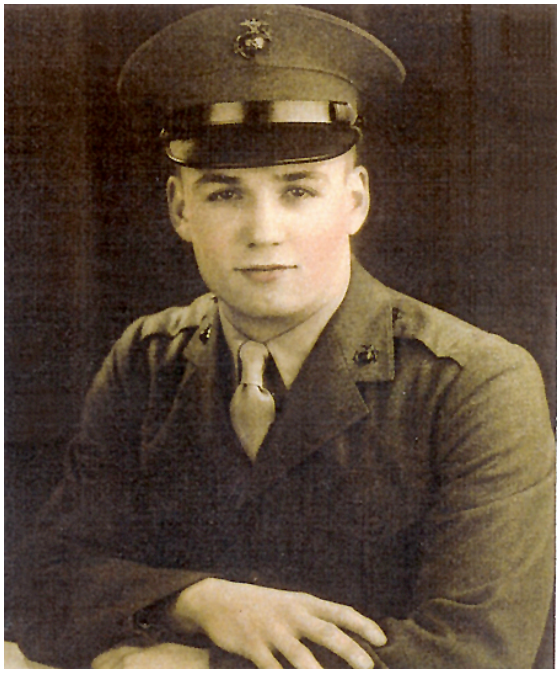
William David Ward Sr.

Professor
Psychology
(1967-1985)



U. S. Marine Corps
WWII

Dr. Ward was a Second Lieutenant in the Marine Corps in WWII. He also played AA baseball for two years between 1947 and 1948 for the Chicago Cubs and the St. Louis Cardinal minor league teams. The following information is excerpted from a copy of his memoirs that he published for his family that his wife Wanda was willing to share. He was a great storyteller and in his memoir he describes his relationships and contacts with many famous athletes and others whom he met through his involvement with sports, his military service and through his work that I am sure would be of interest to many. However, my work is to summarize his military service as I have attempted to do in what follows. [Bud Meade]

"On December 7, 1941, a date which will live in infamy, the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan (I hope you don't mind my plagiarizing President Roosevelt).

I was in the lounge of the girls' dormitory listening to the Chicago Bears' football game when the announcement was made on the radio. It looked as though my pleasant situation at Western would be short lived. I had been in school for less than three months and was 18 years and five months old, very ripe for the draft.

I had registered with my Chicago draft board when I turned 18…" [and by the summer of 1942 he had not been drafted since so he got a summer job.]

"Upon returning to school in the Fall of 1942, I enlisted in a Marine Corps Reserve Program that allowed its boys to stay in school until there were openings in training units. I enlisted on October 15, 1942, and, as it turned out, I was able to stay at Western until July 1, 1943.

On July 1, 1943, four days before my 20th birthday, I reported to the Marine Corps V12 Unit at Western Michigan University at Kalamazoo. We were issued uniforms and

received military training but attended university classes which were intended to prepare us to become well rounded officers.



In July of 1944, our detachment left for the Marine boot camp at Parris Island, South Carolina, and I recall the trip down because of our accommodations and because of the way I learned to hate grits.

We traveled by train and were packed like sardines into sleeping cars. Each man had a bunk but had to share it with whatever luggage he had that he had not put into the locker box that was shipped in a baggage car. During the day, we sat on the bunks or on the floor between them. Washing and shaving were impossible, and we had to wait in line to use the heads (toilets). The trip was only about three or four days, but it seemed like a year.

We ate K rations (biscuits and canned food packed in a little box) most of the time, but a couple of times we stopped to eat at train stations.

When we stopped one morning in Atlanta, Georgia for breakfast, the eggs and ham looked fine, but the grits had little bugs running around in them. I passed on breakfast that morning, and for the next 40 years, I refused to eat grits. Then, about ten years ago, I tried them for the first time, and I still didn't like them.

While in boot training, we saw nothing but our Quonset huts and training facilities for ten weeks. Since we were on duty 24 hours a day and trained for from 12 to 14 of them, there wasn't much social life. As a matter of fact, there wasn't any; we didn't even know where the PX was.

Parris Island was a desolate place, and the training was physically demanding and psychologically stressful, but it was a valuable experience. The requirements and the discipline, I'm sure, helped us to mature much faster than we would have otherwise, especially in the area of self control.

