Eighth British Army to our southeast. Principle handicaps would be that the Americans were apparently green, there was a lack of adequate maps, and most important of all, the enemy knew the terrain too well.

It would be the first time since the North African invasion that the Americans had an objective that they could call their own and we would be under the supervision of General Patton as a part of the American 2nd Corps. It would be a place where the Springfield rifle would replace the M1 rifle just for this battle because the sand hampered the sliding mechanism of this excellent firing rifle.

LAUNCH ATTACK

The attack was launched on March 28th, 1943, and for the next 11 days a bitter fierce battle would rage for hills 290, 369 and 772. During these days and many more to come, an infantryman had to rely upon himself. He had to live like an animal and he had to adjust his existence with the elements of nature. A canteen of water, food and the ammunition that he carried, had to last him for a full day and sometimes several days before he was able to renew his supplies. There

were no shelters of any type for him to run under when it rained or later when it snowed. He had to crawl through dirt and mud. He prepared himself to meet any difficulty which the enemy had waiting for him. He had to be able to take it, and, more important, he had to be able to dish it out. The most difficult part of the fighting to him was the few yards to his immediate front. He wouldn't have known or realized what was really happening in his sector until someone told him. It was weeks or even months before he was able to get enough water to wash his face hands. It was a luxury for him to take a bath.

The Americans were issued small bottles of pills which were to be used if the soldier had to drink water other than that which was issued through normal processing. The pills contained chemicals which contained germ killing drugs and it was sensible to use them.

"K" RATIONS

We would use "K" rations which contained three or four cigarettes besides a can of meat or cheese, crackers, hard candy, a powdered beverage, a stick of chewing gum and sugar. However, the smokes on one occasion were green molded but when we became desperate, we smoked them anyway. Many soldiers who had never smoked before started now. One day a new recruit had a ten cent brand of cigarettes and he didn't like them nor did he know of the cigarette shortage. He almost lost his arm when he started to pass them around.

The enemy was very crafty. He made artificial gun replacements to fool the eyes of our air force. The guns were made out of wood with sand bags piled around in dug-in positions.

AFTER HILL 772

Our final objective was Hill 772. There were supposed to be a tired group of about one thousand Italians and Germans who needed the urge to give up. All objectives were supposed to be taken in three or four days, but it was a different story. The Germans forced the Italians to fight fiercely or be shot down retreating from their positions. Although the fighting was rugged and devastating, the Americans didn't give up an inch of ground. This place was an arsenal and an inferno as well as a prearranged stronghold for the Axis. It also seemed the enemy had air supremacy as well.

My personal observations and experiences during these days will not reveal the usual monotony of war such as bullets whizzing overhead or that shells are bursting here and there but will try to reveal the interesting part. We'll take these other things for granted although they are harassing and they do produce casualties. We will have to omit the possibilities of the enemy's command or their mistakes as it had to be the cunning or the stupidity of the Allied command to produce victory or defeat. Furthermore, a soldier low in rank had no knowledge of these possibilities. We will also have to throw out the knowledge gained from the military field manuals about warfare and we will learn the habits and the methods of our enemy the hard way through experience. Some of the enemy's units will be practically destroyed three or four times in the coming campaigns.

GETS AN INTUITION

First Battalion Headquarters Co., 39th Infantry moved up into a draw. We stopped for a break and my Intelligence group, less the lieutenant, were resting on one side of a slope. I received some sort of presumption or intuition (I would get many of these warnings) that this was not a safe place for the men. So, I moved them to the other slope just in time to miss a barrage of enemy shells which raked the unprotected location that we had been in previously. The command post finally established in a hollow level piece of real estate which was approximately 50 yards square surrounded by low hills.

Before long, it became too congested in this area. Another command post, an ammunition dump for mortars, fox holes for men, mortar sections, half tracks and eventually

an aid station were all situated in this small parcel of land. I had dug almost half a foxhole when I was summoned out on a mission, intended to finish it when I returned. When I returned hours later, there was a half track dug in my position.

