

TARO

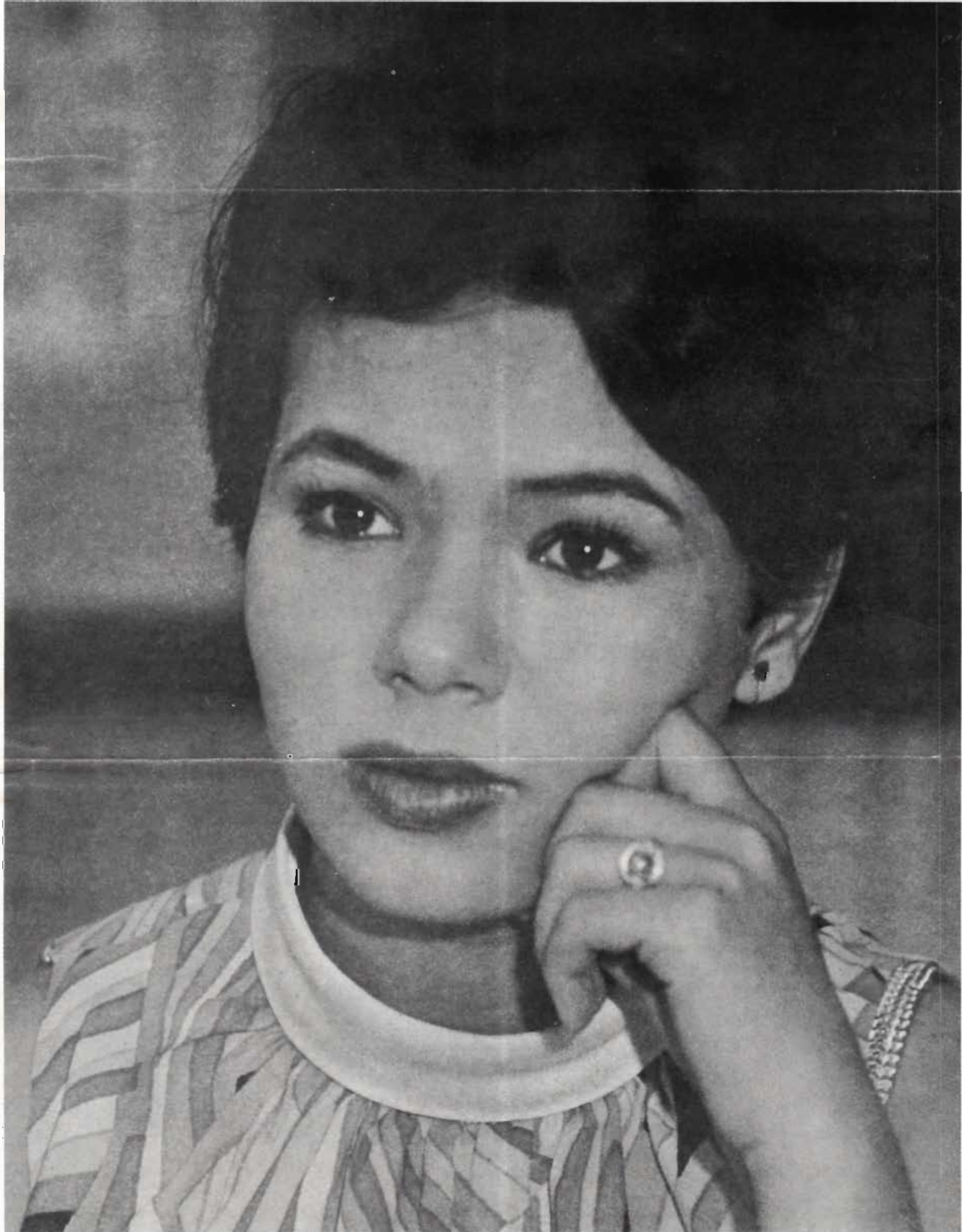
24TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

LEAF

VOL. XXII

NO. I

1968-1969



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:

