

# STARO LEAF

24TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION VOL. XIX NO. 6 1965-1966



South Carolina

## TARO LEAF

The publication "of, by and for those who served or serve" the glorious 24th Infantry Division, and published frequently by the 24th Infantry Division Association, whose officers are:

President:

Samuel Y. Gilner (13th Field)  
290 Middletown Rd., Nanuet, N.Y.

Vice President:

Gerald R. Stevenson (Div. Hqs.)  
168 E. Center St., Wheeling, Ill.

Chaplain:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Charles J. Brady (21st)  
410 Forman Ave., Syracuse, N.Y.

Secretary-Treasurer-Editor:

Kenwood Ross (Div. Hqs.)  
120 Maple St., Springfield, Mass.

Coming: an issue devoted to the names and addresses of all of our members. We've had too many requests for same to ignore it any longer. What you don't realize, we'll warn you in advance, is that such will be out of date in just about 24 hours after we publish it. We are averaging one change of address per day; adding about one new member per day; and dropping free loaders (those who refuse to pay dues and refuse even to tell us where to go) at the rate of about 2 per week. LOUIS and Lillian PETTEY are two who suggested such a directory. Div.Hq. Co. folks of 7/42-9/45 days, they're now at 1111 S. Washington, Alexandria, Va. Directory it'll be, Lou and Lil.

JOSEPH I. PEYTON, (Sv.19th '43-'45), of 1405 Belmore, Lutherville, Md., is now making the Baltimore-Harrisburg run for the Pennsy. Joe tells of the tramp outside of a farm house. When he knocked on the door, the woman of the house shouted, "Clear out. I ain't got no wood to chop. There ain't nothin you can do around here." "But there is, madam", retorted the wayfarer, with dignity. "I could give you a few lessons in grammar."

ALVA C. CARPENTER (Div.Hq. '41-'45), our "Judge" of Hawaii - Mindoro days, is now at 207 Belmont Road, N.W., Washington, D.C.

Cat out of the bag it was when Nadine BJORKMAN told us of BERNIE's rough bout with ulcers. Down 20#, it looks like surgery. Bernie's doctor gave him some professional advice: "Quit smoking and drinking; go to bed early every night; get up at the crack of dawn; that's the best thing for you." "Frankly, Doc", Bernie answered, "I don't deserve the best. What's second best?" Good luck, Bernie, we're pulling for you. Tom, 21, the only of Bernie and Nadine, a physics senior at Vanderbilt U; graduate school is next. Bernie and Nadine are Sv. 19th and receive callers and bills at 2506 Wilshire, North Little Rock, Ark. They advise that the 41st Div.Assoc. meeting at Yellowstone last summer had an attendance of 1003.

Sharing our mail: "You're like Uncle Will who always came visitin with a bag of candy in one hand and a live eel in the other. What have you got against the 1st Cav.?" Nothing, Sonny, nothing. 'Smattafact, we have nothing but the highest respect for the boys with the big patch - especially the '66 complement. We respect them for who, what, and where they are. Simmer down, boy.

Two years of dues in from RUSSELL H. JONES (first with Hq., 21st Brigade, then Chief Clerk of both AG and Gen.Staff Sections of Div.Hq.). Many thanks Russ; it helps bookkeeping and saves on postage. Russ, at Box 188, Averill Park, N.Y., writes us about vodka. He tells us it's the curse of the Russian people. It's made from potatoes and drunk by the peasants to give them strength to plant more potatoes. Well, Russ, as a famous Czarist madam once said: "It ain't the vodka that kills you; it's them -- ----- steppes!"

Greeting in from the JUNGBLUT's - ALBERT and Florence, and kiddos, Sharene Lee and Derene. Al's a Div.Arty. man of '41-'45 vintage and pays the taxes for 107 Handler, Burlington, N.J. He reports that there has been some resentment among the troops about the new government insurance. Seems D/A snatched up \$2.00 from everyone's paycheck in October, thus putting insurance on an involuntary basis. We who once suffered the agony of trying to sell the stuff know the reason behind the new pitch. Congress wanted everyone to be covered, having the men in Viet Nam foremost in mind, of course.