SHELLS SPRAY ROAD

Later, it was here that I was assigned as a special road guard to direct "Blood and Guts", Gen. George S. Patton, Jr. to our command post as the shells sprayed the road and the entire area as the enemy could observe part of the road. I learned that the general earned the Silver Star that same day.

Gene Goldberg and I were having a friendly chat as our backs rested against a little noll which was about five feet high and about as round as we sat on the ground. An enemy shell burst on top of the noll and it covered us with soil but did not harm us. I made this remark to Goldberg, "If those Heinies don't watch out, they're going to kill somebody."

ASK FOR VOLUNTEERS

That evening Lt. Bernhardt, Communications Officer, asked for volunteers to go on a patrol to look for Col. Charles H. Cheatham, who had replaced Colonel Rosenfeld as commander of the 1st Battalion, 39th Infantry, and he was apparently lost. There must have been at least a dozen volunteers who stumbled quietly through wadis, over dead soldiers' bodies, followed German telephone lines up and over hills as we were haunted by the cry of a jackal. I believe that at some part of the night we traveled on the slopes of Hill 772. But this is hard to substantiate.

When the patrol returned the next morning without the colonel, I discovered that we had been looking for as well the entire 1st Battalion. The 1st Battalion Headquarters Company less the members of the patrol were the only ones holding the position in front of the enemy. The "lost battalion" had circled and they had arrived at the regimental command post.

After all units were reorganized again, the battalion was set to move forward in a column of companies. We, the members of the Intelligence Section, were to follow at the tail of "C" Company. We only proceeded a few yards beyond the initial point when the entire column was raked with machine gun fire. Lt. Bromley came quickly along as he was down on his knees ducking the bursts or running at almost top speed. He pointed out a place for us to establish our outpost.

To get out of our safe hiding place, we had to expose ourselves to the machine gun fire. As a prearranged plan, we all made a dash together to a five foot embankment between the bursts of fire. Our timing was perfect and once over the embankment we were safe from these bullets. Just as we got away from the column, enemy mortars started to spray it.

ESTABLISH OUTPOST

We established our outpost between the tips of three hill tops and we managed to set up a telephone connecting us with the 1st Battalion command post. This place proved to be the safest spot if not the quietest in the area for the next few days. There was a real "no-man's land" in the valley to our immediate front. We could observe the advance in skirmishes of the "Raiders", the 47th Infantry Regiment. These men would advance over terrain which seemed to be like the rolling waves of the ocean. They would get over the top of one noll when the enemy machine guns opened fire. They seemed to fall head first into the next draw. Whether any were hit or not? We couldn't tell. Then, the enemy's mortars would cover the draw from one end to the other. We didn't expect to see a soul move after that, but once the mortars stopped, the charge started all over again. The same procedure went on for days. The enemy was well camouflaged and in excellent positions. It seemed they could hit any spot with their mortar and artillery fire.

LOCATES RATION DUMP

One day Mati, an ex-Staff Sergeant from "A" Company who was on probation in our Intelligence Section as a strictly private, who was snooping around below the outpost, came back with the news that he had located a ration dump. However, this dump was abandoned by the Americans and the enemy kept a ring of shell fire around it to keep Americans away. We were short on supplies and it was almost two miles back to our command post and it would be another two miles to get

back. John Lihach and Mati, on their own initiative, invaded the ration dump. They brought back a case of "C" rations and a five gallon can of water. Later, Mati decided to go back for more rations.

DISCOVERS WOUNDED MAN

When he returned, he claimed there was a wounded American soldier down there somewhere in the "no-man's land" so he and Stanley Caban carried this fellow up to our outpost. The wounded man was from "A" Company of the 39th and Mati knew him as he was a regular Army man in that company for years. The wounded man's legs were riddled with bullets. He told us that after he was hit by automatic fire, he had no power in his legs. He moved his body by pushing with his hands and sliding on his hand-quarters, dragging his useless legs behind him almost 500 yards before Mati discovered him.

