

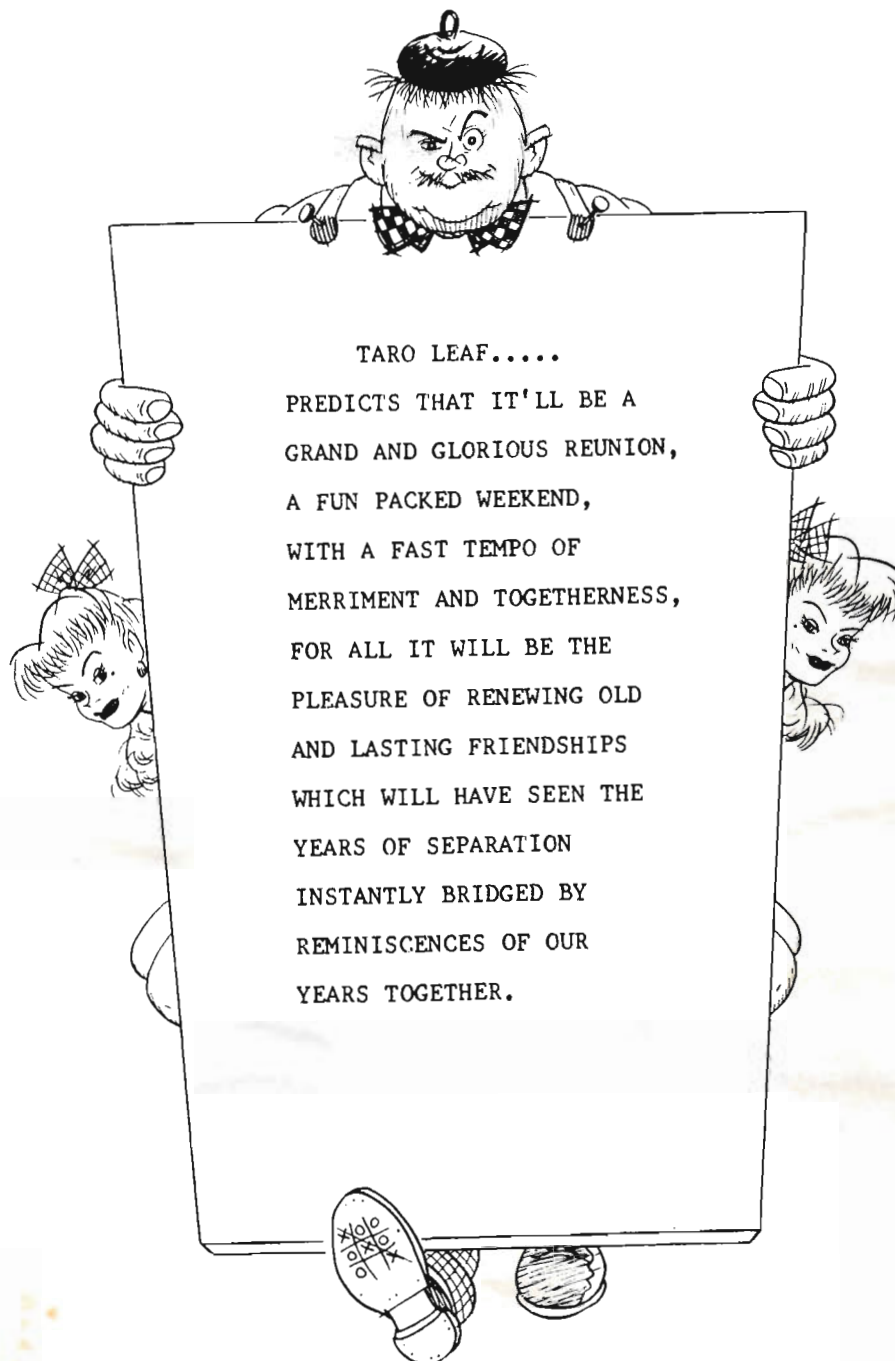
TARO LEAF

24TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

VOLUME XXVII

NUMBER 4

1973 - 1974



Twenty Fourth Infantry Division Association

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August 7-8-9-10-11, 1974
Clearwater Point, Hilton Inn
715 S. Gulfview Blvd., Clearwater Beach, Florida
CONVENTION CHAIRMAN: C.G. Hanlin
582 Baywood Dr., North, Dunedin, Fla. 33528
Tel. 813-733-5080

New quotes on the room rates at our August "clambake" at the Clearwater Beach Hilton Inn., 715 S. Golf View Blvd., Clearwater Beach, Fla., (Tel. 813-447-9566) came as the result of some read hard-nosed complaining on the part of some of our members. Convention Chairman C.G. HANLIN went back in for another round and won. There are two types of rooms - rooms which face the beach and the ocean - (singles \$28 - doubles \$32 - and twins \$32) - and rooms back to back with the beach front rooms which face the parking area and street - (singles \$18 - doubles \$22 - and twins \$22). If any of these rates are even yet a bit much, there are a dozen spots - of all sizes and shapes - within 3 minutes of our site. Within a stone's throw, there's a room to fit any pocket-book. The main thing is to be there.

Overheard in the lobby of the Clearwater Beach Hilton as we passed through the other evening, "Gambling is contagious. It can be picked up at any race track.

Army clubs overseas may invite back an old profit-making friend to help balance the books.

It's not inconceivable that slot machines will be brought back into the overseas clubs.

The Navy and Marine Corps have slots in their clubs, while Army and Air Force clubs have been denied profits from these machines since the summer of 1972.

Army clubs were making about \$23 million yearly off the slot machines when then Army Secretary Robert F. Froehlke ordered their removal in October 1971. Froehlke said: "The slot machines too often brought unhealthy pressures and temptation. It degraded sound management of clubs and frequently led to sloppy operations."

Over the past several years Army clubs have been under scrutiny by Congress largely as the result of alleged fraudulent activities by former Sergeant Major of the Army William O. Wooldridge and several other Army sergeants and officers. Yes, Wooldridge was one of our boys.

