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The Octofoil

9th Infantry Division Association

1-1-2017

The Octofoil, January/February/March 2017

Ninth Infantry Division Association

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The Octofoil

Jan.-Feb.-Mar.
2017

Volume LI, No. 1

President's Message



In Denver this year, we have been having a remarkably warm and dry winter. Now, with the first day of spring behind us we are looking forward to some moisture to revive our lawns and gardens.

I am continuing to receive calls and inquiries about the Association from former veterans, primarily Vietnam vets, and offspring from our WWII vets. The word and our friendly welcoming message seem to be getting out which is very encouraging.

Kathy and Robin Tapelt are working hard on the details of the next reunion in Mesa, AZ on July 21-24th. Kathy assures me that all air conditioners will be working at 100% to keep us cool and comfortable during our visit. She also says that the Western Welcome Mat will be out so expect a "rip roaring" time in Arizona. If you have not registered yet or made your hotel reservations, please do so ASAP so Kathy and Robin can anticipate the number of members and guest that are coming.

Mark Savolis, the archivist at the College of Holy Cross in Worcester, MA, will be our featured speaker at the Memorial Service on Sunday. On Sunday afternoon he will enlighten us on his observations and findings of the Ninth Infantry Division Association archival collection that he manages. The College of Holy Cross is our major depository of material, records and memoirs of the 9th Infantry Division. If you have materials that you would like to donate I am sure that Mark would be happy to talk to you about donating. If others would like to present on their military experiences in the 9th Infantry Division, their military research on their relatives or other related topics, please contact me so we can get your presentation scheduled. This was an interesting event last year so we hope to continue the "show and tell" again this year.

Finally, we look forward to the reports and recommendations from the committees on the transition of our organization from a veteran's based organization to a non-profit organization and the resulting changes that will be needed to our by-laws. These topics are important to the long-term survival of the Ninth Infantry Division Association. "If we don't remember, who will?"

I look forward to seeing you all in Arizona this summer.

Terry Barnhart
President, Ninth Infantry Division Association



The Ninth Infantry Division Association
72nd Annual Reunion
1422 W. Bass Pro Drive
Mesa, AZ 85201
July 21, 22, 23, 2017



Thanks to the 34 people who have signed up to date for our 72nd Reunion. I know there are regular attendees that I haven't heard from as yet! So, please send in your \$100 deposit ASAP! **Total cost of the reunion is \$275 per person and final payments are due June 1st.**

For a complete schedule of reunion activities, please go to page 3. If you still need to register, the registration form is on page 12. We look forward to seeing all of you in July!



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OUR MISSION

This Association was 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 about 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: **Theda Ray**
Publisher, The Octofoil



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Volume LI Number 1, Jan.-Feb.-Mar. 2017

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.

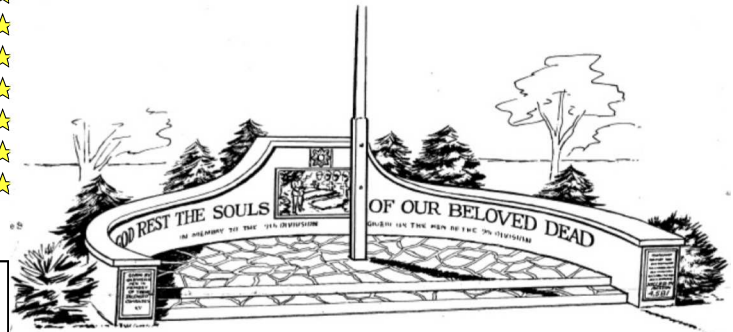
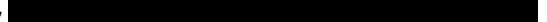
Suzanne Greco —in memory of her dad, William (Wimpy) Greco, 9th Division, 34th F.A., Battalion C
And her mom, Mrs. Mary Greco

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 mail to:

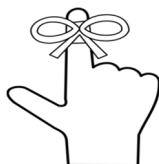
Mary Cooper,



Don't Forget!

If you have not yet paid your membership dues or renewed your Octofoil subscription, time is running short! Memberships and subscriptions expire on June 30th of each year. The necessary forms are provided on page 11.

It is important to complete the new membership form when you renew. Since the makeup of the organization is transitioning from primarily veterans to family members of veterans, it is necessary to track this information to determine the correct nonprofit authorization for which we qualify.



