

TARO LEAF

24th Infantry Division Association



TARO LEAF

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

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Association membership is open to anyone and everyone who wears or ever wore the Taro Leaf or served in any unit ever formally "attached" to the 24th Infantry Division. Dues are \$10.00 per annum inclusive of a subscription to the publication, Taro Leaf.

The Division History covering 1941-1979 will be released before the Lexington Convention in August of '79. The History will be available *only* to those Association members who pay \$20.00 per copy.



PAUL CAIN, (I-34, '42-'45), of Box 3171, Champaign, Ill., sends in another \$25.00 on his Life Membership. Sez Paul, commenting on marital bliss, "I never mind my wife having the last word. In fact, I'm delighted when she gets to it."

Want a way to get rid of a guy who never seems to end a phone conversation? Start a sentence and hang up. No one will ever believe you hung up on yourself.

Talk about luxury? Liberace just had a \$6700 Chandelier installed in his Rolls Royce. That's right, a chandelier.

As we plunge into issue #3, we feel somewhat like Zsa Zsa's 8th husband - we know what's expected of us but how do we make it interesting?

If the good Lord had intended human beings to go metric, there would have been 10 apostles.



Ah, first for a breakfast of some corned beef hash with a trace of Swiss cheese melted down through it and a runny poached egg atop. Then we're off to tell you that PAUL and Dottie WISECUP, down Ft. Myers-way (and that's pretty far down in these United States) happily report being visited by BEN and Betty WALLACE, (I 21st) who made it from Yakima, Wash. The Wallace's will try to make Lexington. Dottie also sent this one of Ann AVERY, herself, Beverly Corris, our gal Friday, Marj STILLWELL and HILDA KLUMP. Let's see - this had to have been taken at Norfolk in '77. Thanx, Dottie, for the good report.



LEXINGTON IS LIVEABILITY

Vacation living is easy in Lexington as modern motels and hotels offers 3,400 spacious rooms. Extraordinary cooking is ordinary fare in dozens of eateries serving smoked ham with red eye gravy, fried chicken, pecan pie, hot browns and other Kentucky dishes. Shopping is simply fantastic: as a regional center for Central and Eastern Kentucky, Lexington has a diversity not often matched in a city many times its size, and a large college community assures many specialty shops and boutiques catering to those who think young.

Proud as punch, AL VESPO tells us that he and Clare have become grandparents. Daughter Carla gave birth on Oct. 11 to IAN ALBERT SIKDAR.

Sex fraternization is plaguing DA as a problem. And while the Army wants it stopped, they are joining up more and more gals. We like the comment of the officer who said, "It's kind of hard for the sergeant to order Mary to scrub out the latrine the next morning after they'd been sleeping together upstairs the night before".

Army says it undermines discipline, authority, morale, etc., etc., etc. Maybe it does.

We say Army has it coming to it. You can't flaunt the gals in front of the boys, as Army has done, and not expect fireworks.

By all means, read William Manchester's "American Caesar". It's wonderful - but then we confess to a little prejudice. He comes from the home town, he shares Alma Mater with us, and he won the wrath of the Kennedy family over "The Glory and The Dream".

Manchester says that before beginning his biography of Douglas MacArthur, he regarded the general as a conceited commander and political reactionary whose first objective was always to draw attention to himself. He has since changed his view. During three years' research, Mr. Manchester discovered facts that caused him to call his man and his book, "American Caesar."

If the title is a touch flamboyant and disputable, Mr. Manchester can point to his own credentials earned in the Pacific - where the general reigned so long - for the right to his opinions. He left the Marine Corps at the end of World War II with 100 percent disability from wounds in battle. The book is dedicated to the 29th Marines, who landed on Okinawa. He was there.

We caught up with Mr. Manchester just after he had completed a two-month visit to the places in the Pacific that the war had criss-crossed. He is writing an article about the battle areas for Life magazine. Most of the places he found unrecognizable.

"What I did discover is that MacArthur is enormously admired to this day in the Solomon Islands, South Korea, the Philippines and Japan. I learned a lesson while writing this book: You may not necessarily like a man but, nevertheless, can find him admirable. Yes, I think he was a great man, the greatest strategist in American military history-greater than Robert E. Lee.