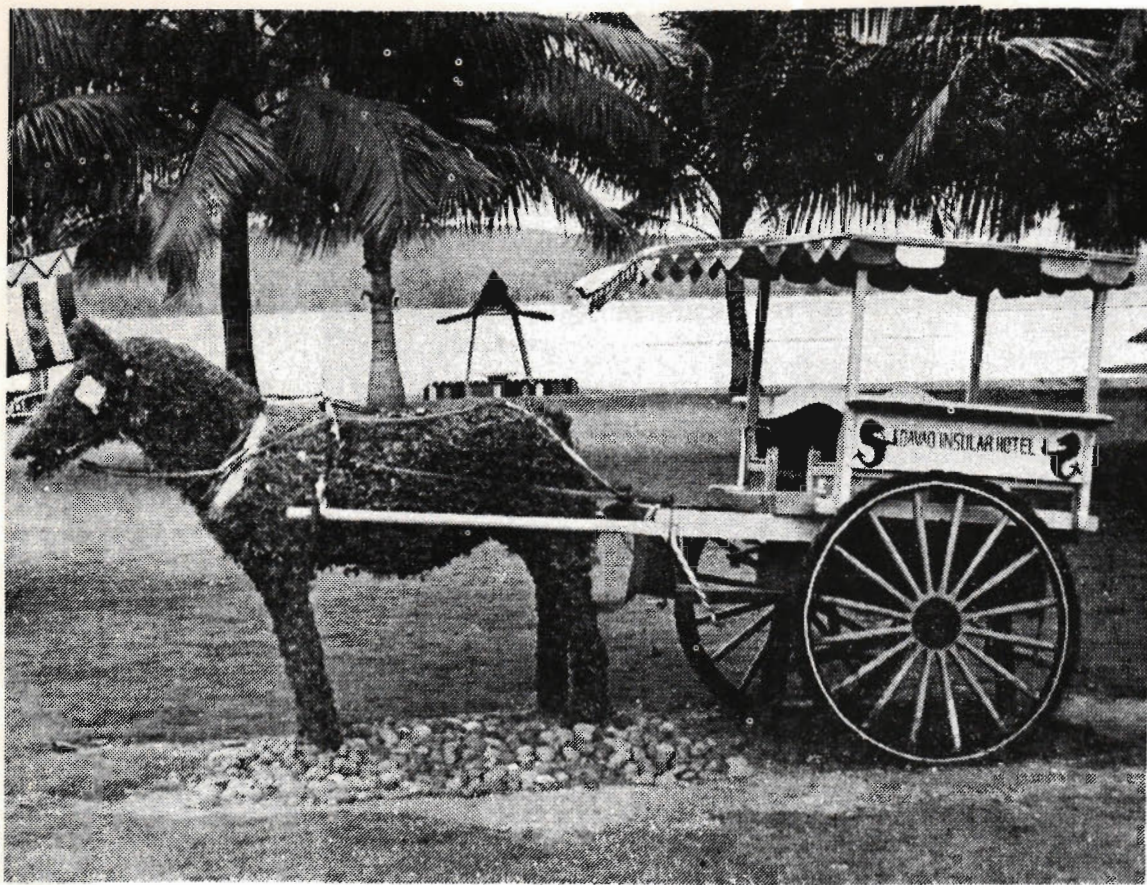
TARO LEAFISM is contagious.
Infect a non-member today.

It's an Hawaiian night with, in l. to r. order, ED PONIATOSKIE, (Hq. 19 '37-'42), Addie FEDOCK, Evelyn PONIATOSKIE, and Shy Lum, taken last March. JOHN and Addie FEDOCK, (K 19 '40-'42), were visiting Wahoo and Ed and Shy were the hosts. The Poniatoskie's have by now moved to 25-422 Kay, Hayward, Calif. The Fedocks live at Rt. 3, Shippensburg, Pa. The two together are Addie and John.



Change of address for Lifer EMIL LARSON, (H 19 '42-'45), who was blinded at Davao, on June 1, 1945 - hit a landmine. Emil's now at Apt. 42, Braeswood Manor, 5550 N. Braeswood, Houston, Tex. Emil was in S. Dakota, you'll remember.

Kathy BACKER, lovely daughter of VIC and Rita, having blood problems. Infection from sliver ended up with serious complications necessitating complete change of blood. Recovering, but it will be slow.



This "creature" is one of the shrubs that gardeners shear into shapes of animals, carts and sailboats on grounds of Philippines' Davao Insular Hotel. Built 11 years ago on what was once a beach-side coconut plantation, luxury hotel offers rooms overlooking coconut palms and the blue Pacific for less than \$10 a day. Honeymooners get a 25 per cent discount. So do big tour groups.

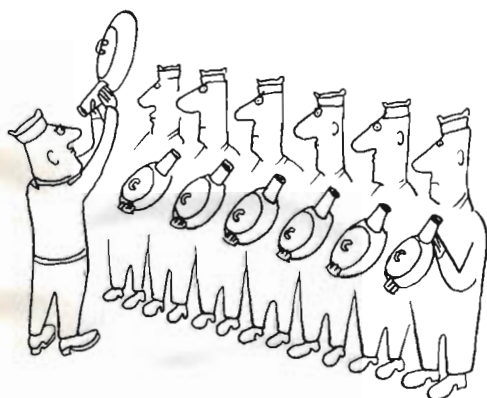
As the fellow says: "I can't stand my wife's family - and that includes my wife."

From the pen of Josephine SABATINE, because Matt is "too busy to write", comes word that these wonderful Gimlets (Hq.Co. 1st Bn. '44-'45), out in Roseto, Pa. went to Hawaii last summer. Adds Josie: "We went out to Schofield to see the 24th's colors and also saw the museum. We had a really wonderful time in paradise. Here's two pictures for the Taro Leaf. Matt and I just celebrated our 32nd anniversary. Of our five children, three are married. Our youngest is in her 2nd year out at Penn State and we have four grandchildren. We may get to Florida in Aug. Matt really enjoys the Taro Leaf." With a report like that, Josie, tell Matt not to bother to write. We'd rather hear it all from you. Thanks a bunch.



Here's the layout of our Convention site. Tower Building is the tall one at the top. Cabana Building is the long low two story one running parallel to the shore line. The expensive rooms in the Cabana Building face the water. Go for the Cabana Building rooms facing the parking lot; you're not going to spend much time in the room anyway.

- DUES ARE DUE -
- \$5.00 -



"OH, I SUPPOSE THE
MEDICS ARE O.K., BUT..."

