



TARO LEAF

24TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

VOLUME XVII NUMBER 2

1963 - 1964

"I've Been Meaning to Write..."

We have many reasons for existing as an Association. Most salient of all, we like to believe, is to render a service to our members.

We all intend to write letters - of congratulations, of condolence, of appreciation, of friendship - tomorrow or next week. Too often they go unwritten. We delude ourselves with the well worn excuse - "haven't time". We all intend to maintain our contacts with those with whom we shared the experiences of military service - and from our position it occurs that most of us fail there too - because - "haven't time".

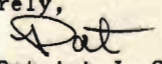
Silence is golden - when someone is playing Chopin - or when the thrush is singing. Postal silence is wasteful rust. That letter you've been meaning to write may warm the cockles of the heart of a buddy.

Why not solve the problem this way? - send in a report on yourself with the who, what, when, where and why of life as it is with you in '63. We'll print it, if you'll but write it. Let your message - as we shall use it - reach not only that one special friend to whom you feel particularly close - let it reach all of your friends who share this bond with you - let it reach all Association members.

So what do we offer? - an opportunity to reach out to dozens and dozens of close friends, to hundreds of fellow Taro Leafers, and all with a single stroke of your pen.

Surprise yourself with the mental balm which such can - and does - afford. We base the argument on actual experience over many years of modest Association activity. Better still, surprise yourself with the chance that others, seeing your name in print, will respond in kind. This is YOUR publication; you are entitled to your share of space in its columns. You need but ask. Put modesty aside - give us a writeup on yourself - and send it in posthaste. Make it serve as that letter - or those letters - "I've been meaning to write".

Sincerely,


Patrick J. Ciangi, Vice President

TARO LEAF

Of, by and for those who served and/or now serve the 24th Infantry Division, published frequently by the 24th Infantry Division Association, whose officers are:

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AUGSBURG - A heart-warming tribute to "Operation Sympathy", launched by the Division last August to collect clothing for the Skopje, Yugoslavia, earthquake victims, was paid recently by the American Embassy in Belgrade. In a letter written to MAJ. GEN. W. A. CUNNINGHAM, Mr. Eric Kocher, Embassy Charge d'Affaires, said, in part, "On behalf of myself and the Embassy I want to thank you and the men of your Command for the clothing and shoes that have been collected by the 24th Infantry Division for relief of victims of the Skopje earthquake. A number of officials of the Yugoslav Government have expressed their thanks to me for this fine voluntary gesture." Under the direction of LT. COL. FREDERICK HUNT, Div. Chap., "Operation Sympathy" was a drive in the Division area for new and used clothing and shoes to be donated to the survivors of the disastrous July earthquake. Volunteers collected more than 10,000 items of clothing from military and civilian employees of the government and their dependents.

A trans-Atlantic plane was at mid-point on a trip when the P.A. system came alive and a voice said: "This is your captain speaking. If the passengers on the port side of the aircraft will look out their windows they will see that both engines are on fire. If the passengers on the starboard side of our aircraft will look out the windows they will see that both engines are dead. Now, if all of you will look directly below the aircraft you will see the ocean, and if you look closely you will see a yellow life raft containing six persons. This is your chicken crew. This is a recording."

To get to Massachusetts next August, you'll almost have to come through Connecticut - unless you sneak in by boat. To leave the bustling metropolis and cross in to this Colonial state is to enter another world, a world of serenely beautiful village greens and rolling hills. Connecticut is a place where old homes are lovingly tended and the good things of the past cherished and preserved. Its shoreline is long and strung with beaches, fishing ports and cultural centers. The Shakespeare Theater at Stratford is an example of a world-famed cultural activity. Old Mystic Seaport attracts visitors from every country. In summer, boats dot the coast, picnickers roam the hills and fishermen wade the streams and lake fronts.

AUGSBURG - Elements of the Division's 3rd Bn., 19th Inf., recently returned to their home kaserne after an intensive four weeks of training. The Armored Cavalry Platoon of Hq. Co., acting as aggressor troops successfully ambushed convoys, infiltrated perimeter defenses, took prisoners-of-war and even destroyed the Umpire Hqs. The ability of the platoon to move, scout, and communicate was demonstrated by the use of the new M-114 recon vehicle. Its cross-country mobility, comparative smoothness and silence prove it ideal for scout-type missions. The Battalion, was one of the first Division units to employ the new vehicle in conjunction with a major field exercise.

For a hilarious reaction without resort to grog, - and none of the debilitating after-effects - try a quiet evening perusing that compendium of wit, wonder and what not, the Congressional Record. For example, the other evening of doing just that, we ran into this one. David Bell of our foreign alms - giving program recently told the House Foreign Affairs Committee that, of the 41 largest recipient nations, 14 have become independent of U.S. financing, and 19 more are almost ready for a self-finance status. "There are only 8 nations in a dependency category" says Mr. Bell, "Those still incapable of self-finance." Yet, at the same time, Mr. Bell was requesting more foreign aid money than Congress has voted since 1953. You figure it out.

C.G. HANLIN sends the word: "We have a job going at Crawfordsville, Indiana and the business manager at the schools, Mr. Wayne Tate of R.R. #5, Crawfordsville, happened to be with the 24th in Korea. (19th Reg.) He is a real nice fellow. I am enclosing his five.... Although the limit is three, I killed fifteen deer on my recent trip. There are a few fellows that didn't get any, so I got to kill theirs and I always bring back a few legs on the sly. I took four to Chicago for a recent 24th gathering. They really had a nice turn out and a real good time....Outside of that and a little suit CG has going against the State of Indiana for a speeding rap, things are quiet around the Hanlin household.

The longest word, 28 letters, in the dictionary used to be antidisestablishmentarianism. The new 45-letter champion is pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis. It's a miner's disease.....!

Play the Brain-Teaser Game and have some fun.

If you'd had a chance to study higher mathematics, could you have been a great mathematician? Surprisingly, there's a very good chance that you might have. Far more mathematicians are born than ever get into university graduate schools. Here's a way you can find out whether you're a born mathematician and have some fun at the same time.

Try them yourself, and try them on the rest of the family. After each problem is given the time you're allowed to solve it.



1. A man owns 20 blue and 20 brown socks which he keeps in a drawer in complete disorder. How many socks must he pull out of the drawer on a dark morning to make sure of a complete matching pair? (Two minutes)



2. A train one mile long travels at one mile a minute through a tunnel one mile long. How long will it take the train to pass completely through the tunnel? (Seven minutes)



3. Which is worth more, a carton full of \$5 gold pieces, or an identical carton half full of \$10 gold pieces? (Seven minutes)



4. A signalman has three lights, one red, one white, one blue. He can make a signal by displaying any two together. How many signals can he make? (Two minutes)



5. In a certain town, there are two groups of men - one group always tells the truth; the other group always lies. A stranger arrived in this town and asked one of the natives whether he was a Truth Teller or a Liar. The native answered, but the stranger didn't hear the answer. Two other natives, A and B, who overheard the conversation, were questioned by the stranger as to what the first man had said. A replied, "He said he was a Truth Teller". Native B replied, "He said he was a Liar".

Can you tell which of the two men, A or B, is a Truth Teller and which is a Liar? (Seven minutes)

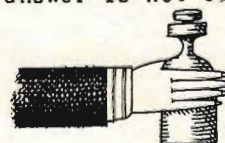


6. A bookworm eats his way from Page 1 of Volume I to the last page of Volume II of a two-volume work. The books are standing on a

bookshelf in the usual manner with the bindings facing out.

If the pages of each volume are 3" thick and the covers 1/4" through, how many inches did the worm chew?

Hint: The answer is not 6 1/4.
(15 minutes)



7. A chemist was working on discovering a liquid in which all substances will dissolve. One day he announced that he had a bottle full of the desired liquid. What's wrong with his claim? (Three minutes)



8. A man is served two mugs of coffee but only one saucer. He had intended to keep the coffee in both mugs warm by putting the saucers on top of the cups.

Assuming that the man has no other equipment than that mentioned above, what can he do to keep both mugs warm though he has only one saucer? (One minute)



9. Two men arranged an unusual horse race. It was agreed that the man whose horse crossed the finish line first would be the loser and the man whose horse crossed second would be the winner. Naturally, as the contestants approached the finish line they made their horses go slower and slower until they came to a halt, dismounted and sat down at the side of the road to discuss the situation.

A stranger came along, listened to their problem and suggested a course of action. The men immediately jumped on the horses and sped toward the finish line.

What did the stranger suggest, consistent with the original arrangements, which made the men spring into action? (15 minutes)



10. A sweater worn in the normal way has a label on the inside back of the collar. Assuming that the sleeve which accommodates the left arm when the sweater is worn normally is referred to as the left sleeve, where will the label be if the sweater is turned inside out and the right arm is put into the left sleeve and the left arm into the right sleeve?

Will the label be on the front outside, front inside, back outside or back inside? (You are not allowed to use an actual sweater, shirt, etc.) (25 minutes)

The answers are elsewhere in this issue.

Since childhood, we have worshipped at the feet of the caricaturist - any caricaturist - all caricaturists - for we have envied them their ability to make the exaggerated drawing -



the satirical portrait having the likeness yet emphasizing the physical peculiarities of a particular person like this Chick of early days: he was a Chick, you know.

A caricature is a telegram - a concentrated message - a "short hand" account of a visual conception - telling the story with the quick expressive punch of a news flash and with economy of lines.

Since childhood, we've been collecting them. Like pancakes, we have a footlocker full of them. Would you forgive us if we brought a few of them forth for this issue - just to be somewhat different? Who knows, they may give you the same delight they have given us over the years: in which case, the effort will not have been in vain.