Friends of Father Connors Fund

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

Herb Stern— in tribute to the Solar and Tapelt families

The current balance in the FFCF is \$759.61
Continued contributions for maintenance and lighting expenses would be greatly appreciated.

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,



REUNION (continued)

We are so excited about everyone coming to Mesa, Arizona (the Grand Canyon State) for the 72nd Annual Ninth Infantry Reunion. You've probably heard it's HOT here in the summer. I cannot lie, it is! HOWEVER, it's a DRY heat AND we have a great invention called AIR CONDITIONING. We use it EVERYWHERE we go, i.e., cars, buses, shuttles, hotel rooms, restaurants. You get the idea. We are planning 95% of our events INDOORS (you may need a sweater if the air conditioning gets too cold!).

We are beginning our Friday night "meet and greet" (at the Hyatt Place where we will all be staying) with authentic Mexican food for dinner and still working on the entertainment!

Saturday night's dinner (with entertainment) is nearby at the Rockin 'R Ranch (a family business that has been going strong for many years). It's cowboy country, so dress accordingly.

Sunday morning will be our Memorial Service. Sunday afternoon we will have an opportunity for individual member presentations about their 9th Infantry Division research, history or experiences. Contact Terry Barnhart at 303-466-9364 if you have something to present. Sunday evening will be our final banquet, which will be held at the Arizona Museum of Natural History in downtown Mesa.

Hotel Reservation Details:

Our group rate will be \$89.00 (plus tax) for a King room with sofa sleeper or a room with 2 Queen beds and sofa sleeper which includes:

---Deluxe hot breakfast each morning (buffet style)

---Spacious rooms with free WI-FI, 42" flat panel TV and a sofa sleeper

---Complimentary transportation within a 5 mile radius

---Mesa Riverview shopping center has several restaurants, Bass ProShop, major stores, entertainment & much more nearby.

You may book your rooms by going to the following link:

http://www.phoenixmesa.place.hyatt.com/en/hotel/home.html?corp_id=G-NIRU

You may also call the hotel at 480-969-8200 and ask for the "72nd Ninth Infantry Association Reunion" group rate. If any guests need assistance booking, they can call Kelly Espinoza directly at [REDACTED]

GRAND CANYON EXTRA TRIP

One last thing, if you are interested in seeing one of the Seven Wonders of the World, the Grand Canyon, let me know ASAP. Please call or text me (Kathy Tapelt) with any questions at [REDACTED]

Please note, those wanting to go to the Grand Canyon can make their room reservations by calling The Red Feather Lodge at 928-638-7007. Ask for Trish Sample and tell her you are with the Ninth Infantry in order to get our group rate of \$160.18/room. This rate is for 2 people. Each additional person is \$10.00 and each room has two queen beds. Children 17 and younger are free. Please let me know if you want to go so I can add you to the bus we are renting. There will be an additional charge for the bus to take us to the Grand Canyon. The cost will be dependent on how many participants we have and can be paid at the reunion.



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; Djegel 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

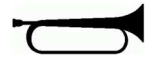
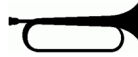
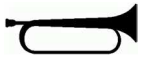
Vietnam War

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 Killen
G Co. 47th Inf. Regt.

John L. Rowe
M Co. 47th Inf. Regt.



TAPS OBITUARIES

TAPS OBITUARIES



John L. Rowe
1923-2016
M Company 47th Infantry Regiment

John L. Rowe, age 93, a resident of Naperville and formerly of Downers Grove, IL, passed away November 23, 2016 at his home. He was born on June 29, 1923 in Oak Park, IL. John is survived by his loving daughters, Mary (James L. IV) Nichols of Gilbert, AZ and Suzanne Salvitti of Naperville, IL; his cherished grandchildren, Catharine (Marc Sauer) Nichols, James (Jillian) Nichols V, Elizabeth Nichols, Peter Salvitti and Patricia (Craig) Panozzo and great-grandchildren, J.J., Zach and Milena Nichols; as well numerous nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his parents, Gladys (nee Larkin) and John Rowe; his former wife, Mary Carpenter Rowe; and his sister, Elizabeth Wilson.

John was a proud US Army Veteran of WWII and life member of the VFW. He retired from Gooding Rubber Company after 50 years of loyal service. He was an avid golfer, fisherman and bowler, loved to play bridge and was a lifelong Chicago Cubs fan.

