

No 1
77-78

TARO LEAF



With
which
we
say
"Welcome
aboard"
to
the
new
Commanding
General.

TO ALL FORMER TARO LEAFERS:

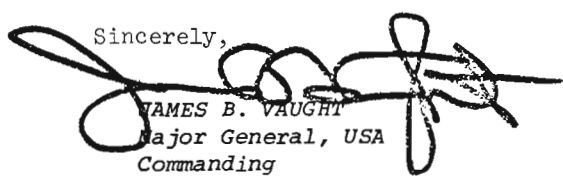


As the new commander of the 24th Infantry Division, I wish to extend my sincere appreciation to you for the many warm letters of welcome I have received.

It is certainly an honor for me to join ranks again with the "Victory" Division--having previously served with the 34th Infantry Regiment in Japan and Korea from January 1952 to May 1954.

I look forward to continuing the strong ties and friendships which have formed between the division and its former Taro Leafers. As you gather next August for your convention in Savannah, it will be my pleasure to meet many of you and show you the 24th Division, which should then be at full authorized strength.

Sincerely,


JAMES B. VAUGHN
Major General, USA
Commanding

TARO LEAF

Vol. XXXI — No. 1

1977 - 1978

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

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

The Association is a strictly, non-military, non-rank, non-profit organization of men and women who serve or once served together and desire only to keep alive the warm friendships formed in that service. Our purpose is only one of good will toward our comrades in arms. We ask nothing and expect nothing, as an Association, from the White House, the Capitol or the Pentagon. We are as non-official as we can possibly be.

Norfolk stirred nostalgic memories of other days, other lives, other loves.

Gal Friday, Beverly Corris, who helps us earn the daily bread and helps mightily in getting this paper to the presses and then on to you recently was talking (she never stops) and said: "I have been to 5 conventions - Boston '64, Hawaii '65, West Point '73, Clearwater '74, and Norfolk '77. I have met some of you only a few times, others at every convention; you are some of the nicest people I've ever had the good fortune to meet. It seemed that as soon as I walked into that lobby, I was at once welcomed as an old friend, as though I really belonged too. It has been a warming experience - each time. And to the more than a few to whom I owe letters, they'll be on their way."

At the annual meeting, the membership elected JOHN KLUMP as President, MICHAEL RAFTER as Vice President, Rev. CHRISTOPHER BERLO as Chaplain, Col. HARRY RUBIN as '78 Convention Chairman (in greater Savannah again) and Past President HOWARD LUMSDEN as Membership Chairman.

The Friday a.m. at Norfolk was consumed in a visit to the Aircraft Carrier America. Simply unbelievable; you have to go aboard to appreciate the enormity of the thing. Great show, LES WHEELER. Les, on the bus over to the Navy Yard, was telling about the wife who remarked, after listening to her husband's long tirade about the injustices of life, "You may not have had a happy childhood, but you're certainly having a long one".

Life Member ROSCOE CLAXON was acting like a veritable Ponce de Leon at Norfolk giving every evidence that he has found his own private Fountain of Youth. May Roscoe and all of Stamping Ground savor the elixer.

As we go to press, word is out that another study has just been released on West Point, this one by 3 generals appointed by the Pentagon. If there is one thing that West Point might not need just now, it's another study, especially one which hammers the H--- out of the institution. It ought to be given a reasonable time within which to pick itself up from the last study appearing in the spring.

Regrets from our Div.Chemical O., SAM UMPHREY (3/46-11/47), out there in 'Frisco. Sam couldn't make Norfolk.





With regrets, we say "Goodbye" to Maj.Gen. DONALD E. ROSENBLUM - and we do so at the risk of offending his successor, Maj.Gen. JAMES B. VAUGHT, although we're sure he will understand when we report that, since the organization of the Association on the beach at Talomo in August of '47 - a little over 30 years ago - no Division Commander has shown us more-- in every department. We have every confidence however that Don means it when, in joining the "alumni group", he said, "Bits of my and Laura's hearts are being left behind at Stewart". We'll meet again, Don and Laura - and meantime, warm good wishes for happy days in 'Jersey.

The President's Corner:

I accept this challenging position with humility and a deep sense of gratitude for the confidence placed in me. God willing, and with your support, I hope to approach the accomplishments of those Presidents who have walked here before me. I anticipate that at Savannah in August you'll be able to say "Twas a great year."

24th Division-ly Yours,

John

John E. Klump

Lt.Col. WILLIAM "Tommy" JOHNSON, USA Ret., down in Fayetteville nicely got us some nice publicity for the Norfolk extravaganza. Writes Tommy: "I chanced to run into Col. EDWARD VANDEUSEN the other day. He was with the 13th Field in the 30s. He's 92 and in excellent health. Asks to be remembered to all old 'Flying Jackasses'".

Clemie MCREYNOLDS, wife of Capt. JAMES L., (2nd Bn 19th '43-'46 and '50-'51), of Lawton, Okla., passed away last August 17th after a long illness. Many of us will remember these folks at Savannah where they enjoyed themselves so very much.

Write your own page in history.

New - from the 24th Infantry Division Association -

an invitation to yesterday....many yesterdays.....

RELIVING OUR PAST: Our days - and that means your days - of service in the 24th - from activation in 1941 - at Schofield to the present - at Stewart - and all the way stops in between.

NOW, at a special limited-time price, you can reserve your copy of this combination Biography and Autobiography of a Division

The fun, the tragedies, the good times, the bad times - life in the 24th.

They're all just waiting for your visit - for joining your library -

And what's more - because publication day is scheduled for August 5th of 1978 -

There's still time for you to become personally involved, to become a real vital part of this book - by making a live contribution to it - by creeping onto its very pages.

Send us your favorite story of life in the Division - especially if it involves yourself - tell us your funniest experience - or you may choose to tell us a sad story - a tragic event - or whatever it is that strikes your fancy and gives rise to that gnawing through that "In any history of the 24th, this story should be included, if that history is going to be complete".

You write it - and we'll include it - ergo the "Autobiography" feature.

We still have room for your story - and time too -

We want you in it - to make it come alive.

Provided you give us a reply within a reasonable time from receipt of this pitch for your help.

Our pages are fairly well set up - but we still have some blanks for squeezing in those personal stories we hope this entreaty inspires.

Our blank pages are just waiting for your visit, your contribution.

AND, OF COURSE, IT FOLLOWS AS DAY FOLLOWS NIGHT THAT WE WANT PICTURES (black and white glossies preferably - of 3 x 3 size or larger) - of your days in the Division. The pix will be returned, should you request.

And incidentally, have no fear about your writing ability - do what you can and we'll pick it up from there -

Whether you see fit to contribute -

Or whether you see fit merely to sit back, order a copy of this BEAUTIFUL BOOK, and savor in its recollections of our military past.

You've got a DELIGHTFUL adventure in store. A closeup look at people, places and things that recollect the days in the life of the Division, and your part in it, and our contribution to America's history.

You'll travel through Hawaii, the first stop, and review the part we played in the early history of the Division - before and after Pearl - then the down-under land of Australia - the short adventure on Goodenough readying for Hollandia - and then of course Hollandia itself in and around Cyclops Mts. and beautiful Lake Sentani - then the Biak "visit" that followed - before the "return" via Leyte, Mindoro, and all those other islands - the days on Luzon, or more accurately on Bataan and Nasugbu -

Be with us as we relive the storming of Corregidor -

And finish the cursed war with us on Mindanao - and of course the "Occupation", five years of "fun and games".

Then Korea from the beginning with "Task Force Smith" to the end with the return of Bill Dean.

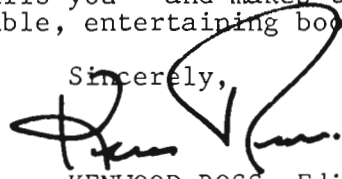
Stay with us as we yo-yo'd between Japan and Korea - and then on to West Germany - not to mention Lebanon, and we will mention it. We'll visit EVERYWHERE we went.

In its 800 pages, we'll find space for the Ft. Riley episode - and the oblivion - and the reactivation at Stewart, where we are today, as a fitting close to this big beautiful holiday-of-a-book.

TO RESERVE YOUR COPY (AND BONUS ONE-YEAR MEMBERSHIP IN THE ASSOCIATION) - simply return the order form below.

If you've always wanted to be a real live part of a book, to be one of the characters appearing between its end covers - and if the romance and adventure of one of America's most colorful Army Divisions thrills you - and makes the heart skip a beat or two - then this will be the most valuable, entertaining book you buy all year.

Sincerely,



KENWOOD ROSS, Editor

P.S. The low, limited-time price of only \$20.00 is offered to you who reserve your copy early - meaning NOW. This helps us estimate how many first edition copies to print. Within ninety days, the PRICE will go to \$35.00. DO IT NOW AND RECEIVE A MEMBERSHIP IN THE ASSOCIATION FOR ONE YEAR as part of the package.

It'll be a book you'll be PROUD to own - and PROUD to share with your friends - because if our plan goes to complete fruition, you'll be in it!



Convention Registrar BERT LOWREY (he did a grand job at the desk) and RICHARD LUM who traveled the greatest distance to make Norfolk.



"I understand we have a new medic giving these blood tests."