Don C. Williams  
33712 Schulte Dr.,  
Farmington,  
Michigan 48024

Vice President:

Paul A. Harris, Jr.  
3817 Yanceyville Rd.  
Greensboro,  
North Carolina 27405

Sec'y.-Treas.-Editor:

Kenwood Ross  
120 Maple St.,  
Springfield,  
Massachusetts 01103



PURCELL, MILDRED, of 98 Iris Ave., Floral Park, N.Y., Jim's widow, as cool and beautiful as a night-blooming cereus, never fails to remember us - this time from a tour of Germany, Austria, Switzerland and the Italian lakes. We love you, Mil.

ANDERSON, JACK, (A 19th '40-'44), of 402 E 18, Kannapolis, N.C. Jack and Mabel happily made Myrtle Beach and report that the Ocean Forest caravansary will likely never be the same. Hearing the swish of Father Time's scythe, our gang congregated there in mid-August in a wild rally of army mates and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Jack tells us that Prexy BILL SANDERSON was masterful in his conduct of the annual business session. Jack also would remind us all that we next meet in St. Louis, Mo. on Aug. 14 - 17, 1969.

KUSHINA, WILLIAM J., (19th '41-'44), of 777 W. 3rd, Runnemede, N.J. Bill and Jane made happy at M.B.

REIFLER, SAM, (C 34 '41-'45), of 6309 23rd Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. Sam wonders if it got to you as it got to him that a great captain recently returned from the war zone without fanfare, with few bands playing, with even fewer salutes from a civilian public? General William C. Westmoreland left V. for the last time via a slow boat, enjoyed a decent stop-over in Hawaii, and then flew on into Washington in the dark of night. After helicoptering to the White House grounds, he spent the night in the big house, and quietly crossed the river in the a.m., to be sworn in as C/S. He returned in the stillest of silence, the silence of non-concern. America seems to have forgotten how to cheer its men of sacrifice. America seems not to be willing to consider what it owes its fighting men - this one in particular - seems no longer to be willing to show its gratitude. Westy's was the almost impossible task of mastering the immeasurably delicate art of deliberate restraint in the use of power. He met the profound challenge to strength and character with admirable patience. They say that, in warfare, there are to be no more parades. Maybe so. But in the memories of we who also served, once upon a time, Westmoreland's unparalleled kind of leadership will pass in review over and over and over, and long after the nonsense of our time has become a shabby footnote in history. There was a man!

ROBINSON, ROBERT T., (Sv. 34), of Box 141, Aurora, N.C. Bob sends us a



photo, circa '45. We'll use it, Bob, but they'll have trouble finding you in the center row, third from left. We raise one eyebrow in

the manner of William Powell - ironical, yet quizzical - and fatuously hope that the picture will look like something when the edition rolls off the press.

ANDREZAK, CHESTER, (Cn. 21st '43-'45), of 3225 N. Natchez, Chicago, Ill. Life Member Chet, reflecting upon Myrtle Beach, says that, between the clash of the bridge-work and the drumfire crackle of arteries snapping like pipestems, the place was indistinguishable from an encampment of WWI vets. What strikes him as totally inexplicable, however, is how his contemporaries could have become so senescent while he has remained so vibrant and arrowy. All of that aside, Chet, we're looking forward to seeing you in St. Louis when we'll all be one year older.



# PHOTO POTPOURRI

Grand cooperation coming from Ft. Riley Information Office. In the following pages are a few U.S. Army photos by William A. Ross of the Riley Photo Lab., forwarded directly to us.

Presently "the beavers" of Division's 3rd Eng. Bn., are overcoming the problem of spanning a river. Teamwork is the key word.

Three general line Co's, usually deal with other than bridges and rafts.

In order to support the bridge construction unit, Co. E, they must familiarize themselves with raft construction work. This exercise is also being used to let new men apply practical application to what they may have learned about bridge or raft construction in the classroom.

