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The Octofoil

9th Infantry Division Association

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### The Octofoil, March/April 1968

Ninth Infantry Division Association

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# THE OCTOFOIL

Volume XXIII  
Number 4

THE NINTH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Weehawken, N. J. 07087—412 Gregory Ave.

Association Dues: \$4.00 per year—\$5.50  
will be earmarked to pay for The Octofoil

MARCH—APRIL, 1968

## Motor City Awaits Ninth

### Detroit Has Something For Everyone

Detroit, this year's reunion site, is a city with something for everyone. Like the automobiles for which it is famous, the Motor City has something to please everyone regardless of taste or pocketbook. Detroit's many faceted character makes for interesting contrasts.

Founded in 1701, it is the oldest city in the Mid-West. Yet, its skyline is as modern as the 1969 models which will roll off the assembly line in the fall. For more than two hundred years the city has been the bastion of independent capitalists and merchants, but today it is also a major headquarters of organized labor. Located nearly a thousand miles from any ocean, Detroit is a major international cargo port and the Detroit River carries more commercial traffic than the Suez and Panama Canals.

#### HENRY FORD MUSEUM

To the west of Detroit, in Dearborn, home of Henry Ford and the empire he built, is the Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village. Here, on 260 acres of carefully manicured grounds, is a collection of Americana unmatched elsewhere on the globe.

The village and museum were established in 1929 by Mr. Ford as his personal contribution to the preservation of America's past. More than 1,000,000 visitors tour the exhibits and historic buildings each year, and the complex has been among the top ten U. S. tourist attractions almost since its opening.

The museum itself covers 14 acres and contains vast collections of decorative arts, communications and power equipment, full scale replicas of early American shops and the world's largest collection of restored automobiles.

Scattered throughout the rest of the village are more than 100 historic buildings tracing the development of the American home and American industry from colonial days to the late 19th century. Many, like the Menlo Park laboratory where Thomas Edison lit the first electric bulb and the bicycle shop where the Wright Brothers started man on his way to the stars, were brought from their original sites and reconstructed in the village.

Greenfield Village and the Henry Ford Museum welcome visitors year around. They are a "must" for every first-time trip to the Motor City, and many local residents visit several times each year.

#### VISITORS SEE INDUSTRY AT WORK

Detroit's industrial-commercial magnificence is a mighty magnet for visitors. Here they can see first-hand much of what makes the modern world function. Tours of the auto

plants are a must. Eleven different makes of automobiles are manufactured in the Detroit metropolitan area. The visitor can see the complete production cycle from lake freighters unloading iron ore to the starting of the car's engine at the end of the final assembly line.

#### THE ARTS FLOURISH IN DETROIT

The thirst for cultural activity permeating the nation is nowhere more evident than in the Motor City. One of the first projects finished in the renewal of the city's riverfront area was the Henry and Edsel Ford Auditorium where the Detroit Symphony Orchestra under the barons of Paul Paray and Sixten Ehrling has established itself as one of America's premiere orchestras. In the summer months, music moves outdoors. Leading soloists appear with the Detroit Symphony in the recently inaugurated Meadowbrook Music Festival, and there are outdoor concerts at the State Fairgrounds and on Belle Isle, a 1,000 acre island park in the Detroit River. The Theatre has found new life in Detroit. Just a few minutes north of the city's heart, in the New Center area, the Fisher Theatre was recently opened. Located on the ground floor of a towering, plush office building, the Fisher has been widely acclaimed as the most beautiful legitimate theatre in the land.

#### MAKE RESERVATIONS NOW

The attractions mentioned above are only a small sample of the treats that await the visitor to Detroit. A trip to the reunion is the perfect way to spend your vacation. While you are shooting the breeze with your old buddies, the wife and children can be taking in the sights. Make your reservations now, the boys in Detroit are waiting to hear from you.

### Detroit Skyline Beckons "Old Reliables"



This view shows the skyline of modern Detroit. In the foreground, is Cobo Hall and Convention Arena, the city's \$55,000,000 convention and exposition center. Other prominent buildings are Pick-Fort Shelby Hotel, Michigan Bell Telephone Company, Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel, Hotel Pontchartrain, and the Penobscot Building the city's tallest building.

### Ninth Division - The First Team

During the baseball training season, Lindsey Nelson is kept busy covering the activities of the New York Mets. Despite his busy schedule Lindsey still finds time to read the Octofoil. In a recent issue we requested information pertaining to the origin of the nickname "Old Reliables." Lindsey quickly responded to our query and wrote as follows.

In reply to the query of the Military History Detachment of the U. S. Army regarding the 9th Division's acquisition of the nickname "Old Reliables," it was something like this.

There was a General Clarence Heubner, who had been promoted to the post of Corps Commander. The 9th Division fought an action under his Corps command. Afterwards, he wrote a letter to the Commanding General of the 9th Division commending the Division and referring to the soldiers of the 9th as "The Old Reliables." The Chief of Staff of the 9th at the time was Colonel George B. Barth. I was a Captain at the time and Public Relations Officer of the 9th Division. We had never really had a nickname, and we were looking for

one. Colonel Barth thought it might be a good idea if we adopted this nickname, and we did.

I might add, however, that for the most part we were never very enthusiastic about the "Old Reliables" as a nickname. We were pleased and flattered that a former commander of the 1st Division, with whom the 9th had been paired so often, saw fit to use the phrase. But it was something less than a rip-roaring appellation for a great Division of fighting men.

In an editorial, the Boston Globe called the 9th Division "Hitler's Nemesis." We used that in the historical booklet published in Paris. I never cared much for that as a nickname, either.

As a matter of fact, I never did find a nickname that I thought would do justice to the 9th Division and I grew to be pleased with the fact that we didn't really have one. There was the "Big Red One", "The Hell on Wheels", "The Rainbow", "Bucket of Blood," and a million others. We were just the 9th Infantry Division, and anybody who ever heard the name knew that it meant one heluva fighting outfit.



Along that line, I had a talk this winter with former Colonel Wallace Wade, retired former football coach at Duke and Alabama. He said he was commanding an artillery unit during the confusion of the Battle of the Bulge when he was notified that the 9th Division was moving into his area and he told his men, "Stop worrying. Everything is gonna be all right now. They've sent us the first team."

Lindsey's letter adds another chapter to the legend of the 9th Division and we are grateful that he took time out from his busy schedule to write to us.

★ ★ ★

### Remember The Dates

Remember the dates  
for the  
1968 Reunion  
July 18, 19, 20.


**THE OCTOFOIL**


Forms 3679 should be sent to 412 Gregory Avenue, Weehawken, N. J. 07087  
OCTOFOIL ASSOCIATE EDITORS Walter O'Keefe & Daniel Quinn

**NATIONAL OFFICERS**  
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**THOMAS BOYLE**, Treasurer, 39 Hall Ave., Somerville, Mass. 02144

**BOARD OF GOVERNORS**  
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 Robert Rumenapp, 28017 Hughes St., St. Clair Shores, Mich.  
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 1969—  
 John Boden, Box 58, Chester, Pa.  
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 Father Ed Connors, Worcester, Mass.