JOHN KLUMP, in addressing Maj.Gen. JAMES B. VAUGHT on Sept. 22nd, as the General assumed the Division command, spoke for us all, when he said: "As the President of an Association dedicated to the best interests of the Division which you now command and to preserving the happy relationships of we of that Division who were privileged to serve at one time in the far distant past or who are privileged to serve today, I say 'Welcome to the 24th family'. May your days with 'us' be enjoyable ones and may they generate in you an affection for this 'thing' called Division as strong and as deep as the affection which each of our membership feels for it." Well spoken, Mr. President.

Major General JAMES B. VAUGHT, Chief of Staff of Allied Land Forces, S.E. Europe, Izmir, Turkey, assumed command of the 24th Infantry Division and Ft. Stewart Hunter Army Airfield on Sept. 22nd.

Maj.Gen.Vaught succeeded Brig.Gen. DONALD E. ROSENBLUM, who was recently selected for promotion to major general and moves to Ft.Dix, N.J., where he assumes command of Army Readiness Region II which covers the states of N.J., Pa., and W.Va. and is responsible for assisting Reserve Component units in establishing, achieving and sustaining unit and individual readiness. More than 570 National Guard and Reserve units are supported by this command.

Maj.Gen. Vaught, a native of Conway, S.C. enlisted in the Army in May '45. Upon graduation from Officer Candidate School in '46, he was commissioned a second lieutenant of Infantry.

During Korean, he served with the 34th Inf. in Japan and Korea from January '52 to May '54. His second assignment to Korea was with the Eighth U.S. Army Headquarters in Seoul from January '61 to May '62.

A veteran of two tours in Vietnam, he served first with the 1st Cavalry Division from Aug. '67 to Apr. '68 and returned in Aug. '70 as a senior U.S. Army Combat Developments Officer and then as a senior advisor, Vietnamese Airborne Forces, until September '71.

Maj.Gen.Vaught assumed duties in Oct. '71 as deputy commander of the 1st Corps Support Command at Ft.Bragg, N.C. He later became Commanding officer of that command until he was assigned as chief of staff of XVIII Airborne Corps at Ft.Bragg on June '73. From Aug. '74 to Aug. '75, he was assistant division commander of the 82nd Airborne Division, Ft.Bragg.

The general's stateside assignments have included tours in the Pentagon with the Office of the Secretary of Defense, Office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Office of the Army Assistant Chief of Staff for Force Development. A master parachutist, he has also been assigned to Ft.Benning, Campbell, and McPherson.



"It's one o'clock . . . time for our break."

The Manager of the Omni, our Norfolk convention hotel goofed. He did for hotel managers what the Boston strangler did for door to door salesman. He allowed to be booked a party at either side of our banquet hall, same being separated by those paper thin accordion type walls. Result: bedlam.

Maj.Gen.Vaught's military education includes attendance at the National War College, Armed Forces Staff College, Command and General Staff College, the Infantry Advanced Course, Airborne and Ranger School. He attended The Citadel in Charleston, S.C., for two years and later received a Bachelor of Business Administration degree from Georgia State College in Atlanta and a Master of Science from George Washington University, Washington, D.C.

Among his decorations are two awards of the Silver Star, three Legions of Merit, the Distinguished Flying Cross, Soldiers' Medal, two Bronze Star Medals, Meritorious Service Medal, six Air Medals, the Joint Service Commendation Medal, two Army Commendation Medals and the Purple Heart. Other awards include two Combat Infantryman Badges, two Republic of Vietnam Gallantry Crosses with Silver Star and two Vietnam Armed Forces Honor Medals 1st Class.

Maj.Gen.Vaught is married to the former Aimee Beers of Hingham, Mass. He and his wife have three children.



Maj. Gen. DONALD E. ROSENBLUM passes the Colors to Maj. Gen. JAMES B. VAUGHT, on Sept. 22nd, and the Change of Command is complete. U.S. Army photo.

Doc WILLIAM SWANSON, (Div. Hq. '50-'51), of Weatherford, Okla., Prof. of Language Arts at Southwestern Oklahoma U., reports that son Bill III with the Coast Guard in Port Angeles, Wash., and daughter-in-law Debbie became the proud Ma and Pa of blonde haired grey eyed Judith Claire last June. Adds Bill "And I'm much too young to be a grandfather." Simmer down, boy, you can't help it. You can't stop it either.

Just to share something with you.... On the Friday of our Norfolk weekend, we rented a Hertz car at Washington, D.C. Airport. We drove it 219 miles before turning it in Sunday a.m. at Norfolk Airport. Cost \$112.05..... On the Friday 5 weeks later, we rented a National car (5 feet from Hertz) at the same Washington Airport. We drove it 186 miles before turning it in on Sunday a.m. at Baltimore Airport. Cost \$46.02..... Moral - go National; let O.J. run and jump for somebody else.



"Dad — I'm writing a composition for English about what it's like being the son of a drill instructor ... would 'mean-as-hell' be hyphenated?"



Happy moment for Maj. Gen. DONALD E. ROSENBLUM. Maj. Gen. Billy M. Jones, Georgia's Adjutant General, awards him Georgia DSM. It's "Billy", not "William". Those Georgia folks get downright cuddly with their names. Greatest thing since sliced bread. U.S. Army photo.

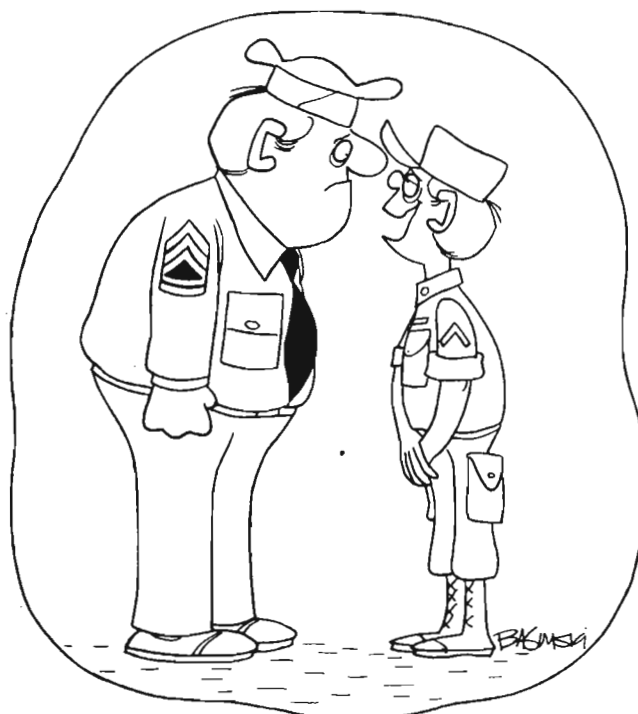
We could do no less than to travel to Baltimore on Sept. 24th for the wedding of Kathleen Margaret, the "baby" of JOE and Margaret PEYTON, to Patrick Myles Duley. We had known this lovely gal all her life. With Tom in the priesthood, in Savannah by the by, and Jimmy and Patty already married, the Peytons are now alone. They gave the latest bride and groom and their many friends a grand reception; nothing was too good for a Peyton "child". Grand party, Joe and Maggie.



When E.F. Hutton talks, people listen.

This'll be a hodge-podge when it's printed - but we'll use it because Stewart sent it to us. It's the "Pass in Review" on the Change in Command ceremony last Sept. 27th. U.S. Army photo.

At our annual meeting in Norfolk, Ray Kinder, the Museum Curator at Ft. Stewart came forward and said: "I appreciate the opportunity to speak to you regarding the Division Museum. The museum is presently in the process of organization, collecting equipment and display materials, and hopes to open to the public some time after March 1, 1978. We have acquired a modest amount of exhibit materials from official sources, but what we need most urgently are materials that only you can provide: that is, artifacts, pictures and documents with a story behind them; items from the old Hawaiian Division, World War II, the Occupation of Japan, the Korean War, Vietnam and Germany, 1958-68. Please don't imagine that what you have is only of interest to you. If you thought it worth saving, others will doubtless find it worth seeing, especially if you can provide identification. We need not only military items but items of local origin, such as Philippine or Korean clothing, tools, utensils or weapons. The 82d Airborne Division Association, for example, not only provided an ample number of display items, but even raised the money for a magnificent new building at Ft. Bragg. This project not only did a public service, but greatly strengthened the Association which undertook it. The 24th Division is not asking for money or a building at this time. It is only asking for souvenirs of the Division because only these will make the museum truly yours. If everyone here were to give only one item out of his collection, this would give us a good start. We will pay shipping costs on artifacts, photos and documents, and will reproduce and return pictures and documents you wish to keep. The only thing we won't do is to take items on long-term loan, as this involves too great a legal, administrative and financial obligation. On the



"I bet I wouldn't be the dumbest guy in the outfit if we had a bigger outfit."

other hand, we can purchase items of substantial intrinsic worth providing they are deemed sufficiently important acquisitions. In all cases, whether as donor or vendor, you will receive full credit. Let me emphasize that the museum depends primarily on you for its success, and that your response to the museum's need will be a major indicator of your vitality as an Association. Should you wish to rise to this responsibility please contact:

The Curator
24th Infantry Division and Fort Stewart
Museum
ATTN: AFZP-DPT-PP
Fort Stewart, Georgia 31313

O.K. gang, there's your challenge.