Co. E, the basic bridge building company, has also been training at Tuttle Creek reservoir recently with it's two bridge building platoons. Each had two exercises in which they built a five float re-enforced raft. In one of the exercises, the platoons built half of a raft in the daylight hours and completed the remaining portion under night blackout conditions. "The nighttime training exercise keeps our men flexible, in case we are called upon at any hour," explained Lt. LAWRENCE SWANN, platoon leader of the 2nd plat. of Easy Co.

The training for the line companies of the Engineer Battalion have been taking place at Funston Lake. Recently the 3rd platoon of Co. A, went through the training exercise building a five float re-enforced raft with a 23 foot overhanging ramp.

In the exercise, the pontoon is inflated by an air compressor. Then saddle assemblies are strapped to the pontoon at the erection site, after which the pontoon is lowered into the water by an off-shore crane. At this time, two members of the group board the floating pontoon, guiding it with poles in the direction of the water flow to the construction site. Here, bulk or decking which makes up the roadway is pinned to the saddle assembly, followed by the construction of the overhang.

The overall operation which included building and dismantling of the raft, took about six hours at Funston Lake, where the water was relatively clam.

In the future, the busy "beavers" of Co. E are looking forward to a bridge building exercise which may give rebirth to the famous "Beaver Express" which consisted of tactical vehicles crossing a pontoon bridge without even letting up on the gas.

Thank you, Fort Riley Information boys, for keeping us posted.

---

McCANDLISH, LLOYD R., of Box 25, Bremen, Ohio. Lloyd and Mary Myrtle Beached it.

## 1968-1969 DUES ARE DUE

BRABHAM, ROBERT F., (Div.Hq.), of Box 1001, Sumter, S.C. Bobby and Inez were joyfully observant at M.B. They reported having noticed one pair of bud-dies over in one corner of the bar acquiring a skinful, but otherwise they say that not a few were clutching to themselves phials of adrenelin, nitroglycerin and similar restoratives. Bobby and Inez are sensitive to a sad but stark truth; we are getting older. They'll be with us in St. Louis come August.

BRIDWELL, EARL V., (H 19th '38-'42), of 5601 Boy Scout, Indianapolis, Ind. Red and Alice managed to get to Myrtle Beach, thank fortune, in spite of the fact that Red's arthritis is giving him untold agonies. Chin up, Red. St.Louis will be rather close by; you'll be able to make that onenext August with relative ease.

CIANGI, PATRICK, (724 Ord. '41-'45), of 1431 S.59, Cicero, Ill. Life Member Pat brought Lu and Michele to M.B. and, as always, they were workhorses. Pat is always way ahead of us. Not only was his mind on our next gathering, in St.Louis, next August, but on our 1970 meeting which Pat wants to see back in Hawaii. How about it, readers? Let's have your thoughts.

ANDRE, ROBERT A., (724th Ord & 63rd F), of 1864 Maple, Des Plaines, Ill. Josephine watched while Bob went around the crowd at Myrtle Beach asking one and all if they had heard about the two boy silkworms who were chasing a girl silkworm. They ended up in a tie. Joe is already planning on August in St.Louis.

CLAXON, ROSCOE, (724th Ord. '42-'45), of Stamping Ground, Ky. Gratifying to see Life Member Roscoe at M.B., hole and hearty once again. Roscoe commented on the happy fact that 11 Past Prexies of our Assoc. were at MB - HENRY, O'DONNELL, BACKER, PEYTON, CLAXON, COMPERE, HANLIN, CIANGI, GILNER, STEVENSON and SANDERSON. Only 4 couldn't make it - PURSIFULL, ROSS, DUFF and LIGMAN. And Roscoe added the reminder that 3 of them have passed on - CRAMER, PURCELL and VERBECK. Roscoe was pushing for Louisville for our '69 convention but will settle for St.Louis which was the consensus.

---

The editor used  
this in a pinch,  
He needed exactly  
Another inch!



