

TARO LEAF

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24TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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**"First, beer in the barracks.
Then, go-go girls in the NCO club.
Now the general says
I gotta treat 'em like human bein's!"**





TARO LEAF

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

President:

William H. Muldoon
643 Trapelo Rd., Waltham, Mass. 02154

Vice President:

Paul E. Wisecup
3552 Lenox Dr., Kettering, Ohio 45429

Secretary-Treasurer-Editor:

Kenwood Ross
120 Maple St., Springfield, Mass. 01103

Where to next? It's the Brown Suburban Hotel in Louisville, Ky., come August 12th to 15th. The Brown Suburban is on Bardstown Rd., at Goltsmith Lane.



At three o'clock of a sunny August afternoon in the year 1970, waterfront loungers in the quaint old seaport town of Miami might have observed a bunch of freckle-faced lads and lasses boarding the brig New Bahama Star, the beginning of a journey which would take its place one day among the major soporifics of all time. For they were undertaking a journey fraught with high adventure. Small wonder that the little knot of bronzed mariners clustered around the stringpiece should have stared after them with the respect men who have wandered into far places accord their own kind, and then have paid them the highest tribute they knew, that of silently spitting on the sidewalk. The Taro Leafers, in amongst perspiring cab drivers and stevedores, were on their way. It was a scene of activity calculated to inspire even the most torpid and eager to swell the total effort, President PAUL "JR." HARRIS moved buoyantly from group to group, lightening the burden of one with a rousing sea chantey, regaling a second with a belly-aching anecdote, executing a nimble hornpipe to revive the flagging spirits of a third, all to forestall a serious disaffection which might have spread to the entire dockside. In but a few moments, we would be underway.

Pentagon - you spent over two hundred billion to run that war. Now aren't you proud of yourself?

PAT CIANGI, who seems to be steering matters for the August '71 shindig at Louisville, writes us that Aristotle Onassis confides to pals that he has the usual and normal domestic squabbles. Adds Pat, "Beware of Greeks baring tiffs."

Word in from the west coast is that the Los Angeles prostitutes are evading the law by advertising as masseuses. Aye, now, there's the rub!

RED NEWMAN, FONDO FINLEY and SPIKE



O'DONNELL photo'd at the ship's bar. Said Fondo, "Nassau, as per promise, came through twice - with a couple of the most outrageously

colored sunsets we would ever see. Their sunsets seem to explode all through the sky, not just in the west."

Miami to Nassau and return. 'Twas a perfectly delightful experience; so much so that all who were asked said, "Yes, let's do it again". "Reunion time - that time when the mystic haze of years has transmuted the rollicking pleasures of army days into golden memories. Every memento connected with those days becomes a priceless nugget in the hands of those who prize them".



Whose poetry, you will ask. It was flowing forth from BILL MULDOON as he stood by the rail on the promenade deck of the SS New Bahama Star, with Mary and Patricia by his side, both taking justified pride in the fact that this convention time saw Bill elected as Association President for the '70-'71 year. Bill's right proud about it, and you can remove our gall bladder in the morning if that isn't the truth.

The first few hours out of Nassau were a bit rugged. Dorothy LIGMAN effected an egress from the group, like Tom Sawyer down the rainspout, and spent them stretched out in her berth, gritting her teeth to prevent her tongue from escaping. Every twenty one seconds, the Bahama Star rose with the speed of an express elevator, shivered deliciously, then lurched steeply forward into the trough. It was pikestaff-plain, and Doomsday-certain, to Dottie that the Bahama Star was little more than a cheesebox on a raft and would momentarily founder with all hands. Even the veriest landlubber could perceive that the man whose duty it was to drive the ship was behaving with the grossest sort of negligence. "It's only the Gulf Stream" said one of our number perfunctorily. "Every ship out of Nassau has to go through it". Gulf Stream indeed; as if dereliction of duty deserving of a court-martial, aboard a mere cockleshell with one measly funnel, in some of the worst rocking in the history of navigation, could be fobbed off with a few glib words about a current. The man's fatuity made Dottie's blood boil. Please know that all of this comes to us second hand. Your Editor was below in his bunk awaiting the advent of a calm sea and favoring winds.

OLIVER W. McCALL, and son, Jim, of 119 W. Howard, Live Oaks, Fla., made our cruise. Ollie's wife, Irene, stayed behind to keep "McCall's Store" running back in Live Oaks. Their daughter is at Fla. State U., Irene's alma mater, and Jim is at Sanford, Fla., Naval Academy. Ollie wants info on JIM CORTIN and JOE BASILE. Can anyone help? Thanks for the extra fiver, Ollie.

Newsy words from Maj.Gen. ROSCOE B. WOODRUFF, (Div. CG '44-'45), 208 Elizabeth, San Antonio, Tex.: "I greatly appreciate the greeting card from the Reunion Ship! It must have been a great 'Remember that time at the * * * ' for the members, and a pleasant experience for the families. A cruise was no new thing for the old-timers of the Division, although there was quite a difference between an LST or AK and the "New Bahama Star".

"Every now and then I get a taste of Extra Sensory Perception. While in the Colorado Mountains recently, I wandered into the 'Boot Hill' of the old mining village of Crested Butte. It was an unusual place as most of the miners of ancient days were from Eastern Europe. Each plot was enclosed in some sort of a fence; wooden picket, metal, native stone. After I parked the car I walked to the nearest lot and found myself staring at a headstone: "Mike John Pinian, Co."E", 34th Infantry. World War II. June 12, 1968".

"The Daniels are still busy. One boy, with a Regular Commission in Armor, is serving at Knox. The other in Navy OCS Univ. here, majoring in Journalism. More power to men who can reenter school after so long an absence!

"Nice letter from General Cort, who seems well and busy.

"My best to any of the old Gang you may encounter.

"Sincerely, Woodruff."

BOB DUFF's sister and brother-in-law, Barbara and Larry Metzler, made the trip,



even if Bob couldn't. Here's Barbara with our ocean greyhound's skipper, Capt. MaKrinos. Our knowledge of life on the bridge had been limited. We

were prepared for weather-beaten, blustering old salts and thorny, iconoclastic Scotch engineers. We looked in vain for them aboard NBS. The relative youth of her officers concealed a surprising efficiency and good sense. They had little in common with the alcoholic improvident sailors of popular fiction. We were in good hands.

CHARLES McMICHAEL, of 158 Freeport, Butler, Pa., was telling us at the Bahama Star bar how he recently attended a Taro Leafer's funeral. We lost our notes, Charley. Whose funeral was it? We want to run the story.

Past Prexy and Life Member JOE PEYTON is shown here topside on the cruise ship.



Joe, by the way, is responsible for many of the pictures in this issue. Of Joe's Margaret, one of our number said that "For her age, Maggie is the best looking wife in the Assoc. - and if you print that in your paper, you will regret it". There it is in print, JC, - and Maggie, we concur. Joe got over to the gambling casino and of course there was the usual

zabaione of misgivings. The place, a dice throw from our ship, is one of the most lavish in the Caribbean. It received a considerable boost when 007 Bond was made-believe shot at there in the flick "Thunderball".

Our incumbent President and his wonderful gal Friday, PAUL and Lessie HARRIS, 3817 Yanceyville, Greensboro, N.C., were our guests for the cruise. As has been customary over the years, the "house" - this time Eastern Steamship - provided complimentary quarters to our Prexy and his lady. Jr., in praising the cruise idea, said that he hadn't had as much fun since Marlene Dietrich sang at Adolph Hitler's bar mitzvah.

Rev. CHRISTOPHER BERLO of 1239 St. Ann, Scranton, Pa. is in the company of his



lovely sister, Caroline M. Koch, in the center of this picture. They both enjoyed themselves aboard the New Bahama Star, despite the fact that the good father was

slowly recovering from a bout with the surgeon. The folks on the far left and far right, we simply cannot identify so we can expect to come out of this one with egg on our face. Well, who are they? Who have we missed?

Missed on our cruise were EARL and Alice Bridewell out in Indianapolis. Red loves to tell about his next door neighbor. Red asked him one day what he thought of the Indianapolis 500. The neighbor replied that they should be acquitted.

No doubt some copies of this issue will go toward lighting fires - or papering shelves - or carrying fish home from the market. We do hope, however, that some will use them to find out what some of we of the Assoc. are doing. Next issue we'd mention you if you'd send in a clue or two.

Past President and Life Member BOB DUFF withdrew from our cruise at the last moment but was delightfully represented by charming wife, Ann, and her charming friend, Maris Cole. Maris told us the one about the father who had just given his daughter her own telephone for her birthday. Trouble was she insisted on still using her parents' phone. Seems she wanted to keep her own line clear for incoming calls. You were sorely missed, Bob.

Overheard at the rail on New Bahama Star - one 34th'er telling a 3rd Engineer that he'd fry in H--- before he'd stand by and watch this Assoc. convene in NYC after Lindsay's comment that the real heroes of this war are those who refuse to answer their draft calls and are willing to accept their punishment. Stated John on Apr. 29, 1970 at the Univ. of Penn.: "The ones I have unending admiration for are the guys who say 'I simply will not serve in the Army of the United States in Vietnam' and are willing to take the consequences for it. These are the guys who are heroic." Next item.

JOHNNY CLARKE, (Div. Chem O.'42-'44), of 3834 175th, Redmond, Wash., paid his dues and filled us in with the latest AP report out of Leyte, P.I. Seems that a few rusting hulks of damaged barges still mark Red Beach. About a mile inland, a memorial featuring two half-moon-shaped buildings and a sculptured flame is rising to commemorate the landing. Of our post card from Nassau, Johnny wrote: "Please convey my deep thanks to 'Big Red' Newman, Jr. Harris, Don Williams, Paul Wisecup, Mike Mochak and all the others who signed the card. Was like a little kid when it arrived - thrilled".

ROBERT NOLAN, of 205 S. Bethany, Kansas City, Kans., thoroughly enjoyed our Nassau cavalcade.

GERALD LIEBER, brought the news to Nassau that it's a third star for former CG EDWARD L. ROWNEY, Dep. Chief of R&D. Gen. Rowney has left as I Corps Group CG in Korea.

ALBERT SELTSAM, of Danville, Ky., made our cruise with lovely Thelma and Robby, Dannie and Jene. Al was recovering - nicely, Thank you - from surgery.

