

TARO LEAF
24th Infantry Division Association
Kenwood Ross, Editor
120 Maple Street
Springfield, MA 01103-2278



Hugh L. Black



VOL. XXXXIII - NO. 1 - 1989 - 1990

FIRST CLASS MAIL

Shay, John R.
1129 Shermer Rd.,
Glenview IL 60025

SO WHAT HAPPENED?

HOW'S THIS FOR OPENER?

taro leaf



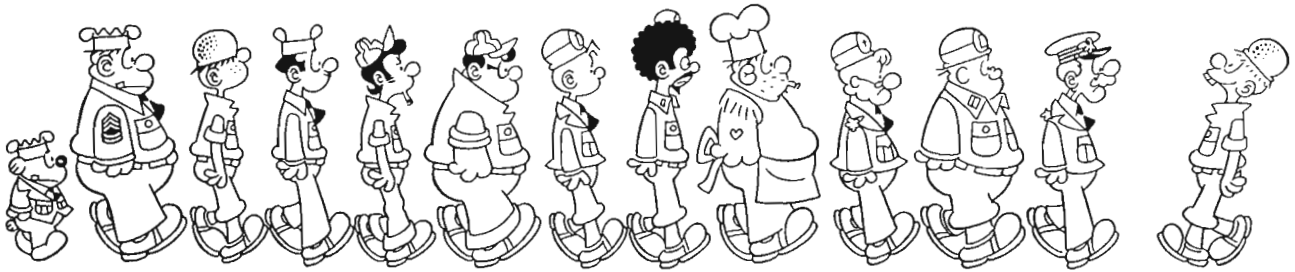
MORT
WALKER

Studio Court, Stamford, Connecticut 06903

DEAR ILEN -

HOPE THIS IS OKAY!

BEST,
MORT



We have made no secret of our affection for the artistry of Mort Walker - and particularly for the curvaceous lines which he is able to gift upon the adorable Miss Buxley - and even more particularly for the delightful hate mail which finds its way into Mort's mailbox, all therebecause.

Some time ago we called upon Mort to do something "just for us". We prefaced it with the snide suspicion that we thought that General Halftrack was modeled after one of our CG's of long, long ago. And we ain't saying which one. Our Mother didn't have any silly children.

Mort happily obliged us - and his contribution now adorns our cover for this issue. With it came the note reproduced above. Doncha just love that stationery?

BILL PENCE (24 Med. '51-'54) of 9727 Elm, Tampa FL, enjoyed F.W. Writes that he's bringing his lady friend, Kay, to Buffalo. She was Air Corps and she threatens to bring her own "stories" with her. Right on, Kay; we can take 'em.

The WEBER's - FRITZ and Kate (21st & 19th WW II & Korea) of Lumber Bridge NC - missed us in F.W. They were summering in Germany with daughter, Anne, and grands and grand grands. While there, Kate was hit with pneumonia - 4 weeks of hospitalization. Great folks.

Writes ELLIS REED (19th Korea) of 336 Oakland, Ft. Walton Beach FL: "Would like the late JIM ERWIN's address so I can write Mary. Jim was the medic who patched me up and saved my life." How many members have written about poor Jimmy in similar veins. He was a wonder, that l'l fella.

Nat'l. Hqs. recently had a visitor. FRANK WILCZAK (24th QM - 7/58-11/58-Germany). Frank's at 224 Shanley, Cheektowaga NY. He'll surely make Buffalo; it's only a mile away.

TARO LEAF

The publication "of, by and for those who served or now serve" the United States 24th Infantry Division, and published frequently by the 24th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION whose officers are:

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* * * *

1990 CONVENTION
Buffalo, New York

Hyatt Regency
Two Fountain Plaza
Buffalo NY 14202

Tel. 716-856-1234

Sept. 27 - Sept. 30

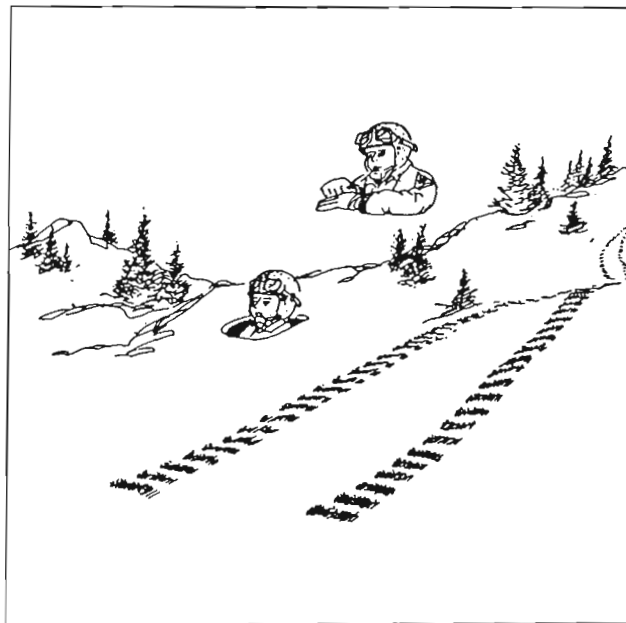
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We asked a few of the Fort Worth gang what the fascination was with the baseball caps each was wearing. It seemed to boil down to this - it's a stylish way to affirm a man's attachment to the 24th.

The ladies of our F.W. Convention Committee are especially deserving of our kudos, our thanks. They were G-R-E-A-T!



Celebrating his 89th is JACK T. BRADY of 1026 Chartiers, McKees Rock PA and he writes: "On Dec. 7, I was with the 21st, Co. C. Heading for chow, I looked up, saw a few planes, and went out to see what was up, not noticing the grass popping up all around me. Sgt. Roy Warford hollered, "Move, it, Brady, that's machine gun fire." The 21st moved in to defend Haleiwa Beach area, and waited for the landing that never came.



Here and there at F.W.: The Ft. Stewart folks set up a company store close by our registration desk; at last report, they said they'd done over \$4000; hot weather turned suddenly cold and the store supply of colorful 24th jackets went like hot-cakes... PAUL AUSTIN had set up a wall map of the U.S. hard by the registration desk; invited everyone to pinpoint his old home town; very colorful... tremendously large 24th welcome signs conspicuously on display in the lobby; terrific advertisements; all spoiled by the fact that they were "dumped" when our party was over; could have used them nicely in Buffalo; dumb, dumb, dumb...

There are approximately 100,000 remaining WW I veterans. 88% of them are hospitalized.

INTER ACTION™ & DIALOGUE



15 Oct 1989

Dear Ken,

It was great to be with you and
Victory Division here at Ft Worth. As
usual I am always amazed at the
courtesy and genuine friendship displayed
to me and my soldiers anytime we are
around you former members of the Division.
Enclosed you will find photos and an
article about our good fortune from the
results of the brigade's general's board.
Hope you can use some of it in the
Iaro Loop.

Upon returning to Ft Stewart, your
Victory Division became immediately
involved in preparing for and cleaning
up after Hurricane Hugo. Over 2,000
Victory soldiers deployed to South Carolina
and helped these good folks recover
for about two weeks. You will be
reading more about those activities in
the Patriot.

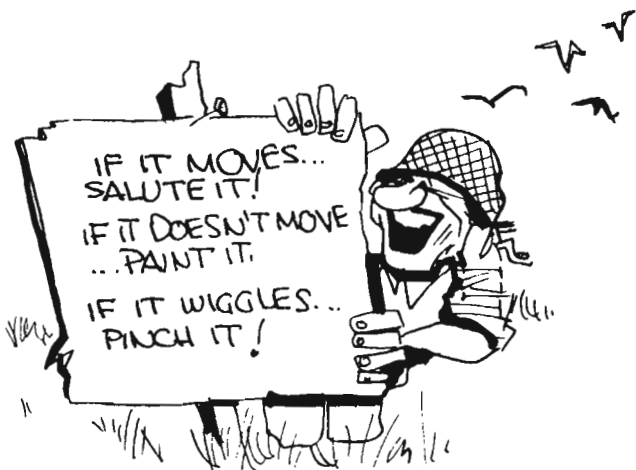
I and my Public Affairs Office
will do more to keep you informed
in the future.

Keep in touch,
Pete Taylor

First, it's
"Pete"
TAYLOR,
the Division
Commander.



There was an excitement at Fort Worth due to the visitation of the Division Commander, Maj. Gen. H.P. "Pete" TAYLOR and his retinue of Fort Stewart people. In sharing our fiesta with us, his kindness knows no bounds. As for what he thought of his weekend with us, "Eyes right." And when he left us on that Sunday Ayem, he was off to the south to Ft. Hood, from which he was flying back to Georgia and thence to Turkey where some of our units are dispersed in another joint exercise with some Turkish troops. Pete told us in his happy, but informative banquet speech of the many off post assignments Division troops are given; it's a small wonder that the entire Division is ever assembled on post at any one moment. And then days later, along came Hugo, nicely passing Georgia by, but raising havoc with neighboring South Carolina. And did Pete and his units respond. Of course they did.



Those were the sentiments of BILL COOK, (C 21st '49-'51) of 9 Palmer Hill, Reading MA. There was plenty of attention to the comic, i.e. the bureaucracy, the red tape, which is oftentimes defined by the pungent term for poultry excrement. It was all under review at F.W. There was even humor found in the symbiosis between youth and soldiering -- remarks to the effect that in the words of one author: "War must rely on the young, for only they have the two things fighting requires: physical stamina and innocence about their own mortality...because their sense of honor has not yet suffered compromise, they make the useful material for manning the sharp end of war."

Out of our "In" Basket: a note from good friend JACK HARDIN (24th MP '51-'53) of 6083 Tiverton Sq.W., Columbus OH, with the names and addresses of 10 buddies with whom he still keeps in touch. This is how we grow, Jack. Thanx much.



ARNY VAN DER MEER (K 19th) of 1411 Madison, Tracy CA, has his own special license plate. Think other states may catch on to the idea. How do you like it?

Association dues - \$10 per year - and our fiscal year runs from August first to July 31st. That's when the dues become due. Send to: Kenwood Ross, 120 Maple St., Rm. 207, Spfld. MA 01103.

We have for sale 1 remaining copy of "What Are Generals Made of" - \$18.95.



Reference a possible group return to Korea in 1990 for the 40th.

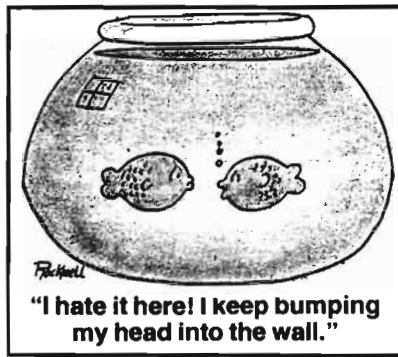
GOLDY NORTON, who has been heading up the planning committee for such, reports that the response, so far, has been "rather minimal". He likens it somewhat to "a snappy conversation with a barn door". Including spouses - dare we not? he says that 28-30 have indicated excitement.

If there is any genuine interest, won't you let Goldy hear from you. He's not looking for commitments now; he's only looking for enough affirmatives to know whether or not the pursuit is even worthwhile.

Goldy hangs his hat at 6200 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 903, in Los Angeles 90048. Ma Bell will put you through to him if you'll dial 213-933-7107.



"Look at the guitar—only three strings!"



FW Chili Con Carne: The Hyatt halls were filled to overflowing with stars - ZIERATH, TAYLOR, ROSEY, DAHLEN, NEWMAN, VAUGHT - and not necessarily in the order of date of rank...Thursday was a day of no planned program, likewise Wednesday before it. Gotta offer a program for those early birds, or else flatly announce in advance that "The show opens on Friday" ...FW turned out to be a surprisingly small town - a real "cowtown" the natives say; quite unlike it's sister, Dallas, the big town.



During the spring, we conducted a survey, a poll if you will. It was directed to one issue: "Where do we go in '90?" Letters went out to 108; 73 responded. A surprisingly good turnout. Admittedly, the survey was passed upon the scientific principles that enabled the Literary Digest magazine to predict an Alf Landon victory in 1936 - but it was a feeble effort attempt to see if we could find a consensus. The result: Philadelphia 4; New York 3; Savannah 14; Chicago 4; San Francisco 11; Buffalo 31; Don't care 6. Interesting.

improvisations

Remember Richard Burton's response to Deborah Kerr in "Night Of The Iguana"? He was pooh-poohing her chaste lifestyle and background. She said, "There are worse things than chastity". Quick as a flash, he responded: "Impotence and Death".

Let's hear it for HARRY R. WHALEY who writes from Box 27, Griffithville AR (that's Arkansas, not Arizona): Please print this message in a future issue: I would like to hear from anyone who served with me in A Btry. 555 FA Bn. '53-'55."

There you have it, Harry. Glad to oblige.

We have for sale 1 remaining copy of "Red" NEWMAN's "Follow Me" - \$7.95.



"Yoo-hoo! My husband gets the senior-citizen discount! Yoo-hoo, Officer, yoo-hoo!"

Noticed at F.W.: Previously-assigned seating at the Banquet went off surprisingly well. Saves scrambling like 500 Fran Tarkentons trying to get through the door first...DON ROSENBLUM filled in beautifully as Banquet MC in view of the decease of poor WALTER CUNNINGHAM 13 days before...Banquet hall was spacious; as we like it; one of the best...Horribly inconsiderate of the Hyatt management in booking an affair complete with rock-and-roll music in an adjacent room one lousy thin paper wall away. Brought memories of a similar curse at our Norfolk party years ago. Hotel manager should be spanked...Wonderful having handsome JIM VAUGHT at our annual soirees; was heading for a business trip to Korea when he left us..."Red" and Dorothy NEWMAN, made FW, thank fortune. First it was "Can't make it", then it was "Can", then "Can't" again, and finally and happily it was "Here we are". Precious folks... Hotel personnel - unusually courteous, did you notice? How many of them asked how many of us something like, "Are you having fun? or "Enjoying yourselves" or "It's nice to have you with us." Delightful touches...34th Inf. chaps ran a little meeting of their own on Sunday night...

The Long and Short of it!

After examining an overweight patient carefully, the doctor handed him a bottle of small white pills. "Don't eat them," he explained. "Just scatter them on the floor three times a day and pick them up one at a time."

Lt.Col. H.J. "Lee" LEBOEUF (3rd Eng. Japan '48-'49 and Munich '58-'61) writes from 124 Willow Lane, Naples FL, expressing regrets at missing FW but adding, "The esprit de corps of the 24th lives on." Indeed, Lee.

OK, let's talk

"I can't find the cause of your illness," said the doctor. "Frankly, I think it's due to drinking."

"That's too bad," said the patient. "Should I come back later when you're sober?"

**SEE
NO EVIL,
HEAR
NO EVIL**

CHARLEY KATES, Life Member #792, writes from 172 Lincoln, Hastings-on-Hudson NY (always liked the ring of "Hastings-on-Hudson - veree veree British): "Know what a job it is to edit Taro Leaf; I've edited a magazine for some 30 years."

HOW SWEET IT IS

MIKE KEEGAN (A 11th FA - Japan & Korea) over in Rockland MA - 160 Martha Dr., to be precise - has expressed interest in our upcoming Fiesta.

INFOCUS

Thank you, MIKE BURCH, over there in Carthage MS for sending us 12 names and addresses of fellow members of the 24th MP when it was a "Platoon" - circa '42-'45.

OTTO KRONE is priceless. Writing out of 416 Central, Jefferson LA, Otto is totally disabled, he sent along a fifty asking us to set up the guys of the 1st Bn., 19th. Otto was C Co. & Hq.Co. '48-'50. He says: "I made it as far as the Kum River battle." Otto is looking for WALTER STOBER, Hq. 1st Bn. 19th '48-'50, and "My old foxhole buddy, GEORGE WILD."

More than once at FW, as man met man, there was a little mist in the eye and a little catch in the throat. Reunions are great; may they never end.



"Willie, you left a ring around the edge!"

TALK. TALK. TALK. TALK. TALK.

JOHN BRUENING, over in Vancouver, WA - 6304 100th Av. N.E. - "would like to hear more about men of the 52nd Field". Okay, you howitzer boys; let's have a TOT, right away.



Looks like a shot for "Love Boat". Meet WOODSON & Lovena TUCKER (Div.Chem.O. '41-'44), of 315 E.Hathaway, San Antonio TX. Woody told us at FW why Cleopatra was always saying "No". Says Woody: "Because she was queen of denial."

We have for sale 6 copies of "Counter Attack on the Naktong, 1950" by Robertson - \$8.25 per copy.

Remarks by George R. (Bob) Scott
(Hq. Co. 34th 42-45) at the Aloha
Dinner of the 24th Inf. Div. Annual
Reunion at the Hyatt-Regency Hotel
in Ft. Worth, Tx. on Sept. 15, 1989

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, GUESTS, AND MY COMRADES IN ARMS
OF THE 24TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION. I FEEL
PRIVILEGED AND HONORED TO HAVE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO WELCOME
YOU TO THE GREAT STATE OF TEXAS AND MORE ESPECIALLY TO THE
CITY OF FT. WORTH - WHERE THE WEST BEGINS - FOR THIS
ANNUAL MEETING OF THIS ASSOCIATION. WELCOME TO TEXAS!
I HAVE A PLEASANT TASK TO PERFORM AT THIS TIME. I WILL
ASK THAT PAUL AUSTIN AND GIL HEABERLIN ASSIST ME BY
ESCORTING BOB ENDER AND KENWOOD ROSS TO THE DAIS.

IT IS MY HAPPY PRIVILEGE TO PRESENT EACH OF YOU A
COMMISSION AS ADMIRAL OF THE TEXAS NAVY FROM GOVERNOR
WILLIAM CLEMENTS, JR. OF TEXAS.

WHEN I ACCEPTED THIS ASSIGNMENT FROM OUR CONVENTION
CHAIRMAN, PAUL AUSTIN, AS SPEAKER ON THIS OCCASION I
WONDERED WHAT I SHOULD TALK ABOUT. IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT
THE AUDIENCE WOULD PREDOMINANTLY BE OF THE SAME GENERATION
AS I AM, AND, THEREFORE, THOUGHT I WOULD DISCUSS HOW WE
WERE IN 1940-1941, AND HOW WE ARE TODAY.

IT'S GETTING HARDER TO REMEMBER "THE WAY WE WERE"
WITHOUT LOOKING AT SOME REFERENCE BOOK.

SOMEHOW, WE NEVER KNEW THE WORLD WAS SO WIDE UNTIL WE
WENT TO HAWAII. WORLD WAR II WAS IN PROGRESS. WE HAD
SURVIVED THE GREAT DEPRESSION. THE WORLD AS WE HAD KNOWN
IT WAS BEGINNING TO COME APART. THERE WERE NAMES THAT
STRUCK FEAR IN OUR HEARTS: HITLER, MUSSOLINI, TOJO,
"GENERAL IRVING", "COL. NEWMAN" (RED NEWMAN). IT LOOKED
LIKE ROOSEVELT WAS GOING TO BE PRESIDENT FOREVER. BUT WE
LEARNED TO PAY THE PRICE. HERE ARE SOME OF THE PRICES WE
PAID:

12 OUNCE PEPSI WAS A NICKEL
BEST HAMBURGER IN TOWN WAS A DIME
FOR A NICKEL YOU COULD MAIL ONE LETTER AND
TWO POST CARDS
BREAD WAS FIVE CENTS A LOAF (UNSLICED)
SLICED BREAD WAS SEVEN CENTS
GASOLINE WAS ELEVEN CENTS A GALLON - AND
ROMANCE WAS JUST TWENTY TWO CENTS AWAY
THE BEST MOVIE IN TOWN WAS THIRTY FIVE CENTS
AND THE BALCONY WAS WHERE THE ACTION WAS.

WELL, THAT'S THE WAY WE REALLY WERE - OR WERE WE? WHAT
REALLY CONCERNED US THEN? THE 1930'S SAW ONE OF THE WORST
CRIME WAVES IN HISTORY: PRETTY BOY FLOYD, JOHN DILLINGER,
BONNIE AND CLYDE - ALL WERE BANK ROBBERS - THEY USED
MACHINE GUNS. (NOW BANK ROBBERS WEAR SUITS, DRIVE
MERCEDES, AND KNOW CONGRESSMEN BY THEIR FIRST NAMES.)

WE WERE STILL CONCERNED ABOUT THE DEPRESSION. FOOD WAS
CHEAP BUT MONEY WAS SCARCE.

WE WERE NAIVE, WE THOUGHT CLOSETS WERE FOR CLOTHES, NOT
FOR "COMING OUT OF". BUNNIES WERE JUST SMALL RABBITS.
GAY RIGHTS WERE HAPPY PEOPLE WHO WERE NOT LEFT HANDED.
AND GUYS WHO WORE EARRINGS WERE REAL PIRATES. HAVING A
MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP MEANT GETTING ALONG WITH YOUR
"COUSIN". WE THOUGHT A TRIPLE BY-PASS WAS A NEW SPINNER
PLAY IN FOOTBALL. GRASS WAS SOMETHING YOU MOWED. COKE
WAS A COLD DRINK. POT WAS SOMETHING YOU COOKED IN OR WENT
TO. AND CRACK WAS WHAT YOU DID TO ICE.



OUR VITAL CONCERNS INCLUDED GETTING THE FAMILY CAR, AND
HAIR - WONDERFUL HAIR. WE WERE CONCERNED WITH PIMPLES -
THOUGH, CLEARASIL WAS YEARS AWAY. THE ONLY STEADY PAYROLL
IN TOWN WAS JURY DUTY.

HISTORIANS REFER TO 1939-1940 AS A TIME OF OPTIMISM,
VITALITY AND BELIEF IN AMERICA.

THAT'S THE WAY WE WERE. WELL, HOW ARE WE NOW? THE
DECADE OF THE '80'S WILL PROBABLY BE KNOWN AS THE REAGAN
YEARS. THE TEFLON DECADE. BUT WHAT ABOUT US?

THE CUTE GIRLS WHO FASCINATED US IN SCHOOL HAVE CHANGED
THEIR DRESS SIZE FROM JUNIOR MISS TO JUNIOR MISSILE. THEY
HAVE GONE FROM FRECKLES TO LIVER SPOTS.

THOSE SLENDER, BROAD SHOULDERED BOYS WITH OPEN COLLARS
NOW WEAR NECKTIES - RAINBOW TIES - THERE'S A POT AT THE
END OF THEM. WE STILL WORRY ABOUT HAIR - I NOTICE THERE
ARE THREE DIFFERENT MEN'S HAIR STYLES HERE TONIGHT -
PARTED, UNPARTED, AND DEPARTED.

MODERN MATURITY MAGAZINE HAS GIVEN US A NEW MOTTO:

"I CAN LIVE WITH MY ARTHRITIS. MY HEARING AID FITS FINE. I CAN SEE THROUGH MY TRI-FOCALS, BUT, LORD, HOW I MISS MY MIND."