SENDS FOR STRETCHER

While we treated his wounds, gave him food and water, and made him as comfortable as possible, we phoned the medics to bring out a stretcher. It was in the daylight shortly later, when Bill Sollday spotted the position of one of the enemy's well camouflaged machine gun positions. He spotted the position because one of the men tossed a piece of white paper just as Bill was scanning that area with his binoculars. Unfortunately there was nothing that could be done about it. Everyone seemed to be so busy or confused that even the stretcher bearers didn't come. We were ordered to abandon this outpost and return to our command post as shells flew over the outpost toward the command post. I told the officer that here comes another and another as a second later the shell exploded nearby.

We took turns piggy-backing the wounded man over the hills. When we got back, there was a desperate need for men to carry ammunition and food up to the front lines. We carried on our shoulders a can of water and a case of rations or a box of ammo. It was here that a new weapon had joined the 9th, a regiment of mules to carry supplies.

BILL SOLLDAY GOOD SOLDIER

Bill Sollday, a young fellow who was considered too quiet, was a fearless, chivalrous individual on the battlefield. He was not only an ideal battle comrade but also had been an ideal garrison soldier. His mannerisms stressed cleanliness. He was prudent in his knowledge of wild-life and of rural shrubbery. He could practically live off the land.

Louis Matuxewski, who we called Mati, was a more forward, venturesome fellow with a "savior-faire" for military obedience when situations became tough. He had been a platoon sergeant before coming to our section and, no doubt, he was a good one. He was a tremendous aide to the Intelligence Section. Mati had one phobia which occurred when the outfit went into garrison, and things were peaceful, the urge to go astray on unwarranted furloughs.

BITTERNESS-CONFUSION

No doubt, the bitterness, the confusion, and the hardship of the battle can best be described by virtue of Lt. Charles Scheffel's interpretation. The lieutenant had joined the 1st Battalion, 39th Infantry on Nov. 21, 1942 near Algiers as a replacement officer. He joined "B" Company and he became familiar with an enlisted man named "Ernie" Eaton. Scheffel refers to "Ernie" as the bravest man he ever met.

The lieutenant reveals that "Ernie" was made mortar squad leader and he proved to be one of the finest soldiers that he ever knew. At El Guetar, Scheffel transferred to "A" Company and near the end of the battle, he was ordered to lead a combat patrol against the main objective of Hill 772. As volunteers were plentiful in these days, twelve men volunteered to go along from "A" Company. Scheffel was quick to realize that the patrol with himself consisted of 13 men. Intelligence had informed him that the position was held by Italians who would probably fight bitterly if opposed by British troops but who might surrender to the Americans. By some chance, Scheffel's patrol had to pass through "B" Company positions and passed "Ernie's" position. After a welcome exchange of greetings, Scheffel jokingly remarked that "Ernie" should join the patrol to change the unlucky number of 13 to 14. By unexpected surprise, "Ernie" joined the patrol.

GERMANS IN THERE

However, as the patrol advanced at night and carefully advanced be-

yond the enemy's outpost positions, Corporal Piato challenged the enemy in Italian to surrender but the enemy heavily entrenched were Germans. The element of initial surprise was gone to take advantage of the enemy. The patrol was chewed up with machine gun and mortar fire although the Americans did retaliate with grenades and rifle fire of their own while in a deadly trap. What happened to "Ernie?" At the time, he might have been wounded, killed or captured. But, now we know that he was probably killed in the first bursts from the German machine guns. Scheffel called him a man's man. Only four survived, Schaeffel the most fortunate with just a fingernail blown off, a fellow named Woodruff, another with leg injuries and a fourth with his jaw blown off.

Around this time Captain Agnew commanded "A" Company and Captain Oscar Thompson had "B" Company of the 39th. It was on the 11th day after I had made three ration trips over the hills that I realized that the battle was nearing its end. A supply truck arrived with the 1st Battalion, 39th Infantry, S-4. It was Frank Wade, lieutenant, United States Army who had done a bang-up job.