The official publication of the Ninth Infantry Division Association. Single copy price is 25 cents per issue or by mail \$1.50 per year payable in advance when dues are paid. Dues are \$4.00 per year with \$1.50 of the \$4.00 earmarked for six issues of The Octofoil. 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.  
 An extract from the certificate of incorporation of the 9th Infantry Division Association reads: "This Association is formed by the officers and men of the 9th 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 9th 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.  
 Second-Class Postage paid at Union City, N. J. Authorized as of October 1, 1967.

**VOLUME XXIII March - April, 1968 NUMBER 4**

## Members Remit Dues and Good Wishes

Our members take a great personal interest in their Association. This is clearly evident every year when it comes time to pay dues. The members are not content to place a check in an envelope and send it off to the Secretary; they also include a letter with a personal message. The following letters are a few samples from the many, many letters that are received by Dan Quinn.

Robert Smith - Co. G 39th, Bellevue, Ohio

Sorry I haven't sent in my Association dues sooner, but our son, Ron, has just returned from a year's tour of duty in Vietnam most of which he spent in the Cu Chi area with the 25th Division, so you can see where our thoughts have been for the past twelve months. He is now stationed, of all places, at Ft. Bragg, N. C. and has seventeen more months to serve of a three year hitch.

Would like to hear from any old timers from Co. G, 39th.

Dominick Greco

Feltonsville, Ohio - 60th F.A.

I have received the "Octofoil" and it reminded me that I haven't paid my dues for this year. Am enclosing money order for this year's dues.

I also just found out that the Reunion is to be held on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of July. I thought it was going to be held on the 25th, 26th, and 27th, and applied for my vacation for that week. I don't know if I can change it but I am hoping that I can, so that I can attend the Reunion.

Ed. Machowski - 47th, Chicago, Ill.

Just sat down and will enclose my dues herein. I only hope that with this letter things will be better for all of us this year. The last year sure was a hectic one all around as I see it. My best regards to all Ninth men and their friends.

Frank Jacksha - Co. D 47th St. Paul, Minn.

I am sending dues for '68, kind of slipped my mind this year.

Will try to make Detroit this year if nothing unforeseen happens.

Fred L. Nichols - Co. D 47th, Fayetteville, N. C.

Enclosed is \$4.00 for my 1968 dues. If you ever come to Fayetteville, or if any of the boys do, would sure like to have them stop by and say hello.

Hugh Hansen, Glendale, Calif. Letter from Mrs. Hansen.

I am sending the dues in for Hugh. As we wouldn't want to miss the "Octofoil," Hugh hasn't been too well but has managed to stay out of the hospital for a while.

We sure have beautiful weather 70 degrees - 80 degrees every day, and when we read about the cold back east we don't believe that we could stand it any more. We were terribly sorry about Mr. Plunkett's passing.

Best wishes to all.

Charles Howey - Co. B 60th Cincinnati, Ohio

Enclosed is a check for \$11.00 for my dues for the next three years, I want the Ohio Chapter to get credit for it.

We go up to Columbus every once in a while, although I haven't been able to see Tippy. My wife always calls her and they have quite a nice conversation. The last time we were in Columbus I called Dick Pestel and had a nice chat, he presented my youngest daughter with a plaque and she had her mother hang it up in her room. Through the efforts of the late Paul Plunkett she also received a letter from General Westmoreland. I have read many things about Paul Plunkett, as you know we were in Co. B together, and it's friends like him that I will never forget.

## Doc Walton's Daughter Wed

Doc Walton writes that for the first time in years he and his wife are by themselves. Their daughter, Susan, married Willard Graham on February 10th; the newly-weds live in downtown Rome. Willard served with the Army in Germany and recently completed his three year obligation.

Doc stopped in to see the Walter Victor's, and Walt was out doing some Church pictures but Doc did get to see Miss Ann Margret Victor, age four months. Doc reports that she is a charmer, and that the Victor boys are very pleased with their new baby sister.

Doc reports that Steve Prima, the Lt. from the "Big Red One," who corresponded with Paul Plunkett, is now ready to go back to Vietnam. Steve has completed helicopter school and is being sent to Ft. Bragg to leave with the rear echelon of the 82nd Air-Borne.

Doc's letter brought us up to date on the news from the Southland, but he left out one important detail, he forgot to tell us how he made out during the deer season.

## A Message For The Ladies

Mrs. Thresa Cuprys, President of the Auxiliary, has requested that we remind the fair members of the Auxiliary that their dues for 1968 are due.

Checks should be made out to The 9th Inf. Div. Association Auxiliary, and should be sent to Mrs. Tippie Plunkett, Secretary-Treasurer, 286 Zimpher St., Columbus, Ohio 43206.

Membership cards will be mailed out immediately upon receipt of the dues.

## Reunion Attracts New Member

Elmer Wagner's efforts to publicize the Reunion have garnered unexpected dividends. He has not only gotten the Reunion wide publicity, but he also has gained new members for the Association.

Lynn Galey of Lansing, Mich. writes that he learned about the Association through Elmer Wagner. Lynn joined Co. L of the 39th in Africa. He served with the Ninth in Africa, Sicily, France, Belgium, and Germany. He has joined the Association and hopes to attend the Reunion.

Edward Lewis of Cicero, Ill. just learned about the Ninth Division Association and he immediately applied for membership. Ed writes that after twenty years his old buddy, Charles Harrison, tracked him down and informed him about the Association. Ed is now looking forward to receiving the Octofoil.

Ed and Charles both served with D Co. 39th.

## BOARD MEETING IS SET FOR MAY 18

A National Board of Governors meeting will be held on May 18, at 4:00 P.M., in Pittsburgh, Pa., at the Pittsburgh Hilton Hotel.

Minutes of the meeting will be printed in the next issue of The Octofoil.

## Duncan A Busy Man

Earl Duncan dropped us a line and apologized for not writing more often. Earl said that he had been a little busy during the past year, and went on to say that he still farms, built his family a new house, and has a job making ammunition at the Milan Army Ammunition Plant. If Earl considers this full schedule as being only a little busy we would like to know what he considers as being very busy. Earl is now a Grand-Dad and he finds this role more enjoyable with every passing day.

Earl served with the Medical Detachment of the First Bn. 39th and would like to hear from anyone who served with this unit. His address is Route 1, Humboldt, Tenn.

## Hickory N. C.

### All-American City

Ken Millholland's home town, Hickory, North Carolina, has been selected as an All American City. Because of this, Ken has been kept busy getting out a big edition of the "Hickory Daily Record." Ken's paper has a circulation of over 26,000 and it covers five counties.