IT SAYS A LOT ABOUT HOW WE ARE. I'VE BEEN AROUND SO LONG, MY WIFE LISTS ME ON OUR TAX RETURN AS "FULLY DEPRECIATED". IT TAKES LONGER TO GET RESTED THAN IT TOOK TO GET TIRED IN THE FIRST PLACE.

I CAN JUMP AS HIGH AS I USED TO. I JUST DON'T STAY UP AS LONG. IT IS SUCH AN EFFORT TO TIE MY SHOES, WHEN I BEND OVER I LOOK AROUND FOR SOMETHING ELSE TO DO AS LONG AS I'M DOWN THERE.

MY WIFE RETIRED FROM NURSING AND GOES WITH ME ON BUSINESS TRIPS NOW. IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE HER ALONG. SHE DOES ALL THE DRIVING. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SIT THERE AND HOLD THE STEERING WHEEL.

MY HIGH SCHOOL CLASS HAD ITS 50TH ANNIVERSARY IN 1988. WE HAD A CLASS REUNION, AND I WAS ON THE ARRANGEMENTS COMMITTEE. I ASKED OUR CLASS SECRETARY FOR A LIST OF CLASS MEMBERS BROKEN DOWN BY SEX. SHE SAID SHE KNEW OF A FEW THAT WERE BROKEN DOWN BY SEX, BUT OUR BIGGEST PROBLEM IS SENILITY.

ON THE POSITIVE SIDE, WE STILL WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE ACTION IS. I'M PROUD THAT I CAN TELL YOU TONIGHT WHERE THE ACTION IS: OAT BRAN AND METAMUCIL.

I REMEMBER THE GOOD MUSIC WE HAD FROM GLENN MILLER - TOMMY DORSEY AND OTHERS BEFORE AND DURING WORLD WAR II. THE BEST MUSIC IN 1989 IS FRANK SINATRA SINGING "JUST THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT" (A TOP TUNE IN 1938) IN A 20 SECONDS BEER COMMERCIAL. DON'T KNOCK IT, 20 SECONDS OF GOOD MUSIC OUT OF A WHOLE EVENING OF TV IS NOT TOO SHABBY.

THE THOUGHTS WE LIVE BY COME NOT FROM THE GREAT PHILOSOPHERS BUT FROM WRITERS LIKE ERMA BOMBECCK AND ROBERT FULGHAM (ALL I EVER NEEDED TO KNOW I LEARNED IN KINDERGARTEN).

"MOST OF WHAT WE REALLY NEED TO KNOW ABOUT HOW TO LIVE AND HOW TO BE, WE LEARNED NOT AT THE TOP OF THE GRADUATE

SCHOOL MOUNTAIN BUT THERE IN THE SANDBOX AT NURSERY

SCHOOL. THESE ARE THE THINGS WE LEARNED: SHARE

EVERYTHING. PLAY FAIR. DON'T HIT PEOPLE. PUT THINGS

BACK WHERE YOU FOUND THEM. CLEAN UP YOUR OWN MESS. DON'T TAKE THINGS THAT AREN'T YOURS. SAY YOU'RE SORRY WHEN YOU HURT SOMEBODY. WASH YOUR HANDS BEFORE YOU EAT. FLUSH.

LIVE A BALANCED LIFE.

"LEARN SOME AND THINK SOME AND DRAW AND PAINT AND SING AND DANCE AND PLAY AND WORK EVERYDAY SOME. TAKE A NAP IN THE AFTERNOON. WHEN WE GO OUT INTO THE WORLD, WATCH FOR TRAFFIC, HOLD HANDS AND STICK TOGETHER.

"GOLDFISH AND WHITE MICE AND EVEN THE LITTLE SEED IN A PAPER CUP - THEY ALL DIE. SO DO WE.

"THINK OF WHAT A BETTER WORLD IT WOULD BE IF WE ALL - THE WHOLE WORLD - HAD COOKIES AND MILK ABOUT 3 O'CLOCK EVERY AFTERNOON AND THEN LAY DOWN WITH OUR BLANKETS FOR A NAP.

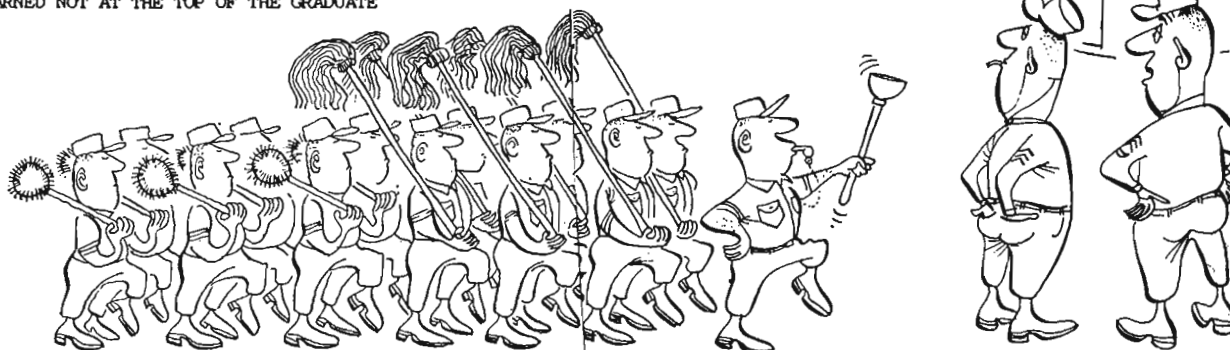
"AND IT IS TRUE, NO MATTER HOW OLD WE ARE, WHEN WE GET OUT INTO THE WORLD, IT IS BEST TO HOLD HANDS AND STICK TOGETHER."

AND THAT'S THE WAY WE ARE.

GOD BLESS EACH OF YOU



"Now THAT'S WHAT I CALL ESPRIT DE CORPS"





This is Past Prexy - on the right, looking directly into the camera, at the White House Rose Garden ceremony last June 14th.

This is WARREN AVERY reporting:
 "On Flag Day, June 14, 1989, I was privileged to be with a contingent of Korean War veterans who were invited to attend the unveiling of a model of the Korean War Veterans Memorial, at the White House Rose Garden. This prize winning model, designed by the University of Pennsylvania's Architect Dept., was selected from several hundred designs submitted. It depicts 38 GI's moving through Korea; their faces are alert with caution and strong with resolve. I had the privilege of meeting and shaking hands with President George Bush and Senator Robert Dole after the unveiling.

"The day started out with breakfast at the Madison Hotel, hosted by the Presidential Advisory Board, where the honored guest was Abigail VanBuren (Dear Abby). I presented her with an MIA bracelet and gave her a big kiss. She is a wonderful person and has contributed time and space in her column to raising in excess of \$350,000 for the Korean War Memorial. She promises to continue in helping us until the monument is erected. At this time, we have approximately \$3.2 million dollars toward our goal of \$6 million.

"Let us all remember that this memorial will be the one and only memorial to all Korean War veterans and will be placed in Ash Woods on the Mall across from the Reflecting Pool in our Nation's Capital.

"We of the Division should pledge ourselves to donate a sum for this memorial, and if anyone has any expertise in fund raising, I ask them to contact me."

As you can see, our osculating representative in the field gets around. Expect him to propose that we enlist Dear Abby into the Association.



While on the east coast, there was an ongoing ceremony devoted to showing off a model of the Korean War Veterans Memorial, over on the west coast there was a ceremony involving the International Korean War Monument. We were represented there by Prexy BOB ENDER on the left and TONY APODACA on the right.

If no one else is going to try to make distinctions between the two monuments, 3000 miles apart, we surely are not. We won't touch it with a 10 foot pole. It does occur to us, however, that someone should explain it to the American people before the monies in the two pots start getting screwed up - if in fact things aren't already in a state of chaos.

And now, for the rest of the story . . .

Representing us - and doing it well - at the Korean War Vets 5th Annual Reunion was Past Prexy WARREN AVERY. The scene - Arlington VA - the time - July 25-27. Wrote Warren:

"On Thursday morning, we conducted a wreath laying ceremony at the Tomb of the Unknowns in Arlington Cemetery. After the ceremony, we held a memorial service in the Amphitheater. We then each placed a yellow mum (Peace) on the Meditation Bench, donated by No Greater Love, at last years ceremony. At the banquet, our guests were Col. David H. Hackworth (Ret.), the most decorated living American, who gave a stirring speech, and who is the author of newly published 'About Face'. If you read one book this year, it should be this one. Our other distinguished guest was none other than Bob Hope, one of the American GI's best friends during wartime and after. This was the only reunion of veterans he has ever attended. We felt so privileged to have this great American among us. He took time to sign autographs and to pose with us. The reunion was well represented by the 24th Division with 27 in attendance out of 460 total."

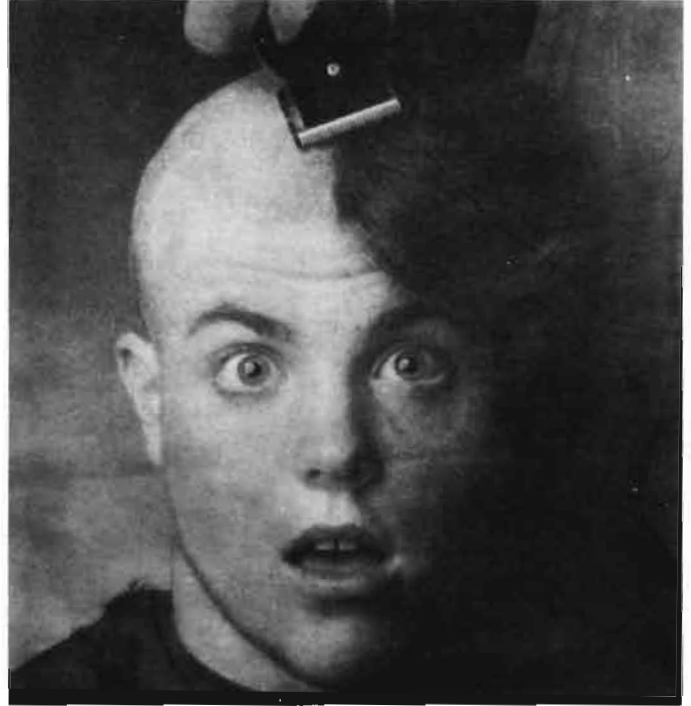
A great report, Warren; thank you. Sorry we didn't dare use the pictures - too dark.



How about a card or letter to EARL and ALICE BRIDWELL (H 19th '38-'42), at 5611 Bar S St., Tucson AZ. Al writes that Earl is confined to a wheelchair. They have a new van with a lift enabling these wonderful folks to "get out a little bit." They'd love to hear from you good people.

We have for sale 6 copies of the Krebs "Children of Yesterday" reprint. \$29.00 per copy.

Turning back the pages of history



Remember that old gag about the post barber at your first station? - the one where the barber asks the kid: "Do you want to save your hair?" And the rookie, looking up hopefully and tearfully, answers, "Yeah!" Whereupon the barber hands him a bagful of his clippings. Photo - courtesy of Eugene Zeller, Sergeant First Army.

Are these guys for real?

Hats off to our membership folks - MAJOR HAYWOOD and WALLY KUHNER. They were able to report, at FW, that their year's activities netted us 497 new members, to be added to the 2821 already enlisted. That makes a membership total of 3318 - right??

But we lost during the year 402 - 57 deceased, 43 not at the address provided, 18 per their own request, 23 duplicate entries and 261 for non-payment of dues.

So-o-o-o our membership, at reunion time, stood at 2916.

Thank you so very much, Major - and Wally.

Our 24th cartoonist, BOB GARDNER, tells us that "In the past at holiday time, I have sent a similar page out to our small 'company' group, using a copy of this 'self-portrait'...tall, skinny, bald! Anyway, it's as close to a photo as anyone is going to get! It is the one time of the year that I deviate from the attempted humor and share a serious side with old friends. It is the one time that one can look back into the past and share nostalgia with others."

And here's his thoughtful message:

SOME THOUGHTS AT HOLIDAY TIME



*The
- 24th Division -
Bob Gardner
142-145*

Once again this is a joyous season to surround ourselves with family and friends. But our thoughts always return to less joyous holidays spent half way around the world....to familiar faces with us then that are no more.

Often, late in the day, when the mists of evening are laying heavy along the fields, and the evening shadows are gathering along the sides of old barns....in that split second between daylight and darkness....I once again see men coming out of the mists. The only sound is the methodical cadence of their feet on the dirt road.

Alight breeze trails small dust swirls from the marchers. The many familiar faces pass quickly....But,...here and there, a nameless face is appearing more frequently, as the years fade, one into another....and faces blend into lost memories of long forgotten campsites and battlefields.

Now, they are passing too quickly down the road ! (Wait ! If they lingered for a moment, I might remember better !)....But.... now they have faded into the night....marching, full company strength, into history....



Staff photo by Torsten Kjellstrand

World War II infantry buddies Donald Knapton, Frank Shaw, Lawrence Johnson, Joe Cream, Chas. Kroh, Aubrey Jones, Marvin Hanson, Howard Johnson, Marvin Johnson, Tom Clark, Howard Piehl and Paul "Swede" Nelson gathered at the Legion Club in New Ulm Monday for a few laughs and memories.

G 21st men of WW II had an August reunion in New Ulm MN. We're indeed sorry that we didn't properly publicise the party before-the-fact. But we're happy to reproduce this group photo after-the-fact. The boys are planning another reunion in New Ulm in two years.



"Don't tell 'em now, lieutenant. Wait'll they fix th' stove."

"Age is not important, unless you're a bottle of wine."
BOB ENDER, H-21st

We'd like to ask RENE and Corinne ALLARD, (Hq. Mortar 5th RCT '50-'52) of 6A Mousam, Springvale ME, "Didja notice how few smokers we had at F.W.?"



There's only one way to come out ahead of the pack.

QUIT



Life is full of surprises.



We spotted this one in a magazine and fell in love with it at once. It was terrific - but in color. We loved it - and all that it stood for so, deciding without any trouble, "Here's the next subject for a cover." Then came the anguish - and expense - of photographing it, to reduce it to black and white, and then babying the negative to give us an 8 x 10 positive which would reproduce well on our photo offset. It wouldn't - so we stayed with the reduced size. The important thing is that we wanted to share with you this story of our little gray haired friend in the process of being shocked by the unexpected arrival of three old buddies. We said this one goes in so the gang can enjoy it too - but we'll not feature it as a cover photo; we'll sneak it into the belly of the paper - that you might have a belly laugh. Isn't it just great?

Cheers for the Ft. Hood post commander who ordered all obscene bumper stickers removed. As expected the ACLU reacted immediately - something about unconstitutional infringement of freedom of speech, naturally. Soldiers refusing the request of course can find their vehicular persona non grata on the post. Thank fortune, there are a few places left where discipline means something.



Did You Know?

At F.W., JIM and Anne ALVATOR (Hq. 21st '49-'51) of 52 Chestnut, Red Bank NJ, were impressed with the work JOE MCKEON and JOE HOFRICHTER have put into updating our Honor Roll, the book of our deceased 24th'ers.

Memorial Contributions for the late WALTER CUNNINGHAM gratefully received from DALLAS and Peggy DICK KENWOOD ROSS CARL S. WAGENFUEHRER THOMAS UPTON Carole A. Karn

We have been doing a little advertising. We show you a couple of the ads on the next page.

Will you do us a kindness? - please!!

The next time you're in your post office would you tack this page up on the bulletin board along with the "10 Most Wanted Men"?



"I'm looking for a volunteer!"

Did You Wear One of These Patches?



1st Cavalry
Division Association
302 N. Main Street
Copperas Cove, TX
76522
1-800-234-9313

If you served in
one of these army units,
would you like to meet
former comrades? Obtain
souvenirs? Read about your prior
unit? Attend its reunion?



82nd Airborne
Division Association
5459 Northcutt Place
Dayton, OH
45414
513-898-5977

**Then why not join
our Association?**

**FOR AN APPLICATION,
OR MORE INFORMATION, CONTACT:**



Society of the
1st Division
5 Montgomery Ave.
Philadelphia, PA
19118
215-836-4841



24th Infantry
Division Association
120 Maple Street
Springfield, MA
01103
413-733-3194



25th Infantry
Division Association
P.O. Box 340
Flourtown, PA
19031
215-242-2572

DID YOU WEAR ONE OF THESE PATCHES?

If you served in one of these army units, would you like to meet former comrades?
Obtain souvenirs? Read about your prior unit? And/or attend the reunion?

Join The Association

Write or call for more information and an application.



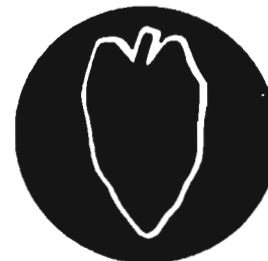
1st Cavalry Assn.
302 N. Main St.
Copperas Cove, TX
76522
1-800-234-9313



Society of The
1st Division
5 Montgomery Ave.
Philadelphia, PA 19118
215-836-4841



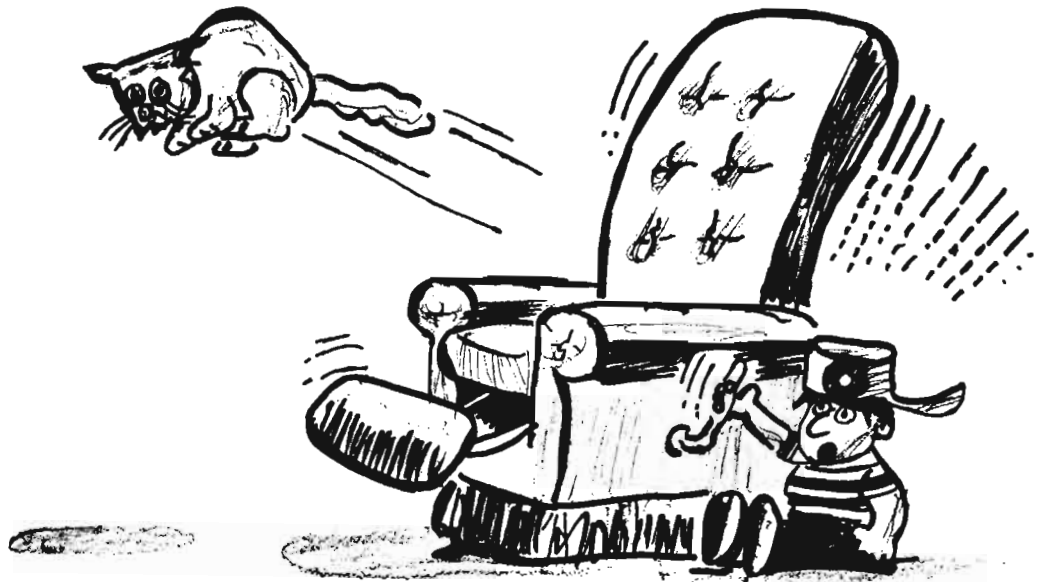
2nd (Indian Head) Division
Association, Inc.
National Headquarters
P.O. Box 460
Buda, Texas 78610



24th Inf. Div. Assoc.
120 Maple St.,
Springfield, MA 01103
413-733-3194



82nd Abn Div. Assn.
5459 Northcutt Place
Dayton, OH 45414
(513) 898-5977



**"GRANDPA CAPTAIN SAID, 'GET READY TO LAND THE
TWENTY - FOURTH! SHELL THE BEACH, MR. BROWN.'
'AYE, AYE, SIR' BOOM! FIRST ROUND ON THE WAY!"**

ST. PETERSBURG TIMES - 8/1/44

Our in-house cartoonist, BOB GARDNER (Hq.Co. 21st '42-'45), of 4061-55 Way North, Kenneth City FL, has reported in. We're right glad he's aboard. Thank you, Bob:

A note from JOHNNY FONTENOT (I 21st '44-'46) of 2424 Tupelo, Lake Charles LA: "I enjoyed the reunion except the seating at the banquet. We could not sit with our old buddies and wives. We could have found seats ourselves."

Believe us, Johnny, all the committee was trying to do was to avoid the chaos of earlier banquets. Got any ideas? They'll be most welcome. We need your input.

At F.W., the roar of excited and exuberant talking astounded the folks running the "house"; they were not used to crowds where "everyone knew everyone".

We talked - and we ate. We talked - and we drank. We shook hands - and hugged - and talked some more. We sat and we talked. We stood up and we talked.

But on occasion, we were silent - at our moving Memorial Service for our deceased fellow soldiers.

We departed with satisfaction for a reunion well done and with hope for future gatherings and continued communication within our diverse and far-flung gang.

Pass This On To A Friend!

We think it was BENEDICT ALES (M 34th '48-'50) of 29816 Gloria, St. Clair Shores MI, who came to F.W. without Grace, who will not fly. Ben reminded us that we haven't been saying in our past Taro Leaf issues that Association dues are \$10.00 per annum and our year runs from 8/1 to 7/31. Pass the word, please.

Give this one a moment of your time, please.

One Edward F. Keating of 34 E. 51st St., Bayonne, NJ spotted our name and wrote us:

"I had a brother who was with the 24th Inf. It was Company G 19th Inf. and he was killed in WW II on Leyte.

"I would like to know the battles G 19th were in and where they were at during WW II. Also I would like to know who was killed and who survived. It will help me to know his pals and I may be able to write them for information. My brother's name was WILLIAM V. KEATING.

"I will appreciate all information you can give me. If not please forward to someone who can. I also am a veteran of WW II. I served in the E.T.O."

We have written Ed Keating that we'll put the word out. Any thoughts, anyone?

Col(P) Wong



Colonel Wong was born in Puunene, Maui, Hawaii, on Jan. 4, 1942. He graduated from Eastern Washington University in 1964 with a commission as a second lieutenant. His first assignment was with the 82nd Signal Battalion, Fort Bragg, NC as a platoon leader and battalion S-4 where he served until 1966. Also, in 1966 he deployed to Vietnam as a platoon leader with the 41st (39th) Signal Battalion. He was then assigned to the 4th Brigade, U.S. Army Training Center Infantry, Fort Polk, La. as a company commander. In 1968, Col. Wong returned to Vietnam where he served as company commander, battalion S-2 and battalion S-4 for the 1st Battalion, 27th Infantry, 25th Infantry Division.

From 1970 to 1973 Col. Wong served as an assistant professor of military science at Eastern Washington University in Cheney, Washington where he concurrently earned a master's degree in education. He was then sent to Stuttgart, West Germany as assistant community commander for Headquarters VII Corps from 1973 to 1974 and afterwards as battalion executive officer, Headquarters VII Corps Special Troops until 1975. Col. Wong was then assigned to the Berlin Brigade, Berlin, West Germany as the deputy G-1 until 1976.

Col. Wong graduated from the U.S. Army Command and

General Staff College in 1977 with a follow-on assignment to Headquarters, 3rd ROTC Region, Fort Riley, Kan. as personnel staff officer until 1979 and later as battalion executive officer for the 1st Battalion, 28th Infantry, 1st Infantry Division, Fort Riley, Kan. until 1980.