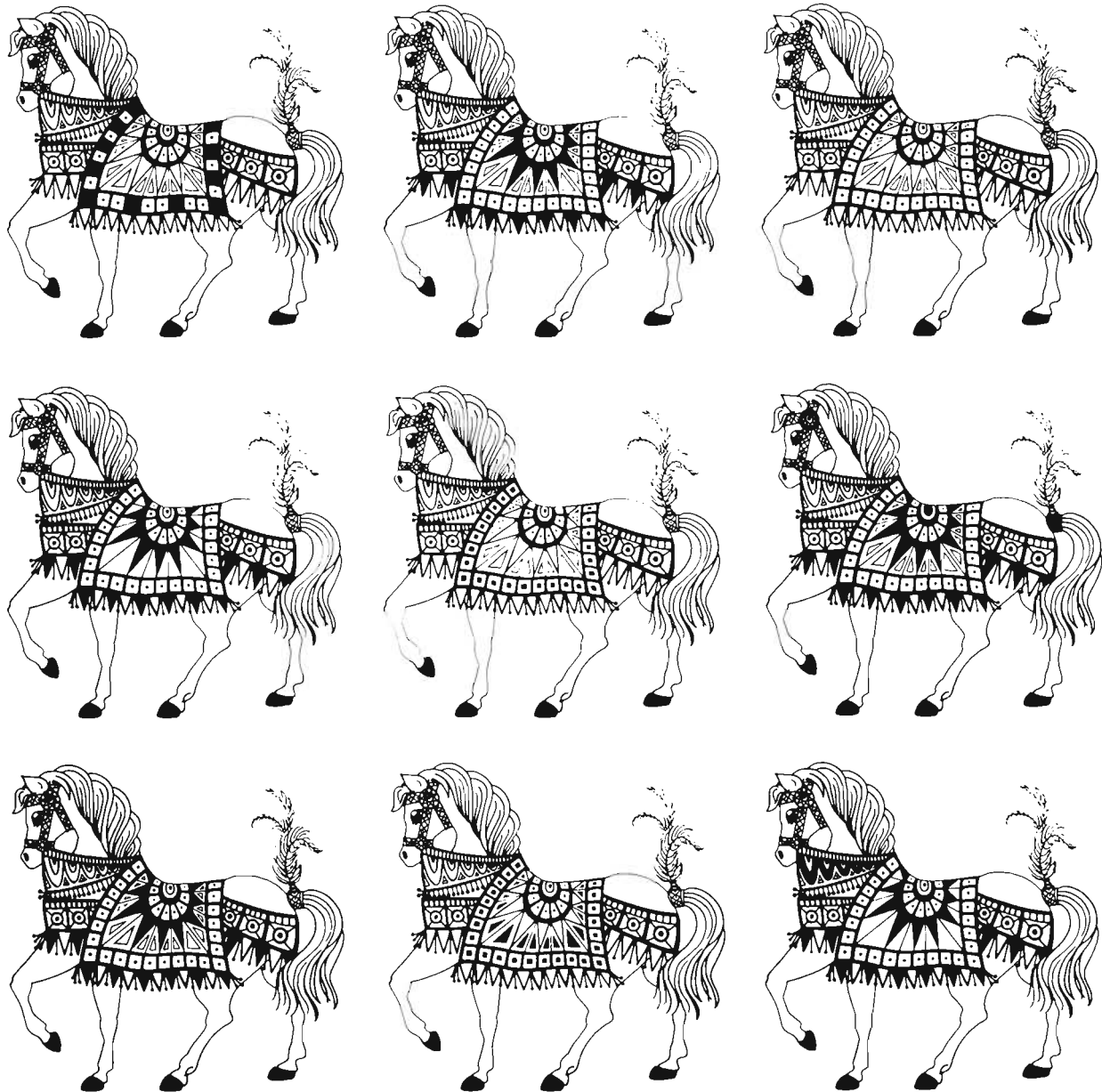
In the Omni lobby at Norfolk: FRED BUCK, DICK LUM, FLOYD NELSON, CHARLEY McBRIDE.

CHARLEY McBRYDE, (Hq. 19th), wrote in to us asking for a plug for his friend Billy Cameron who was running for a Vice Commander's spot in the VFW. We couldn't publish anything in time, Charley. Very sorry. Did Billy make it?



On the Friday night cruise ship: BENNY MASHEY, DICK LUM, SALLY BUCK and G.E. WILSON.

Ah, com'on; it's only a puzzle. Just find the twins. That's all.
(Answer elsewhere in this issue)



In Memoriam

Died: VERNER E. MAYS, (19th '42-'45), of Mt.Vernon, Ill.

HERBERT G. WERKHEISER, JR., (13th Field '50-'51), of Bath, Pa., died Aug. 16th - massive heart attack. The husband of Marie Liberto, he was also the buddy of, and cousin of the wife of, DANIEL R. WEAVER, (52nd Field '50-'51) of Bethlehem. Herbie left, also, son, Larry, and daughters, Tina, Dianne, and Mary Louise.

DECEASED: GEORGE P. WHITE (34th Motor Pool Sgt. of Butler, Pa. on Feb 14, 1977.

Deceased: LOUIS R. MCBAY, 34th of Fairhaven and Norwood, Mass. Lou was in charge of the Sasebo Ammo. Depot in '50-'52. He was a great guy who loved the Division and its members. Often he was heard to say, "These are my boys." For this sad news, we are indebted to our own ADOLPH DAMISH.

Died: WILLIE NEAL, (Hq.Co.21st Inf.) of 1540 S.Jennings, Bartlesville, Okla. on Aug. 21, 1977.

PETER NEPOTE, (C 3rd Eng. 7/50-7/51), of 17470 East Cedar, Ripon, Calif., writes us the tragic news that he and Mary lost the husband of their youngest daughter, Rita, in a crop dusting accident. David West, he gave 5 years to the Marines. We're sorry for you folks, Pete.



Died: Jackie THROM, beloved wife of our very own Col. URBAN THROM, USA Ret. Here they are at Savannah before returning to Denver where Jackie slipped into her long, last illness. Jackie will be sorely missed by each of us privileged to share her friendship.

David Donald, Harvard's Charles Warren, Professor of American History, wrote about the duties and functions of a teacher in teaching American history. Zooming in on the fact that for 200 years, American has been a "people of plenty", from which abundance derived our most amiable traits - our individualism, our generosity, our incurable optimism, - Prof. Donald added a couple of sins - our wastefulness, our extravagance, our careless self-confidence. He went on:

"Abundance led Americans to develop distinctive ways of coping with social problems. When the American farmer protested against exploitation by merchants, when the American laborer objected to the power of the capitalists, when the West complained about the dominance of the East, we were never required to consider any thoroughgoing restructuring of American society. To all complaints that the slices of the American pie were unevenly distributed, we responded not by making the pieces more even but by making the pie larger. Material abundance made it possible for everybody to receive more.

"Now the age of abundance has ended. The people of plenty have become the people of paucity. Our stores of oil and natural gas are rapidly running out, and other natural resources will soon be exhausted. If we save what is left, we choke our economy, if we use it, we impoverish our posterity.

"Consequently, the "lessons" taught by the American past are today not merely irrelevant but dangerous. We can no longer answer demands for equalizing the rewards of our society by cooking up a bigger pie.

"Instead, as our problems grow constantly larger, the chances of solving them drastically diminish. Unlike every previous American generation, we face impossible choices. If we have guns, we cannot have butter. If we reduce unemployment, we produce inflation. If we hire women, we must fire men. If we give blacks preference in admission to colleges and professional schools, we exclude whites.

"What, then, can a historian tell undergraduates that might help them in this new and unprecedented age? Perhaps my most useful function would be to disenthral them from the spell of history to help them see the irrelevance of the past, to assist them in understanding what Lincoln meant in saying, "The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present."

"Perhaps, too, I can make it easier for some to face a troubled future by reminding them to what a limited extent humans control their own destiny."



The two Generals - the old and the new - review the troops. U.S. Army photo.

HOW 'BOUT DINING WITH ME
TONIGHT - MESS HALL OF
COURSE.

CHEAP 'O
O.O.O.



How'd ya do in finding those twins?
How about 1st row, center horse, and
last row, 1st horse.



There's nothing like getting behind the band if you want to get a special peek at the Change of Command ceremony. U.S. Army photo.

