

College of the Holy Cross

CrossWorks

The Octofoil

9th Infantry Division Association

4-1-2014

The Octofoil, April/May/June 2014

Ninth Infantry Division Association

Follow this and additional works at: <https://crossworks.holycross.edu/octofoil>



Part of the [Military and Veterans Studies Commons](#), [Military History Commons](#), [Social History Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Ninth Infantry Division Association, "The Octofoil, April/May/June 2014" (2014). *The Octofoil*. 393.
<https://crossworks.holycross.edu/octofoil/393>

This Newsletter is brought to you for free and open access by the 9th Infantry Division Association at CrossWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Octofoil by an authorized administrator of CrossWorks.

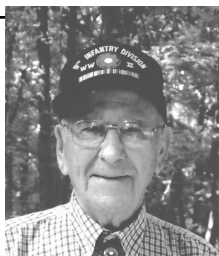


The Octofoil

April-May-June
2014

Volume LXIX, No. 2

President's Message



It was sad news to hear that our past president, Joe Maiale, passed away. Joe fulfilled many tasks as an officer and member of our Association, guiding it through some very tough times. He will long be remembered, and his presence will be profoundly missed by all of us.

On a trip to Memphis, Tennessee recently, I was behind a Dodge Ram pickup with one of those magnetic plaques or logos on the tailgate. The message was: YOU ARE FOLLOWING A GIRL SCOUT. WE LEAD THE WAY. How clever! It reminded me of AAA-O that was painted on the helmet of a soldier serving in the 39th Infantry Regiment.

My daughter, Joyce and my niece, Carol Schumacher were Girl Scouts. They would have grasped the message immediately. Also, my partner Ellen, was the Girl Scout Camp nurse for many summers when we lived in Ohio. And my sister-in-law, Mary Schumacher, was an executive in the Girl Scouts in the St. Louis area. Both Ellen and Mary would have applauded the message, had they seen it.

Which started me to think: Now that our Association is entering a new era, would it benefit by having a logo? Here is my proposal: We have a lot of talented, intelligent folks in our Association. Take a moment sometime and put an idea on paper, or focus on a line or two, such as something the Old Reliables have done for you or how they have mentored you. Mail it to the editor of The Octofoil. After the editor has published some examples, who knows, we may have an election and select one to put on the front page of The Octofoil. Or some may be used in reunion programs to attract attention.

I'm planning to meet many of you in Houston, TX during our 69th Annual Reunion.

Paul Schumacher, President
Ninth Infantry Division Association

Treasurer's Report First and Second Quarters of 2014

CHECKING ACCOUNT:

Beginning Balance as of January 1, 2014: \$29,350.24

Income:

First Quarter: 8,286.43
Second Quarter: 10,715.33

Total Income: \$19,001.76

Expense:

First Quarter: 360.95
Second Quarter: 1,706.64

Total Expense: \$ 2,067.59

Balance in Checking Account : \$46,284.41

This represents all monies spread over six sub accounts within the one checking account. These sub accounts include: General Fund, Octofoil Subscriptions, Octofoil Library Project, Memorial Fund (aka Tip of Hat), Friends of Father Connors Fund and the Reunion.

(continued on pg. 7)



Inside this issue:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| <i>Tip of the Hat</i> | 2 |
| <i>Friends of Fr. Connors Fd.</i> | 2 |
| <i>Michigan Chapter Report</i> | 3 |
| <i>Ninety's Club</i> | 4 |
| <i>Taps Sounded</i> | 5 |
| <i>Mail Call</i> | 7 |
| <i>War Ordeal Vivid</i> | 8 |
| <i>Stressed Kid in WWII</i> | 9 |
| <i>Friendly Reminder</i> | 10 |

OUR MISSION

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 by means of educational activities and to serve as an information bureau to former members of the 9th Infantry Division.

THE OCTOFOIL

The official publication of The Ninth Infantry Division Association Inc.. Published four times yearly, January-March; April - June; July - September; October - December. Material for publication must be received by the publisher according to the following schedule:

December 20 for the January publication
March 20 for the April publication
June 20 for the July publication
September 20 for the October publication

One year subscription fee is twenty dollars (\$20.00) and must be sent to the publisher by check or money order made payable to:

The Ninth Infantry Division Association.

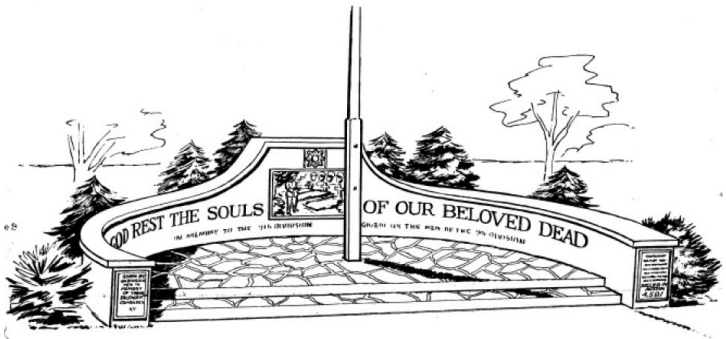
Send payment to: **Publisher, The Octofoil**
Theda Ray

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

The Ninth Infantry Division Association Inc. is a registered 501(c)19 Veterans' Organization of the Internal Revenue Code in a determination letter issued in January 1948. Contributions are tax deductible.