From 1980 to 1981 Col. Wong served as personnel staff officer for Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Personnel, Headquarters, Department of the Army, Wash. D.C.

From 1981 to 1983, Col. Wong served as battalion commander of 2nd Battalion, 19th Infantry at Fort Stewart. He then served as the assistant chief of staff, G-1, 24th Infantry Division in 1983, and as the chief of staff until 1984, at which time he served a second time as the division G-1.

After leaving Fort Stewart, Col. Wong attended the U.S. Army War College, graduated in 1985 and served as chief, Assignments Branch, Colonels' Division, at Military Personnel Center in Alexandria, Va.

He and his wife, Vicky, arrived at Fort Stewart on July 13, 1987.

He departed Fort Stewart in June 1989 and is presently the executive assistant to the deputy commander-in-chief/chief of staff, U.S. Pacific Command, Camp Smith, Hawaii.

The Wongs have a daughter Lori of Kansas City, Mo., and a son Jon of Alexandria, Va.

Col(P) Genega



Colonel Stanley G. Genega came to Fort Stewart in May 1988 and assumed the duties of the chief of staff of the 24th Infantry Division (Mechanized). He came from Savannah where he served as the commander and district engineer of the Savannah District.

A 1965 graduate of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, Col. Genega holds a master's degree from the Sloan School of Management at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He attended the University of Bonn, West Germany as an Olmstead Scholar and is a graduate of the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College, and the U.S. Army War College.

Colonel Genega's major command assignments include serving as commander, Company D, 75th Engineer Battalion, Fort Meade, Md; commander, 523rd Engineer Company; and commander, 7th Engineer Battalion, 5th Infantry Division, Fort Polk, La.

His major staff assignments include serving as executive officer and adjutant, 1st Engineer Battalion, 1st Infantry Division, Vietnam; operations officer, 69th Engineer Battalion, Republic of Vietnam; staff officer, Organization of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, at the Pentagon; and division chief, Force Development Directorate, in the Office of the Deputy

Chief of Staff for Operations and Plans, U.S. Army in the Pentagon.

Among his military awards are the Defense Meritorious Service Medal; Meritorious Service Medal; Bronze Star (four awards); Army Commendation Medal; Air Medal; National Defense Service Medal; Meritorious Unit Citation (two awards); Airborne Badge; and Ranger Tab.

Colonel Genega is a native of Elizabeth, N.J. and is married to the former Barbara Ann Daly of East Orange, N.J.. He and his wife have two children, Elizabeth Mary and Stanley, Jr.



Col(P) Monroe



Colonel James W. Monroe was born in Laurinburg, N.C. He attended West Virginia State College where he earned a bachelor of science degree in Electrical Engineering. There he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Ordnance Corps as a distinguished military graduate of the Army ROTC program. After completing the Ordnance Basic Course and various technical courses, Col. Monroe served his two year RA detail in the Armor branch. As an Armored Cavalry platoon leader and troop executive officer, he earned his spurs with the 2nd Squadron, 9th Cavalry, 24th Infantry Division while serving on border patrol in the Federal Republic of Germany.

Colonel Monroe has served as a stock control officer, 626th Repair Parts Company, FRG. Additionally, he has commanded the 621st General Supply Company, FRG, and the 61st Maintenance (DS), Korea.

Also, he has served as the executive officer, 709th Maintenance Battalion, 9th Infantry Division, Fort Lewis, Washington; commanded the 9th Infantry Division Materiel Management Center, 9th Infantry Division, Fort Lewis and served as the executive officer, 9th Infantry Division Support Command. Col. Monroe commanded the 71st Maintenance Battalion in Nuremberg, Germany.

His other assignments have included, the Defense Language School as an Arabic student; ordnance advisor of the Saudi

Arabian Chief of Ordnance; graduate student at the University of Cincinnati where he received a Master of Arts degree in Political Science with a concentration in Middle Eastern Studies; assistant professor of military science, University of Cincinnati; and a Middle Eastern analyst in the Office of the Assistant Chief of Staff of Intelligence, Department of the Army, the Pentagon.

Colonel Monroe is a graduate of the Command and General Staff College as well as the Industrial College of the Armed Forces. He comes to Fort Stewart from the Industrial College, a joint Senior Service School in Washington, D.C., where he served as a military faculty member teaching national, theater, and joint/combined logistics.

Colonel Monroe and his wife Charlyne, have one daughter and one son. Donya is a graduate of the University of Nevada at Las Vegas and is now in business in Las Vegas. Bryan is a recent graduate of the University of Washington in Seattle. He is currently doing his internship at the Seattle Times.

2

Col(P) Lloyd



Colonel Herbert J. Lloyd is a native of Hope, Ark. He joined the Army as a private and served as rifleman, machine gun squad leader, and rifle platoon sergeant.

As a sergeant first class, he attended Officer Candidate School and was commissioned a lieutenant of Infantry in 1964.

He served two tours in Germany and saw service in Vietnam in 1962-63, 1966-68, and 1972.

He served as platoon leader, company commander, and G3 training officer in the 82nd Airborne Division. He also served as an advisor with the Vietnamese Rangers and the Vietnamese 6th Airborne Battalion. He was chief of Tower Committee and chief of Operations in the Airborne Department at Fort Benning.

Further, he served as a tactical officer at West Point, New York; brigade executive officer in 8th Infantry Division; commanded 3rd Battalion, 11th Infantry, at Fork Polk, La. for three years; and deputy chief of staff, and commander, 2nd Brigade, 5th Infantry Division (Mechanized), Fort Polk, Louisiana.

Also, Colonel Lloyd has served as chief of staff, 10th Mountain Division (Light) at Fort Drum, N.Y. Colonel Lloyd is a graduate of the US Army War College, the Command and Staff College, Infantry Officer Advanced Course, Ranger

School, Pathfinder, Northern Warfare School and Jungle Warfare School. He holds a Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts from Auburn University.

Colonel Lloyd is presently the assistant division commander-support, 24th Infantry Division.

Colonel Lloyd's awards and decorations include the Silver Star (1st Oak Leaf Cluster), Soldier's Medal, Bronze Star with "V" device (6 Oak Leaf Clusters), Purple Heart (1st Oak Leaf Cluster), Combat Infantryman's Badge, Master Parachutist Badge with three combat jumps and Ranger Tab.

Colonel Lloyd is the father of Mark Lloyd.



Col(P) Hendrix

Colonel Hendrix was commissioned through ROTC at Georgia Tech and entered active duty in November, 1965.

His career highlights include two combat assignments as rifle company commander in the republic of Vietnam; instructor, U.S. Army Ranger School; battalion executive officer of the 3rd Battalion, 11th Infantry (Mechanized); brigade S-3 of the 2nd Brigade, 5th Infantry Division (Mechanized); executive officer of the 5th Infantry Division Support Command; thirty-one months as commander of the 2nd Battalion, 13th Infantry (Mechanized), 8th Infantry Division in the Federal Republic of Germany; and two years as the assistant chief of staff, G-3, 24th Infantry Division (Mechanized), Rapid Deployment Force.

Colonel Hendrix completed the Army War College in 1984 and joined the Warhawk Brigade in August 1987, following a one-year assignment in the Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Operation and Plans, Headquarters, Department of the Army in Washington, D.C. He is currently the assistant chief of staff, G-3, Central Army Group in Heidelberg. He holds a Master of Arts in history and has received various awards for service and valor, including the Silver Star with oak leaf cluster.

Colonel Hendrix is accompanied by his wife, Cheri. They have two sons, Mark, age 16 and Michael, age 13.

Colonel Hendrix was born in Bulloch County and is the son of Reverend (Ret.) and Mrs. James L. Hendrix of Route 1, Midway.

Wot happen? Hey Stewart, where's the Hendrix picture? Computer down? To Brig.Gen. designate JOHN W. HENDRIX, our apologies.



It's about time we had one of the chap responsible for most of our marvelous F.W. pictures - the old camera man himself - Doctor PHILIP HOSTETTER (Hqs. 1st Bn. 19th '43-'46), of 821 Poyntz, Manhattan KS 66502. Each of us is grateful to you Phil, not only for this year, but for every year.

STAR QUIZ: Answers to puzzle: 1. Life of ease; 2. Holy mackerel; 3. Stacked deck.

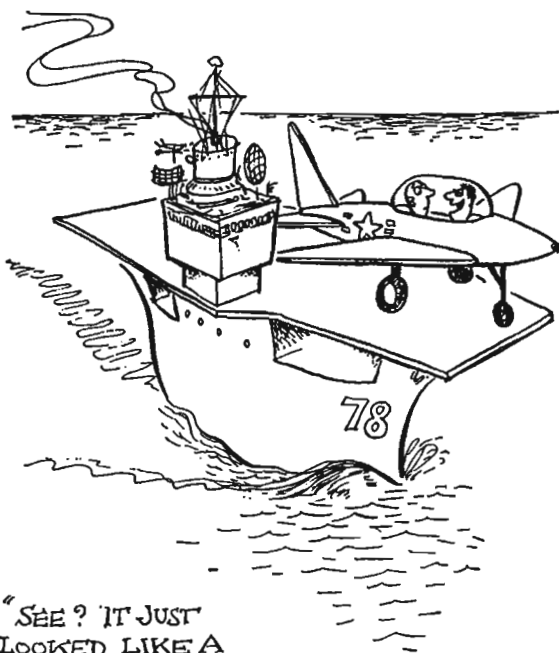
Accident involving JAMES "Spike" O'DONNELL (G 21st '42-'45). Pedestrian Spike took on an oncoming car. Hospitalization. Now home. Can't write so if you card him - and we hope you will - please forgive him if he doesn't acknowledge. Spike's new address is 1025 Pleasant Place, #12-J, Oak Park IL 60302. Tel. # 312-386-0254.

TO: The 24th Infantry Div.Assn.
120 Maple St., Room 207
Springfield MA 01103-2278

Sir:

Enclosed please find check (Money Order) for Ten (\$10) Dollars in payment of my dues for year 8/1/88-8/1/89. Please send my membership card and all future copies of the Taro Leaf and division news to:

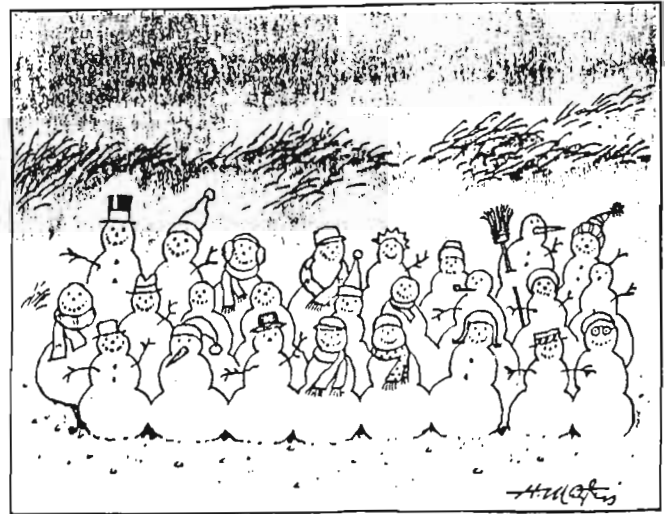
Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Former Unit _____
from _____ to _____



"SEE? IT JUST LOOKED LIKE A POSTAGE STAMP FROM WAY UP THERE."



THE SNOWS OF YESTERYEAR: THIRTIES, FORTIES, FIFTIES



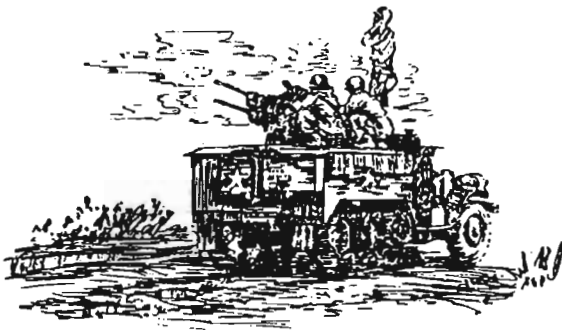
Front row: 1930, 1931, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1938, 1939
 Second row: 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949
 Back row: 1950, 1951, 1952, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1959
 Missing: 1932, 1937, 1940, 1953, 1958



A FW gathering, within the gathering. Up front, starting with the left - PHIL NEAVEILL (G 21st '50-'51, sweating a camera problem), CHARLEY DICKERSON (G & F 21st '50-'51), DOUG SYVERSON (G 21st '50-'51), NORM WOLAK (G 21st '50-'51), HARRY WITTMAN (G 21st '51-'52 - and who thoughtfully supplied the picture) and in the back, same old order, TONY APODACA (34th & 21st '48-'52), TONY's pal - sorry, Tony, but we missed the name, ROSCOE COLLIER (G 21st '50-'51), '89 VERBECK BOWL AWARDEE, WARREN AVERY (L 34 & G 21st '50-'51), GEORGE WILLIAMS (E & G 21st '50-'51), and HAROLD PETERS (G 21st '50-'51). Looks like George of the Gimlets monopolized this one.



Fran WITTMAN, the wonderful better half of HARRY, managed to send us this one taken at F.W. - and happily, she's in it herself. And so, in the front row, we give you Mrs. TONY APODACA, Fran (as we were saying), Mrs. ROSCOE COLLIER, and Mrs. DOUGLAS SYVERSON. And now moving over to the back row, if you will please, meet Mrs. HAROLD PETERS, Mrs. NORMAN WOLAK, Mrs. WILLIAM MULLINS, and Mrs. WARREN AVERY. Fran says she's sorry it's a color shot. So are we, Fran, but we'll use it anyway. You're a peach for sending it to us.





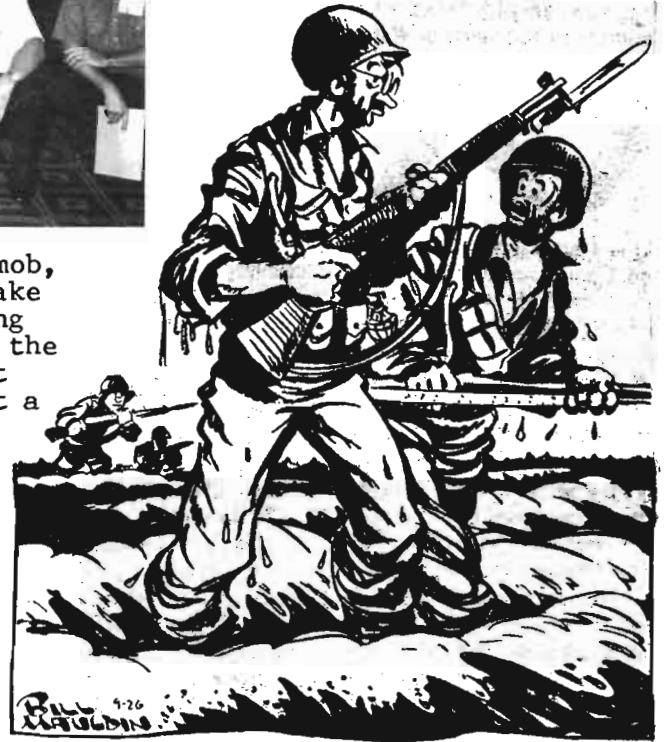
If you think we're gonna try to identify this mob, forget it. The only identification we're gonna make is the terrific sign our Texas boys made in getting ready for us. Tho fairly well hidden, you'll get the feel of it, we are sure. 'Twas a beauty. Weren't quite sure when this one was taken, though we spot a sign "Men" over on the left hand edge.



Plaudits and plaques came the way of the Editor at F.W. - for which he was (is) humbly grateful. As we have said (say again): "It's a labor of love." But thanks again.

Calling all cars! Calling all cars!!
Anyone remember 1st Sgt. ELMER SCHMIDT?

He was an instructor at Camp Roberts CA; along with a Henry Annasenz, 2201 Hathaway Av., Alhambra CA 91803. Both were shipped to Hollandia. Henry was assigned to the 1st Cav.; Elmer to dear old alma mater. Henry would like to hear from Elmer. Any ideas out there?



"I'm d'most valooble man in d'third wave. Ever'body give me their cigarettes t' carry in me shirt pocket."



Our Chaplain - JOE HOFRICHTER (F 34th '44) of 1718 Bird Dog Ct., Loveland OH 45140.

When the Party's Over

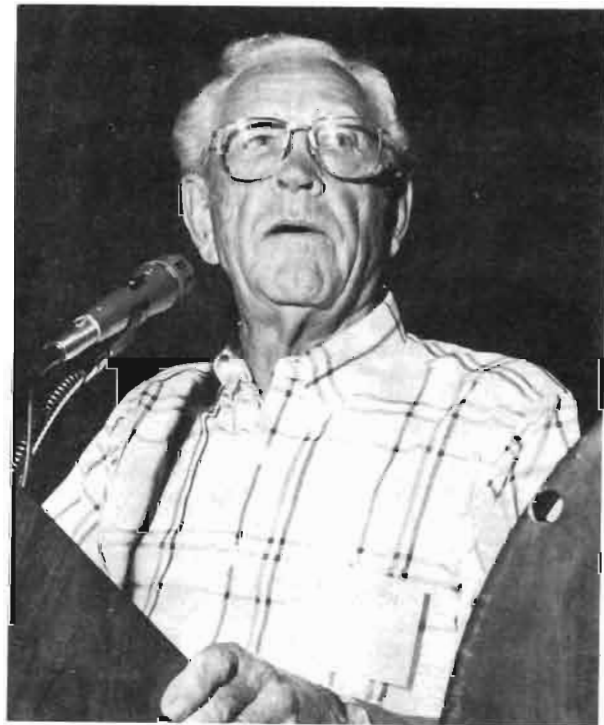
When the party's over, we're already on our way toward the next one. Before Vanna White could have another vowel movement, we were shuffling off to Buffalo to meet with Chairman VINNIE VELLA and his already-moving committee including his very own, lovely Fran, CHARLEY and Rena KAEFER, KEN and Doris FENTNER, DON and Angie KNAPTON, HENRY and Lorraine LESINSKI, EUGENE and Elizabeth LEW, and FRANK and Dorothy WILCZAK. Take our word for it, this gang is on the move. Stay tuned.



It was taken a few years ago - but we just found it - and simply must use it, it's so great a shot. On the left, it's ED HENRY, on the right, it's AUBREY "Red" NEWMAN, and in the center, it's the late WALTER CUNNINGHAM.



"IF THIS YOUNG FELLOW DOESN'T MAKE MESS SERGEANT IN TWO HITCHES, I'LL EAT MY OWN FOOD."



Our terrific F.W. Convention Chairman, PAUL AUSTIN, courtesy of PHIL HOSTETTER.

Maj.Gen. FRED ZIERATH (21st '41-'44) of 7402 Coral SW, Tacoma WA 98498 slipped us this one at F.W.:

Don't get too nautical
Now that you're an Admiral.
To which BOB ENDER replies, "Doesn't apply if you're only a Texas Admiral."



ART KEMP hamming it up with the Stewart bandsmen. Sorry we can't identify the soldier on the right. Hate to use pictures if we can't name names.



Rev. T. E. WALSH, 5th RCT, enjoyed the F.W. fiesta. A P.H. photo.



Medically speaking, here are a couple of wildly-shirted pill pushers - URBAN THROM, on your left, and TOM BRODERICK - a couple of 24th Med. Bn. boys. Urb looks as though he has just told Tom: "Take two aspirins and call me in the morning." PH took this one. Thanks, Phil, you are amazing!



DON and Lola LUEDTKE (34th HHC '48-'50) of RR 1, Box 5, Arcadia NE 68815, at F.W. gave us 9 names and addresses of buddies. Thanx so much, folks; it's about the only way we have to grow.



Our treasure, the "Honor Roll," in which are inscribed the names of our late brethren, not only our poor KIA's, but also any and all who have gone to Valhalla.



This item is a bit dated, but so what? It's beauty makes it entirely acceptable, 5 years after the fact. In '84, Donna Heaberlin Wickes accompanied her folks, GILBERT and LaWanda HEABERLIN, and the 24th group returning to the P.I. Donna put her thoughts about the experience down on paper. It's precious:

SALUTE TO THE 24TH
(AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF A BABY-BOOMER)

I WASN'T QUITE SURE I WANTED TO GO
WITH A GROUP OF VETS I DIDN'T KNOW
TO RE-LIVE EVENTS SOME FORTY YEARS BEFORE
WWII, THE BIG ONE, YOU KNOW,
WOULD BE FOUGHT AGAIN FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

WITH SOME RESISTANCE I FINALLY GAVE IN
TO VISIT THOSE PLACES I'D NEVER BEEN.
MY ONLY HOPE WAS THAT I WOULD STAY SANE
'TIL I COULD SEE BIG "D" ONCE AGAIN.

BY BUSLOADS WE CAME IN THE RAIN
TO OUR WELCOME IN MANILA.
TIRED AND EXHAUSTED
OUR SPIRITS WERE HOISTED
BY THOSE WONDERFUL, WARM FILIPINA.

THEY OPENED THEIR HEARTS AND SOULS
TO STRANGERS THEY DIDN'T KNOW.
GIVING ALL THEY HAD--GOOD AND BAD--
REGARDLESS OF THEIR ENDLESS WOES.

SAN MIGUEL, BANANAS AND RICE
WE HAD THEM AT LEAST ONCE OR TWICE.
THROUGHOUT THE TOUR
WE LEARNED TO ENDURE
THE FACT THERE WAS NO ICE.

I STARTED A TREND ONE DAY
AS WE CROSSED MANILA BAY
WHERE TINY CORREGIDOR AWAITED.
HAVE WATER, WILL TRAVEL
WITH MY BOTTLE IN HAND,
I KNEW MY THIRST WOULD BE SATED.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE THRILL
AS WE APPROACHED MALINTA HILL.
THROUGH MY FATHER'S EYES
I COULD VISUALIZE
THE FEAR AND TASTE OF DEATH'S CHILL.

ON OUR VISIT TO RED BEACH ON LEYTE
IT HAD TO BE HOTTER THAN HADES!
NOW PICTURESQUE SURF
ONCE HELL ON EARTH
BATTLES APPEARED ONLY SO VAGUELY.

FROM TACLOBAN THROUGH CAPO-OCAN AND JARO
WE WITNESSED THEIR ENDLESS SORROW.
HOW MY HEART ACHED
AS I TRIED TO RELATE--
THEY HAVE NO PROMISE OF TOMORROW.