Interment followed at the Abraham Lincoln National Cemetery, Elwood, IL. Memorial donations can be made to: Naperville Responds to Our Veterans, 210 S. Washington St., Naperville IL 60540 or Michigan Dept. of Natural Resources, Game and Fish Protection Trust at www.michigan.gov.



Joseph Killen
1926-2017
G Company, 47th Infantry Regiment

Joseph P. Killen, age 90, passed away at a West Babylon, NY hospice of kidney failure. Killen was born to Irish immigrants and grew up in Queens, NY. He graduated from Brooklyn Technical High School in 1944 and was drafted soon after. He was part of the 47th when it crossed the Remagen Bridge on March 8th and was wounded by friendly fire above the bridgehead near Vettleschloss, Germany on March 13, 1945. He received a Bronze Star and honorable discharge in June 1946.

He married the late Emma Lovito in 1949 and lived in Valley Stream, NY his entire life. Son, James, and daughter, Anne Monteleone, survive. Funeral Mass at Holy Name of Mary Catholic Church in Valley Stream was held with burial at Long Island National Cemetery. Killen was a draftsman with NYC Local 28 of the Sheet Metal Workers Union until his retirement in 1988. He was a long time member of the Ninth Infantry Division Association and served as editor of the Association's *Octofoil* newsletter for many years.



MAIL CALL

Dear Terry,

I just received this photo today, which was taken in June 2016 at a diner on Long Island. This is what was left of the local 9th Infantry . . .

My Dad is in the middle. To his left is Anton Dietrich (98-years) and is currently in the St. Albans, NY VA Hospital in rehab. The other soldier is Tony Varone (94-years), who is in the VA in Northport, NY also in rehab. Funny, Anton attended my Dad's wake and told me they referred to my Dad as "the kid" (as he was just 18-years old).

At the wake, Mr. Dietrich was in a wheelchair and couldn't walk. However, when his daughter Marion wheeled him to my Dad's flag draped casket, Mr. Dietrich mustered the strength to stand-up and salute my Dad. Seeing that was as moving now, as it was as I write this to you now.

I thought I'd share the photo and the memory . . . perhaps you will also include it in the upcoming 9th Infantry Octofoil.

Thanks,
Jim Killen



TREASURER'S REPORT

Balance in all sub-accounts as of March 15, 2017

Account	Balance
General	25,088.78
Octofoil	8,278.05
Library Project	614.59
Memorial Fund	4,684.00
F.F.C.F.	759.61
Reunion Insurance Fund	5,000.00
2013 Reunion	1,685.63
2014 Reunion	4,279.71
2015 Reunion	2,882.08
2016 Reunion	2,772.27
2017 Reunion	-497.66
Vets Travel Fund	3,275.00
TOTAL	58,822.06

Respectfully submitted,
Mary Cooper, Treasurer

A complete financial report prepared by Mize Houser and Co. P.A. is on page 10 of this issue.

Dad's World War II Story (In his Own Words) Part 3



Clarence Ray served in the 9th Infantry Division, L Col., 47th Infantry Regiment. Parts 1 and 2 of his book were published in previous issues of The Octofoil. He first recorded his story which was transcribed by his daughter, Theda Ray, and converted to book form. The recording is in the permanent archives of the Veterans' History Project at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington D.C.

And so started the Battle of the Bulge. We were put in a defensive position in the Debauchee area. I had my squad in a little town of Kalterherberg just inside the German border. We operated an outpost, just a listening post, down in front of our own lines. You had to go down a forward slope, which exposed you to German fire, so the patrol or the members of the outpost had to go down and change personnel while it was still dark. You would go down in the morning before daylight and then you would be relieved after dark that evening. This is one place where I could have been captured as a prisoner. I had spent the night in this outpost. I had gone down after dark that night and was being relieved the next morning before daylight by a patrol from B Company. We got back up to Kalterherberg before daylight, and just after daylight, a German combat patrol attacked that outpost that we

were operating and where we had just left. The entire outpost patrol was captured, and I guess they probably spent the rest of the war in a German POW camp. That's how close I came to being captured. These outposts were more-or-less listening outposts. You had a compass, and when the Germans would fire, you would get an azimuth from where the sound was coming, and you would judge the distance. All these outposts along the lines were doing the same thing. They would plot this information, and they would be able to pretty much locate where these German guns were firing from, and they would get counter artillery on them, to shell them. That was the purpose of the outposts. Finally January 30, 1945 came, Bulge had been pretty much contained, and we went back on the attack. That is when I got my last promotion to Tech Sergeant, which in today's rank is Sergeant First Class. The platoon Sergeant, Sergeant Clark, had enough points to be rotated to the United States, and when they told him, they turned the platoon over to me. They told him to stay in the rear as they couldn't get him out of there right at that time. They told him to stay back and just protect himself and not get into any trouble, but that wasn't what Sergeant Clark was all about. So he got himself down into a ravine where he ran into a German machine gun, and they fired on him. It didn't kill him, but one of the bullets hit him up in the pelvis and broke his pelvis. So one of my men, I can't remember what his name was right now, came to me and told