The gamin face, brilliant dark eyes, long neck and full lips of Audrey Hepburn have given us delight in times past. In times present, that which delights is news such as the news that we have another VA man at work in the person of VERNON R. NELSON (K-21st INF. 1-43-12-45) who is Personnel Officer at the Tucson, Ariz. VA Hosp. Vernon and Gloria have Linda, age 15. They're all at 6975 Calle Marte, Tucson, Ariz.

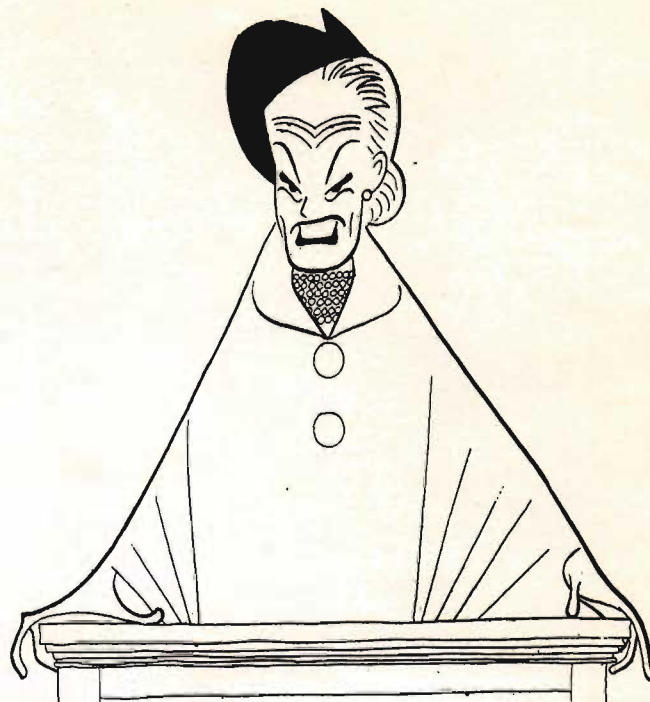


The way our potential members avoid us when we try to put the bite on them to join makes us believe that G.G. isn't the only one who

"wants to be alone". We're not to be discouraged, however, even by the spectacular Garbo: we are continuing the pursuit to double our membership in the next 120 days....JOSEPH MASKETT (5th Ret, Korea) and lovely wife, now at 24 Rose Lane, Rosemont, Pa., announce the arrival of Mary Elizabeth last July 14th. Congratulations, folks. Joe, you'll recall, was one of the hard working chairmen for our '60 Atlantic City clambake.



COL. WM. HINTERHOF (Div. Arty. '46-'49) just in from Africa. Bill and Lynn are at 24 Holly Crest, Ft. Dix, N.J. - Linda married and a mother too - in Hawaii with husband at Schofield. Sara at Ohio U. Steve at home with the folks. Best wishes to Bill and Lynn.



Some years ago, Faye Emerson took the stand on the strawhat circuit in Agatha Christie's "Witness for the Prosecution", all of which has absolutely nothing to do with the stirring of the conscience and memories of NORRIS TIBBETS (B&C, 34th INF) who writes us from 5716 Arbor Vitae Pl., Madison, Wis., saying:

"This is the time of year in the midwest when we begin to get those hot, humid days. The affect on me is to transport me instantly to the jungle and kunai grass and I begin to search my pockets for the atabrine. I walk up University Avenue of this town, to all outward appearances a civilian among civilians. But such is not the case. What I know which the casual observer does not know is that I am really clad in smelly fatigues, the helmet pressing on the forehead, the strap banging me in the face, the loaded cartridge belt with appendages pushing my pants crotch down to knee level, the submachine gun slippery to the touch.

"As Carlton Ogburn says in "The Marauders", what is around the next bend? The combination of circumstances which trigger such recollections compels one to search out someone and force them to listen to "how it was". Of course, hardly anyone is interested and you can't blame them. Furthermore, they would not understand. But those who read the Taro Leaf will understand."

Norris sent along a narrative which we like enough to use in its entirety. In an apology for its length, Norris added a cryptic "But then, it was a long war." From here on, let's read it just as Norris wrote it.

Photo 1, 5-10-45 would put C Co., 34th, on the road to Mintal, Mindanao, a journey bitterly contested by the Japanese who were in front of, on the flanks of, and in back of the unit most of the time. Out front are Pfc. Mancha, an outstanding first scout, Sgt. Brehm, then part



of myself. The climate was not kindly to films and cameras.

Photo 2 is undated but probably about the same time and place as above. In front, with helmet, is Mancha; left to right in the rear are Sargeants Brehm, Barnes and Black. To the left is Lt. LeRoy ("Banzai") Weeks, then with C Co.



Photo 3 is of Lt. Weeks and myself in an appropriately martial mood



Photo 4 is of Charlie Wu, and the date is late July, 1945, when C Co. was simply running patrols and staging for the invasion of Japan. Charlie was Chinese and joined somewhere near Digos. We never really knew where he came from or whom he represented, other than himself. Clad in white with straw hat, he gave us the benefit of his knowledge of local terrain on many scouting forays into the hills. In time, of course, his costume began to draw fire and we felt obliged to outfit him in the usual green. This picture shows him in uniform with a supply room rifle in the role he most valued: a soldier in the face of the common enemy.

Charlie's most exciting operation involved a squad-strength patrol into the hills around Digos. We went way the hell up and in, with Charlie dispensing charm and collecting chickens and eggs at each mountain barrio. We began to get suspicious at the interest shown by certain local citizens in our little force. After all, there were thousands of Japanese civilians on the island, and even more thousands of Japanese soldiers. Of course, we had come upon the Japanese from behind but while they might be surprised, they were still hostile.

Anyhow, we reached an appropriate place from which to provide an outpost to the battalion. We were accompanied by several

suspicious characters whom we could not seem to shoo away. So we made an elaborate show of digging and setting up for the night. After (as we figured) carefully mapping our position, the suspicious characters withdrew, whereupon we pulled up stakes and dug in on the edge of a bluff in a mountain-top cornfield (easy digging, good field of fire). We expected to get jumped and arranged that the shout of "Geronimo" by me would signal "each-man-for-himself-over-the-bluff" if things got hopeless.

In the dark of night, our visitors came. We heard them padding up the trail, jabbering and poking around in our old position. Not wishing to call ourselves to their attention, we did not fire. Meanwhile I tried to keep battalion informed by murmuring into the radio.

No one was asleep but Charlie, and it was at this point that he began to snore - good, solid blasts. Since he was in a hole by himself, no one could poke him awake without the attendant noise made by crawling over dead cornstalks. Well, for almost an hour, we sat and sweated, all except Charlie. Finding no one at home in the old position, our visitors proceeded to have tea on the spot and we heard them reveling in some captured 10 in 1 rations. Finally, they moved off.

In the morning, some of the people down the mountain came up to see what was left of us. They reported that 200 Japanese had passed up the trail. No doubt we met these soldiers at a later date. Charlie, of course, knew nothing of the night's happenings, and was the only man who could face the morning with cheer.

Appalled at the possibilities lying in wait for the coming night, I radioed for help and by mid-afternoon we were joined by the rest of the platoon, plus a mortar and machine gun section. We had spent the time before their arrival organizing a third position with holes for the new comers and lots of booby traps in the underbrush. But of course, upon their arrival (take 10), we received a message from battalion to return to it forthwith. Charlie returned with us, dispensing charm and collecting eggs and chickens at each barrio, a real spring in his step.

After the dropping of the Bombs, C Co. was sent from the Davao area clear back to Ft. Pikit to "take prisoners". We made this a combat operation, expecting God knew what from the Japanese, most of whom had not been informed of the conclusion of hostilities, or who would not (we thought) believe it if they had heard it. By the jeep, in photo 5



are Lt. Hopkins, Pfc. Irven Kinyon (since killed in an automobile accident in Montana), and myself, who by now had inherited the company from the damaged George Stafford.

Our arrival at Pikit was in the late evening. There we were, in what we assumed was hostile territory, surrounded by countless Japanese not disposed to surrender. It is tough to organize a position at night, but we did the best we could. Our efforts were complicated by what appeared to be a Moro convention or revival meeting which, by coincidence, had been scheduled for that evening at the same place. This convention (or revival meeting) went on all night about 100 yards outside the perimeter. It was loud, and it sounded hostile. Moslems are supposed to assure their passage to heaven if they can take an infidel with them. Within easy reach of the 1000 or so Moros on hand were about 120 infidels, each of whom had heard the tales of how the .45 came into use in 1933 in a hopeless effort to stop aroused Moros. Furthermore, the Moro uproar served to cover the sounds of any Japanese who might be sneaking up on our position in the dark. It was a nerve-wracking night.

The next morning, we hopefully built a stockade and sent out patrols which, on this day and thereafter I am quite sure, moved out from the perimeter about 100 yards and sat in the shade waiting for the Japanese to come in. Our efforts were again complicated by two things. First, the Moros had decided that the war should continue: if any Japanese made their way in our direction the Moros would intercept them, remove their heads and present the heads to us. We felt that this tended to discourage efforts to surrender but there was not too much we could do about it since we didn't want to fight the Moros.

Second, the local guerilla units were strongly organized and extremely enthusiastic. Photo 6 shows Major Garcia, with



sister Rose, wife and child. The major commanded the guerilla regiment. All he lacked was transportation and the C Co. jeep, in his opinion, filled this gap in his organization. The major wanted to visit all his far-flung outposts, via jeep, and I felt compelled to accompany him. So we would set out of a morning, the major happy and relaxed, and myself and an accompanying soldier armed to the teeth and nervous as hell. I suppose the major knew where the Japanese were, but we certainly didn't. The major had a passion for the game of mah yong (sp.?) and played it with local officers at every stop, endlessly, while myself and accompanying soldier would listen to each crackle in the underbrush, fingering alternately shovel and trigger.