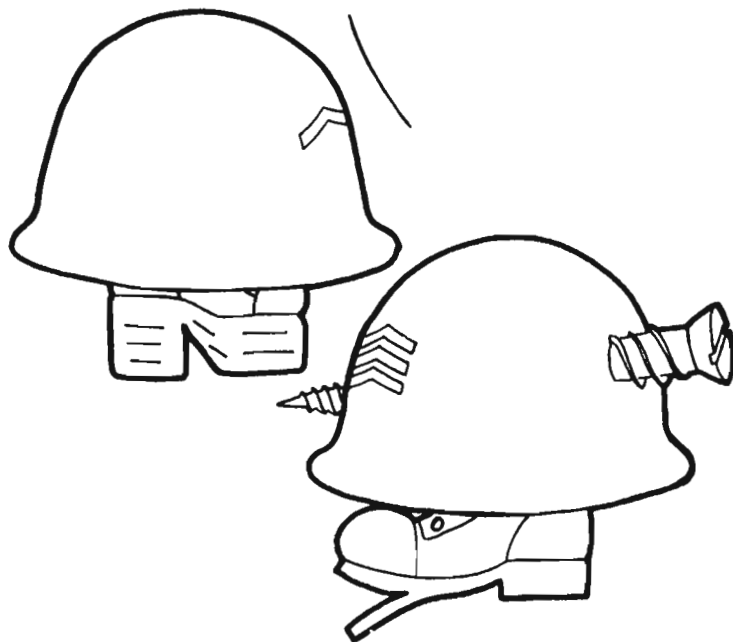
At the Douglas MacArthur shrine where our conventioners assembled on that Friday afternoon, faithful Chaplain CHRISTOPHER J. BERLO (19th), led us with these precious words of prayer:
 "God - Lord of all nations - Father of all men - we stand before You today, reverent - remembering - grateful. We cherish our country - its people - its places - its power to do good. We cherish its founding Charter, which clearly sees You as the source of Rights, Freedom, Equality.
 Though we are all equally citizens, we know that You have blessed us in a special way with great men, such as Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln. Today we are grateful for a man who stood tall among us. Douglas MacArthur is bright in our memory and we are grateful that he was part of our life and history. We followed him willingly, because he was a man who served - served his country and its highest dreams. In a profession that is terrible, and yet necessary, we esteem him. For he was not only a soldier of genius. He was a man who revered life and who truly fought for peace.
 And so today - in Your Presence - we remember and speak his praises. We pray that the land he cherished and served will ever be vibrant with patriotism - a patriotism impelling those after us to continue to build and preserve these United States, so that America may serve her people, the whole human family - and honor You by her beauty and goodness. Amen."

Col. EDWARD M. POSTLETHWAIT, USA Ret'd, couldn't make Norfolk, but he remembered us with these wonderful words: "To my combat comrades of the 3d Bn, 34th Inf., of WW II, the finest fighting battalion I have ever known made up of the finest fighting soldiers I have ever known. I most sincerely regret that it is not possible for me to be with you in Norfolk. In this coming October I will be attending with General Newman a ceremony at the McArthur Memorial on Red Beach right where we led the invasion, and from where we led with fight after fight across the island. General Newman, our then regimental commander, was wounded during one of those fights at Jaro. I will also visit Corregidor where you held Malinta Hill so valiantly while the enemy tried night after night to take it back, and tried twice to blow up the whole hill. I will be thinking of all of you and those who fell on those fields while I visit our battle sites. God bless all of you, and I hope to be present and see you at our next reunion. My most cordial regards."

Norfolk brought to mind that song from Carrousel: "It was a real nice clambake and we all had a real good time. The vittles we et were good you bet: the company was the same. Our hearts were beating together and we were feeling prime. It was a real nice clambake and we all had a real good time." We felt for those who couldn't be with us, but rejoiced in being with those who were able to make it. The hours of reunion were marked by an exceptional camaraderie, gayety, joy and delight. Thanks be to Brig Gen. LESTER and Dorothy WHEELER, who "chaired" the event and brought it all to pass.

On that relics-for-the-Stewart-Museum bit, some of you indicated at Norfolk that you'd be sending items on directly to Curator Ray Kinder down at the Post. He's waiting!

SOMEHOW, IT
 HAPPENED AGAIN!



Printing of last issue cost 45¢ per copy.

Received in the way of contributions
 for our Division History

between 8/75 and 6/76	\$2135.37
between 7/76 and 6/77	1654.00

While the annual business meeting was taking place, Dottie Wheeler led the gals through a couple of museums and a picnic lunch. Terrific, Dottie.

The Friday evening sunset cruise of Norfolk harbor and Hampton Roads was a fun trip. The hors d'oeuvres left something to be desired, but it was a happy time nonetheless.



Old Gimlet supply sergeant RUBE SAROYAN, of 1353 Palm, Fresno, Calif., send us this one taken at his summer home..."high in the Sierras". Wants to hear from anyone of Cannon or Service who remembers him.



Whilst Norfolk was making history, a smaller group, GEORGE PILLARD and ART MCCAULLEY in front, and LEON SWEM, BOB PITZER, and ART MILLER in back, were whooping it up in Fountain, Monn. The The rendezvous was the farm house of Esther and Art McCaulley, 34th. The group of 5 and their 5 wives (Ruby Pillard, Esther McCaulley, Alice Swem, Annabelle Pitzer, and Letha Miller), made about a week of it. SHORTY and Marge SCHERER were there too. Shorty, you missed inclusion in the picture. The boys set up a CP in a building adjacent the house where the old memories and spirits flowed. One evening Lucille and PAUL MYERS and their good friends, Nancy and Lennus Kaus stopped by, en route to Minneapolis, for an evening of fun and frolic. Reliable news sources report that the McCaulley hospitality was unbelievably superb. All home cooking with the vegetables right out of Art's garden. Wonderful time was the consistent report.

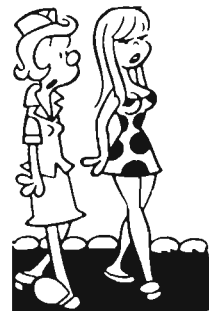
Donated to the Division Museum at Ft. Stewart - BILL KUSHINA's set of back issues of Taro Leaf. Museum Curator Ray Kinder wrote us asking for permission to reproduce photos from those issues. Are you kidding, Ray? Permission? Why we'd be flattered - and honored. Our pages are your pages.

In our editing effort, we try to include a little something for everybody. Here's a little something for everybody - an AP release which reads:

Senior citizens should continue to engage in sexual activity lest they lose that important joy of life, a national authority on aging said. Dr. Robert N. Butler, director of the National Institute on Aging, said sex organs, like any other organs in the human body, tend to degenerate through nonuse. Butler, who won the 1975 Pulitzer Prize for his book "Why Survive? Being Old in America" and who also wrote "Sex After Sixty", said sexual intercourse is not as taxing to the body as is generally believed. "It uses the same amount of oxygen as climbing two flights of stairs," he said. Sexual Activity, he added, provides a salutary effect for the elderly because it "releases tension and frustrations and enhances a person's general well-being." Butler said research shows that persons 60 and over continue to have the capacity and desire for sex as long as they are healthy. He cautioned that senior citizens should not approach sex with performance and frequency in mind. "They don't have to be athletes." Rather, he said, they should stress quality - the partners should display genuine affection, intimacy, closeness and touching.



Reference that Beetle Bailey comic strip. We're for retiring or firing the General. We're for giving Lt. Flak a haircut and getting rid of that goatee. We're for putting Sarge on a crash diet. We're for promoting the average-in-grade, overweight, overwrought captain. We're for promoting Beetle to specialist four. We're for the wac having an affair with Miss Buxley. Why not? These are the kinds of changes that would whip this fine old-fashioned comic strip into line with our contemporary all-volunteer Army of today.



Division's AL MORTON fired a 2 under par 70 in the final round to win the 77 Worldwide Interservice Golf Championship. He posted an even par 288 for the event held at the Navy Golf Course at Long Beach, Cal. last Aug. 23-26. The tournament featured the best golfers from all branches of the Armed Forces. Al won the Ft. Stewart Championship in July and followed that with a second place finish to Benning in the U.S. Forces Command tournament at Ft. Polk. Al is a soldier of A Battery, 2nd Battalion, 35th Field Art.

Sp. 4 RICHARD WRINKLE, MP Co. was the top graduate of a recent Federal Law Enforcement Academy course. 46 law enforcement personnel from various federal police agencies took the 8 week course in Brunswick, Ga. Nice going, Dick.

Heart surgery for Life Member DEWEY PARSONS, (D & Sv 19th), now at 770 N. 41st West, Tulsa, Okla. Pacemaker. The whole bit. He's moved back to Okla. from Cal. Our fingers are crossed, Dewey.

Col. EDWARD DELANEY, (Div. AG 5/64-11/66 in Augsburg), has moved from Va. to 3643 Rosewood, Los Vegas. What's up, Ed?

Enjoying retirement in San Diego is BOB GOLDTHWAIT, (Fin. Off. Div. Hq.), formerly Board Chairman of the Fitchburg (Mass) Savings Bank.

Incidental trivia: How many marriages have the 5 children of FDR and Eleanor made? To date, 19.

GRANTON "Willie" WILSON, (E 19th '40-'43) of 11 Washington, Parlin, N.J., is looking for GEORGE WAGNER, also E of the 19th in Scofield days.

ROSS MEEKER, (K 21st '40-'43), of Port St., Joe, Fla., asks if we ever hear from any of the gang who went back to 'Frisco from Schofield for re-equipment before the Australia jump. We hear from Ordnance's HOWARD RICHARDSON. He's a special friend and we happen to know he was on that junket. Any others?

MATT and Jo SABITINE, (Hq. Co. 1st Bn 21st '44-'45), of Roseto, Pa., went to Italy this past summer to see where Matt's parents were born.

C.A. "Bud" COLLETTE writes that he has another potential member, "but he wants to know something first - he wants to know if the black ring in our patch means that we lost our colors in Korea." Bud, we're not even going to try to answer that one. Remember, a chip on the shoulder indicates that there may be more wood higher up. We read you, Bud, and we froze - as rigid as a topless waitress in Alaska.

