

VOL XXXIII #6

1977-80

Taro Leaf
24th Inf.Div.Assn.
Kenwood Ross, Editor
120 Maple Street
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24th Infantry Division Association

The second page



"By making a certain correction in my secret formula I expect it to grow hair."



"It's guaranteed to grow hair—but I haven't yet learned how to control it."

Back in 1926, we started collecting cartoons involving inventors, their inevitable mind-boggling creations securely bundled to hide same from an over inquisitive world, and their patent attorneys. Sort of a "service-connected" thing, we suppose. We've accumulated hundreds of them in the ensuing years, and thought you might enjoy a smattering thereof in this issue - a momentary escape from the hum drum of the military cartoons, if you will. Intriguing to us it is that a fairly standard basic theme appears over and over. Why, in one instance, cartoonist Jeff Monahan sold two strangely similar cartoons to the very same magazine, *The Saturday Evening Post*. The one at the top appeared in the 5/14/73 issue; the one at the bottom appeared in the 10/11/58 issue.

Don't forget that little baseball wisdom once uttered by Yogi Berra when he observed: "Ninety percent of this game is half mental".

Wonderful words from Maj.Gen. FRED ZIERATH, (21st, 19th, Div.Hq. '41-'45), of 7402 Coral, Tacoma, Wash.: "Remarried and life once again has a brighter hue." Cheers, Fred.

JIM ERWIN, Box 603, Morongo Valley, Cal., is looking for "Co.A 21st Inf. Lieutenant, Hill 1157, Feb. 1951 or Lt.JAMES B. MOUNT". Can anyone help Jim?

Out of the heart of Virginia - Winchester - pops up JOHNNY JANZER, just like a tulip in the springtime. Johnny, a C of the 11th F. man '40-'44, wants a couple of decals. Put one on the back window of your Buick, Johnny, and see how many people ask "What's that?" And every once in awhile, a "live one" will appear - he'll know because he was there once himself.

Letters TO THE EDITOR

This BILL BYRD means business on Hot Springs. Here's his May 5th letter to us on the subject:

"Just talked with JAMES "Spike" O'DONNELL. He advised he would propose Ft.Monroe for '81 making me feel somewhat uncomfortable. I will nevertheless continue my survey, and if after my meeting in Hot Springs with two of our members and Col. Kasemeier at the Hot Springs C of C do so decide, then Spike's influence will have no bearing on our proposal.

"If so, the cradle and other things will rock, not particularly in regular vibrations but will move out in the direction of our objective, and we will provide O'Donnell with so much organizational momentum, he will withdraw.

"Also, if it is decided here, the Motel Manager will accompany me to Pittsburgh.

"Arkansas Information: The only state in Union that could build a fence around its borders and survive without outside help, especially Federal Funding. Ranked #1 among the most attractive states among its five neighboring states. Nationally #1 in cross country running; #2 in baseball and 4th in Tennis. Football in the top five - all nationally. Our Jr. College Basketball Team was #3 in the Nation.

"About Hot Springs: Can handle upwards of 2000 people at banquets and rooms. For medicinal purposes the body could benefit from the mineral baths - they come from every state for the mineral baths. For drinking the Mountain Valley Water is the best, and excellent for mixing.

"This is one of several initiatives to enlighten people - IF AND WHEN IT IS DECIDED.

"In friendship, signed Bill Byrd".



WALLY and Beatrice CARLSON, (B 21st; Hq. 19th '45-'47), of 923 W 38th, Erie, Pa., have paid up on the Life Membership. He's #339 on the roll. They're looking forward to P. Why not; Erie's only a spit and a jump due north of P. Wally says that on her last birthday, Bea said to him: "Wally, for months, I've been telling you not to buy me anything for my birthday. Here it is, today, my birthday, and still you forget to bring me something".



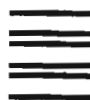
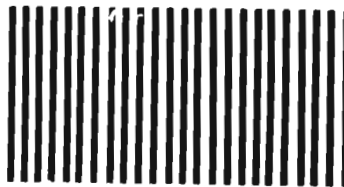
"Take my advice, don't bring out your better mousetrap until the economy gets rolling!"

At long last, a patent attorney - in the flesh. In the flesh we hope you'll be - in Pittsburgh, in August. What to wear, you ask. We're very informal - regular summer wear - with an emphasis on the absolutely loudest and wildest Hawaiian shirts and mu-mu's our wives can find. It all makes for a colorful - and glorious - weekend. Oh, one thing more. We do dress up - business wear complete with ties for the boys - cocktail time dresses for the girls - for our Saturday night banquet. Nothing ultra formal, you see - yet nonetheless decent and respectable - a departure from the mod wear of 1980 - and something every one of our gang gives evidence of enjoying.

AUGUST						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30



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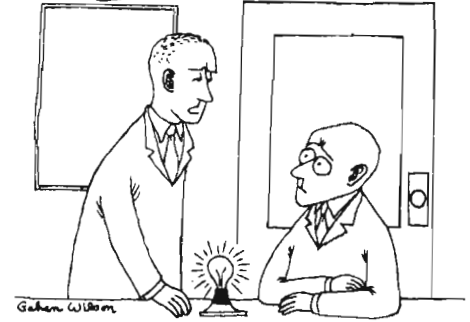
- ☐ Please hold this reservation for late arrival. My company guarantees payment of the first night's charge on this reservation. My company billing address is shown at the left.
- ☐ Enclosed is a deposit covering the first night's charge.
- ☐ I will arrive by 6:00 p.m., and it is understood that the hotel has the right to release the room after that time.