There were two fellows who I knew from the old neighborhood back home. One fellow gave his life, Nick Milazzo, younger brother of Willie Milazzo, with whom I played as a young lad. The other, a wounded man, Joe Bottigliers, from the old gang from the 19th Street and 7th Avenue corner. Both were members of the Ninth Infantry Division. There were many that would be missed such as killed in action, John Shea of the 47th Infantry, and J. Harry Canon, "B" Company, 60th Infantry as the 60th Infantry neared the "Go-Devil" objective of Maknassy, which was taken so gallantly. Back in the states there were people dying as usual from natural causes, but being so young such as my cousin, Clarabelle, was very distressing.

Hill 772 and all other objectives were finally taken. The 9th Reconnaissance Troop had contacted Montgomery's advanced elements. Many lessons were learned such as to smother an enemy hill with artillery before the infantry moved in to cut down on our casualties. The troops that endured were not green any more. They were seasoned veterans who had learned the hard way and from now on would make fewer mistakes.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

ARTHUR FURNISHES THE OCTOFOIL WITH A FULL-SCALE TELEPHONE BOOK

New York Chapter's Public Relations Officer Arthur Schmidt has been kept pretty busy writing letters to the Statler-Hilton Hotel, the New York City Convention and Visitors Bureau, and to World's Fair public relations people. The Baron has been getting results. The Octofoil is in receipt of many outstanding pictures to be used in future issues that should be of interest to those who will be attending the 1965 Reunion. Copies of letters Schmidt sent to the various agencies and their replies are furnished The Octofoil.

The Statler Hilton Hotel is going through a complete major redecoration program and has promised some real enticing dope of the new look about the middle of February—parts of which will be printed in the next issue of The Octofoil.

Demon Reporter Schmidt has forwarded to The Octofoil Yellow Pages from the Manhattan Telephone Directory. These pages do furnish a wealth of information concerning the World's Fair. These pages can be read by the members upon reaching New York City. To follow the instructions as noted on the yellow pages makes it easy for anyone to visit any particular spot—and how to get there most quickly.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N.O.W.—

Father Andrysiak of 60th, Remembered

The Octofoil has written Father Kines on several occasions during recent weeks and mention was made in one of The Octofoil's letter about the unselfish devotion Father Andrysiak displayed while serving as a 60th Regiment Chaplain and how sad the old 60th men were when they learned of Father Andrysiak's death.

In his reply Father Kines mentioned that he and Father Andrysiak grew up together as boys in Baltimore, Md.

FATHER KINES' DIARY ALL-INCLUSIVE

DAY-BY-DAY RECORD SHEETS AS KEPT BY CHAPLAIN PUBLISHED IN "THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS"

Father L. Berkeley Kines, S.J., former 39th Chaplain, is now on the faculty of St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia. The complete diary he kept starting with Bragg days is most complete—not only of interest to former 39th men but to all former Ninth men. The February, 1964 issue of "Woodstock Letters," a magazine published by the Order to which Father Kines is identified, printed the dairy as it will appear in the next several issues of The Octofoil. No former Ninth man can read these all-absorbing chapters without experiencing spells of nostalgia.

Scores and scores of pictures were made while religious services were being held in the field by Father Kines. A story asking that members send in any such pictures that may be located to be run with succeeding installments of the diary, is being printed elsewhere in this issue of The Octofoil. As soon as cuts can be made the pictures will be returned. The liberty of adding bold cap "sub heads" to the following portions of the diary has been taken by the Octofoil editor:

CHAPLAIN AT TAGASTE AND THE KASSERINE PASS

By L. B. KINES, S.J.

In May of 1941 I received word from my superiors that I was to make application to become a chaplain in the armed services of the United States. My first try ended in failure when the Navy Department, because of my faulty vision, turned me down. I was then advised to apply to the Army. The necessary formalities were accomplished by September 5th. I was sworn into active service with a serial number reading 0-425972.