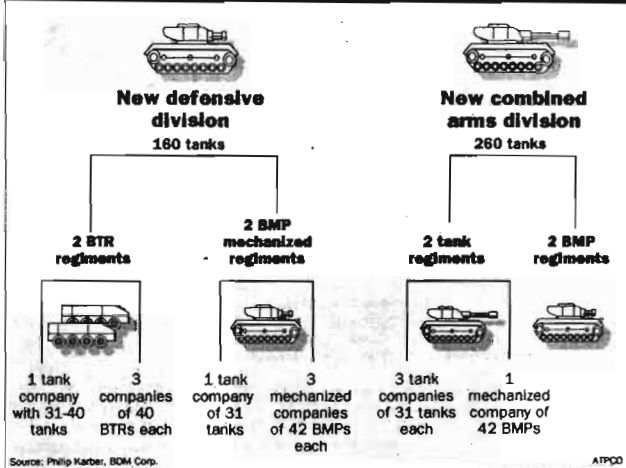
THE FRIENDS I'VE MADE
ARE FOREVER ENGRAVED
IN MY FILE OF MEMORIES.
FOREVER I'LL CHERISH
OUR FRIENDS WHO'VE PERISHED
SINCE OUR TREK ACROSS THE SEAS.

THE BEST PART OF THIS TRIP FOR ME
WAS LEARNING TRUE COMRADERIE.
FORMED OVER FORTY YEARS AGO
PAULA AND I TRULY KNOW
A FRIENDSHIP MEANT TO BE.

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE
THEY JUST FADE AWAY.
BUT THEIR DAUGHTERS HOLD THEM HIGH
AND LOVE THEM MORE EACH DAY.

donna heaberlin wickes
October, 1988

New Soviet divisional structure



At F.W., JULIUS JOSZ, (A 19th '43-'46) of 7344 Rockdale, Detroit MI, was telling us about the Reds being slow to implement unilateral force cuts. He said that a group of experts recently back from Moscow reported that reorganized Soviet ground forces may emerge more versatile for conducting defensive and offensive operations than before the arms reduction.

Edward Warner, a senior defense analyst for the Rand Corp., Washington, noted that while the Soviets are disbanding six tank divisions from Eastern Europe as advertised, they are transferring large numbers of infantry fighting vehicles as well as 122 mm and 152 mm self-propelled artillery to the divisions that remain.

Some of the troop movements under way amount to a restructuring of units rather than a force-level reduction, Warner said. He pointed to the growing role of the Soviet infantry fighting vehicle BMP to the 24 restructured Soviet tank and motorized rifle divisions in Eastern Europe. "They are retaining and redistributing all of the BMPs from the six withdrawing tank divisions," he said.

Gorbachev, in a United Nations speech Dec. 7, announced a unilateral conventional arms cut of 500,000 Soviet troops worldwide, including 50,000 troops and 5000 tanks from East Germany, Hungary and Czechoslovakia by January 1991.

U.S. analysts "cannot account for more than 10 percent of the 8500 artillery tubes Gorbachev promised to cut" or for the 30 to 35 percent decrease in divisional artillery promised.

In fact, he said, there is evidence of an increase in artillery battery size from six to eight guns, "which, if not discontinued, could add more than 1200 artillery systems into Soviet units in Eastern Europe."

Ann Landers has been running a series of letters from readers blasting the Red Cross for charging for the doughnuts and coffee in WW II. We never paid; what about you?



Brig. Gen. William C. Page Jr.

Maj.Gen. WILLIAM and Gayle PAGE have left Stewart for Fort Hood TX - change of station and a new command. At his farewell ceremony, he said in part:

"There's plenty to be happy about in the Page Family today."

"But on the other hand, we are in the middle of leaving a significant part of our lives behind right here in the Victory Division, right here in Fort Stewart and Southern Georgia.

"Being a Taro Leaf has become something of special meaning to me.

"As I've mentioned before to some of you, when Gen. Taylor advised me that I was on the major general's list a couple of months ago, he also asked me what job I wanted. I told him then, that if I were to answer truthfully, he would not be very happy, because I was sure that he wasn't quite ready to leave just yet. Well, there was more to that comment than just joking.

"To command this division would have to be the highlight of any soldier's career, and if you have any doubts just as Gen. Pete Taylor.

"This outfit has a reputation equalled by none, and envied by many. As war-fighters, even with our little ups and downs, you are unsurpassed, and this is proven on a regular basis on the only battlefield the Army currently has out there on the high Mojave Desert of Fort Irwin. And in many other ways, this division and post also sits right on the top of the heap."

Student Loan defaults. What do you think they'll run to in the present fiscal '89? \$1.8 billion. Can you believe it? Watch what the new Sec'y./ Education does about it.

Prexy BOB ENDER would remind you of the famous Sophie Tucker line: "From birth to 18, a girl needs good parents. From 18 to 35, she needs good looks. From 35 to 55, a good personality. From 55 on, cash."



And then, Bill caught TOM COMPERE (Div.G-1'42-'45) and "Red" NEWMAN, (Div.C/S and CO, 34th '41-'45) in a friendly pose.



DON'T FORGET! MAIL TODAY

We have struggled painfully with the matter of the Division History - for months and months on end.

From time-to-time, we have tried to send the embarrassing signal that there were just not enough hours in our day to keep up with the demands of the offices of secretary and treasurer and editor, let alone to get into final form the kind of a history we wanted to put our name to.

For those few - 16 or 18 - who have complained of our "laxity", we have tried to assuage feelings with a quick refund of the monies invested in the hapless adventure.

Past President BOB ENDER was probably closer to our dilemma than anyone else and pushed for a biting of the bullet. We would go elsewhere to bring the book to fruition.

And at Fort Worth, membership approval was readily forthcoming.

So - the effort is being placed in the hands of a publishing house with a vow of finishing the writing job, to be followed by all that is involved in putting it between hard covers and into your hands.

The price - \$45.00 per copy.

It follows that between now and what we have, for the moment, established as the cutoff date - Feb. 28, 1990 - we need to know and our publisher needs to know how many copies to print.

It would be foolhardy, in any publishing gamble of this obviously "limited-market" type, to print more than we sell.

Oh we'll have an overrun of some 25 - 30 copies to be sure - already provided for - but otherwise, if we don't have an order, we don't print it.

So we ask that you place your orders at your earliest, that we might make the count on what the press is to run - be it 208, 1121, 2007, or 2468, or 2844 or whatever.

Please send your \$ to the Association at Room 207, 120 Maple St., Springfield MA 01103-2278.



L of the 21st '50-'51 does a little annual partying of its own - this time around, in Milwaukee. We've studied this picture, sweating out the matter of rows - oh we can go left to right, without any trouble, but when it comes to these rows - shucks, here goes:

Front Row:

Miss "B" BROWN, Phyllis BURKE, Gladys LUMSDEN, Warnetta IVY, Leota FINE, LAWRENCE ROBINSON, JIM FINE, CHARLES KINARD, M.G. VANCE COLEMAN, and Capt. D. SMITH.

Second Row:

HUGH BROWN, Bunny HARDY, Koleta JINKERSON, FRANK IVY, ROY POWERS, Mary POWERS, FLOYD MARTIN, Helen MARTIN, Eunice O'CONNOR, Janice WARNER, Deloris THIEL, and ELMER GAINOK.

Third Row:

HOWARD LUMSDEN, BUD HARDY, MIKE THIEL, RALPH JINKERSON, PHIL BURKE, RIKO YOSHIZAWA, VOL WARNER, DANIEL O'CONNOR and CARL BERNARD.

RALPH and Koleta JINKERSON showed, after 38 years. Likewise CHARLEY KINARD. MIKE THIEL, by the way, is in the sickbook - heart. The medics are checking him out now - so he's taking it easy. Card him, will you please, at 4020 Kenesaw Ct., Columbus GA 31907.

And not so incidentally, let the record show that along with this photo came a beautiful \$200.00 contribution from the "Company L Gang". Thank you, gang, your generosity knows no bounds.



Meet LES and Mae WILLIAMSON (Sv.19th '42-'45) of 620 N.4th, DeSoto MO.

JIM KEAGY of 153 S.Spencer, Indianapolis IN makes a most reasonable request: "If you have space in one of the next issues would you put a little request in to see if anyone knows anything about a Robert J. Cambrom of Co. L from 42-45. He was from Oklahoma City OK.

At F.W., Doctor PHIL HOSTETTER (19th '43-'45), 827 Poyntz, Manhattan, KS, knowing of our love for the artistry of Mort Walker, asked if we thought we might persuade him to join with us at one of our reunions. We answered that we'd be delighted to ask the question.

Inquiry from MARSHALL BUTCHER (Hq. & Hq. Co. and C Co. 19th '48-'51) of 9236 Sunset, Navarre, FL - do we have any dope on CHARLES UNSWORTH (Hq. 1st 19th) of somewhere in Tennessee and JAMES DREW (Hq. 1st 19th) of somewhere in Arkansas? Answer: Nope - but we'll message the troops - and see what develops, Marsh!

Showdown.

Mrs. GERALD (Isabelle) STEVENSON has good news. Her lovely daughter, Marilyn Dahm, and granddaughter, Shelly Dahm, won the State of Illinois Mother and Daughter beauty contest and are representing the state in California at year's end. Think of it. Shelly is a junior at Southern Illinois U. We remember when she was born. Good luck, Marilyn and Shelly.

Thoughtful words received from Maj.Gen. FREDERICK A. IRVING who missed F.W. "Thank you for your letter on the reunion. I wish I could have been there but my ninety-five years doesn't allow me to get around much anymore. I hear that it was a fine reunion. Best wishes, Fred."

Important words from SCOTT BARKER of 407 Rachel Lane, Bartlesville OK: "I served with the 21st in Korea from approx. 2/51 - 12/51 and while I am proud to have answered my country's call, I thought then and I think now, that when the first drop of American blood fell on Korea's soil, we paid too high a price."

A few years ago a few of us formed the "Army Divisions Association" comprised obviously, of representatives of different army division associations. About 20 associations belong including our own. The group meets annually in February. Prexy BOB ENDER represented us this year - in Dallas. Ideas are thrown out, attacked, masticated, and spit out. All in all, a very profitable weekend for the attendees.



The President's Corner



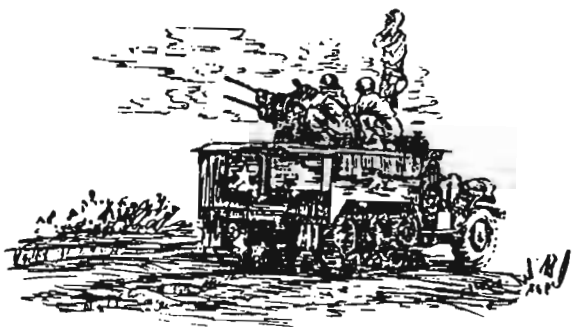
Some famous character, historical or fictional - some say it was Lincoln - in answer to a question, said "I never had time to write a short speech." I have the same trouble compressing the gratitude and pride I feel at having been selected, by my comrades to serve as President of our glorious Association.

At our Saturday Business Meeting at Fort Worth, where the membership expressed its confidence in me, I said "THANK YOU!" Our Editor has provided me with this space to express my thanks to the entire membership.

I am grateful for the opportunity to also extend the Association's gratitude to the Fort Worth Reunion Committee for their superb performance. They have set up a target for future reunions to achieve or exceed.

Sincerely,

TOM UPTON.



THE BARE FACTS

ED MORGAN (11th, 13th & 63rd Field '47-'49) and now at 4515 Little River Run, Annandale VA writes: "I served in Japan with the 11th, 13th and 63rd FA Bn. in 47/48/49. I am in regular contact with others who served concurrently in these units during these years." Who said we've got no interest in the artillery?

Make It Happen!

Two inquiries in one day from Alaska. One - SGM FRANCISCO QUIDACHAM (HHC 3/19th '69) and based at Ft. Wainwright - 4010 - 4 Pine St. - Sitka, Alaska coming on strong also. The word is getting out there. DAVE HILL, a 13th Field man in Japan and Korea whose address is Box 1116, Sitka, has written in.



HERE & NOW

JOE MCKEON spotted this letter to an editor and we thank him for it:

"For my forthcoming book, 'The Day the War Began,' to be published by New American Library before the 50th anniversary of the Pearl Harbor attack, I would like to hear from anyone who had an unusual experience on Dec. 7, 1941.

Archie Satterfield
PO Box 405, Edmonds WA 98020
Tel. 206-778-1399"

DOS & DON'TS

A surgeon was discussing a case with a class of medical students. "The muscle in the patient's right leg has contracted until it is shorter than the muscle in his left leg. Therefore, he limps." Pointing to one of the students, he asked, "What would you do in such a circumstance?"

"I'd limp too," the student said.

BILL BROOME's perfect toast, offered up at one of the F.W. bars: "Here's To The Ability To Have The Agility to Take Our Virility Into Our Senility."

RALPH BALESTRIERI (C 13th F Korea), sends us a cutout from his hometown (Eatontown NJ) paper. It's a letter to the Editor concerning another letter which had appeared earlier. Aw shucks, it speaks for itself; go ahead and read it; it's sweet:

Act of love

I WAS interested in Mark Wilder's article (The Sailors' Friend) about the 91-year-old American getting an OBE for looking after the graves of British seamen in Baltimore.

As Mr Wilder wrote, it all started in 1941 when the American helped a sailor to buy a teddy bear for his newly-born son in England.

The sailor died later that day, still clutching the teddy.

I am that son — and I have the teddy to this day.

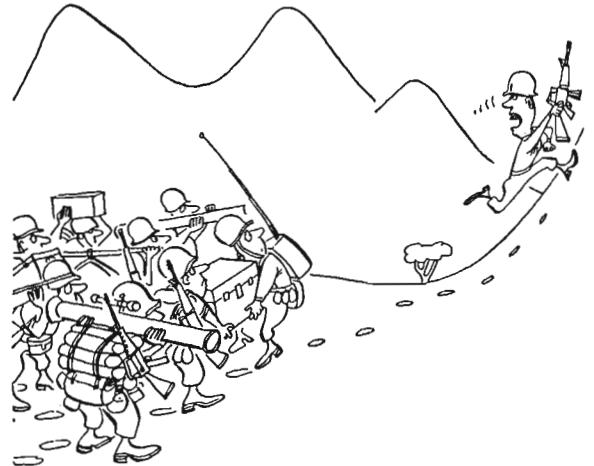
EDWARD DUMBRILL,
Rainhill Way,
Bow, London, E.



DON KNAPTON, foreground (G 21st '45-'46) of 46 Sylvester Av., Rochester NY 14621 and Convention Chairman PAUL AUSTIN, background, (F 34th '42-'45) of 4141 6th Av., Ft. Worth, TX 76115.

From 2958 Collier Rd., Weirton WV, comes JOHNNY "Jack" FENSKE (B 21st '45-'46) with word that he received the 24th Div. video, advertised in our last issue. Jack and Betty have 5 - Rhonda 36, Randall 33, Mark 32, John Jr. 29 and Brian 23. Now that's a family.

JIM KEAGY (L 21st '43-'45) wants any information anyone might have on BOB CAMLERON of the same Love Company. Bob from Oklahoma City OK. Jim's at 153 S. Spencer, Indianapolis IN.

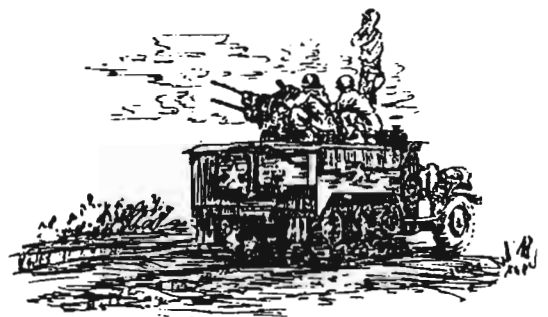


'FOLLOW ME, MEN!'

BOB MARKS of 9015 E. 36th Tulsa OK is trying to locate fellow members of F 19th during the period 12/50 to 8/51. Bob, as if he didn't have enough in Korea was in the Belgian Bulge in WW II with the 75th Division.

Calling all cars! Calling all cars!! Be on lookout for Lt. WILLIAM STEIN (B 34th 7 & 8/50, CO K 19th 11/50-5/51). Maybe spelled STINE - or something. GRAHAM M. COCKFIELD (K 19 '50 - POW '51-'53) of 2449 16th N., St. Petersburg FL is looking for him.

A favorite line of the late WALTER CUNNINGHAM: "The three ages of man - youth, middle age - and "My, you're looking well."



The matter of les femmes dans l'armée has given one femme the hots. Happily we pass her word on to you. Right on, Phyl, old gal:

The feminization of the military

THE SAME WEEK that Middle East terrorists and the hostage problem dominated the news, The New York Times featured a front-page story headlined "West Point Picks Woman to Lead Cadet Corps."

The position of first captain of the Corps of Cadets, the academy's highest honor, puts her in charge of overseeing virtually all aspects of life for the 4,400 West Point cadets.

The picture showed a casual, T-shirted, straggly-haired 20-year-old girl. What do you suppose the bad guys of the world — the terrorists, the Soviets, the Chinese thugs, Moammar Gadhafi or Fidel Castro — think when they see this image of the one selected to lead West Point seniors?

West Point's superintendent, Gen. Dave R. Palmer, said, "She does not have the position because she's a woman."

He is correct, but not the way he meant it. She has this honor because he is a wimp who toadies to the feminists who are constantly breathing down his neck and demanding more "career opportunities."

The Times article tried to reassure its readers that she deserves this position of leadership over all other West Point cadets, 90 percent of whom are men, by saying she has "a strong academic record, played soccer and competed in cross-country skiing." And one more qualification: she "worked as a speechwriter in the Pentagon."

As Queen Victoria would have said, "We are not amused."

The superintendent who made this newsworthy choice must think his mission is to train young people to be paper-pushers in the Pentagon in a peacetime military, while keeping fit with athletics (but not the really tough men's sports). But if that's all West Pointers are being trained for, the cadets can go to any state university at 1/20th the cost to the taxpayers.

WHEN GEN. DOUGLAS MacArthur, hero of three wars and the most distinguished cadet who ever graduated from West Point, delivered his great "Duty, Honor, Country" commencement



Commentary

Phyllis Schlefly

Syndicated Columnist

speech there on May 12, 1962, he gave it to them straight.

"Your mission remains fixed, determined, inviolable. It is to win our wars. Everything else in your professional career is but corollary to this vital dedication. ... You are the ones who are trained to fight."

MacArthur continued, "Yours is the profession of arms, the will to win, the sure knowledge that in war there is no substitute for victory, that if you lose, the Nation will be destroyed."

Times and weapons have changed, but the mission of West Point graduates is — or should be — the same as it ever was. This is not a mission for girls (even if they excel in skiing and speech-writing), but a mission for real men.

As MacArthur said, West Point must graduate men who, whether they are "slogging ankle-deep through mire of shell-pocked roads, ... blue-lipped, covered with sludge and mud, chilled by the wind and rain," or, on the other side of the globe, in "the filth of dirty foxholes, the stench of ghostly trenches, the slime of dripping dugouts," in "the loneliness and utter desolation of jungle trails," can be relied on to muster the strength and courage to kill the enemy.

Can we believe that this 112-pound, 5-foot-4-inch girl can do that — and, in addition, lead troops of men to risk death under such circumstances? You have to be kidding!

If you want to know how America sank to this ridiculous situation, you should read Brian Mitchell's new book, "Weak Link: The Feminization of the American Military." It's the definitive book on how the radical feminists have caused our military officers to cower in fear and to acquiesce in

policies that make the integration of females a higher priority than combat readiness.

MITCHELL, WHO SERVED seven years as an infantry officer and is now a reporter for Navy Times newspaper, chronicles how this happened and documents the profoundly disruptive effect which women have had (such as 10 percent of them being pregnant at any one time).

Our top active-duty officers have bugled retreat on this issue and surrendered to feminist ideology and androgynous experimentation.

The official excuse for this catering to the feminists is that the baby boomers are now past military age, causing a shortfall of men who will volunteer for the All-Volunteer Force. But the real reason why there is a shortfall of male volunteers is not demographics; it is the feminization of the military.

Men are attracted to serve in the military because of its intensely masculine character. The qualities that make them courageous soldiers — aggressiveness, risk-taking, and enjoyment of body-contact competition — are conspicuously absent in women.

Fighting wars is a mission that requires tough, tenacious and courageous men to endure the most primitive and uncivilized circumstances and pain in order to survive in combat against enemies who are just as tough, tenacious and courageous, and probably vicious and sadistic, too. The armies and navies of every potential enemy are exclusively male and no women diminish their combat readiness.

Pretending that women can perform equally with men in tasks that require those attributes is not only dishonest; it corrupts the system. It discourages men from enlisting and it demoralizes servicemen from developing those skills that produce Douglas MacArthurs and George Pattons in our country's hour of need.

MITCHELL'S BOOK IS must reading for anyone who cares about the national security of the United States.

The 34th gang had a Sunday night dinner following our F.W. festivities. Here are a few of what our roaming photographer Kodak'd as he went.

*We'll get
that old
gang of yours
together
for a song.*



DONALD LUEDTKE (HQ 34th)
ROBERT HAMILTON (HQ 34th)



ARCHIE STITH (L Co.); LEROY OSBURN
(A Co. CO); CHARLES PAYNE (S-2, 1st Bn.)
WILLIAM BICKWERMERT (I Co.)



"Toujours In Evant"



CHARLES PAYNE (S-2, 1st Bn.)
WILLIAM VAN NEST (L Co.);
EUGENE HAWK (L Co.).

Lola and
DONALD LUEDTKE (Hq. 34th)



TONY APODACA (K Co.);
RONALD MAWBY (K Co.) and
BENEDICT ALES (M Co.)

WILLIAM BICKWERMERT (I Co.);
ROBERT MOSER (B Co.)

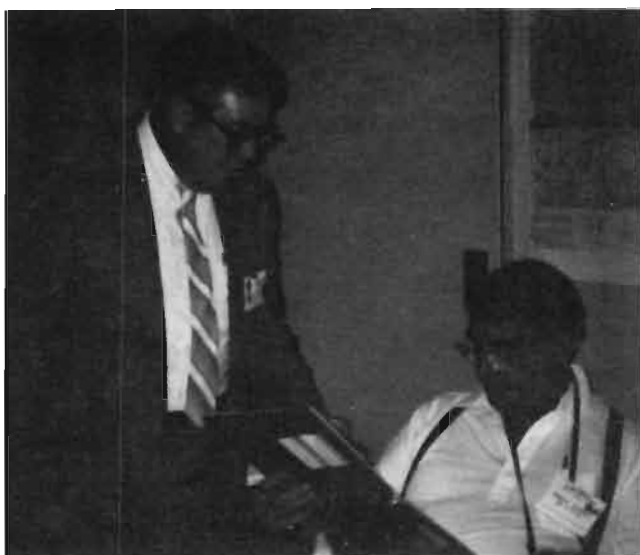


ARTHUR PULICE (K Co.);
RONALD and Betty MAWBY (K Co.);
DAVID and Rhonda Banks
(Mawby's daughter).



ARCHIE STITH (L Co.),
CHARLES PAYNE (S-2, 1st Bn.)
LEROY OSBURN (A Co.)

34th Infantry Regiment



CARL HATMAKER (C Co.);
ANGELO DE GIUSTI (D Co.),
(34th '42-'45).