We're loaded with lawyers, including, among others, ROBERT KILGO, (E 21,3/42-10/45), of Darlington, S.C., who thoughtfully offers help for the forthcoming clambake. Along with the welcome offer comes a tale about a friend of Bob's who was saying: "My wife and I sure had a good time at the beach last summer. First she'd bury me in the sand; then I'd bury her in the sand. Next summer, I'm gonna go back and dig her up." This wasn't at Myrtle Beach, was it Bob?

DICK and Ruth LAWSON, (Div.Hq. '41-'45), of 104 N. Will Scarlet Lane, Williamsburg, Va. sent no cards at Christmas. Rather they dispatched a family letter. The money saved went toward helping a needy Williamsburg family which had met with some tragic circumstances. Wonderful exemplification of the real Christmas spirit. Quoting from their newsy letter, we read: "We are happy to report that all are well in the Lawson household. We moved into our new home just before Christmas '64 and have been involved in endless projects ever since (paneling the den, laying the brick terrace, planting shrubs, grass, etc., etc., mostly Dick's effort and Ruth's supervision). This has been rewarding work because we love our house. It is on a wooded lot overlooking the lake; a beautiful view from every room. In the spring, the dogwood and laurel are beautiful; in the fall, the trees are a blaze of color; and right now the hollies are berry-dressed for Christmas. It has been named Cross Keys after an old plantation in Dick's family. Ruth is still head-over heels in community activities plus projects in our new house, but still manages to have time for bridge games. Dick, now an Assistant Professor, keeps the road hot between home, college, the golf course at Yorktown, and the hobby shop at Fort Eustis. No one around here seems to realize we're supported to be retired - but it is an interesting life in this charming community with good friends and plenty of fun to keep it enjoyable." Along with their good wishes, Dick and Ruth included this lovely thought:

Christmas is more than a day at the end  
of the year;  
More than a day of Joy and Good Cheer.  
Christmas is really God's pattern of living,  
To be followed each day by unselfish giving.  
Then Peace on Earth will come to stay  
When we live Christmas every day."  
Wonderful friends, the Lawsons!!!



**TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF**

**CHICAGO HOST AGAIN IN '58**

WELCOME MAY BE READY FOR ALL FORMER AND PRESENT 20th DIVISION MEMBERS AND FAMILIES

ALL MEMBERS, ALWAYS AND AIRPLANE LEAD TO CHICAGO

1954 OFFICERS RE-ELECTED: MULDOON & LEONG TRAVEL FURTHEST: PHILADELPHIA WILL HOST IN AUG. '58

Season's Greetings



**TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF**

**PHILADELPHIA**  
COMMITTEE PLANNING GALA REUNION FOR 24th

**"C" DAY**  
SEE AT 8:30

**REUNION TO BE OFFICIALLY PROCLAIMED FOR THE 20th DIVISION**

**6 & 8 Months of the Division's Progress to Date**  
More of the Division's Past Years  
1 Year with a Salute Plus the 1958 Looking to Month's Day

**WE CAN LIVE WITH YOU**  
WE CAN LIVE WITH YOU  
WE CAN LIVE WITH YOU  
**SPECIAL CONVENTION ISSUE**  
**IN THIS ISSUE**

**HELP GET THE SHOW ON THE ROAD!**  
By reading in the *Divisional Card* in this issue



**TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF**

**Chicago Convention 9-10-12 August**

**Business Council To Address Assn. At Reunion In August**

**Our COMBOS PROCLAIMS 12 AUGUST 20th DIVISION DAY IN KENTUCKY**  
MAYOR HUBBELL'S JOINT PROCLAMATION

**LOUISVILLE CONVENTION REPORT**

**NEWS FROM TARO GET TOGETHERS**

**CHICAGO CONVENTION 9-10-12 AUGUST**



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**CHICAGO CONVENTION 9-10-12 AUGUST**

**HAPPY RETIREMENT**  
BILL VERBERG  
YOU WONDERS!

**Here comes the parade!**



**TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF**

**WELCOME TO THE 20th DIVISION**

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**TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF**