PARKING

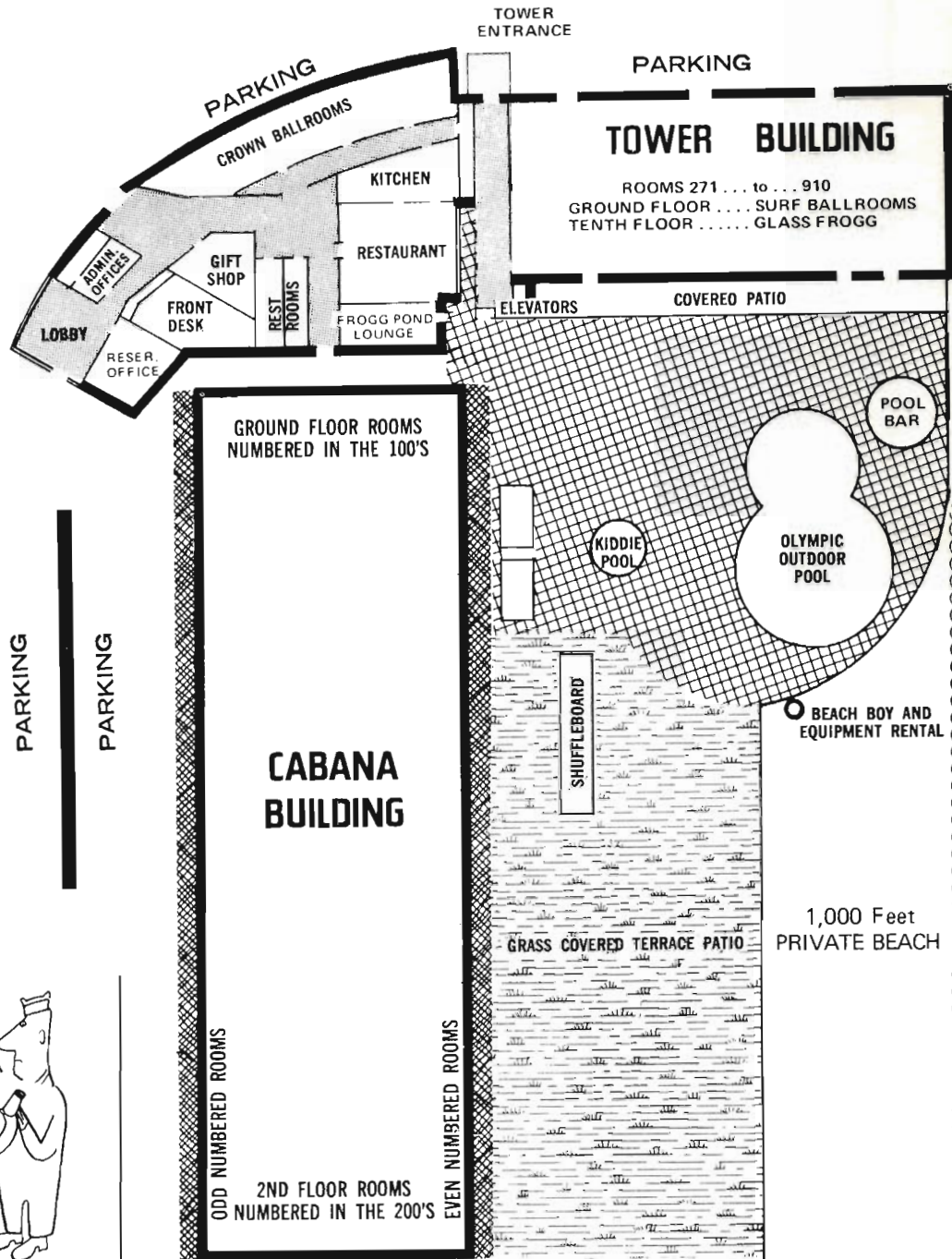
PARKING

CABANA BUILDING

ODD NUMBERED ROOMS

2ND FLOOR ROOMS
NUMBERED IN THE 200'S

EVEN NUMBERED ROOMS



Everyone who's ever tussled with an insurance company computer will get a giggle out of a photo feature in People magazine. It tells the inspiring story of Stan Mazanek, who spent \$12 on life insurance for his pet guppy and collected \$650 when his finny friend died. Although Mazanek had answered all the application questions truthfully, the computer hadn't caught the fact that the insuree was a fish.

We're at the age now; in our little black book, the phone numbers are all doctors.

Gimlets of '52. LLOYD McCANDLISH, our busy Ohio membership chairman has a book of the 21st, '52 era, with all of the company units pictured. Anyone interested?



Our memory goes back to those early days in Mindanao when Div. CP had located for a few days on Talomo Beach. Loren Dyson was the attached Red Cross agent and entertained us with his recorded music while each of us was as busy as a prostitute on a troopship. The music could be heard all over the area; some said it reached as far away as Davao and Mintal. There was one tune that he played - our guess is - 10,000 times. It was a Tony Pastor recording of the Eddie Cantor tune, "Whoopee". Does anyone recall it with us. On the 10,001st rendition, the Chief of Staff, our own beloved "Red" is reported to have messaged over to Dyson that he had "heard it for the last time". We're sure that Red won't object if we "play" it here in these columns to see if it would stir up a memory or two. It went:

The robin calls, - his little mate,
She whistles back, - and gets a date,
They fly through tree tops, - with
two or three stops,
To make some WHOOPEE.

The cuddle fish, - are very shy
When other fish, - go swimming by,
But then with great speed, - they
head for seaweed,
To make some WHOOPEE.

They leave the flirting swallows,
Head for each country barn,
Surely they know what follows,
But they don't give a darn.

And need I mention, - the crazy stork,
Who has a passion, - for causing talk,
If he's about you, - beyond a doubt you've
Been making WHOOPEE.

PRESCRIPTION FOR WHAT AILS YOU

If you are poor - work.
If you are rich - continue to work.
If you are burdened with seemingly unfair responsibilities - work.
If you are happy - keep right on working.
Idleness gives room for doubts and fears.
If disappointments come - work.
If sorry overwhelms you and loved ones seem not true - work.
When faith falters and reason fails - just work.
When dreams are shattered and hope seems dead - work.
Work as if your life were in peril - it really is.
No matter what ails you - work.
Work will cure both mental and physical afflictions.

Newton Record, Newton, Mississippi

The parrot is, - the strangest bird,
In words so wise, - you must have heard,
He say's it's normal - to be informal,
When making WHOOPEE.

He used to raise the dickens,
way down in Old Brazil,
He had at least six chickens,
Who always paid the bill.

But in his case now, - our feathered friend,
Is out of luck now, - for to the end,
He has his heart in, - but can't take part in,
This making WHOOPEE.

Up in Vermont, - when winter comes,
The fellows don't, - just twirl their thumbs
And girls attractive, - are very active,
At making WHOOPEE.