In the same mail came letters from JAMES "Spike" O'DONNELL and C.A. "Bud" COLLETTE telling us about a new medal for WW II veterans. The notice goes: "The Defense Department has confirmed that veterans of World War II can apply for the Bronze Star medal if you have received the Combat Infantryman badge or Combat Medical badge. Such awards will be made by DOD if you will write to HODA (DAPC-PAP-B) 200 Stovall St., Alexandria, Va. 22332. You must enclose documentary evidence, if possible, such as a copy of DD-214. Eligible are those who served after Dec. 6, 1941, receiving a certificate of exemplary conduct in ground combat against an armed enemy between Dec. 7, 1941, and Sept. 2, 1945, inclusive, or whose meritorious achievements have been otherwise confirmed by documents executed prior to July 1, 1947. For this purpose, an award of the Combat Infantryman Badge or Medical Badge is considered a citation in orders. In writing for the award, cite "C-1, AR 752" in regard to Army Regulations published Dec. 31, 1974."



MURL and Lucille RING, (19th Inf.), of Rt. 3, Pine Bluff, Ark., have joined our ranks.

In are BILL and Dottie BOYDEN, (HSCO, 3rd Eng., Kokura and you-know-where '49-'51). They hang their hats at 201 Old Taunton, in Norton, Mass.

From BILL WILLMOT, (21st '44-'46): "As a suggestion, you might contact the Post Office Dept. in an attempt to get a Commemorative stamp issued honoring the 24th Infantry Division. Those clowns honor everything else. What better tribute for us than to honor our Division. Who knows? They might issue a series of stamps honoring all the fine Infantry Division. A thought anyway." A good one, too, Billy.



HOUSING AREA--This aerial view of Ft. Stewart housing shows that something is being done to alleviate the housing shortage in and around Ft. Stewart.



Kudos to Brig.Gen. LESTER and Dottie WHEELER who worked so very very hard for 12 long months that the Norfolk convention might be the memorable success that it was.

Carol, the daughter of JOHN FRANK McKENNY (AT 21st '43-'45), was married in Sept. Son John is a senior at Upsala College in N.J.

We hope this reproduces well. One trouble with our system is we never know the results until we see the finished product. And by then it's sometimes too late. In any event, it's a closeup of the display case at the MacArthur Museum in which was placed the Moro Kris which was presented to Le grande chairman de convention LES WHEELER back in the Mindanao days by the chief guerrilla Salipeda Pendatun. The chief has expectedly gone on to bigger things - 32 years later he's alive and well and serving in the Philippine Congress. Les is in frequent communication with him and we anticipate will be forwarding a copy of this issue which reports this noble gesture on the part of Les in formally presenting it to the Museum as one more link in the chain that binds the MacArthur - 24th Division relationship.

In other years at other conventions Life Memberships have sold like bagels at a PLO brunch. This year, under the aegis of Registrar BERT LOWERY, they sold like hotcakes.



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We asked PAUL "JR." HARRIS if he'd write a few words on what our Association needs in the way of a spark. "Attention" came back his capsule report. He went on to say, and we use it as he wrote it:

Institutions, like ships, are often referred to as "she" or by some derivative of feminine gender. We speak of our university as "alma mater", of AT&T as "Ma Bell", of the oil majors as the "Seven Sisters", of truth as "the daughter of time", of the Parliament at Westminster as "the mother of Parliaments". It should be clear to any student of clubs like ours that, even more than public institutions, clubs are accurately denoted by the feminine pronoun. We have come to think-and one doubts it at his peril - that women flourish and blossom with attention and languish from neglect, if any such generality may be uttered without charges of sexism. Whether it is true or only believed true, there are plenty of witnesses who would say so. Neglect a woman, and the radiance of her smile will fade, the conversation at the table will noticeably stiffen, the air will take on a chill, and the small grievances that are normally brushed aside or never mentioned will become occasions for reproach. Pay court to her and the sun will shine from her face and illuminate all around her.....Clubs have this feminine characteristic, which they express in their own way. Let the members lavish attention upon a club and the ambience becomes alive and attractive, the staff becomes animated and enthusiastic, and the net earnings go up. Let the members neglect a club and the ambience becomes funereal, the morale of the staff sags, intimations of morbidity become apparent, and the red ink dominates the monthly financial statement. As attention is to a woman, therefore, assiduous use of a club by the members is necessary for her sustenance and must remain a permanent feature of club life. As neglect is to a woman, disuse of a club by the membership is fatal to the relationship.

Golly, Jr., we only asked you for "a few words" - but we get the message. Translated, it reads - Make use of this Association by giving her attention.

This year's award of the WILLIAM J. VERBECK BOWL brought with it more than a few poignant moments. When Maj.Gen. FREDERICK IRVING went forward to the banquet rostrum, all were in wonderment as to who the 1977 recipient might be. Fred went directly to the heart of the matter in announcing the decision to make the award posthumously - to our late Past President and Life Member, the much beloved SAMUEL Y. GILNER. The pleasant conviction was that Sam, in days gone by, when he was among us, through demonstrated loyalty to the Association, and the Division from which it sprang, stood high in the heads and hearts of all of us for whom the Taro Leaf insignia has such meaning. Sam's lovely widow, Sue, was felled by a broken hip just days before our gathering and was in a Florida hospital as the actual presentation was made. Sam's wonderful sister, Constance Bubb, and Sam's good son, Sammy Jr., came forward to accept the bowl which will be proudly displayed by Sue in her Clearwater home until the next awardee is announced at Savannah in August.



"I'm warning you, Lt. Dewpoint, if this weather doesn't improve, I'm reclassifying the entire squadron!!"

Great having Veronica SHEA, Mary and BOB's terrific young lady, with us at Norfolk. If we kept better notes, we'd make mention of that very fine young escort who wouldn't let her out of his sight. "Pete", we remember it was, but for the life of us, we can't recall his last name. Sorry Ronnie! Sorry Pete!



The real tragedy of Norfolk - the suffering embarrassment of our get-together - is and ever shall be the sorry fact that the words of our honor guest, Lt.Gen. VOLNEY F. WARNER, went, not unheeded, but unheard. Volney was addressing us at the banquet on "Today's Army", but the din, no the uproar, from a jumping jive rock band behind the partition behind Volney did him one better - or worse. The result was sheer bedlam - an embarrassment to ourselves - and a disgrace to the management of the Omni. We have suffered through banquets for some sixty years in this vale of tears, but this was, by far, the most shameful treatment of a guest speaker that it has ever been our experience to endure. Volney Warner, we are deeply sorry - ashamed!!! We apologize!

These joined the Life Membership ranks at Norfolk:

Life No.

191.	Henry J. Gosztyla
192.	Virgil L. Anderson
193.	Charles W. Hogue
194.	Ezra P. Burke
195.	Alton K. Halso
196.	Virgle F. Green
197.	Elmer D. McKeehan
198.	Billy Johnson
199.	Ronald G. Young
200.	Thomas F. Upton

'Twas grand seeing CARL SCHAAD, ye old 63rd Field skipper, at Norfolk. He became Life Member 202 before he left for home (McLean, Va.) where he's a civilian (retired as a Colonel) with D/A in the area of security assistance (grant aid and foreign military sales). Carl's full of interesting stories about his job.

CWO ALTON HALSO, a Chick from 7/40 through 9/45 - Gosh, that was a long tour! Came to Norfolk - he lives at Kinston, N.C. - and joined our Life Member circle. He's #195. Brought Julia with him too, we're happy to say. Grand couple.

Norfolk was a first for ALMERRILL COLLINS - ever hear that name before? - of A of the 555 "Triple Nickle" Bn. (from 12/50 - 8/51). He and Barbara Jean have 7 - Myra, Jay, Mark, Mike, Gary, Greg and Keith. Holy Toledo!!