Responsive to popular demand, witness the return of JAMES M. O'DONNELL and his Advice to the Troubled column, a feature which met with a minimum of success a few years back. The memory of it all brings a constriction to the throat and a misty vision. Caballero Spike has background for his role; recall that he was a lookout at Pearl Harbor, that he finagled the first Edsel dealership in Illinois. Throw him a problem, and at once he falls into an attitude of deep meditation, like Rodin's "Thinker", and then "Presto", another gem.

Here are a few at-random pieces out of his mail bag, and remember please, the management cannot be responsible for any lost illusions, heartbreak, or ennui poisoning.

* * *

Dear Spike:

"You know my husband; you were both Gimlets. Well we haven't been married very long. Now he has asked me for a once-a-week night "out" with the "boys". I'll let him go, if you say O.K., Spike, but I wonder if maybe it couldn't be dangerous. Betty H."

Dear Betty:

"There's nothing wrong about it as long as the "boys" ARE boys. Spike"

* * *

Dear Spike:

"I make great chocolate chip cookies. The world's best. Everybody raves over them. Last night, I baked a batch to take over to a friend's house; she is recovering from surgery. I packed them in a nice can and my husband and I brought them over. Do you know, Spike, that she never opened the can? Joe, my husband kept nudging me all evening and whispering, "P-ss-tt -- remind her to open the cookies." He wanted some. I ignored him and now he's mad at me. Isn't it rude not to open such a gift in the presence of the giver? If you print your reply, I'll send you a couple of pounds of the cookies. Thanks. Edna L."

Dear Edna:

"Here is your reply, but skip the cookies. I haven't fully recovered from my meat loaf trouble. My sister in Omaha has just started to speak to me again. I agree, the lady should have opened the cookies. Next time, cook a double batch and leave some at home. In fact, leave Joe at home. Spike."

* * *

Dear Spike:

"What do you think of the 'no bra' look? Anxious to know, 13th Field."

Dear Anxious, 13th Field:

"It's a good way for some gals to get everything off their chests. For others, it's a flop. Spike."

* * *

Dear Spike:

"I've got mother-in-law trouble. You know her; you met her at Myrtle Beach the second time we went there. I'm 41; my mother-in-law is 48. She's a real swinging divorcee. She's always kissing me hello and goodbye, even when I'm only coming from or going to the back yard. If I sit down, Maureen - that's her name - is in my lap in 2 seconds. She's always wanting me to dance with her and, when she cuddles up, her instincts are anything but maternal. My wife doesn't even notice and thinks it's great that her Mom likes me. Spike, I dread being left alone with her. How can I chill it without making an issue?"

B.J., old 24th QM."

Dear B.J.:

"First, start calling her "Mother" instead of "Maureen". Then tell her you don't feel like dancing and she's too heavy to hold on your lap. If she's still in your hair, you must be doing something wrong. I've yet to meet a 41-year old Quartermaster who couldn't run faster than his mother-in-law. Spike."

* * *



"I gotta hand it to you, Michele, you beat me fair and square in the Wac of the Week contest."

We've finished "The Years of MacArthur 1880-1941" by D. Clayton James. Equidistant from idolatry and detraction, this history teacher has been deliberately sober-suited. It'll be tough on those who consider MacArthur the greatest general since Caesar or those who feared him as the man on the white horse, which may have been just what author James was after.



It was the TEIGELER's, ERICH and Delma, of 815 Main, Cedar Falls, Iowa, who thrust their heads through their portholes on NBS in an early morning mist. All they could discern of fabled Nassau was a sullen range of warehouses disturbingly similar to those they had left behind in Miami. Hobgoblin suspicion. Suppose that through some error of



navigation, some ghastly official blunder, we had overshot the Bahamas and had floundered in an idiotic circle. After all, stranger things have happened in the annals of the sea. Delma recalled the celebrated riddle of the Mary Celeste. Erich sat down on the edge of his bunk and, head in hands, weighed the evidence. Had the captain made a serious miscalculation in his charts? Then it came over the ship's speaker system: "Nassau". Eureka! the Teigeler's had come to Nassau.

When you reach the Brown Suburban, ask for Pierre J. Portier. He's the Manager. With a monicker like that, expect anything!

The release of the 47 volumes will put a real crimp in what looked like it was going to be a Pentagon "job" on L.B.J., placing the blame on him for botching the job. Poor LBJ. We saw this top-level military board, the "Joint Logistics Review Board", headed by Gen. Frank S. Besson, come up with its report last November but it didn't seem to create any real waves as it surfaced.

It contended that the Johnson Administration made wrong decisions on Vietnam by planning for only a short war, by not calling the reserves, by not using any of the previously prepared contingency plans, and by following the British example of fighting counter-insurgency in Malaya.

The board also charged that politics in Saigon and Washington were responsible for inadequate military decisions and that the U.S. was logistically unprepared for the war and that high-level decisions made the task even more difficult than it should have been. The war, the panel charged, also "degraded" the capability of U.S. forces in other parts of the world.

The board was appointed in '69 by Deputy Secretary of Defense David Packard.

We wonder why this board in '69 in view of what Ellsberg and his fuzzie wuzzies already had underway as of '68.

CHET ANDREZAK and FONDO FINLEY were spotted in Nassau's main square early the morning we arrived. Fondo asked us to be sure to include our Treasurer's Report in our first issue of the new year.



We oblige with this report for the year 8/1/69 to 8/1/70 which was read and accepted at the Annual Business Meeting.

As to our Operating (Checking) Account, the report is:

On hand, checking account, \$1668.61
Security National Bank,
Spfld., Mass. 8/1/69

Deposited 8/1/69 - 8/1/70 2316.88

Total receipts \$3985.49

Disbursements 8/1/69 - 8/1/70

1969 convention expense
H. Lumsden - postage (#351) \$ 34.20
Chase Park Plaza - Riley
bill (#359) 499.18
\$ 533.38

Flowers, memorial donations
KR (#353) \$ 51.95
Wheatridge Foundation (#367) 15.00
G. Lieber 8.60
Amer. Cancer Soc. (#370) 10.00
\$ 85.55

Transfer to Res. Account
First Federal Savings (#357) \$ 260.00
First Federal Savings (#375) 375.00
First Federal Savings (#376) 20.00
\$ 655.00

Bad check
Pd. Security Nat. \$ 5.00

Admin. Expense
Conklin Office Supply (#364) \$ 59.33

Disbursements 8/1/69 - 8/1/70 - continued

Taro Leaf
New England Blue Print (#355) \$ 478.12
Reader's Digest 9.54
Judy Ballentine (#363) 31.50
KR (#352) 269.01
KR (#358) 101.79
New England Blue Print (#360) 7.21
Army Times (#361) 8.85
New England Blue Print (#362) 7.21
KR (#365) 124.95
New England Blue Print (#366) 477.10
Army Times (#369) 10.00
Ross & Ross (#371) 148.61
Mrs. W.C. Ross 48.96
New England Blue Print (#374) 263.52
\$1986.37

Bank Activity Charge
8/69 \$ 3.70
9/69 3.05
\$ 6.75

Total Disbursed \$3331.38

On hand, checking account,
Security National Bank,
Spfld., Mass. 8/1/70 \$ 654.11

As to our Reserve (Savings) Account, the report follows:

In our two Savings Accounts, are deposited \$12,081.32, which sum has been realized from these sources:

Life memberships \$7165.00
Dividends, savings account 2653.37
Dividends, stock 102.90
Gain, sale of stock 653.35
Contributions by members 45.00
Royalties, "Children of Yesterday" 134.75
Total on hand----- \$12,081.32

The monies realized has been placed in a reserve (savings) account, separate from our operating (operating) account and in the 11 years of the program has never been "touched". We did purchase stocks in the '64-'65 period realizing a modest profit upon the sale thereof as indicated above. Presently, all monies are in the savings account.

In August of 1969, we were authorized to draw out of this account approximately \$500.00 to defray hotel expenses of Division personnel who were our guests at St. Louis. We paid the amount out of the Operating Account instead as we were most anxious not to tarnish our record of never having tapped this reserve account. Thus the record continues to stand, but it also accounts for the fact that our issues of the Taro Leaf were somewhat infrequent this year.

We are 90 strong in Life Memberships; 4 of our number have passed on. All but 25 of those Life Members are fully paid up.

At the ship's cocktail party for the 24th, Dottie WISECUP snapped this one of GERRY STEVENSON, husband PAUL, Lessie and PAUL "JR." HARRIS. Jr. was overheard to



be commenting on what a confusing world we live in. He said, "Here we are, running out of electricity and we don't even know what it

is yet." Arguing with Spike on topside one morning, we happened to hear him come up with "Audubon is for the birds". Unpredictable, that boy.

Regaling Barbara Metzler and Ann DUFF in laughter is AUBREY "Red" NEWMAN back on board after

a shopping tour of the antique bazars of Nassau. It was difficult to determine what to choose for Dorothy back at home, complained Red. He finally settled on a couple of ivory back-scratchers you couldn't duplicate in Miami Beach for less than a quarter.



No trip of the scope of ours, naturally, would have been complete without a photographic record so we asked our own to send us copies of what they had taken. We were abuzz with anticipation. It was generally admitted that by all existing standards, this bade fair to allow the year's most outstanding cavalcade of travel pictures. And in many respects it did. Though the greater part of them were upside down, backward or out of focus, there were moments of breath taking beauty, the ones of the ocean from the port side for example, not to mention the ones of the ocean from the starboard side, or the ones of the ocean looking aft of the ship. You'd have to get up pretty early in the morning to find more piquant film. However most of you would be willing to try, we daresay. The degree of wanderlust the shots will inspire we'll likely never know because we're not for showing them here.

ANGELO LORIO and HAP CONKLIN, a couple of 724th Ord. boys of Leyte days posed



especially for us on this one. Angelo tells us about the Reserve Armory they dedicated down in Jefferson Parish, La. last Nov. 15th as the JAMES H. DIAMOND Armory. A D of the 21st man under WARREN McNAMARA's Command, Jim Diamond was awarded the Medal of Honor. The Assoc. was invited to attend the dedication and

we were going to make it up until the last minute where the pressure of other matters stood in our way.

Meet HERBERT KINSBURY (C 34th '43-'45) and family.