Way down in Maine, - where pine trees swish
And it's too cold, - for folks to fish,
The men start sprucing, - and go producing,
A lot of WHOOPEE.

Think of the joy of skiing,
In each New Hampshire town,
Think of the he and she'ing,
After the sun goes down.

We know two girl friends, - away up North,
Who once were snowbound, - 'til March the fourth,
One knit a sweater, - but one did better,
She made some WHOOPEE.

It was a great tune and we still like it. Somehow we suspect that "Red" really liked it too.

A "Dear Editor" memo from KEN TARRANT, (A 63rd Field '42-'45), of 36 Dysart, Quincy, Mass., reads:

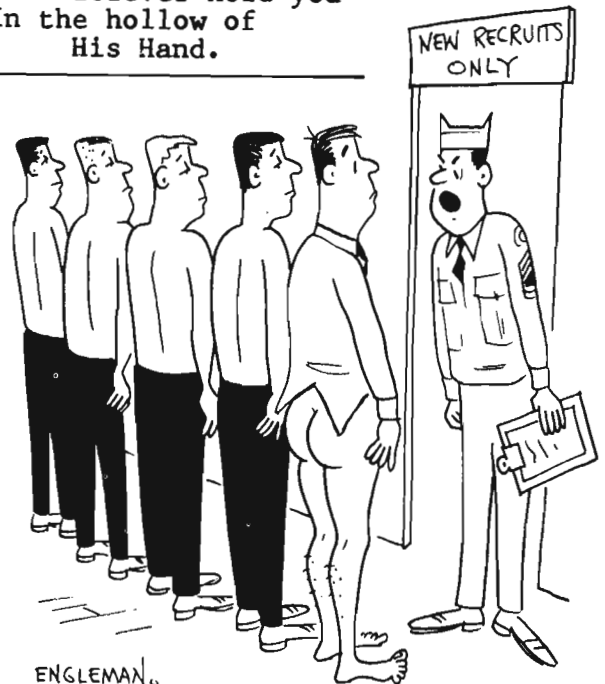
"Loved your Taro Leaf cover. By today's standards, the words may seem corny - but never to me! On my last dental visit to my old buddy, Capt. STAN KAISER, I noticed he was quite envious of my Taro Leaf patch which I removed from my old blouse and had sewn on my wind breaker. Enclosed is \$1.00. If you have any left, I should like to surprise him. You wouldn't believe the things he has done for me and my family." The patches went forward to Ken for Stan. Ken sent us these of Able of the 63rd for which our humble thanks.



"If I could do it over again," VERN SCHENKEL, of 3215 Leisurewood, Florissant, Mo. signed, "this time I'd marry a Japanese girl. They're graceful, obedient, attractive - and your mother-in-law's in Yokohama." No, Vern didn't really say that. Married to lovely Dottie; why would he! Dottie writes that son Steve graduated from S.I.U. at Edwardsville, "with highest honors ever given there". Is now going for his Masters. Vern and Dottie are justly proud. And we remember Steve when he came up to our knees.

The Memory Card for the funeral of Anne O'DONNELL, Spike's beloved Mother, who passed away last Sept. 4th, included that precious Irish wish:

May the wind be
ever at your back,
May the road rise
clear before you,
And may God
forever hold you
In the hollow of
His Hand.



"Hereafter Johnson, when you're told to strip to the waist, it's from the top down!"

REUNIONS: SECOND ("Indianhead") DIVISION ASSOCIATION, 17-20 July, U.S. Grant Hotel, San Diego. Information: Lawrence S. Chermak, Box 42262, Los Angeles 90042....SECOND ARMORED DIVISION ASSOCIATION, 31 July through 4 Aug., New Jack Tar Hotel, San Francisco. Information: Al Jordan, 239 North Toland Ave., West Covina, CA 91790.

I live in a tough neighborhood. The other day one of my neighbors knocked on my door. He told me he'd take me for a drive tomorrow. I said what kind of car do you have? He said, "I'll know tomorrow."

How Oahu has been spoiled. There are McDonald's and those bleep bleep golden arches at Aina Haina, Paioio, Kailua, Waikiki, Walskamilo, Waipaha, Pearl City, Ala Moana, Kahala, Waianae, Mililani Town, Hawaii Kai, Kaneoche, Makiki, downtown Honolulu, School Street, King Street, and Ewa Beach. Count 'em. 18 of 'em. Talk about pollution!!

We caught this one of a rush-hour crush as a late commuter attempts to barrel his way into a jammed Tokyo train. Guy on the right is taking it all with ease. Things haven't changed in 30 years, have they?



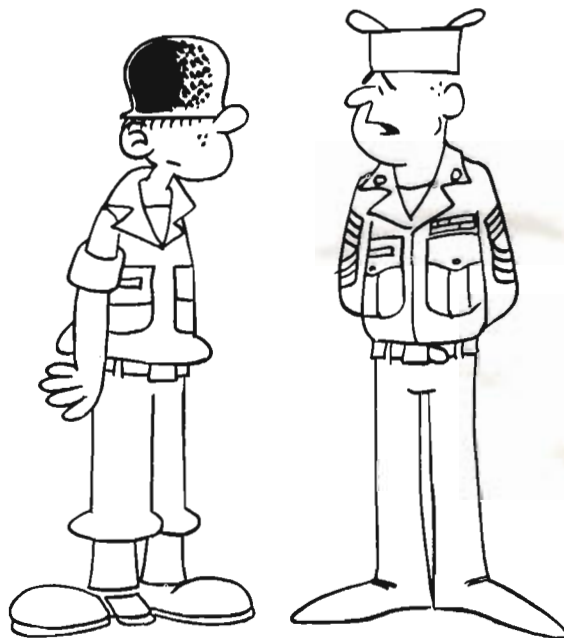
We always enjoy a letter from "Pineapple" JACK FINAN. Invariably he will throw in a poem. Take this one from his last memo to us titled "Kindness" by Grellet:

"I shall pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do, let me do it now; let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

One Emery Vrana, not a member, wants WW II and Korea souvenirs. He's at 5416 Palos Verdes, Torrance, Calif. We have asked him what he means by "souvenirs". Anyone have anything. Decals also he asked for - and got.