"I compare him with Caesar because

The 2d Bn. 51st ADA has become the first Improved Hawk (Triad) battalion to be deployed with an infantry division, the First, at Riley.

The battalion, reactivated last fall under the triad structure, has 108 missile launchers, air defense officials said. A Hawk battalion normally has only 96 launchers, officials said.

The 2d Bn, 51st ADA is attached to the 1st Inf Div. The unit's future role has not been spelled out, post spokesmen said, but it is anticipated that the battalion will share the 1st Div's combat mission of early reinforcement in Europe.

The improved Hawk battalion complements the divisions' forward area Chapparral/Vulcan and Redeye air defense weapons but has longer-range weapons and can operate under all weather conditions. The new Hawk unit also has the mobility to keep up with the division's mechanized vehicles.

By February, officials here said, the unit should reach its full strength of 760. There are slightly more than 700 troops in the unit now, according to officials.

By May, officials estimate, all battalion elements will have completed training. The training cycle, which began when the battalion was reactivated in September, is divided into three phases at Fort Bliss, Tex. A five-week Hawk equipment and demonstration and acceptance course, 10-week training and annual service practice, including live missile firings and a four-week check-out and deployment to Fort Riley.

The first battery is scheduled to complete the training at Bliss in late February.



Manchester.

we also have ambivalent feelings about him. But the Roman General was a great proconsul. So was MacArthur, as the last shogun of Japan, during the postwar occupation. Of course, he had enormous vanity and a reputation as a reactionary. It was deserved because he was used by the right wing in the United States. In actual practice, he did many liberalizing things. He wrote the Japanese Constitution in 1945, permitting labor unions, civil rights, women's equality, land reform. The land-reform program under MacArthur was even more radical than on the Chinese mainland. He was a liberal who thought of himself as a conservative."

Mr. Manchester says that if MacArthur's advice had been followed by President Lyndon B. Johnson, the United States would not have been waist-deep in the big muddy of Vietnam. "He said that anyone who wanted to commit American infantry to the Asian mainland ought to have his head examined."



Lots of complaining when the G/S gave his final decision to ban the airborne maroon beret.

Of all that was said and written, we like best the comment of L.Gen. VOLNEY F. WARNER, Commanding General of the XVIII Airborne Corps at Bragg when he said:

"The views of the XVIII Abn Corps with respect to retaining the beret as a standard item for all airborne soldiers were adequately represented. The final decision has now been made and we will comply.

"I am disturbed by comments to the effect that many soldiers will terminate rather than give up their beret. This doesn't make any sense - number one, soldiers will give it up anyway if they terminate; and number two, there is more to soldiering and being airborne than what you wear on your head."

The C-ration - that standard field chow that many of you regarded as the enemy's secret weapon - has been retired. Few will shed a tear.

The old reliable will be replaced by freeze-dried foods. However, there are enough C-rations on hand to last to 1983. That's one hell of a stock-pile of heartburn and indigestion.

Work from GENE and Betty LEW, (13F 7/40-9/44), of 78 Victoria, Cheektowaga, N.Y., is that daughter, Marilyn, has been accepted for law at Okla.State, Pepperdine, Cleveland and Western New England. Which, Gene?

LEXINGTON IS RECREATION

In Lexington, you will find a wide range of recreational activities in a mild and invigorating climate. Golf courses, tennis courts, swimming pools, parks, playgrounds offer opportunities for active sports. Spectators can find college football and basketball every fall and winter, with outstanding teams at University of Kentucky and Pennsylvania University. In spring and fall, Lexington becomes the undisputed center of racing with Thoroughbreds running at Keeneland and harness racing at the Red Mile. Special events accent almost every week in Lexington and include the nation's fastest-growing major fair, the prestigious University of Kentucky Invitational Basketball Tournament, dozens of events connected with Lexington's love affair with the horse, annual visits of world-famous performing ensembles and hundreds of other events.