Herb's at 1368 Evergreen, Rotterdam, N.Y. Front row shows wife, Ethel, and their Donnie and Diane, the twins. Back row shows Herb



in between Bob and David. Welcome aboard, all you Kingsburys.

Warm note from Maj.Gen. WILLIAM F. DEAN, (Div. CG '49-'50), 1035 Park Hills, Berkeley, Calif. reads: "We certainly appreciated the postcard that you sent us from the SS 'New Bahama Star'. I am certain you had a wonderful time, and I truly wish that one of these days I could get my personal affairs in order so that Mildred and I could join you. If you ever get out to California again, give us a ring but, better still, let us know in advance so I can insure my not being booked up while you are here. Mildred joins me in our very best to you. Sincerely, Bill".

His reservation having arrived late, WALTER CUNNINGHAM, (Div. Hq. '42-'45), flew down from 2828 Maryland, Baltimore, Md. to Nassau and was there, puffing on his meerschaum, when we dropped anchor. In a trice, through a display of guile that would have done credit to Talleyrand, we wheedled a berth on HMS Bahama Star for the return trip. Wouldn't be a convention without Walter's rubicund physiognomy. The perfect gentleman never failingly, he is. He always stands up when a woman comes into the room - even if he's sitting in his bathtub.

This one goes in even if it is dark. It's of Elise Compere, Maggie Peyton and TOM COMPERE ashore at Nassau. Tom



walked along past the fishing sloops at the wharf, their tattered sails hanging slack, and found himself some conch. He brought it back to the mess but

didn't find many takers. As we go to press, we have just hung up on Tom calling us from Montreal. He and Elise are on their way back home after a business session in Boston where we must missed seeing these fine folks. ED HENRY made the trek to Beantown, however, to give them a display of New England hospitality.

Maj.Gen.AUBREY S. NEWMAN, of 612 Juan Anasco, Longboat Key, Sarasota, Fla., bends an elbow at the Assoc. cocktail party with Alice Sanderson. Red

never fails to conjure up a titter when he tells his favorite WALTER CUNNINGHAM story. "Red" told it



again to we assembled conventioners while on the way back from Nassau. As Red tells it, he was going to his first Division reunion, circa '48 or '49. He chanced to run into Walter for the first time since their last togetherness on Mindanao. Said Red, "Walter, I'm glad to see you." Replied Walter dryly, as only Walter could, "General, I'm glad to see you; and I never thought I'd see the day when I'd say it". Red, we love the story.

Ruth and FRANCIS MENNEMEYER made our Nassau thing all the way from RR1, Box 169, Bethalto, Ill. Fran enjoyed one



particular night session on top deck, under a beautiful full moon, with the JOE PEYTONS. We aren't so sure that Ruthie appreciated Fran's being away for so long, but—Oh well.

RAY BARTON of Kents Store, Va., was joined by Bula on our cruise. Ray took the count when it came to voting on where to go for our '71 convention. It came out thus: Myrtle Beach - 2; Louiseville - 17; greater Chicago area -7.



Life Member CHESTER ANDREZAK, is pictured here on our Nassau cruise. He and Gloria and Tom and Gloria, Jr. pushed through-out the happy holiday for a return in '71 to Myrtle Beach. And Chet wants us to re-

port that one decision coming out of our annual business meeting, held in the ship's theatre 5 decks down in the hold, was to authorize transfer of \$5 per annum per Life Member from the Reserve (Savings) Account to the Operating (checking) Account. That way, Life Members can help to contribute to our day-to-day operating expenses. By the way, Chet, Gloria, Jr. is a real beauty.

In 1952, Eisenhower promised, if elected, to cut federal spending and halt inflation. When he took office, the public debt was \$266 billion. It was \$306 billion at the end of his two terms. It was \$353 billion when Nixon became President, and is now approaching \$390 billion. Which only goes to show that regardless of what party is in power, the people and the politicians only look ahead to the next election and are willing to pass on to their children and grandchildren a spiraling debt burden.

To the surprise of no one and to the delight of everyone, THOMAS H.COMPERE, of 1897 Clifton, Highland Park, Ill., MC'd our banquet aboard the New Bahama Star. And to think that the day Tom left Division (Taloma Beach, Mindanao—we remember it well), he said he intended to restrict his future tropical travel to a tufted ottoman and the volumes of Somerset Maugham. Here Tom was, 25 years after, again in the tropics. With his, of course, was lovely wife, Elise.



Taken in one of the ship's lounges - 1.to r., Rita Gallant, Maggie Peyton, and Patsy Muldoon, and in the foreground giving us his back, our new Prexy. BILL MULDOON. When we asked Bill for a few words for this issue, he wrote:



"It's difficult for me to express my real feelings about the honor you all have bestowed on me. I am proud and humble. If I need a platform - this is it - the perpetuation of the Association. Whatever it takes to assure that, so long as there are at least two of us who wish to meet together or communicate with each other, there shall always be an Association. At the present time, the best one thing we can do in this direction is to increase our membership. We now have just over 900 members. This is not bad, but I know there are still men who do not know there is an Association, men who need a little push from one of us; drop outs who could be brought back into the ranks. I call on you members to make some effort. If each of us makes one phone call or writes one letter or makes one personal contact during this year and if 100 of us are successful in bringing in a member, we will be over 1,000 and that will be terrific. Again my thanks, Bill."

Past President GERALD and Belle STEVENSON, of 168 Center, Wheeling, Ill., stopped off to visit their Miami-domiciled daughter, son-in-law, and new grandson, before and after the Nassau jamboree.

CARL S. WAGENFUEHRER, of 531 Eastern Blvd., Baltimore, Md. and his lovely bridge of one week, Marie, enjoyed themselves on our cruise.

JAMES M. O'DONNELL, (G21st), 920 N. Harvey, Oak Park, Ill., comes to each of our annual get-togethers with a brand-new set of stories. He still has all of the old ones, too; he just throws them out in a new mixture with the new ones. This year, he insisted on reminiscing on his 11 years as an altar boy. Says he was finally fired for selling wine on the side. Spike's still favorite is the one on getting the ice and Cokes from Eichelberger's plane while guarding it one night in Hollandia. Spike lost his rank for that one.

We can hear the applause we're going to get for using this one of, left to right, SAM GILNER, SPIKE O'DONNELL and CHET ANDREZAK up above the Plimsoll line.



Meet our new Veep, PAUL WISECUP. Paul and Dottie and 6-footer Curt

were on their way to Miami for the ship when they stopped in a gas station in N.Wilkesboro, N.C.

Who was running it but RAY WYATT, an old L-34th man. Read up on him on pg.145 of Children of Yesterday. Of course, Ray is now a member.



Dottie is responsible for some of the pictures in this issue. Thanks, Dottie.

Without budging an inch on the right not vesting in Ellsberg to appoint himself God and to run to the press with his classified papers (him, a McNamara whizkid at that), the obvious truth is yet with us that the high command classified in large part to protect its freedom to make catastrophic mistakes. It is now pristine clear that it was the very secrecy that made possible our silent and unhampered passage into the quagmire. Duty, honor, country? Where art thou?

MIKE and Alice MOCHAK had the news while we were afloat that Zsa Zsa Gabor had been robbed of \$630,000 worth of uninsured jewelry in an elevator in the Waldorf Astoria. Quoted the Timid One, "They (NY City) should give a star like me guards". Why the taxpayers should underwrite the cost of her security when she doesn't even insure her jewelry escapes us. Added Zsa Zsa, "This is like Russia". We'll not accept that one either; this wouldn't have happened in Russia.



Picturesque New Providence Island, the Bahamas, which in the 1880's inspired Winslow Homer and in the 1940's was haven for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, welcomed our President and First Lady, PAUL and LESSIE HARRIS, and the rest of us as we stepped ashore at Nassau from our convention-at-sea headquarters and walked through the raffia-studded bags and silly hats of Rawson Square and in and out of the delightful stores of Bay St., inclusive of Lum's (hot dogs steamed in beer), Burger King, and Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken, oblivious to the fast-developing crisis in the relationship between visitors and black Bahamians. We ignored the local problem and agreed with Jr. who sized Nassau up this way: "It looks like Bridgeport with palms".

We're curious about what else the Army has in store for Maj.Gen.Samuel W.Koster and Brig. Gen.George H.Young, Jr. Army dismissed criminal charges against Koster and Young but then the Army's general counsel was recommending reduction of Koster to BG and Young to Col. The decision on those moves, forms of nonjudicial punishment, were to be made by Sec.of the Army Resor. Then came the Calley decision and who knows what now for Koster and Young.

Did we ever hear the last on 45 yr. old Brig.Gen.Eugene P.Forrester, who, as Asst.Div.C. of the First Cav., took a Silver Star based on a description of acts invented by some EMS under orders.

1971 CONVENTION PROGRAM

THURSDAY, August 12th:

10:00 - 5:00 PM Registration -
Hotel Lobby

10:00 - 7:00 PM Open House -
Get Together -
Louisville Room

8:00 - 10:00 PM Hospitality Nite -
Hosted by the
Kentucky boys -
Suite ???

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13th:

10:00 - 5:00 PM Registration -
Hotel Lobby

10:00 - 5:00 PM Open House -
Conviviality -
Louisville Room

11:30 - 1:00 PM Films -
Louisville Room

6:30 - 12:00 PM Buffet -
Louisville Room

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14th:

10:00 - 1:00 PM Registration -
Hotel Lobby

10:00 - 12:00 AM Open House -
Conviviality -
Louisville Room

1:00 PM Annual Meeting of
Members -
Louisville Room

2:00 - 4:00 PM Cocktail Hour -Ladies
Suite ???

6:00 - 7:00 PM Cocktail Hour -
Louisville Room

7:00 - 12:00 PM Memorial Service
Reception and
Hospitality
Awards Banquet Dinner
Louisville Room

SUNDAY, AUGUST 15th:

9:00 - 11:00 AM COFFEE and ALOHAS -
Suite ???



"I'm taking reservations for New Year's Eve!" is the caption for this one say ROY and Betty FROST, (B34 '42-'44), of 2055 Porter, Wichita, Kans.