Writes BILL MIELKE, (Hq. 21st '45-'46), from his drugstore in Algoma, Wis.:

"Enclosed is a check for 1 years dues and an extra \$5.00 to help defray some expenses. I enjoy the Taro Leaf and go over it from cover to cover. I don't think there are many other units with an Alumni Association like the 24th and none I'm sure with a Newsletter like ours. I think we should all be proud of that and those of you who were the organizers and who have kept things going should get a big pat on the back. When you think of the really close friendships that formed during the war and the occupation it seems a shame that they soon became no more than memories. Your paper and this organization is keeping a lot of the friendships alive. I think this year just for fun I'll dig out my old address book and send Christmas cards to all the guys in it. I suppose after 30 (!!) years lots of the addresses will be wrong but it should be interesting." Thank you, Billy.



"You sure do look familiar, soldier—
what's your name?"

"A sharp nose indicates curiosity", says a critic. Yeah, but he might have added - a flattened nose indicates too much curiosity.

WHEELER H. REYNOLDS, 10259 Van Ruiten, Bellflower, Calif. wants to get in touch with troopers who were in Easy Company of the 19th from 1940 to 1945.

Rainbow Springs



Florida's most beautiful attraction.

Only Rainbow Springs offers you all these exciting features at one low price!

- Florida's only Underwater Cruise
- Unique Forest Flite Monorail
- Rainbow Queen double deck paddleboat
- Exciting Rodeo Show
- Animal Park
- Rainbow Raft Adventure
- Swamp Garden
- Bird Park
- Magnificent Gardens of award-winning Rainbow Springs



Rainbow Springs

ON U.S. 41 AT DUNNELLON.



We're checking it out cost-wise. We'll be back on this one, Bob.

We take a back seat while VINNIE VELLA, (K21st '44-'46) of 107 Homer, Buffalo, N.Y. writes: "I know it's really something to keep up the Taro Leaf year after year. Keep it up". Vinnie, when is your football team ever going to get going?



Here's one for the books. From the Pentagon of the Pacific writes BOB SUMIDA, 1549 Bernice Honolulu, Hawaii, who suggests decals of the regimental and battalion crests. Great idea.



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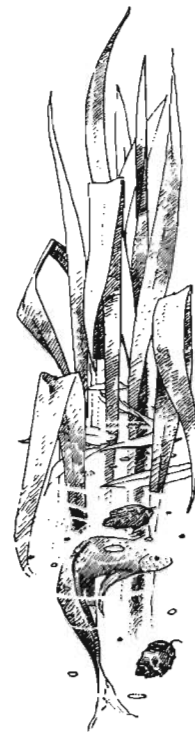
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Taro Leaf embraces a new member VINCENT and Genevieve THOMAS, (21st), of Akron, Ohio. Vinnie answered Membership Chairman BILL BYRD's appeal and it develops that Vinnie was the guy who was sitting next to Bill the day the 45 slug went through his face. These folks have 5 daughters, 1 son, 4 grand-daughters and 2 grandsons.

Taro Leaf greets new member BILL SCHORN, (F 19th '44-'45), who has been catching most all of the fascinating articles and films on the Tasagay people on Mindanao. It's probably well that we didn't intercept those folks in our '45 days. We would likely have ruined it for the anthropologists who have followed us.

WINSTON and Joan DAVIS, (A & 19th '44-'45), made WP. Win claims that if all the cigarettes smoked in the USA in 1973 were laid end to end, a 3000 m/p/h supersonic jet, flying nonstop, day and night, above them would reach the cigarette on the end one year after takeoff and would be 26,000,000 miles out in space. We aren't about to dispute this one, but we do have one question: Is that regular or king-size?

The connoisseur sat down at the bar and ordered a martini.



"Very dry," he insisted. "Twenty parts gin and one part vermouth." "All right, sir," said the bartender. "Shall I twist a bit of lemon peel over it?" "My good man, when I want lemonade, I'll ask for it." For this martini story, our thanks to TOM FARRIER who sent us this one of Past Prexy and Life Member ROSS PURSIFULL at our West Point gathering.

Another "good guy" missing: Mail sent to SAM REIFLER, (C 34th '41-'45), 6309-23rd Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y., keeps coming back. Been a member since '51 too. Made at least 15 conventions. Funny thing!

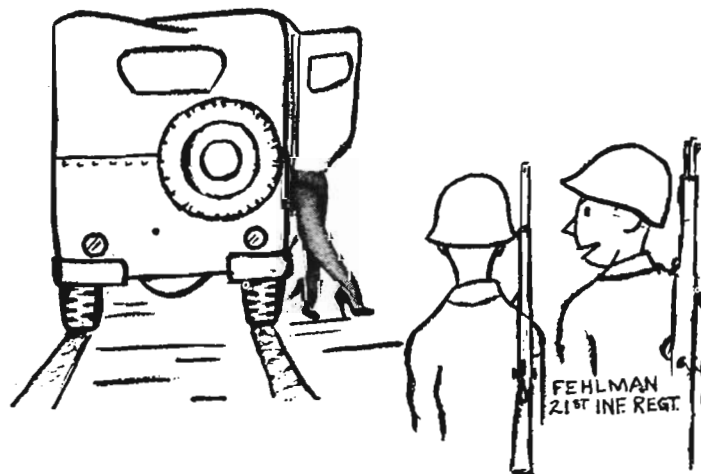


Gen. ROSCOE B. WOODRUFF (elsewhere in this issue) sends us a story he has written for his two grandsons describing his experiences in the 9th Regt. back in '17. He urges each of us "who wants his family to know what he did in the war to get going now and put it in writing." Good advice, RBW. He permits us to quote liberally from his own report, and we do herewith. Forgive us for not answering your fine letter, General. We're receiving so much mail these days that we're adopting the practice of replying publicly in these columns to many of them.