Ken writes that his son John is now at Ft. Bragg taking basic training. John will complete his training in May and after a seven day leave at home he will go on to Maryland for further schooling.

Ken served with Co. G of the 47th and he still sees some of his old buddies from the 47th. Ken said that he meets Dr. W. T. MacLauchlin at the Rotary Club meetings. The Doctor served with the 47th Medics. In closing, Ken expressed the hope that some day he will be able to attend a Ninth Division Reunion.

# JOURNAL DEADLINE NEARS

Time passes swiftly and before we know it July will be upon us. In order to have the Journal ready for the Reunion it must go to press several weeks prior to July 18th. This doesn't leave too much more time for sending in ads or boosters.

Each reunion leaves us with pleasant memories but as time goes by these memories tend to fade and grow dim. The journal is a permanent souvenir of the Reunion that will help us recall the pleasant times that were had at the 1968 Detroit Reunion. The Journal will be an even more personal souvenir if your name appears in it. The Journal rates are as follows:

Full Page	\$25.00
Half Page	\$15.00
Quarter Page	\$10.00
One-Eighth Page	\$5.00
Booster	
(Name & Unit)	\$1.00

Copy should be sent to the Michigan Chapter c/o Elmer Wagner, Route 4, Bay City, Michigan 48706.

Let's all get behind the Journal and make it the biggest ever.

## THEY REMEMBER

A tip of the hat to the following members for sending donations to the Scholarship Fund: Douglas Deas, Robert Fleckenstein, Kirby Henry, and John Holick.

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## NINTH INFANTRY DIVISION ASS'N. MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Dan Quinn, Natl. Secretary, 9th Infantry Division Assn., 412 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, N.J. 07087

Enclosed please find 1968 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" \_\_\_\_\_ \$ 2.00 ☐

(Pictorial History of 9th Division in action.)

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. ☐

# THE PAWNS OF WAR

by WILLIAM M. KREYE

## Continued from Jan-Feb

When S/Sgt. WILLIAM J. REILLY, who had worked on the planning of the amphibious loading operations and who had my assistance, was cadreed out, MARTIN KRASOVETZ became the new staff sergeant. This came about by some clever scheming on our first sergeant's part. HERBERT C. MANSON, FRANK D. LAMB, RAYMOND P. PISANI, LINDSAY P. JILTON, JOSEPH B. KANE, ALTON J. LOYSEN, GEORGE E. SHEEHAN, ROBERT P. WALLEY and a few others had departed from the outfit on cadreses, transfers or for Officer's Candidate School.

We spent about two weeks aboard a transport in the Chesapeake. In the meantime, we staged an attack on the island. The Intelligence Section left the transport in the early hours after midnight. We moved from the transport down the gangway carrying rations, rubber boat and other equipment which we had to use. STANLEY CABAN stumbled and dropped the ten oars he was carrying into the bay. We retrieved all but one of the oars. We took a motor launch over to a side of a waiting destroyer.

I was carrying a full box of "C" rations. We had to climb a rope ladder which was descended down the side of the destroyer in order that we could board it from the launch. It seemed that the launch went downward when the destroyer went upward caused by the motion of the bay. I had only one hand free to grab the rope ladder which I did on the downward motion of the destroyer. This left for me to climb the shortest distance to the deck of the destroyer. I couldn't move as I clung there holding on with one hand and holding the box on my shoulder with the other hand. Until someone leaned over the side of the destroyer and relieved me of the box, was I able to raise myself to get aboard.

After the destroyer had sailed a short distance and it had stopped again, we lowered the inflated rubber boat into the water, then we paddled to shore. After we had reached shore and we had camouflaged the boat and equipment, we walked along the slippery narrow beaches which were sealed off by the water hugging cliffs.

Eventually, we climbed the high cliffs and it was a long twelve hours of walking without being detected by our enemy. We came to an area where the officer in charge of our patrol thought we had reached our rendezvous. After I examined and inspected the mosaic which the lieutenant possessed, I figured we had not reached our destined point. As a result of my inquiry to the intelligence of my superior officer, I was sent forward alone to find out who was right.

When I came to a church with a cemetery yard which stood on the opposite side of the road from whence I approached, I made a dash across the road. Two enemy riflemen spotted

me and they were hot on my heels in pursuit. I jumped the fence, ran through the cemetery yard and the church, escaped out the back and through the fields and the woods. I circled around and I returned to our group with the information that there was no one waiting for us.

Our officer then realized that we may not have been at the right place. The patrolling time was just about expired and it started to rain. Our officer passed among us armbands which the enemy was using to identify themselves. After we fixed the illegal armbands around our arms, we marched down the road which was the quickest and the most direct route back to our ship. We were soon stopped by a captain and a sergeant in a passing jeep. Our officer explained when he was asked that we were from "K" Company. Unfortunately, so were they. We were captured and we were made prisoners of war.

The enlisted prisoners were held inside a two and a half ton truck during the rainy night as our rifles stood under a tree. We were not given any food and our rifles became very rusty by late the next morning. We were transferred to an open field after the rain had subsided. We persuaded the guard to let one of us go and buy fresh eggs and bacon from a nearby farm house. After we all had eaten and we were about to overthrow the guard and make our escape, we were freed by our own invading forces.

I returned to our command post only to find that some of my men were in a little difficulty. Two of the enemy half ton trucks had passed through our road block without stopping to the challenge. One of the boys, when the third truck was not going to stop, removed his steel helmet and threw it through the windshield. The third vehicle stopped on a dime.

After the problem was over, we returned to the ship and we practiced operations of loading and unloading men and equipment down the landing nets on the side of the ship. A couple of new machine guns were accidentally dropped to the bottom of the bay and it was a shame as this type of weapon was still a scarcity.

Finally, the last of the cramped up voyage came to an end and we returned by truck convoy to the old homestead at the 9th Infantry Division area. Once again it was the old routine with some study in concealment, communications and camouflage to break the monotony.

We had some fun too and I had arranged with one of my buddies to go to Raleigh for the week end. Upon our arrival at night in Fayetteville, North Carolina where we had to transfer to another bus, we decided to have our supper before getting the bus for the two hour trip. We entered a respectable place on the main drag and we sat down at the counter to enjoy our meal. My companion suggested we have a cocktail, two and three which were supposed to be "Manhattans." After consuming about four of these apiece and the meal had been already served and partly consumed, my partner suddenly got up from his chair. I thought

perhaps he was headed for the restroom but he walked out the front door. I immediately asked for the check and paid for the feed. I pursued after my buddy and I hunted high and low for him for hours throughout the town, but no sight of him. I thought perhaps that the M.P.'s had picked him up and thrown him in the "clink." The military police arrested any soldier that staggered even if the soldier hadn't been drinking and just accidentally tripped over his own feet. I eventually decided to return to my barracks and forget about continuing on alone to Raleigh. When I arrived at the barrack and it was past "lights out," I found my pal in his bed snoring away.