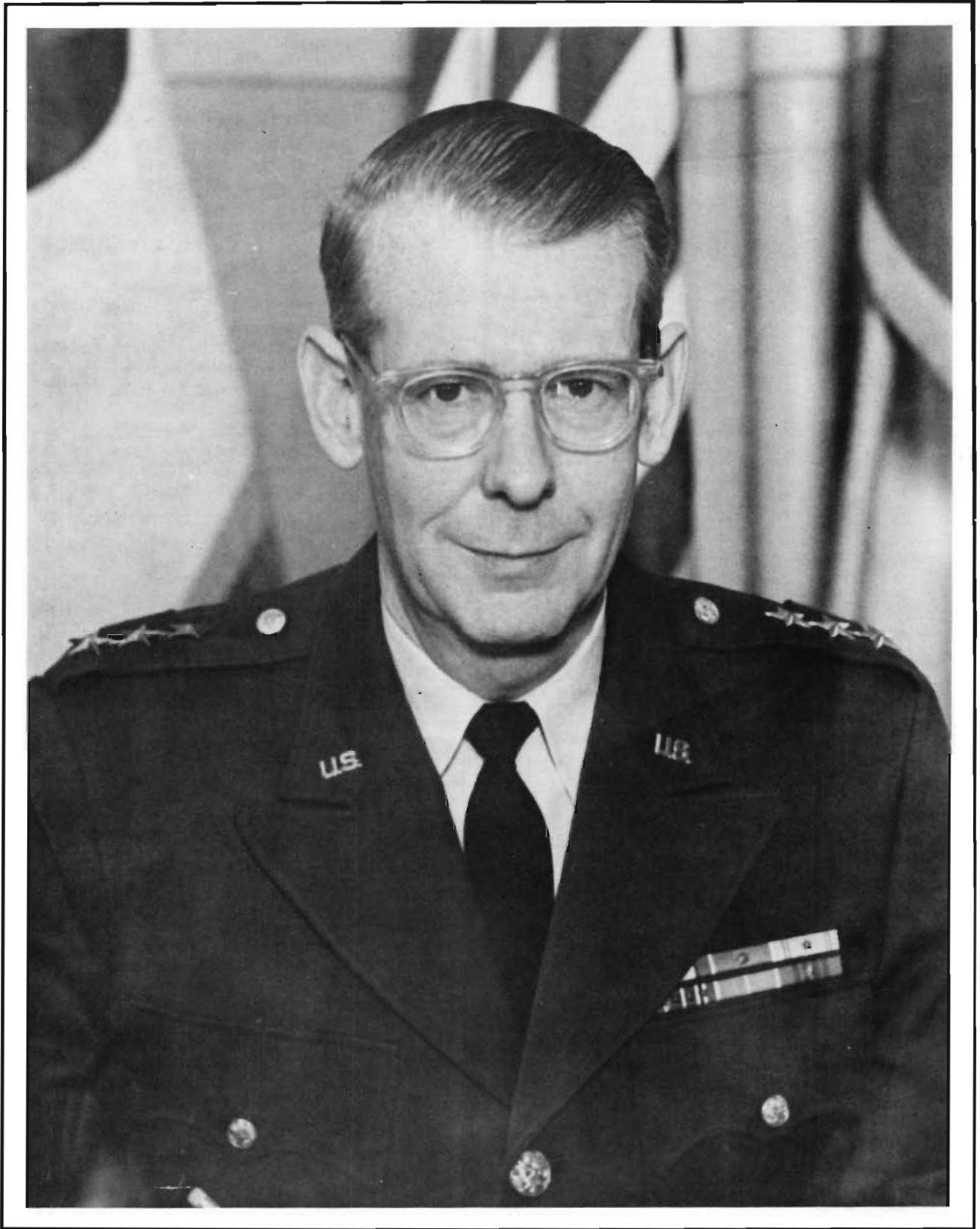
Greatly do we admire Helen KEPLER who takes such wonderful care of good LEW KEPLER, (G 21st '42-'45). From Deferiet, N.Y., they managed to make our parties despite Lew's physical problems. Hang in there, Lew. Don't give up.



On the deck of the USS America: FLOYD NELSON, Emily and G.E. WILSON and THAD LILLY (with cane).



DICK LUM shared with us this Norfolk shot of Ruth and DICK LAWSON. These wonderful folks had a few of our conventioners over at Virginia Beach for a Sunday brunch at the home of their son-in-law and daughter, the Dr. John A. Carlston's. Thoughtful gesture for a few especially close friends of '43-'44 days.





GENERAL CHARLES H. BONESTEEL, III
September 29, 1909 - October 12, 1977

Another gentleman has gone to his reward.

As he was laid to rest in Arlington, you were represented by former Division Commander Maj.Gen. FREDERICK I. IRVING (and Mrs. Irving) and your Editor.

Retired Army General Charles Hartwell Bonesteel, III, in his 68th year, "Tic", as he was known to his intimates, had had a most brilliant career, and its essence was skillfully and beautifully painted in the eulogy of the Honorable Dean Rusk in the services in the new Ft. Myer chapel on that crisp October morning. The Honorable Cyrus Vance, the Secretary of State, sat in the front row nodding assent. That two such greats would find the time in their busy worlds to attend attests to the esteem in which Tic was held.

A former Commander-in-Chief of the United Nations Forces in Korea and Commanding General of the Eighth U.S. Army - from Sept. 1966 until retiring in 1969 - he had carried the torch during those days of turmoil in Korea, highlighted by the capture of the U.S.S. Pueblo on Jan. 23, 1968. General Bonesteel played a key role in the talks leading to the crew's release the following December.

Born in Plattsburgh, N.Y., Gen. Bonesteel graduated from West Point in 1931, the fourth generation of his family to graduate from the academy.

He then attended Oxford University as a Rhodes scholar, earning a degree in politics, philosophy and economics in 1934.

He served with the Corps of Engineers and was sent to London as an observer during the "blitz" in the first half of 1941.

After the United States entered the war that December, Gen. Bonesteel saw duty in England, North Africa, Sicily and France. He participated in the invasion of Sicily and was an operational planner for the Normandy invasion under both General Bradley and Field Marshall Montgomery.

In the latter part of World War II, he was chief of the policy section and then chief of the strategic survey section with the War Department general staff.

Gen. Bonesteel was a member of the U.S. delegation to the United Nations Conference in San Francisco in 1945, and represented the War Department at subsequent foreign ministers' meetings in Paris, New York and Moscow.

He helped direct the formulation of the Marshall Plan as special assistant to Under Secretary of State Robert Lovett. From 1948 to 1950, he was special assistant to Averell Harriman, then chief of the Marshall Plan in Europe.

Gen. Bonesteel also was executive director of the European Economic Council. Later he was on the planning board of the National Security Council.

Other assignments included special assistant for policy to the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Commanding General of the 24th Infantry Division in Germany '61-'62, Commanding General of 7th Corps '62-'63, and Director of Special Studies in the Chief of Staff's Office '63-'66. It was while serving as Division Commander that he suffered a detached retina which resulted in the loss of his sight in one eye.

After retiring from military service, Gen. Bonesteel was a consultant on international affairs to such organizations as the Stanford Research Institute. He was a trustee of the Institute for Defense Analysis, a vice president of the Association of the U.S. Army and a director of the Army Mutual Aid Association and the American-Korean Foundation.

He is survived by his wife, Alice Pratt Bonesteel, a son, Charles H., and two grandchildren.

Tic Bonesteel - may you rest in peace.



THERE'S A SUN-BAKED CRUSTED PLATEAU on the rim of the Libyan Sahara where no man goes. Even desert birds avoid the place unless blown off course by the hot winds of Cyrenaica. Then, they die and mummify in the arid superheated air, timeless evidence of the preservative powers of the desert.

Daytime temperatures here climb to 130° and plunge to below freezing at night. Desert-wise nomads who wander the sands never go near this lonely plateau. They believe it haunted and cursed by Allah.

Perhaps there is truth in the superstition. On this pebbled plain there is a ghost—a phantom from another day when men and machines fought the greatest air war in history.

Her name: Lady Be Good.

She will never leave. She remains, like the mummified birds, nearly intact, a reminder of one of the most puzzling and heroic stories of men who fly.

Last Flight of the Lady Be Good

by Donald C. Wright

The *Lady Be Good* is a B-24-D Liberator bomber that once belonged to the U. S. Army Air Corps's 9th Air Force based in North Africa. Her pink paint job still blends with the desert just as it was intended to do more than 30 years ago. Her tail number is still legible: 124301 and her fuselage lettering dispassionately describes her military pedigree: B-24-D-25-Co, Air Corps Ser. No. 41-24301. Yet, the *Lady* simply disappeared for more than 15 years in April 1943, when she and her nine-man crew failed to return from their maiden mission.

British Geologist Ronald G. MacLean wasn't looking for wartime relics when he climbed into his small plane at El Giof in the Kufra Oasis in November 1958. His job for the D'Arcy Exploration Co., Ltd. was to scout signs of oil-bearing rock. The *Lady* caught his attention as he circled the plateau 385 miles south of Tobruk. MacLean noted the bomber's location on his map but left it to higher authority to do something about it.

The next March three other D'Arcy explorers headed north from El Giof to chart ground strata. A bouncing, jolting 150-mile drive brought them to the *Lady's* plateau where, just as MacLean had described it, the B-24 squatted

on the hard desert floor. One engine was torn off and the fuselage was broken but otherwise the plane was in remarkably good condition. Inside, the state of preservation was almost unbelievable.

American military officials at Wheelus Air Force Base, Tripoli, were notified and immediately wired headquarters in Wiesbaden, Germany, for instructions. With no way to check the identity of the derelict, Wiesbaden advised the Pentagon where a preliminary check showed the B-24 and its crew missing since 1943. Washington assigned the investigation to the Army Mortuary Service, Europe, and the job went to Capt. Myron C. Fuller and civilian anthropologist Wesley Neep.

Bomber Found Virtually Intact

Fuller and Neep promptly arranged for a detailed inspection and, in May, took off from Wheelus in a C-47 piloted by B-24 expert Maj. William F. Rubertus. They found the bomber virtually intact except for the obvious impact damage. There were no flak or bullet holes. Wing flaps were not extended. Landing gear was retracted and the nose wheel and one main gear tire were still inflated at the pre-

scribed pressure. B-24 procedures specified "gear down" emergency landings so the investigators decided the *Lady* had been deserted in flight.

That suspicion was strengthened inside. Finding no parachutes or Mae West inflatable life vests, Fuller and Neep concluded the crew had bailed out at low altitude at night, thinking they were over water. But that water was 400 miles to the north. The *Lady Be Good* had made her last landing at 26°42' north latitude, 24°01' east longitude 59 miles west of the Egyptian border.

Engines 1, 2 and 3 were turned off and hardly damaged. Their propellers were feathered and were windmilling when the plane hit. Number four engine was running full when it was wrenched from its mounts in the crash. Fuel tanks were empty. The *Lady* must have landed herself with the single engine turning on a thimbleful of gas.