We finally did take two prisoners to populate our stockade. One we picked up at a guerilla outpost, the other simply showed up in the chowline one evening. The closest we came to a fight was with a battalion of what I think was the 38th Division. We were working under direct orders of General Woodruff, to whom I reported by radio (with

luck) twice a day. One day, this battalion arrived in a cloud of dust and announced that it was relieving us. We were reluctant to depart without authorization from division and since we had only two jeeps, the long walk back to the coast was not appealing. So we declined to move.

To a man, the members of C Co. developed an intense dislike of this battalion and its personnel. I was a first lieutenant and their ranking officer was a major. The major made our disparity in rank very clear. Woodruff, however, was a general, as I also made clear. We did have a medical officer with us, a captain and a wonderful guy whose name escapes me, and insofar as we could we borrowed his rank for negotiations. I recall a conference with our rivals, held in a tent located behind home plate of our weedy baseball diamond (where did we get balls and bats?). The C Co. boys decided to make our guests feel unwelcome and the way in which this was accomplished was for the pitcher to hurl the ball at full speed in the direction of home plate. Batter and catcher would simply step aside and the ball would either crash against the tent wall or burst through an opening and land in our midst.

Such incidents multiplied upon themselves. Our machine gun outposts refused to allow 38th division personnel anywhere near the lines without the "password", usually a different one selected by each outpost and changed to suit its convenience. The battalion set up a rival stockade across the way, demanded our prisoners, and when we wouldn't release them, sent out patrols to find prisoners of its own.

I can't recall how this all ended. Major Garcia gave the company a big pig feed and dance and it must have been a farewell party. We ate, sang "Shine On Harvest Moon" (with accent) in conjunction with a quartet of local belles clad in parachute silk, danced to the aroma of coconut oil in hairdos, all the while expecting a banzai attack which would obviously be attracted by the lights and turmoil. I guess we simply could not believe that the war was over, nor did we believe that the Japanese would believe it. Anyhow, I felt compelled to set up a perimeter around the party, but it was difficult, amidst the attractions of the evening, to keep it manned.

In looking back, I can recall now that we did manage to pick up one more prisoner, a member of our own company who had disappeared at some point during the fighting on the island. On our way to Pikit to accomplish our mission, the lead jeep, loaded for bear, rounded a bend in the road and came upon this errant soldier seated on the porch of a Filipino house enjoying the evening breeze. We invited him to join us, which he did. He was, or had been, an outstanding soldier in previous campaigns with, I think, a DSC to his credit. So we did nothing about it other than to sever his cozy domestic arrangements which in itself was a considerable deprivation.

Photo 7 contains one of those unexpected surprises which accompanied the action in the Philippines. Here we have Mr. George Masa and two of his several children; his wife and other children are on Panay, having been separated early in the war. Mr. Masa dropped in one day to say hello and get something to eat. In the course of our association, it developed that he had



attended Union Theological Seminary in New York City. Before we left the area, C Co. members were privileged to attend services in Mr. Masa's newly constructed open-air church (bamboo and corrugated iron), at which services the junior choir sang "God Bless America" (with accent) for our benefit. I kept in touch with Masa after the war and discovered a few years ago that the young lady shown in the photo is now the wife of an officer of the Philippine embassy in Chicago. I sent her a copy of this picture and she replied with one of her husband and herself - and their first child.

Photo 8 is just for atmosphere and old time's sake. The only outstanding thing about it is that the jeep driver is wearing pants.

Harry had to be included in this series, for he had a considerable part in committing us to Korea. It was 10 years ago that the "23" embarked on the bitter road, spurning their country and families for the seeming lure of communism. We have a beautiful glossy of the bunch but decided against taking the space. Out of 7100 captured, only these "23" "turned their backs" and agreed to live out life the pinkie way. They had myriad reasons for their rending of the ties and obligations - none seemed to alter the basic fact of disloyalty.



Two - Dickenson and Batchelor came out early - then there were 21. During the next 10 years, 11 more

made the long way home.

Still there - among Taro Leafers - are HOWARD G. ADAMS. AP, the other day, reported him thus: "Ex-corporal from Corsicana, Tex... On Army's list of 12 PW camp "squealers".... Got mess committee membership as reward.... Staying in China as a chemist at a Tsinan paper mill...Has a Chinese wife and an adopted child."

Of WILLIAM A. COWART, who came home, AP reported this the other day: "Won \$4,991 P.W. pay in suit against U.S. government...Turncoat from Monticello, Ark., came home in 1955 after 19 months in Red China....Held by army as collaborator who informed on fellow prisoners

but later freed on promise to be "good American."

Another to come home, ANDREW FORTUNA, was written up this way in a recent AP release concerning the 10th "anniversary": "Just plain homesickness" made him decide to leave Communist China in 1957. 3 1/2 years after he refused repatriation....While with Reds, former GI from Ionia, Mich., attended People's University at Peking...On his return to U.S., said he was "definitely not a Communist".

Neither Cowart nor Fortuna are Assoc. members, we would add, without editorial comment.

One boy, we lost - RUFUS E. DOUGLAS, from Texon, Tex., died in Red China in '54 from "heart disease and complications". Chinks buried him with high honors as an "American hero", so 'tis said.

AP says of JOHN R. DUNN, of Baltimore, that he married a Czech and went with her to her homeland. He was one of the 4 who appeared at Panmunjom in January of '54 with the peace-dove posters. A couple of years later, we spotted a picture of him at People's University, Peiping.

Peace be with you, boys.

"Oh, there's great news tonight", said Gabriel Heatter, and we say the same with the wonderfully interesting note just in from

R.D. #1, Caledonia ("What-makes-your-big-head-so-hard?"), Mich., under the signature of ALLEN W. RUSSELL, who is in floor sanding, finishing and waxing. Al wrote: "I lost contact with the Assoc. in '53, due to extensive travelling, and attending different colleges. At present, am with my family and have settled in Mich., with my own small business. Have been very active in Veteran's organizations, serving as Commander of the local American Legion Post, for the past 2 years, and am presently chaplain of the V.F.W. post in Wayland, Mich. At Leyte, I was one of

the two body-guards for Capt. Wai, G-2-34th, when we hit Red Beach in the 2nd wave. The other guard never did make it. As we advanced inland, Wai tried to direct automatic fire. It all results in his death. This was quite a shock to me in more ways than one. Retrieving his personal and G-2 data, I returned to the beach C.P., reporting same. To this day, I would like to know the name of the officer that chewed me down good for not doing my job well. There is no animosity on my part, but I would like to sit down over a meal and a few drinks and pacify my curiosity. Bill Wilmot of the 19th and I served basic training together. Does he still belong to the Assoc.? He is from New Jersey. "We're sending out an SOS for the "chewer", Al, and will advise. Will the guilty party please form a line at our left? As for BILL WILMOT, yes, Al, he is a very loyal member - presently living at 485 Watts Way, Cocoa Beach, Florida. He's with the fly boys at Canaveral...left N.J. last winter.

Overheard in Louisville: "Most women try hardest to hide what they have least of".... "To judge from the names of perfumes, virtue just doesn't make scents"...."Short skirts tend to make men polite. Did you ever see a man get on a bus ahead of one?"

The likes of Elmer Davis brought some of the news of our exploits in Leyte to his radio audiences at home while such as ROBERT D. NOLAN (21st INF) were slugging it out. Bob writes us from 205 S. Bethany, Kansas City, Kans. He's VFW Commander of his local post, president of S.V. of N.A. (Local 2) and active in the K of C where he has full time employment, having switched from switching (now there's a switch) with the Rock Island R.R. Bob stopped by Ft. Smith, Ark. to find Herbert Rogers of 2nd Bn, Gimlet, service but couldn't find him. Anyone able to help Bob out? Bob's wallet is not packed so tight that there are moths in it that haven't yet learned how to fly. Bob sends us a contribution regularly, even though he's a "Lifer". Thanks, Bob.



Southern hospitality is like a middle name for GEORGE K. MOODY (Div HQ '46-'48) and his lovely lady, Anne. Whether or not they have a speaking acquaintance with Ann Sothern is quite beyond us, but perhaps they do because they're all Californians. We finally found George (Kreigh) and Anne living at 2576 Lakeview Drive in San Leandro. We've been wondering about these wonderful people for years, trying in vain to locate them 'til now. Let Anne's own words bring you up to date:....."To start a new life in a new



community, to end a major phase of life and experiences, to start a new career at a time when most people are reaping the benefits of their years of experience, to leave the familiar for the strange and different, all these things create feelings that would take more genius than we possess to express them in such a way as to convey our many and mixed emotions. So we shall not try. We shall, instead, make a somewhat prosaic recital and hope that you can understand just a little of how we feel. Steve, now 21 and a man, left Berkeley and went to Germany, Kochel Institute in the Bavarian Alps, to study German. In the process, he visited a bit about France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Holland and England. He picked up a Volkswagen for us, had a wonderful experience, learned his German, returned in time to again work for the Forest Service, and returned to Berkeley. He is now able to do so and live at home (which he apparently enjoys). Sue Anne finished the 9th grade in Salt Lake, grew far past her Mother, is now a sophomore in San Leandro H.S., is doing well and loves it. She has made many nice friends, and doesn't have to carry her father's position balanced on top of her head. She is cute and has had her first real date. Carolyn seems to be growing sideways, loves histrionics, is in the 7th grade, is a character but doing well. Special interest is riding horses but hasn't had much opportunity as yet. Philip, a year behind Carolyn, was most shook up by the change, for he left behind his great friend, Billy McGinn, at Ft. Douglas and has as yet not found an adequate replacement. None the less, he is adjusting well. Amid the ceremonies and fan-

fare common to that sort of thing, Father Moody received his long sought MS Degree from U. of U., sought a job, found same, and amid the ceremonies and fanfare common to that sort of thing retired from Uncle's Army with no tears, much nostalgia and a modest pension. He is now endeavoring to adjust to the disciplines common to civilian enterprises. The mother, the wife, the helpmate shared in all of the above experiences and gaily, then, set off with her mate to establish a new home for her brood. She is happy as a June bug, for, after a couple of energetic weeks of search by the two older and the three younger members, we found that Anne has happily described as "the nearest thing to my dream house that I could have ever imagined we would have". She has been mightily busy making a home of that dream house. Being new, there are the million and one things to be done that require the efforts of all - drapes, curtains, changing the color scheme, shopping, making a garden of a dirt pile. Busy, busy, happily busy. All of us hope that our good friends will be sure to look us up and visit with us and share our new joy when they have the opportunity to be in the Bay Area. Anne Moody".