Col. URBAN THROM, our favorite medic, tells about being asked by a stranger seated next to him at a recent dinner in Denver. The lady asked what he did and he told her he was a doctor. She then looked at the size of the serving she had just heaped on her plate from the buffet table. Apologetically, she explained, "This plate is for me and my husband." "And where is your husband?" asked Urb, politely, noticing that she was apparently alone. "In Cleveland," she replied.

Thanks, MOODY CROWE, for interesting JUNIE POTTS, (C 21 '43-'45), of Rt. 2, Harmony, N.C., into joining. Thanks Junie for giving in. By the way, Junie, 503rd Parachute Regiment Assoc. will be on Corregidor on Feb. 16th to dedicate a plaque.

New Jersey Gov. Brendan Byrne's State of the State message was like a fresh breeze sweeping over a stagnant sea. He didn't plead for new taxes. He didn't propose a single major new spending program.

Instead, he called for the state government to lower its profile, to stop hassling folks with laws that are needless or outdated or both. He promised to seek repeal of a list of regulations.

"My challenge to you," he told the Legislature, "repeal a law for every one you pass."

Beautiful. We're going to keep score in the months ahead.

The best case of double-dipping might be Adm. Stansfield Turner, the Annapolis classmate who was made head of the CIA. He has now retired from the Navy to begin collecting his pension while continuing in his present job.

Mary Tyler Moore quips: "I'm all for sex education in the schools. I just don't think the kids should be given homework."

From our azimuth, the record to date doesn't look so good - pardoning the Nam deserters, cancelling the B-1 bomber and the neutron bomb, limiting the range of our cruise missiles, pulling out of South Korea, giving away the Panama Canal, waking up late to that boiling pot, Iran, and breaking with Taiwa, ad nauseum.

Well, as Yogi Berra used to say, "90% of this game is half mental".

Fine thing. Homer Smith gets fired as Army football coach and then he sings, charging West Point with blatant violations of NCAA recruiting rules. Why did he stay on if it bothered him so?

The Commandant of the Marine Corps is now an official member of the JCS. At last, the Marines have arrived - a little late.



ARTHUR MacARTHUR & PARENTS AT '63 GRADUATION

Parade Magazine, the other Sunday, in its Walter Scott's gossip column ran a question and answer that went thus: Q: Is it a fact that Arthur MacArthur, only son of the late Gen. Douglas MacArthur, refused to go to West Point and lives under an assumed name in New York? - F.T.R., Jersey City, N.J. A. It is true. Arthur MacArthur does not want to be compared to his illustrious and controversial father, does not want to answer questions about him, does not care to submit to interviews. He preferred going to Columbia University rather than seeking an appointment to West Point.

LEXINGTON IS FOR YOU

Lexington is for visiting. Whether you are looking for an exciting vacation spot, or a home base for your travels around that paradise known as Kentucky, or a convention spot, both you and your family will long remember Lexington.

Be warned however, we're contagious! It's a nice place to visit, but a GREAT place to live. You may decide to stay in Lexington - where the ACTION is!

Some 1263 soldiers failed to show up for their Europe port calls in September and October, according to Military Personnel Center. "We don't know why there has been a sudden surge in the number of 'no-shows' for Europe. We expect the decline in the German deutsche mark has some bearing. If the trend continues, we could have serious manpower problems in Europe," an official told Army Times.

Ruth MENNEMEYER, FRAN's better half, has been in hospital. That's all we have on it; you know Fran.



"Yeah, he was just here. How'd you know?"

LEXINGTON IS SIGHTSEEING

Sightseeing is about the only hazard involved with coming to Lexington - sooner or later everyone does it. Two centuries of American history can be seen in Lexington's perfectly preserved homes - such as those where Henry Clay entertained General LaFayette and where Hunt Morgan, the famed Confederate General, lived - and in its museums dedicated to pioneer life, to the thoroughbred and the saddle horse, and to the works of man's mind and spirit.

Sightseers share the present as well. The romance of the horse and tobacco auctions attracts thousands of visitors annually. Guided tours of the landscaped horse farms are conducted daily.