Volume LXIX Number 2 April, May, June, 2014



Friends of Father Connors Fund

The Friends of Father Connors Fund would like to thank the following new donors for their generous contributions:

Michigan Chapter

Isabel Bergin

Jane Mitchell and Theda Ray-in honor of their father, Clarence Ray, on the 70th anniversary of his landing at Utah Beach

William Van Ryn

The current balance of the fund account for restoration work is \$8,350.04. No expenses have been incurred during the second quarter of 2014.

If you would like to donate, please make your check payable to: **The Ninth Infantry Division Association.** Please note in the memo section of the check "FFCF" and send to :

Mary Cooper, [REDACTED]

TIP OF THE HAT

We thank the following members and friends for remembering the Memorial Fund and our buddies who have answered their last Roll Call.

Mildred Billington in memory of Lila Stansell

If you would like to donate please make your check payable to: **The Ninth Infantry Division Association.** Please note in the Memo section of the check "Tip of the Hat" and send to:

Mary Cooper

[REDACTED]

"Lest We Forget"

The Ninth Infantry Division Association Memorial Service
Immaculate Conception Parish

353 Grove Street

Worcester, Massachusetts 01605

Sunday, October 19, 2014 10:00 A.M.

On Sunday, October 19, 2014, the 70th annual Memorial Mass and wreath laying ceremony will be held at the Immaculate Conception Parish in Worcester, MA. This year's service marks another milestone in a long line of continuous Mass celebrations started by Father Edward T. Connors. Father Walter J. Riley, Pastor, will celebrate the Mass and conduct the memorial service.

If you plan to attend, please contact Gail Eisenhauer at 203-248-1495 or pdgail8@aol.com to make lunch reservations for after the service. Hotel reservations should be made on your own if you plan to stay overnight.

Michigan Chapter Report

On May 10, 2014—a beautiful sunny day just one week before Armed Forces Day (May 17) and weeks from Memorial Day, the Michigan Chapter members gathered for their Spring meeting at the Spartan Hall of Fame Cafe in East Lansing. As the social hour began, there was an awareness of a very small group in attendance. Each meeting had always been a mini-reunion with abundant hugs, sharing, reminiscing and joy in seeing each other again. Ten persons were present, which included three veterans: Hal Ladouceur, Lynn Bowers and Clyde LaBrenz.

Welcoming the group, President Hal Ladouceur called the meeting to order. The Pledge of Allegiance was recited, then he called for a moment of silence for those no longer with us. Vice-President Susan Andrews offered grace before the luncheon.

President Hal stated that he had talked with the Octofoil Publisher, Theda Ray regarding any national news. The President encouraged members to attend the National Ninth Infantry Division 69th Annual Reunion which will be held in Houston, Texas on July 11, 12, and 13.

Treasurer Lynn Bowers gave a complete treasury report, reminding everyone that the PNC Bank in Grand Rapids had provided free service to the Chapter over the years.

Erik Olson passed around the 2013 October, November and December issue of the Octofoil so everyone could view the previously published Michigan Chapter article with the group picture.

President Hal Ladouceur reminded everyone that the Octofoil subscription fee of \$20.00 needed to be sent to the Publisher, Theda Ray at [REDACTED]. In addition, members were to check the back of the Octofoil for their specific Octofoil expiration date.

A motion was passed by the veterans attending to disband the Michigan Chapter of the National Ninth Infantry Division Association as thoroughly discussed at the Fall Chapter meeting. Hal suggested that the remaining balance in the Chapter Treasury be sent to the Friends of Father Connors Fund, which was agreeable with everyone. Treasurer Lynn Bowers would expedite this process, sending the balance of \$511.63 to Mary Cooper [REDACTED].

With a mix of emotions, attendees discussed the disbandment. Susan Andrews stated that she had looked up the history of the Michigan Chapter and had found that the Chapter commenced in 1946. She recounted that her father had been very involved with the 9th Infantry Division. Further, she stated "My father was William C. Andrews. He was a Tec 4 in the 39th Infantry Regiment of the 9th Infantry Division. I remember seeing pictures of him with the Michigan Chapter from the late 1940s. I know he had served as President of the Michigan Chapter at one time. He helped organize many events for the Michigan Chapter including the National Convention held in Detroit in the 1980s and out of state meetings which included members from Michigan, Indiana, Ohio and Illinois. After he passed away in 1983, my mother, Lucille Andrews and I attended many 9th Michigan Chapter meetings and National Conventions together. Since my mother has been unable to travel, I've continued going to the Michigan Chapter events to represent my parents."

Erik and Kaye Olson brought two gifts to be given to the attending veterans. One was a beautifully, hand-woven white notebook cover adorned with an Octofoil and title of the Ninth Infantry Division. The 2nd one was a small replica of a 1957 Chevrolet Bel Air Convertible. Following a discussion amongst the veterans, Lynn Bowers received both items.