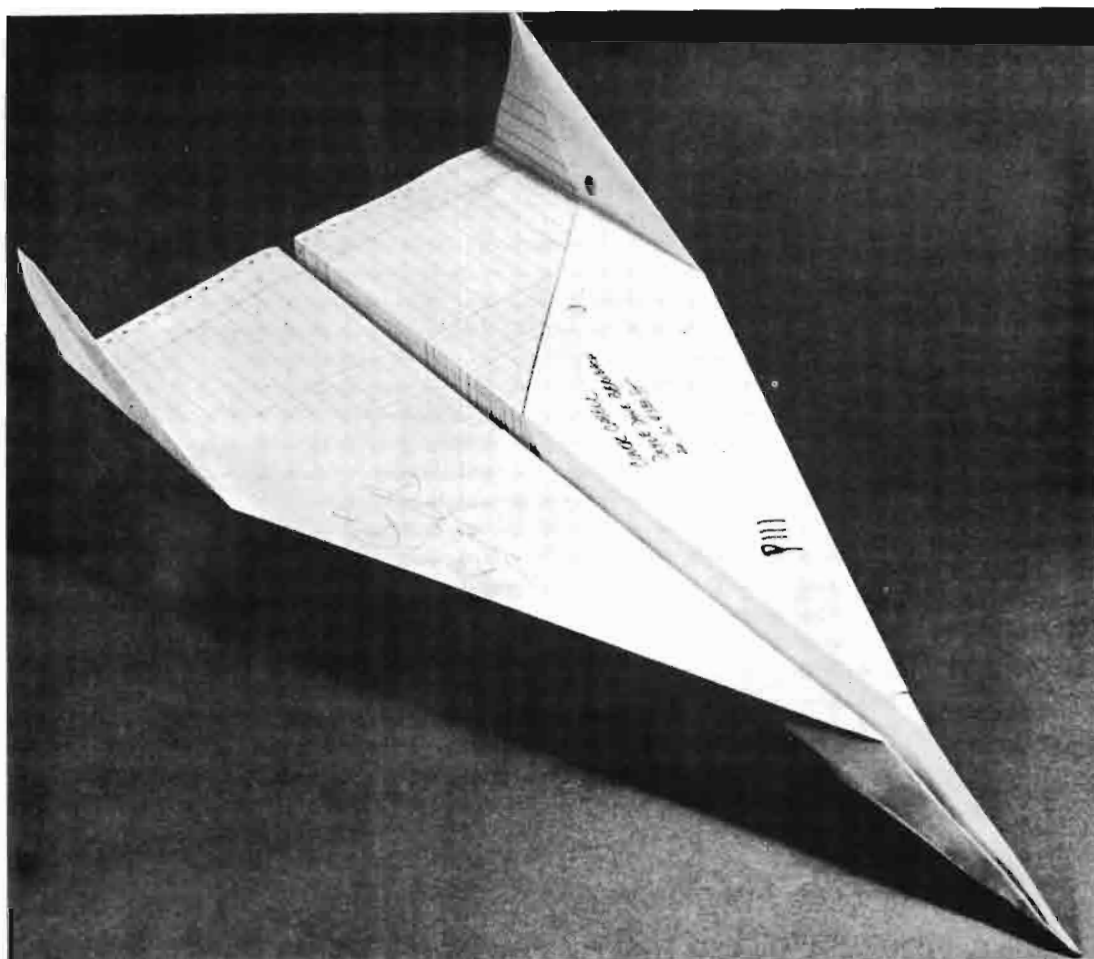
During the ensuing furor over the Calley conviction, Gen.Wm.C.Westmoreland, in Lubbock, Tex., said that it was absurd to accuse him of sharing the guilt for Calley's conduct. "No, I feel no guilt - not in the least", said Westmoreland. Not that we were thinking of it, when the do-gooders were thumping their breasts charging that Calley's guilt was the guilt of each of us. We got a little encouragement out of Westy's remarks. We aren't about to assume any of the guilt ourselves, but we felt better when Westy spoke. We're as confused as a termite in a yo-yo, but of this we are sure - if Westy ain't guilty, we ain't.

Retired:
Command Sergeant
Major CARROL J.
GRIFFIN recently
went into retire-
ment.

Past Prexy and Life Member EDMUND F. HENRY, (Div.Hq. '43-'46), 21 Park, Attleboro, Mass., cruised it in the company of his lovely sister, Rita Gallant, who has made so many of our get-togethers over the years. Ed was full of mischief in showing off a plaque recently-

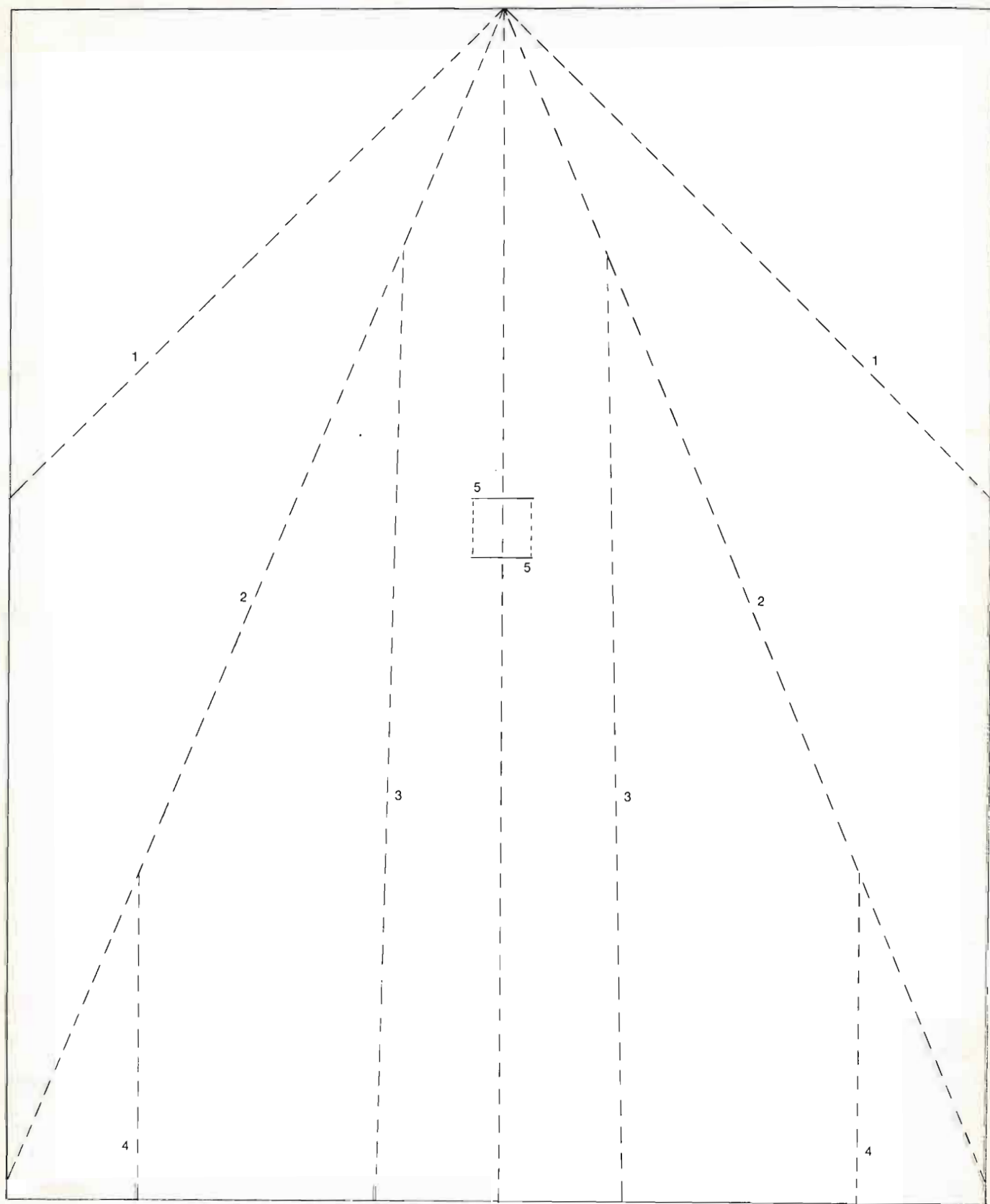


presented to him by members of a group to which he belongs. Titled "Nobody Is Perfect", the inscription read: "Each one of us is a mixture of good qualities and some perhaps not-so-good qualities. In considering our fellow man, we should remember his good qualities and realize that his faults only prove that he is, after all, a human being. We should refrain from making harsh judgement of a person just because he happens to be a dirty, rotten, no-good son-of-a-bitch!"



THAT PLANE, IF YOU MADE IT, SHOULD HAVE LOOKED LIKE THIS!

With this issue, we make our own contribution to the revival of the art of the paper airplane, or perhaps more accurately, the paper glider, that little paper bird that you do not throw, but rather "merely let it go". And the weight ahead carries it forward, gracefully and gently, like a sea gull coming to rest upon the deck of a ship. Try it!



INSTRUCTIONS: Fold at center line. Unfold and fold at 1. Hold down and fold at 2. Fold at center and then fold away from center at 3 to form wing. Fold up at 4 to form stabilizer. After folding is completed, cut along solid lines 5 - double up on dotted line to lock body together.



It pays to clean out your files once in awhile. We'd not throw this one away under any conditions; yet we can't caption it because we don't know who sent it or what the group is. We'll print it. Someone will holler. Looks like the gang is in a Quonset. Three or four of them even look round shouldered.

"We want a convention site where the whole family can go", said FONDO J. FINLEY, of 8255 Barneby, Lancaster, Ohio, somewhere between Miami and Nassau last Aug. One within earshot answered, "What better place for a family than a cruise ship". To the regret of us all, Fond's precious Rose couldn't make this one. She had just returned from a visit home to Japan, her first in 19 years. Their son, Jim, was joining the FBI on the day we arrived in Nassau.

WALTER CUNNINGHAM, typically puckish over drinks at the bar of Nassau's Sheraton Hotel - he was doing some special research involving bourbon - was giving us the argument that the Communists have as much freedom as we Americans. Said Walter, "We can stand in front of the White House and denounce the President of the United States, and they can stand in Red Square and denounce the President of the United States". Walter, that master of the soft-sell gang, that farceur, that gloom chaser, mines mirth from the everyday exasperations, the crises of trivia and embarrassing moments we all share. May you go on forever, Cunningham.

General Accounting Office study just released shows cost overruns for 61 weapons systems so far total \$33.4 billion or an average of \$500 million apiece. Small wonder that people are fed up with DD. In all honesty, can you blame them?