Members of 3rd Plat., Co. A, unload bulk (roadway). Sp/4 RAYMOND GRAFF, Pvt. CLAUDE HEAD, Pvt. RICHARD TOMASON and Sp/4 JERRY FRITCHIER are among those present.

CAHILL, MARTIN J., (Sv.13th F '44-'45), of 1611 S. Mass., Mason City, Iowa. Martin and Kay, bringing Mark, Kim and Scott, impishly captured Myrtle Beach honors for travelling the greatest distance to get to our fiesta. Thoughtlessly, there was no prize. In fact, there were no prizes for any of the categories, such as "the couple present who have been married the longest" ("Any of you folks been married ninety years? Eighty five? Eighty?") Martin and Kay are planning on St.Louis on Aug. 14-17 of next year.

DICK, DALLAS, (19th '35-45), of 1701 Bridge, New Cumberland, Pa. Dallas and Peggy seldom make our affairs but it's a real thrill when they do. See you wonderful folks in St.Louis next August, we do pray.

EUDY, CRAVEN M., of Rt. 1, Box 458, Concord, N.C. Craven came to Myrtle Beach knowing that it was inconceivable, of course, that 25 years had wrought no change. But he left without any doubts as to his own abilities to recapture the past. We hope you'll make St.Louis next Aug. 14-17, Craven.

WATKINS, WILLIAM L. (Div.Arty. '44-'45), of 317 North, Anderson, S.C. Bill, our Jolly Green Giant, made Myrtle Beach, but regretfully, without Frances. Attorney Bill says that, from here on out, he's going to make every annual gathering of the clan, even if it takes Louis Nizer's weight in platinum to do it.

SHAY, JOHN R., (21st '46-'52), of 1129 Shermer, Glenview, Ill. Life Member John brought Mary to Myrtle Beach. Who, seeing Mary in pigtails, could have predicted that, out of this drab cocoon, there would one day emerge a lovely butterfly yclept Mary Shay.

SLOAN, Col. NICHOLAS, (21st '42-'45), of 1807 Susquehannock, McLean, Va. Nick and Kathryn brought their WW II film show to Myrtle Beach for the pleasure of we all.