**Real**

**If you've got a longing for a luau fly with us to Hawaii.**

**WRE you Pogo with us in August?**

**TARO LEAF**

**TARO LEAF**



**TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF** **TARO LEAF**

**HAWAII**  
A WONDERFUL HOLIDAY!

**HAWAII**  
A WONDERFUL HOLIDAY!

**HAWAII**  
A WONDERFUL HOLIDAY!

**HAWAII**  
A WONDERFUL HOLIDAY!

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**Executive Council:**

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Past Pres. Edmund F. Henry (Div.Hqs.) '48-'49  
Past Pres. Ross W. Pursifull (34th) '49-'50  
Past Pres. James M. O'Donnell (21st) '50-'51  
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Past Pres. Richard T. Ligman (3rd Eng.) '62-'63  
Past Pres. William J. Verbeck (21st) '63-'64\*  
Past Pres. Patrick J. Ciangi (724th Ord.) '64-'65  
\* deceased.

For this, our 101st issue, our cover feature speaks for itself.

The Christmas card deluge has given us miles of distance to cover with our reporting. The joys of this job are in the occasional golden rays of sunshine when people write in to say "Hello" and to wish us well - good people with the happy recollection of other days that will never be forgotten and which, in retrospect, all of us who damned them have come to call the "Good ole days". We relived many of them via your cards, for which heartfelt thanks.

Patter: to make a long story short, there's nothing like the boss walking in.

With our Christmas greetings from CHET ANDREZAK, (Cn. 21st '43-'45), of 3235 N. Natchez, Chicago, Ill., came the note: "All I expect for Christmas is my wife's relatives". While in Hawaii last summer, he, Msgr. CHARLES BRADY and Veep GERALD STEVENSON got in some fishing.



Msgr. Brady caught the dolphin (on the right) and Gerry caught the two tuna. No word from Chet on his luck. He also sent along this one of himself and Gloria. Hope it prints, folks. As



we suffer through our January weather, from lovely to shovely, we'll just think of you and Gloria at Waikiki and carry on. We hope to repeat this scene with you come August. The Myrtle Beach Chamber of Commerce is flooding us with material, by the way.

Departed: BENJAMIN B. BACON of the 13th Field, from 11/44 to 4/45. Ben's son, to whom we have addressed ourselves in your behalf, reported that 73 yr. old Ben had been hospitalized since last March, severely injured by an auto accident. Ben, a WW I vet, was one of the founders of the American Legion in Paris.

It's winter, when the mean temperature gets meaner and meaner and DICK AMERMAN, of Dog Co. of the Gimlets from 12/42 to 4/45, writes us while on duty as a guard at the Somers, Conn. state prison. It's "cold, and snowing sleddily" writes Dick. He tells us he swims a half mile, twice a week. No, at the YMCA pool, stupid! Sent us a good batch of names and addresses for our solicitation work, too. Thanks, Dick.

This story arrived too late for inclusion in our BILL VERBECK issue. ALFRED MONACO, (D19 '40-'44), of 214 W. 21st St., Chester, Pa., who made Hawaii with us, calls it the story of the three of diamonds and we use it just as he wrote it: The Verbecks were house guests of the Ed Henrys on one occasion when Bill was on a kick as a prestidigitator. One particular feat of legerdemain involved throwing a deck of cards against a wall, with the end result that a well-conditioned three-of-diamonds would stick to the wall, the other 51 dropping to the floor, to the dismay of any hostess. In the confusion of the evening - with Bill in the house, how could turmoil do anything but preponderate? - the sticky three-of-diamonds remained stuck to the wall. The party adjourned, the morning sun rose once more, and the card, like the star spangled banner, was still there. Ed became suddenly adamant. That card would stay - and it did. In due time, Ed moved, but not without cutting out a piece of the wallpaper around the card, taking the card and the purloined segment of wallpaper with him to his new abode where it is even as of this day. Ed Henry refuses to part with his "trey".

Unlike organizations which can draw their membership from the public at large, we cannot. Our Association is an exclusive one. You can't buy your way in. You can't talk your way in. You talk after you get in. The only thing that makes you eligible is your service with the 24th. So let's face facts. If we can't contact former 24th men - and we are limited to those 10,000 for whom we have addresses (about one half of which are "bad"), we can't build the Association. We need your help. Send us the names and addresses of your buddies. Our future is up to you. There! At last, an editorial. Not a very deep one - certainly not deep enough to require any scuba equipment - but one inviting your consideration.