The first assignment was with the Quartermaster Corps at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. Further posts included Fort Myer, Virginia, Fort Eustis, Virginia and, finally, Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Here I was assigned to the artillery induction center consisting of thirteen battalions of inductees. My transfer to the 39th Infantry, 9th Division was quite by accident. The Catholic chaplain was rejected for overseas duty because he did not pass the physical examination. I reported to the commanding officer, Col. B. F. Caffey, Jr., U.S.A., in early May. Until we left Fort Bragg for overseas three months were taken up by amphibious maneuvers with the Marine Corps at Cherry Point, North Carolina, and with the Navy off Solomons Island, Maryland. In early September, 1942 we were alerted for duty abroad and after a few days in the staging area at Fort Dix, New Jersey, we arrived at Hoboken, New Jersey.

OVERSEAS DIARY

The following pages are taken from the diary I kept while overseas and for the most part are taken directly as written at the time of the events.

September 25th, 1942. Climbed aboard the Leedstown, formerly the Santa Lucia of the Grace Line at approximately 8:30 P.M., somewhere along the Atlantic seaboard (actually Hoboken). The proverbial sardine can, or a New York subway during rush hours, looked like the open spaces of the Texas Panhandle compared to the Leedstown as we pushed and elbowed our way across deck, down the ladders to what were in the plush civilian days called Staterooms A Deck. Fifteen officers were assigned to this cubicle and after we just about had settled ourselves a foghorn-voiced billeting officer shouted: "All right, gentlemen, double up, there are about 200 more officers still to be bunked." No umpire at Ebbsfield Field, who called Babe Herman out for going to second base already occupied, ever received the hoots and catcalls administered to this unlucky chap—but to no avail—double up we did. How? Don't ask please!

TENSE AIR

September 26th, 1942. Our first day at sea. There was a tense air of expectancy among the soldiers and under the most trying circumstances they behaved well. Since with 3,000 aboard it was possible to feed each man only twice a day, the meals began at 4 A.M. and lasted till 11 P.M. — the chow line being like Stonewall Jackson's foot cavalry, always on the move. The weather was mild and foggy. The convoy now forming outside the Narrows looks majestic, consisting of battleships, cruisers, destroyers and subs. The questions getting the \$64,000 answers varied deck by deck, v.g., A deck says Martinique, B deck Australia, C deck Norway, and as you hit bottom deck it could be anywhere. But each and all knew we were sailing away from Main Street, Fifth Avenue, Boylston

Street, Charles Street and Broad Street for a long time and that some would not be coming back. Already, perhaps, some unknown Western Union operator was typing out the bleak and sombre message beginning "We regret to inform you." The even more important question than WHERE was WHY. We Americans are by temperament naturally restless and impatient and even if we knew where we were going it seemed that they ought to have told us why.

I found the partial answer from a G.I. at El Guettar—but that was a long way off.

Sept. 27th, 1942. The first Mass aboard ship was said in the Grand Ballroom about 11:40 A.M. and attended by about 350 men, most of whom received Holy Communion after a general absolution. Never in my life have I felt so happy with the troops. One could perceive from the deep sincerity of their devotion and demeanor that though frightened by what may lie ahead the majority realized each in his own way that the time had come to stop playing games, for very shortly the stark hand of battle would separate the men from the boys. Maybe it was my imagination, but the Majesty of God Eternal seemed portrayed in the blue ocean reflecting the azure sky, while a deadly enemy lurked beneath those peaceful waters bent on stopping our crusade. Certainly the moment had done something to the rollicking, carefree G.I.s. Probably not a one of them could have given five solid reasons why we were going where, but the offering of the Eternal Sacrifice was a solid link to a common past, and a pledge of continuity between the past and the problematic future. Could it be that we were returning to the lands of our ancestors there to bring to other men of the same blood, tongue and religion those priceless intangibles we take for granted?