ROBERT WITZIG
(C Co.)

5



ROBERT WITZIG (C Co.);
DONALD LUEDTKE, in rear (Hq. 34th),
LACY BARNETT (Med.Co.) seated;
ROBERT HAMILTON (HQ 34th); and
CARL HATMAKER (C Co.)



LEROY OSBURN (A Co.);
WILLIAM BICKWERMERT
(I Co.)

2



Billie and DOUGLAS SYVERSON
(L Co. CO); Ann Avery.



LEO SEITELBACH
(Hq. 34th)



CHARLES PAYNE
(S-2, 1st Bn.)

2



Ann and WARREN AVERY
(L Co.); ROBERT ENDER (H Co.,
21st Inf. '42-'45).



ROBERT ENDER, Nellie and
TONY APODACA (K Co.)

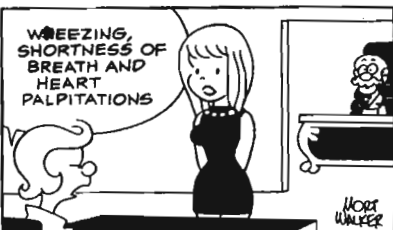
34th Infantry Regiment



Yukiko MOSER; Gladys and
PRENTICE STRAHAN (D Co.)



ARCHIE STITH (L Co.); Alyce BARNETT
(Med.Co.); and Akiko SEITELBACH
(Hq.34th). Both ladies were employed
by the 34th in Sasebo, Japan from '47-'50.



We've been itching for a long time to include this out of Eighth Army General Orders 54, dated 6 Sept. '50 awarding the Distinguished Service Cross to WINFORD A. SHILLING of 727 Spruce, Vinton VA. It reads: "PRIVATE FIRST CLASS WINFRED A. SHILLING, RA13306377, Infantry, United States Army, a member of Company 'K', 21st Infantry Regiment, 24th Infantry Division, distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy on 11 July 1950, at Chonui, Korea. On 11 July 1950, the Command Post of Company 'K' was attacked by heavy enemy machine gun fire. Seeing the danger to the Command Post personnel, Private Shilling, without regard for his personal safety, advanced alone to a position within twenty yards of the machine gun nest and destroyed it. A squad of enemy riflemen advanced on Private Shilling's position attempting to dislodge him, but he delivered such a volume of accurate fire that half of the enemy were killed and the rest withdrew. The enemy then brought the Command Post under fire from another machine gun and again Private Shilling attacked with hand grenades, destroying the gun. The extraordinary heroism displayed by Private Shilling reflects the highest credit on himself and the military service. Entered the military service from Virginia!"

For What It's Worth

Bill Parsons — Flash Editor

New York's Mayor Ed Koch tells a story about Mother Teresa. His Honor had been recuperating at Gracie Mansion from a small stroke when she paid him a get-well visit. He invited her to join him on the porch for cookies and lemonade.

When the refreshments were served, Koch noticed that Mother Teresa abstained. "I never take food or drink in the homes of the rich or famous," she explained, "so that when I visit the poor, they won't be embarrassed at having nothing to offer me."

"But, Mother," Koch argued, "these are the best chocolate-chip cookies ever baked."

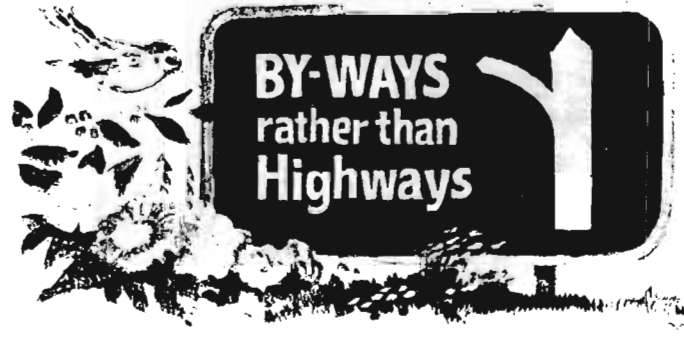
"So wrap them up," Mother Teresa countered.



We told JOAQUIN GOMEZ (H 21st '40-'44) of 1319 W. Lullwood, San Antonio TX that you can paint the Hyatt walls with the stories he was learning at F.W. But caution was noticeably present when it came to claiming a totality of success in any of our war efforts. After all, we're had plenty of years to reflect upon the record. Looking back, only a fool would claim total success in any of our endeavors. The common complaint, heard over and over again in the halls of the Hyatt, "Who won?"



The American Airlines gimmick paid off. We were able to raffle off two complimentary tickets to either Hawaii or the Caribbean. JOHN R. PORTER (Hq. 21st 2nd Bn. '42-'45) of Box 342, Claude TX 79019, was the lucky fellow. Then we raffled off two tickets to any city in the USA. DICK BOHLS (3rd Bn, I 21st '50-'51) of 1801 Kingsborough, Arlington TX 76015 was the winner.



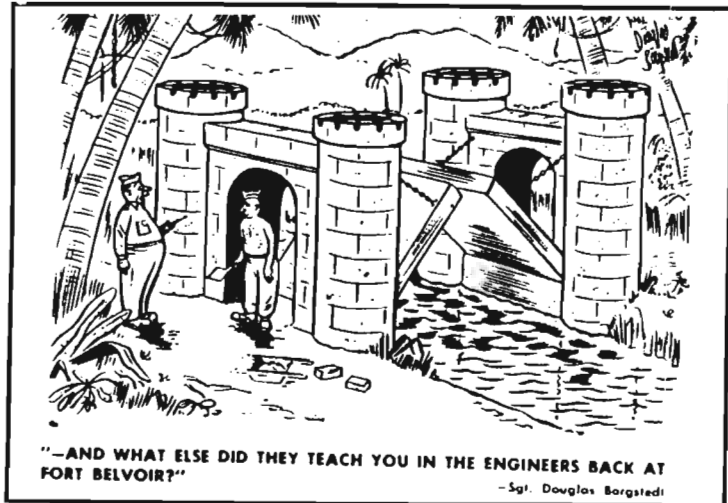
By-ways or highways, here's a little gesture that paid off. Let MARVIN WALLACE (34th) of 405 Locust, Ardmore OK tell it in his own words:

"I ran the Reunion news release in our newspaper and found a new Taro Leaver. How about that complimentary membership for WILLIAM F. ALMON, 1803 Robison St., Ardmore OK 73401 (M 19th 1/40-6/45), also a Pearl Harbor survivor."

Needless to say, we welcome BILL ALMON to the fold.

MOMENTS LIKE THESE ARE ONE IN A MILLION.

At the Saturday night Banquet, we mentioned to CHARLEY ANDREWS, (M 34th and H 21st '49-'51), of 1123 Wallace, Malvern AR, something about what takes place at one of our reunions: down-to-earth stories aplenty, stories which could sadden or amuse anyone who never knew the petty harassments of military life. And not to be overlooked was the raunchy language, oftentimes committed to poetry, of the troops, with the familiar four-letter words in abundance.



The last issue of Taro Leaf (Vol.42 #6 of the '88-'89 series) was mailed in August of '89. There has been no issue between that one and this one. The reason for the 90 day gap between issues? - We've been rather busy.



John Groth was an artist who visited Korea and later wrote "Studio-Asia" telling of his experiences and including some of his drawings. He drew people in broad daring strokes. Witness this barbershop scene. The customer is holding his helmet as a shaving basin while the barber "scrapes away the beard and dirt of the last few days." Apparently another customer is waiting.

A Celebration of Life...

In a sense, that's what F.W. was - a celebration of life - and that's what we said to LEN ELLISON (H 21st '41-'46) of 113 7th St., Corpus Christi TX, as we sat down at the Friday night "Aloha":

In years long since past, the memories bursting forth at our annual parties were elegiac. In more recent years, they have tended to verge on rage. The observations of recent times have come closer than ever to remembering war as war and nothing else, and thus, stupid, dumb, sadistic -- and a few other characterizations better left unprinted. Much of the brusque, aggressive intelligence of 1989 indicates the abhorrence of any and all cant that spells war.



"REMEMBER THE OLD DAYS WHEN HOTELS LEFT ONE OR TWO SMALL CANDIES ON YOUR PILLOW?"



Beautiful words from a beautiful person, MARSHALL KATZ, (Hq. 19th WW II), of 12226 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles CA: "This was my first reunion and enjoyed every minute of it immensely.

"It was with mixed emotions meeting all those I had served with after all these years (45), mixed emotions because I learned so many that will not be with us.

"I had a great mini-reunion at breakfast with Dr. HARRY B. MAYS and his wife. We served together in the 767th Tk.Bn. on Oahu. He was one of the company officers.

"I am also writing to PAUL AUSTIN and his staff to give him a deserved 'Well done'. The entire reunion was very well organized."

WHAT'S NEXT

The Voyager space program cost American taxpayers \$825 million and was hailed as a great bargain. For \$825 million, we ought to get more than pretty pictures showing an exercise in national ego.

This expenditure comes at a time when the Japanese own 40 percent of downtown Los Angeles. They are positioning themselves to buy 40 percent of America while we squander our resources in outer space and the Pentagon. A Stealth bomber only costs \$530 million. Are they any cheaper by the dozen?

Now the President talks about giving Poland \$110 million. We need another expensive giveaway program like Elvis Presley needed another jelly doughnut.

Wake up, America, and let's start addressing the economic challenges from the Pacific rim before it's too late.

Our boys fought over there, not once - twice. They know whereof they speak.

By a 7 to 2 margin, the Supreme Court has ruled that spouses of military veterans are not entitled to share in the veterans' disability benefits if the couple divorces.

In the case of Mansell vs. Mansell, the high court held that the Uniformed Services Former Spouses Protection Act does not grant state courts the power to treat, as property divisible upon divorce, military retirement pay waived by a retiree to receive veterans' disability benefits.

No comment. As a single man, we'd best shut up.

Our 1991 plans, as of the moment, read like this.

We'll not sponsor a trip to Hawaii. That is, the Association Reunion will be held in San Francisco, timed to accommodate those of us who wish to go on to "the Rock" for Division's 50th birthday at Schofield (Oct. 1, 1991) or the 50th anniversary of You-Know-What (Dec. 1, 1991). More news surely will follow.

These two made F.W. But here they are in March of '43. Meet MARSHALL KATZ, leftward, and EDDIE ROBINSON, rightward. They have changed some in the intervening 46 years.



Do your grandchildren have Social Security numbers (SSNs)? The Family Support Act of 1988 requires that 1989 federal income tax returns show the SSNs of claimed dependents who are age two or older. This law amends the Tax Reform Act of 1986, which required taxpayers to have SSNs for claimed dependents five or older.

Social Security officials advise parents to apply early and estimate that at least half the children age two through four will need SSNs. Applications can be obtained by calling your local Social Security Office.

Who's Who and What's What

We think that F.W. showed TONY and Nellie APODACO (34th and 21st '48-'52) of 1757 W.26th, San Pedro CA, who's who and what's what. They saw that when it comes to the infantrymen who did the real fighting, the conversations were most intimate and revealing. No question but that some of the memories had been stored up for years and were conveyed to all who would listen without fear of reprisal and with a certain sense of joy, finally possible years following the facts. And there were revelations of incidents that were never reported in the press, not allowed to be published in wartime.

**IT'S NOT
YOUR
FAULT
YOU'RE
FAT**



Spotted in Army Times "Locator": Lee, Issac, wife Yvonne, stationed with 24th Inf.Div., Augsburg, Germany, 68-70; or anyone knowing their whereabouts. Contact Jessie and Oscar Stiggers, 5129 Roundrock, El Paso TX 79924, 915-821-5180.

Anyone any dope on WILLIAM PFLEEGOR of Williamsport PA? Bill was KIA in Korea. BILL BAIR (G 21st & S-2, 2nd Bn. 21st '54) of 1213 Cedar, Montoursville PA is still trying to get a reading on how Pfleegor paid the supreme sacrifice.

Thoughtful note from BRONKO ATKINSON of 3800 S.Decatur, Las Vegas NV about FW: "At Ft.Worth found an old buddy whom I hadn't seen in 46 years - JOHN MILLS. We were together during the attack and then both left the 24th MP's in '43. We spent the night lying to each other, recalling old names, telling each other how great we were, and what we did to win WW II.

"When we got the talking out of the way, John took me to the best BBQ I ever ate in my life. He lives in a small town outside of Ft.Worth so he knew where to go."

World traveller BILL BROOME (I 21st '38-'40) 15100 Dacosta, Detroit MI 48223, found the way to interrupt his schedule to drop in on us at FW. Heard we have another Broome in our gang. The second Broome always sweeps clean, Bill.

From the Commander of the US Army Military District of Washington, Maj.Gen. DONALD C. HILBERT, come these beautiful words: "I served with the Division in Korea in '57-'58 as a Lieutenant of Infantry in M Co., 34th. It was my first troop assignment and a great training ground for a young infantryman. I, therefore, have a very warm spot in my heart for the Taro Leaf Division. "Please accept my fondest wishes for continued success in the future to you and all members of the 24th Infantry Division Association."

Thank you, General Hilbert, thank you.



POTH SPRING VALLEY RANCH
 ~ ARABIANS ~
 13301 Wilmas Road
 Newton, Wisconsin 53063

This is a copy of the letterhead of our new member HENRY J. POTH (AT 34th) of 13301 Wilmas, Newton WI 53063. Hank gives his occupation as "meat business and sausage manufacturing." Something eerie here?

Convention Committee members PAUL AUSTIN and GIL HAEBERLIN and JIM FREDERICKS made the greatest combination since ham and cheese and "Hold the mao".

Another Ham Operator in our club: BILL MUELLER (D 19th '39-'44) of 15395 Blackfoot, Apple Valley CA. Bill's call letters are W4 SKR. We've got several "Hams" in the club. Maybe this will help to set up a few schedules. BILL WILLMOT, 1630 Venus St., Merritt Island FL 32953 is K4TF. JOE MON, 77 Old North Hill Rochester NY 14617 is N2BHI. Bill was 21st '44-46. Joe, Med.Co. & A 19th '50-'51. Any more of you out there?

Wonder if you appreciate this bit of history as told by member ROLANDO CABANAS of Box 991, Ntuado PR? Here are his very words: "I wonder how many ex-members of the 24th Inf.Div. know, that the 24th has been the first US Army unit to go to the Middle East. It happened in July 1958 when President Eisenhower ordered some units of the 24th to move from Germany to Beirut, Lebanon. At that time, the Christian President of that country requested military assistance from the United States. I was a member of the 1st Abn.Bat.Gp.187th Inf. that was a unit of the 24th Inf. We wore the Taro Leaf with the airborne tablet on top. After 6 months in Beirut, we returned to Augsburg, Germany, and became members of the 34th until 1960 when we rotated to Fort Bragg NC and the 82nd Abn.Div.

Writes DALE W. FIELDS: "I am presently writing a book on funny experiences in WW II. I was in C 19th. Of 37 months I spent in the Army, I spent 36 of them in the South Pacific. Could anyone help me by giving me some extremely humorous incidents or happenings that were not humorous, but extremely unusual? If you have any of these, send them in typewritten form to me at North 5510 Bemis, Spokane Washington 99205-7655. Be sure and let me know what outfit you were in."

MUSIC ON A
 GRAND
 SCALE

BOBBY and Inez BRABHAM (Div.Hq. '42-'45) left FW to return home to South Carolina. They live in Sumter. Here, read Bobby's description of what happened: "Hugo the Terrible visited us at 2:00 a.m. (9/22/89) We have about one half of our house destroyed. A large pine tree (33 inches in dia.) came through our den, hall and bedroom and damaged other parts of the house. We were sitting in the den listening to our radio using a battery radio that the U.S. News & World Report send me as a gift. The radio and the announcer saved our lives. The announcer said to move into the center of the house, so we moved in the hall. Ten minutes after moving into the hall, the large pine came through the roof. A large limb broke through and fell across the sofa where Inez had been sitting only ten minutes before. She would have been killed had she remained on the sofa. I heard a joke about Hugo and I'll pass it on to you. Two hurricanes were playing around in the Ocean. One said to the other, 'Let's go to South Carolina.' The other hurricane said, 'No, Hu-go.' There is a wooded area near me and the next morning as I looked out over the broken trees I thought of Leyte and the October 1944 landing.



Meet that gentleman from the south, BOBBY BRABHAM.

WAR STORIES

Call your next witness

AL MCADOO is our kind of guy. In writing us, asking that the "special message" below be inserted into our pages, he says and we quote:

"Here is another page I would like you to run in the Taro Leaf at your convenience.

"I have gotten a lot of feedback but I need much more.

"The Taro Leaf has given the 5th RCT life!"

That last paragraph has warmed the cockles of our heart.

Now, get on with it; read what Al has to say:

THE PENTAGONIAN 5TH ILL TAY SIR RCT

A special message to all 5th RCT members.

1. Many of you did not provide the Association Secretary with your Company listing or your dates of service.
2. We are trying to bind together each other by jarring memories to complete a History of the 5th in Korea. We need everybody to fill in the blanks, before we are all gone with no one left to tell our story.
3. We need long letters from each of you detailing your story in your own words. If we can get enough long letters, we may be able to piece together an interesting History of the 5th.
4. Get out those old photos and send them or the negatives to the address below with your long letter.
5. I've already received copies of newsletters, histories such as they are, propaganda leaflets, theirs and ours, even an Xmas card left by the CCF on the barbed wire. I have my own Code Notebook that lists name and call signs.

We will maintain a clearing house for any of the above at

ALBERT J. MCADOO
108 Central St., Acton MA 01720

Please don't call, write! We can't record or retain the spoken word as well as the written word. Let's get our story on paper before it is too late.

I'll Try Sir!

al

ALBERT J. MCADOO
Co. E 5th RCT Korea 1952
1st Plt. Radioman in Punch Bowl

Beautiful words from ALLAN and Joan LEBRUN (G 19th '44-'46) of 7241 Bridgewood, Baltimore MD. They were at F.W. along with Mrs. Catherine Godfrey, Joan's delightful Mother. They left us an envelope with a whopper of a \$100.00 bill to "use in any way you want to. We know the 24th can always use donations." These good folks wrote: "Fort Worth was our 2nd reunion and was the best yet. We especially liked the assigned seating at the banquets. Joan's mother mentioned many times how welcome the group made her feel. She is 81 years young. We three (God willing) hope and plan to join you in Buffalo in September 1990 and for many years to come."

How can the letter writers say it more eloquently?



Meet JACK and Billie BROWNING (M 34th '49-'54) of Rt. 2, Brentlawn, Frank KY. Jack was POW 8/2/50 - 8/28/53. Sorry if these snaps don't do too well in the press - Kodachromes you see.

MIKE BARSZCZ of 802 Rustic, Robinson IL is looking for a copy of "The Walking General" by our very own FOREST K. KLEINMAN. We'd also like to buy a copy, Forest. Can you help us?

The stories are getting better. Here's one from ALFREDO MARCANGELO (C 34th & G-3, Div.Hq. '45-'46) of 44018 Bannockburn, Canton MI; "I believe this happened while we were crossing Mindanao from Parang to Falomo. As I recall, General Woodruff's jeep driver, Frenchie, while driving alone, ran into sporadic shelling and had to leave his jeep and seek cover in a shell hole. In the hole was a piglet which was squealing bloody murder. He calmed the animal by petting it. When it became safe to leave the hole, the pig followed him. As I recall, the animal followed him all over - even through the chow line. Well, came a time when Frenchie was rotated back to the USA and he could not get permission to take his pet along. He finally found a Filipino family who agreed to take care of the pig. Am I the only one to remember this? Of course not!"

Sorely missed at FW - EDMUND F. HENRY (Div.Hq. '42-'45) of 84 Berwick Rd., Attleboro MA 02703. Ed suffered a few medical problems in late August, necessitating hospitalization. He is home now - much improved - and a note or a card would do wonders for his you-know-what. Thanx.

Missed this one by a mile. Sorry, JOE and Anne REYNOLDS (11th F '40-'44). They are in Sanbornville NH. We were to put in a notice about their 43rd wedding anniversary last June 15th. Well here it is to tell you about their upcoming 44th. Sorry Joe and Anne. They met at Camp Miles Standish in MA. Joe was a ward officer and Anne was a telephone operator. He hated that place until he met her when she went around to the wards to pick up the toll \$.

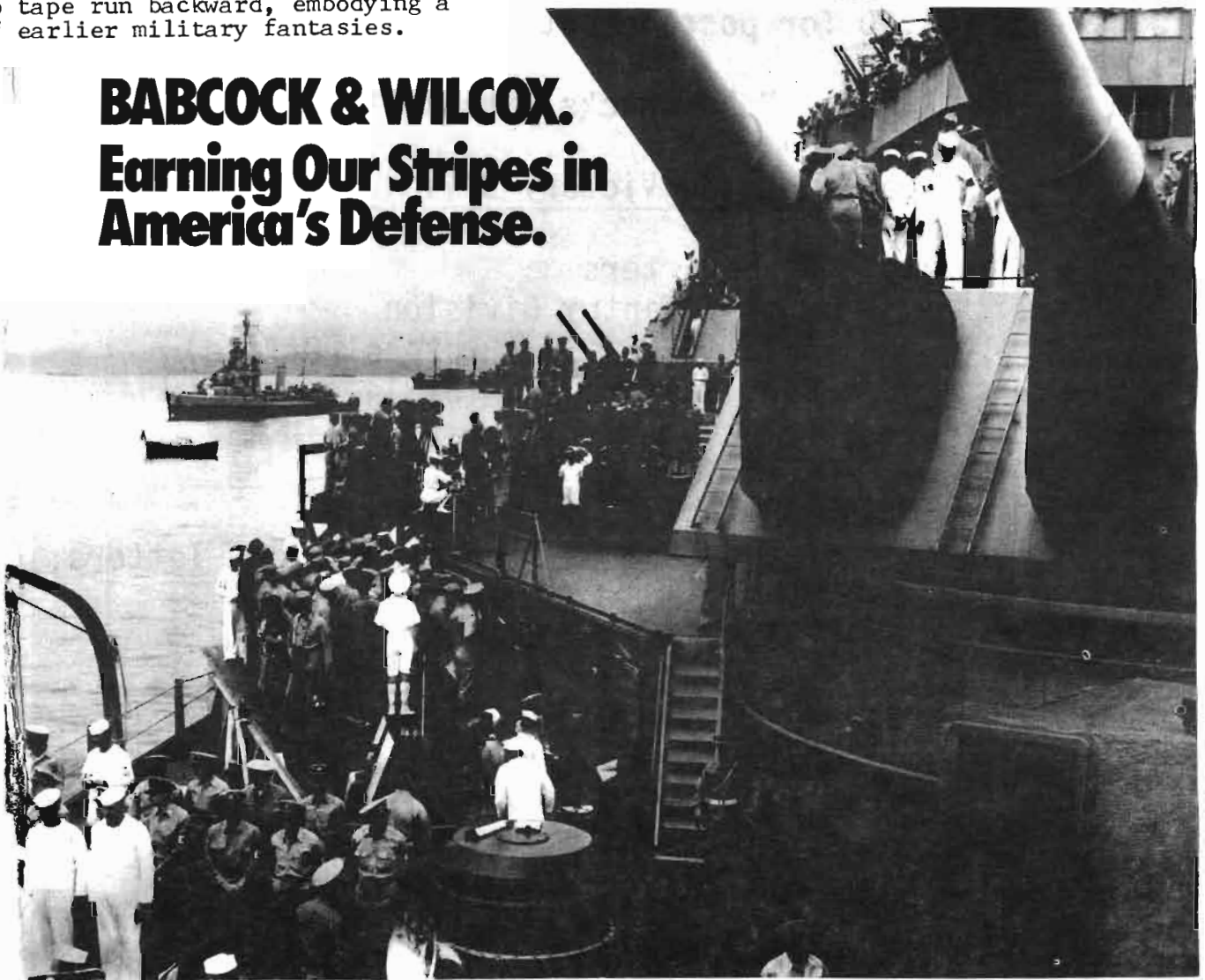
The F.W. weekend was dipped in magic, a video tape run backward, embodying a host of earlier military fantasies.