The death of Mrs. William E. Hall (Marguerite Higgins) has touched each of us for it was Maggie who stood by the Division during those July and August days of '50. As a 30 year old N.Y. Herald Tribune reporter, and Pulitzer Prize winner for her front-line reporting in Korea, we knew her, admired her, respected her. We watched as they booted her out of the peninsula, and cheered when Mac overruled the Walker order and allowed her back. She was a real friend of the 24th. Of us, she wrote in "War in Korea" (1951): "So, all considered, it is nothing short of miraculous that the officers and noncoms of the 24th were able to pull together their green, bewildered troops and successfully hold off the enemy as long as they did. They did wonders with the peacetime occupation army that had never expected combat, and certainly not under those conditions. Rarely in American history have so few been asked to do so much with so little". Small wonder that we loved Maggie; she understood. Arriving in Korea on 6-27-50, she spent almost a year there. A small, slight, blond, sometimes described as "winsome", she became a legend, in Korea and in the U.S. Alarmingly brave, extraordinarily durable, she was wonderfully pretty - even in fighting clothes. One commander, in a retreating tank, once shouted down to her, "Hey, lady, you're in the wrong place". Miss Higgins shouted back, "So are you". We always liked the story. Brig. Gen. RICHARD STEPHENS perhaps summed it up best with: "We've learned that Maggie will eat, sleep, and fight like the rest of us and that's a ticket to our outfit any day". And now, one more good soldier has gone to his (or her) reward. We loved you, Maggie.

Some tohubohu and brouhaha caused by our last issue. Seems one of our over 1000 members (yes, we're growing) got sore as a hop toad in a tack factory for some of our "criticisms" of the Army. We had long thought that the soldier's privilege is to growl. At any rate, down went our Neilsen. Thought we'd play it straight for an issue or two and avoid the usual mixture of "outside-the-Association" items with the "inside-the-Association" news. We aren't ringing up the white flag; just trying it for size. Put the cobra back in the basket, mother; there ain't gonna be no show tonight. In truth, all we were trying to do was provoke discussion, and discussion is a good thing. For instance, if people would devote more time to arguing about birth control, the population problem might solve itself. So be it. Now to be nice. As the Maine lumberjack said, on his way to Bangor for his payday drunk: "Gawd, how I dread it!"

Memo in the morning mail: Gloria Graham's new son is both a nephew and a brother to his brother, Tim. It seems that Tim's father is Nick Ray. Gloria divorced Nick and married his son, Tony. That makes her step-son, her husband. The new sorig is said to be a brother and nephew to (Gloria's son, Tim, born of her previous marriage to her husband's father. We can't see it. We think that, at best, the boys are half-brothers. But then, we've never been too smart. We flunked sandbox the first time 'round.

Donna BANGERT has presented TOM with a third, a baby girl, Robin by name, to add to the roll which already includes W. David (12) and Timothy Michael (8). They're all at 8506 Illinois Rd., Ft. Wayne, Indiana. Congrats, folks.

Army Gossip, Peekaboo Division: Mrs. Ben H. Dorsey, who designed the 1st Cav. patch 44 yrs. ago, is aghast at published reports that said patch is now to be restyled since the boys have switched to helicopters. Mrs. Dorsey apparently would rather fight than switch.

Received: beautiful catalog of JOHN E. BEIER'S wares. He's Prexy of Beier & Company, 409 S. Green, Chicago, Ill., specializing in decorative wrappings, printed bags, printed krafts and the like for retailers. If you sell drugs, shoes, food, or what have you to John Public, you may want to consider packaging same with Johnnie's materials to give your customers a smart look as they waltz away from your counter. Johnnie offers thousands of exciting colorful combinations to give your packaging program an amazing breadth. Let Johnnie show you his line. Write him. He's an 11th Field man (from 12/39 to 2/44). Johnnie, by the way, has at last found something that will kill his crabgrass. "Winter", he sez.