The Woodruff story follows:

"This was written for the benefit of the younger members of my family. It is, really, a series of incidents and memories which have remained vivid. It adds nothing to the history of WW I, there are no heroics included, - just the story as he recalls it of a young Captain of Infantry after 45 years.....In late Sept. '17, the 9th Inf., of which I commanded "H" was stationed in the State Fair Grounds at Syracuse, N.Y. The night of 16 Sept.'17, we got on an Ontario and Western troop train and next morning were ferried from Weehawken, N.J. to the Cunard Pier to board the "Carmania". She was not the largest ship on the North Atlantic run but was of good size and well furnished. When loaded she dropped down the Harbor with all of us below decks. This, no doubt, to prevent anyone on shore from discovering that she was stuffed with troops.....A few days after clearing N.Y., we anchored in the Harbor of Halifax, Nova Scotia, where many other transports were awaiting for formation of a convoy. Some of the ships were carrying ANZACS

(Australian and New Zealand Army Corps) who had crossed the Pacific, then by train across Canada, and were going to the battle in Europe - a long drag. They were getting awfully tired of hanging around and frequently rowed in lifeboats around the Harbor singing, 'It's a Long, Long Trail A-winding', and 'Over There'. We finally got started across in a huge, very slow convoy. It was my first ocean voyage and I got on all right until as Officer of the Day, I had to inspect the galley. That did it! I missed some meals but it wasn't the worst seasickness I was to meet. As we got near Ireland, we lined the rail with riflemen constantly with the thought that if a submarine appeared we might knock out its periscope. None did. I shudder to think what would have occurred if one had come along and all the recruits began shooting! About then we were joined by four old type destroyers which were having a brutal time of it. They wallowed in the high seas so that when in the troughs only their mastheads were visible. We were glad to be on a more stable ship. We landed at Liverpool 1 Oct., well up the Western coast of England, and immediately went by train to Southampton. During the two days waiting there, I had dinner with the United States Consul, a Civil War friend of my father in the home town of Oskaloosa, Iowa. Small world! After dark, one miserable night, about the only kind they have on the Channel, we boarded an old sidewheel steamer that normally was used as a ferry between Scotland and Ireland. Like most transportation, it was jammed with personnel - the men just marched onto the open decks, the officers a little better off in a stuffy little cabin. I know the outside wasn't so bad after a trial inside. The men who couldn't find any shelter, and there were plenty of them, caught heavy spray whenever the old tub poked its nose into the chop. In a drizzly dawn, we debarked on the Mole at LaHavre, France, to 'make the world safe for democracy'. At the time, we



"I see Joe's been out on reconnaissance again."

rather doubted we could do much about it - our morale wasn't too high. We got on French troop trains, each car marked 'Hommes 40 - Chevaux 8' (40 men, 8 animals) and nearly all the cars were what they termed 'good wagons' (freight cars). A few falling-to-pieces passenger cars did for the officers. There were no sanitary arrangements, nor, except for one car per train, any means of getting or preparing food. Sanitation was cared for at stops as was the issue of rations. The next noon we passed just to the south of Paris, close enough to see the Eiffel Tower. We had travelled at walking pace and continued to crawl to the tiny village of Bourmont, in the northern Vosges Mountains, 50 miles south of St. Mihiel. Detraining, we marched over a steep hill to an even smaller village, Vaudrecourt, where my company settled for training for the Front Line. The latter at that time was far to the north and east of us. We arrived in the village of Vaudrecourt about 50 miles south of St. Mihiel about 4 Oct. '17. Our quarters there simply consisted of whatever the village afforded. There was a mess hall of sorts, but the men were



"I say there... are you the young man from Pennsylvania who wrote his congressman?"

mostly in barns and stables, taking advantage of hay lofts where the hay reinforced their thin blankets. The threat of fire was always present, but there was none. Officers were billeted in spare rooms of the very primitive farm-houses. Even in the autumn everyone was from chilly-to-cold most of the time. On one of the less cool days I tried a bath in a nearby stream - it was hardly a success. After getting settled, intensive training was carried on, the immediate stabilized warfare subjects supervised by a neighboring French regiment. Since they had had plenty of front line experience, their help was much appreciated. We could never get our men to adopt the French way of throwing a hand grenade, using a straight arm. So we just heaved them like rather weighty baseballs, getting much greater accuracy and distance than the French. French marksmanship and musketry, by our standards were pitiful. They were armed with the old, long, awkward Lebel rifle, whose inherent accuracy was at best poor. We were issued Hotchkiss machine guns and Chauchat automatic rifles by the French as our own industry had not yet gotten into mass production. The auto-rifle was something of a monstrosity with very low cyclic rate of fire, but each squad used one with effect.... We were issued flour in lieu of the bread ration, as the bakeries that early in the American effort were not capable of supplying us. This worked all right for a time. We gathered in yeast from the surrounding villages and during the night, when the local civilians were not using the stone ovens, baked our own bread. Near disaster came when other units got into the act and yeast simply couldn't be raised quickly enough to supply us. In this emergency, a little, wizened soldier came to me and volunteered to make sour dough bread! He had been a 'sourdough' miner in Alaska. We got by. Some time later, he requested a transfer to some rear echelon job; in order to enlist, he had sworn he was 38 years old when actually he was 54. I admired his spunk and sent him on his way..... A pain-in-the-neck for me suddenly appeared when all my lieutenants (8 of them) were ordered away to the various schools, leaving me the chore



of censoring every piece of personal mail leaving the 250 man company. Had living conditions permitted a lot of letter writing, the job would have been impossible. As it was, I worked until late every night. As I look back on it, the penmanship of the men was excellent; at least, I didn't have trouble deciphering it. Hardly a man complained to the folks back home. They wrote of their privations with pride in the fact that they did it. One chap really worked the officers over. I talked to him on the basis of not wanting to alarm his family. He withdrew the letter, but not his opinions!.....After some training at Vaudrecourt, the company (H, 9th Inf.) was ordered to the Foret de Der, 6 miles S.W. of St.Dizier, to cut wood for military use. The nearest village to our area was Eclaron....Part of the equipment issued to us for our woodchopping was French axes that looked much like the old battle axes. A lot of our men, I am sure, had never had an axe in their hands, let alone one of the curious variety we were given. Many of the men we received while at Syracuse, N.Y., were from the New York City Metropolitan area. There were so many foreign tongues that we had to concentrate all the Italians in one of the four

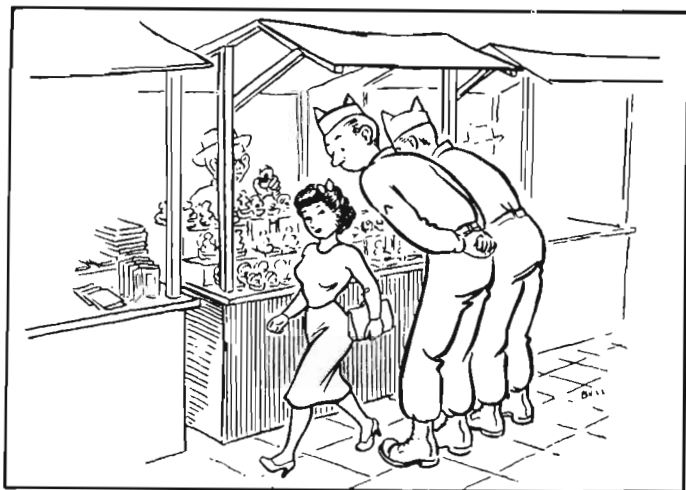


"I guess you realize this means your stripes, Sgt. Potshot . . . and your Sharpshooter's Medal . . . !!!"

platoons and all the Poles in another. One of the chief qualifications of a N.C.O. in those platoons was to handle enough of the platoon language to give orders and understand mine. This is no slur on the fighting ability of these men. They fought extremely well; the casualty lists later contained many of their names....