We couldn't resist going to press without including a shot of these two of the "Khaki Casa Nostra". (Sen. Percy's nomenclative, not ours). It's M.Sgt. WILLIAM E. HIGDON and Sgt. Maj. WILLIAM O. WOOLDRIDGE, a couple of old Taro Leafers, shown here discussing halycon days or administering extreme unction to one another. Theirs is a story of sheer guts and nerve, unparalleled even in the imagination of Darryl Zanuck.

How could Martin Jerome Bromley operate a business which netted a \$100 million tax-free in a decade and not be suspected by the Army? Nonetheless, we cannot enthuse over Senator Charles H. Percy, R-IL., who told Brig.Gen. Earl F. Cole that "You haven't the slightest knowledge of what propriety is". Congressmen are great at using their "investigations" to try their witnesses. The expression "McCarthyism" is bandied about freely these days, but this is, literally, the kind of thing Joe did - use the Senatorial investigative machine to demolish people who couldn't fight back. We need the investigative power, yes, but not public bullyings and humiliations.

The SWEM's, LEON and Alice, (AT 34 '43-'45), of Rt.3, Carthage, N.Y., were the house guests last summer of ART and Esther McCaULLEY of Fountain, Minn. We'll do our best with this picture, Alice, of l.to r., new Assoc. member Art McCauley, GEORGE PILLARD, Leon, and ART MILLER, all of AT of the 34th, who were meeting for the first time in 25 years.



Interested in rates at the Brown Suburban for our August conclave? How about \$8 for a single, \$12 for a double or twin, and \$25 for a suite (parlor and one twin bedroom).

The Army is in trouble. From the gold braid on General Westmoreland's cap to the mud clinging to the foot slogger's boots, the system is floundering. And it couldn't be more deserved. If ever an organization has been high-handed over the last 25 years, it has been our Army.

As the man said as they built the library, "This one is for the books". Dues have come in from BOB NELSON (F 19th '42-'45). Bob and Ursula are having "very busy times with a fast growing family - a college graduation (Linda) and a wedding (Lisa)". We know what you mean, folks. Adds Bob in a postscript: "Saw in the Philadelphia Inquirer the other day that Americans are no sexier today than they were 25 years ago. I'll go along with that."

WANTED: Sfc. JOHN L. CUTTER, known to be with the Gimlets in Japan before Korea, is wanted. Ask him to contact Sfc. (Ret.) William D. Woods of 36 Antrim, Cambridge, Mass.

DON WILLIAMS called attention to the fact that 11 past presidents of the Assoc. were on our cruise - HENRY, ROSS, O'DONNELL, PEYTON, COMPERE, LIGMAN, GILNER, STEVENSON, SANDERSON, WILLIAMS and HARRIS.

Great heroes - Bob Hope, John Wayne, Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra. Not a one ever wore the uniform of his country.

Note the little extras our congressmen receive in addition to their regular salaries. To wit: Liberal retirement benefits after no more than 5 years' service. Maximum - \$34,000 per year. Rent free offices. Salary allowance for staff according to number of constituents. Top allowances - \$478,000 for Senators, \$149,000 for House members. Free mailing privileges. Twelve free official round trips home per year. More than 300 hours of free long-distance calls. Up to \$3000 per year tax deduction for living costs in Washington. Free medical care. Had enough? Free use of swimming pools, steam rooms, gyms. A \$45,000 life insurance policy at special rates. Free haircuts for Senators; \$1.00 for Congressmen. Free underground parking on Capital Hill. Reduced-rate meals at private dining rooms. Free flowers for offices, entertainment. There's more, but could you take it?

Past President RICHARD T. and Dorothy LIGMAN, of 4421 N.Monitor, Chicago, Ill., brought to the cruise the disheartening news that HENRY MARINELLO, has had three recent operations - throat surgery.

Has there ever been a time before when the Army's public image suffered so many grievous blows and fallen in such low esteem?

The denigration of the Army's Sergeant Major and his indictment and the indictment of his cronies, the award of battle-field decorations to Brig.Gen.Eugene P. Forrester for acts never performed, the conviction of former Provost Marshal General of the Army Carl C. Turner, the expose of the public relations nerve by the CBS documentary, "The Selling of the Pentagon", the confirmation by the Pentagon of 209 fragging incidents in V.in '70, 96 in '69 (fragging involving the hurling of a fragmentation grenade by one American serviceman against a fellow G.I.), and of course the Mylai mess have been but only a few of the grievous blows suffered.

Perhaps it is a time for a little less talk about the unshakable faith of the officer corps in the code Sylvanus Thayer indelibly engraved in the plains of West Point - that scrupulous regard for the sanctity of one's word and the integrity of one's acts.



"Friendly my foot! She's just not wearing a bra today."

New assignments: Maj.Gen. W.A. ENEMARK is Inspector General of the Army, Maj.Gen. HARRY L. JONES, JR. is head of the Army Audit Agency, Brig.Gen. JACK B. MATTHEWS is head of the Intelligence Command, Ft. Holabird, Md., Maj.Gen. RODERICK WETHERILL is head of the Field Artillery Center and School, Ft. Sill, Okla., Lt.Gen. EDWARD L. ROWNY is head of I Corps (Group) in Korea, Lt.Gen. ARTHUR W. OBERBECK is Director, Weapons Systems Evaluation Group (DOD) and Lt.Gen. FRANK T. MILDREN is Dep. CG, Continental Army Command.

Do we really need the "body count" in combat? Isn't it somewhat meaningless, not to mention revolting - quite a bit like those McDonald signs tallying the total number of hamburgers sold to date.

To each of you who, by friendly assistance, helped to make this issue possible, the sincere thanks of your Editor for tightening the keel and loosening the stays of this paper boat. May the next Editor be helped as much.

In which we publish the remarks of Past President and Life Member EDMUND F. HENRY on the presentation of the VERBECK Award aboard the SS New Bahama Star at sea between Nassau and Miami on the evening of Aug. 16, 1970:

"I have the honor tonight to present - in behalf of this Association - the award which is the highest tribute that can be paid to one of our members - the Verbeck Award.

"This award was established in 1966 in the form of a sterling-silver bowl which the recipient retains only until the next awardee is announced. It is then passed on - bearing the engraved names of previous winners - and a miniature of the bowl is retained.

"It was originally proposed that the Verbeck Award would not be made as often as annually. This policy, however, has been changed by the Executive Committee, because of the number of deserving members who might be foreclosed from the honor merely by the passage of time.

"MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM J. VERBECK died on November 4, 1965, and is buried in Arlington National Cemetery. He was graduated from the United States Military Academy, Class of 1927, and served in the Army all his life. He is best remembered by us as the Commanding Officer of the 21st Infantry Regiment. He was loved and admired by everyone who knew him - and especially worshipped by those of our Gimlets who are able to say 'I served with Colonel Bill Verbeck'. He was truly an ideal soldier - gallant in action, with a gift for leadership, but with a common touch that endeared him to all of us. He died, mourned as few men are mourned, because, like Bayard, that model of

knightly virtue, he could truly be called 'without fear; and without fault'.

"The man who tonight receives this Award is the unanimous choice of the eleven members of the Executive Committee present at this Convention. He served as one of our earliest Association Presidents. We have had twenty-three Conventions in our history; he has attended all but one and that absence was dictated only by the most personal of reasons. He is bound to all of us by the most intimate ties of affection and loyalty. After the deep ties of family, his real love is for this Association. The friendship that he has for all of us is real and meaningful. It is a particular pleasure for me to announce this Award since no friend is dearer to me than this man whom I have found compassionate in time of sorrow and a warm and wonderful companion in time of joy.

"Moreover, it is especially appropriate that the award be made to a Gimlet who served from Breakneck Ridge through Mindanao under the command of Bill Verbeck. He learned to know and admire Bill and, over the years, especially because of the close ties engendered by our Association, he came to love Bill above all men.

"By reason of his devotion to this Association, no one comes closer to meeting the high standards of the Verbeck Award than the man I now have the honor to name -

JAMES "SPIKE" O'DONNELL, G Co. 21st."

We read a good personal ad in our local paper the other day. It went: "Dear Mary. Please take me back. I love you. It was just a passing fanny. John."



And this one of, left to right, Ann Duff, Gloria Andrezak and Maris Cole at Paradise Beach.

The GILNER's made up a full table of their own at every sitting on our cruise. What with Past President and Life Member and SAM and Sue and Sammy and friends Conrad and Ann Kregling and Lou Guaracinno. Sam's still in oil out of Box 158, Nanuet, N.Y. Poor Sue has been experiencing simply terrible troubles with her eyes. We're praying for you, Sue.

Life Member Sue (Mrs. JOHN C.) McNEELY writes us that two of her brothers recently passed away - within two weeks of each so her times have been very sad, cheered only by the fun story that her partial plate fell in her disposal and was ground up. Adds Sue, "My home owners policy covered it." And you think you've got troubles.

EARL and Donna HERRIMAN, (24th QM '51-'53) of Rt. 1, Norborne, Mo. couldn't Nassau with us; said they had to put up the hay. That's a Quartermaster for you. Earl sends us one about the train robber in Israel who robbed a train 5 miles out of Tel Aviv. He got \$4000 in cash and \$175,000 in pledges.

SAM and Annette BARKER, (34th '41-'45), of Laurence, Mass., pleads bankruptcy (the medical term for mercantile atrophy) on his store of names and addresses of buddies. He's looking for addresses of JOE LESK, FRED KROTH, and WILLIAM WELLOCK, all of Item of the 34th. Can anyone help? If you can, please send them to us too.



Life Member BILL DAVIDSON, (Div.Hq. '41-'45) sends us this news clipping out of the Philadelphia Inquirer which will interest many who recall Gen.CHARLES B. LYMAN as the CO of the Gimlets for 2 years in '43 and '44.



Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Charles B. Lyman, of Maui Meadow Farm, West Chester. Gen. Lyman has been named honorary chairman of the Chester County Horse Show, which will take place Saturday, Sept. 27, at the Devon Horse Show Grounds in Devon.

It's the garage business for BILL and Ardelle KEENEY (L and Sv.Cos., 21st '45-'46) at Box 114, Milo, Iowa.

A five for dues and another five as a contribution from JOHN and Martha O'CONNOR (34th '44-'45). These wonderful folks are at 5 Noel, N.Arlington, N.J.