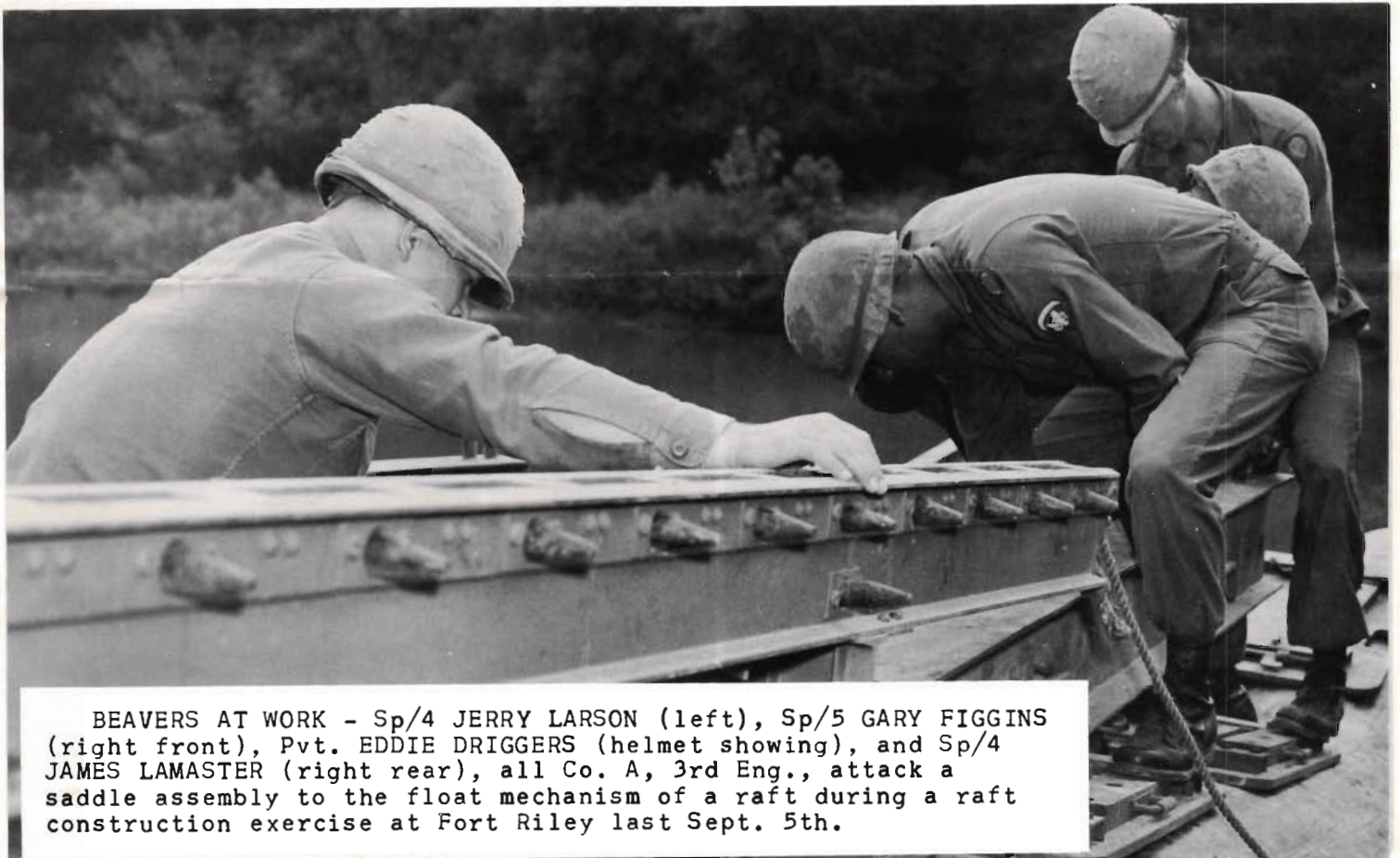
WILLIAMS, DON C., (34th '43-'45), of 33712 Schulte, Farmington, Mich. Life Member Don was the nominating committee's nominee for President for '68-'69 and was elected at Myrtle Beach without opposition, a fine tribute to a mighty fine fellow.



BACKER, VICTOR, (34th '42-'45), of 73 Westminster, Lake Success, N.Y. Life Member Vic busied himself at M.B. in his self-appointed role as vendor of old copies of Yank. Sparkling, brash and gutsy, Yank told a rousing tale of men at war from its first issue in June '42 until its final one in December '45. Yank successfully analyzed its audience and then provided it with what it wanted in generous measure. EM's hit the news stands around the globe each week to see what was what, how things were back home, what trouble Sad Sack was in. And there was Mail Call, that ever-popular potpourri of crusty correspondence and crustier customers. GI opinion on issues of the day was sounded out, and that fact alone was refreshing. Yank's accuracy and concern for enlisted welfare and enlisted rights endeared it to its readers. What fostered its reputation was its obvious integrity, bent on the main job at hand of helping to win the war. It's humor poked fun at pomposity, derided petty tyrants. It called attention to unsavory situations, and provided a sounding-board for the gripes of hurt, bored, weary men who faced death every day a long way from home. It combined the virtues of integrity, accuracy, and professionalism though its voice has long been stilled, in its pages rests a glorious story. Keep selling Yank, Vic, and we'll meet you in St. Louis next August.

BERLO, FR. CHRISTOPHER J., (19th '43-'48), of 629 Griffin Pond Rd., Clarks Summit, Pa. Fr. Chris kept busy at Myrtle Beach telling all his friends (and they are legion) how he is building a Convent, a Retreat House, and a Chapel - a million and a half, moneywise; a year or so, timewise. When Fr. Chris writes, he writes with an explosion of asterisks, exclamation points, italics and puppyish enthusiasm. He talks the same way. To know him is sheer delight. He offered a prayer for the opening of the annual business meeting and conducted the Memorial Service (which he wrote some 15 years ago) at the annual banquet. Already he's planning on making it next August in St. Louis.