In which we speak of "Dress Gray" by Lucian K. Truscott IV (489 pp New York, Doubleday & Co. \$10.95), a bit of fiction about life at West Point.

"It'll never get out, what goes on up there," Cadet Ry Slight, the protagonist of this remarkable first novel, tells his lover, "because when it's over, you're too embarrassed to admit to yourself that it happened. You're too embarrassed to admit what happened when you were a plebe. You're too embarrassed to admit what you did with the power you had when they made you a squad leader."

Embarrassed is hardly the word for what happens in "Dress Gray," as compelling and important a popular novel as has emerged or is likely to emerge from the Vietnam era. If he is not quite the Stendhal, Lucian K. Truscott IV clearly would like to be the Mario Puzo of West Point. Given the advance billing (the novel is a dual main selection of the Literary Guild, has already earned a six-figure paperback sale and will be heavily promoted) and given its narrative power, he is quite likely to achieve that goal. Mr. Truscott, who comes from a military family and is himself a 1969 graduate of the academy, tells a fascinating story convincingly laden with the sort of particular detail that only a former insider could provide. "Dress Gray" will not be read happily at either West Point or the Pentagon, but it will, you may depend upon it, be read.

The time is spring 1968, just before June Week, when commencement takes place and the press makes its annual pilgrimage up the Hudson to demonstrate that, the Tet offensive, political assassinations and riots in the streets notwithstanding, "here at West Point life went on, unperturbed by events outside. The news stories emanating from June Week would chorus: At West Point they still believed." Far from having been a threat "the war in Vietnam was a 'good deal,' the accelerator pedal of army success, the escalator of army promotions," What shakes the monolith are not public acts, but private ones - specifically, the murder of a homosexual cadet.

The news comes early to the commandant of cadets, Charles Sherrill Hedges. The naked corpse of a plebe, an excellent swimmer with a near-perfect record, has been found floating in a nearby reservoir. An autopsy reveals recent homosexual activity, and an epaulet found near his neatly folded clothing implicates another cadet. For reasons having to do with his ambition to succeed Maj.Gen. Axel W. Rylander, the superintendent of the academy, Hedges, an all-too-believable martinet, decides to order a cover-up, but takes care to make it look as if his superior had ordered it.



"Don't laugh, men, after you've been in outer space for a few years, she might start looking pretty good."

Rylander and Hedges are prototypes, as Mr. Truscott sees things, of their respective military generations. Superintendent Rylander earned his spurs in World War II, and quite early in the war had gained the cover of Life by seeming to be winning the war in a familiar fashion: "Rylander's division was the army the way the American people remembered their army from service in World War II, Korea....from the late movie on television...Rylander commanded a division that got out there and got the job done." But they didn't.

Hedges, who fought later, was a believer in the body-count - a strategy that "if it wasn't winning the war...was sure promoting those who flew the most missions and counted the most bodies." Hedges went so far as to have a heap of Vietnamese bodies stacked like firewood and photographed next to his unit crest to use on his family Christmas card. "What good was an act of bravery," the author wonders, "if no one noticed?" Hedges is nothing if not gung-ho, and very winning.

We're not quite clear in our minds as to what Truscott is trying to say. His father, #III, was a Division man, by the way. WP '45, he came to us in Japan on his first station. Was with us 19th Inf. as we recall it - to '48. The author was born in Japan while his Dad was with us and then was WP '69. Resigned in '70, after the taxpayers had spent all that money on him. That's gratitude for you. Don't buy the book.

LOOKING BACKWARD:

Back for his 4th term in the N.Dak.