Extra five in from JACK and Mabel DAVIES (A 19th '40-'44), of 402 E. 18, Kannapolis, N.C. This business of the "little extra" never ceases to amaze us. All this argle-bargle, issue after issue, and there are those of the clan who periodically come forward with a roar like the bombardment of Port Arthur and say "Here's five, and also a little extra". Without such fidelity, this whole business could go to the demnition bow-wows. And that isn't hearsay, mind you.

B.G. GEORGE W. DICKERSON, (Div.Hq. '43-'45), was CG of 82 A/B Div's. 3rd Brigade when he brought it back to Bragg after 22 months in V. Here's George standing before a memorial marker for the V. dead at Bragg. George then took off for an ETO assignment.

Sanctimonious N.Y. Times (wouldn't you know?) took it on themselves to check on the awarding of medals to our generals. They found that 26 of 57 who left Saigon in '70 received medals for bravery. That's almost 50%. No more than 1 in 10 servicemen get similar rewards, they say - of 345,000 leaving V., 30,002 received Silver Stars, Bronze Stars or DFC's. You're being watched, Pentagon - or didn't you know - and a bit of watching you deserve.

New member in CHUCK ODDO of 3803 Starhill, San Antonio, thanks to Maj.Gen. ROSCOE B. WOODRUFF. Chuck and Doris have 2 boys - one Charles E. being 23, married and himself father of 2 - the other Charles A. being a high school senior on his way to the Coast Guard Academy. Chuck repairs antique clocks, as well as golfs. He extends an open invitation to anyone coming down to San Antonio. "My phone is 512-665-3638. I'm always ready." Welcome aboard, Chuck.

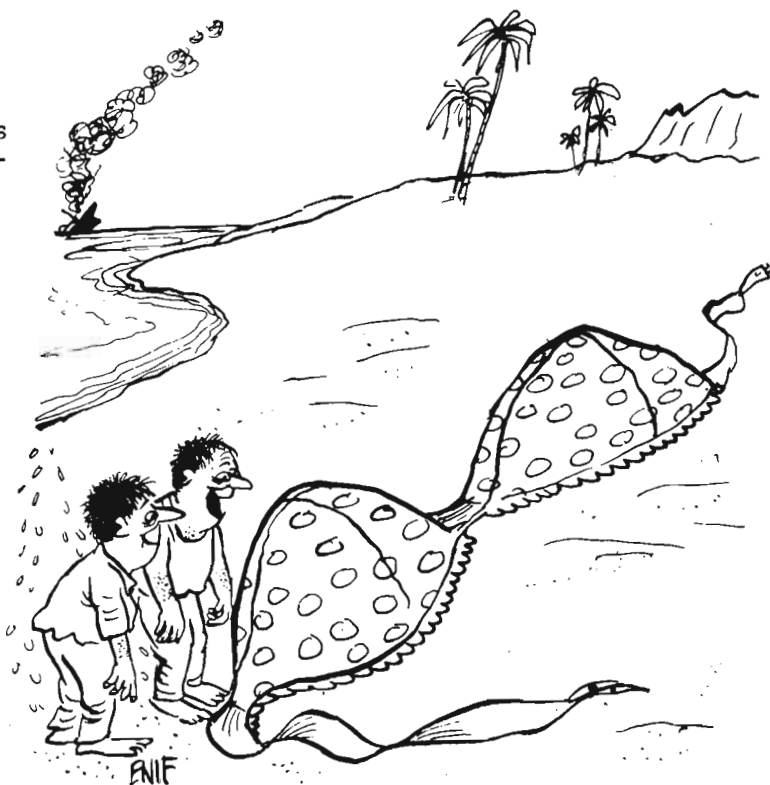
D/A caught once again with its fingers in the cookie jar. The case of the false citations for the awards to Brig.Gen. Eugene P. Forrester is a disgrace. Even more disconcerting is the suggestion, put forward by Army spokesmen, that Forrester knew nothing about it all and worse, "deserved the medal anyway". Didn't he even take the time to read his own citation, we ask? Simply unbelievable. Watch what happens to Col. George Newman, 1st Cav. C/S who admits to ordering the preparation of the citations. After the story broke that three GIs had prepared the citations without any facts, so they invented them, Newman is reported to have said that Forrester was entitled to a medal because he performed brave acts similar to those described in the citation.

Said Col. Newman, "In essence, it came time for General Forrester to leave the division. I did not have any recommendations for awards. I gave the staff the job to reconstruct and develop the acts.

It all started when 6 soldiers sent a protest to the late Congressman Rivers with a copy to the N.Y. Times (there's that newspaper again). The GIs discovered one way to get results. Imagine any of us ever writing to a Congressman?

Nice \$10.00 contribution in from Life Member ALLYN R. MILLER, (C 19th and A 21st), who says that "friendships formed in battle are like steel cables; they are never broken".

BILL and Irene ATKINSON, (E 19th), of Weed, Calif., report that they enjoy "receiving the news". Bill asks for a west coast get together. Well! Tell ya, Bill, our convention locations are as incomprehensible as the binomial theorem.



"Dave, I think we stumbled on to something big."

Nice bunch of names and addresses of buddies received from EDWARD B. MACADLO, (24th Sig.), who is on the left of this Nov. '42 photo taken at Schofield. That's BILL DUDEK, another Signalman, on the right. Note the gas masks - and the refreshments. Thanks for the names, Ed. Ed tips us that Brig.Gen. JACK B. MATTHEWS has been rotated stateside, to Army Intelligence Command, Ft. Holabird, Md., from Hq. Allied Land Forces, Southeastern Europe.



Hey, JOHN and Mary FREELAND, (63 Art. '42-'45), over there in Newark, Calif., heard about the nearsighted gingerbread man who wore contact raisins?

Thank you for your kind words concerning our efforts, Al LOVGREEN, (I 34th '41-'45), over there in Middletown, Conn. We could say that we don't deserve them. But then, we've got arthritis, and we don't deserve that either.

Some Notes on a Particular Work Session
During Our Idyllic Interlude Aboard
SS New Bahama Star

We've taken many happy trips with BILL and Alice SANDERSON; they have never failed to spellbind us with their ability to remember so many back-home folks with post cards. At Nassau, for instance, they were responsible for the idea of mailing cards to about 700 of our members. Verily had we had more time, they'd have made it 1400, so thoughtful are they. Or is it thoughtfulness? Leave us clue you to something we learned about this pair.

A few of us, in on adding signatures to those same post cards, were quizzing Bill and Alice concerning the kind of messages they write on some of those cards they are forever mailing when they're on the roam.

Bill calls it "the shifty art of post-card prose". It was obvious that a story was in the offing, so we plebians unisonly, in our best pidgin French, sang, "Dites nous plus".

Bill started in, quicker than you can spell Carl Yastrzinski, by telling us, "Alice and I, early in the game, sensed that post cards were things that were too much merely glanced at and discarded. We decided to put some umph into the art." Bill's pep and assurance were exhilarating to our contemplative minds.

Alice chimed in with, "I'll never forget when we started this business; it was in '46 or so, after Bill came back home from that Division he spent so much time with over in the Pacific."

Added Alice, "We never had any time for what we call the Arrowists and the Window Circlers. Bill and I agreed right from the start that we'd never spoil any pic-

ture by marking it up. We would not deface. No, we were going to stay with the message side of the card."

Alice, by now held firmly in a grip of euphoria, continued on, "We had heard about the Geographist school - that's where you detail your itinerary on your post card - but that proved too boring. Then we tried a few months in the Historian school. That's where you send a friend a card explaining meticulously that the Vatican ('picture on the other side') is actually not part of Italy, though it is in Italy and in Rome, too, for that matter, and will explain the whole thing later upon return home. Six months of that and we'd had it, so we started experimenting."

"Experimenting?", we asked, raising off our respective bottoms.

Alice responded, "Yes. For instance, we sent our first experimental card to our next door neighbor. It was a card showing the Smithsonian Institute. Bill wrote the message:

'Am being held prisoner here.

'Please don't fail me.

'Desperately. Henry'."

Continued Alice, "When our neighbor came home the next night, he asked his wife, 'Any mail for me?'

'Just a card from Henry.'

'Oh? What does he say?'

'Nothing. He's in Washington.'

Alice and Bill learned all about it a few days later after they returned home. It was enough to wring the withers. Then and there, they decided that they were going to revitalize the art of sending post cards.

First, they went through their Defeatist period. Cynical in the extreme about the likely reception of their writings, Bill and Alice would produce such works as this one:

"Dear Jim -

"Four score and seven years ago our forefathers brought forth on this continent a new.

"Ever - Alice and Bill"

It would be a little disheartening when, a few weeks later, they proved to themselves that the Jim in question was none the wiser; had never read it. "Unappreciative b-----d", Bill would mutter.

But in 1950, a new optimism came to our favorite post cardists. They suddenly saw new potentials in the art and science of post card dispatch.

Then it was that they started a new form of writing to their friends whenever they sullied forth away from the Codfish state.

Bill conceived the stroke which was to make his name legend. It was the simple signature scrawl, "Frbml".

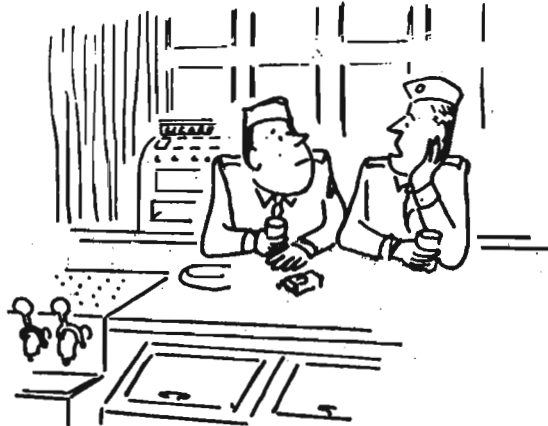
CO. "A" MESS HALL
Recommended by
DUNCAN C. SCHWARTZ.



"I'm Duncan C. Schwartz!"

Continued —→

"From that time on", Bill said proudly as he drew one more arrow from his quiver, "not one word of our written text ever would go unread, as recipients would struggle to learn the identity of the sender. Of course, the technique is today so common as to be trite. But twenty years ago, Alice and I were virtual pioneers; the Sandersonian Close produced a real wave of excitement."