Lynn Bowers suggested that past members of the Michigan Chapter meet informally. He offered to buy lunch for those who could make it to Russ' Restaurant in Grand Rapids. Calendars were checked and the gathering would occur on Saturday, September 27 at 12:00 noon. Lynn's phone number was given as [REDACTED]. Stella Bowers handed out her beautiful homemade hot pads and dish cloths to those attending as she had done for so many years.

The past Chapter officers this year were: President Hal Ladouceur; Vice-President Susan Andrews; Treasurer Lynn Bowers; Secretary Margaret Wisniewski; and Recording Secretary Kaye Olson.

Those attending the final meeting of the Michigan Chapter were: Hal and Lucille Ladouceur, Lynn and Stella Bowers, Clyde and Ann LaBrenz, Marcia LaBrenz, Susan Andrews, and Erik and Kaye Olson.

Following the motion to adjourn, more socializing took place. E-mail addresses, telephone numbers and addresses were exchanged. There wasn't any doubt that this had been a hard and difficult meeting with disbanding the Michigan Chapter. Although many were saddened with this loss, they looked forward to having lunch in Grand Rapids in September and being reunited to catch up with each other again.

Respectfully submitted,
Kaye Olson

(photos on page 4)



**Michigan Chapter members
on 5/10/2014:**

Seated L to R:
Ann LaBrenz, Stella Bowers,
Lucille Ladouceur and
Kaye Olson



Standing:
Clyde LaBrenz, Marcia LaBrenz,
Susan Andrews, Lynn Bowers,
Hal Ladouceur and Erik Olson

Chicago, 1950

Michigan Chapter members, Bill
and Lucille Andrews are the first
couple on the left at a 1950 Ninth
Division Reunion in Chicago. Bill
(William C. Andrews) was a Tec 4
in the 39th Infantry Regiment.

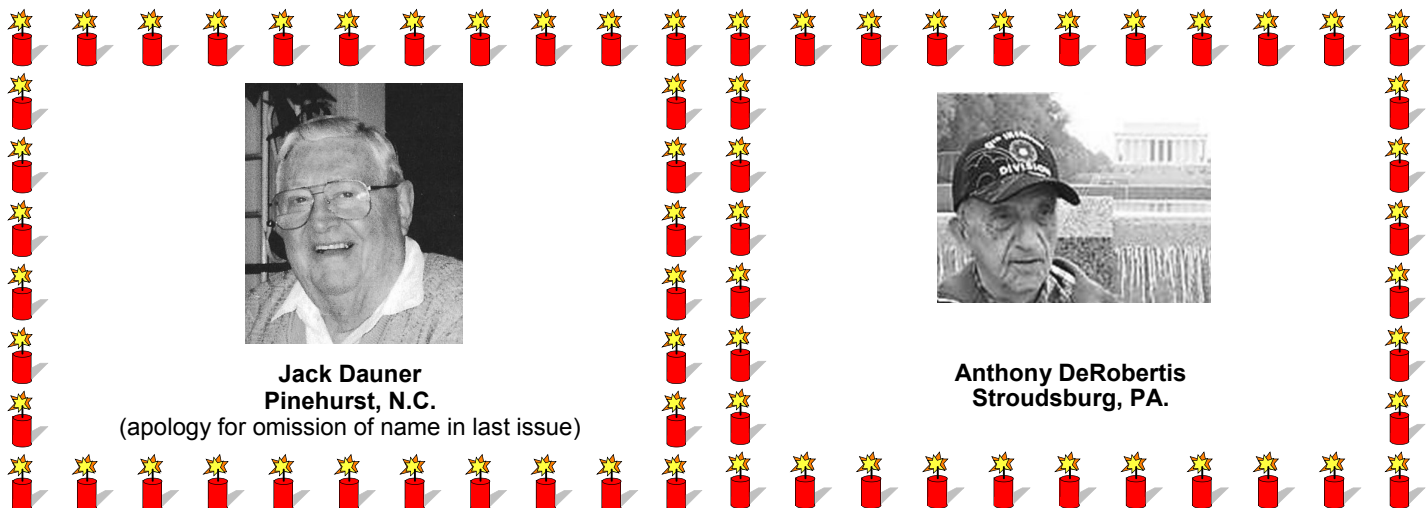
(Photo submitted by Bill and Sue
Andrews)



THE NINETY'S CLUB

Here's your chance to join an exclusive, much respected, one of a kind club. Member-
ship is free!!! All it takes is a birthday celebrating your achievement of 90 years. Send
your name and recent photo to Jane Mitchell, Editor.

Pictured below are the New Ninety's Club Members



**Jack Dauner
Pinehurst, N.C.**

(apology for omission of name in last issue)



**Anthony DeRobertis
Stroudsburg, PA.**

TAPS SOUNDED

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat the soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet that brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping—ground their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round, the bivouac of the dead.