On another occasion with my friend, we got to Raleigh. We went into a dinner around noon time and we ordered big meals for both of us. When I had been about three quarters through with the main course, I asked the waitress if I had to wash the dishes if I didn't have any money to pay the check? She didn't say a word and walked away. Then I had pie ala mode and coffee. When we were all through, we walked towards the cash register where the same waitress was taking the cash. When I approached she said, "That's all right." In other words the meal was on the house. I explained that I was only kidding her and I paid the check. This was a small example of the type of people that worked and resided in the city of Raleigh, North Carolina, the capitol of that state.

My pal who was drunk more times than he was sober, went into town by himself. When he returned that night in the usual state, he told me that he had wired home by Western Union for some money and that he had received it. The next night he again returned from town and he complained that he had an awful time at the Western Union office trying to get again the same money he had received the day before. When I told him that he had received the money, he said that he had forgotten all about it.

It was a short lapse of time when once again we packed bags and baggage to go back to Solomon's Island. This time we would defend the island from the invaders instead of spending weeks aboard the troopships. Our boys were placed on outposts which were scattered along the beaches. Each post was equipped and wired with a telephone. The occupants were to report their observations back to our command post. KRASOVETZ and I kept this information on record in a log or a journal.

After the invasion had started, the outposts were overrun but still there were communications from them. HARRY PAVLUK who was about the last outpost to exist continually sent back messages. He went for thirty-six hours without food and now he started to inquire about it. I told him to give up the outpost and if he could get back through the enemy lines, there might be a steak waiting for him.

The problem was successful and again we returned to our garrison, stopping off enroute,

at Camp Picket, Virginia. There suddenly came a drastic change in the Table of Organization. Headquarter's Detachment no longer existed as it was combined with many personnel of Regimental Headquarter's Company to form the 1st Battalion Headquarter's Company. The two Intelligence non-coms no longer existed as there remained only a buck sergeant's rating. S/Sgt. MARTY KRASOVETZ moved over and he became the Operation's sergeant (S-3) and I was promoted to buck sergeant to fill the S-2 position.

Almost immediately, a new officer was assigned as S-2 to the 1st Battalion by the name of CONRAD ANDERSON. He was a young, very tall and muscular college grad, and he had participated in rowing and long distance running before coming into the service. He admitted, as he laid his cards on the table, that he knew nothing about the S-2 work. This was something new because an officer never revealed what he didn't know. I assured him I would help him out with any problems if they arrived. CONRAD wanted to keep himself in trim and he took the section on short hikes which were more like runs.

ANDERSON came to me one day and he said that we were having a night problem on a certain hill called Collyconch Mountain. He thought it would be a good idea to jump the gun and go before the problem to get acquainted with the terrain. I assured the lieutenant that I knew every blade of grass on that hill as we have had almost a hundred field problems on that knoll already.

The division conducted an Intelligence School in Theatre Number 4 consisting of about seventy-five officers and non-commissioned officers from the 9th. The school which lasted for ten days under the direction of Lt. Colonel WILLIAM R. MacLEOD, G-2, had lectures, training films, conferences and practical problems on map reading, espionage, camouflage, communications, interrogation of prisoners, identification of enemy aircraft and vehicles and other aspects of intelligence work. At the end of the schooling we were tested and my average test score was very impressing.

Soldiers climbed up and down mock landing nets during the summer. The outfit made beach practice landings by jumping off the sides of the personnel carriers on to the dry sand at Fort Bragg. We also traveled to Virginia and coastal areas of North Carolina to get our feet wet on practice beach landings.

MANTON S. EDDY became commanding general of the 9th Infantry Division on July 24th, 1942. The division was visited by many known personalities: Secretary of War - HENRY L. STINSON, General-GEORGE C. MARSHALL, Field Marshall - Sir JOHN DILL, Admiral Lord - LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, Marine Colonel - A. J. DREXEL BIDDLE, Lt. General - LESLEY J. McNAIR, Lt. General - MARK W. CLARK.

Even WALTER WINCHELL was talking about the 9th.

Then it came. We scrubbed the barrack's walls for two weeks until the white paint dissolved and it began to drip and to show up on the dark wooden floors. The 39th Combat Team moved out on September 17th, 1942 to Fort Dix, New Jersey. Later the 47th and the 60th Combat Teams shackled up in tents on Chicken Road. On October 15th, the 60th Combat Team, commanded by Colonel FREDERICK J. DeROHAN, followed by the 47th Combat Team, commanded by Colonel EDWIN H. RANDLE, awarded the Silver Star and Purple Heart medals in World War I, left for embarkation.

After a short stay at Fort Dix, preparing for embarkation, we traveled secretly to Staten Island where we boarded our troopship. On September 25th, 1942 the U. S. S. SAMUEL CHASE, our ship up-anchored and many ships formed our convoy. There were about 3,000 men aboard our ship. A few days later we arrived at Halifax, Nova Scotia and we remained in the harbor for two days. No one was permitted to leave the ship. After leaving Halifax, we intercepted a German message which stated three of our vessels were sunk due to "wolf-pack" submarine warfare. It was not true.

The voyage across the Atlantic was uneventful except for the fact that JOHN LIHACH contracted cat-fever and he was in the sick-bay most of the trip and BILL SOLLIDAY was bent over the rail trying to dispose of the food that he didn't get a chance to eat.

We landed at Belfast, North Ireland and we traveled on a strange type of railroad with very short cars to Carrickfergus where Sunset Park was located. This was a former British garrison and it contained sheet metal round top "Quansons" huts. It rained almost continually while we were in Ireland but the rain did not halt our hard surfaced road forced marches.

I had the pleasure of getting to Belfast. The people had, a few months prior to our arrival, experienced a German air raid. There were no defenses against enemy aircraft, no barrage balloons, no anti-aircraft guns and no intercepting planes to combat the intruders. There were few shelters for the protection of the civilians and they knew what it was like to witness a bombing.

Belfast was the quickest moving town under blackout conditions other than New York as the crowds jumped from trolley to trolley under the darkest situations. The trolleys never stopped as the riders jumped on and off without a mishap.

## Chapter 8 Invasion Of North Africa

The Place - DAY, AIN TAYA, NORTH AFRICA

Time - NOVEMBER 7, 1942

Unit - COLONEL ROSENFELD, commander of the 1st Battalion, 39th INFANTRY REGIMENT, 9th INFANTRY DIVISION & attached units.