Shortly before Thanksgiving, I was ordered to Langres to take the first course of the American Expeditionary Forces Command and General Staff School. I recall that I got into the town after a long ride in a motorcycle side car, got a billet and something to eat. Afterward, I wandered round and round the crooked, deserted streets almost endlessly, before stumbling into my billet. After seeing the town in daylight, I didn't wonder that I couldn't find my way about. It seemed to be a maze of drifting lanes going this way and that.....Thanksgiving Dinner 1917 nearly wasn't. Someone had shot a wild boar and we were to have it for a gala meal. When it came from the kitchen, the aroma almost chased us from the mess hall! Regular rations were substituted. I doubt if any of the diners has ever enjoyed wild boar....The School was most interesting. It was headed by an American Brigadier General, but a lot of the instructors were British and French. The latter went in heavily for artillery work and the office part of Intelligence interpretation. The British were strong for Combat Intelligence, that is, the field part of that subject. Both worked on Tactics and Supply. I have a suspicion that the first course was much less restricted than subsequent ones; and that we got a lot of really 'hot oil' from the personal experiences of the faculty. There was no field work, only map exercises, lectures, and conferences. All the students were Americans, drawn from units and installations in Europe. I was assigned to the Intelligence course and found it well worth whileOne of the Britishers gave a fine talk on the relations of a staff officer with the troops. He got a laugh from his comment, 'You'll discover that you will be damned if you do and if you don't. If you get shined up to go out into the slimy, cold, uncomfortable trenches, the men will say, 'Look at him. Easy life in warm billets. He ought to be out here with us!' If you try to look like them, the remark will be, 'The bum won't even have his batman clean his boots and uniform!'.....At the conclusion of the Course, the students were assigned for temporary duty to French and British Divisions in the Front line. I was lucky to be sent to the 8th British Division under Major General Hennekar, whose Command Post was in the Canal Bank at Ypres ("Wipers" to the British Tommies), Belgium. The Division was always proudly referred to as the 8th IMPERIAL Division to distinguish it from those of the Dominions. About the 20 of Feb. 1918, I arrived in Paris enroute to Belgium and spent the night at a YMCA near the Station. There I got my first bombing - purely a relative term in those days -

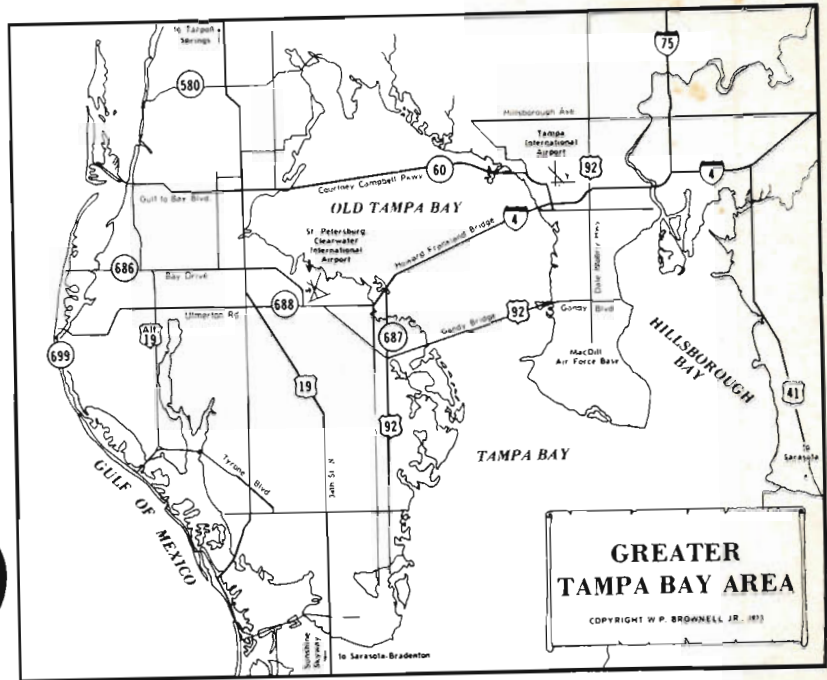
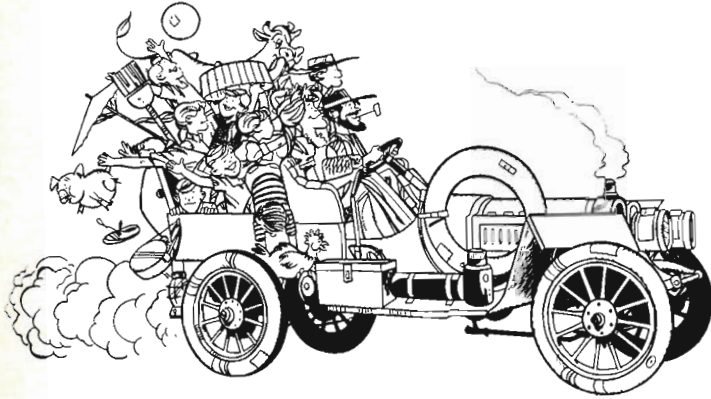
a few light bombs falling some place in the suburbs. The next day on the train to Calais where that night was spent, I had an opportunity to visit with some run-of-the-mine British Service people. Several young officers and a couple of members of the V.A.D., a women's organization a few cuts above the WACS, were in the same compartment with me. The V.A.D. did work for the Services that required considerable education and executive ability. From these people I picked up much information about the British status in the War at that time. Small bombs fell that night also but again at a distance....The final day of that trip was short in distance but long in time. It was by supply train through Cassel to Poperinghe, where we transferred to trucks for the last few miles to Ypres. As we left the train the sound of heavy gun fire was easily heard. The hop fields with their thickets of tall poles intrigued me until somebody told me what they were. We didn't grow hops in Iowa!.....The 8th Div. C.P. was literally 'in the Canal Bank', its dugouts being tucked under the eastern bank of the Canal. I was impressed by the small number of personnel in their Advance Echelon, the C.G., his Aide, the Chief of Staff, Operations and Intelligence Officers, Signals and orderlies. The remaining personnel were well to the rear where they could get some protection yet carry on essential duties. I was assigned a small dugout of corrugated iron - an 'elephant shelter'. My duties were to observe, and the job of the Division staff to see that I was given every opportunity to do so. They treated me very well, although I couldn't but realize that I was but another burden for them. I divided my time between the various offices trying to be in the one that was most active at the moment. I also accompanied one or the other of the staff officers on their inspection visits to subordinate outfits on or near the Line. One such visit I remember vividly. My guide was the Division G-3 and the purpose of the reconnaissance to inspect as much as we could of a section of the most forward positions. The guide timed it so we could make the most of what he referred to as 'first shooting light', the brief period at dawn when one could distinguish objects and areas nearby but enemy observers at a distance could not, we hoped, see us. If those observers did see us they evidently didn't think us worthy targets. As we were returning, however, we passed an engineer company working madly to get a road in shape for use. They were being shelled rather heavily and one of the men, holding his bleeding arm, grinned and yelled, 'Now to Blighty', the Tommies name for home - England. (When one was killed, he 'went West!').....The constant artillery fire