(continued on page 6)

me that Sergeant Clark is down in the ravine and hit. So I went with him and we got down into there, and we got to Sergeant Clark. The snow was quite deep, and we got ahold of him and dragged him back up out of there and got him back in a safe position. I told this soldier of mine to go back to see if he could find the eight men that were litter bearers to come and get him out of there. So he did, and I stayed with Sergeant Clark. A soldier came along with three German prisoners who were wearing their big overcoats. I made them take off their overcoats, put one on the snow and got Sergeant Clark on it and covered him up with the other two so we could try to keep him warm. The litter bearers finally came with the litters like a toboggan and got him on a toboggan and took him out of there. I never saw Sergeant Clark after that, but now, I was the full-fledged Platoon Sergeant of the Third Platoon of L Company.

After I got promoted to Tech Sergeant and became a Platoon Sergeant, Second Lieutenants were pretty scarce, and I was offered a Field Commission to Second Lieutenant. Two of the other Platoon Sergeants in L Company accepted the Field Promotion, but I turned mine down. At that time, I didn't feel I was Commissioned Officer material, so I turned it down. I often wondered if I had accepted that Field Commission and became a Second Lieutenant, how my story would have ended. It could have ended in death, it could have ended in many other ways, but I often wondered about it.

We continued the attack, and finally, we were able to get across the Ruhr River over to the Cologne Plain. The Cologne Plain is a plain that lies between the Roer River and the Rhine River and was dotted with little towns. We would take these little towns without too much resistance and then we would move on. That brings me to March 7, 1945. On the 7th of March we were headed for Bohn, and as a matter of fact, we could see some of the church steeples of Bohn. That evening we were given the objective of infiltrating through the German lines, setting up a defensive position at a road junction and preventing the Germans, who were expected to withdraw the next morning, from withdrawing. We were to either kill or capture them when they tried to withdraw. Our infiltration was successful. We got through the German lines without any problem and set up our defensive position at this road junction and were all set up when, at about midnight, they came and told us that we were headed back out. The only thing we could think of was that we had fallen into a trap. Again, we infiltrated back out through the German line and got back to where we started from. It wasn't until we got back out the next morning that we found out the reason for it. We were told that the 9th Armored Division had captured the Ludendorff Bridge across the Rhine River at Remagen. Now, don't confuse the 9th Armored Division from the 9th Infantry Division. It was the 9th Armored Division that captured this bridge and, of course, they wanted to get as many troops across as they could, and this was the reason that we were being deployed down to Remagen and across the bridge. We waited and finally trucks came and picked us up. I think we were about twelve to fifteen miles north of Remagen at the time.

Finally, we arrived at Remagen, and I don't remember too much about the town except that there were narrow streets, and buildings were built right next to each other. We detrucked, I would say, about two or three blocks from the Western end of the bridge and went down and immediately crossed the bridge. I'll tell you, they were still shelling and trying to bomb the bridge, but fortunately, nothing hit the bridge while we were crossing. We did run across the bridge as hard as we could. This was a railroad bridge, and it ran into a tunnel on the East side of the bridge. When we got to the East of the river, we turned North, and there was quite a steep hill there. It was evening so we were held up at the base of this hill. Lieutenant Mathis was my Platoon Leader at the time, and he came to me and said he had to go to battalion, to get my defensive position set up for the

night and when he got back, he would let me know what we had to do. So that's what we did. I got the defensive position set up with my Third Platoon and it's buddy-buddy system, two people together, one would sleep while the other would stay awake. The next morning about daylight Lieutenant Mathis came back and told me to get them ready, that we were moving out. So I did. I got everybody ready and when we left there, we went upriver which is south along the Rhine River, under the bridge that we had crossed and continued on a black top road. Down there a ways one road followed the river and the other branched left or East, so we following that up through a ravine and finally pretty much on top of the hill, there was a little town called Ohlenberg and when we got to the lower end of the town, the first thing I saw was a battalion aid station setting up there, and that was to become significant later on that day. We continued on up through the town and got up to the Eastern end of the town. There was some more hill on up to the East, but there was no town on that hill.