Bivouac of the Dead by Theodore O'Hare - 1847

9th Infantry Division Medal of Honor Recipients World War II

S/Sgt. Herschel F. Briles, Co. C, 899th TD Bn; Near Scherpenseel, Germany; 20 November 1944
2nd Lieutenant John E. Butts*, Co. E, 60th Infantry; Normandy, France; 14, 16, 23 June 1944
T/Sgt. Peter J. Dalessandro, Co. E, 39th Infantry; Near Kalterherberg, Germany; 22 December 1944
Sgt. William J. Nelson*, Co. H, 60th Infantry; Djebel Dardys, NW of Sedjenane, Tunisia; 24 April 1943
PFC Carl V. Sheridan*, Co. K, 47th Infantry; Frenzerberg Castle, Germany; 26 November 1944
Captain Matt L. Urban, 2nd Battalion, 60th Infantry; Renouf, France; 14 June to 3 September, 1944
* Posthumous award

Source: U.S. Army Center of Military History

Vietnam War

SGT Sammy L. Davis, Battery C, 2nd Battalion, 4th Artillery; West of Cai Lay; 18 November 1967
SP4 Edward A. Devore, Jr.*, Company B, 4th Battalion, 39th Infantry; Near Saigon; 17 March 1968
PFC James W. Fous*, Company E, 4th Battalion, 47th Infantry; Kien Hoa Province; 14 May 1968
SSG Don J. Jenkins, Company A, 2nd Battalion, 39th Infantry; Kien Phong Province; 6 January 1969
SGT Leonard B. Keller, Company A, 3rd Battalion, 60th Infantry; Ap Bac Zone; 2 May 1967
SP4 Thomas J. Kinsman, Company B, 3rd Battalion, 60th Infantry; Near Vinh Long; 6 February 1968
SP4 George C. Lang, Company A, 4th Battalion, 47th Infantry; Kien Hoa Province; 22 February 1969
PFC David P. Nash*, Company B, 2nd Battalion, 39th Infantry; Giao Duc District; 29 December 1968
SP5 Clarence E. Sasser, Headquarters Co., 3rd Battalion, 60th Infantry; Ding Tuong Province; 10 January 1968
SP4 Raymond R. Wright, Company A, 3rd Battalion, 60th Infantry; Ap Bac Zone; 2 May 1967
* Posthumous award

Sources: A Short History of the 9th Infantry Division and
www.homeofheroes.com

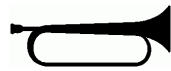
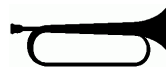
Joseph A. Charvat
I Co., 39th Inf. Regt.

Joseph Maiale
I Co., 47th Inf. Regt.

John Nicholson Moore
B Co., 15 Eng. Bn.

Thelma L. Solar
Widow of Richard L Solar

Efrem Zimbalist Jr.
B Co., 60th Inf. Regt.



Joseph A. Chervat I Company, 39th Infantry Regiment

It is with deep sadness that I inform you of the death of my father, Joseph A. Charvat on April 23, 2014. Dad had a stroke six weeks earlier, was hospitalized for three of those weeks and then returned home where he died peacefully; he was 95 at the time of his death.

Dad was a member of the 9th Infantry Division, 39th Infantry Regiment, I Company. (Hope I got those in the correct order!) Along with the love of his life, his wife Betty, who died three years earlier, he attended many of the I Company reunions beginning in the 1990's, sometimes bringing one of their three grandchildren along with them. I had the privilege of accompanying them to the last reunion they attended in 2005 in Washington, D.C. He looked forward to his monthly meetings of the Long Island branch of the 9th Infantry Division and served as President for a couple of years.

He did not talk often about his time in the service as some men do; it was my mother who discovered the local newspaper articles recounting his carrying the US flag as his group embarked from their ship to the shores of Africa in November of 1942 and later again onto the shores of Sicily; she had to write to Washington DC to find out the stories behind his silver and bronze star medals as well as the other campaign commendation awards. But he never missed a Memorial Day parade and

proudly displayed our country's flag from the front porch of the home he lived in for most of his 95 years.

One of my most vivid memories, and perhaps the moment that gave me a different insight into that period of his life came in the early '70's when we were invited to a neighbor's to welcome home their son from Vietnam. He had served in Naval Intelligence based in Saigon and was not talking much about his time there and his family feared he was having difficulty transitioning back to civilian life. They had lived next to my Dad when he returned from WWII, so they asked for his help. For what seemed like hours, Dad and Wade sat in one corner of the yard, facing one another, heads bent together, deep in conversation. No one dared interrupt them with offers of drinks or food until they got up and joined the rest of us. Both seemed more relaxed and it was clear to all of us there that they both shared experiences that only they could understand and we could not. Both men made peace with what they had seen and perhaps done and could now move on with their lives.

Dad loved his family and friends, his NY Yankees and all things Long Island. He was a role model for all who met him. I don't think he ever realized just how much he influenced us and how much we will all miss him.

Submitted by Christine Charvat Osborn, Carmel, NY

TAPS EULOGY



Joseph Maiale
I Company, 47th Infantry Regiment

Grandpa's Eulogy

Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you all for coming today. I'm sure my grandfather would be happy you all came today.

My grandfather was a great man but never considered himself as such. He was a hero but never saw himself that way either. In life and in death, he would always put other's needs above his own. He never feared death, his only concern was who would take care of grandma.

My grandfather was a Prisoner of War and while he was taken captive they didn't feed the prisoners for 5 days, but luckily he had a few chocolate bars.... Rather than feed himself, he gave them away. That was the type of man he was. He always put his family and friends first.

Throughout his life he always made time for us and we were always on his mind. He was there for every special person's day (and with 3 of us this was no easy task)— football games, concerts, graduations. If grandma and grandpa went somewhere like Branson, MO, we all got tee shirts..