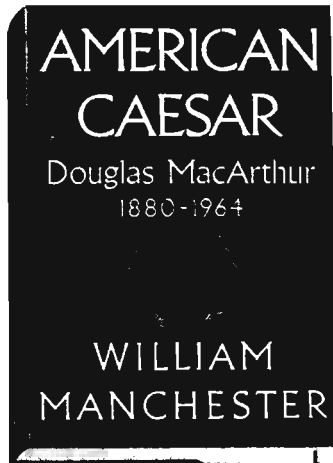


House of Representatives is ORVILLE SCHINDLER, (B 34th '45), of McClusky, N.D. Here's a before and after series, one taken in '45 and one of our legislator today. Writes Orville, "I remember the fine welcome we received shortly after joining the Division. On the Island of



Mindanao, April '45. We were dumped off a truck, last truck ride 'til the war was over. They said this in your outfit. We were assigned to the mortar section of Co.B. Before we hardly had a chance to meet our squad leader who was then Smokey Williamson from Florida, I heard something crack overhead. I looked up and several feet above our heads embedded in a tree was a bullet. I received much of my army education within 15 seconds. From then on if there was a six inch clump I was always an inch lower". We remember it well, Orville. We remember a couple of fellows who arrived by boat at Taloma Beach one AM, were assigned to the front, were in action before nightfall and were buried the same evening.

Most liberals in the country remember General of the Army Douglas MacArthur as an irritating and ever downright sinister figure. They would. They want like William Manchester's "American Caesar". Manchester, a Marine sergeant on Okinawa, has a profound admiration for the General - as do we. Try it. You'll like it.



"Why you scream? Water not even warm yet!"

Bumper sticker on a car with Quebec plates rolling along toward Washington National A/P the other day: "Eat Canadian lamb. 10,000 wolves can't be wrong."

Did you know.....where the Mariveles Mountains in the Philippines got their name?

Filipino legend says in early 18th century, a Spanish family named Velez with a beautiful daughter named Maria, migrated to Manila by way of Mexico.

Maria fell in love with a young man of whom her family disapproved. The thwarted couple eloped to the Bataan peninsula, then a dense jungle, to seek a Spanish galleon on the Bay enroute to Mexico. Furious, the family enlisted authorities' help to return their daughter, and an alderman, called a "corregidor" was sent to pursue them.

He found them, Maria astride a horse, the boy on a water buffalo. Unable to marry, the couple vowed lifetime celibacy; Maria became "La Monja", the nun, her lover became "En Fraile", the monk. Thus the mountains became known as the "Maria Velez" mountains, which later corrupted into "Mariveles".



"You carry and I'll salute!!"

Pentagon out on a new search-and-destroy operation. Target: sexist language. You know "chairperson" instead of "chairman" - and stuff like that.

"Surviving spouse" instead of widow or widower.

"Spouse, spouses, spouse's" instead of wife, wives, husbands or husband's.

"To staff" instead of "to man" a vessel.

"Business person, executive, member of the business community, business manager" instead of businessman.

"Worker's compensation" instead of workman's compensation.

Had enough?

More than 170 retired generals and admirals recently saw fit to address an open letter to the President warning of an "increasing Soviet challenge".

They urged Mr. Carter to recognize Israel's value as an ally that can defend itself and said Israel should be reinforced to avoid sending American forces to the area.

The Soviet Union's "imperial objectives" were described as the neutralization of Western Europe, partly by denying it access to oil, the encirclement of China and the isolation of the United States.

The letter said the Soviet focus on the Middle East to reach these objectives represented "a real and growing threat to Western security." It said Soviet influence and power had expanded in the eastern Mediterranean, the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, Afghanistan had come under Soviet control and "anti-American forces" were harassing the Governments in Iran and Turkey.

Cuban mercenaries were described as carrying out Soviet policies in Angola, Ethiopia, Zaire, Syria and Lebanon.



THE WISE OLD OWL

Kanji: Kai, verb, to buy, purchase

BE THE BEST OF WHATEVER YOU ARE

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley - but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass,
Some highway happier make;
If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass -
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,
There's something for all of us here,
There's big work to do, and there's lesser to do,
And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun, be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or you fail
Be the best of whatever you are!

Douglas Malloch

Ad Finem

He's back! Who's back? Our own SPIKE O'DONNELL, with his own column in which we publish some of the questions and some of Spike's replies: Spike, we welcome you back; it's been a long time.

Here goes:

* * * * *

Dear Spike:

My husband was with A of the 3rd Eng. while you fellows were on Breakneck Ridge.

Lately he's become insufferable.

His company recently ran him through some aptitude tests, and he passed with flying colors. In fact, they told him he's pretty close to "genius". Now he's impossible.