Anyway, we came to a stone-cased house, and they told me to put my platoon in the house. Well, like I always do, I reconnoiter the facilities for my platoon before I commit the troops. So I went in the door. There was a hallway that ran through to the back of the building. On the right side of the hallway was a kitchen, on the left side was the living room, and a stairway from the back went up to the second floor. Toward the front on the second floor there was a bedroom on the right and a bedroom on the left of the hallway so I went back out and brought my platoon in. I put one squad in the bedroom, one squad in the living room downstairs, each of the other two squads in the two bedrooms upstairs and the platoon headquarters in the kitchen. The platoon headquarters included myself, the platoon leader, Lieutenant Mathis, the platoon runner and the platoon radio man. As I said before, L Company was in battalion reserve. Company I and Company K were the attack battalions that attacked the hill further to the East. Since I was a platoon Sergeant, I was privy to have been issued a pair of binoculars. So I went upstairs to observe the action. This was a practice that I did every chance I got when I was not engaged in the fighting. I went to the bedroom on the East side of the building where I could see the attack going on and followed the action through the binoculars. There was a tank destroyer that had run out behind the house and ran into a small orchard, which was typical of this area in Germany. This tank destroyer was firing on the hill in support of the troops that were attacking. I watched this action for a while and got a little hungry and so I thought I would go downstairs to the kitchen and see if I could rustle up something to eat. Lots of times in those houses when the Germans evacuated, there would be some food left, so I went back down to the kitchen to see if I could satisfy my hunger. I didn't any more than get into the kitchen until there was a terrific explosion inside the room, just a big, loud boom, the smell of burned powder, a great fireball, and the smell of smoke and searing pain. I knew I was hit, and hit bad, but I didn't know how badly. At that moment, my mind centered on the aid station that was being set up when we came up through town, and the only thing I could think about is "I have to get to that aid station." The door to the kitchen opened in, and I tried to get it open, but there was something against the door. I'm not sure what it was; it could have been a body for all I knew. I finally got it open far enough that I could squeeze out into the hallway and went outside. When I got outside I felt like I was going to pass out, so instead of falling down, I just laid down. I don't know how long I laid there, but things started coming back, and eventually, I began to regain consciousness. I got up and headed for the aid station again. I would go a short distance, go a ways, and then I would feel like I was going to pass out again and would lie down and be there for a while. Things would come back to me, and I would get up, go a ways further and the same thing would happen. I don't know how many times I had to lie down or how long I laid there until consciousness would

come back to me. Finally, I got into a little turn in the road where I could see the aid station, and there were two aid men standing out in the doorway to the aid station. Just as I thought I was going to pass out again, these aid men saw me and came running with a stretcher. They got me on the stretcher and carried me into the aid station. The first thing they did was give me a shot of morphine which was what they always did and then started cutting off my clothes because they were soaked with blood. In situations like this they never tried to take your clothes off because of inflicting further injuries. They just used scissors to cut your clothes off. There was a doctor, a captain, who came to administer to me. He asked me if I drank whiskey, and I said, "Only when I can get it." So he got on his knees and propped me up in a sitting position with his body and put a bottle of whiskey to my lips. I don't have any idea what kind it was, but he tipped that bottle up on my lips, and I went "gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, gurgle" until I finally choked, but I know I took on an awful charge of that whiskey. When I choked, he took the bottle down from my mouth and somehow, I am led to believe that possibly the whiskey, along with the morphine, saved my life by preventing shock. They laid me down on my side on this litter and the doctor, the captain, asked me if I smoked, and I said "yes", and he put a cigarette in my mouth and lit it and he said "Now, take a deep drag and inhale it". When I inhaled it, it was just like someone stuck a dagger into my left chest and turned it. And he said "Yea, that's what I was afraid of" and I said, "What's that?" and he said, "They got your lung." And I said, "How can you tell?" and he said, "Because the smoke is coming out the hole in your back." About that time, I guess I must have passed out because for the next two weeks, there is very, very little that I can remember. I was told later on that the shell, that the explosion inside that room, killed Lieutenant Mathis, the radio man, the company runner and one of the squad leaders in another room in the house. I'm not sure how many were wounded, but they couldn't evacuate the wounded that night, the night of March 9, 1945, because there was one-way traffic across the Ludendorff Bridge going from West to East. They wanted to get all the troops and equipment across there to expand the bridgehead before the Germans had time to recover and counter attack.