COMPERE, THOMAS H., (Div. Hq. '42-'45), of 1897 Clifton, Highland Park, Ill. Life Member Tom, periodically dipping into his vest pocket and exhuming a tin of BiSoDol tablets, was chairmanned this year's Nominating Committee and was his usual masterful self as MC for the Saturday evening banquet at M.B. Tom has long distinguished himself for his great forensic powers. Rumor hath it that in earlier days, he single-handedly vanquished the debating team of the Highland Park H.S. on the proposition, "Resolved, that the initiative, referendum, and recall constitute an arrant menace to the body politic". Tom asked us to be sure to remind you that our next convention is in St. Louis next Aug. 14 - 17.



BEAVERS AT WORK - Sp/4 JERRY LARSON (left), Sp/5 GARY FIGGINS (right front), Pvt. EDDIE DRIGGERS (helmet showing), and Sp/4 JAMES LAMASTER (right rear), all Co. A, 3rd Eng., attack a saddle assembly to the float mechanism of a raft during a raft construction exercise at Fort Riley last Sept. 5th.



**1968-1969  
DUES  
ARE DUE**

**PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE**

Dear Taro Leafers:

This note is intended to touch on:

First, the personal feelings regarding the honor you've given me in the form of this Office.

Second, the appreciation existing for the accomplishments of retiring President, Bill Sanderson, and Paul Harris, who now as Vice President, should have a "breather" after his second stint as a successful Convention Chairman.

Third, the anticipation that certain plans and objectives could well bear fruit during the coming year. (ie: History, Renewed Division Liaison and Infantry Museum participation)

Fourth, the enthusiastic thoughts toward a highly successful reunion come next August at St. Louis where an active committee is already working under the direction of Howard Lumsden!

Yours for a Great Year!

Sincerely,

*Tom Williams*

ROBINSON, JAMES, of 48 Hatton, Severna Park, Md. Jim and Janice, who honored us with their presence at Myrtle Beach, will please note this issue does NOT give complete coverage on the Convention. More will follow in subsequent issues. As is, we've waited 10 weeks before going to press, awaiting convention material that never came.



**DUES ARE  
NOW DUE!**

Members of the 3rd Plat., Co. A., 3rd Eng., use an air compressor to inflate one of the float mechanisms, commonly called pontoons, to be used in the construction of the Five Float Re-enforced Raft.



KAISER, STANLEY C., (Div. Arty.), of 30 Whitney, Quincy, Mass. Stan and Ethel have brought us up to date on the story we carried in a recent issue about the beautiful Japanese-American pop-singer, 19 year old Michi Aoyama, our cover lady, for this issue. Michi had worries about her American Father.

Who was he? Where was he? What kind of a man was he? Had he no heart, no kindness, no simple curiosity?

More than a million American servicemen have pulled duty in Japan since '45. Because Japanese girls are attractive, exotic, compliant, and traditionally male-deferent, our boys have married them by the thousands and have engaged with still other thousands in a plethora of extra-curricular liaisons. Result: in Japan today, 25,000 children of mixed blood, half-American, half-Japanese, the offspring of unmarried Nipponese mothers and errant American fathers.

Michi is one of them, fortunate enough to have gained some notoriety in Japan show business, yet all the while anxious to know something of her father, suffering from the nagging doubts concerning her parentage.

She knew only what her mother told her, that his name was "Frenchy Kelly or something like that".

The call went out through a local magazine. Within a month, Michi received more than 5000 letters, half claiming to be her father, half asking for additional information.

One, from Mesquite, Texas, came from her true father, Narcise Kerry, who served in Tokyo (1st Cav.) in '47-'51.

It seems that Narcise had a sister-in-law who read the magazine piece, called her brother-in-law, simply said, "Better read it; I think it's about you", and hung up.

Dumpy, stocky, 46 year old Kerry, went out for a copy and then read about Michi, looking for her father who owned the big cattle ranch.