Paradoxically, the exaggerated demands made upon the 'boots' also converted this recalcitrant into one with a great deal of esprit de corps. You can't work that hard and undergo such privation and not come to value that for which you have made the sacrifice.

I still have an emotional attachment to the Corps and have come to accept the cliché we often heard in training, 'Once a Marine, always a Marine.' At first I didn't believe it, but it didn't take me long to change my mind.

[Here Bill digresses to tell a couple of stories from boot camp. One was about a friend, a big guy, who feared getting shots and in the past had passed out. Bill gave him a pep talk as they went through a line to get shots and the big guy was then convinced he'd make it through yet passed out and fell backwards down the stairs knocking down 30 others in the process. The other was a story about his having a bad dream and scaring his bunkmate when he jumped out of bed and grabbed his cartridge belt and his bunkmate thought he was also going after his bayonet.]

"When our detachment completed training at Parris Island, the Corps wasn't ready to send us to officer's training, so we were sent to Camp Lejeune, about 50 miles southwest of Wilmington, North Carolina. We were there for about three months in the Fall of 1944…"

"From one perspective, Camp Lejeune was unique. It was the only place at which I had mess duty. I had to work in the mess hall from Christmas to New Year's Day, and my first assignment was to run the dish washing machine. This was very hard and hot work but not as frustrating as one of my other jobs, de-shelling eggs.

We had to report about five o'clock in the morning in order to get breakfast ready by seven for about a thousand men, and them's a lotta eggs.

Two of us had the job. We would sit in a chair with a bushel basket-sized metal pot full of eggs in front of us, one empty pot of the same size on each side of the chair, and a garbage can on either side of the pot of eggs.

The idea was to take one egg in each hand at the same time, crack them on the sides of the pot in front of us, drop the edible part in the pots at our sides, and through the shells into the garbage cans. That was the idea.

What often happened was that we got going so fast that we got mixed up and --- well you know. We spent a lot of time fishing shells out of the eggs, and there were a lot we missed, a lot that we heard about from the boys.

The mess hall on New Year's Eve was a dismal place. All of those red-blooded, young, American boys, who preferred to celebrate the new year in other places, were trapped until they cleaned up after the evening meal and made preparations for a special New Year's Day breakfast.

No liquor was allowed in the barracks or mess halls, of course, but the mess sergeant, an old salt from way back, introduced us to a way to get into the holiday spirit without using alcohol. He knew the proper mixture of water and lemon extract that would do the trick, so we had our New Year's Eve celebration in the mess hall, and it wasn't at all dismal anymore.

I wasn't a great Marine, but at Lejeune, I did distinguish myself in two insignificant ways. I was good at map reading and at directing close-order drill.

Part of our training was to learn how to find our way back to the base after being taken a couple of miles out to the boondocks in closed trucks and being left with a map and a compass. At other times, we were told to find 'enemy emplacements' which were entered on the maps and previously planted by the instructions.

We did this by 12 men squads, and somehow on our first outing, I became charged with the compass and the map and had to do the directing. Since we were among the earlier ones back to the base, the guys liked it and subsequently chose me to lead.

My other ability was acquired in boot camp. I used to get a kick out of the way the DIs (Drill Instructors) gave commands and kept cadence during close order drill. Early in our stay at Lejeune, we took turns marching our platoon to chow and to other places, and when it was my turn, I imitated the DIs from Parris Island. Our guys liked it and later picked me to lead the platoon in close-order-drive contest against other platoons. We did quite well.

Late in 1944, our unit was ordered to Quantico, Virginia to the Officers' Candidate School…"

"…But our time at Quantico was not all fun and games. Indeed, we underwent vigorous training, and for a short time, I had reason to be concerned about my future in the Corps." [Here Bill tells a story about being left behind when his unit graduated and transferred to Camp Pendleton, California because of the discovery that he was color blind. However, within a couple of days of their departure he found out that] "…disability had been waived and that I would be commissioned and sent to Pendleton. The only reservation was that I would be unqualified for sea duty because signal-flag messages could be fouled up by a color blind interpreter."

"When it came time to go to war, it was almost over, but nobody knew it. We were ordered overseas, and we left San Diego for Guam, an island which had been taken months before and which had been selected to be one of the staging areas for the invasion of Japan.