No matter what comes up, he is right, and my opinion isn't worth a damn. When we disagree, say on the spelling of a word, or the largest city in Idaho, or something like that, he's got to have the last word, refusing to admit he's wrong even when I can prove it. He's always saying "that authority is not the final word". He's driving me crazy.

How does one deal with an arrogant, conceited, pompous, immature, ungracious, bossy, foul-mouthed, totally insensitive jackass.

Al's Wife, Ruth.

Dear Ruth:

I get the uneasy feeling you don't care much for Al.

I have a feeling your troubles began long before he found out he was almost a "genius."

Get counseling and explore the battlefield. I hesitate to call it a marriage.

Maybe it all started when Al helped to build all those bridges across Mindanao.

The Quiz Kid is not going to change - and neither is your opinion of him. Can you live with a guy you dislike so intensely? Do you want to?

Spike.

* * * * *

Dear Spike:

I'm just an old 13th Field man - with a problem - my wife Sally.

Really she's got the problem. She's 55. The kissy type. Always kissing my son-in-law hello and goodbye. He's 30. Even when he's only going from the living room to the kitchen she has to reach up and kiss him. If he sits down, she's in his lap in 2 seconds. She's always wanting him to dance and when she cuddles up her instincts are somewhat suspect.

My daughter doesn't even notice - thinks it is great that his mother likes her husband so much. How can I put the cool on things around here, Spike?

Al W. (A-13th FA Bn.)

Dear Al:

First suggest to your son-in-law that he start calling her Mother instead of Sally. Then tell Sally that she's too big to be sitting on anyone's lap. If she keeps it up, check out the son-in-law. He must be doing something wrong. I've yet to meet a 30 year old man who couldn't run faster than his mother-in-law.

Divisionally Yours, Spike



"He's right! It is cold!"

ALFRED G. BROWN, (K 19th 3/51-8/53 - and a POW 4/23/51-8/16/53), out of Hanover, Pa., sends us the one about the fellow who sent to heaven and found two lines at the Pearly Gates.

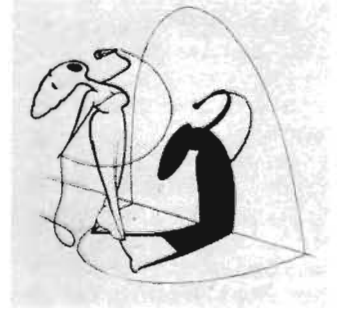
Over one line a sign read: Men Who Were Dominated By Their Wives. Over the other, Men Who Were Not Dominated By Their Wives.

The line at the first was a mile long. At the other entrance stood a scrawny little fellow - alone.

The new arrival went over and asked the little fellow, "What are you doing in this line?"

The little fellow replied, "My wife told me to stand here."

Thanks, Al; we loved it.



"From Here to Eternity" airs in February as a 6 hour NBC story based on the Jim Jones book. William Devane plays Sgt. Milt Warden, the Burt Lancaster role. Roy Thinnes plays Capt. Dana Holmes. Remember who played it in '53? Philip Ober. Kim Basinger plays Lorene, The Donna Reed part. Natalie Wood plays the Deborah Kerr role as Karen Holmes.

In case you missed the TV mini-series titled "Pearl" shown in mid-November, you missed a lot of soldiers wearing Taro Leaves. It was a 6-hour show, 3 nights of 2 hour segments. In a word, it was "soap", an entertainment gem for WW II buffs and soap opera fans. In another word, it was a "turkey". Dennis Weaver was the Colonel. Never could get the essence of what he was the Colonel of even though he proudly wore the Taro Leaf. He sure was mad at "Company A". Again, no clues. The Captain, played by Robert Wagner, was another Taro Leafer, recovering from his divorce at pool, bar and boudoir in his plush beach-cottage quarters. He didn't live at Schofield. He spent the 6 hours fending off Angie Dickinson, the Colonel's wife, and falling in love with a suicidal Army doctor Lesley

Ann Warren while fighting off Weaver and the Army caste system with one hand. Told you it was a turkey. Jones started it all with his "From Here to....". There was the enlisted man who can paint, has been on the fringe of a homosexual relationship (turkey) and falls in love with a gal who works in a brothel. Straight out of "From Here....". Everything changes after the raid. Dickinson leaves Weaver, apparently to rant, rave and battle Wagner for the duration, etc., etc. As soapy a dish as we have ever seen on T.V. The only heartwarming thing about it was those Taro Leaves which kept showing up on those arms. But not a mention by name of Division or any of its units. As we were saying, it was a turkey.