He made time to take us crabbing. When Mike caught a shark, Grandpa was waiting for him at the dock before he even got back. When Joe shot a moose, he was waiting for him when he came home to help him cut it up at 11 p.m. that night. No matter what we were doing or when we were doing it or when it was, Grandpa would drop everything to make sure he was always a part of it.

Traditions and family were very important to him. Sunday Dinners, birthdays, holidays, and taking a picture by the tree every Christmas Eve, or just any excuse for us all to get together. You take them for granted and never assume it's going to end. Grandpa was a lot of things, a hero, a family man, husband, father, brother, but most of all a best friend to the 3 of us. Grandpa, you will be missed, but we'll never forget the memories.

Submitted by Michael Maiale, grandson of Joe Maiale

the Society of Automotive Engineers. He was a life member of the Reserve Officers Association, a founding member of the Elm Grove Community Church and active in Golden Kiwanis in Elm Grove.

John enjoyed time at their cottage on Teal Lake in Wisconsin, busying himself with many projects, including the construction of a pole barn from trees on the acreage, complete with a carved eagle. He did manage to find some time to experience the thrill of catching a "keeper" musky.

In retirement, John enjoyed traveling the United States and spending time with family and friends, as well as various wood-working, precious stone, silver crafting and corkboard projects.

He is survived by Margaret, his wife of 67 years, a sister, 3 children, 4 grandchildren, 5 great-grandchildren and countless friends.

A committal service and inurnment was held at Southern Wisconsin Veterans Memorial Cemetery, Union Grove.



Thelma Louise Solar
Widow of Richard L. Solar

Thelma Louise Solar, 95, died Feb. 23, 2014 in Mesa AZ, surrounded by her loving family.

Thelma was born Sept 20, 1918 in Port Leyden, NY to the late Vernon and Nina Grace Belknap. She graduated from Holland Patent Central School where she played on the girl's basketball team. A beauty school graduate,

she owned her own beauty shop in Barneveld before marrying the late Richard Lewis Solar of Clayton, NY on Sept. 22, 1941. They lived in Sherrill, NY before relocating to Tucson in 1957. She was a member of the former First Congregational Church of Tucson where she was active in the women's auxiliary. They have been summer resident of Pinetop-Lakeside for over 40 years. She loved bowling, fishing and U of A basketball. She and her husband belonged to the Catalina Sam's RV Group and the Pace Arrow Roadrunners. Thelma belonged to the Red Hat Society; as "bingo queen", she played several nights a week with friends in Tucson and the White Mountains. She was a member of the Emblem Club in Show Low and Senior Center in Lakeside. She is survived by her only child, Kathy (Robin) Tapelt, 4 grandchildren and 9 great-grandchildren. Also surviving is her sister, Bernice Noyes (102), several nieces and nephews and her brother-in-law.

In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions in Thelma's name can be made to Hospice of the Valley, 1510 E. Flower Street, Phoenix, AZ 85014 or www.hov.org.



John Nicholson Moore
1920-2013
B Company, 15th Engineers Battalion

John N. Moore was born on May 9, 1920 in Pittsburgh, PA and passed away on Oct. 25, 2013, in West Allis, WI.

He graduated from Penn State University in 1942 with a degree in Agricultural Engineering and was a member of Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

He was commissioned in the Army on May 9, 1942 and served in the 9th Infantry Division, 15th Engineers Battalion in North Africa, Sicily and the European Theatre through October 1945. He was the recipient of 2 Purple Hearts, a Bronze Star and the Chevalier de l'Ordre de la Couronne avec Palme from Belgium.

John was married to Margaret Katherine Ramaley on Jan. 18, 1946 in Oakmont, PA. He worked for the Allis Chalmers Co., West Allis, WI, in the Farm Equipment Division from 1946 to 1982. He was active in and served as president of



**Efrem Zimbalist Jr.
B Company, 60th Infantry Regiment
1918-2014**

Famous Actor and Member of The Ninth Infantry Division Association Passes Away

You might be surprised to know that Efrem Zimbalist Jr., who you may remember best as Lewis Erskin in the TV series, *The FBI* (1965-1974) and Stuart Bailey on *77 Sunset Strip* (1958-1964), was a member of The Ninth Infantry Division Association and a subscriber to *The Octofoil* until his recent death.

He was recently featured in the June/July issue of *VFW Magazine*, along with other famous actors with the most combat experience in major wars, entitled *Battle-Tested Actors*. Efrem served in the 3rd Battalion, 60th Infantry Regiment, 9th Infantry Division. With his regiment, he landed at Mehdiya, Morocco in November 1942, fought in Tunisia until May 1943, participated in the Offensive in Sicily, and went across Utah Beach in June 1944. After fighting at Cherbourg, France, his unit drove into Germany and was in combat in the Huertgen Forest and Ardennes, then crossed the Rhine and stopped the Germans in the Ruhr Pocket in April 1945. He received a purple heart for a shrapnel wound in his leg.

Efrem was born in New York City on Nov. 30, 1918 and resided in Solvang, CA at the time of his death. He is survived by a son, Efrem III and a daughter, Stephanie, 4 grandchildren and several great-grandchildren.