Bodies of five crew members of the *Lady Be Good* await removal in the Libyan Desert. One of two Air Force planes used in the recovery is pictured in the background.

The autopilot was not engaged (as it should have been for bailout), but Rubertus explained that 1943 automatic flight equipment was unreliable and pilots often didn't use it. Anyway, he said, the Liberator could be trimmed easily for hands-off flight.

High altitude flight suits still hung undisturbed in the fuselage and a thermos was three-quarters full of warm, drinkable coffee. Emergency rations were unspoiled. Chewing gum was still fresh. A complete desert survival kit was untouched. Signal flares worked perfectly. The navigator's sextant was nearly new. Oxygen bottles were almost full. Cigarette butts still rested in the ash trays. The bomb bay was empty, but all guns were loaded and test firing showed the ammunition like new.

Rubertus, noting that the long-range radio in his C-47 was not working, removed the set from the B-24 and installed it in the "gooney bird." After 16 years in the desert, the *Lady's* radio worked and guided the party back to Wheelus.

Meanwhile, the questions began to pyramid. How did the B-24, apparently undamaged, end up in an uncharted corner of the Sahara? Where was the crew? What happened 16 years ago?

Two logs found with the plane were little help. The maintenance log was filled out to April 3, the day before the mission. It showed that No. 124301 had been assigned to the 376th Bomb Group (Heavy) and designated as Aircraft No. 64 in the 514th Bomb Squadron. Since leaving the factory in 1941, the plane and its four engines had a total of 158 flying hours.

The crew log revealed nothing except the names, rank and duty assignments of the men:

1st Lt. William J. Hatton, pilot, Whiteside, N. Y.
2nd Lt. Robert F. Toner, copilot, North Attleboro, Mass.
2nd Lt. Dp (sic) Hays, navigator, Lee's Summit, Mo.
2nd Lt. John S. Woravka, bombardier, Cleveland, Ohio.
T/Sgt. Harold S. Ripslinger, flight engineer, Saginaw, Mich.
T/Sgt. Robert E. LaMotte, radioman-gunner, Lake Linden, Mich.
S/Sgt. Guy E. Shelley, assistant engineer, New Cumberland, Pa.
S/Sgt. Vernon L. Moore, assistant radioman, New Boston, Ohio.
S/Sgt. Samuel R. Adams, gunner, Eureka, Ill.

A further records check revealed, however, that Hatton's men were not the *Lady's* first crew. They weren't even assigned to No. 64 except for Mission 109, April 4, 1943.

The plane's first and permanent crew joined the bomber at Topeka, Kansas, in December 1942. Their luck so far had been all bad with the perverse old clunker they'd been jockeying, so they were delighted with the new plane. Optimistically, they tagged the new Liberator "*Lady Be Good*" and hoped the nickname would change their luck.

The 514th was based at Soluch, Libya, a bulldozed landing strip 34 miles SE of Benghazi. There were no paved runways, hardstands, taxiways, hangars, barracks or anything else usually associated with an active bomber base. Soluch was a sand-blasted hell hole, a flat place in the desert.

The *Lady* and her new crew got there March 27, the same day Hatton and his men reported for duty. Hatton, however, was still waiting for an airplane. On April 2, the *Lady* was scrubbed from a scheduled bomb run when maintenance men declared her not yet ready and, again, her regular crew was relegated to a spare B-24.

Their bad luck returned. Engine trouble forced them to Malta for repairs and they were still there April 4 when orders were cut for Mission 109. They missed that mission but their *Lady Be Good* didn't. In the absence of the regular crew, the *Lady* was assigned temporarily to Hatton for the bomb run.

The target was Naples harbor, 750 miles away, which 25 planes from the 376th would bomb from high altitude at dusk. Two sections flew the mission. Maj. R. A. Soukup's 12 bombers took off into the teeth of a howling sandstorm about 1:30 p.m. One of the B-24's aborted with sand-clogged engines.

Section B's 13 aircraft, including the *Lady Be Good*, were airborne 15 minutes behind Soukup. By 7:15 as the section passed the volcanic island of Stromboli, seven planes had gone home with engine trouble, leaving six of the original 13. Then, about 7:20, Hatton's wing man reported his waist gunner's oxygen mask malfunctioning and pulled out of formation. Five minutes later, another B-24 left for home with the same trouble.

By then, the sun was down and it was too late to bomb Naples, still 30 miles away. Hatton apparently assumed command of the remaining four planes and ordered them to break for home.

It was the last the other three pilots heard from Hatton or the *Lady Be Good*. Lts. W. C. Swarmer and E. L. Gluck both dropped their bombs on Catania, Sicily. Swarmer landed at Soluch about 10:45 and Gluck touched down about the

same time on Malta, low on fuel. Lt. L. A. Worley salvoed his bombs into the Mediterranean and landed at Soluch at 11:10. Still no word from Hatton.

Last Seen Over the Desert

An hour and two minutes later, at 12:12 a.m., Benina tower, adjacent to Soluch, received a call from Hatton requesting an inbound bearing. Benina reported a fix of 330° magnetic—right on course. What neither Benina's RDF operator nor Hatton realized was that instead of being *inbound* toward Soluch, the *Lady* had already overflowed the field and was headed out over the desert. Hatton's position was not 330° from the station (inbound from the sea) but rather 150°, the exact opposite reading on the compass. The RDF had read the "back of the loop." The *Lady* was flying away from, not toward, Soluch.

The type of radio direction finder then in use at Benina recorded an identical signal from both 330° and its reciprocal 150°. Without another RDF station several miles away to run a simultaneous fix as a cross check, Benina could not know exactly where Hatton was. The *Lady* was simply on a bearing somewhere along a straight line passing through the radio direction finder loop antenna. Hatton had asked for an inbound bearing—there was no reason for Benina to consider the opposite reading.

Although they didn't know it, Hatton and his fellow pilots had another problem. Leaving Soluch, they had a tailwind so logically expected to be bucking a headwind on the return trip. During the mission, however, the wind switched to become a homeward bound tailwind pushing them toward Soluch. Hatton had passed the field over the weather before he radioed for his position.

The night was dark and hazy. Years later, Capt. Paul Fallon of Section A recalled:

"The desert looked gray, like the sea at night so the only way you'd know the difference was if you noticed the slight line of breakers on the beach as you flew over . . . if you were too high, and didn't turn on your radio compass while you were in range, you could get in trouble very easily."

If the *Lady's* crew had switched on their radio compass (automatic direction finder) at any time within a half hour before Hatton had radioed in, the ADF needle would have pointed to the station as they flew in from the sea. Passing over Soluch, the needle would have swung around 180°, indicating the station was then behind them. When the *Lady* was found, the ADF was in working order and set on 311.0 k.c. for homing.

In later years, Ralph Grace, copilot in the *Lady's* original crew, remembered he'd heard a B-24 fly over Soluch shortly before midnight. He hadn't given it much thought and hadn't reported it. If it was Aircraft No. 64 that he heard, it was *before* Hatton called in. The *Lady Be Good* was already a ghost.

No one will ever know how long Hatton and his crew flew on into the night, feathering the big engines one by one as they ran dry. Finally, with only No. 4 under power and losing altitude, the pilot ordered the crew to bail out. The *Lady* droned on until gradually the torque of the right outboard engine pulled her down. She struck the gravel plain in a near-perfect landing, leveling off and skidding about 700 yards east to west rotating clockwise. She scraped to a stop in a cloud of dust and pebbles, her nose pointing east. All was quiet again in the desert.

Thinking Hatton had ditched in the Mediterranean, air-sea rescuers concentrated their efforts along the coast and

en-route to Naples. Eventually, the search was called off. A year later the nine crewmen were declared missing and presumed dead. No one thought to search the desert beyond Soluch until 1959 after the wreck was discovered.



A New Search Begins

That search got underway 790 miles NE of the crash site at Wheelus. There, Fuller and Neep hired desert expert Alexander Karadzic, a former Yugoslav RAF pilot now specializing in land mine removal. Karadzic scrounged the necessary vehicles, guides and equipment and headed out, followed by Fuller and Neep.

Finding no bodies near the crash site, the investigators assumed the crew had walked north, the way they had come. A base camp was set up a few miles north of the wreck and the search began.

Eighteen miles north of camp the men discovered the first clue: a pair of weathered flight boots weighted down with pebbles and placed together to form an arrow pointing north. A little farther on, the searchers found the clear tracks of five large vehicles which Karadzic identified as Italian army trucks which passed that way during the 1941-42 North Africa campaign. It seemed logical the B-24 crew would follow the tracks along their generally NNW course.

The next marker found was an arrowhead formed by strips of parachute silk held down with stones and pointing up the trail. Still farther on, six Mae Wests were spotted,

suggesting that at least six crewmen had bailed out safely. The names Ripslinger and Woravka were stenciled on two of the life vests.

After 12 days of futile searching, the party returned to

(top left) The seventh parachute marker points toward the five-vehicle trail. (bottom left) A portion of a harness and parachute found in the sands of the Libyan Desert. (below) The eighth parachute forms an arrowhead imprint in the sand. Visible in the upper left hand corner is a parachute harness.



Wheelus to rest and refit before continuing the investigation with better equipment and more vehicles. Fanning out over 1,000 square miles along the Italian trail, the searchers were rewarded with several more chute markers and miscellaneous equipment.