'Twas a loaded message, Anne, you wonderful, wonderful gal.



If we had an elder statesman - with a bank-roll - in our membership - like Bernard Baruch, we'd not worry about the expense involved in getting this little poop sheet on its way to you...BILL PEACOCK (A 21st) recently addressed himself thus to Bill Verbeck on the occasion of the latter Bill's retirement: "Having served with Able of the 21st, I feel qualified to state that the Army will not be the same without you. The leadership qualities you displayed instilled something into your men that helped them to do their job and survive.

Colonel, the 21st would have followed you to hell and back if you had asked them. And follow, it would have been, because we would have found you in the point. To you, sir, I can only say, God bless you and thank you for being Bill Verbeck. Sincerely, Bill Peacock".



"I THINK YOUR BEST SPOT WOULD BE OVER THERE."

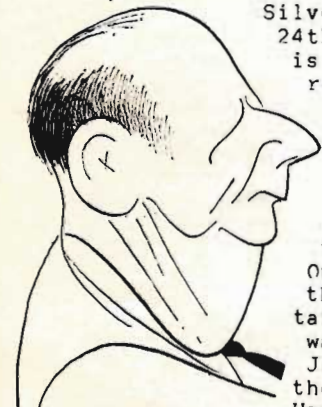
Alexis Smith - whatever happened to her? - is credited with this one: Ask a friend to read this sentence slowly: FINISHED FILES ARE THE RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY COMBINED WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF YEARS. Then tell him to count aloud the F's in that sentence. Let him count them only once. How many? One of average intelligence finds three F's. If you spotted four, you're above average. If you got five, you can turn up your nose at almost anybody. If you caught all six, you're probably a genius, and it's a question whether you should spend time taking tests like this.



We well recall the first time we ever saw Angela Lansburg on the screen. It was while sitting on a log at Taloma Beach on Mindanao. Strange, isn't it, how some of this trivia lingers on almost 20 years after the fact. We even recall the film, "The Big Sleep" with Bogart and Bacall - saw it 7 times - remember it especially well because Bacall told Bogart that if he wanted anything, he could just whistle.....Alimony is what takes place when two people make a mistake and one of them continues to pay for it.Nothing makes time go faster than being double parked.



Every time we see Paul Ford on the Phil Silvers show, we think of the 24th Div. The only trouble is that every performance reminds us of a different Colonel....94 "Third Lieutenants" from West Point (classes of '64 and '65) joined the Division this summer for on-the-job application of classroom skills. One of them told us about the new Air Force cocktail - one drink and you want to B-29 again..... JFK was entertained by the Division Band at Hanau's Fliegerhorst Kaserne last June on his Germany mission.



Just joined: JOHN GIRARDEAU (21 INF, 5/42-9/45), of 403 W 14, Tifton, Ga. He and Harriet have John, 23, and Tom, 15. Johnnie is an entomologist. Welcome, Johnnie: hi, Harriet!

His deeply intoned "Good evening" became a national by-word when Edward R. Murrow established his reputation as the "Peeping Tom of TV". We



who served are more grateful for his own war time deeds when, via radio, we used to hear him begin with "This is London".... New addresses: ALEX K. NAGY - now 1450 Springfield St., Dayton 3, Ohio. JOHN T. O'CONNOR - now 46 Exton Ave., N. Arlington, N.J., COL. AUGUST L. GUILD - now 2537 N.W. 42, Oklahoma City, Okl. Alex, by the way, recently saw a sign, outside an auto-repair shop, reading "Secondhand cars in first

crash condition". We'll try to top it with the one in a Springfield maternity shop window: "Peachy clothes for pear-shaped ladies". And of course there's the real estate man who lives next door to VIC BACKER who prints on his letterhead: "Stop by if you've a lot on your mind".



John Ireland and Joanne Dru haven't the slightest connection with our story on ORWIN C. TALBOTT (Colonel) who has assumed command of the Division's 2nd Brigade at Augsburg, following an assignment as Executive to the Supreme Allied Commander, Europe with station in Paris.

45, a native of San Jose, Calif., Col Talbott entered the Army in '41 and spent 3 yrs. with the 359th Inf.

After service in different military posts, including Instructor at Fort Monmouth, N.J., he was appointed Aide to the Army Chief of Staff in 1959. In 1960, Col. Talbott began a two year assignment as Executive Officer in the Office of the Chairman, Joint Chief of Staff.

The Colonel has attended the Command and General Staff College, and the National War College.

Welcome to the clan, Colonel.



LT. GEN. BLACKSHEAR BRYAN is President of Nassau Community College, Mineola, L.I., N.Y.... There's one thing about Boston where we'll meet in August. They know how to eat. So be sure to join us and help stamp out Metrecal.... Don't worry. They're still 90 miles away.... Of other former commanders, where are they today? Well, MAJ. GEN. DURWARD S. WILSON is at 3488-B South Utah St., Arlington, Va. MAJ. GEN. ALBERT C. SMITH is at 1540 44th St., Washington, D.C.....Did you hear about one of our Life Members whose uncle is a magician. He can walk down the street and turn himself into a saloon.



SYDNEY EAST (34th INF)- no relation to Sylvia Sydney - writes us, from Dayton, Ohio, with the interesting tale that General Ginder of the Thunderbird Division had every toilet seat in his division carved like a thunderbird. That's news - but not news - just a reminder - is the one about the "V" (for "Victory") Division who doted on Valve caps and Volleyball.Lt. Col. PAUL CHMAR is now Div. G-3 replacing Lt. Col. WILLIAM GRAVES who has gone to AWC, Carlisle Barracks, Pa. This is Chmar's second tour with Division, having served in Korea as S-3 of the 21st Inf. Prior to his assignment as G-3, Chmar served for a year as Plans Officer of the Personnel and Administration Division at Headquarters, USAREUR. ROTC out of U of Md. in '43, he was a company commander in the 80th Inf. Div. in ETO. A tour at the Warsaw, Poland embassy ('47-'50), he graduated from Air War College, Maxwell in '62. Also has C&GSC and Armed Forces Staff College to his credit besides an MA in International Relations from George Washington University....Lt. Col. JOHN LYCAS has been appointed G-1, for Division, replacing Lt. Col. SHELDON WHEELER, who has gone to Army War College, Carlisle Barracks, Pa. Formerly CO of Division's 3rd Armored Rifle Battalion, 46th Inf., Lt. Col. Lycas graduated from Ind. ROTC in '42, and has served in personnel and administrative capacities with Fifth, Seventh, and Eighth Army Hq. With the 1st Inf. Div. in WW II, Col. Lycas has served with MAAG in Taiwan, and as a student at the Army's C&GSC at Leavenworth.

Here's good word from GEORGE N. EMERY: "We have been transferred from Kokomo, Indiana to Indianapolis, Indiana. The company has made me a department supervisor in the Indianapolis Office. Our new address is: 5613 East 42nd Street, Indianapolis 26, Ind. By the way, Pat had a baby boy September 18th. We named him Thomas Stanley. That gives us two boys and two girls now. Planning to make the trip to Boston next year. At least we are working towards it now." Congratulations, George, and bring Thomas Stanley Emery to Boston with you, will ya?

BILL VERBECK is having scads of trouble proving to the VA that he's a Veteran. Suggestion: let's each write a vouch to the VA. Bill says he wants to go to the Berlitz Language School and pick up anew his "French, Spanish and Italian". What a paradigm for the rest of us.

One whose inner personal charisma draws others to him, MAJ. GEN. ROSCOE B. WOODRUFF (DIV HQ '44-'45) writes from 208 Elizabeth Rd., San Antonio, Tex. He covers a variety of items like the ones we quote. As usual, his treatment is unalloyedly graphic. He writes: "....Many thanks for forwarding the "They Fought Alone" material. Fertig did a fine job. I have had the greatest admiration and respect for the lonely men who fought for so long with little hope of assistance, and - I suspect - not much expectation of survival. It would seem to me that one of their greatest sources of worry was the constant thought that they might have put their confidence in the wrong Philipinos. In my blurb of the Mindanao Campaign, written shortly after its close, I commented on the fact that the Guerrillo activities had not much to do with the success of the operation. Fertig, no doubt justified from his own point of view, took offense. It is true that the capture of the Malabang Airstrip was a great help in hurrying us along towards Davao. In early May, Mrs. Woodruff and I went to The Netherlands to visit our daughter and family. You will recall that she is married to Bob Daniels, Div. Hq. He is in charge of the Army Section of our MAAG there. Holland is a beautiful country; our first visit there. While there, Bob, his two teenage sons and I drove to the northern Vosges of France to have a look at the area in which I served in 1917-18. It was most interesting. It all seemed so simple when we were there long ago. It hadn't changed much. The trees were 45 years bigger; the manure piles were bigger and no further away from the houses. Some of the draft animals had been replaced by small tractors. In the combat area around St. Mihiel, the old No-Mans'-Land was a fine wheat field, not a trace of the row after row of double apron fences of the old days. In fact, all over that part of Europe up into Belgium where wars have been fought for centuries, evidence of battles is scarce". Thanks for the good word, Woody.