The Cast - Members of the INTELLIGENCE SECTION (S-2)

Member	Rank
CONRAD V. ANDERSON	1st Lt.
Phila., Pa.	
WILLIAM M. KREYE	Sgt.
Brooklyn, N.Y.	
STANLEY CABAN	P.F.C.
Buffalo, N. Y.	
WILLIAM H. SOLLIDAY	P.F.C.
Norristown, Pa.	
JOHN LIHACH	P.F.C.
New York, N. Y.	
RAY BALDWIN	P.F.C.
West Virginia	
JOHN FISHER	P.F.C.
Vernon, N. Y.	
HARRY G. PAVLUK	Pvt.
New York, N. Y.	
HYMAN CEPPOS	Pvt.
Washington, D. C.	

After our short stay in North Ireland, the U. S. S. SAMUEL CHASE LEFT Belfast harbor, with plenty of supplies and equipment for a long voyage. We, the 1st Battalion, 39th Infantry (Fighting Falcons) of the Ninth Infantry Division and attached units on board, were a complete combat team.



We sailed to a destination in the vicinity of Inverary, Scotland. Here we simulated an amphibious attack against the famous Black Watch Regiment of Scotland. We disembarked down landing nets which hung from all sides of the U. S. S. SAMUEL CHASE, formerly known as the S. S. AFRICAN METEOR. We were packed in an LST (LST - LARGE SLOW TARGET) British type landing craft, very snug and tight just as if cattle were being transported. The soldiers moored like cows. This type of landing craft seemed to be too clumsy for each landings. The troops had to wade through two or more feet of ocean water to get their feet on the dry portion of the beach. After the beach landing was made, the troops were assembled in a column of twos and they were forced-marched for twenty miles. Then we simulated an attack on the Black Watch positions as they defended the hills. The attack in general was friendly but bitter at a few locations as a few groups introduced unorthodox methods such as firing blanks into the faces of their opponents and tossing steel helmets into the defenders' positions. However, the defending positions were overrun and the attack was successful, we were told.

This simulated battle had lasted throughout the night until dawn the next morning. There were a few minor casualties. The American troops were re-assembled and marched back to the landing craft. The craft returned to the nets along the sides of the "SAMUEL CHASE" and the troops climbed aboard—dirty, wet and exhausted.

From Scotland we sailed from time to time in many directions until we floated past the Rock of Gibraltar and we entered the Mediterranean Sea. The French called it the Mer Sea.

Ever since the ship left the United States, there were many crap games, seasick soldiers and coast guardsmen, just too many general alerts or alarms. An alert was a warning by the sound of a horn or buzzer that

danger was nearing or approaching the vessel. The naval personnel ran to their battle stations and positions while the Army personnel ran to their quarters to get out of the way of the ship's crew. However, after many, too many dry-runs, the Army personnel moved very slowly or paid little heed to these warnings.

The first day on the Mediterranean, the general alarm was again sounded. This time two enemy planes flew over our convoy and they were very high in the sky. They were too high to fire at and they inflicted no action upon us. There was no doubt that they must have seen this large convoy. It was here that I realized, I guess as well as many others, that this was the real thing or the beginning of the real war.

No one knew except for a few of the top brass where we were going. Finally, the day came when my immediate officer, Lieutenant CONRAD V. ANDERSON, invited me up to the ship's Captain's quarters. Here stood before me an exact miniature model of the landing area. ANDERSON told me that we would land at the beach near Ain Taya, a few miles east of Algiers. We would be part of the Eastern Task Force. CONRAD pointed out that our Intelligence Section had many functions to perform. He would try to contact the Mayor of Ain Taya to see if the mayor was cooperative with the American cause. If this was true, then he would ensue the mayor to contact other mayors of surrounding towns to aid in the liberation.

The other jobs were to be disposed amongst my men the way I thought would be best. The most dangerous. I figured, was the disrupting of communications on top of the cliff, I selected one of the ablest men, STANLEY CABAN, and myself for this task. JOHN FISHER and RAY BALDWIN were assigned as observers and messengers with the attacking line companies. HARRY PAVLUCK and HYMAN CEPPPOS would di-

rect by flashing colored lights from the beach the following landing boats. BILL SOLLDAY and JOHN LIHACH would take care of captured prisoners and form a stockade for them on the beach. If there were prisoners, they would be or could be French, Arabic, Italian and German. It was becoming a confused war.

The men of our section were scattered throughout the ship and we kept in condition by assembling on deck for special calisthenics. We had regular calisthenics when everyone aboard participated which was at least once a day. I got extra exercise each time there was a meeting or a class of some sort by searching throughout the ship for the men.

At night, before I hit the sack, I usually stood on deck a while and admired the Mediterranean Sea. The water was especially blue in the daylight but at night the light reflection from the stars and the moon reflected off of the phosphorus water like millions of diamonds sparkling on a black carpet.

It was on a night like this while I was admiring the water that a seaplane flew over. It seemed to be a friendly plane as it exposed a red and a green light from each side. It flew away and then it changed its course back toward our ship. This time it approached just over the water. I saw something splash in the sea just below the plane. This object made a phosphorus path through the water toward our ship. It was then I realized that a torpedo was coming my way. I didn't know what to do! Should I jump overboard or should I run to the opposite side of the ship? Instead I stayed there and I watched the torpedo miss the rear of our ship.

The torpedo struck another ship in our convoy, the U. S. S. STONE, carrying our 2nd Battalion Combat Team commanded by Lt. Colonel WALTER M. OAKES.

On the evening of November 7th, 1942, Colonel A. H. ROSENFELD made a short speech which briefly stated that the success of this operation depended on each individual man doing his assigned job. We all had a final supper on ship which consisted of sandwiches of the cheese and baloney variety accompanied with hot coffee. Although I didn't know it then, it would be the last time that I would see the U. S. S. SAMUEL CHASE. It would be later sunk off the coast of Norway enroute with supplies to Russia.

At 2200 hours, I, as well as many others, went down the landing nets into American Higgin's landing boats. Each individual was armed to the teeth. I went down the landing net with the usual equipment plus six extra bandoleers of thirty caliber ammunition, a map board approximately three by four feet in size and a command post pencil-map case. It was a heavy, clumsy load for an individual to carry but the landing boat stood the shock and it did not sink when my two feet made contact with it. My apologies to the Navy for calling a ship a boat but this is an Army story.

Men from the United States Coast Guard piloted these Higgin's boats. It was very dark although it was a clear night. I could just make out the skyline and other outlines of objects by the various shades of darkness. As we went in, I thought of many things. Most of all, what I expected to happen when we hit the beach, such as the possibility of the cross-fire from machine guns at each end of this beach. Was it a trap?

There was a stairway at the west end of the beach and a trail at the east end. Perhaps we had to climb the cliff under enemy fire. Now, fear presented itself



American troops of the Ninth Infantry Division march along side of French Troops in North Africa, 1942, during Franco-American parade, Oran, Algeria.

for the second time. Then all of a sudden, I snapped out of this nightmare and I peered over the side of the ship. I saw we were heading for a huge dark object protruding out of the water about two hundred yards from the beach. It was a huge rock and I brought this to the attention of the pilot. He immediately altered his direction.