Pronounced disgustingly fit, for which our WHOOPS: Fr. CHRISTOPHER J. BERLO is back from Texas. The bone crusher who performed his vascular surgery 5 yrs. ago has passed him with flying colors. Our one-time Chick Chaplain wears his collar on backwards out of 5801 Palisade, Bronx, N.Y. We'll all be delighted to read the good news, Fr. As for Fr. Chris, he's so happy that he's toying with the idea of picking up a 50% interest in a chain of wishing wells. Start packing those bags, Fr., we want you at Myrtle Beach, S.C. come August 12, 13, 14 and 15.

Sign on a wall in the Dominican Republic: "Yankee go home - and take me with you."



<p>WELCOME HOME BILL AND ALL THE GANG!!!</p>						



We proudly present Tamsy Elizabeth, the daughter of BILL and Betty CRUMP, (Div.Hq. 11/44-1/46) of 2803 Little John, San Antonio, Tex. Tamsey, whom we have never seen face-to-face, has the features of both her Mother and Dad - and we mean that only as a compliment, Tam, for we have two very special places in our heart for Bill and Betty Crump.



Maj. Gen. CHESTER A. DAHLEN chides us because we didn't give the full Honolulu report in one issue. Our intent was not to tease, Chet, but rather to spread out the news. The fear was that an issue devoted to the subject could make dull reading for any who didn't make it. O.K., Chet, way over there at Hqs., AF South, Box 130, FPO, N.Y. 09521? Will you be home in time for Myrtle Beach? Chet tells us that the olive-green towels and underclothing have been revived as Army issue for the Viet Nam bound boys. Can we ever forget 'em?

Deceased: Major FRANK DIGIOUANNI of Love Co. of the Chicks from 7/38 to 7/42. Frank was living in Ft. Worth, Tex. at the time of his death. We have addressed ourselves to his widow, Bessie, in your behalf.

DOC A. ELMER "Red" DISKAN (34th '43-'45), is recovering from a heart attack. Sez he had to postpone his tour of duty on the "Hope" from January to May and adds that he hopes the ships accommodations are better'n what we had between Hawaii and Australia, which journey takes its place among the major soporifics of all time. We do hope you're well on the mend, Red. Did you know that the 1st Cav. has its reunion at Miami Beach this year, Red?

JIM DONNELLY, (B24 Med '43-'45), now at 30 W 83 St., New York, N.Y., lived, during '37-'38, at 151 Maple here in the Editor's home town. He identified it as the Blair household, and former home of author Alfred Payson Terhune. Today, it's a parking lot, Jim, almost directly across the street from us. Jim, remember when the Caribbean was the place to go to get away from the tensions and troubles of the world?

15 miles south of Myrtle Beach, on US 17, the Ocean Highway, lies Brookgreen. It houses the world's largest outdoor collection of statuary, and offers acres of landscaped beauty wild with the colors and excitement of nature. Too, it has a zoo with the most complete collection of southern wildlife in existence. A great adventure awaits the entire family - and it's free! Now there's a switch.

With us at our Hawaii party: BOB and Anne DUFF, (Div.Hq. '42-'45) of 202 N. Robinson, Danville, Ill. Our not mentioning earlier that the Duffs were on the team was not with any design to slight these good folks; it's simply a question of time to get around to everyone.

Three championship golf courses are yours at Myrtle Beach: Dunes Golf and Beach Club, on the ocean just north of Myrtle Beach; Pine Lakes International Country Club, within the city limits; and Surf Golf and Beach Clubs, just 15 miles north of our convention site on August 12, 13, 14 and 15.

LEO GOGALATAR, of Box 171, Warren, Penn., has had a heart attack and is laid up. He and Loretta are looking forward to Myrtle Beach. Through our issues, he found and has been in touch with Shorty Scherer. This makes all the work seem worthwhile. Leo wanted old Taro Leafs so we sent him what we could spare. He tells us about the man who had been sitting at a bar for hours, drinking one martini after another, carefully extracting the olive from each drink and placing it in a little glass jar. "What kind of a nut is he?", a customer asked. "He's no nut", the bartender answered. "His wife sent him out for a bottle of olives."

RICHARD GOINY, (E 21 4/45-12/45), of 3619 W 64, Chicago, Ill., who made Hawaii with us, responded to our call for names and addresses of buddies as taken from his Christmas cards. Many thanks, Dick; can anyone else help us this way? You give us the names and addresses. We'll do the rest. Dick says he doesn't want to be alone in this business of helping the Editor. He says that, if he is, he'll feel like the optician who fell into the lens grinder and made a spectacle of himself.