Now with us is MATTHEW SABATINE (Hq. Co., 1st Bn, 21st -4/44-12/45) a salesman, living with Josephine and Matt, Jr. (20), Kathleen (17), Beverly (16), David (13) and Joanne (8) at 616 Roseto Ave., Roseto, Penn. Matt, Jr. graduates in June from LaSalle College (Philadelphia), then to Dental School, Kathy graduates from H.S. in June and goes to beautician school, and David graduates from grade school in June. Looks like big problems in presents come next spring, Matt. Welcome aboard, and congratulations on that man sized family.

Why not plan your vacation around our '64 August dates and while you're about it, plan to take in Vermont - just a stone's throw away. Vermont has a charm all its own. It combines the serenity of pastoral valleys with the vigor of mountain air. Though somewhat Swiss in appearance, the small towns nestled in the mountains are unmistakably New England. Church spires by vast wood-bound lakes, when viewed from the mountain top are symbolic of Vermont and her New England heritage. Maple syrup on shelves in country stores and a wide variety of cheeses displayed on counters are further testimony to the richness of this land. A Vermonter is an energetic sportsman who enjoys his environment and likes to talk about it.

Before you ask what has Sinatra got to do with the 24th, leave us answer "We dunno", unless it's that he provokes controversy" - which brings to mind that someone, at the Louisville gathering-of-the-clan, asked us why we hadn't given any coverage to MAJ. GEN. EDWIN A. WALKER. The question, more specifically was: "Are you afraid to run his picture?" It's hardly a question of fear, and just to prove it, take this one below showing Walker, in command at Little Rock in '57. No, it has just never seemed appropriate, that we exploit these columns as a sounding board for causes - be they to the left or to the right. We respect Gen. Walker as one time CG of dearly beloved. As for sympathies with his beliefs and/or with his cause involving his



likes of Edwin A. Walker. And if we're going to order psychiatric examinations to fathom the bizarre behavior of him and his likes, then it should follow that we've got to round up every talkative and aggressive left-winger and let the head shrinkers work them over too. No, we say, sound off, EAW - we may not agree with what you say, but we believe in your right to say it. Shades of Voltaire, you say, and you're right. And just to insure that our coverage goes proportionately with his notoriety, here's a followup on the "brassy" photo above. In this one, EAW is on the scene - complete with ten-gallon hat - at Oxford, Miss., as that area was nearing its flashpoint. We see a bit of irony represented by the two photos. This time the one time general was taking orders from privates. Then followed the arrest on an array of charges - thereafter, the little white coated men. Whatever else he was - or is - as a onetime 24th CG, he is deserving

of our attention in these columns. We'd like to end it with this, however, - and now we are puffing with steam - if we've got to learn - and who among us is so perfect as to walk ramrod stiff down the very center of the path? - we hope that, like Pisa, we lean to the right. The trick, in getting through this vale of tears, seems to be in not leaning so far that you topple. EAW, in his enthusiasm, toppled. Whatever else he was - or is - as a one time 24th CG, he is deserving of our attention. That a brother-in-arms has toppled should be the regret of each of us.



Our own Army experience put us in touch with Marlene Dietrich one day. We don't have it in any record that the leggy one ever visited Div.

but, bless her heart, she did - and does - get around among soldiers. She's a trooper. She glammers for attention - and invariably receives it Overheard at the bar in Louisville - a member's recalling to mind the fear, the danger, the hot discomfort, the mud, the noises and the shells - still not quite faded into an unreal past - once it was desperately real - this member was talking about the invasion ship calling it "a lovely ship, while you sat-down below-sweating - nobody saying anything. You look around, wondering which of the group will be KIA by tomorrow night - the tough sergeant walking through the door? - the kid over in the corner silently praying? - the guy sitting on the bunk next to yours? - and then the thought comes swelling inside of you: "Maybe it'll be me." We wish we had the chap's name; he was impressively dramatic. Everyone at that bar - in his presence - understood him.



"....me as a civilian."

Oft times, it's the simplicity of a thing that gives it its basic appeal - as a few carefully placed lines suggesting Alfred Hitchcock will attest. BILL SAVELL (SV 19th INF '43-'45) likewise represents a kind of simplicity - and we mean this only in a complimentary way - quiet, unassuming, modest, slow-moving, unobtrusive - just a grand person to have as a friend. Bill surprised - and delighted us all with this story of the four, very deaf, old ladies who played bridge every Tues. P.M. Bill says that after one particular hand had been dealt, the bidding went like this: The first lady bid "Four spades". "Three hearts" declared the second. "Two diamonds" said the third. "Well", said the fourth, "if nobody else has a bid, I'll try one club".....

.....Latrine scuttlebutt has it that the Public Relations Officer (PRO) is no more. The Army's policy seems to be to retire an abbreviation as soon as people get to know what it means. The Public Relations Officer, as we know him, was the one who always tacked that PRO sign up on his tent as soon as it was pitched. The report is that on too many different occasions, after an evening of debauchery, among the local wenches, many soldiers were coming to the PRO tent and taking their pants off. The embarrassment was everywhere until the Army delicately changed PRO to PIO (Public Information Officer). PIO's are now happier people, we learn.

Bette Davis, in case this one's a little too far "out".....the July issue of "Army Information Digest" carried an item on Sergeant Major ROBERT C. WHITFIELD, whose picture we reproduce below. A 41 year old infantryman, Bob has been in since '43, serving in all ranks from Private to 1st Lieutenant. Recipient of a battlefield commission during World War II, he saw service in both the European and Asiatic-Pacific Theater of Operations. Over the past 20 years he has served in the 86th, 7th, 1st and 24th Infantry Divisions. In 1952, he was First Sergeant of the 1st Armored Division NCO Academy. His overseas tours of duty include Trieste, Germany, the Philippines, Korea and back to Germany. The Sergeant's Stateside tours included civilian component duty at Nicholas Junior College and Louisiana State University.



Do we date ourselves by including Stan and Oliver in these columns? We do so in

deference to LARRY SELKOWITZ (DIV. BAND, 1/43-11/45) who writes us from 1445 Ogden St., N.W., Washington, D.C. Larry, still a bachelor, is "in music" in the District. Calling himself the "poor man's Meyer Davis, he goes by the name of Larry Laine. He has several combos which play for government agencies, embassies, college parties and the like. He says he's really busy. He thoughtfully sent along a photo of HAROLD COURTNEY who was Div. Band M/Sgt. and asks: "Does anyone know where Harold is today? He

was a wonderful, colorful character". We have no record on Courtney, Al, but we happily reproduce his picture, and ask our readers to



sound off if they have any information on the Hal Courtney of '63. It's the editor's job - as we assess it - to channel into these pages a fair sampling of that oceanic space-time

continuum which is in each of us - what we were together, then - and what we are, separated, now. Has anyone seen Courtney? And here's another submitted by Larry - the sax section of the Band - taken at Mindoro. Larry is seated, second in from the right.

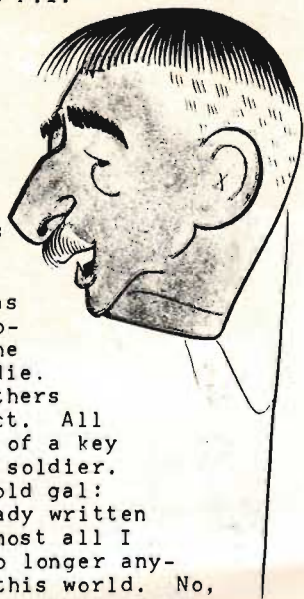


"Wilson here was with Patton."

Henry L. Stimson was Sec'y. of War while we were waltzing up the way from Hawaii to Australia to New Guinea to P.I.

to Japan. We include him here just because we like the picture.....In John Toland's recent "But Not in Shame", we find a last letter from Nip Gen. Homma, C-I-C of Japanese Ground Forces in the Philippines, written to his wife before his execution and following his Manila War Crimes trial which, in itself, has been something of a controversy ever since. It's the letter of a man about to die. Some will find it cold: others will find it matter-of-fact. All will find it as something of a key to the mind of a Japanese soldier. Here's what he wrote the old gal: "To my wife: I have already written what I wanted and said almost all I wanted to say. There's no longer anything I want to leave in this world. No, there's a lot. But there's nothing I can do about it being the way I am now. Japan will recover unexpectedly soon. I believe in five years Japan will start a positive step forward. I am not afraid of a death sentence. I'm prepared for it. I think I will be able to face execution with little thought but just thinking the time has finally come. When I was in Omori Prison, any army doctor told me it was a painless way to die to be shot to death. It is only that I feel I haven't expressed my thanks enough to my wife. In the twenty years of our married life, we've had many differences of opinion and even violent quarrels. Those quarrels have now become sweet memories. You are a righteous person. Unusually righteous, and therefore, you are fearless and strong. You would speak far more irritating words than you meant with your sharp tongue. This used to start our fights. However, in my mind I had absolute confidence in you. In many ways you have offset shortcomings of my character and assisted me in the right sense. Now as I am about to part from you, I particularly see your good qualities, and I have completely forgotten your defects. I have no worry about leaving the children in your hands because I know you will raise them to be right and strong. I also have no doubt that you will take good care of my mother in Sado after I die. My mother will die a peaceful death attended by you and her grandchildren. Twenty years feels short but it is long. I am content that we have lived a happy life together. If there is what is called the other world, we'll be married again there. I'll go first and wait for you there but you mustn't hurry. Live as long as you can for the children and tell me all about them when we meet again in the other world. Thank you very much for everything." Thus endeth Gen. Homma. We who knew him as an adversary cannot enthuse.