We didn't know it at the time, but we were among those who were scheduled to make the initial landings, landings which would have resulted in a spectacular blood bath. The fanatical Japs would have fought to the last man, thousands of Americans would have lost their lives, and the chances of a shave tail (Second Lieutenant) infantry platoon-leader getting killed were very high.

In the middle of the Pacific Ocean, while aboard an APA, an Auxiliary Personnel Attack vessel which carried troops and supplies, we got word of the bombing of Hiroshima. We didn't realize it at the time, but the news meant that many of us would be spared, and when the Nagasaki bomb followed, we knew we had won!

Strong emotions are still associated with the recounting of these events and reflect the patriotic feelings virtually everyone in the country had throughout World War II. Civilians and the military alike were completely dedicated to destroying the German and Japanese cancers, and we worked together and did what we had to to maintain the integrity of our country! Everything else was secondary; we were one gigantic family!

[Bill finishes his chapter on his Marine Corps experiences with many stories. He describes how volunteers on Guam went out to find Japanese hiding in caves who did not believe the war was over to capture them and bring them in for repatriation and how hot and humid Guam was, how limited the shower facilities were, and how they attempted to seize the opportunity to shower in the rain and got caught all soaped up and unable to rinse off because the rain ended. He also describes getting caught in a typhoon while traveling by sea from Guam to Japan and some of his experiences in Japan before sailing home to San Diego during which they encountered several mines that had lost their moorings. Bill's Marine Corps service came to an end by traveling to Norfolk, Virginia through the Panama Canal and then somehow arriving at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station north of Chicago where he was discharged on October 25, 1948.]

[The catcher photograph of Bill was when he was playing baseball at Western in 1942-43.]

In further tribute to Bill Ward, his family has provided the following statements:

From son, Steven C. Ward

> The stories I am about to tell were told to me by my dad at various times throughout his life. The scene for the first story was being at a camp out in the wilderness. He got up in the early morning and had to go to the latrine to relieve himself. The camp was near a reservoir. As it happens, so was the latrine. As my dad was walking, he fell into the reservoir. He sunk to the bottom because he had his boots on. He remained at the bottom as if at attention, unable to move because his boots filled with water and were keeping him at the bottom of the reservoir. Just then, a solder (name unknown) came out of nowhere, jumped in the water and pulled my dad out. He thought it suspicious that the soldier came out of nowhere in the deep dark night, and that he ran away so fast after rescuing him, but he was very grateful for the rescue.
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> The second story derives from the old radio show, "Lone Wolf Tribe / Chief Wolf Paw." Every day my dad would run to the radio to catch the show. Chief Wolf Paw would come on the radio and say, "How-a-ho-sawaka." The listeners would then respond, "Bonnie-ho-nee-nah." The initial address from the Chief would be done (as he explained) with your right arm at a right angle and held out from your body as if taking an oath to tell the truth. For the response, the listeners would put their index and middle fingers just below their lower lip, with the fingers held perpendicular to that area of the mouth. The story begins when my dad was on

practice maneuvers. At one point, the leader put out his arm at a right angle, indicating everyone should stop. Each of the Marines down the line would turn to the one behind them and repeat the gesture. As the sign came to my dad, he turned, gave the sign and said, "How-a-ho-sawaka." To my dad's surprise, the soldier behind him responded, "Bonnie-ho-nee-nah!!!!" He said they both burst out laughing, immediately returning to seriousness considering the circumstances. [Wanda adds to this story that Bill did not expect the response since the two of them were reared in different countries. She also reports that Bill and his friend were reported and received a minor penalty.]

My last story happened when my dad was on a ship that was headed to an island off of Japan. The plan was to go to this staging area to prepare for a full-scale invasion of Japan. He was to be among the first Marines to land in the invasion. The casualty estimates were horrific!!!! However, about half-way there, the announcement came over the ship's intercom . . . the war was over!!!!! The ship and all of the Marines aboard, returned back to their base. There was no need for the invasion.

From son, William D. Ward, Jr.