FINDING SPACE A PROBLEM

A mess table served for the altar. The ageless words of the Mass were mingled with hushed orders "not to burn the bacon, take it easy with the beans." Here within the same walls men were waiting for heavenly and earthly bread. I did not have to urge attendance, the problem was finding space. And what a congregation! Many, many strange faces looked up to receive the Eucharistic Lord. Faces I had never seen in the chapel at Fort Bragg. Was this a sudden revival of faith? Probably more like the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom. There was a new emphasis on the MEMORARE recited after Mass. "Never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection was left unaided." And whatever was lacking in harmony in the rendition of "Holy God we praise Thy name" was supplied by intensity.

It is so easy to sit in the state room and write this entry. Maybe nobody was any different than when we embarked. But who knows? It surely seemed different to me.

FIRST SUB—

Sept. 30th, 1942. First submarine scare, off Newfoundland. The day was cold and cloudy and the Atlantic had changed her Alice blue gown for a dull, drab, dreary shroud of grav. Universal confusion at the first notice that our lives are in danger. The gnawing pangs of fear were most evident because of a little note via the loud-speaker to go fully clothed overboard, and even then the life span in the icy Atlantic might be less than ten minutes. Orders were stuttered rather than barked. And then, as would happen a thousand times, the American sense of humor came to the fore. Later on,

it would be a stumbling block to the English and utter chaos to the Germans. From nowhere came a voice loudly insisting "Take it easy boys! I'll take it straight with a little soda and no ice!" Again: "Has anyone an extra bar of soap? I'm saving mine for the Eskimos." We never found out whether it was really a submarine or an iceberg.

DEEPLY MOVED

Oct. 4, 1942. Mass at 11:30 A.M. Attendance over four hundred with one hundred twenty-five receiving Holy Communion. This Holy Sacrifice was given an extra touch when one of the colored lads from an engineer battalion sang Schubert's "Ave Maria." Everyone was deeply moved both by his cultured voice and the pathos he put into this lovely aria. When we landed in Belfast these Negro troops were the first to disembark and the North Irish thought that they were Indians.

A further note was that they were the victims of the old Army game snafu—situation normal, all fouled up. Somebody in Washington had typed their orders to read "Ireland" when actually it should have read "New Ireland." And so they were reloaded on the same transport and headed for the Far East. Here I might as well add that the old struggle between North and South would erupt regularly. All one had to do was to call into question the generalship of Robert E. Lee or U. S. Grant and the debate was on. It seemed so strange since neither the leader of the Blue or Gray hosts of long ago could answer the roll call!

ALERTED OFTEN

During the passage across the North Atlantic we were subjected to various alerts. One in particular caused a near panic. Off Iceland the wireless flashed the alert signal and there was a call to general quarters. The open decks were crowded and the icy blasts chilled us to the marrow. There was reason to fear that the battleship TIRPITZ, the pride of Hitler's navy, had broken the blockade in Norway and was on the loose accompanied by the SCHEER and a covey of destroyers. And so we stood literally frozen to the spot for hours on end. I recited the rosary over and over again and many a strange intonation went into the refrain "now and at the hour of our death, Amen." It turned out to be a false alarm. It seems some British patrol planes (Lancasters) had mistaken an ice floe for the German Navy.

SIGHT LAND

Oct. 6th, 1942. At long last this morning we sighted land, the northern tip of the Emerald Isle and—believe it or not—even the water was green! We followed the coast all day and docked in the Belfast Estuary about 5:00 P.M.

Oct. 7th, 1942. Troops began debarking at 10 A.M. with the minimum amount of fuss. As our battalion came down the gang-plank, a tall quiet unassuming general received our salutes and he looked mighty pleased as we marched by amid the applause (slightly brogueish) of the Irish dockhands. It was General Mark Clark, later Commander of the Fifth Army during the Italian Campaign. The dock area in Belfast brought home to us for the first time the stark reality that war is a grim game. Block after block of warehouses, dwellings, places of business, were either leveled or stared at us with gaping eyes through empty windows. Children tagged along, doing their best to keep in step, all of them giving with their tiny hands the V for victory sign. They looked a bit worse for the wear and tear of blackouts, short rations and bombing raids. At the King's railway station some local canteen unit supplied us with the inevitable cup of tea and very tasty sandwiches.