As we go to press, a reporter for a Brooklyn newspaper has gone to jail and been fined. Refused to identify a news source. Strange how high and mighty the fourth estate becomes when one of its own is asked by a court to show where the information came from. Let government (say the CIA or FBI) try to protect one of its sources and there's hell up 6th St. When it comes to double standards, this one takes the cake.

The President has signed into law a bill banning military unions. Terrific.

Postcard by BILL MULDOON from Tokyo.

As we were going to press, Convention Chairman ROSCOE CLAXON was on the phone with "Assure the gang that the South is not going to rise; rather it has risen."

As we go to press, the administration is planning on trimming 300 FBI agents for FY80.

Probably no one model of military footwear has ever encased more pairs of feet than the Munson last, now to be redesigned by the Army after being in use for 36 years. At one point in World War II around 8,300,000 soldiers were doing their roadwork in brogans cut from a form originally devised by a brigadier general named Munson. Other millions had worn the same style shoe while at training camp or while fighting the Boche in 1917-18.

The Munson shoe won't be remembered with anything like affection by us who knew it so intimately. Our recollection of it so too frightened with memories of aching feet to allow room for sentiment. Yet we have to admit our sore feet were usually caused by the marching instead of any shortcomings of the shoe itself. The crustiest of exdoughfeet will concede that is old "mud skis" were sturdy and pliable enough when properly looked after, and were well ventilated, even on a sticky summer's day.

As far as the present-day Army is concerned, however, the Munson footwear isn't everything that it could be. Therefore, much wriggling space for the toes is to be added, and soles are to be made flatter by way of aiding traction.

All of us who ever marched and fought in the old style shoes may now wonder how much farther and faster we could have traveled wearing the new, improved model. Even so we would agree that a place should be reserved in some military museum for a thoroughly scuffed pair of the familiar GI foot covering, with a sign under it reading: "Upon these shoes moved the victorious troops of two World Wars."

When George Gallup asked Americans where they'd really like to live, more selected Kentucky than any other state.

With 48 nationally acclaimed parks and more miles of navigable waterways than any other state except Alaska, Kentucky has something for everyone. All of Kentucky is accessible - and Lexington, in the heart of the Heartland, is most accessible.

Two major interstates - I-75 and I-64 cross at Lexington. Dozens of jets arrive and depart daily at Blue Grass Field, many of them non-stop to and from other major cities.

Lexington is known around the world as the tobacco and horse capital of America. But did you know some call Lexington one of the undiscovered urban vacation centers, as varied as New York, as full of life as Chicago, as friendly as Atlanta, as liveable as San Francisco?

We invite you to become one of the selected group who have lost their hearts to the city in the heart of the Bluegrass - and to spend a day, a week or a month with us.

TAPS

Deceased: GARNETT DICK of Louisville, Ky.

Deceased: Lt.Col. DONALD J. BAKER (21st & 19th & Div.Hq. '33-'42) in Moscow, Idaho, in Feb. of 1978.

Faithful BOB HARDIN has notified us of the passing of SAMUEL P. ZANGARI (19th & 21st), of Cool Creek Rd., Wrightsville, Pa.