MAIL CALL

Attached is a picture of my Dad at the WWII Memorial (*shown in The Ninety's Club section on page 4*) and another picture in uniform during WWII. (*below*) On September 24, 2013, he turned 90.

Anthony Ralph DeRobertis was a PFC with "L" Company, 47th Infantry Regiment, 9th Division.

He served in five campaigns starting with the Battle of Normandy at Utah Beach, Northern France, Battle of Huertgen Forest, Battle of the Bulge and Remagen Bridge where he earned his Purple Heart.

He is pretty active taking care of my Mom, Rose, for over 60 years. He is also active with the Knights of Columbus.

He uses one hand to hold on to his walker while using his grass trimmer with his other hand.

Now that he has made it to 90, he is looking forward to seeing his picture in the *Octofoil*.

John C. DeRobertis



**Anthony Ralph DeRobertis
In uniform during WWII**

Treasurer's Report (continued from pg. 1)

CGM MUTUAL FUNDS:

(Balances as of April 24, 2014 Statement)

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------|
| Account ending in 44308) | \$9,962.82 |
| Account ending in 97153) | \$24,038.16 |

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------|
| Balance in CGM Mutual Funds accounts: | \$34,000.98 |
|---------------------------------------|-------------|

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|
| TOTAL FUNDS IN ALL ACCOUNTS: | \$80,285.39 |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|

Respectfully submitted,
Mary Blann Cooper, Treasurer

War Ordeal Vivid for WWII Veteran

Reprinted from the Dayton Daily Times
May 24, 2014



Dick Stoltz (left) and Fred Price look at a World War II book at Stoltz's Butler Twp. Home. The two met at an American Legion post 15 years ago.
Drew Simon/staff

Dick was in L Company, 47th Infantry Regiment, 9th Infantry Division

Former Butler Twp. Soldier among 1.7 M surviving of 16 M who served.

As the 70th anniversary nears of D-Day and the Normandy Invasion, Dick Stoltz, 88, of Butler Twp., noted how each year he finds fewer people who share his experiences.

An Army veteran, Stoltz recently recounted those terrible days: how he went ashore shortly after the initial invasion; how he was torn apart twice by shrapnel and bullets in the battles across France; and how he was saved by a battlefield buddy who survived the war as well, but who died just last year.

Stoltz cried as he spoke of his friend, John Hill of Indiana. Stoltz said Hill passed away around Christmas last year.

"It kind of made me sad, because we'd been through so much together," Stoltz said.

In 2013 the Veterans Affairs Department estimated there were 1.7 million surviving veterans of the more than 16 million who served in World War II. The youngest today are in their late 80's, like Stoltz.

But 69 years after World War II ended, Stoltz still has the awards he was given to commemorate his service in the Army: two Purple Hearts and four battle stars. And he has found some new, younger admirers.

Fred Price, 80, a close friend of Stoltz, met the Butler Twp. native while at the American Legion more than 15 years ago.

"He's the guy I look up to," Price said. "What he did, how he did it and luckily he came back after he did it. I think the guy's an idol."

Stoltz said he was placed on the Normandy shore shortly

after the heavy fighting for the beaches had stopped. His fighting, he said, did not really begin until later when they reached the high ground and joined the push through France.

Drafted as an 18 year old and a senior at Butler High School, Stoltz attended basic training at Camp Wheeler in Georgia.

Shortly after basic training, Stoltz was shipped across the Atlantic Ocean to England, where he waited for his call to duty.

After June 6, 1944, Stoltz was sent to Europe where he served as a replacement for troops in the first wave.

Then 18, Stoltz was assigned to the light weapons department, where he was placed in the mortars section.

While in combat Stoltz also was first injured by flying shrapnel. The shrapnel, shell fragments, hit his back. "It cuts, tears, rips going in and it's worse than a bullet," said Stoltz, describing the injury he sustained while fighting in St. Lo, France.

Then Stoltz was nearly killed when he was shot on a battlefield in Germany toward the end of the war. That he was not killed, he said, is due to the fast action of a friend of his on the battlefield, John Hill.

Stoltz said he and Hill were pinned in a ditch in the latter days of the battles in Europe.

"I raised my head just a little bit," Stoltz said when he was interviewed in his Butler Twp. home. A bullet caught me in the neck, close to my jugular vein."

Stoltz said he thought he was going to bleed to death, but Hill patched up his wound and Stoltz was able to crawl to safety.

Stoltz received an honorable discharge from the Army shortly after he was shot in the neck.

Today, Stoltz is married to his wife Betty Jo and the two have been married for 52 years.

The following story was submitted by Dick Stoltz, L Company, 47th Infantry Regiment, Ninth Infantry Division. He was featured in the newspaper article on page 8 of this issue.

STRESSED KID IN WORLD WAR II FLASHBACKS

I was in my senior year in high school waiting to graduate and join the Navy, but that didn't happen. When I turned 18 the draft board took me to the Army Infantry, and would not let me into the Navy like I wanted.

I took basic training in Macon, Georgia and running the obstacle course was hard on my flat feet-with flat feet you can't run fast. Why did they put me in the infantry knowing I had flat feet, and carrying 45 pounds more weight than the riflemen had to carry?