There were three Higgin's boats that reached the beach first and precisely at the same time. The one I was in with STANLEY CABAN, the other two containing Lt. ANDERSON, BILL SOLLIDAY, RAY BALDWIN and JOHN LIHACH. Fortunately, there was no immediate opposition.

As I set foot on the beach, I dropped the six bandoleers, the map case and the board safely on the sand. CABAN and I lost no time in getting away to engage in our task. We had to climb the cliff which was approximately forty feet high to reach the road which ran parallel to the edge of the cliff and the beach. On the side of the road towards the beach were power lines resting on thin wooden poles. On the opposite side of the road was our objective. Here ran the telephone lines ready to be cut.

STANLEY and I reached the top of the cliff via a slightly washed out section in the edge of the cliff which we mastered without aid of a rope. When we approached the road, to our surprise there were more than fifty telephone wires attached to slim wooden poles. CABAN, he was the lighter of the two and he was a few inches shorter, started climbing one of the poles as I stood guard at the base of the same pole. When he reached the wires, he began to cut them with his wire-cutters. He had cut many wires on one side of the pole when suddenly the weight and the pull of the wires from the other side brought CABAN, the pole and the wires crashing down across the road. He was not hurt. Communications were completely disrupted.

All other assignments were accomplished or being fulfilled. CONRAD ANDERSON contacted a friendly mayor but the mayor was unable to contact anyone else by telephone. The wires were coiling all over the road which went through Ain Taya. The first elements of our line companies had reached the road by the time CABAN and I started our return to the beach. Some of the troops tripped over the wires or they were pulling weapons carts which tangled in the coiling wires.

We joined SOLLIDAY and LIHACH down on the beach. We watched the exchange of cannon fire between our naval escort and the battery to our west from Fort Jean Bart. Then something went wrong which usually happens in war. Landing barges with armoured vehicles and light tanks came into the beach. This was not the beach for ve-

hicles. They couldn't return to sea as they would have conflicted with other vessels so they had to unload on this beach. All four of us helped the British to manhandle these vehicles up the cliff via the same washed out section CABAN and I used on our initial approach to the road. As enemy planes were dropping bombs out there where the ships were unloading, we succeeded to get four or five vehicles up the cliff before we were completely exhausted. After a little respite (as the British say) we set forward to try and contact our command post.

Bart between Ain Taya and Algiers was giving, as well as the ships, a hard go for it for our 3rd Battalion. Colonel ROSENFELD sent our 37mm Anti-Tank Section over to aid the 3rd. I heard they managed to blow in a door enabling the 3rd Battalion to get in and then quiet the fort.

Our main objective was the capture of Maison Blanche Airport which had to be taken within six hours to allow airplanes enroute from Gibraltar to land there. These planes had just enough fuel to reach this airfield. A small French force and some tanks put up resistance. Colonel ROSENFELD, under a flag of truce, induced most defenders to surrender, others were wiped out. The defenders' cause was hopeless, outnumbered and useless.

American troops liberated towns with small American flags pinned on their arms. This identification was for the French to recognize American troops. We arrived at the airport at early dawn. I captured an Italian civilian air-pilot who had transported German military personnel from the Algiers area to the European continent and other points before our arrival.

Our first night at the airport of Maison Blanche was quiet. However, someone blew a siren. We were just about to sleep on the grounds of the airport runway when HARRY inquired what the siren was for. One of the boys told him that it was a gas attack. So, HARRY put on his gas mask and he slept all night with it on.

Near morning but still in the darkness of the night, I went to investigate a light which had awakened me as it was shining brightly as my face was facing the light. I traced the light to a hut which was occupied by four French soldiers. We were at a disadvantage as they couldn't speak English and I couldn't understand French. However, I was presented with a large slice of black bread covered with sweet jam. I was also invited by the motions of hands and lips to use a bed but after I finished the bread and jam, I returned to my group on the runway.

We guarded the airport for many days. We started out with about twenty men for this guard duty but as the men were drafted



French Colonial Army Band during religious celebration which was attended by members of French and U. S. Army, Rabat, French Morocco, 12/19/42.

## Pawns Of War

for other details, eventually there remained only two of us on guard. BILL SOLIDAY, who had been standing one continual shift of guard for sixteen hours, called about his relief. When told that there was no relief, he continued on for eight more hours until he was dismissed of the guard and this type of guard duty was abandoned.

"THE MARINES HAVE LANDED IN NORTH AFRICA," were the headlines the people in the United States were reading in their newspapers the following morning. The nearest group of men that resembled marines were the American Rangers and the British Commandos.

The 60th Regiment (Go-Devils) attacked Port Lyautey and the Kasba as the main assault of the Western Task Force with aid from the 2nd Armoured Division. Their grimy struggle for their objectives was bitterly contested but determination after a few days made them succeed to take their objectives. They were bitterly opposed by the French air-arm and the French-Moroccan infantry.

The 47th Infantry (The Raiders) combat team also attached to the Western Task Force landed at Safi and opposed the French Foreign Legionnaires. They too were successful. The Western Task Force included in their prizes the important city of Casablanca. Another group called the Central Task Force composed of the 1st Infantry Division, the 1st Armoured Division and American Rangers landed in the Oran-Arzew area.

German junkers tried to bomb the airport near Maison Carree every day. Their losses were heavy from the pursuit of two spitfires who left the airport upon the first warning of the approaching enemy bombers. The spitfires zigzagged their way up to the height of the bombers and they met them just as they came over the airport. The German aircraft switched their attacks to the darkness of the nights when they dropped many candlelight flares which illuminated the countryside as if it were day. With all these attempts and tries, the enemy never hit the airport once, at least, not while we were there.

If you will recollect, we left ANDERSON with the mayor of Ain Taya. Well, CONRAD happened to return to the beach and to witness a tragedy as the "Leedstown," a troop transport, was sunk and many of its personnel were helplessly floating in the sea. ANDERSON rushed down to the beach's

edge. He swam out and into the beach, each time he brought in a near drowned soul. On one occasion a piece of the wreckage ripped off all his clothes. Some of the women were watching from the nearby beaches, as he entirely nude, brought in the last few men. The fact that he had saved more than twelve men did not phase him but only the embarrassment of being nude bothered him. Lt. CONRAD V. ANDERSON received the Soldier's Medal for this deed.

The 2nd Battalion Combat Team of the 39th Infantry Regiment victimized by that torpedo which hit the U. S. S. THOMAS STONE, traveled about one hundred and sixty miles in their landing craft vessels to take up reserve positions in the landings. It was

After all these delays and confusion we finally started to make time and in the meantime, regiment who was stationed at the town of Maison Carree, alerted CONRAD, who remained at 1st Battalion command post, that German paratroops had dropped on this town at 0300 hours. CONRAD realized that the patrol was three hours overdue and he figured that the enemy paratroops and the motor patrol might have something in common. Another factor was the motor patrol had no means of communicating with the command post. ANDERSON asked for and he gathered a number of volunteers to form another motor patrol to investigate the report. One of these volunteers was Operations Staff/Sergeant MARTIN KRASOVETZ, from Gibbsboro, New Jersey.