After four long years in Ward 2-C of the VA Hospital at Fayetteville, N.C., death came to Captain WOODROW WILSON CHANDLER on Jan. 2nd. Wrote JACK FINAN: "I knew Chief Chandler in Hq.Co., 19th Inf., Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, 1939-1941. Late in 1941 he transferred to one of the Artillery outfits in Schofield. He was one of the outstanding boxers I knew during my Army days. When he climbed into the Schofield ring you could feel the excitement going through the crowd. A big, happy-go-lucky guy, he was very popular in the "Chicks" regiment. He was an average football player but first of all he was one fine soldier. From late 1941 to early 1956 I lost track of him. Then one day in the Fort Bragg hospital we met in the Physical Therapy Clinic. Virginia (Gina) will always be an Angel to the folks who know her in the Fayetteville VA hospital. Some years ago, Nicky, their oldest son, passed away from cancer. He was an outstanding athlete. I remember him winning the North Carolina State Bowling Title in Raleigh when some wise keglers didn't give him a chance to win. Had he lived he could have been a professional bowler. Nicky was an Army Veteran. Woody was buried in his khaki uniform. On his chest I noticed the ribbons for the DSC, Silver Star with cluster, and Purple Heart, plus a handful of service ribbons. God Bless Captain Woodrow Wilson Chandler and His Family."

The Fayetteville, N.C. Times carried this column:



A Love Affair Is Over

Woodrow Chandler lay in his coffin, surrounded by flowers.

He wore his beribboned Army uniform.

On his chest, mysteriously, was an Indian arrowhead. It had appeared when the family wasn't looking, and they had no idea who had placed it there.

But they liked it, and were touched by the gesture.



WOODROW CHANDLER
In Uniform

When last I had seen Woodrow Chandler, the month was May, the year was 1976. He was in a hospital bed, lying on his back, breathing noisily.

His eyes were open, but he could see nothing.

He was in a coma — had been for 15 months. Slowly, Woodrow Chandler was dying, while his wife, Virginia, sat by his bed, each day, taking care of her husband and the other patients on Ward 2-C at the Veterans Administration Hospital.

That was then. Wednesday night, Virginia Chandler was still by her husband's side, but she was standing by his coffin, not sitting by his bed.

Their love affair was over, ended by the only force which could have separated them — death.

Or maybe it wasn't. Maybe it will never be over, not as long as she still can remember good days, sad days, all the days.



VIRGINIA CHANDLER
His Wife

Warrior All His Life

"That arrowhead," said Virginia Chandler. "He was one-fourth Commanche, you know."

One-fourth Commanche. It figured. They were warriors, the Commanches, and so was Woodrow Chandler, in uniform or out.

Veteran of World War II, the Korean Conflict and Vietnam.

Airborne soldier.

Winner of the Silver Star and the Bronze Star.

Recipient of a battlefield commission during the Battle of the Bulge.

Sure, he was a warrior, but his biggest battle wasn't of the Bulge.

It was against the disease that first shrunk his brain, then killed him — Alzheimer's Disease.

Yes, it killed him, but it took a long time. Fourteen years, in fact, with the last four spent in a coma, wife at his side.

He fought. She fought. Drawing strength, almost certainly, from her, Woodrow Chandler stayed alive, until at last — he died.

For the last several nights, Virginia Chandler never left him.

He died in her arms.

"People have asked me how I could do it, spending so much time with Woodrow," said Mrs. Chandler Wednesday night. "They say, some of them, they couldn't do it for their husbands. I say if they couldn't, they don't love enough."

In Sickness, Reward

The people in the funeral parlor were not crying.

The mood was not somber, because Woodrow — his Army buddies called him Hap — Chandler had taken a long time dying, and perhaps it was better that it should finally be over.

And perhaps too, the mood was upbeat because of Virginia Chandler — a woman so filled with life, warmth, love that it is impossible to stand with a long face near her and feel...pity.

Empathy, admiration and a little bit of awe, yes.

Pity? No. She wouldn't have it.

In sickness, even in death, there is reward. Virginia Chandler found hers on Ward 2-C.

"We had a lot of happy years, and a lot of sad ones," she told me in May 1976. "I'll have no regrets if he goes before me. I'll know I've done all I could possibly have done.

"I feel like this is what I want to do, really. When I get home at night from the ward, I feel good. So many of the men here are forgotten. Nobody comes to see them."

Nobody but Virginia Chandler, every day, all day. And she won't stop.

Her husband may be gone from this life.

But the other men on Ward 2-C remain.