...."Even judges are drafted into the Army - if they are young enough", said a 24th Infantry Division soldier who was the youngest judge in Texas at the time he received his draft notice. Specialist Fourth Class ROBERTO SALINAS, now with 24th Administration Company, was 23 years old, and in his thirteenth month of a four year term as a Justice of the Peace in Hidalgo County, Texas.



Pat Boone, as the American drifter, and Nancy Kwan, as the equestrienne in an Italian circus, in

"The Main Attraction" make up this one for us. We consider the picture complete except for those d---- white shoes.We addressed a recent issue of our poop sheet to CLAYTON A. MOTE in Detroit at 15490 Bramell, only to have it returned by the P.O. people with a notation



"moved to 16610 Griggs". Off went a fresh copy to the new address along with a hurried note to Clay reading "Clay, are you now at 16610 Griggs?" And by return mail came this wonderfully witty bit: "You are correct, I have moved to 16610 Griggs, Detroit. However, I am a bit concerned about your future in the precise language world of an attorney. Suppose I have not moved to 16610 Griggs. I cannot inform you of this since I have not received your inquiry. However, somebody did, but they cannot verify my location without further inquiry. Now two parties are looking for me and I still haven't moved. Of course, it is possible that I have moved but, out of devilry, refuse to acknowledge said fact. Now are you to assume that I am where I was, thus redirecting correspondence to that address to be received by someone who is not me but knows not where I am? Now I cannot answer inquiries to that address since I have not received mail which should be addressed to 16610 Griggs where I am. Again, if I do reply that I have not moved, I should wonder how you obtained an address to which I shall move but am not at where I will be but still where I was. But since I am here and not there, I congratulate you for untangling this whole mess and will, upon request, establish a post office box number for future correspondence, if you so desire. Thus no matter where I am if I am not there I will receive mail even if I am here instead of....oh Hell! Just collect my dues and send me the receipt (if you can find me). For the record: Married 16 years to Irish red-haired beauty nee "Rusty" O'Donnell, five daughters, ages 4 to 15. Employed as Buildings Engineer at National Bank of Detroit. Best regards, Clay Mote." Wait and see if I ever again ask you a question, Clay Mote.

Two citizens of East Berlin were looking at a new statue of Walter Ulbricht, the communist boss of E. Germany.

"What do you think of it?" one asked the other.

"It has two faults", the other replied.

"What are they?"

"Well, in the first place, there is no inscription saying "Rest in peace."

"Inscription? But Comrade Ulbricht isn't dead yet."

"That's the second fault."



Alfred Drake starred in the musical, Kean, some years ago and Al Hirschfeld drew it thus. By the way, are you hep to the Hirschfeld trick of including his daughter's name, Nine, somewhere in every one of the thousands of these things? Discover it for yourself in case you're reading our copy....

AUGSBURG - Hard-hitting troops of the Division played the "good guys" before film cameras recently. In an European sequence of "The Big Picture," the D/A TV "thing", millions of viewers will see our 3rd Battalion, 19th Infantry in action. Scenes were recorded of Bravo and Charlie Companies staging an attack across the Schleissheim Canal, north of Munich, and also amphibious assault. As the cameras recorded the swift-moving action near Munich, an Armored Vehicle Launcher Bridge (AVLB) of the 3rd Eng. drove up to the Canal with a roar and thrust forward its two 35-foot steel spans across the Canal. Then Company C hit the bridge and stormed across in the attack. The fast-stepping infantrymen were followed up by an M-60 tank of the 70th Armor and an armored personnel carrier. Near Freising, other scenes were taken of six armored personnel carriers going into the Isare River carrying the reinforced 3rd platoon of Company B, 3rd Battalion. The platoon, supported by two armed helicopters and the Company's 81 millimeter mortar platoon, pressed home its assault to rout the enemy from the far shore.

Lowell Thomas, long a favorite among commentators, will long be remembered, by those of us who sat out that July of '50 here at home, for his excellent reporting of Division's black days as it moved down away from the 38th..... LT. COL. EDWARD L. WINTHROP West Point '45, has arrived at Division to assume the duties of Div. Sig. O. and CO of the 24th Sig. Bn. direct from C&GS, where he taught infantry and armored division operations. The previous Sig. O., LT. COL. THOMAS H. MARTIN, has departed for assignment as branch chief with the Communications-Electronics Combat Development Agency at Monmouth..... 57 men from Division's 2nd Brigade are now proudly wearing the "Blue Badge of Honor" after the completion of intensive testing. The Expert Infantryman's Badge, symbolic of the mastering of all basic rifleman's skills, is awarded to provide tangible recognition for the attainment of a high degree of professional skill, proficiency and excellence as an Infantryman. A candidate for the EIB must satisfactorily complete 14 stations of testing on various skills ranging from a grenade assault course to proper display of military courtesies. 1st LT. WELLINGTON P. DEGENER, Hq. 2nd Brigade, responsible for this year's testing said, "The Program calls upon the Infantryman's ability to survive and function as if he were in a combat situation."



Really, it's Kate Hepburn, "really it is"..



.....Because it didn't reach us in time, we failed to include the remarks of MAJ. GEN. WILLIAM J. VERBECK at his own retirement ceremony last June 28th at Ft. Devens. Here it is in full - it will be obvious why we include it in these columns: "It is a great honor for me to have General Davidson at Fort Devens to preside over my Retirement Ceremony. General Davidson and I were born the same year. General Davidson's father was a senior officer

in the New York National Guard, and so was mine. The climax of my military career was when I commanded a regimental combat team in the 24th Division. And, although General Davidson has commanded the best Army in peacetime in the history of the United States - the Seventh Army in Europe - and also an Army in the United States, I am sure the high spot in his career was when he commanded the 24th Division in combat in Korea. We have a proud tradition in the Army: that is, a subordinate never says "Thank you" to his superior for official favors, but since tomorrow is my last day of duty and I am about to retire - probably one jump ahead of the sheriff - I will say to General Davidson, thank you for this honor". Kind words, Bill: we're proud of you.





Here's one of the Arm'd. Cav. Plt., Hq. Co., 1st Bn, 21st INF., moving out in the attack during an FTX last July near Augsburg. Lt. DONALD SPELL is tank commander. Hi, Don... Remember basic training? Remember the sergeant hewn of brimstone, who would tell you, when he roared your name, to "sound off as if you had _____" or the captain - a retreaded old line sergeant - who stood straight as an arrow and steady as a rock while he spoke with the hollow voice of doom: "Men, there's two things we don't do in the Army. We don't discriminate a fellow because of race, creed or religion, and we don't leave gum in the urinals". That plea for tolerance always came first with every exhortation.



"They must have been a couple of MPs."

Government lives off the incomes of people, and when the government is in debt, people are in debt. People now pay interest on the federal debt at the rate of \$1 million an hour! Your share of this debt - every man, woman and child in the U.S. - is \$6642 each...

Calligraphic caricatures are a specialty. F.D.R. lends himself ideally for this one.....

LT. LAWRENCE R. CRANE, A Co.,

1st BN, 19 INF, was Honor

Student in a class of 11 officers and 32 EM's recently graduated from the Division German Language School.

The second highest graduate of the course was 1st LT. JAMES T. SIMONITSCH of

Hq. Co., 3rd BN, 32d ArmorMonocle,

a satirical quarterly, recently ribbed the

Brass Hats on this

sensitive issue of

taking a back seat to

the civilian cost-account-

ing whiz kids. Monocle has

the answer for the predicament:

"What is needed is an

elite corps of generals and admirals, who not

only are accountants, but who think accounting

with the same jealous intensity as present-day

military leaders think Army, Navy, or Marine.

What is needed, in short, to produce generals

and admirals who will be in step with modern

defense thinking is a U.S. Accounting Academy.

Like West Point and Annapolis, the U.S.

Accounting Academy will imbue its graduates

with an intense esprit de corps - and a genuine

love of the dollar....Students will be armed

with adding machines rather than M-1 rifles...

The first-year man or 'weenie' (after Norbert

Weiner, father of the computer) will undergo...

hazing...'Shoulders slumped, chest in! You're

an accountant, Mister.' 'Subtract that smile

off your face'.....After the first year the

cadets will be allowed to import dates for the

big weekends, and many a stroll down Deduction

Walk to the popular trysting place, Fiscal

Rock, will lead to....June Week....marriage

(or 'merger' in cadet parlance) at the

Burroughs Memorial Chapel. Then graduation

(or 'spin off') with the traditional throwing

of the green eyeshades in the air and the new

lieutenant, his bright new pennies on his

shoulders....goes out.....to do battle with

Congressional appropriations committees."

AUGSBURG - One of only three holders of

the Congressional Medal of Honor serving in

United States Army, Europe, was added to the

rolls of the Division recently. M/Sgt.

ERNEST R. KOUMA, winner of the nation's high-

est award, has been assigned to 1st Battalion,

70th Armor. Sergeant Kouma, on Aug. 31, 1950,

while commanding a lone tank, held a fanatical

enemy force at bay, allowing out-numbered

American troops previous time in which to

establish defensive positions. His citation

reads in part: "...Suddenly Sergeant Kouma

discovered that his tank was the only obstacle

in the path of the enemy onslaught. Holding

his ground, he gave fire orders to his crew

and remained in position throughout the night,

fighting off repeated enemy assaults." It

is estimated that he killed 250 enemy soldiers

during nine hours of close-in fighting.