"My wife is the finest girl I ever knew - which gives you an idea of the crowd I used to hang out with."

Alice, getting emotional about it all, added, "But Bill and I didn't rest on our laurels - no siree. By another five or six years, we had rough-hewn the lines of the school which is today known as the Abbreviationists. The work is best typified by our Paris experiments in '56. We'd send out a card that would go something like this:

'Dear Tom:

'Thrilled to be in Paris, where was amazed to meet F. and P. You remember them - C's friends. Guess I needn't say how we spent the evening, or what L. said. M. sends her love to you and R. How is B's new idea coming?

'Regards, Frbml!"

We, each of us, abused the privilege of being stupid and made the oral assumption that the Abbreviationists succeeded in bringing about an immense increase in reader interest of les cartes postale.

"Right" shouted Bill excitedly, obviously filling in the keystone of his own arch.

Sanderson was making the mischief of the Forsyte Saga's Soames seem like kid stuff by comparison.

These folks were playing to a somewhat bewildered audience as we proceeded to learn that along about '60, they developed what is now known in the record books as the Sandersonian Block. We asked Alice about it.

"Oh sure", came her quick response, with a tide of crimson in her cheeks, "This is the gimmick where the message runs over and completely obscures the

printed caption of the picture, thus piquing curiosity enough for the reaker to take the card down to the office and ask the girls, 'Do you know what castle this is?'"

Added Alice, impishly, "From all reports, it worked nearly every time we used it. And wait'll you hear this; this led to the Obscurantist Ramble, but let Bill tell you how that one used to get them all mixed up."

And Bill, to the surprise of not a single one of us, picked up the ball with a certain worldliness in voice and manner, saying, "This is the technique where the message wanders from its box into the address, blocking the postmark and even concealing the first name of the addressee so that everyone in the family has to take a look at the card to find out who it's from. Alice and I perfected this one in '63, the year we were all together in Louisville."

The Sandersons, by '64, had passed the chicken liver phase of their hobby; they were well on their way toward the Baked Alaska.

Bill, by now with a Lily cup full of Heinekens in his left hand, a fountain pen in his right, and a lap full of postals, expounded more. "I remember '64", he said, "it was Alice's birthday, so I threw down an extra peg in her honor before dinner and come up with the idea. Alice and I were getting tired of the blocking out business. My new idea we called the Early Blurrism school. Here's how it went. I'd send a card that would read something like this:

"'Dear Albert:

'Jamaica overwhelms me! It has from the first night when I walked into a budspygf, and a girl walked up to me. She was completely mrpsl. I mean, not a whsvy. In 5 minutes, I was tfgwxling! Actually! In public, too. One more juspfrion like that and I may never come home! 'Fred'"

Bill was reaching a crescendo as he described the mystic technique of the Blurrists and some of the miseries it may have been responsible for. He was right proud.

Then Alice asked if she could tell us about the Question school which she worked out all by herself.

We nodded assent, meaning "Yes, Alice, please do."

"Well, it started out innocently; I still wanted a sure way to find out if our friends were reading our mailings so I started asking questions. For instance,

Continued —→

I'd write:

"Dear Jean:

'Did I remember to close the window in the rear bedroom? Would it be too much trouble, Jean, for you to drive past and see?'"

Spoke Alice, like a champion, "Never before had the post card impelled so many readers to such real action."

Alice was working herself up to a fever pitch. "Let me tell you about another school I started. I call this one my b---h school. For instance, I'd send a card like this:

'Dear Mabel:

'Found identical slip here that Emma paid \$22.95 for. Only \$8.00. Don't breathe a word. She'd absolutely die! Tried to buy some of that perfume Miriam loves so much. But man in store said they carried only better grades. Imagine? Lucy was right. That is what Italian men say to you on the street! Though I've stayed out of anything like that awful mess Marge got into.

'Love to Bert - Helen'"

Bill chimed in, "We traced down one such card that Alice sent. In the repercussions, at least twenty two women were aware of the contents in a little less than three weeks. Alice is a genius; she gives the reader a lot of herself; she fosters an awakening, a thirst for knowledge, and a hunger to communicate it.

By this time, each listener was feeling a little cramped in the fingers as he finished adding his own John Hancock to 700 or so les cartes postale. Bill was thrilled to pieces; never before had they ever sent 700 in one mailing. Alice couldn't wait to run down to the Purser's Office, 3 decks below, to get them on their way.

And we, who had been doing the heavy listening, saw, at long last, just what kind of a couple we were sailing with in this summer of 1970; we were at sea with a pair of kooks who, for all we knew, were, and are, the fountainhead of the foremost trends in this fascinating, albeit, mysterious art of dispatching post cards. We could, if we had wanted, believe that it wouldn't be long before they would back up the wagon and haul these folks away in suits buttoned down the back. But we weren't of that persuasion.

Quite to the contrary. That Alice and Bill have been spawning a priceless literary heritage was by now pristine clear.

Amazing people, those Sandersons, we all agreed as we adjourned to the ship's bar for another round of Heinekin's.

A couple of thoughts on William Calley. He was just "following orders", 'tis said, so where does the chain of command and guilt-lead. Carry it forward and you can't stop it at LBJ or RMN (Westmoreland, by the way, wanted no piece of that action and absolved himself of any guilt). No, the chain of command reaches up to Joe, the citizen.

Mass guilt is a masochistic exercise, indulged in for therapy at the expense of clear minded expositions and the truth.

On the other hand, don't forget that propaganda - and that damn song - about the Green Berets garroting the bad guy. That was all of eight years ago, when Billy Calley was a pimply-faced kid in high school.

What went wrong was that this Republic - its politicians, its militarists, its newspapers, its everybody, believed in a Pax Americana and did not stop to question the means used to fulfill the messianic mission.

William Calley has been simply the messenger to bring the bad news that we were wrong. And Calley suffers the mythic fate of all such messengers.

William Calley's torment of the soul can only be viewed from the context of each American's experience.

As if this tired old world didn't have enough problems. Along comes the Waldorf-Astoria being sued by New York State on charges of gouging nearly 65,000 guests by illegally adding 2% to their room bills for "sundries". The hotel's explanation - the charges were to cover the possibility of guests receiving telephone calls on his room phone. Believe it?

TAPS

Deceased: EUGENE S. PAPI, our beloved bandmaster during '45 - '47, at Old Forge, Pa., last March 30th.

Deceased: Maj.Gen. GEORGE W. SMYTHE, Korean period Div. C.G.

Deceased: JAY HALL, Div. PM '45-'46. Jay, a Captain in the Fla. Highway Patrol, left us last Apr. 8th. No finer man ever walked. He leaves his lovely wife, Margaret, in Tallahassee, and a daughter, Mrs. H.C. Summett, Jr., in Shelkyville, Tenn.

Deceased: FRED SKINKLE, D 21st, of Steubenville, Ohio. Good wife, Jo, broke the sad news - a heart blockage - last Apr. 25th. Fred was gone in 4 hours.

Deceased: Mark DENDE, beloved 17 year old son of RAYMOND and Helen Dende. Wrote Helen after we had forwarded the condolences of the Assoc., "He showed us all how to suffer, and to die." Beautiful words from a beautiful Mother.

When we learned - months ago - that ROBERT PORTER DEWS was about to have



"The Successful Failure" published by Carlton Press, NYC, we first thought we may have another nut in our midst. Then the other day, a first copy of Bobby's unique creation arrived; with the compliments of the author.

It's an autobiography and takes us through from the day of his birth - 5 days before our own birthdate, ergo the special interest - in Nashville, Tenn.,

through the grades in Georgia and into pro ball and the army - WW II, Korea and Vietnam. Now retired in Edison, Ga., Bobby pursues a variety of careers, in the sports and business worlds.

We'll not give the story away - suffice to say, it is so replete with mention of you-know-what - beginning with four of the first five pages, for example - that we have bought some copies of the book in anticipation of your demand therefore. Bobby, to demonstrate the heart of the guy, offered us his discount with the suggestion that we tab it with your local bookstore's price - \$5.00 and apply the difference to the club treasury. Our desideratum was to get this amazing work into your hands without gain.

"The Successful Failure" is an amazing story; the title itself is a poor choice. Bobby is anything but a failure.

Says the jacket blurb, "Basically it is the chronicle of a man who failed at everything he tried, yet was successful at everything he did. A contradiction of terms? Seemingly so - but only until you meet Robert Porter Dewes whose exploits rival those of the fabled Ulysses. And like Ulysses, his star-crossed fate was to take him to many lands, with adventure and danger ever-present companions."

There, that's all we're going to say; the plum is for you to discover for yourself.

One thing more. Bobby doesn't know this until he reads this reporting. We are asking him to autograph the first 25 copies and to mail them directly upon our signal. If he goes for the idea, he may autograph the first 100, or whatever.



"AFTER WORLD WAR II STRANGERS BOUGHT MY BEER. AFTER KOREA I HAD TO PAY FOR MY OWN. NOW EVERYBODY JUST WANTS TO ARGUE WITH ME."

Heard from - Mrs. ROBERT B. HARDIN, (5th RCT 7/50 - 2/51), of 27000 SW 142, Naranja, Fla. She tells us that Bob is totally disabled, being crushed in Nov. of '68 under a ton of merchandise in his warehouse. Says it crushed his chest completely and broke his shoulders, arms and right leg. Was in hospital 10½ months out a week, and then they discovered he had a broken back, so back for 6 more weeks. Is undergoing therapy at Warm Springs to see if he can walk again. He was on the push back from the Yalu when he took a mortar hit, was knocked out, and came to only to find his feet frozen in addition to all else. They got him back to Tripler Gen., and decided they could save the feet. He still has them, black twisted toes and all. Says his lovely wife, "Bob has courage and determination". We agree. They have 9 kids - 3 girls and 6 boys. We immediately got off a note in your behalf and assured her that "the drinks are on us". We know you'd agree that Bob should keep his \$5.00 when that time comes 'round.

Lolo LUEDTKE, DON's better half, pens us from Arcadia, Nebr., that Don is "as busy as a bear in a honeycomb" (like it, Lola), being a combination fireman and farmer. They ABC'd themselves in the naming of their youngsters - Alan (14), Brian (11), Curt (9) and Denise (8). Very systematic. Lola has cured Don of his long time habit of biting his nails. "I hide his teeth", says Lola.