As I understood it, it was about midnight before they shut the bridge down, the East bound traffic shut down just long enough to evacuate the dead and the wounded. So I ended up at a field hospital again and then to an evacuation hospital and finally to a makeshift landing strip on the Cologne Plain. I was loaded again on a C-47 and was headed for England. In this situation, they landed at Orly Field in Paris where they had an aid station set up. They would take the patients off the plane, check them at the aid station and if they were in good enough shape for the trip to England, they put them back on the plane and took them on to England. In my case, I was hurt pretty badly, and they decided I was in no shape to fly on to England, so they put me in an ambulance and took me to a hospital in Paris. I remember we were evidently traveling down the Champs Elysees because I remember seeing the Arc de Triomphe. We went under the Arc de Triomphe, but I could see it only out the back window of the ambulance. Anyway, we ended up at the Forty Eight Hospital in Paris. It had been a French hospital, which the Army Medical Corp had taken over for treatment of wounded GI's. When they got me settled in a room and in a bed, a nurse came to me with something in a small glass, and she said "Drink this", and I tipped it up, and here by golly, it was whisky, and I thought "Boy, this is going to be a great place." I was still hurting pretty badly. The piece of shrapnel, quite a large piece, had entered my back between the left shoulder blade, had taken pieces of two lungs out completely, went through the chest wall, through the left lung, hit two ribs in front, cracked two ribs in front, and slid around and was up under my left arm just inside the skin. Another large piece of shrapnel had hit the upper forearm and sliced away a bunch of flesh there. The reason I was hurting so

badly was the fact that the lung had gotten infected. They were treating it with antibiotics. They stuffed treated gauze through that hole in my chest cavity, and every so often, they would change it. They would pull it out and put in a new one. My temperature for several days was 105 degrees. Finally they got the infection stopped, and I started on a very, very slow recovery. I think I was in the Forty Eight about a month in Paris. They put me back onto an ambulance, back down the Champs Elysees to Orly Field where I was put on a C-47 again and flown to a hospital in England. They continued treatment and recovery, and finally, I got to where they figured that I could be transported back home, but not on a plane. They didn't evacuate patients with lung injuries by plane because of the altitude, so I was put on a hospital ship, the Jarrett M. Huddleston. We left from Bristol, down through the Bristol Channel out into the Atlantic Ocean, down through the Azores, across by the coast of Bermuda and landed in Charleston, South Carolina, a trip of nineteen days. I was taken from the ship to Stark General Hospital in Charleston, South Carolina where I stayed overnight. The next morning I was put on a hospital train and went across the country by hospital train and ended up at Kennedy General Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee. There I received further treatment and recuperation, and I wasn't there too long until they gave me a thirty-day recuperation leave.

So I came home for thirty days, which was very good. I'm sure my folks and everybody were as glad to see me, as I was glad to see them. I had a pretty good time, as my physical condition would allow. After thirty days I went back to Kennedy General Hospital and received further treatment. By that time, the wound in my back had gotten pretty well healed up and didn't need to be changed too often. On September 19, 1945 I was discharged from the hospital and the Army at the same time. At this time, they rated me as 100% disability for compensation purposes. From Memphis, Tennessee I went by train to Johnstown, Pennsylvania and hitchhiked home. That was the end of my service. I was in the hospital in England when the war in Europe ended, and I was in Kennedy General Hospital in Memphis when the war ended in the Pacific. But my war ended on March 9, 1945.

After I had gotten into action, after I landed at Normandy and actually got into action, I just never thought that I would make it out alive. There were just so many ways to be killed, especially for an infantryman. There were snipers, there was machine gun fire, there were booby traps, there were land mines, there was artillery, there were bombs and there was mortar fire. There were just so many ways of getting killed that I just never figured I would make it out alive. The only way I thought I might get out alive is if I would get a wound, which I would survive, but would take me out of action. That was the only way I figured I would ever come out of it alive. Fortunately, thanks to God and some good medical attention, I survived. But there were an awful lot of my buddies who didn't. In the 9th Infantry Division during World War II, there were 4,585 killed in action.