We, the overdue motor patrol, passed through Maison Carree at exactly 0305 hours which was five minutes after the reported enemy paratroops landing and everything was peaceful and quiet. We reached the command post at about 0400 hours. In the meantime, ANDERSON's patrol had left and they told us at the command post what had transpired. I left word to see that CONRAD received the word that we had returned. I knew that his trip would be a dry-run. When he returned we summed up the events of a quiet evening.

We also did some daylight motor patrolling. We discovered for the first time a new enemy gadget, a "butterfly bomb." A bomb of this type was a shell, which looked like an ordinary bomb. Its exterior was just a shell which was about six to seven feet in length. Inside the shell were from fifty to a hundred booby-trap tin cans. This shell was dropped from an enemy bomber. On the way down the shell opened up and springs attached to the tin cans scattered them in the air. These small cans hit the ground dispersed over an area of a few hundred yards. Some of the tin cans exploded as they hit the

earth, others had time elements, and others exploded when they were disturbed.

When we had reached this area where the "butterfly bomb" had been dropped, an Arab boy about thirteen years of age was working a farm. He touched one of these tin cans with his plow. The explosion killed him instantly. We returned to our command post with this information and with the empty shell casing of the "butterfly bomb." We returned to the scene of the tin cans with CONRAD ANDERSON. He tried to explode one of the cans by shooting at it with his carbine rifle. He was at a safe distance but his aim was to no avail.

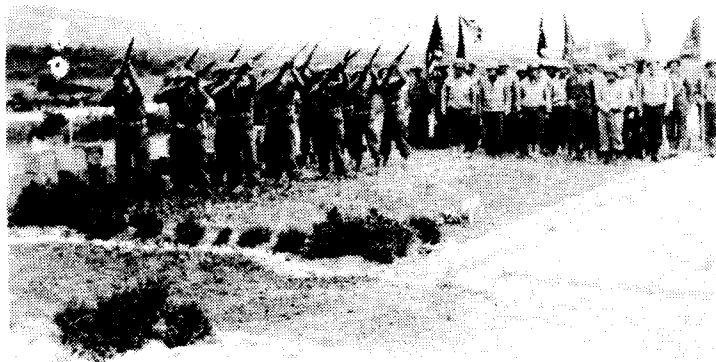
On many of these daylight motor patrols, we gathered loaves of black bread, mild garlic and sometimes, but rarely, Italian style oval tomatoes. We ate garlic and tomato sandwiches instead of the Army "B" rations our kitchen was serving. Regimental command post put out orders not to bring in "booby-traps" to command posts. The British engineers took care of the demolition of bombs as well as the "butterfly bombs" as they were in charge of all the disposal of bomb demolitions.

(continued next issue)

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Pity the poor housewife. When she feels a mite weary, she has no place to stay home from.

PAY  
1968  
DUES  
NOW



39th FIRING SQUAD - Sedjenane, Tunisia Cemetery

### SOCIAL SECURITY

#### FOR WIDOWS

Congressman Paul A. Fino, Dean of the New York Republican Congressional Delegation, recently re-introduced his bill to provide that disabled widows may receive full Social Security benefits at the age of fifty rather than have to wait until age sixty-two (reduced benefits are payable at the age of sixty).

In re-introducing the legislation, Congressman Fino said: "Under the present law, a disabled widow must wait until she is sixty-two in order to collect full Social Security benefits, unless she is the mother of a disabled child or one under eighteen.

"This is totally unfair. A disabled widow is beyond doubt a very hard person to place in a job. The interim between the time she either becomes a widow or her child becomes eighteen, and the time she reaches sixty-two, has aptly been described as the 'Valley of Despair.' She may have no means of support. The age requirement of sixty-two in this circumstance is unrealistic and cruel. I strongly urge humanization of this law so that disabled widows can receive Social Security benefits at age fifty."

## Remember The Dates

Remember the dates  
for the  
1968 Reunion  
July 18, 19, 20.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question - I am a World War II veteran with a \$10,000 NSL Insurance policy. My policy number is prefixed with the letter "H." All my friends have policies with a "V" prefix, and they get a dividend every year. I've never received a dividend, and I'd like to know why.

Answer - Policies with "H" numbers are nonparticipating policies and no dividends are payable on such insurance. "H" insurance is a special type which was issued between August 1, 1946, and December 31, 1949. The requirement of good health was waived because of a service-incurred disability; thus no dividend is accumulated or paid because of the higher insurance risk.

## Philadelphians Will Feel At Home



NO!! We didn't goof and print a picture left over from the Philadelphia Reunion. The above picture shows the colonial entrance to the Henry Ford Museum; it is an exact copy of Independence Hall in Philadelphia. Landmarks of American history are collected at Detroit's Greenfield Village, founded by Henry Ford, and now the world's greatest collection of Americana.

JOHN J. CLOUSER  
901 GRACELAND STREET  
DES PLAINES, ILLINOIS  
60016

## Ninth Division Press Box



Taken somewhere in France during August 1944, the above picture shows Capt. Lindsey Nelson and Sgt. Don Peal in the press tent of the Ninth Division. Today Lindsey occupies much more luxurious quarters in the Press Box at Shea Stadium, home of the New York Mets.

## Detroit Swings

At night, Detroit area swings from the plush suburbs where auto magnates listen to sophisticated combos to downtown spots where authentic Middle Eastern belly dancers show what the Crusaders didn't write home about.

Detroit's night spots offer the same diversity that characterizes other facets of the city. There are large, posh entertainment places on both sides of the river regularly featuring the biggest names in show business. There are small, intimate lounges where jazz devotees congregate from wall to wall to hear high priests of the cult.

Sophisticated supper club orchestras play for dancing in niteries all over town, while "Go Go" girls stir up storms in a host of recently opened discotheques. Strip tease dancing is legal in Detroit, and a number of clubs offer exotic dancers with all shapes, styles and gimmicks.

The folk music craze has a firm hold in the area. Bearded beatniks mix with nattily attired young executives in a dozen places where the guitar is king.

## VETERANS IN VA OUTPATIENT PLAN MAY CHOOSE THEIR OWN DOCTORS

A new program to reduce costs and improve service in outpatient care is being inaugurated by the Veterans Administration following a successful test program in three states.

Since World War II, the Veterans Administration has authorized outpatient care by private doctors, at government expense, for certain qualified veterans. Most of these patients have service-connected disabilities. Hometown medical care is authorized in such cases when treatment at a VA medical facility would involve a long trip or other hardship. Under the old rules, VA estimated how much care each such veteran would need during the coming year and issued an authorization to a specific doctor to give treatment at government expense.