Sergeant Kouma's last assignment was with the

33rd Armored Group at Fort Knox. He has 23

years of Army service. He is married and has a

son, Steven, 8. We are proud to welcome

Sergeant Kouma to "the family".



MAJ. GEN. WILLIAM A. CUNNINGHAM III, the present Division CG, was born in Athens, Ga., on May 10, '11. He attended high schools in Atlanta, Ga., and Chattanooga, Tenn., and enlisted in the Army as an infantryman in June '28. He won a competitive appointment to West Point from which he graduated in '34.

In August '40, General Cunningham began a six-year affiliation with the First Infantry Division. He commanded an infantry battalion throughout Algeria and Tunisia. Severely wounded in the latter campaign, he was hospitalized for six months at Walter Reed, and was awarded a Silver Star Medal and the Bronze Star Medal with "V" device for his combat actions.

He became the first World War II combat returnee to serve as an instructor at the Command and General Staff School at Leavenworth. Subsequently he participated in the Okinawa landing. Upon cessation of hostilities, he remained as G3, and later G4, Okinawa Base Command, until January, '47, and was largely responsible for the demobilization and phase-down of United States Army forces there during the postwar period for which he was awarded the Legion of Merit. He later served in tactical command assignments during the Japanese occupation and was assigned to the General Staff in '48. Following this assignment, he was responsible for organizing the

Army Air Support Center at Bragg, and co-authored the air-ground operational doctrine that was used so successfully during the Korean operations.

In '52, he graduated from the Army War College, Carlisle Barracks. Returning again to the Pacific in '52, he served for four years successively under Admirals Arthur W. Radford and Felix Stump as CINCPAC plans and policy officer. During this tour, he also served as the chief military coordinator for our many bilateral and multilateral pacts with allied countries, including ANZUS, FIVE POWER and SEATO. He traveled extensively throughout Southeast Asia and the Western Pacific and was primarily responsible for all theater operational planning during the period of the Indo-China conflict and the Quemoy crisis.

General Cunningham rejoined the First Division at Riley, in '55 to command the 18th Inf. He served as chief of staff during operation Gyroscope and the ROCID (Reorganization of the Infantry Division), both of which the First Infantry Division pioneered.

Subsequently, he served successively as senior adviser to the chairman of ROK joint chiefs of staff, G3 Eighth United States Army, assistant division commander of the First Cavalry Division, assistant commandant CGSC at Leavenworth, Deputy C/S of USAREUR for a year before finally taking command of you-know-what.

All in all, Gen. Cunningham has served almost one half of his total service in the Pacific and Far East so we have every confidence that he understands pineapples and papayas and we people who love them.

Married to Medera Maddux of Lawton, Okla., he has two children, William, Jr. and Susan M. He lists his official home address as 1113 Taft St., Lawton, Okla.

With pride, we welcome General Cunningham into the club and we have already bestowed upon him a membership. We shall understand if he leans toward the Big Red One but we do trust we shall have a fair share of his military affection.

The "Buddy System" has delivered more than the recruiting sergeant promised for two identical twin brothers in the Division's 1st BN, 34th INF. Normally the Buddy System of enlistment guarantees that two enlistees will go through basic and advanced infantry training together. But DELMUS J. and THOMAS J. DESKINS have remained together all the way to Charlie, 1st BN, 34th INF. As if this were not enough "togetherness," the identical twins have also achieved an identical record of promotions and awards. After Thomas was selected as Charlie Co. "Soldier of the Month" for March, Delmus followed by winning the honor for April. Now in recognition of their soldierly achievements, the look-alike brothers have received simultaneous promotions to Specialist Fourth Class.

Did you catch Elizabeth Taylor's TV debut "ET in London". We understand she earned a tidy \$250,000.00 for it. From where we sat, the thameside travelogue was largely a bust... Under the new military pay bill, a Private Recruit, who formerly made \$105.00 per month (basic scale) now goes to \$110. Sgt. - formerly \$240.00, now \$280.00. Sgt. Maj. - formerly \$440.00, now \$560.00. 2nd Lt. - formerly \$314.00, now \$375.00. Colonel, formerly \$985.00, now \$1085.00.....Sex. Sex. Sex. Just thought we'd mention it.

The last we heard of Fred Astaire, he was pretty much occupied with Barrie Chase. If we understand the consensus of Taro Leafers on that item, it sounds like "Three cheers"....Climactic operations marking the last 8 months of



WW II action in the Philippines are dramatically presented in the latest volume of the Army Office of the Chief of Military History. "Triumph in the Philippines", written by Robert Ross Smith includes the bloody campaign on Mindanao. The new volume is for sale at \$8.00 by the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. Don't miss it..MAJ. GEN. W. A. CUNNINGHAM is presently Division CG and COL. BEVERLY M. READ is his C/S.

You'll have no trouble with this one..... CLEMENT L. HARRIS (5th RCT and 24 SIG - '51) has joined up as a Life Member. His enthusiasm for our cause is gratifying.



LT. GEN. DWIGHT E. BEACH, Commanding the U.S. Army Combat Developments Command, in a recent issue of Army Digest said: "To insure that the U.S. Army - today and tomorrow - is ready for any mission it may be called upon to perform, the U.S. Army Combat Developments Command has the job of planning for the future while being completely aware of the realities of the present. The concepts, plans, and requirements necessary to give the Nation a highly flexible, alert, responsive Army must come from a clear understanding of where we are now, plus a realistic estimate as to where we ought to be at various points in the years ahead.

"Combat Developments Command planners cannot, of course, function in intellectual or professional isolation. When they work on the pre-design or concept stage in the development of the Army yet-to-be, they are keenly aware of strategic evaluations and analyses of modern warfare. They understand the nature of the threats we face, and what national policy might require of the Army. They also know the Army's overall objectives, and how these objectives relate to technological forecasts, the state-of-the-art, and industry's ability to create the hardware which new ideas may require. Finally, they constantly remember that, in essence, all of their efforts are in support of that lonely individual at the end of the line - the combat soldier on the battlefield."

In a series of accompanying articles, he gave an insight "into the hard thinking, the detailed planning, and the many preparatory steps which go into determining how the Army of today and tomorrow will be organized, how it will be equipped, and how - if called upon - it will fight."



"Abteilung, stillgestanden! As the command rings out in the early morning air, two platoons of 24th Infantry Division soldiers stand at rigid attention. "Links...Um!" They execute a left face smartly. "Im Gleichschritt... Marsch!" Now the group moves off as the cadence is called out - in German. A chance visitor to Infantry Kaserne in Augsburg, Germany, probably would look on in amazement as these men were given physical training and close order drill by commands given in German only. Yet anyone familiar with the routine at Infantry could give the answer. The men are students of the Division German Language School, the "Deutsche Sprachschule." "German spoken here" is the guiding principle of the school. In just two hectic, study-crammed weeks, the course gives the student an understanding of basic German grammar, and a vocabulary of around 1,000 words. How soon does the student begin speaking German? By the second day of school! He has to. He's barred from speaking any other language. He does push-ups (Liegestuetzen), receives instructions and talks to his classmates in German. Even the textbook is in German.

A true story currently going the rounds tells of a government clerk who in the course of his job receives dozens of papers every day which he is supposed to read and initial. One day recently a form from another department found its way into his pile. He read it, initialled it and placed it in his out basket. Two days later the paper came back with this note attached: "This document was not designed for you to handle. Kindly erase your initials and initial the erasure."

"YOU'RE TOO LATE, BUT HERE ARE YOUR SALT TABLETS AND ATABRINE."



....We've been asked to print our Sukiyaki recipe, and we're happy to oblige:

4 tablespoons
sesame oil or
salad oil,
2 pounds sirloin
steak, cut into
strips, 1/2 inch
by 2 inches,
1/2 cup stock or
1/2 bouillon cube
dissolved in 1/2
cup boiling water,
3/4 cup soy sauce,
1/4 cup sugar,
1 tablespoon sherry,

3 onions, sliced thin, 1 cup sliced celery,
1 cup sliced, canned bamboo shoots, 1/2 pound
mushrooms, sliced thin, 1 cup shredded spinach,
4 scallions (green onions), sliced, 1 pound
vermicelli, boiled and drained.///Heat the oil
in a large frying pan. Add the meat and brown
on all sides. Combine the stock, soy sauce,
sugar and sherry in a bowl. Add half of this
mixture to the meat, reserving the balance.
Push the meat to one side of the frying pan.
Add the onions and celery and cook over low
heat for 3 minutes. Add the remaining stock
mixture, bamboo shoots, mushrooms, and spinach.
Cook over low heat for 3 minutes. Add the
scallions and cook for 1 minute. Place the
vermicelli on one side of a platter and the
Sukiyaki on the other side and serve.///One
unkind member has asked us if we're bucking for
a job with the Ladies Home Journal. No, but
it's an idea.



We stole this from our Aug. 17th issue of "The Illustrated London News". We didn't chance to spot it in any stateside publication.



The caption reads: "Seoul. General G.S. MELOY (left), who turned over the post of Commander-in-Chief of the United Nations Command and Commanding General the U.S. 8th Army to GENERAL HAMILTON H. HOWZE (right), salutes the colors at a ceremony on July 31. General Meloy retired from service after two years in Korea and 36 years of army service."

Did you catch the Nov. issue of "Inside Story", a poor man's "Confidential"? On pg. 42 is an article flashing the headline "The Vice Den that Cost the U.S. Three Million". It is the story of a lavish pleasure place 10 miles outside Seoul - 5 hotels, 13 villas, 7 bars, several swimming pools, bowling alleys, restaurants, a night club and a gambling casino. The article says it was built for \$5 million, \$3 million of which was from U.S. aid funds. The article is vague as to just who built it. At any rate, among the 840 guests at the gala opening, GEN. STANLEY MELOY was "ichi ban", so it goes - also Ambassador Samuel Berger. It's one of those articles which prompts the comment, when all is read: "So what?"