Include a tour through Fort Caroline while you're at Myrtle Beach. It's at the Beach on US 501. Open every day. See the indians attack the fort. Prepare to join the settlers in fighting them off. Authentic costumes - colorful scenery - lots of pageantry and exciting action as pioneer Carolina comes alive. The fort even has a World's Fair skylift to lift you right up into history. The Spaniards attacked it once from a galleon anchored in the lagoon. They reenact all this for you too. Thrill to exciting battles and dramatic history played out with all the adventure and turbulence of 17th century Carolina. See you at Fort Caroline, Beau Geste. Bring your white feather.

Grab your socks: an inquiry just in concerning joining from GORDON HANSON. We answered pronto, and hopefully. In saying "hopefully", we trust we may be contributing our bit toward stemming the tide of proliferating misuse of that word. We remember once dining and dining a pretty lady. We asked her when she expected to move into her new apartment. "Hopefully on Tuesday", was her answer. We laid down our fork and asked her whether she meant, "I hope on Tuesday" or whether she meant, "On Tuesday in a hopeful frame of mind". She then laid down her fork and wanted to know what the hell we were driving at. Rather than labor the thing, we shifted subjects. It is not our policy to badger pretty women.

Writes "Dean" FRANCIS H. HELLER of the Univ. of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas: "Memorial issue for Bill Verbeck superb. The several sketches add up to the kind of infectious leadership that, happily, we had with us in those days. Elsewhere in the issue, you slipped in a little hint that the life members, nice though it is to have them, don't do much to help with the operating expenses. My guilty conscience moves me to enclose a small check. My wife would have loved to go to Hawaii; we spent a few days there in '60 and I showed her Poamaho Gulch and other memorable places - but we did not get back from a six months' visit to Europe until early August and by that time we were too broke to 'go for broke'. It sures sounds as if everyone had a great time!"

Nothing is impossible except to find a word that rhymes with orange.



What this Assoc. needs, among other items, is one more poet. JOHN EADIE, (19th '40-'45 and '48-'51), of 1116 Namdac, West Islip, L.I., N.Y., fills the gap by sending in, along with his dues, the following gem: "Sorry I'm late - that you had to wait - I needed the money for a new front gate. I knew my dues were lagging behind, so here's the money, along with this rhyme". It does for our money problems what Keats did for a Grecian urn, or at least it's a good try. Thanks, John.

ROBERT ENDER, (A21 '42-'45), a manufacturers representative with offices at California Mart, Suite 405, 9th and Main, Los Angeles, writes: "Enjoyed all the news about the reunion in Honolulu. Sorry I could not have been there. Had hoped to bump into a few of the boys in Frisco on their way back, as the timing of my August trip put me right in their path. However, nothing materialized. If any of your trips take you out to the Coast, would enjoy seeing you. Residence is in Fullerton, Cal., 1864 El Paso Lane. My warm remembrances to any and all of the old gang you run into. I don't see how you have time to make a living with all the time you put into the Association. I, for one, along with hundreds of others, appreciate it deeply". Over the years, we have made a valient effort not to give undue publicity to the bouquets. Not that they aren't appreciated, warmly; hell, we're human, too. One "rough" letter, however, can and does offset a hundred "smooth" ones. We continue to believe, nonetheless, that we should be guided by the majority when it comes to news content. We must concede, and assure you we do, that the one "rough" letter, when it arrives, gets more attention from us than the hundred "smooth" ones. We ask of ourselves over and over again: "Is he right? Is his complaint valid? Should we soft pedal this, or stress that, or whatever? We treat such more seriously than you can ever know.