BILL SHOWEN (21st & 24th Recn. '41-'44) of 1911 Francis, Waukesha WI, is a faithful letter writer, and never fails to tickle with a comment or two. F'r instance: "Will be camping out next week with two of my sons. The last time was in 1958 when I had my oldest son (now 44) and a couple neighbor boys and camped in the Kawaiiloa Gulch in the Koolaus in HI. I had camped in the same spot with my first wife in '48 and in '41 with some men from 24th Div. on a private trip."

A lively quote from the late Walter Wellesley "Red" Smith, sports columnist of the New York Times: "Dying is no big deal. The least of us will manage that. Living is the trick."

A Quotable Quote: "The trouble with some women is that they get all excited about nothing. And then marry him!"

BABCOCK & WILCOX. **Earning Our Stripes in** **America's Defense.**



You've seen plenty of pictures of the surrender ceremonies on the USS Missouri from a quite different angle. This is one used in an ad by the Babcock & Wilcox people. Thought you'd like to see it.



AVAILABLE ON A FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED BASIS:

Fine quality 24th Infantry Division Taro Leaf
Christmas Cards

5" X 8" cards costing \$5.00 per dozen
(\$1.30 for postage not included)

IMPORTANT: Make checks payable to:

"Friends of the Victory Division"

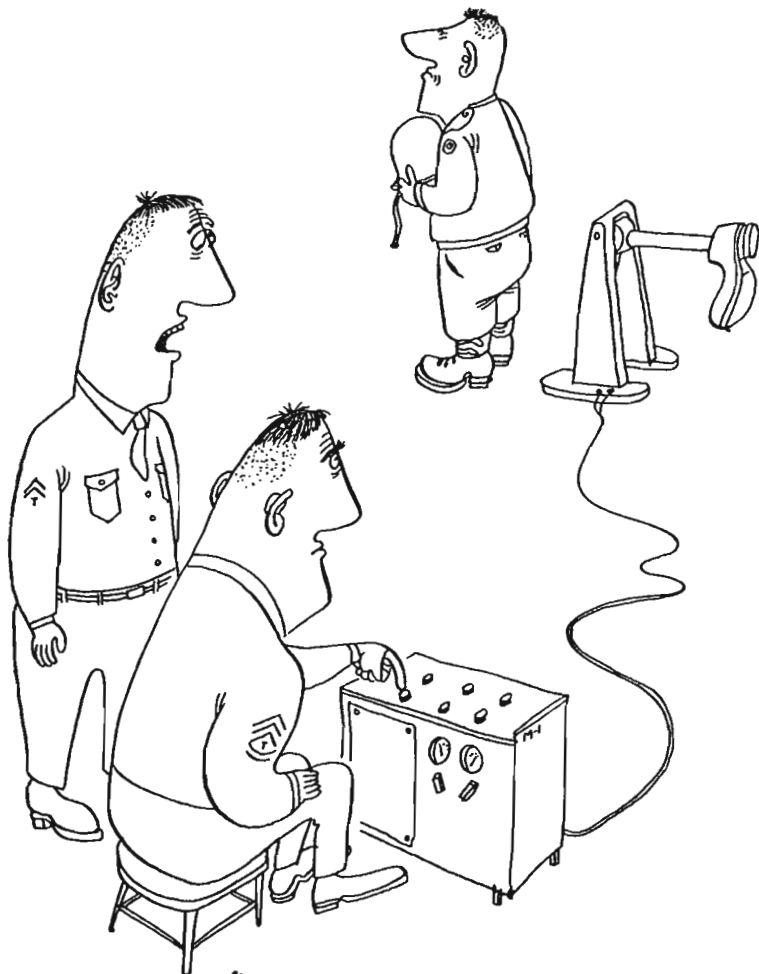
Mail to: Headquarters
24th Infantry Division
ATTN: AFZP-CSP (Protocol Office)
Fort Stewart, Ga 31314

ATTN: CPT C. Griffith

Interior of the card is imprinted in red letters:

SEASON'S GREETINGS

If cards are over-subscribed, money will be
refunded promptly.



"GEE, I ALWAYS THOUGHT
THAT PUSH-BUTTON WARFARE
WAS JUST SO MUCH HOT AIR"

A bunch at FW were kicking around a problem in close-order drill. It went like this: As commander of a platoon that is facing a building, march it completely around the building, returning it to its original position without giving the same preparatory command twice.

When our two JOE's - HOFRICHTER and MCKEON - were trying to round up the names of our KIA's, they had this one from HAROLD ABERLE of Box 30, Thawville, IL; Hal was 26th AAA '51-'52.

"Two KIA's that I remember from the 26 AAA were S.F.C. HARVEY from Minnesota, my section leader. I don't remember his first name, and Corporal COLLINS from another half-track. He was from Ohio. S.F.C. Harvey was KIA on Oct. 16, 1951 and Corporal Collins a few days later. If I remember correctly, the Stars & Strips listed the KIA's. I don't know if you would have any luck finding those old copies."

Our brand spanking-new Vice President, HERB CARLSON, (B 19th Korea) makes sense when he says: "At one time or another, I have met most of the people whom show up at reunions and I haven't met a greater bunch of people. I have one major problem and that is remembering names. Any suggestions?" Yes, Herb, we have one. Get some of those memory pills - any drug store. I forgot the name. They're great! Now one thing we try to do is to use in Taro Leaf as many pictures of our people as we can. Pictures help to jog memories. If you haven't sent us one of yourself, why not do so today. Black and white preferred.

You send it - we'll use it.

We have BOB JOHNSON (19th & Hv. Mortar 5th RCT to thank for this 5th Inf. tune - incidentally Bob has moved to 4205 Defoe, Columbia MO.

I'LL TRY SIR!

It started back at Lundy's Lane so many years ago, the story of our Fighting Fifth, we thought you'd like to know. Our Army at a standstill, British artillery straight ahead Attempts were made to stop the foe resulting in the dead. The General called the Colonel in, his mission was explained. The Colonel said, I'LL TRY SIR!, and then the guns were gained.

In Mexico you found us, forging on hard ahead, at Monterey and Veru Cruz, we gathered up our dead. We fought against Comanches and the tricky Seminole, We battled hard in Texas against the Navajo!. And then for many years to come, our fighting was to cease, We played the role of standguard and enforcement of the peace.

We held the watch upon the Rhine when war had ceased to be, only to return once more, to fight for victory. We fought throughout Korea, at the Yalu and the Han. You found us at the Punch Bowl and at the Perimeter of Pusan. We held unto our battered lines, losing many men, Then in a final effort, we headed north again.

From Lundy's Lane to Mexico, our gallant men did fight, from Chippawa and Tippecanoe to Pusan in the night, The legends of our fighting men forever will live on, the glory found, the victory won, is why we sing this song. So at this time in pausing now, reflecting our history, Life your glasses high in grand salute to the brave 5th Infantry.

CHORUS

I'll Try Sir!, I'll Try Sir!,
I'll do the best I can
I'll Try Sir!, I'll Try Sir!,
For this our cherished land
I'll be a gallant warrior
and fight for victory
For I'm proud to be a member of the
brave 5th Infantry!

U.S. Commander in Europe Weighs Reductions of American Forces

By RICHARD HALLORAN

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17 — The commander of American and allied forces in Europe, Gen. John R. Galvin, has begun planning to reduce the United States military presence in Western Europe over the next 10 years.

In an interview at the Pentagon, the general said he expected talks with the Soviet Union in Vienna on conventional forces to succeed, leading to new limits on American deployments in Europe.

General Galvin said his staff had identified several ways to bring about President Bush's pledge to withdraw 30,000 American troops from Western Europe in return for a Soviet cuts of 325,000 in Eastern Europe. That would leave 275,000 soldiers from each superpower in Europe. "I am set to do that," General Galvin said. "From the time they say 'go,' we can do it in a year."

A More Optimistic View

Beyond that, he said, he was hopeful about reaching agreements to limit short-range nuclear weapons and to make future cuts in conventional forces. Altogether, General Galvin seemed more optimistic than many other senior American military officers about reducing the level of military confrontation in Europe.

At the same time, General Galvin criticized members of NATO, including the United States implicitly, for reducing military spending before accords have been reached with the Soviets. "I think there's about a 10 percent reduc-

It wouldn't be right were we to go to press without the latest on good friend JACK GALVIN doing his best to hold NATO together in the face of the strange signals emanating out of the other side of "The Wall."



Agence France-Presse

Gen. John R. Galvin, commander of American and allied forces in Europe, is formulating a long-range plan to reduce the United States military presence in Western Europe over the next 10 years. He is shown, at right, at a NATO maneuver in 1987 in West Germany.

tion, a quiet, silent reduction that nations are taking in support of NATO collectively," he said. "Almost all the NATO nations are guilty of this."

He said many governments had cut military budgets, failed to fulfill air defense plans, sliced into maritime programs or chosen not to organize forces that had previously been committed to

NATO. In the United States, military budgets have been reduced slightly for the last five years. "I wish the nations would hang in there until we get an answer from Vienna and would take their reductions as part of the Vienna negotiations," General Galvin said.

War Games by Computer

General Galvin, who has spent much of his 35-year Army career as a field commander, declined to disclose details of the plans or to predict the level of American forces in Europe by the turn of the century. He said his role was to plan and recommend but that decisions would be made by his superiors, including the President.

Not only is the staff at his headquarters heavily engaged in planning reductions, the general said, but staffs at subordinate commands are doing the same. Computer-assisted "war games" are being run to determine various combinations of reductions.

General Galvin warned that budgetary savings would not be immediate because it would cost money to destroy arms if agreements call for that, for closing bases and consolidating forces. But he said, "Over the long run, we can reduce the level of confrontation and we can bring down the budgets."

In late May, President Bush proposed that the United States and the Soviet Union withdraw enough troops from Western and Eastern Europe to bring them to parity. Other talks involve tanks, aircraft and other arms, with the United States seeking parity between NATO and the Warsaw Pact.

The Next Stage of Talks

General Galvin said that once the agreement was made, and the withdrawals begun, the two sides could turn their attention to short-range nuclear weapons like missiles. He said the Soviet Union had a 12-to-1 advantage over NATO in such weapons.

With parity in conventional forces and short-range nuclear weapons having been reached, the general said, a third stage would involve cutting more conventional forces. He said that even with parity, "that doesn't mean we would have little tiny forces running around Europe." Proposals in Vienna foresee a limit of 20,000 tanks on each side, which the general said were "big, big figures" when compared, for instance, to the arms levels in Europe at the start of World War II. Thus there is a need for further negotiations to reduce those numbers, he said.

"If things go the way we hope," he said, "we will reduce the level of confrontation and reduce the cost of keeping a secure Western world."

Our retiring prexy, BOB ENDER, has described the reunion weekend thus and we are grateful to him for it.

Our ex-GI's came in droves, many for their very first reunion. In cars, in vans, in campers, in RV's, by plane, by bus and a few by train! What a grand and glorious reunion! It was magnificent! It was colossal! It was flamboyant! A great show put on by our very own Texas committee in the tradition of the great state of Texas! Good show, Paul Austin, and your most enthusiastic committee! Thank all of you for a job well done.

Can't hold this gang back! Years ago they began to arrive on Thursday, then, a ways down the line, on Wednesday, the past few years on Tuesday, but our old stand-bys were checking into the Fort Worth Hyatt on Sunday and Monday this year. The hotel had just completed a major remodeling program the week before we arrived, so the room accommodations were excellent, the lobby and mezzanine registration areas were elegant, plus being large and roomy. The Hyatt supplied us with an oversize hospitality room and popular priced drinks, which created a very relaxed atmosphere. The usual unsurpassed comraderie prevailed throughout our entire stay. The main ballroom was a scene of beauty to behold, and we hope to have a picture of this elegance in crystal in one of our upcoming issues, if not in this one.

The Friday night aloha dinner was full of fun and laughter. Our guest speaker, Texas Bob Scott, was hilarious and a crowd pleaser. The raffle conducted was for an array of fine hand cut lead crystal door prizes, resulting in many happy winners cradling their valuable prizes out the front door at Sunday morning departure time. Happy Hour was in the foyer both Friday and Saturday nights just prior to the dinner.

Having the unqualified support of the Commanding General and his staff of the division at Fort Stewart meant that we were in for another treat with the arrival of the band, the color guard and the PX detail. In addition, the n.c.o. of the year and the soldier of the year. All were acknowledged and received a generous round of applause at our banquet. The annual memorial service was very eloquently conducted by Chaplain Joe Hofrichter, and the Honor Book was displayed for all to see. We are very much indebted to our two GI Joe's, Hofrichter and Joe McKeon, for many months of intensive research in this arduous task.

The CG, General Pete Taylor was our guest speaker and brought us up to date on the activities, the mission and the condition of the active division at Stewart. As usual, the posting and the retiring of the colors before and after the banquet was a source of many moist eyes. A very, very impressive ceremony. The dozens of battle streamers attached to the division colors are beauty personified and a joy to behold. The bloodshed they represent is cause for most of us to momentarily choke up. Dancing followed the banquet with the music being supplied by the division band.

On Saturday night we raffled off, courtesy of American Air Lines, two pairs of tickets, one pair to any city in the U.S., the other to either Hawaii or the Caribbean. Winners are identified elsewhere in this issue, but both happen to be from the 21st Infantry, and both just happen to reside in the state of Texas! Hmmm!! The ladies were presented with individual gift boxed favors in the form of a cut crystal ring holder. Now, gentlemen, all that needs to be done to enhance that little favor (and your own image) is to grace it with a beautiful new ring!

The Saturday morning business meeting was very well attended, with the ladies being invited to attend as guests. ERA has taken it's toll! Seriously, we all enjoyed their company. Elsewhere in this issue, and in futures issues, will be details of topics discussed, such as, 1990 reunion in Buffalo, N.Y., 1991 reunion, site to be determined by a time and site committee. Also, in 1991 two possible unofficial side trips to Hawaii, one on or about Oct. 1st, Organization Day celebration in conjunction with the 25th division, and the other on Dec. 7th, the 50th anniversary of Pearl Harbor. Other Saturday morning happenings including election of a slate of officers for the coming year, presentation of a Taro Leaf placque to Ken Ross in appreciation of all his past and present contributions to this great association, and the details of the publishing of our division history in time for Organization Day, 1991. Mr. Wes Nevins, the national president of the Fiddlers Assn. of America played a very stirring rendition of the "Star Spangled Banner" on his fiddle, and he literally brought down the house! All the first-timers were welcomed, and there were many in attendance, and it is the hope of our association that all will join in the comraderie at our future reunions.

The Verbeck Bowl: By unanimous acclamation of the executive committee this most cherished award was presented to our very outstanding past president and current president of the Korean Veterans of America, Warren Avery. No one has worked more diligently in the interest of this organization, nor is more deserving of this prestigious trophy than our very own Warren. The entire membership concurred with a very warm and sincere acknowledgment.

A note of interest: Almost 700 members, wives and guests attended our Saturday night affair; a strong tribute to the strength and enthusiasm of our membership. May we be blessed with many more such reunions.

ANNOUNCING-



THE KOREAN WAR ISN'T OVER.

No it isn't over until we raise a Memorial to honor the men and women who risked their lives for our country.

We appeal to you for help.

Please give what you can to the Korean War Veterans Memorial Fund at Box 2372, Washington DC 20013.

As we have so often said, we get some
wonderfully interesting mail.
For example:



THE MOSQUITO ASSOCIATION, INC.

(Non-profit EIN: 68-0059454)

24th Infantry Division Association
120 Maple Street, Room 207
Springfield, MA 01103

Dear Sir,
During the Korean War, officers and enlisted men from your division served with our unit (6147 Tactical Control Squadron from July 1950 to April 1951, and the 6147 Tactical Control Group from April 1951 to the dissolution of the unit in 1956) as Observers, flying in the back seat of a T-6. They were attached for a period of 90 days, but most extended for longer periods of time.

Our unit's nickname was the "Mosquitos." The unit performed reconnaissance beyond the front lines to locate targets and then directed fighter-bombers on those targets. The team of an Air Force pilot and an Army Observer flying "low and slow" in the T-6 performed in an outstanding manner. During the Korean War, our unit received six U.S. Presidential Unit Citations and two Korean Presidential Unit Citations. The individual Observers garnered many Air Medals and Distinguished Flying Crosses.

Veterans of the 6147th, both Air Force and Army, formed a non-profit veterans organization: The Mosquito Association, Inc. We have a yearly reunion, send out four newsletters a year, and publish a yearly directory.

The "Mosquitos" are searching for those brave Observers who flew combat with us. If you have a publication, would you please advertise for us? I have enclosed the names of a few men that I know came from your unit. This data came from old orders that identified their Army unit. I'm sure there are many more men from your unit that served with us, but the old orders do not always identify the U.S. Army unit the men came from - and, we are missing a lot of old orders.

If anyone in your division association is identified, would you please have them contact me, and I will send them a package of data about our unit.

Sincerely,

Tom Crawford
Tom Crawford

Past President
The Mosquito Association, Inc.

5129 West Maplewood Ave.
Littleton, CO 80123
(303) 795-2818

Col, USAF, Retired

24th INFANTRY DIVISION MEN WHO SERVED WITH THE "MOSQUITOS"

Hudson, Roger W., Capt., O-235946, 6147 TCS and 6149 TCS, 1951

Micinski, Ervin W., 1/Lt, O-2005474, 6148 TCS, 1951

Murray, Frederick E., 2/Lt, O-4027775, 6148 TCS, 1955, C btry, 26th AAA AW Bn

Small, Robert L., 1/Lt, unk Serv No, 6148 TCS, 1951 (WIA 20 Mar 51)

Wyant, Gaylord R., Sgt, RA 15254046, 6148 TCS, 1951, 19th Inf. Regt.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT



STAR CRAZY:

Up Front

with Willie & Joe

© by Bill Mauldin, Reprinted in The Stars and Stripes Courtesy of Bill Mauldin



"We calls 'em garritroopers. They're too far forward to wear ties an' too far back to git shot."



Stars - stars - stars - each one of them - Maj.Gen. "Pete" TAYLOR, Maj.Gen. CHET DAHLEN - and the star of stars, the very lovely Phyllis (Mrs. GENE) MADDEN, of Dodge City KS. Kinda looks like Miss Kitty, don't you think? Gene was Hq. 34th '43-'45.



TO: The 24th Infantry Div.Assn.
120 Maple St., Room 207
Springfield MA 01103-2278

Sir:
Enclosed please find check (Money Order) for Ten (\$10) Dollars in payment of my dues for year 8/1/88-8/1/89. Please send my membership card and all future copies of the Taro Leaf and division news to:

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Former Unit _____
from _____ to _____

IN MEMORIAM

T. L. Epton
L 21st



We lost T.L. EPTON on April 16th. He was only with L Company six months but each of us were affected by him and what he was. First, he was a decent man who contaminated each of us with this quality. Second, he was a warrior/preacher in a tradition that goes to the origins of our country. Ep became an ordained Baptist Minister after he had been commissioned as an infantry second lieutenant from ROTC at the University of Arkansas. He went with the nation's most immediate need in 1950, and declined a transfer to the Chaplain's Corps. We profited enormously. As memory serves, he was hit five times by a burp gun as we were remaking contact with the Chinese in January, 1951. He spent the rest of his life serving Baptist congregations in the west. He won't really be gone while those of us who knew, loved and were marked by him are still alive.

CARL BERNARD
ISAT Inc.
1305 Duke St., Alexandria VA



Fifty-three years of friendship between EDWARD S. FARMER, (21st 5/36 to 7/41 and 3/44 to 12/45) of San Jose CA and C.W.O. ED GOLLADAY when on May 19th Ed Golladay passed on. The two Eds are pictured below, Golladay on the left, Farmer on the right.



"Ed and I first met at the machine gun range at Kau Kona Hua Gulch at Schofield. He was M 21st and I was H 21st. All machine gun companies in those days competed for the 'Howard Clark Trophy' to determine the best machine gun company in the Army.

"Ed and I later served in Japan together for 2½ years at G.H.Q. Scap." He in the

Adjutant General's office; I was the Supply and Transportation Officer for the War Crimes Trials.

'Ed was known as 'No Smile Eddie-San' by all the maids at the Yurshu Hotel in Tokyo which was the junior officers billet.

'Later Ed and I served for two years in 6th Army Headquarters in San Francisco.

'Ed and Pat were married in 1951 in San Francisco.

'The picture is of Ed and I taken on one of our Safaris to Karuizawa in 1947. This was 'BP' and 'BC' - Before Pat and Carolyn.

Have always kept in touch with each other. He had emphysema so bad he was on oxygen the last two years he lived. Pat really took good care of him. Went to visit him a year ago in Tuscon because I figured it might be the last time I would see him and it was. A terrific guy and friend. Best ever, Ed Farmer."

TAPS

Anita HAIST
wife of JOHN W. HAIST
Sept. 22, 1989
was Rt. 1, Box 11, Miltonvale KS 67466
John was D 21st 4/49 - 6/51

LEE A. TELESCO
Aug. 11, 1989
Served with Gen. MacArthur's
Allied Intelligence Bureau
was the key man in Manila at Baguio
fire. He helped our gang get home
on Philippine Air Lines etc.