Under the new program, VA will issue an identification card to veterans who require this type of treatment and each patient will be permitted to select a doctor of his choice for treatment of the medical condition stated on his card.

☆ ☆ ☆

## 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 St., Columbus, Ohio 43206

I would like to become a member of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Ninth Infantry Division Association. Enclosed is check or money order for \$1.50 for 1968 dues. Please mail my membership card to—

Name .....

Street .....

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

While attached to the 9th 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 43206. A 1968 countersigned membership card will be sent immediately.

By order of the President:  
MRS. THERESA CUPRYS, President.

## Taps Sounded

Three more "Old Reliabilities" have passed on to their eternal reward since the last issue of the Octofoil.

Perry J. Burnett, G Co. 60th Inf. formerly living in Cincinnati, Ohio and more recently at 5243 South 14th Avenue, Phoenix, Ariz.

Vincent N. Lepore, A Co. 47th Inf., of 443 Theriot Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

Paul "Doc" Walton, Medic 47th Inf., of Rt. 7 Old Dalton Road, Rome, Georgia.

The Octofoil joins with the thousands of other Ninth Division friends and extends heartfelt sympathy to the Widows and families of these departed buddies.

(Editor's Note) - Being acquainted with these men through the Association leaves me without words but Vince and "Old Doc" were two 47th men whom I knew since back in Bragg - of 1941. Just as we were going to press, Walter Victor phoned from Georgia and gave us the sad news of the demise of "Old Doc." In another section of the paper is the last "story" sent in to us by "Doc."

It was a sad home coming for the son of Vince Lepore when his Dad passed away three days after he returned from Viet Nam.

## MRS. PERRY BURNETT APPRECIATIVE

Responding to a letter of sympathy sent to her by the Secretary, Mrs. Burnett writes: "Dear Dan: Thank you for your letter. I would very much appreciate receiving the Octofoil. It helps so much, during this lonely time, knowing I have friends like you."

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Perry Burnett

## GRATEFULLY

ACKNOWLEDGED  
"Please express our sincere thanks to the many friends and members of the Ninth Infantry Division for their kind expressions of sympathy, Mass Cards, gifts and beautiful floral tributes received in the recent bereavement of husband and father."

Sincerely,  
Ann Lepore and Sons

## COMPLETE MEDICAL SERVICES FOR TOTALLY DISABLED VETERANS

Congressman John P. Saylor (R-Pa.), a member of the House Committee on Veterans' Affairs, has introduced a bill (HR 3627) in the 90th Congress, to amend title 38, United States Code, to provide that the Veterans Administration shall provide complete medical services for any veteran totally disabled from a service connected disability.

In practical effect, Representative Saylor's bill, which is in conformity with Resolution #431 adopted by the 1967 National Convention, would extend outpatient medical and dental services to the non-service-connected disabilities of service connected totally disabled veterans.

Paula: "We're out of ice cubes, Dear."  
Tom: "What's the matter, did you lose the recipe?"

## Travel Tips

The Detroit Chapter wants to be sure that nobody gets lost on their way to the Reunion. So they have sent us the following travel tips for members who are planning on going to the 1968 Reunion.

As usual, most of our members will travel to the reunion by car. Detroit is easily accessible via our interstate highway system or the excellent Ontario roads. Those coming via I-94 will enter the city from either the southwest or northeast. Within the city, I-94 is known as the Edsel Ford Freeway. Proceed on the Ford Freeway to the Ford-Lodge interchange and follow the signs to downtown Detroit and enter the Lodge Freeway-I-696. Exit at Bagley St. and stay on Bagley to Grand Circus Park. The Statler-Hilton is located on Washington Blvd. at Grand Circus Park.

If you enter Detroit from the south on I-75, exit at Schaefer Highway and proceed left on Schaefer until you reach I-94. Then follow the above directions to the hotel.

If you enter Detroit from Windsor over the Ambassador Bridge, drive to Michigan Ave., U. S. 12, and turn right to downtown. Turn left at Washington Blvd. and proceed to Grand Circus Park.

If you enter Detroit via the Detroit-Windsor Tunnel turn left one block on Jefferson Ave. to Woodward Ave. turn right on Woodward and drive to Grand Circus Park.

Those who travel to the Reunion by plane will land at Detroit Metropolitan Airport, twenty miles southwest of downtown Detroit. The airport is located next to I-94 Freeway.

## RANDLE GETS RESPONSE

In the last issue of the Octofoil, General Randle asked the readers for assistance in locating a former 15th Engineer member. Alex T. Forrest supplied that information to the General. Holt Rast is operating out of Birmingham, Alabama. We are sure that the General has lost no time contacting Holt.

P.S. While you are at it, General, perhaps you can persuade Holt to rejoin the ranks in the association.

## Chowhound's

### Paradise

Eating is an adventure in Detroit. A booming major city located on an international border holds forth the promise of fine places to wine and dine and exciting spots for nighttime relaxation.

Detroit makes good on that promise. Gourmands and gourmets will find much to please their palates.

For those who like to relax amid opulence, a host of plush restaurants offer a chance to divide a Chateaubriand or savor rare prime rib in surroundings that vary from the polished mahogany and red velvet of the Tudor era to glittering examples of the 20th century at its sophisticated best.

The more adventuresome eater will not want. Detroit has much to intrigue him. He can enjoy sauerbraten at a German restaurant that has been serving Detroiters at the same location since the middle of the Civil War (War Between the States).

He can nibble on shrimp tempura atop the city's most modern skyscraper in a setting imported all the way from Thailand while ships from all ports of the globe pass below and the lights of Canada glimmer away into the distance.

In Chinatown there are restaurants that serve food just the way the Chinese eat it, and others that serve it the way American think the Chinese ought to eat.

For variety, the international minded diner in Detroit will find Polish restaurants, Greek restaurants, French restaurants, Middle Eastern restaurants, Italian restaurants, Mexican restaurants, Continental restaurants, and even a restaurant that serves such delicacies as fried ants and lion-burgers. Three race tracks will feed you in grand style while you watch the ponies run.

Dining out in Detroit can be as much of an adventure as you want to make it.

Woman with six kids tagging along to sales clerk at perfume counter: "Actually, what I need is a repellent."

## REQUEST FOR ROOM RESERVATIONS FOR 9TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSN. REUNION

July 18, 19, 20, 1968

Statler-Hilton Hotel  
Detroit, Michigan

Please reserve for the undersigned, room reservations, as checked, for dates noted:

Name -

Address -

City -

State -

Zip -

Single Room ( ) \$10 Double Room ( ) \$15 Twin Room ( ) \$17

Rates prevail three days preceding the reunion and for three days after the reunion.

## FREE PARKING

Date of arrival

Approximate time of arrival \_\_\_\_\_ A.M. \_\_\_\_\_ P.M.

Date of departure