I trained in light weapons, 60 mm mortar, and had to travel with the riflemen. And I had to carry 45 pounds more weight on my right shoulder than they had to carry-and running to keep up was hard on my flat feet and back.

I carried mortar rounds in a saddle bag on my right shoulder. Here is where I think my back trouble started, with carrying 45 pounds on my right shoulder, because my back bones were not fully developed. I found out a man's brain is not fully developed until he is about 25 years old, so maybe that goes with the spine also.

While in basic training I tried to get into the motor pool driving a truck or vehicle. I told them I was a good truck driver, because I drove my grandpa's gravel truck on the school shut down. I was told that motor pool was all filled up.

Why wasn't I put in the rifle squad where I didn't have to carry 45 pounds extra weight on my back and flat feet? Even the examination doctor said, "You have flat feet and they put you in the infantry where you have to do a lot of walking and running." You win some, you lose some, is what I thought.

Stress... waiting in England for the Normandy Invasion to start, not knowing what to expect.

Stress...at 18 years old finding out I was going to hit Utah Beach, going in as a replacement for a man who didn't make it off the beach.

Stress...seeing a lot of dead and wounded men, and some going into shell shock.

Stress...fighting in the hedge rows, Cherbourg Peninsula and the town of Cherbourg, with hard fighting because the German tanks had an 88 mm gun on their tank and they were wicked, hitting tops of trees and shrapnel raining down on you.

Stress...when I was hit with shrapnel in my back at St. Lo, France, and being scared going back to the aid station all alone, as a sniper fired a bullet across my face. I had to go on the other side of the hedge row to get out of his line of fire. I saw a jeep coming up the road and I zig zagged across the field to get to the jeep. When getting to the aid station, I had to lie on the ground and wait my turn to get the shrapnel out. I could not get up because my muscles were relaxed, and they had to lift me up on a table. I was a litter case, and I was put on a C-47 hospital airplane and taken back to England to get cleaned up and sewed up. They finished the job there that they didn't have time to complete in France.

Stress...getting rehabilitated in England to go back into the fighting again. Thinking, I don't want to die, I want to live my life to the fullest.

Stress...the hardest thing I ever had to do in my life was going back into fighting again, thinking, "Will I get killed this time?"

Stress...Battle of the Bulge-the biggest, bloodiest battle I was in, where the weather was deep snow and temperatures down below zero, and being out in it 24 hours a day, with no roof over my head. My feet were freezing cold; no feeling in my feet, having a hard time walking and running, carrying 45 pounds of mortar rounds on my shoulder-more weight than the riflemen had to carry.

Stress...Huertgen Forest, where we lost a lot of men. A kid

who was new in my squad, went into shell shock, and then we were one man short. I saw many other boys go into shell shock in other battles. The German shells were hitting the trees, raining shrapnel down on us.

One time, we came out of a battle and I had my shift on guard duty about 3 in the morning and I heard a sound like I never heard before. I dropped down on the ground thinking Germans were coming in on us. I heard groaning and when I went to where it was, I found a kid in a fox hole, shot in the foot to get out of the killing war. He wanted me to call for a medic; I told him, "You shot yourself to get out of a killing war, didn't you?" He replied, "No comment, just go get a medic." He was not in my squad and I told him, "I can't, I have to get back to my post, other boys are depending on me to keep them safe." I backed away from him with my gun ready to shoot him if he pointed his gun on me. You never know what a shell shocked boy will do, being scared.

Stress...and a lot of flashbacks on the front lines fighting the Germans. I had to harden my insides as well as my outsides to live for months at a time like an animal in the cruel, fierce world of death. Animals had it better than I did, because they were born for the wild. I had to train myself to survive. I had no roof over my head, day and night, in all kinds of inclement weather; I guess you might say my helmet was my roof. I did have a poncho, but I still got wet. I stunk from not getting a bath for months at a time. I slept in a fox hole that I dug with my little shovel I carried in my backpack. After fighting and on the go all day, we dug in at night, because sometimes shells would come in on us, and I had to have my body below ground. I had no sheets, only dirt and sometimes mud, and I used my helmet as a pillow, keeping my gun in the hole with me. My clothes and boots were left on, in case I had to get out of the hole fast, fighting a counter attack if one came. I lived in dust, rain, mud, pestered by insects, heat, and winter cold. Winter was the worst for me, being in it day and night, cold to the bone, and freezing at night. I had two pair of socks and when one pair was wet, I would ring it out and put it next to my body to dry out and put on a dry pair. I know I had frozen feet, hard to walk and run on them and carrying 45 pounds more weight on my right shoulder. I had to eat cold C and K rations, with dirty hands, if they could get them up to us-also water. They gave us purifying tablets to put in our canteens, if we had to fill them up in a creek or top them off with muddy water. Then you had to put in 3 tablets. I topped mine off more than once, to keep from being thirsty. I had to relieve myself like an animal, had no time to dig a hole and cover it up, and hoping to get done before any shells came in on me. I never had to worry about being constipated because the stress was scared out of me. I carried toilet paper in my helmet liner. We were moving and fighting constantly, and when night came, I had to dig my fox hole and pull one hour guard duty. If I got 3 hours of sleep, I was lucky. When getting out of my fox hole at daylight, I was thinking, what do I have to look forward to going into the unknown? Is this the day I get killed?