had flattened all vegetation, the only trees I recall were a few shattered stumps of Bois Triangulaire shown on the pre-War maps as a wood of some size. Former buildings were rubble. The gently rolling terrain offered little defilade, so any mound or hillock was a prize. Practically all vehicle movement was restricted to the hours of darkness. The opposing trenches were little more than hand grenade range apart. An exposed head or limb could bring some extremely accurate sniper fire.....The entire area north and east of Ypres was a quagmire, complete catastrophe. Fighting had been going on over it for the whole War. The preceding autumn the Canadians had made three magnificent attacks against Passchendale Ridge, gaining but little ground but having thousands of casualties. On our wanderings there were places where it would have been possible to walk for a city block on exposed bodies. They had been buried as well as could be under the conditions but winter rains and intense shell fire had uncovered many corpses. The winter chill had preserved the bodies fairly well.....That picture forced me to drink tea for the only time in my Service. The choice of drink was: horribly tasting contaminated or boiled water, liquor, tea, or nothing! There certainly was no question about the potability of the local water supply.....Whenever weather permitted observation balloons were up on either side of the Line. They made fine but unsteady platforms for observation deep into the enemy lines. Observers, generally artillerymen, had no dull moments while aloft. Both Air Forces took delight in shooting them down. An incendiary bullet could make a balloon go up in one huge 'Whomp' of burning hydrogen, so when an enemy plane was sighted, the observers didn't wait - they hopped off in their parachutes. While I was a Ypres, a German fighter shot down three British balloons in one sweep. Everything in the neighborhood was firing at him but he got away. The occupants escaped, furious that the Royal Air Force hadn't given them better cover. Actually the R.A.F. was putting

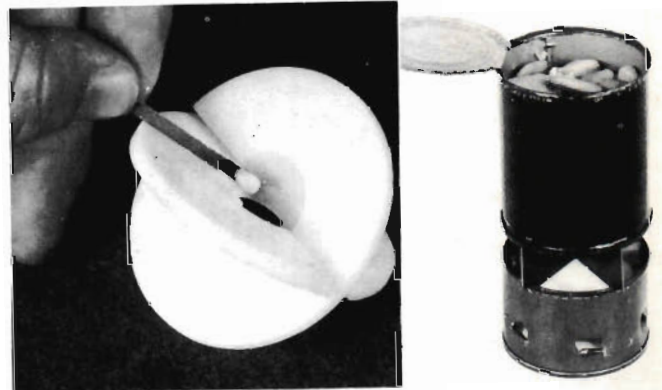


Come to Clearwater in August -
and be sure to bring the family.



Read this one from ED COLE down at 5203 S.Watterson, Louisville, Ky.:
"Please bear with me; after reading my first issue of 'TARO LEAF' I am still in a state of excited shock. The experience was so mind-jogging, that I found myself taking a mental trip back over the past thirty three years. The emotion and elation that poured forth are still not fully understood by either my wife, or myself. Just to know that there are still a few 'Old retreads' around is, in itself, enough to give one a magnificent feeling of pride and accomplishment. No attempt will be made to write this letter in an orderly manner; to do so in my rambling present state of mind would be next to impossible. A brief run-down on my past history with the 24th would read thus: Arrived in Schofield in January, '41, and was assigned to Co. F 19th 21st Brigade. (We became the 24th & 25th Divisions late in 1941). Soon after the 'Infamous Attack', I transferred to Co. A, 19th, because I worshipped a man who was later to become Regimental Commander, Capt. GEORGE H. CHAPMAN, JR. with A Co., and after Camp Ascot at Brisbane, The 'Caves' at Rockhampton, Hollandia, Leyte, and finally, Breakneck, I got home in time for Christmas 1945. I am fiercely proud to have been a 'Chick' of the 'Rock', but even more so that the 'Rock' was a member of the famous 24th. Since I married rather late in life, there are no siblings to write about. However, I am lucky indeed to have a life partner by the name of Virginia Kathryn, who answers more quickly to the nickname of 'Jan'. At present, I am employed as Receiving & Shipping Clerk for Kentucky Fried Chicken Corp. International Headquarters in Louisville. There are many ways to while away idle hours in Kentucky; however, I devote most of my spare time to pistol

Ever had to eat cold "Cs" because moisture got to your heat tablet? That'll be history soon as a newly-developed heat tablet gets to the field. Moisture doesn't bother the new dual-disc fuel and it's non-toxic so it may be packed with rations. And there's a grid gadget that goes with the heat tab. Placed on top of a B-1A ration can, it keeps your Cs about an inch from the heat source so you don't burn your goodies in the bottom of the can you're heating. Now, if we could get a reconstituted waitress.....



TARO LEAF recalls to mind July 18 of '58 when Uncle Sugar put 8000 soldiers into Lebanon including 1700 of our boys who were flown from West Germany to a staging area in Adana, Turkey, under the command of Brig.Gen. DAVID W. GRAY - and then on into Beirut.

matches, Little League Baseball, which reminds me that I tried on a few occasions to make the 19th baseball team. But there were always too many good ball players around like JACK FINAN, CHUCK COYNE, LOUIE DIMOND, etc. If I can be of any assistance to you, please let me know. Until then I am eternally, Yours in Comradeship, P.Edward Cole." Terrific, Ed, just terrific!