COUNTRYSIDE A TONIC

We entrained for Templepatrick, a legendary burial place of St. Patrick, now mostly in ruins. The ride through the peaceful green countryside was really a tonic. Lush fields of emerald green in which were feeding large herds of cattle and sheep, broken at intervals by sleepy villages at whose stations crowds had gathered to welcome us. In our battalion were many descendants of the Scotch-Irish ancestry from Tennessee, Kentucky, and North Carolina, whose forebears had left these very hills and dales to find a new home in a new land. Our unit under the command of Major Ferrar Griggs of Scottish ancestry was billeted at Lochinvar, the home of the Adair Clan. We were housed in Nissen huts

throughout the castle grounds.

Oct. 10th, 1942.

The Lord of Adair had a reception at the castle for the officers of the battalion. It was quite formal with a receiving line, introductions and all the hauteur of the old world. Both host and hostess, Lady Adair, were most gracious and his Lordship reminded me that when I said Mass in one of the huts for our troops and those, as he put it, "in service of the lord's household," it was to his best knowledge the first time the Mass had been said there since the days of Elizabeth I. The reception passed off without incident, and I climaxed the visit with a trip to the local church, the floor of which was paved with the tombstones of crusaders and among the tattered rags adorning the walls was a flag which Lord Adair told me had been flown at Agincourt. We also talked of Valley Forge!

YANKEE GO HOME

Three incidents in Belfast were entered in the diary as being somewhat unusual. Belfast was our first experience in a city totally blacked out. One evening just at dusk while waiting for a bus to carry me to King's Station, I was accosted by a big burly Irishman who literally lifted me off my feet, and without so much as an introduction said, "You damned Yankee go home. We don't want the likes of you around here helping the bloody English." The pedestrians in the vicinity did nothing to relieve the situation and to say I was frightened is the understatement of a lifetime. He finally put me down and after drawing out the rosary from my pocket, I convinced him I was a Catholic and a priest. A swift change took place in both his attitude and voice and he kissed my hands and asked for my blessing, which was only too gladly given; with it he hurried into the darkness. Later I talked with the parish priest in Antrim and gathered from his shrewd remarks that the Irish Republican Army was very active in the North and was quick to use the presence of the American troops to embarrass the British authorities.

Oct. 12th, 1942. Doctor Kohlmoos of California, our battalion surgeon and I found great difficulty in locating a restaurant. The city was on short rations and the presence of many thousands of American soldiers made dining a difficult project. Lines were formed at all the eating places in downtown sections of Belfast. In front of the Grand Hotel I spotted a priest and, as he greeted us with a hearty laugh I figured our troubles were over. He invited us to his rectory but we declined knowing that two hungry G.I.s would be quite a strain on his larder. He then directed us to the Ulster Sport Club, but I failed to hear the word "sport." Following what we thought were the good Father's directions, we arrived in front of a brownstone building much like the ones around Mt. Vernon Place in Baltimore. Our ringing of the door bell summoned what looked like a character out of Punch—quite British. On explaining the purpose of our visit, stressing the food angle, we were coldly informed that "this is no beanyery." A friendlier voice from within the hallway however, bade us enter and soon over a Scotch and soda we were being regaled with a salty trip through the Empire—"You know, old chap—Hongkong, Burma and all that sort of rot." Our host wanted to know to what branch of the service we were attached and when he found out that he was entertaining a priest, and a Jesuit! he nearly fainted. We were informed that we were within the precincts of the Ulstermen's Club, the boys who wear the Orange, not the Princeton brand, and we beat a hasty retreat much like their forebears at Bunker Hill.