Dad was a very humble man. He always downplayed his many accomplishments whenever the topic came up. True to form he referred to his performance regarding many things in his memoirs as "mediocre" or at best "pretty good". These references were gross understatements of course. His loyalty and patriotism to his country were second to none. This is a source of pride for all of us. But on the last page of his memoirs Dad indicated he thought he was a "pretty good" husband, father, and grandfather and that of all the things he had done in his life it would please him the most to be thought of in that way. So as he is honored for his service to his country, let me add a footnote for all to consider.

Dad was never one to think of himself first. When one of his family had a problem he would immediately drop everything he was doing and focus on that person. I remember well his gentle advice and genuine concern. He considered the life of a family member to be far more important than his own. The unspoken message that came through loud and clear was that Dad considered his purpose in life to be the betterment of our lives. If you thought your life was over because you had been cut from a high school sports team, Dad was there with the deepest of understanding. If you needed a mentor for anything from little league baseball to college studies he was always at the ready. He was ready to give a kidney to his grandson, Mitchell, if called on to do so. And he was there to counsel me when my son, Mitchell, died.

The sacrifices Dad made for us are far too numerous to recount here. These are only a small portion of the times when I needed Dad the most and he was always there. Yes, he was a great Marine and ball player, but he was the ultimate Dad and best friend. Indeed

he was a hero to many of us. But of course he would deny it. That's my Dad!

From wife, Wanda Ward:

Bill was always a "humorist". When he was sick with lung cancer, Wanda cared for him at home. When the day came for him to be taken to the Palliative Care Unit the day before he passed away, Wanda called the children and they all came before the Ambulance arrived. When he was carried out on a gurney, Bill looked at all of us and tipped his hat. We all laughed because that was his humor shown, still, the day before he passed away.

Bill was a Catcher in AA Baseball. He played with the Cardinals, Cubs, and two other AA Ball teams, East, and Mid-West. When one of his teams was in their big bus headed for Iowa the bus hit a large gas truck and all but four players were either killed or permanently injured. Yes, Bill was a lucky one with only a large cut on the back of his head. Bill always sat in the front of the bus. However, when he started to sit down that day the Managers asked him to sit in the back of the bus because they wished to have a meeting. All in the front of the bus were killed. Bill broke the back window, crawled out and started walking. The wreck was one that was covered by the Newspapers al over the U. S. Bill's mother was out playing bridge and when she got home, Bill was able to get her on the phone before she heard the news.

Bill lived and was reared in Chicago. How die he get to Rochester, New York? He was a clinical Psychologist in Illinois. He worked for schools and worked for the Veterans' Administration Hospital in Danville, Illinois where he and his family lived. Dr. Ward worked best with challenges and since there had been no recent wars, there were few veterans with mental problems so he decided to apply to several openings in Colleges, School Districts, etc. When he interview in the Rochester School District he found that, at the time, Rochester needed someone to work with their many School Psychologists in their Mental Disabilities Programs. After one year he was working for the State University College at Brockport. While there he was an advisor and teacher in the Peace Corps Program and also helped to write the State Rules and Regulations for the State Mental Disabilities programs in the schools of New York.

There were music abilities on both sides of Bill and Wanda's families. Bill loved music and played the piano a bit daily (Just for and with family but not a performer away from home). When our first grandchild was old enough to sit on the piano bench with his "PaPa" (Bill), he would act like he was playing the piano. Our first grandson's name was our last name—Ward E. Stare. Ware would ask PaPa to teach him how to play. Bill would teach him how to play a few notes and tell him to play them at home and then come back next week and play them on PaPa's piano. His mother would bring him to visit and Ward and PaPa would play the piano. The whole family was amazed at how much Ward could play.

To make a long story short, Ward, at a young age was in many programs with Eastman School of

Music. At age 17 Ward went to Julliard and before he finished his second year he was hired as First Trombonist in the Chicago Lyric Opera. He studied conducting on the side and was invited as Guest Conductor all over the world. At age 32 he was hired by the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra in Rochester, New York as Music Director and Conductor. Needless to say his whole family is proud of him and fondly remembers where his music interest began.

Bill and Wanda are extremely proud of their three children and grandchildren. Their careers are all different and they enjoy sharing their accomplishments with each other as well as with the world.

[Thanks to Wanda, Steven and William for sharing these stories about their husband/dad who was also treasured at The College at Brockport.]