This is the end of my story.



Clarence with his maternal grandmother, Mary Jane Ellenberger

NEW

NEW

NEW

NEW

One of our members, Janice Turowski, made a wonderful suggestion for The Octofoil. Janice wrote "Why not have a 'letters home' section. I know other 9th families have letters like my dad's letters he wrote during the war to his parents, sisters and brothers. My grandmother saved every one.

After my dad passed, a wonderful way to keep us busy was to put these in order by date and place them in a binder. What a treasure we have! It really shows in words what a wonderful son, brother and soldier he was. He loved the 9th Infantry. and it was clear in those letters."

Thanks, Janice, for this great suggestion!

If you have letters that were sent home from your fathers, brothers, uncles and friends that were in the 9th Division and that you are willing to share please send them to Jane Mitchell, Octofoil Editor, [REDACTED]

And so, the first Letters Home Section, entitled Pen to Paper, features several letters from Stanley Turowski, Janice's father. They are the first two letters he wrote home.

Pen to Paper

Letters to Loved Ones

December 7, 1943
Fort Sheridan, ILL

Dear Family:

Well this is my first letter to all of you, and I'll try to make it as interesting as possible.

I've just gotten thru with chow, by the way my first Army meal consisted of hot dogs and kapusta (cabbage). Boy that was just like home. But not quite the same.

Yesterday and today were basically tough days. We got our shot in the arm, boy did it hurt at night. We are transferred to a different barracks, it's an outgoing unit. We may get orders to leave at any time. We had to wait 2 hours out in the cold yesterday and right after our shots too, just to get assigned to these barracks. And it really is cold out here. Today a bunch of us were put on work detail, we started at 7:00 and quit at 5:00. And we really worked, you see we were at the Reception Warehouse when they fit up the rookies with all their clothes. We had to unload trucks with all Army goods that came in. I never saw so many clothes in all my life. And all the same color too. When I come home for good, I'm going to buy a suit with all the colors in the rainbow.

By the way, did you get my picture, let me know when you write. And here is an order from a Private, I want you to write a letter right away as soon as you get through reading this one. Let me know how everything is and how all of you are feeling. And send it right away. Air Mail. Cause I might leave any time, but if I did they would forward it to the next camp.

Well I guess I'll be closing now, I'm going to take in a show tonight at the "Ye Old Oprey House" in camp. By the way, the motto of this camp is "hurry up and wait." You hurry to chow and then you have to wait, everything is like that here, that's because there are a lot of men here.

Well I guess that's all for tonight.

God Bless You All,

Your Loving Son,
Stan Jr.

This if how to address your letter to me:

Pvt. Stan Turowski 36889808
Co. B – RRC-1632 S.U.
BKS. #247
Fort Sheridan, Illinois

PS: Please write as soon as you can. Thank you. Junior

Dear Family:

Well here I am again but this time way down South in Georgia. Yes I'm going to get 17 weeks of Basic Training here. We are going to learn everything a soldier should know, that's why they call it Basic Training. Then after that is over I might get a furlough or I might be transferred to another outfit. Nothing is very certain right now and I want you all to say a prayer so that I would be a good soldier and get into a good outfit after I am done with this training.

We arrived here yesterday in the morning. And guess what, they had a band playing when we got off the train. Yep, they were playing "You're In The Army Now." Boy it really was swell, they marched with us to the barracks.

Today we were taught how to march a little. There were 450 of us brought down here and we're all learning fast. I bunk with a couple of boys from Detroit, they are both swell guys. I really like it down here and am feeling fine. I miss home a lot but all the boys do and we will get over our homesickness soon. I think about all of you always and I pray that you will be feeling good all the time, and that you won't worry about me. So Mom and Dad promise me you won't worry about me, because I am alright. Thanks.

Don't send any of my stuff to me yet, because I have to get settled first. Then I will tell you what I want you to send. And here is some good news, I might be able to meet Ray down in Atlanta, Georgia when he comes back from maneuvers. You see Atlanta is not far from here, and Ray's camp is just out of Atlanta. So we will be able to meet in Atlanta sometimes. Boy, how do you like that for luck, eh!

I didn't get your letters yet but I am anxiously waiting for it. You will have to write to this new address now. So, I guess that's all for now. Just one more thing. I want Dolores, Joan, Donald and Jerome all to promise me that they will all be good to their mother and father because if you were away from home you would see how much you would miss them. So don't forget all of you, take good care of Mom and Dad until I can come home for good. And that won't be long. So I guess it's so long until I hear from you. God Bless You.