FINALLY FIND RIGHT CLUB

We finally found the Ulster Sport Club—a most delightful establishment totally Catholic and even more totally, if that is possible, Irish. Where it came from we will never know but Doc and I were treated to a steak dinner with all the trimmings. For music we were entertained by a lad of twelve with the voice of a thrush who ran the gamut of Irish folk songs as he heartily partook of the meal with us, absolutely refusing to take any money. He made his living by singing in the local pubs after having been orphaned and left homeless through a bombing raid. For a backdrop to this quaint setting we had the click of billiard balls, the crash of tenpins mingled with some harmonies of the barbershop quartette variety.

We topped off this gala day by attending the local opera house to see the Belfast players in a farce called "Sweet Aloes." At times we felt like laughter when the rest of the audience was wrapped in solemn silence. The play was a biting satire on Americans of the Park Avenue variety, done rather cleverly. But we are still wondering what finally stirred the audience to laughter when we ourselves sat solemn as owls. One can only suppose that English and Americans will never find a common medium when it comes to humor.

POCK MARKS FROM UPRISING

The parish priest in Antrim took me on a tour of the many interesting spots around the local countryside. One was a hill not far from the Adair estate where local tradition says the Apostle of Ireland had a colloquy with the Druids. The Irish climb the hill on their knees to a small chapel dedicated to Saint Patrick which crowns its eminence. Some stones lying about are said to have been the altars of the Druids. Just outside of Antrim we visited the ruins of a medieval abbey which had been destroyed during the Cromwellian period. In Antrim itself the local church of the presbytery was pock-marked with rifle and cannon shots fired during an uprising in, I believe, 1795.

CROSS THE IRISH SEA

Oct. 15th, 1942. We shipped out of Belfast and crossed the Irish Sea anchoring in Loch Fynne, Scotland. The town was Inveraray, ancestral home of the Campbell Clan after whom the lilting Scottish song, "The Campbells Are Coming" was named. The castle crowning a sizeable hill is the home of the Duke of Argyll, the premier duke of the Scots. We anchored in the harbor, and the ship would house us during the maneuvers. To an already crowded vessel were added willy-nilly three hundred fifty of Lord Louis Mountbatten's commandos, plus more than a handful of sundry Royal Air Force personnel. During the lineup for mess the first morning after anchoring a British commando sergeant, knowing the American way of life, betook himself to the head of the line. But he suddenly found himself in a sitting position at the bottom of the stairs amid a chorus of "Sarge, the end of this line begins on E deck." However, the British non-coms quickly caught on and before long a spirit of camaraderie was evident among the enlisted men. It took somewhat longer for the same to appear among the officers due, I believe, to the caste consciousness of the English officers.

Oct. 19th, 1942. Our regiment had a twenty-mile hike this evening out of Inveraray toward Loch Lomond. As we came off the landing barge a rather unobtrusive officer stood watching the operation. One of our lieutenants called his platoon to attention and reported his presence. Then the lieutenant stood at ease. Suddenly the unassuming officer barked: "Lieutenant, were you not told not to identify yourself or your unit in this operation?" "Yes, Sir," came the reply from the hapless lieutenant now sharply snapped to attention. "Well, have you forgotten your orders so soon? To help you remember them in the future you will consider yourself confined to quarters on shipboard for seven days." The voice was that of General Eisenhower. We saw him again at Souk-Ahras and near Mateur, and felt then that there was a leader who would not fail. There was about him none of the professional hauteur, but something of a sterner quality, a marked earnestness as of intense concentration upon a grave and solemn purpose. Reviewing the troops he gave the impression that each and every G.I. was an important to him as if he were his own son, yet he clearly and sharply meant to imply that his army would be a disciplined one. And in later conversation with him he voiced his view that when we finally met the enemy it would not be enough to be "a rabble in arms."

(To be continued next issue.)

Another page or two, depending on available space will be used in the next issue of The Octofoil to print more of Father Kines' diary. The next installment will call attention to incidents happening around Maison Blanche on Nov. 17, 1942.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W—

The world is full of wooden people who are always doing their best to whittle others down.

—PAY 1-9-6-5 DUES N-O-W—