At Remagen Bridgehead, crossing the Rhine River, General Patton took the bridge with his tanks and lined them up on the other side of the river and he needed infantry troops over there to help him hold the bridge. My 47th Regiment was closest to the bridge, so we were the first men to cross the bridge and hold on top of the hill. Here is where I saw the first German jet airplane coming in with their 500 pound bomb trying to knock out the bridge. I don't think we had a jet plane yet.

Close to the end of the war, John Hill, my close buddy and I were pinned down in a ditch with Germans shooting at us, and I said to John, "Did you see where they were at", and he said, No, but I think they are in the woods over there." Lying there thinking that something had to be done, I raised my head a little to see if I could see where the bullets were coming from. I never raised my head very far, but it was far enough for a bullet to hit me in the neck and out the shoulder. John said, "Dick, are you hit?" and I said, "Yea, I think my jugular vein is sliced because the blood was running down my neck inside my jacket. John came crawling over and said, "No, your jugular vein is not sliced, but you are bleeding

(continued on page 10)

(continued from page 9)

bad and I'll patch you up the best way I can and you will have to crawl out of here." Crawl I did to where our 30 caliber air cooled machine guns were set up putting bullets into the woods where the Germans were. They motioned for me to come in and I ran, zig zagging across the field to where they were at, then I worked my way back to the aid station, all alone again finding the aid station. John got out of the war alive and we live 200 miles apart and we see each other once in a while, talking over old times, with our wives listening to things.

One time at the Rhine River Bridge, our airplanes were having a dog fight with the German airplanes and our ack ack guns were firing at the German planes. A big piece of flack came down and hit me on the shoulder and made my bone sore. I did not go back to the aid station to wait for the soreness to go away; I just suffered with it for about two weeks. The reason I didn't go back was because I didn't want to give up my first gunner position on the mortar. If I came back I would have to start in back of the squad and work my way up like before being first gunner. Being first gunner, I felt more in control of the mortar, and trusting myself better than anyone else hitting the target.

Crossing the Autobahn highway, the Germans were shelling it hard and I had to run to the other side. When I was on the other side I stepped off the cement and sprained my ankle. I thought I broke it because it hurt so badly. I had to get up hurting and go or I would be left behind, and maybe be killed from the shelling. I was carrying the mortar and my squad needed the mortar. The 60 mm mortar weighed about the same as carrying the mortar rounds. It took about two weeks to get over that one. I still didn't want to give up my first on the mortar. Remember, I was carrying 45 pounds more weight than the riflemen had to carry, trying to keep up with them.

As I get older, I'm getting more flashbacks and there is more kicking in the bed. Just ask my wife-she is getting good at waking me up before I kick her out of bed.

Stress...from going for months at a time without a bath, and clothes muddy from crawling in the mud.

Stress...seeing boys die and some bleeding to death, thinking that could be me.

Stress...trying to adjust to civilian life when home from war, facing my friends asking questions about the war, which I wasn't ready to talk about. I just wanted to live normal.

Six things I got out of World War II:

- Purple Heart and Cluster for the second wound
- Battle scars as souvenirs
- DAV Disability
- Memories, good and bad
- Living with bad flashbacks
- **We're still a free nation.**

Richard L. Stoltz
(Dick)

Editor's note: As stated in the newspaper article on page 8, Dick's buddy, John Hill passed away last year after this story was written.

A FRIENDLY REMINDER!

Please be sure to mail your checks to the correct person to ensure that you are properly credited for membership, subscriptions, donations, etc. Below is a list for you to follow:

Clare Irwin, Secretary

Membership Dues

Theda Ray, Publisher

Octofoil Subscriptions

Mary Cooper, Treasurer

Tip of the Hat donations
Friends of Father Connors Fund
Octofoil Library Project
Reunion payments

Chapter reports, articles for publication, obituaries, ninety's club, etc. should be submitted to:

Jane Mitchell, Editor

or



Officers and Board of Governors

2013-2014

Officers

Paul W. Schumacher,, President

William Sauers, 1st Vice President

Terry Barnhart, 2nd Vice President

Glenda Baswell, 3rd Vice President

John Sabato, Judge Advocate

Clare Irwin, Secretary

Mary Cooper, Treasurer

Board of Governors

Term Expiring 2014

Clarence Ray

Terms Expiring 2016

Terry Barnhart

Glenda Baswell

Philip Bosko

Mary Cooper

Gail Eisenhauer

Clare Irwin

Jane Mitchell

Theda Ray

Judy Rishel

Maureen Hoyt Roberts

John Sabato

William Sauers

Janet Schnall

Joyce Schumacher

Publishers/Editors *The Octofoil*

Jane Mitchell

Theda Ray



The Octofoil

Subscription Form

Annual subscription fee: \$20.00 (July 1 through June 30)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

9-Digit Zip Code _____ Phone _____

Email _____

Check payable to: **The Ninth Infantry Division Association**

Send to: THEDA RAY
Publisher, the Octofoil



THE OCTOFOIL

**801 W. 232nd St. #3M
Torrance, CA 90502**

Return Service Requested



4th of July

Happy

Independence Day