Your Loving Son,
Stanley Jr.

PS: The weather is still warm down here, we are going to play ball tomorrow. Write soon Please.

My address:
Pvt. Stanley Turowski 36889808
Co. C – Br. 16
Camp Wheeler, Georgia

Write Soon, So Long.



Smithsonian National Postal Museum

A brief history of V-Mail

Victory Mail, more commonly known as V-Mail, operated during World War II to expedite mail service for American armed forces overseas. Moving the rapidly expanding volume of wartime mail posed hefty problems for the Post Office, War, and Navy Departments. Officials sought to reduce the bulk and weight of letters, and found a model in the British Airgraph Service started in 1941 that microfilmed messages for dispatch.

V-Mail used standardized stationery and microfilm processing to produce lighter, smaller cargo. Space was made available for other war supplies and more letters could reach military personnel faster around the globe.

This new mode of messaging launched on June 15, 1942. V-Mail assisted with logistical issues while acknowledging the value of communication. In 41 months of operation, letter writers using the system helped provide a significant lifeline between the frontlines and home.

"The Post Office, War, and Navy Departments realize fully that frequent and rapid communication with parents, associates, and other loved ones strengthens fortitude, enlivens patriotism makes loneliness endurable, and inspires to even greater devotion the men and women who are carrying on our fight far from home and friends. We know that the good effect of expeditious mail service on those of us at home is immeasurable" (Annual Report to the Postmaster General, 1942)



**THE NINTH INFANTRY DIVISION STATEMENT OF REVENUES, EXPENSES
NET SURPLUS (DEFICIT) - INCOME TAX BASIS FROM 07/01/16 TO 12/31/16**

Prepared by Mize Houser and Co. P.A.

Revenue	Current Qtr.	YTD
General Fund Income	\$146	\$861
Octofoil Fund Income	215	1,170
Memorial Fund Income	225	1,679
FFCF Income	0	25
Vets Travel Income	0	3,275
71st—2016 Reunion	<u>0</u>	<u>5,221</u>
Total Revenue	\$ 586	\$12,231
Expenses		
Office Expenses	364	416
Postage Expenses	0	108
Printing and Copies	552	770
Supplies	140	601
Accounting Expense	1,575	1,575
Entertainment	0	3,196
Food/Catering	0	3,105
Lodging and Travel	1,000	1,819
Donations	<u>0</u>	<u>750</u>
Total Expenses	\$3,632	\$12,340
Net Surplus/(Deficit)	(\$3,046)	(109)

**THE NINTH INFANTRY DIVISION STATEMENT OF ASSETS, LIABILITIES
AND EQUITY-INCOME TAX BASIS 12/31/2016**

ASSETS

Current Assets

General Fund Cash	\$24,930
Octofoil Subscription Cash	8,298
Octofoil Library Project Cash	590
Memorial Fund Cash	4,684
FFCF Cash	735
Veterans Travel Fund	3,275
68th—2013 Reunion Cash	1,686
Reunion Insurance Fund	5,000
69th—2014 Reunion Cash	4,280
70th—2015 Reunion Cash	3,062
71st—2016 Reunion Cash	2,592
72nd—2017 Reunion	-1,000

Total Current Assets	\$58,131
TOTAL ASSETS	\$58,131

LIABILITIES AND NET ASSETS

Net Assets

Unrestricted Net Assets—Beg	\$58,240
Current Surplus (Deficit)	-109

Total Net Assets	\$58,131
TOTAL LIABILITIES & NET ASSETS	\$58,131



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2016-2017

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Rev. March 2016

The Octofoil

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Publisher, the Octofoil

2016



THE OCTOFOIL

**801 W. 232nd St. #3M
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**Registration Form
72nd Annual Reunion
Friday to Sunday---July 21-24, 2017**

Hyatt Place
1422 W. Bass Pro Drive
Mesa, Arizona 85201



Name_____ # In Party_____

Street_____ City_____

State_____ Zip Code_____

Best Phone # to contact you_____

Email_____

Make your check payable to the Ninth Infantry Division Association
And write "Reunion 2017" on the memo line of your check
Send this registration form and a deposit of \$100.00 per person by March 1, 2017 to:

Kathy Tapelt
[Redacted]
[Redacted]