Then, the investigators encountered a new puzzle. Another set of tracks, made up of 70 or 80 vehicles, crossed the Italian trail heading northeast. (Records found later showed this trail was made by 79 British desert vehicles in 1940.) Which trail did the crew follow?

In their report, Fuller and Neep reasoned that "once the airmen had carefully laid out the . . . markers following the (Italian) trail it would be best . . . to continue on that course if they expected air rescue. . . . At any rate, it was felt that they would have left some indication if their course of direction was altered." Proceeding on, the searchers found four more chute markers the same day. Then, nothing.

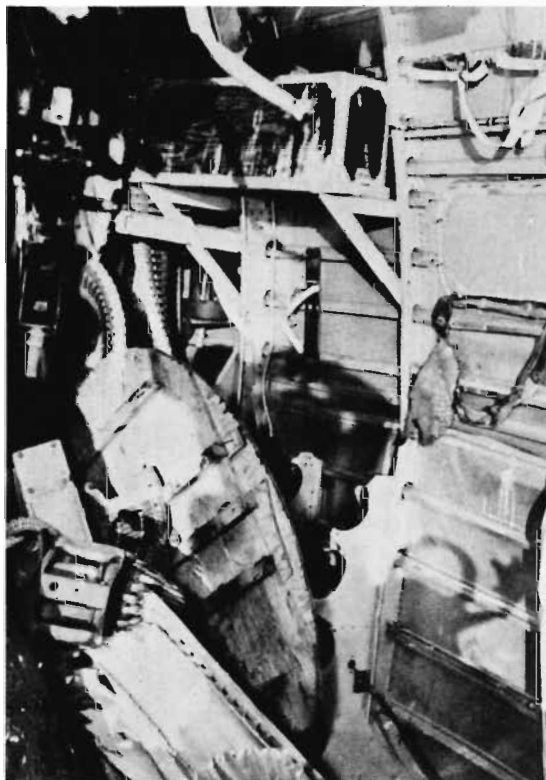
A widened search with trucks and rough terrain vehicles located another marker and a Mae West, both on the new larger trail, indicating the crew may have split up where the two tracks crossed.

Just north of the last marker the Sand Sea of Calanscio bends around the *Lady's* plateau like a horseshoe on the

north, east and west. To the south the plain is boxed in by a 2,300-foot mountain range. The Sand Sea, an impenetrable expanse of shifting sands hundreds of feet thick, has buried whole cities and caravans. Fuller and Neep described it as a "rolling shifting bed of sand topped by crested dunes rising from 50 to 500 feet. These are spread over the Sand Sea in north-oriented interlocking fingers . . . tens of miles in length. . . ."

"Striking westward . . . one is everywhere faced with the steep, soft slopes of the moving dunes. Passages are so scarce as to convince the traveler of their non-existence. Traveling north into the sand one rises suddenly from the gravel plain onto the rolling bed of the 'sea' and passes gradually into the valleys formed by the long fingers of the dunes. Deep into the Sand Sea the fingers join and the passage continues through a maze of . . . valleys, often closed at either or both ends by impassable dunes. Like a labyrinth, the travelers must find the right combination of passages. . . ."

Maj. Gen. H. R. Spicer, 17th Air Force commander at Tripoli, arrived at the base camp July 17 to supervise search operations. Under his direction, two helicopters were airlifted to the scene to widen the search. Gen. Spicer led a party of investigators 51 miles into the Sand Sea but the lonely dunes revealed nothing. At last, he declared that



An interior view of the abandoned *Lady Be Good*, the B-24 Liberator located in March 1959. The .50 calibre ammunition rack and tracks were found still intact. The excellent state of preservation of all equipment aboard was attributed to the desert dryness. Since nothing had been plundered from the wreck, it apparently had not been visited for the 16 years prior to its discovery.

further efforts would endanger the lives of the searchers and ordered the investigation closed after covering 5,500 square miles of trackless desert.

Another Search and Grim Discovery

Again, the *Lady Be Good* lay undisturbed and nearly forgotten until February 1960, when another oil exploration party, this one working for the British Petroleum Co., Ltd., reported a grim discovery about 74 miles NNW of the crash site. There, in virtually the same area searched the previous summer, were the bodies of five American airmen partially covered by sand. A variety of equipment and personal items around the pitiful camp included a pair of heat-twisted sunglasses, clearly marked "2LT Dp Hays," the *Lady's* navigator.

Within days a new search team from Wheelus arrived, again under Capt. Fuller. They found four sets of dog tags and bits of clothing, including a flight cap on which was still pinned a second lieutenant's gold bar. The most important find, however, was a small notebook with penciled entries: Lt. Toner's diary.

The copilot's jottings identified the five as Toner, Hatton, Hays, Adams and LaMotte. The yellowed pages told an incredible story of stamina, discipline and courage in the face of impossible odds: how the men had bailed out at 2 a.m. April 5 when the *Lady* began to run out of fuel and that eight crewmen had gathered on landing. Only Woravka, the bombardier, was missing.

The diary continued:

"Monday, April 5—Started walking NW, still no John (Woravka). A few rations, 1/2 canteen of water, 1 cap full per day. Sun fairly warm, good breeze from NW. Nite very cold, no sleep. Rested and walked."

The next two days were nearly the same, Toner recorded: *"spent p.m. in hell, no planes, etc."*

Thursday, the group struck the dunes and the copilot wrote: "good winds but continuous blowing of sand, everyone now weak, thought Sam and Moore all done. LaMotte's eyes are gone, everyone else's eyes are bad. Still going N.W."

By next day only three men were able to continue. Toner noted: *"Shelley, Rip (Ripslinger), Moore separate and try to go for help, rest of us very weak, eyes bad, not any travel, still very little water. Nites are about 35°, good N wind, no shelter, 1 parachute left."*

Saturday, five days after they had landed in the desert, the men were *"still having prayer meetings for help. No signs of anything, a couple of birds; good wind from N.—really weak now, can't walk, pains all over, nites very cold, no sleep."*

Toner's last entry was dated Monday, April 12: *"No help yet, very cold nite."*

Desert experts had estimated a man could walk no more than 25 miles or live two days in this part of the desert—even with all the water he could carry. When he made his last diary entry, Toner and his four companions had covered an unbelievable 69 miles from the bailout site on a half canteen of water and virtually no food. After eight days and nights they had stopped to pray and die, but three others were able to struggle on.

A simple prayer service was held for the *Lady's* five crewmen and the bodies were draped with American flags to be flown to Germany.

Early in February, a new search spread out to the NW combining helicopters and ground vehicles. Again it was the oil explorers who made the next discovery. At 4:40 p.m. May 12, the sixth body was found 27 miles farther into the dunes from the first five. Dog tags and a wrist watch identified the man as Sgt. Shelley.

Five days later the body of the seventh crewman was found on the east slope of a dune six miles back from where Sgt. Shelley had died. The man was lying on his left side nearly buried in the soft sand. Technical sergeant stripes on the sleeve and a pocket diary identified the man as Sgt. Ripslinger.

By mid-May the vain search for Moore and Woravka was concluded. The case remained closed until August 11 when a British Petroleum team again notified Wheelus that an eighth body had been found 12 miles northeast of the *Lady Be Good*. It was Lt. Woravka.

The body was fully dressed in a high altitude suit, Mae West and harnessed to a partially opened parachute. The bombardier had died instantly when the chute failed. With the body was a canteen three-quarters full of water—half again as much as all the other crewmen had with them. The water tested bacteria-free and uncontaminated after 17 years in the desert.

The location of Woravka's body enabled investigators to pinpoint the bailout site a few miles away where burned-out flares suggested the crew had tried to signal their missing comrade before starting their desert trek.

Ironically, the silk escape maps carried by the airmen were useless. If the map area had included 20 more miles to the south the crew might have decided to walk to El Gezira Oasis 130 miles away. That route would have taken them to the *Lady Be Good* where food and a working radio waited. From the B-24 it was 110 miles to the oasis, 35 miles of it through the dunes. Exhausted and with no water, Sgt. Shelley had walked 27 miles through the dunes. Perhaps Sgt. Moore walked even farther. No one will ever know unless the shifting sands of the Libyan Sahara reveal their secret to some future traveler.

The *Lady Be Good* now lies abandoned on her plateau—her only visitors the deadly sand viper and an occasional wayward bird. Although she never fired her guns in anger, she has contributed to the technology of flight. Struck by the incredible state of preservation, scientists have studied her working parts, intact pressure seals, still soft lubricants, a total lack of rust or deterioration and the hydraulic fluids which remain like new in her veins.

Was the *Lady* a jinx ship?

When Maj. Rubertus took her radio to use in his C-47, the set worked fine—for a time. Yet, that same plane, with the *Lady's* radio still functioning, later crashed into the Mediterranean killing her young pilot.

Several small electrical motors from the B-24 did service on a Wheelus C-54 and also seemed to operate satisfactorily—until one Thanksgiving day when an engine failed and the crew was forced to bail out.

Perhaps the strangest incident involved an armrest taken from the *Lady* and installed on a small Army observation plane. The "Otter" crashed shortly after in the Mediterranean. Only the armrest was found, washed up on the beach near Benghazi.



Donald Wright, an amateur military historian for 35 years, has written regularly for *Soldiers* and *Army* publications. Currently, he is finishing a nonfiction book—a collection of military history articles that have appeared previously in periodicals.