GEORGE and Marilyn ROTHENBERGER, (B 34th '45-'46), of Waukegan, Ill., tell us that they're all set. They have enough money saved up for the rest of their lives - unless they have to buy something.

BILL and Elva JUNGJOHAN, (K 19th '43-'45), report that Bill is on a 10 hour day at the Valparaiso, Ind. factory where he's a tool and die maker.

For once, Dept. Def. is in the right. Dept. Air Force proceeded to discharge Capt. Susan R. Struck, an unmarried pregnant nurse. She asked a federal court to enjoin the Air Force. A federal judge refused. Now she's going up on appeal. If for no other reason, they should have sacked her for carelessness.

We happen to like cops. And we're proud to have another one on our rolls. He's LEW AHNERT, (B 13th Art. '43-'45), who is with the Peru, Ind. force. Lew and Norma have 5 - count'em - Sandy, James, Jerry, Joy and Mark.

JOHN BAGLAMA (24 Recn. and Hq. 24 Med. '47-'50) is back from Heidelberg and is at AFEES, 100 Liberty, Pittsburgh, Pa. Welcome home, John.

This one is for GLENN and Ethel MURRAY of Newton, N.C. - Definition of an igloo: an icicle built for two.

Passing through Adams, Tenn. on his way home to Shepherdsville, Ky., RAY MONTGOMERY, (L 21st '42-'45), looked up and found CLAUDE WATSON also a "Love" Gimlet. They had not seen each other since Japan.

Back home from Ecuador (United Fruit) is CARL H. OEDER, (724th Ord. '44-'46). He's now at 4208 Ferran, Metairie, La. Carl's son, Richard, has graduated as a helicopter pilot at Rucker and by now is in V/N.

CARL SCHAAD couldn't make our cruise; was taking a trip through Europe.

CHARLES SCHOENE, (724 Ord. '42-'45) of 2408 Woodcrest, Alton, Ill., writes in to tell us that an old army buddy dropped by the other day. Sez that Helen threw her out.

Member of the Virginia House of Delegates is "Judge" JULIEN J. MASON (Div. Hq.) of Bowling Green.

Singer Miriam Makeba and her husband, Stokely Carmichael, both now in Guinea, are being dunned by Internal Revenue for \$48193 in income taxes for '68 and '69. My isn't this a rotten country?



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



"I understand that too long a time in the tropics will do that to a man."

HOSTETTER'S NOSTALGIA



"Doc" PHILIP H. HOSTETTER, (19th - '43-'46), of 821 Poyntz, Manhattan, Kans., sent us the pictures on these pages. They will conjure up memories for many of you. Take this one of day-break offshore at Matsuyama, Shikoku. The day before - a Sunday - our convoy had spent the day drifting into the beautiful Inland Sea between Kyushu on our left and Shikoku on our right. Followed the night at anchor, and then the "invasion". Writes Phil, "We went in fully armed, prepared for the worst. In a matter of hours, we knew it was the best".

Captions Doc: "Matsuyama, Fall of '45. Remember having dinner with a Japanese physician and his wife and son in their home 200 yds. up the mt. on the left. His hospital had been burned down, his home spared."



Sez Doc: "My aid station at Matsuyama. Note the omnipresent bulletins on the board. Remember when TOM DRAKE ordered 15,000 of us to make our own neckties by cutting off the tails of our shirts?"



"19th Aid Station on a beach near Davao" writes Phil. "Capt. BOB HYDE, our dentist (now at 85 Marbleridge, N. Andover, Mass., and a charter member of the Assoc. by the way) is on the left; I'm the other one. Was a long haul across Mindanao to get there".



HOSTETTER calls it "A GI bathtub in Davao, Mindanao, P.I."



Past President and Life Member WILLIAM SANDERSON, of 57 Peck, Attleboro, Mass., asked one of the waiters on the Bahama Star who kept scratching himself if he had an allergy. "No, only what's on the menu", was the answer.

Regretfully, a lousy print, but we think too much of Doc not to use it. Writes Doc: "It's Sgt. GRIFFIN, 19th medics. He was later K/A while administering aid. You might detect the usual fatigues, with two pouches of medical supplies, well filled pockets, and a sheath knife. Note the machete sticking out of his pack, and the carbine. He was just 38 when he went. His feet were so small we never could get combat boots for him; he had to wear those cloth things. He was magnificent."



"A typical Japanese street scene. Matsuyama, Japan. Oct. '45." is Doc's title. What do you want, movies?



HOSTETTER speaks: "Industrious Matsuyama. Nips built houses for themselves out of lathes, straw and mud. Great little people. Oct. '45".



BILL SANDERSON, Ann Duff and CHET ANDREZAK at the ship's cocktail party for the 24th.

ELVIN GREEK, (K21st '42-'45), of 2917 Embelm, Richmond, Va., enjoyed the cruise. Elvin was interested in our report that 704 at

Riley had joined our Assoc. before the 24th went kaput and was replaced by the 1st.

We go to press with a sense of outrage for what the Pentagon Study tells us about the trickery, deceit et al of a small group of professionally assured, morally astigmatic and intellectually myopic men. And it appears that some of this mendacity and duplicity was well known to the high command at the Pentagon including its uniformed personnel.

DICK GOINY brought the Lawrence Sweeneys and their son Michael for our Miami-Nassau boatripe. Dick recently changed jobs, he was telling us as we stood aft on Sunday evening watching Nassau recede along with a delightful setting sun.

You are cordially invited to attend
a Division Review
on the occasion of the Inactivation
the 24th Infantry Division (Mechanized)
and Redesignation as
the 1st Infantry Division (Mechanized)

1000 hours
on Wednesday, the fifteenth of April
One thousand nine hundred and seventy
Marshall Army Airfield
Fort Riley, Kansas

Military: Army Greens
Civilian: Business Suit

R. S. V. P.
239-2711

We're
late with
our issue cover-
ing the end of our
beloved Division - for
which apologies. Thanks
to the likes of ERICH TEIGELER
(C 19th '44-'46) of 815 Main, Cedar
Falls, Iowa, who went beyond paying his
annual dues and included "a little extra for
the kitty", this coverage has been made possible.

FRANCIS H. HELLER and his lovely Donna travelled the 90 kilometers from Lawrence (Univ. of Kans.) to Riley to attend the inactivation ceremonies in the name of each of us. Here's how Francis reported it:

"It was a truly impressive ceremony. It had rained during the night but the skies had cleared in the morning. A typical Kansas wind of about thirty to thirty-five miles an hour was whipping across Marshall Army Airfield which was the site of the review. The ladies had as much of a difficult time with their hats and hairdos as did the soldiers who were holding on to the flags and guidons.

"There were some five to six thousand troops lined up in front of the reviewing stand with the colors in the center flanked by the division standards of the 24th and of the 1st Division. In front of each major troop unit there were the standards of the 1st and of the appropriate unit of the 24th. When the colors were called forward, the sight was just about twice as impressive as it usually is. Then the inactivation orders were read. And then the colors of the 24th were furled and covered. When they marched off to the left, I swallowed hard; Donna tells

me that she was grateful for the strong wind that dried her tears before anyone could notice. The only thing that was really lacking was muffled drums; the sight of the colors marching off was a really heart-tugging experience.

"General Woolnough, the Continental Army Commander, spoke afterwards and paid glowing tribute to our old Division. To be sure, he had to give some credit to the First Division, too, but he had a good deal to say about the Victory Division and it was of the kind that made one feel warm and good. I talked to him afterwards at the reception at the Officers Club and he seemed pleased that there was someone there who had been at Schofield. In fact, I had the impression that practically every general there had, at one time or another, passed through the 24th. It was one of these good, old get-together occasions.

"From me, this is just one old 24th Division soldier's report on the memorable day that was both grand and sad."

3



ED MILLER, (D 19th '44-'46), of 13312 Helen, Southgate, Mich., successfully identifies Maj.Gen LINVIL who introduced Mr. Laird.



Lawyer BOB and Evalyn KILGO, (E 21st '42-'45), of Box 547, Darlington, S.C. want the privilege of reporting this one to you. The Big Red One returned to Riley on Wed., Apr. 15th in a colorful redesignation ceremony which saw you-know-what inactivated and the assignment of the Division's duties to the 1st Inf. Div. Here 5th Army C.G., Lt.Gen. Vernon P. Mock, we remember him as a "light colonel", Maj.Gen. ROBERT R. LINVILL, the last of the Division commanders, and B.Gen. John Q. Herion, who came from V. to Riley with the 1st as its C.G., stand during the ceremony.



EARL L. LEWIS, (34th '42-'45), of 32640 Ohio, Livonia, Mich., with the help of Jacqueline, tells us that we're looking at Col. A.L. HAMBLIN, JR., last asst. CG acting as commander of troops during the ceremonies.



Atty. JIM McGINTY, (24 QM), of Myrtle Creek, Ore., describes this one as "24th and 1st Division colors being brought forward."

Sec'y/Def. Melvin Laird made the principal address directed in main to welcoming the Big Red One back to the States and reviewing its record of accomplishments. It was, all in all, a very quiet goodbye to that which we love best. The Fort Riley Post, the Riley paper, glossed over the farewell without so much as a "Goodbye", limiting itself to a two page center spread of pictures and that hurried stereotyped review of the Division's history that we each have read one hundred times before. "An end of an era" said HENRY E. SCHUBERT, (G 19 '42-'45), of 43 Rustic, Bristol, Conn.

3



3



SAM and Louise MAY, (13th F '42 - '45) of Box 105, China Grove, N.C., describe this one as the uncasing of the 1st's colors. Asks Sam "Note that 1st Cav. patch on that guy on the far right; wouldn't ya know?"



"The last 24th color guard we may ever see",
says LEE CRUCIUS, (A 24 Med. '43-'46), of
W22208 Willow Lane, Sussex, Wis.



Maj.Gen. ROBERT R. LINVILL and CSM CARROL J. GRIFFIN case the colors during the redesignation ceremony.

2



The 24th Division colors are cased. "No comment", say MIKE and Tess MARINO, (C 19th '42-'45), of 71 Burnside, Cranford, N.J.

3



That's all there is, there isn't anymore. Cased Division colors are carried off the field. Had enough? So have we! So have ED and Mary POMEROY, (A 21st '51-'52), of 72 Cook, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