Kerry remembered the inability of the little people to pronounce "r's and l's so that Kerry always came out Kelly".

Kerry, who was single in his occupation days, had married Ada in '54, sat down to think it over. After 15 years of marriage and 5 kids, he had to have time to think.

Says Kerry, "Boy, I was puzzled. I'd often wondered about my Japanese daughter. She was 2 when I was shipped home"

Kimako Aoyama was 16 when she first met 25 year old "Frenchy" (he spoke French). She lived nearby. They met 3 or 4 times and then you know the rest; Frenchy rented an apartment, a mere room, a few blocks from Kimako's mother's house. Kimako's father had been killed in the war, and Mama-san didn't object. Frenchy was flattered that attractive Kimako found him so lovable.

The arrangement was fine. Frenchy brought the food, and Kimako cleaned, cooked, served, and all the rest. Frenchy was enjoying all of the comforts of marriage, sans its responsibilities.

Michi (left) and her  
mama-san, Kimako Aoyama.





Kerry's American family:  
wifu Ada and five children.



Late in '48, Kimako broke the news to her Papa-san, and in February of '49, she gave birth to a daughter, Michi.

Frenchy sweated; should he marry Kimako, settle down in Tokyo, buy a pair of getas, learn the language and make a go of it in the land of the honey buckets?

Frenchy did nothing but stay on for a couple of more years and then received orders home. He received a few letters, answered some, even sent a few \$, and slowly let the relationship lapse.

So last spring, Kerry showed the article to wife Ada.

Asked Ada, "Is this you?"

Kerry answered affirmatively.

Kerry wanted to write, have Michi come on to Texas for a visit.

Ada showed wifely understanding.

Kerry wrote, acknowledged it all, enclosed photos of himself and his family, and sent "best regards to your mother".

Then followed a long distance call from Michi; she wanted after all the years to see him, to see her stepbrothers and sisters.

Kerry can't fly her over; he can't afford it.

And there the story ends.

If we can follow-up on the sequel, we'll report it.

We knew you'd like the report. Kinda grabs you, doesn't it?

PRICE, LLOYD, (Div. Hq.), of 9418 Hobart, Dallas, Tex. Lloyd suggests that we remind our readers that we still have left a few copies of "Decision at Leyte". They're yours at \$3.67 per copy. If you were a part of that tohubohu, you will want this report.

SKELLY, MILTON, (Div. Hq. '45-'48), of 713 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. Milton asks: "When are you going to cover the events of the Myrtle Beach convention?" Not in this issue, Milt, nor the next. We're waiting for various parts of the whole story. The editing rules for this poopsheet are about as restrictive as Kate Smith's old girdle on Twiggy.

LAWSON, Col. RICHARD H., (Div. Hq., G2 and C/S '41-'45), of 104 N. Will Scarlet, Williamsburg, Va. Dick and Ruth sent along some old Signal Corps photos before taking off for a trip to Europe. We don't



know how they'll reproduce but we'll give them a go. The only caption on this one was "Nip dead on Mindanao". This conjures up thoughts too complex for anyone less than Hanson W. Baldwin to explicate.



...THAT'S WHAT WE CALL IT!... BUT THE TOP SAYS CIVILIANS CALL IT "CHIPPED BEEF ON TOAST"!!!...

FINLEY, FONDO J., (13th F '49-'51), of RFD 2, Lancaster, Ohio. Fondo married a sugary-sweet Japanese gal, Rose, and therebecause, approached Myrtle Beach with some secret trepidation. No need - Rose came, saw, and conquered. We love ya, Rose. Fondo quickly sensed the depth of that affection and, before leaving, joined our Life Member ranks. Fondo, didn't we tell you? In our crowd, you're as safe as a tick on a hound dog with a stiff neck. Nor can we forget those 5 wonderful tag-alongs: Jim, Carol, Mike, Steve and Joyce. Bring the gang to St.Louis next August, won't you please?