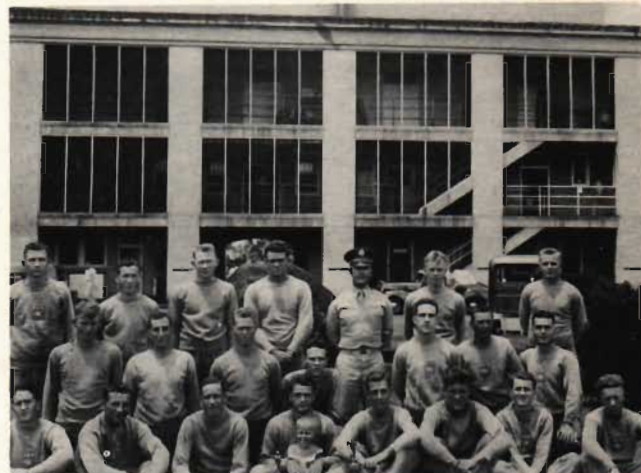
We're getting mail back from the following, wherefore can you help us to locate them?:
GEO. AARONSON, 30 9th Ave., Glendora, N.J.
WM. V. ABBOTT, 21 Illinois Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
M.D. AITKEN, 15724 Via Sonata, San Lorenzo, Cal.

Girls, once they went out to swim, once dressed like Mother Hubbard; now they have a bolder whim: they dress more like her cupboard. End of poetry for this issue... ALLYN MILLER (A-21 '42-'45) sends us the one about the fellow who had a stroke while he was playing golf; his opponent made him count it on his score card.... If you have any news item or pictures which you'd like to see included in our issues, please send them in to our editor...

CHARLIE MCBRYDE sends along a couple of pictures from 633 Spring Lane, Sanford, N.C. He's plant mgr. for an embroidery company there. Charlie lost his leg at Anzio (1-30-44) in case you don't remember. Charlie is a special buddy of JACK FINAN and sends this one of



Jack as the 19th catcher, in Hawaii days which we're proud to reproduce. It's a little dark Charlie but we're using it anyway, just because you sent it to us. He also sends us a photo of the Hq. Co., 19th track team taken in 1940. Charlie asks if anyone can give him the whereabouts of any of these boys. He gives us the last names as follows: left to right, 1st row, GREGG, LAWRENCE, COBURN, KOST, ANGSTADT, MEDINSKY, CASSIDY, RIGHTER; 2nd row, WILLIAMS,



DEPRIORE, BONNER, MORRIS, MCLAUGHLIN, ADAMS, CARVASE; 3rd row, COOK, KELLY, MCBRYDE (he's our boy!), ALVORD, RAFF, the Lieut. and Coach, DRANKO and SCHRADER. O.K., you older fellows - can you help Charlie?

Good words in from ELMER RODES who is with Sowers, Rodes & Whitecarver, Consulting Engineers, Colonial Ave. at Broadway, SW, Roanoke, Va. Dusty never forgets us and this time he tells us that "Foreign countries all seem to go by the same motto these days: Americans go home and leave us a loan". We'll never forget you, "Shorty".

We clipped the following from a recent issue of "Army in Europe" thoughtfully forwarded by COL. ROBERT "Robin" DANIELS, AG of Mindanao days, after Cunningham and before Craig, and G-1 of early Japan days. It's an item on MAJ. CARL H. DODD, Medal of Honor, now 3rd Inf. Div. Hqs. Commandant in USAREUR. The article reads: "Maj. Carl H. Dodd, will never forget the night of 31 Jan. 1951; neither will his Army or his Country. It was near Subuk, Korea. Dodd was a lieutenant then: he'd won a battlefield commission after six years of non-commissioned service. His platoon of the 5th Regimental Combat Team, 24th Infantry Division, had been given the job of spearheading an attack on heavily defended Hill 256. As darkness approached, Dodd overheard one of his squad leaders order his men to take cover and return the enemy's fire. 'The hell with that', Dodd called back. 'Use marching fire and follow me!' With Dodd out front the platoon



moved forward in a hail of small-arms, mortar, and artillery fire. Dodd charged the first machine-gun nest alone, killing or wounding the men in it. Inspired by his courage, his men fixed their bayonets and closed with the enemy. Soon every position in the area was wiped out. Dodd now reorganized his men and led them across a narrow ridge and

up Hill 256. Firing his rifle and throwing grenades, he continued the advance despite the concentration of fire that was now brought to bear on their narrow avenue of approach. He knocked out a mortar position with his last grenade, and then darkness halted the advance. But at daybreak they were on the go again. With bayonet and grenades, Dodd continued to set the pace. The platoon waded into the enemy positions and secured the final objective. For his heroic action on that fateful night and morning, Dodd received America's highest military award, the Medal of Honor.



"Bick, why do you want to bother the captain with some silly herb you found?"



"NOW THAT YOU'RE REALLY HOME ON FURLOUGH,

WHAT WOULD YOU REALLY LIKE TO DO?"

AUGSBURG....A Division tanker has been awarded the nation's highest peacetime award for heroism in rescuing two small children from their burning home. Specialist Fifth Class ALBERT L. SHEPARD, 5th MED.TK. BN., 32d ARMOR, was presented the Soldiers Medal by COL. B.M. READ, C/S in a ceremony at Div. Hq. Shepard distinguished himself on 12-13 62, at Columbus, Ga. Awakened in the night by screams and cries for help, Shepard dashed outside his quarters to find a neighbor's mobile home in flames and two small children, a boy and girl, trapped inside. Lying unconscious near the doorway of the trailer was a small girl, easily rescued, but dense smoke within the trailer hampered rescue of the boy. Without regard for personal safety and in imminent danger of gas explosion, Shepard entered the blazing trailer to search for the boy. Despite choking fumes and blinding smoke, he succeeded in locating the child and carried him to safety moments before the trailer exploded. The boy suffered minor burns, but recovered. Present at the ceremony was Shepard's wife, Joyce, LT. COL. PAUL D. MACGARVEY, 32nd ARMOR C.O. and SGT. MAJ. WILLIAM O. WOOLDRIDGE, Division Sergeant Major. We of the Assoc. are proud of A.L. SHEPARD and enlist him for a year's membership with us "On the house". Let's hear from you, Al.....

It was brother against brother when the 24th Infantry Division's 3rd Engineer Battalion, commanded by LT. COL. FRANK C. BOERGER, provided aggressor forces to harass LT. COL. P. T. BOERGER's 82nd Engineer Battalion recently. Bravo and Delta Companies of the "Victory" Division's 3rd Engineers took time out from a busy schedule of road improvements and building construction to test the ability of the 82nd Engineers in performing their multiple role of combat engineers during surprise raids. Friendly competition has always keyed the relationship between the two South Dakota brothers since both were graduated from the United States Military academy in '47.



TARO LEAF
KENWOOD ROSS
120 MAPLE STREET
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



FROM

RETURN REQUESTED

ROSS & ROSS

120 MAPLE STREET
SPRINGFIELD 5, MASSACHUSETTS

For

John R. Shay
804 Mc River Road
Mt Prospect
Ills

Just "down east" from Boston - yes "down east" - lies Maine. It's a big state, big in size and tremendous in natural beauty and resources. A land of huge blue lakes, vast forest tracts and a picturesque seacoast with offshore islands served by ferries. This is a paradise for swimmers, fishermen and hunters. It is the land of lobsters and beach clambakes, of lighthouses, coastal forts, charming harbors and great rivers rushing to the sea. Maine hospitality is traditional and a "Mainer" will talk to you all day if you let him....

BRAIN-TEASER ANSWERS

1. Three socks. At least two would be the same color.
2. Two minutes. The last car of the train is a mile from the tunnel when the locomotive enters, and so must travel two miles.
3. The carton full of \$5 gold pieces is worth more, because it's a carton full of gold. The other is only half full of gold. The denominations make no difference.
4. Three signals: red and white, white and blue, blue and red.
5. A is a Truth Teller and B is a Liar. The native who answered the original question must have said he was a Truth Teller, because that would be the answer a Truth Teller or a Liar would give. Therefore A gave the right answer, and so must himself be a Truth Teller.
6. One-half inch. The trick here is that when the two books are placed on a shelf "in the usual manner," Page 1 of Volume I is in the middle of the two books, separated from the last page of Volume II only by the thickness of two covers.

POLITICAL DEFINITIONS: SOCIALISM...You have two cows and give one to your neighbor... COMMUNISM...You have two cows, the Government takes both and gives you the milk...FASCISM... You have two cows. The Government takes both and sells you the milk...NAZISM...You have two cows. The Government takes both and shoots you...NEW DEALISM...You have two cows. The Government takes both, shoots one, milks the other and throws the milk away...CAPITALISM... You have two cows. You sell one and buy a bull.

7. If the liquid had the qualities claimed for it, the bottle which contained the liquid would have dissolved.
8. One mug can be placed on top of the other and the saucer placed on top of the upper mug. One mug is thus serving in place of the missing saucer.
9. The stranger suggested that each should get on the other's horse. Note that the poser states "the man whose horse crossed the finish line, etc."
10. The label will be on the back outside. Now you can turn a sweater inside out and prove it.

SCORING: Less than four right: You're more of a literary than mathematical type.

Five to seven: You have good mathematical talent, especially if you beat the time limit a few times.

Eight - nine: You should seriously consider a math-science career - if you're not already in one.

Ten: Did you peek at the answers?