TAPS

MAHLON CRUMP
July 29, 1989
Was Box 907, Dryden NY

WALTER H. CUNNINGHAM
Aug. 21, 1989
Div. Hq. '41-'45

ELMER DALE DICK
Aug. 8, 1989
A & Hq. 1st Bn. 19th '35-'37
was the brother of DALLAS DICK

Shirley DICKEY
wife of FRANCIS "Larry" DICKEY
May 29, 1989
was 1700 W. Prince, Tucson AZ
Larry was 19th & 34th 7/50-12/51

T.L. EPTON
date uncertain
L 21st '50-'52

R.D. GOLLADAY
May 19, 1989
M 21st '41-'43

Lt. Col. MARTIN L. HAMMOND
in 1987
was Div. Postal Off. in Korea '50
Informant: Lt. Col. GEORGE W. HOWZE

Polly HICKS
wife of L.G. HICKS
L.G. was L 34th '40-'44
Informants: DON HINKLE and NICK MARASCO

GAIL M. IVY
Nov. 9, 1987
19th 5/51-3/52

Dr. ERNER JONES
Sept. 2, 1987
21st '43-'45

Maj. WILLIAM KENNEDY
Mar. 29, 1987
D 21st '33-'42

CHARLES KIDD
Sept. 9, 1988

TROY J. LANDRUM
Mar. 20, 1988
3rd Bn. Hq. 21st 11/42-1/46

VERNON W. LARSON
July 22, 1989
555th 9/50-10/51

ALBERT LEE
11th Field - Hawaii

WILLIAM L. LUGINBYHL
Jan. 9, 1989
724 Ord. '42-'45

Ruth MENNEMEYER
wife of FRANCIS W. MENNEMEYER
Oct. 20, 1989
was 16 W. Acton, Wood River IL
Francis was G 21st '44-'45

RAYMOND L. MURRAY
E 21st 5/45-8/46

JOSEPH PARETTI
B 3rd Eng.

DALE E. TERWILLEGER
Oct. 10, 1989
F 21st 6/51 - 6/52
Informants: DAVE LOPERA and RICHARD BEARD

WILLIAM L. WILLIS
May 22, 1988
Hq. Btry 13th Field '45-'47

BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS.

We printed this in a recent issue: "HOWARD PASSWATER (G 19th and 24th MP '48-'50) tells us that the first KIA in Korea was DAVID RANSOME from Vermont."

Now comes FRANCIS J. TOOMEY (3rd Eng. '51-'54) of 1453 Marene, Harrisburg PA. Fran is a detective in the CID of Dauphin County. He writes:

"Enclosed is a picture from my copy of the Pictorial History of the Victory Division in Korea. The only thing I can say is that after you see the picture you can judge for yourself. Pictures speak for themselves and words serve to identify in the course of events."

Here's the picture:



KENNETH SHADRICK K.I.A.

South of Osan on 4 July, PFC Kenneth Shadrick crouched beside his gunner, loaded the 2.36 rocket launcher and stepped away from the back blast. At 1620 in the midst of a torrential downpour, Shadrick was struck

in the chest by a burst of machine gun fire. He died seconds after. The 24th Division infantryman was the first American soldier killed in combat during the battle for the invaded South Korean republic.

Walter Howard Cunningham

He was a complicated gentleman. He was a virtuoso in all matters, but nobody's partner in anything. He loved the learning he acquired with such facility and communicated with such relish and eloquence. And he had a golden tongue.

He lived by secrecy. Fortunately our relationship, extending over some 45 years, was such that we were privy to a small few of his secrets. And he was privy to a few of ours. As our paths crossed and criss-crossed, as they so frequently did over that span of night onto a half century, some things simply were not discussed between us. Such was our friendship that one never infringed on the rights and obligations of the other.

As we said, he lived by secrecy. Witness his request when we made him one of our Life Members. He would be assigned a Life Member number - #300 - but it was not to be entered into the records. And we honored that strange request. For years, we had no entry astride number 300 in the company books. Well, he has been entered in the books, #300 (deceased). How regretfully we have now finalized that entry.

He loved to laugh. For instance, for years we were sending him George Price cartoons as we would intercept them. He and we had a common affinity for that lovable old artist. And Walter would never fail to acknowledge his gratitude therefor - usually with a telephone call - even from Afganistan, or Guatemala, or Hudson's Bay, or wherever he chanced to be - and his travels took him afar, into many strange lands, and for totally unexplainable reasons. Secret, did we say? Hidden, concealed, covert, stealthy? - any one of these would have served him well as a middle name, in preference to "Howard".

You might say that Wally was a curmudgeon if used in the more kindly sense of one who targets pretense, pomposity, conformity, and incompetence. His weapons were irony, satire, sarcasm and ridicule. The term finds no quarrel with us. Curmudgeonry is a perfectly valid response to an increasingly exasperating world.

He had an oldie that he faithfully told with his usual calm gusto and lovable laugh. We can hear him now: "Well, I suppose when I die, I'll have to go to Atlanta, and change planes." We were at Walter's bedside almost to the very end - and as we were homeward bound on that sad day, we wondered to ourselves if Walter had made the connection at Atlanta as he was about to enter Valhalla.

President TOM UPTON tells this story: Whenever Walter Cunningham was required to disclose his religion, whether by ubiquitous bureaucratic form, or even polite sincere inquiry, he always declared himself to be a DRUID, quickly adding parenthetically, "But I draw the line at human sacrifice."

He was careless in many ways, but that is how he was. In spite of it, no one can forget the vivacity of his company or the sharp turn of his mind and tongue. It is truly sad that he left so soon a world he enriched so prodigally.

We shall miss you, Wally, we shall, we shall.





ANNIVERSARY REMINDER exactly one year after start of Korean war was this funeral of Kenneth Shadrick of Skin Fork, Tenn., first U.S. soldier to

die in it. Shadrick was killed by a North Korean machine gunner near Sojong on July 5, 1950, when U.N. forces were falling back. He was not quite 18 years old.

On the Shadrick-Ransome controversy brewing away slowly, elsewhere in this issue, we give you this clip out of the July 9, 1951 issue of Life, page 22.



By Sgt. OZZIE St. GEORGE
 YANK Staff Correspondent

LEYTE ISLAND, THE PHILIPPINES—Some-
 time, somewhere there may be a war without
 mud or dust, but the GIs of the 24th Division
 will bet you it won't be on Leyte. In their
 drive across the island from Palo to Carigara
 they fought big doses of both. The mud was
 the result of a tropical typhoon that roared up
 the Leyte Valley for 36 hours.

Pvt. Edward D. Hooban of Kearny, N.J., was
 one GI who would have welcomed a little dust
 again during those 36 hours.

"My outfit," he explains, "a 42 mortar com-
 pany, left Palo on a second class road the day
 before the typhoon to support some infantry.
 That night the typhoon hit and washed away the
 road between us and Palo. We were stranded.

"The infantry had patrols out, of course, and
 once they ran into a bunch of Japs dug in in
 a village. They called for mortar fire and we
 gave it to them. But after three shots the base
 plates were sunk into the wet ground so far we
 had to cease firing.

"The patrol might have been in a bad way
 except that one of our platoons hadn't fired.
 They got off a few rounds—enough anyway to
 cover the patrol while it withdrew—before their
 mortars sank out of sight. We kept on firing
 and finally drove the Japs out of the village,
 but we had to keep moving the mortars."

Twenty-four hours after the typhoon subsided
 roads and GIs were again smothered in dust.

On the last day of the drive to Carigara, Cpl.
 Joe Stefanelli, YANK Staff Artist, and I hitch-
 hiked westward along the main road, U.S. No.
 2 from Palo.

Palo itself—once the Tombstone of Leyte
 with Jap night raids every hour on the hour—
 was peaceful enough in the morning sun. First
 pivot of the 24th Division's drive, the bulk of
 troops had since left it for points west. Behind
 them an evac hospital had moved into the barrio's
 cathedral.

The wounded in this evac, during its first few
 days had been cared for by the hospital's enlisted
 staff and perhaps 30 Filamerican girls, volun-

teers ranging in age from 12 to 30. The first of
 the hospital nurses had arrived the day before.

The volunteer nurses were immensely proud,
 almost jealous, of the help they were giving
 and looked on the wounded GIs as THEIR
 patients. They were a little peeved at the arrival
 of the ANC. There was still, however, plenty
 of work to go round, and the girls were hard at
 it, changing sheets, carrying water, wetting
 towels in the cathedral's Holy Water fountains.

A mass was said in the cathedral (or hospital)
 each morning, sometimes by the bishop of Palo,
 sometimes by an Army chaplain, with the con-
 gregation, GI and Filamerican, assembled in the
 courtyard outside.

We caught a ride at the hospital on a 1-ton
 weapons carrier doubling as an ambulance. The
 driver, T-4 Arvid Erickson of Litchfield, Minn.,
 and Pfc. Thomas Christensen of Minneapolis
 were from a clearing company attached to the
 24th Division. They and their 4-ton had been
 carrying wounded since the first day of the drive.

"It's been no pushover," Christensen told us.
 "We've had plenty of wounded.

"We're set up in some kind of a warehouse,"
 Christensen went on, "and it's dry. We're on
 the main road, of course, and that held up
 through the rain. Our litter men, though, don't
 want another typhoon. In some places they've
 had to use 10 men on a litter."

Beside the road, headed west, were long strag-
 gling lines of Filipinos returning to their homes
 or barrios now that the fighting had passed
 beyond. Astride carabao or afool, kerchiefs tied
 over their faces, bundles and baskets balanced
 on their heads, they were gray with dust.

Most of them—all of them, I think, below the
 age of 10—gave us the "V" sign as we passed.
 Coincidentally, the non-secret designation of the
 24th Division on our bumper was a white "V."

Without the mud or the dust or the broken
 bridges, the road to Carigara still would have
 been tough enough in spots. Here and there,

Road to Ormoc

in barrios or along the river banks, remnants
 of the Japanese 16th Division—veterans of
 Bataan—dug in and held out.

It was easy to pick out these tough spots along
 the road by the concentration of mortar and
 artillery craters, scarred palms, busted cars.

Our weapons carrier left us at Santa Fe, six
 or seven miles west of Palo. We caught a ride
 in a jeep to Corps Hq., where we heard of a
 proposed artillery barrage supposed to smash
 Carigara flat.

We left Corps, drank some cold coffee at an
 American Red Cross hut, then hummed a ride
 to Jaro (pronounced "Haro" as in Spanish by a
 few; "Jaro" with a "J" by the rest of us).

In Jaro there was plenty of evidence of our
 artillery's effectiveness. The eastern edge of the
 town had, literally, been smashed flat. Where
 its nipa huts had been, there were only craters
 full of black, smoldering embers. The Japs
 defending Jaro had pulled out after that sample.

Waiting for a ride near the municipal building
 we saw 1st Sgt. Mike Gross of Branford, Conn.
 "You," Mike told us, "have missed some times."
 (I'd been with Mike's battalion on A-Day).

I asked him where he'd been.
 "Back in the hills," he said. "Or down in the
 flatlands wading around in swamps up to my
 neck and sleeping with Japs. There's been about
 two nights they didn't jump us."

S

I told Sgt. Gross I could miss that kind of times for years and never worry about it.

"You know," he said, "we ran into some Japs that were dressed like Yanks. That's right. We had a patrol out one afternoon, and they spotted these characters across a rice paddy.

"They were wearing helmets like ours, and since nobody was too sure about where anybody else was, the patrol leader looked 'em over through field glasses. But they were moving away and all he could tell was that their uniforms were like ours, too—herringbone twill.

"Finally he stood up and yelled: 'Identify yourselves as friendly troops!' The Japs turned around and started shooting." Mike rubbed his chin. "Their clothes and helmets looked new, too, and seemed to fit 'em. It's beyond me."

We ate dinner at Jaro with the service company of the 19th Infantry. The piece de resistance was hot rolls, the first either of us had seen on Leyte. The mess sergeant, S/Sgt. Michael Jugan of Hazelton, Pa., told us they were nothing.

His chief baker, T-5 Robert Hoffman of San Francisco had established some kind of precedent by serving hotcakes out of a hole in the beach on A-plus-1, and had kept up that standard, serving some kind of pastry each day since.

Beyond Jaro the fighting had been severe.

There were no Filipinos in sight now; the barrios were deserted. In one, six GIs had pooled their ponchos to build a rainproof shelter.

As we neared the front, as always, everybody knew less about everything. We asked one GI how far it was to Carigara. "Where?" he said. We told him. "Hell," he said, "I didn't know where we were going."

And, as almost always, entering Carigara, the objective of a 10-day drive, was an anticlimax. We passed on foot, the smoldering remains of a few nipa huts. More stretched ahead of us.

We asked: "Is this Carigara?" Nobody seemed to know. Finally somebody said, "No, it's about half a mile yet."

We walked on and finally entered Carigara. There was no evidence of artillery fire, beyond



Infantrymen file off an alligator after crossing a bridgeless r



a few more burning huts. The town was completely deserted of civilians. A few guerrillas prowled along the streets and a group of GIs were resting on the porch of the postoffice. The bulk of our troops were skirting the town, moving westward along the main road.

Waiting, sprawled along the road, were more elements of the 24th, among them Company A of the 34th Infantry. We asked them what they thought about the road to Carigara.

"Well," said the lieutenant (1st Lt. Bert Heberlin of Longview, Tex.) "Have you ever heard of fire and movement? That's all we've been doing since we landed—moving. We've slept in a different place every night and once or twice in two places—when we slept."

"Which was damned little," a platoon sergeant threw in.

The lieutenant agreed. "Yes," he said, "We haven't slept much. The Japs have been jumping us pretty regularly. We've been lucky though. We lost some men in the landing—I've been acting CO since—but coming across the island we haven't had many casualties."

"We've been eating twice a day lately," the lieutenant continued. "Usually one of those meals is hot. But it was A-plus-7 or maybe 8, I'm not sure, before we got our first hot chow. Some of the time the roads were out, or a bridge, and we were too far ahead for anything to catch up."

I asked about the actual taking of Carigara. The lieutenant thought a moment. Carigara evidently meant little to him. Finally he said, "Oh, hell, we just walked in. The artillery banged away all night—we were about four miles east of Carigara—and early this morning we started in behind a rolling barrage. But the Japs pulled out—I guess they'd seen enough artillery—and some of the barrage fell pretty close to us, so they called it off. There were a few snipers in town, but we got in and held the edge while Baker and Charlie companies went through."

He paused a moment.

"Say," he asked, "Do you know where we're going?"

I told him I thought Ormoc.

"That's not it, is that," somebody asked.

I said about 25 or 30 miles. Somebody said, "I knew it! Clear around the goddam island."

The lieutenant asked where the 1st Cavalry and 7th Divisions were. I told him the 1st Cav had entered Carigara from the northeast and that the 7th had reached the coast south of Ormoc. He grinned. "Well," he said, "I'm glad somebody else is in the war."

The men rose wearily to their feet, adjusted slim packs, straggled onto the road.

The lieutenant said, "Well, I guess we've got to be going. Thanks for the news." He went to the head of the ragged column and Able Company moved out.

By Sgt. BILL ALCINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

LEYTE ISLAND, THE PHILIPPINES—Carigara on Carigara Bay is a barrio that the National Geographic would probably by-pass unless the natives turned out in costume for a religious festival. But the Filipinos who live there like it. A few of them straggled back the morning after the Japs were driven out to look at their hometown in wartime, at the tanks, jeeps, long Toms, 105s, the alligators and amtracks, the dust and the hundreds of GIs named Gus who were sweating a place to set up their units.

Carigara was the jumping off place for a final drive on Ormoc. A couple of kilos out of town a defunct bridge was being bypassed by four alligators busy ferrying dust-haloed GIs across a small river. The troops were men of the 34th Infantry Regiment of the 24th Division, scheduled for some action farther up the dirty road.

The sun was typically Filipino. It turned helmets into ovens that slowly rendered scalps of their sweat like a hot fire melts the fat out of bacon. Fortunately the advance along the road wasn't too fast. Flanking patrols in the high land on the left away from the bay slowed the general forward movement and GIs were able to dump their packs at the roadside and poke through the relatively deserted nipa huts. Sticking their thumbs in the souveniring pie, no one knew about the 3,500 Japs the artillery had

routed from Carigara the night before. The guys would take care of that later.

Squads and platoons of infantrymen had combed the heavily wooded ridges on one flank, and the low swampy land that stretched briefly down to Carigara Bay on the right was quickly cased for its few huts and mud-covered carabao.

Sweeping the ridges in front of our flankers was a section of 81-mm mortars. A fire control group for the section loafed in the shade of a nipa hut and called out occasional directions. The mortar men would loop a few on the new plot, then light cigarettes and wonder audibly if they were getting any Japs. Empty mortar shell cartons were scattered around like beer cans after a month's issue.

MORTARMAN Pfc. Walter J. Frederick, a Detroit boy, exhaled a vapor half smoke, half dust.

"Trouble with this job," he complained to Marion J. Harsden, a private from Point Marion, Pa., "is ya never know whatta hell you're shootin' at."

"Now if we were packin' an M-1, we wouldn't be able to sit on our butts between shots," finished Harsden, a practical guy.

There was some loud yelling coming down the road, followed by a sweaty, dusty GI who turned out to be the section leader, Sgt. Elmer Brumm, of Emmetsburg, Iowa. He was bringing in profane directions for the next concentration, sandwiched in between his roars directed at the inhuman frailties of radio communication. We gathered that his section had just pulverized a couple dozen Japs up ahead.

He checked over the ammo supply, gave a new field of fire to the section, adjusted the sighting stakes and delivered himself of the opinion:

"Goddam, we coulda wiped them all out if I coulda got some directions back through that slept-with radio. So help me, about 20 of 'em ran the hell out of their holes. We coulda got the whole outfit."

He glared at the GI sitting in the shade with the portable radio receiver to his ear. The GI pointed to the hand set and shrugged. Brumm said, "OK, they're laying some wire up there now." He waved up at the hills. "Just keep laying them in on that ridge over there."

He huffed it back up the road.

Up beyond the mortars Pfc. Jesse C. Burton of Anderson, S.C., was with the advance patrol of B Company. They thought they spotted some Japs about 500 yards ahead. They spread out in their advance but didn't fire because no one was sure that some other patrol of ours wasn't in the area.

When they were about 50 yards away a couple of guys were seen standing near a big tree lighting cigarettes.

The patrol leader still wasn't sure, so they crawled closer.

All of a sudden one of the guys yelled, "What the hell," and shot one of the bogus GIs through the head.

The other one ducked and a couple of Jap machine guns opened up and sprayed the patrol's area. The bullets probed until they got two of our men. The patrol pulled out after tossing some grenades. It called back for mortar fire.

Brunni's mortar section was the one that flushed the Nips out. After the mortars got through the Nips were scattered all over the area.

Back at the road lined with doughfeet lounging in the shade (where there was any shade) life was easier. We beat our gums about the possibility of picking up a live monkey for three pesos and paid little attention to the occasional bursts of fire up ahead.

A dry pop of a Jap 25 came from the right of the road and was followed by the blup blup blup of one of our 50s.

One of the guys asked of no one in particular, "Now what in hell is a Jap doing over there?"

The pop came again, several of them together. We moved a little closer to the shot-riddled Jap truck that was shading us.

"Guess they missed him," the guy said. A soldier walked down the road toward us, limping slightly, a bandage around the calf of his legless leg. He looked tired. The men watched him with the uncurious stare of soldiers long accustomed to seeing wounded men.

We went back to our discussion of the monkey.

Someone got word that a 10-mile-long column of Japs, spread out from Ormoc to Valencia, was headed our way.

Even that report didn't increase the tension. The heat and the dust, the unreality of this battle that was being fought in the ridges, our doubts about the truth of the report—all kept us from getting excited.

But patrols were strengthened, officers ordered concentrations of artillery instead of occasional salvos and mortars stepped up their pace. We looked up at the heavily wooded ridges. They were like the prongs of a wishbone. They formed a draw of a small valley with a rock-bedded stream.

A company of the 1st Battalion was catching hell up there.

T/Sgt. Donald P. Mason of Charleston, W. Va., led the 1st platoon in the first assault on the draw. The group fanned out and topped the rise from the company CP. The Nips opened up 10 yards down from the crest.

It was concentrated fire. It killed seven men and badly wounded another.

The platoon held the ground they had and sent word back to the company commander, who pushed the second platoon out on the left flank and the third on the right.

From the first platoon S/Sgt. Louis H. Hansel of Mt. Vernon, Ky., went back to the CP to check on further action. Pfc. Frank Abbatemarco of Chicago was with him, helping a wounded man.

The small CP was established just below a hump on the top of the ridge where the two forks joined. Hansel and Abbatemarco found Sgt. Gene L. Surgoyne of Imperial, Pa., and Sgt. Herman A. Brown of Indianapolis. They started chewing the fat.

They were surprised as hell when 12 Japs ran over the bump, threw two grenades and screamed into a bayonet charge.

Three men with BARs were immediately wounded. Another Browning man, Pfc. Roland W. Bauer of Edwardsville, Ill., got off two shots before his weapon jammed.

A frenzied Jap charged Bauer with a bayonet fixed on the end of his Keiki light machine gun. Bauer threw the BAR in the Jap's face. It knocked the Jap down. Then Bauer turned to look for another weapon.

Another Jap took a swipe at the unarmed Bauer with a bayonet but somebody shot him through the head with a Tommy gun.

The Jap crumpled and Bauer found an M-1 someone had dropped. It was loaded with a full clip. Bauer got a couple of the Japs before it was empty.

By that time, the battle was over. The 12 Japs were sprawled in the small clearing, a dozen distorted bodies.

Bauer went over to get his BAR. The Jap he'd knocked out was moaning. He rolled over, saw Bauer and fumbled at his belt.

"I pulled my knife and tried to stick him," Bauer said, "but the point was busted off and the blade just bounced off the bastard." So I bashed his skull open with the butt of my BAR.

Bauer helped another man back to the aid station. The guy had a back full of grenade fragments. We lost one killed and four wounded in the battle for the CP.

The Japs evacuated during the night, leaving 27 of their dead in deep holes dug into the sides of the hill beside the creek. They had a beautiful field of fire throughout the draw. The holes couldn't be seen until you were right on top of them. Then it was too late.

MOST of the Nips had been killed by the small arms fire of the platoons assaulting the positions, but several showed in their torn bodies the effect of the artillery and mortar fire that had made he position untenable.

The battalion was able to move forward in the morning.

Baker and Charley companies had run into trouble, too, in the ridges around the draw, but it was A Company that suffered the brunt of the casualties.

We poked around the Jap-littered banks of the stream in the cool morning. It was quiet, and the brook made nice brook-like sounds in the still day.

Dead Japs lay jammed into the holes, their gold teeth showing through death-parted lips. Pretty soon they'd need burying.

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Details in future issues of the Taro Leaf

Members wanting to hear from buddies:
ALBERT A. KASPRZAK known in his Division days as ALBIN A. KARSZPCZAK "because the D/A fouled it up" anxious to hear from anyone of the 52nd Field or 555 FA Bn '50-'53. Al's at 612 Fulton, Buffalo NY. Don't be too harsh on D/A, Al; we had trouble with it too.

Congressman Frank Guarini has introduced a bill for establishing a medal for those who were present during 12/7/41, so JESSE FOSTER tells us.

JESSE FOSTER tells us of the passing of Sgt. WILLARD HOFF (19th '41-'42).