JOHN FARRELL, (21st '42-'45), of Box 41, Rt. 1, Glyndon, Md., was talking to a group of Taro Leafers just before the BILL VERBECK funeral. Many thoughts, many memories came to mind. Again and again, he came back to one single incident. It obviously still bothered him, more than twenty years after. Said John: "We were at Mintal, on Mindanao. I had just come up a road spotted with the devils. It was a hot one. Bill came rushing up and asked me if the road was open yet, pointing to the one I had just come up. In the heat and excitement of the moment, I answered, 'Yes, sir'. I still can't explain why I answered as I did. Yes, Bill ran off, on down that road; and they opened up on him with all they had. Luckily, he got back, but, oh brother, did he make me stand-to? He chewed me up one side, down the other, and then crosswise from top to bottom. You know, I deserved every bit of it. Firm? Oh, but he could be tough. But fair? My Lord, what a noble man he was."

"This is Danger Over": Life Member JAMES N. FROOME, JR., (21st), V.P. of Crocker Citizens Nat'l. Bank, Red Bluff, Calif., expresses regrets at missing Hawaii and promises to make Myrtle Beach. Jim puts frosting on the cake with a hefty (\$25.00) contribution. Same happily and gratefully received. Jim tells the one about the wife who sez: "Why George, this baby isn't ours; you took the wrong carriage". Replies the husband: "Keep your mouth shut; this one has rubber tires."

Definition: DIET - slowing down to make a curve.

ROGER K. HELLER, (Sv. & G 19th 6/43-11/45), of 5567 Thomas, Oakland, Cal., is still a History Prof at San Jose State. Roger is very active in the reserves - is G-3 of the 91st Div. He ran into Duff (Sv.19th) while at Fort Knox last summer. Both are majors today; were sergeants together in the P.I., when they last saw each other. Roge says they drank to the boys of the 19th and to their old Sergeant Major who, if he could but have seen them hoisting a few at the Officers Club bar, would surely have concluded that the Army has gone to pot. Roge, more than likely he'd have concluded that you were eccentric, to say the least, and drunk, to say the most.

JAMES P. HILL, (21st '41-'45), 1002 Mt. Capote, San Antonio, Tex., takes off like a big bird and, after saying some nice things about our copy, tells us that it's like the storekeeper giving out with his idea of ethics. Sez the storekeeper: "It's like this. Suppose a lady comes into my store, buys a lot of groceries, and pays me \$10.00 too much. When she goes out, ethics comes in. Should I or should I not tell my wife about the \$10.00?"

Thoughtful indeed: We wrote DON HOLCOMB in Barberton, Ohio soliciting his membership. Letter was intercepted by his brother, Romie, who paid the tab in Don's behalf saying: "I am sure he would sign up, so I'll do it for him instead of forwarding it to him. His correct address is 8940 Matterhorn Drive, El Paso, Tex." If anyone is disposed to link Don's brother with being chintzy, he's got another link coming.

Comanche war whoops out of 76 W. Main, Newville, Pa. BILL and Patricia HOSLER, with their 2, Jeff and Greg, write: "Was with Fox, 19th, from 5/49 to 1/51, when I was wounded. Hard and trying times were those around Taejon. I remember seeing Gen. WILLIAM DEAN at the Taejon RR station before he got his. The Naktong River defense was a tough one". "Tough" is putting it mildly, Bill. He wants to hear from buddies; he's now at The Defense Depot, Mechanicsburg, Pa. Bill tells us that they're giving army fliers the .38 cal. police special revolver to replace the .45 - better for survival hunting when forced down, he sez.

Always like the name JOJO. STANLEY B. who wears the monicker, can't be reached at 7118 N. Sag, Mt. Morris, Mich. Jojo doesn't live there anymore. He was a Chick. Anybody got a better address? Jojo moves around faster than the June Taylor dancers.

\$25.00 glowingly received from DOC. ERNER JONES (21st 6/43-11/45), now at 6 Indian Trail, Little Rock, Ark. Doc tells us about the man across the street from him who has been experimenting. He crossed a pigeon with a woodpecker and got something that not only delivers the messages but also knocks on the door when he gets there. Doc has a sign in his waiting room that reads: "Please have your diagnosis ready".

Smoke signals and ever-welcome wampum from ROBERT and Rose JONES. Being Detroiters, at 18032 Albion, the folks inquire as to "wot hopen"ed to Detroit as a convention site. We dunno, Bob and Rose, but our bewilderment has somewhat abated. As the Captain of the Queen Mary said to his First Officer, "Come, don't put the chart before the course". Will we see you at Myrtle Beach?