Our Association Chaplain JOE HOFRICHTER with, who else?, lovely Charlotte.



Laura ROSENBLUM, with a smile that could light New York harbor.



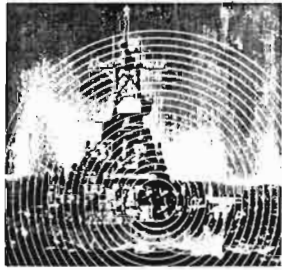
Longtime Division G-1 ('42-'45), TOM COMPERE.



BILL LIVINGSTON (1st Bn.Hq. 34th '44-'46) of 213 Dedham, Needham MA is one of our oldest members - been a member we mean. Bill, we have you joining up in 1949. Right?



WHY IS IT ALWAYS TURRET NUMBER TWO



OR DON'T EVER LET THAT
HAPPEN TO YOU!

During a *tete-a-tete* with WARREN AVERY at FW, the story of the explosion on the Iowa last April 19th came up for discussion. That the #2 Gun turret exploded, killing 47 gunnery officers and ratings need not be told here, tragic though that was. What did interest us was an article written in 1971 by Captain Scarritt Adams (U.S. Naval Academy '30). Though Scarritt died in 1973, his story is poignant in light of the catastrophe on the Iowa. Here's his story:

The battleship *Mississippi* was conducting advanced target practice off the California coast on June 12th, 1924. She was firing her main battery of twelve immense fourteen inch guns, triple-mounted in four heavily armoured turrets. At exactly 11:40 a.m. there was a puff of smoke and a ball of flame flared back out of the open breech of the right gun of Turret Two, searing to a crisp forty eight men in this greatest of naval gun disasters. The corpse of the officer commanding the turret was found with his hand grasping for the lever of the emergency sprinkling system.

When this happened I was a fourteen-year-old boy, with a kid's ambition of someday going to "Annapolis". Although news of this disaster caught my attention - my hobby was making model battleships - I passed it

over at that young age as an exciting thing, but surely of no concern to me. How wrong I was will soon become evident.

Three or four years later, when I had succeeded in becoming a midshipman, the Navy Department sent its Ordnance Chief to the Naval Academy to lecture on the importance of gunnery safety precautions. This Admiral, full of years and experience, dramatised his talk with a description of this classic tragedy of modern gunnery - this frightful casualty in Turret Two of the *Mississippi* - this flareback from the right gun - a thing to be avoided by all of us future officers. "Don't ever let that happen to you," the Admiral warned in his punch line.

Time passed on. The *Mississippi* aged, became known as the "Old Miss," found herself incredibly in the midst of World War

Two. And I found myself her damage control officer. My job was to control the effects of battle damage, and take appropriate counter measures.

Eventually the Old Miss was caught up in Operation Galvanic as an element of Task Force 52. She sortied with the Task Force from Pearl Harbour on November 10th, 1943, steamed pass the half-sunken ships that were grim reminders of that "Day of Infamy" - through the narrow channel, out into the open sea. Then we heard the Captain's voice over the PA system telling us where we were bound - to the first massive assault since the war began at dead centre of the Jap held Pacific on the Gilbert Islands. This was great. At last we were going to clobber 'em. Morale sky-rocketed. We even began calling her the "Mighty Miss."

Task Force 52, zipzapping over the dark blue Pacific brisk with the steady trade winds, purposefully approached its objective. On D-3 we read in the "Plan of the Day" how it would be. It said:

"The first bombardment scheduled for November 20th will commence at 6.40 a.m. and last until 8.30 a.m.

"The bombardment is planned to smother all opposition which may be encountered by the first wave of the landing force, which is scheduled to hit the beach about 8.30 a.m.

The Captain, Captain Lunsford L. Hunter, U.S.N., a great guy, said, "It is up to us to deliver the goods and make every shot count so our soldiers will have a good chance to get a foothold on the beach without encountering serious losses."

It got to be D-2 Day, only two days to go. We were in range of enemy shore-based aircraft. The Captain was getting concerned about the safety of exposed personnel in case of air attack. He told us, "When the alarm for air defence is sounded, no one except the gun crews are to remain topside, for if you do you will be exposed not only to the danger of bomb fragments and splinters but also to shrapnel from our own and other ships."

But when no Jap planes showed up the crew began to think they had it made. No worry. They'd beat the daylight out of them.

With only a day to go Captain Hunter issued a final word of advice:

"One thing we want all anti-aircraft gun crews to bear in mind, is to watch their own assigned sector. Do not be disturbed by strafing planes that may fly overhead to draw your attention thus permitting a torpedo plane attack coming in without being taken under fire. This is a favourite trick of the Japs."

Still the crew felt no apprehension. They were going in with overwhelming force. Nothing could stop them. Nothing could happen to their Mighty Miss.

We were getting closer.

Now it was D Day, Saturday, November 20th, 1943. This was it. We got up at 3.40 a.m., buckled on knife, flashlight, morphine pack and life belt, ate breakfast at 4.10, launched spotting planes at 4.40.

The Captain said:

"This is the day all of us have been looking forward to for a long time. We feel confident that everyone will do his utmost to accomplish his task."

"The very best of luck to everyone, and here's hoping that we shall be able to think clearly and move fast and give the Japs the worst licking they have had to date."

At 5.10 the general alarm sounded, the buglers blew "General Quarters," the boatswain mates passed the words "All Hands Man Your Battle Stations." The anti-aircraft crews manned their exposed, barely protected, rapid fire guns knowing full well that they hadn't a chance in case of a strafing attack. On the other hand the crews of the great turrets climbed through the trap doors beneath the overhang to their loading stations knowing full well that they were perfectly safe under the thickest armour in the whole ship. Through the slits of the steel splinter screens on the bridge the Captain could see the gun crew of Turret Two, immediately below him, climbing confidently into their turret. All through the ship from the engine room to the combat information centre, men took their assigned battle stations.

Everything stood in readiness for the assault. There was nothing more to do except sweat it out. Deep in the bowels of the ship I took my place in Central Station, surrounded by large charts showing the location of each firemain valve, the fuel oil system, all watertight doors, and the compressed air system which would eject gas, sparks and burning debris from the big guns to prevent flarebacks such as happened back in 1924 on the California coast. I put on my battle telephone headset, plugged in the high priority "JA" circuit in direct contact with the bridge.

The ships of Task Force 52 bore down inexorably on Makin Island in the Northern Gilberts, last step in Operation Galvanic, greatly to the consternation of the Japs peering out through the slits in their palm log and sand dugouts. The ships zeroed in on their targets, opened fire at 6.30.

It was getting towards seven thirty. The four great gun turrets of the *Mississippi* were firing in succession. Now it was Turret Two's turn. Lieut. Richard Leader, a brave, calm and efficient man, commanded Turret Two, the high turret just forward of the bridge. From his control booth he kept tabs on operations in each of the three gun chambers. The three-quarter ton projectile was rammed home by the mechanical rammers, followed by the four huge raw silk powder bags full of smokeless powder, a red patch at the rear end of each bag containing black powder. Then the heavy breech plug, actuated by spring and compressed air, would swing closed. It was into the red patch that the fulminate of mercury primer would be discharged by the firing lock. The volatile black powder would explode instantly, setting on fire the relatively slow-burning hollow grains of smokeless powder until finally the pressure built up to explosive force and expelled that deadly 14-inch projectile. The projectile, rotating through the spiral rifling of the gun, travelled its sixty-foot length to emerge from the muzzle on its trajectory to the target, roaring along with the sound of an old freight train.

As each gun captain closed the breech plug behind the last powder bag, he switched his ready light on. Lieut. Leader saw the ready light for the right gun flash on. He saw

it for the left gun. Everything was going on just fine. Only one more light to go for the centre gun. Then he would signal the Plotting Room, which controlled all gunfire, that all three guns of Turret Two were ready to fire. But before he could do this something happened.

Lieut. Leader, in the split second of life left to him, must have seen *it*. *It* must have been bloodcurdling, whatever *it* was that his eyes saw. Man will never know. His corpse was found with his hand reaching for the lever of the emergency sprinkling system.

At that moment a quiet voice was saying into the high priority "JA" circuit "Turret two is on fire."

This couldn't be true. This happened in 1924 and now it was 1943. I pressed my ear-phones hard hoping not to hear what I was hearing. I must be day dreaming about that Admiral full of years and experience back at the Academy saying

"Don't ever let that happen to you." But it was no daydream. And it was happening - again - in the same ship - in the same turret - nineteen years later. The Central Station clock hands pointed to 7.28.

If the fire reached the powder magazines below the ship might blow up. What should be done? Powder magazines are fitted with a sprinkling system which merely rains water down from perforated pipes and also with flooding systems which can flood the whole magazine quickly. It is no casual matter to sprinkle or flood. It ruins the powder. It is an important decision, reserved for the Captain himself to make. In an earlier battle of the war, several ships had prematurely flooded magazines, when it turned out there had been no need to have done so and they had been severely criticised by the High Command.

All of these things raced through my mind and I was saying to the Captain, "Do you wish to sprinkle or flood the powder magazines, Sir?"

The Captain, agonised by the knowledge of his men burning up in the turret, pre-occupied with the prime business of keeping the ship in action regardless of what else was happening, said, "Use your own judgment," and hung up.

He had put the safety of his ship squarely in my hands. I was stuck with it. In order to do the right thing we had to have accurate information of what was going on. After what seemed an eternity we got in touch with an officer in the Lower Handling Room of Turret Two - where the powder comes out of the magazine en route to the guns high above. Based on what he said we decided simply to sprinkle one magazine. Now the ship would not blow up, we hoped.

Through it all the other three turrets continued to fire as if nothing had happened. Upon seeing this, the Admiral signalled from his flagship, "All hands admired manner in which *Mississippi* continued bombardment despite disastrous fire."

The problem of rescuing survivors, if any, faced us. A battleship turret is like an enormous steel box which revolves on a circular base. It is hard to get at from the outside for rescue operations. The principle access is through a heavy spring-loaded steel trap door on the underneath of the turret where it over-

hangs the base. In the best of conditions it is awkward to get into. The deck repair party got under there, pried open the trap door, entered the gun chambers. No one was alive. Nineteen men in the adjacent areas were burned but survived. Canvas shrouds had to be made up. The sailmaker wanted to know how to make them. How much weight was needed to sink them? Where did you put the weight? We knew from swashbuckling days of old that a cannon ball was used for the weight and that the sailmaker's last stitch was sewn through the nose of the corpse. But we

were not swashbucklers anymore. So we told the sailmaker to make a pocket at the foot of the shroud and to put in two five inch shells. His last stitch would close the pocket. The big guns continued the bombardment while the sailmaker worked steadily on.

Then the day was over. Even the worst days come to an end. The landing force had landed on Makin Island. Our ships withdrew offshore for the night. At dusk we assembled on the quarterdeck and took our hats off. Forty-three white-shrouded figures lay row on row. Then the first was placed on a mess table and gently tipped over the lee rail and the body of Lieut. Richard Leader, U.S.N., slid from under the Stars and Stripes into the dark and silent waters of the Gilbert Islands. Again and again the table was tilted, forty-three times, while the Chaplain repeated:

"We therefore commit this body to the deep ... looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead."

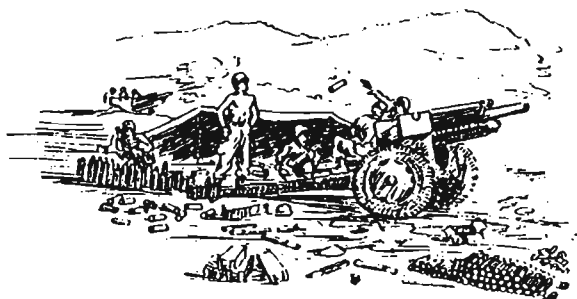
And the Captain said, "Our comrades died at their stations in the defence of our country - no man can do more."

Then the clean-up detail went to work to clear away the debris. A new turret and new gun crew began training for the day when Turret Two would again go into action with the hope that this time the malevolent spirit, which had twice struck in the same place, had indeed been exorcised.

How did this terrible thing happen again?

Back in 1924 some people got out of the turret alive and they were able to reconstruct what happened - compressed air pressure too low to blow out the burning scraps from the previous shot, the next charge of powder inadvertently loaded into this dangerous mess - a flash fire - all against a backdrop of headlong speed in competitive peacetime gunnery when hits per gun per minute is what got the coveted "E".

But in the World War II disaster no one got out of the gunchambers alive to tell the story. Consequently, although lecturers of the future may well say, "Don't ever let that happen to you," they can't say how because the reason for it is not known to this day. ■





Oct 18, 1989

To Maj. Gen. Pete Taylor, 24th Div

Best regards to you
and the valiant members
of your command.

Fred Irving
Maj. Gen. USA Ret.

Retired Maj. Gen. Fredrick A. Irving passed this note onto Maj. Gen. H.G. Taylor during the recent AUSA convention in Wash. D.C. Maj. Gen. Irving commanded the 24th Infantry Division from August 1942 to October 1944. The present-day headquarters building is named in his honor.

Snatched from pg.10A of the 10/26 Patriot, Division's newspaper - a note from Fred to Pete which ably speaks for itself.

The Association's highest honor, the Maj.Gen. WILLIAM JORDAN VERBECK Bowl, awarded annually to that member who has best emulated the same spirit, drive, enthusiasm and love for Division as was possessed by the late, beloved 21st Regimental Commander, Bill. This year there was no question but that WARREN AVERY fills the bill to perfection.



One of our past, past, past Presidents.
Lt. Gen. DONALD ROSENBLUM
(Div. Hq. '68-'72).



The map? By the registration desk - and each was invited to pinpoint ye olde home town, as for example, Helen, charming wife of our cameraman, PHIL HOSTETTER.

Supreme Allied Commander Europe visits

Guess who came to dinner - at Ft. Stewart, one day, not so long ago - the Supreme Allied Commander Europe, that's who. General JOHN R. GALVIN, home on a quickie from his very, very, very busy assignments in Europe, took the opportunity to fly into Stewart for a few hours. And why not, it was his old command (6/81-6/83) and at that time "Pete" was his C/S. Who said you can't go home again? Well SACEUR and CINC EUCOM did. You're looking terrific, Jack - and we're right proud of you.



AWRIGHT, WOJIKOWSKI,
WHAT'S SO HILARIOUS?"



Major General H.G. Taylor presents General Galvin, his former commander, a montage of Fort Stewart today.

S



General John Galvin shakes hands with 1st Lt. Deidre Tift, Meddac, in the Nautilus room at Newman Physical Fitness Center.



S

General John Galvin discusses the operation of the ULLS (Unit Logistic Level System) computer with Specialist Jean Morris, computer operator, Company B, 24th Support Battalion.

S



General Galvin gives a farewell salute to members of the 24th Inf Div band just before boarding his C-9 Jet.

GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS



"Ya won't have any trouble pickin' up our trail after th' first five miles, Joe."

No, just good news - no bad news.
Maj. DAVID E. TEICH, 284 Vaughn, Aurora CO writes: "I served as Tank Platoon Leader of the 3d Tank Platoon, Co. C, 6th Tank Bn. from Nov. '50 to Sept. '51. My Tank Platoon usually supported both the 19th and 21st.

"It was also my Platoon who volunteered to stay behind and bring out the 8th Ranger Airborne Infantry Company from their engagement on Hill 628 in Apr. of '50.

"I don't recall any of the 24th Infantrymen by name because I usually met them during darkness over a map of the next days operation, exchange radio call signs, or gave them a strip of my air recognition panels so we could see and follow their progress up those mighty high Korean hills as we delivered Tank support fire from dawn to sundown.

"Maybe some of you can remember the time I climbed a hill wearing a tank helmet and carrying a M1 rifle to see why I was receiving 'Lost Round' every time I fired my 90mm Tank cannon. Or the time I believe I was supporting the 3d Bn.

of the 19th along a river when the road gave way under the weight of my tank and rather than block the entire forward movement of the Regiment I drove my tank over the edge of the road and down to the water's edge as the whole regiment clapped and cheered. We then brought the remainder of the Platoon down the same way, then crossed the river and gave tank support fire from the Chinese side of the river. Anyone remember that one?

"Second time I served with the 24th was in Germany from '60 to '62. When I was commander of both Company 'D' and 'E' of the 34th Medium Tank Bn. stationed at Henry Kaserne in Munich. The 21st "Gimlet" Regiment was across the road in Warner Kaserne at the time.

"I thoroughly enjoyed both of my tours with the Division and would appreciate hearing from anyone who might remember me and my Tank Platoon.

"I'm presently living in Aurora CO since my retirement in '63. I can be reached at the above address. One of your old 21st members lives a short distance from me, Col. Leo Theme, Retired. I'll pass the word on to him of your existence.

"Good luck on your convention reunion."
Great report, Dave. Thanks!



This one gets the space because he included this beautiful black-and-white. It's Life Member #877, TOM CADMUS, of 9711 Welch, Tecumseh MI. Obviously he's a wheel in the AL. He's the Dept. of MI Commander, that's who. Tom writes:

"Enclosed is my \$100.00 for my life membership. I know that I have not paid my dues lately, but I do want to belong. THERMAN COSSAIRT from Colon, MI, was the one who first signed me up.

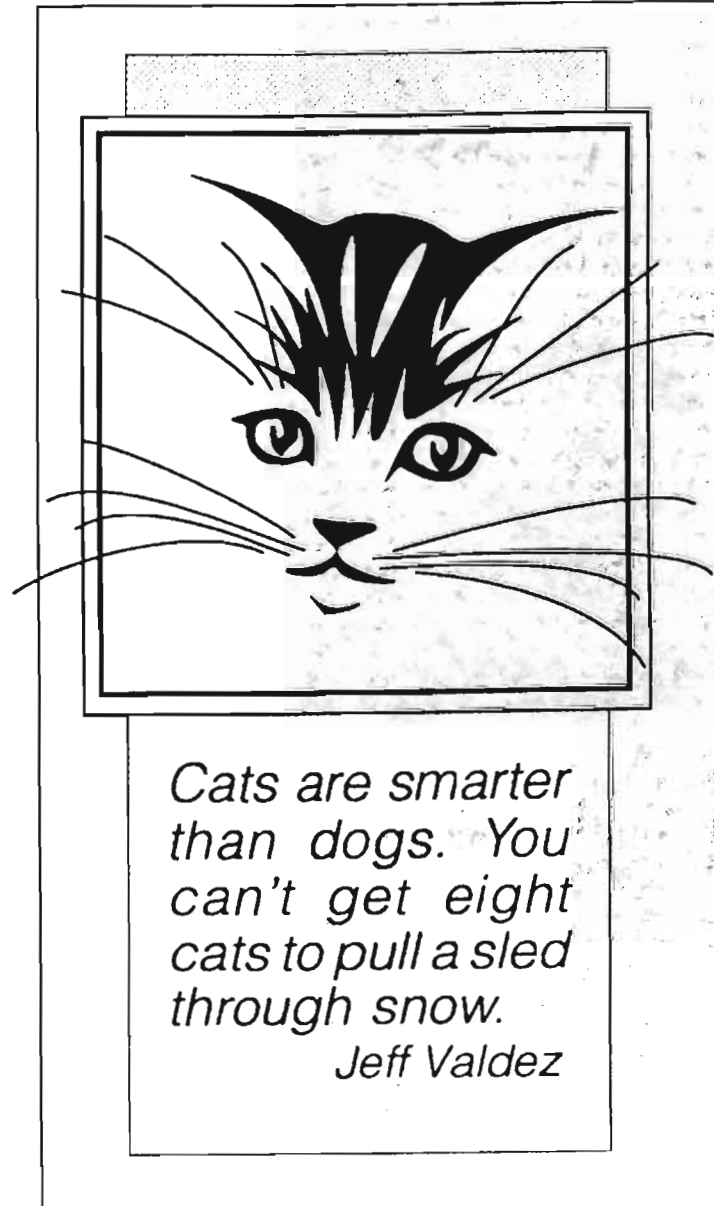
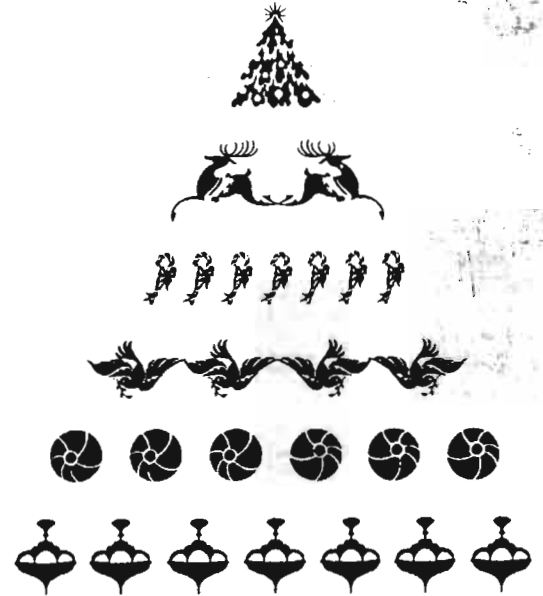
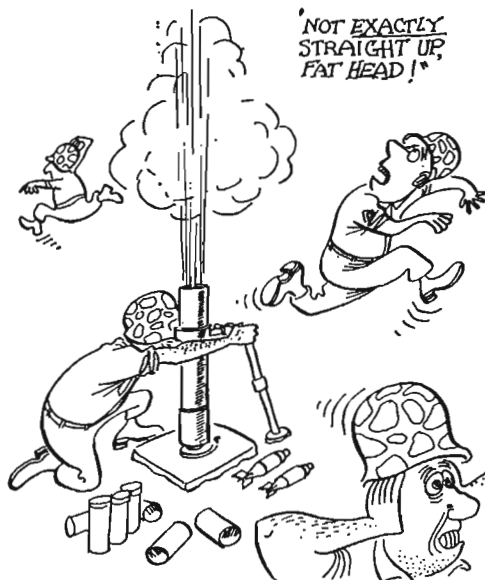
"I would like to take a minute to tell you who I am. I served in the Army from May '65 til April '67. I spent 17 months in Germany with C Troop 2nd Squadron of the 9th Cav. which was part of the 24th Inf.Div. We were stationed in Munich.

"I have been very active in The American Legion for 22 years and I am now serving as the State Commander of Michigan."

Tom, you're one of us - and we're proud to have you aboard.



While the Love Gimlets were having their little gathering in Milwaukee, they had time for a bit of ceremony. Maj. OLIN M. HARDY, was presented the Combat Infantryman's Badge, that much coveted badge of honor for all doughboys. The presentation was made by Maj.Gen. Vance Coleman, who commands the 84th Div. Coleman, himself, is a Korean veteran and took particular pleasure in presenting the C/B to Olin who was a forward observer with B Battery of the 52nd Field, supporting the Gimlets. Isn't it great seeing these awards finally catching up with the fellows?



Cats are smarter than dogs. You can't get eight cats to pull a sled through snow.

Jeff Valdez