Type of Room	SINGLE 1 Person 1 Double Bed	DOUBLE 2 Persons Queen or King	TWIN 2 Persons 2 Double Beds	TRIPLE 3 Persons	QUAD 4 Persons	PARLOR 1 Double Bed	SUITE 1 Bedroom	No. of Persons
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Arrival Date CHECK IN TIME IS AFTER 3 P.M.	Departure Date CHECK OUT TIME IS 1 P.M.			Sharing With		Signature		

AFTER 7/31/80 RESERVATIONS ON SPACE AVAILABLE BASIS ONLY.

Note: If Room is not available at rate requested, reservations will be made at nearest available rate.

VIC BACKER has just called us as we go to press. As Convention Chairman, he said, "Be sure to tell 'em that the Association's Annual Business Meeting will be held Saturday morning from 10-12 (Sat. Aug. 16) at the Marriott. And while we're meeting, the gals can go on into downtown Pittsburgh, 4 miles away, for shopping and dining on their own. The stores are some of the country's best - Sak's, Gimbel's, Kaufman's to name but three". There it is, Vic. . You wanted us to say it. We did.



"I'm sorry, sir, but the electric light bulb has already been invented"

New address for LEON DAVENPORT, (11F '45 A 21st '46-'50 and 5th RCT '50-'51). Try Rt. 2, Box 693, Blairsville, Ga. Dave suggests Atlanta for next convention. Damn it Dave, we've been to Savannah twice and you missed both of them. You made Louisville in '71, we note. Thanks for the nice pat on the back, Dave. Says Dave, "A diplomatic husband always remembers his wife's birthday, but never her age."

From the lips of JOE CENGA (AT 19th '40-'44), of 79 Piermont, Wollaston, MA, come these pearls: "'81 will make it 40 years since P.H. How about back to Wahoo in '81?" O.K. Joe, you load the breech; we'll fire away.

Another mover. DICK FRASIER now at R.V.Park c/o P.O.Box 36, Lot 93, Benton City, WA 99320.

Someone asked, "Will there be the horses at Hot Springs during August?" We checked. The ponies only run for 50 days in Feb., Mar. and April. Sorry 'bout that.

EDWIN E. MARSH of 824 Grand, Ravenna, Neb., would like to hear from Co. M men of the 34th during '42-'44.

Marriages are like diets. They can be ruined by having a little dish on the side.

Expect a \$10 registration fee for each member, not for his wife or other guests. It helps defray the 101 expenses that go with a convention.



Sometimes we think we have more employers than Xaviera Hollander.

We keep getting questions about the "program" for our Pittsburgh weekend in August.

Firstly, let us assure you that we're a pretty informal group, content merely to spend the bulk of our time roaming from room to room simply socializing with each other. It's that kind of a friendly group.

Some will arrive as early as Monday to spend a week at this kind of life, believe it or not.

The bulk will arrive by Friday noon however.

But the main point is that we don't set up a full "program" where every minute of every day is scheduled for some activity. We're at that age where "activity" is something of a dirty word, anyway. We're there primarily to renew old friendships, to lift a few, and to lie to each other about how we, single handedly, really won the war.

Our first scheduled activity, for Friday evening, is a boat ride (combination dinner and dance) aboard one of Pittsburgh's sightseeing craft. We'll have the entire boat. Out around 6 - return around 11, if we understand the schedule. That's out of downtown Pittsburgh by the way. We'll bus in and back for that.

Our Marriott is 3 miles out of town on the road to Pittsburgh airport.

Saturday a.m. is directed to our annual business meeting which is something of a shouting match with lots of people getting lots of complaints off their chests.

Meantime such of our gals who would window shop will be escorted back into town, each to wander on her own as she will until she's brought back to the CP sometime around mid-afternoon.

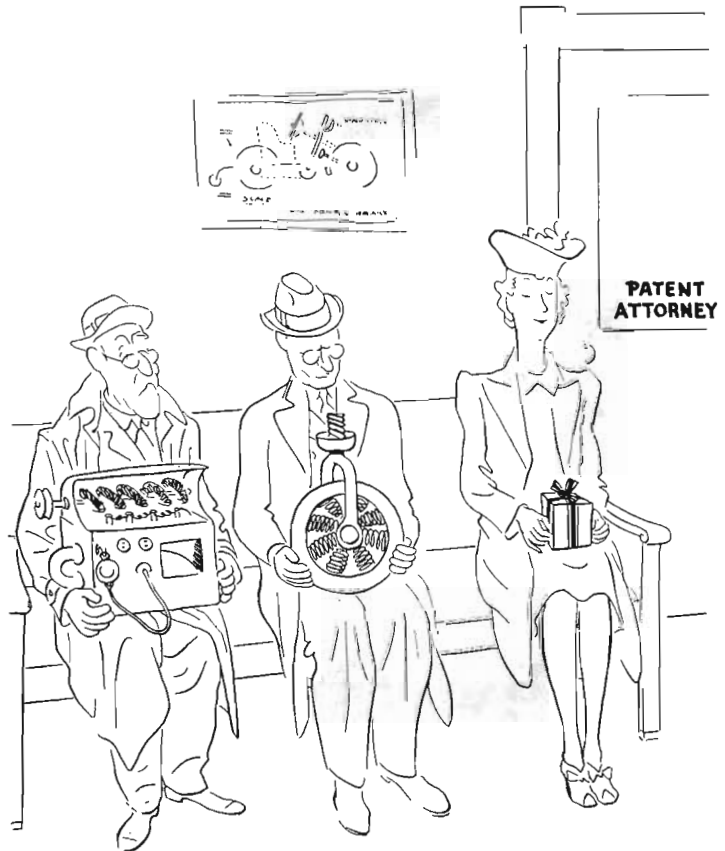
Then to get ready for the big event.

Our only formal affair is the Saturday night banquet and dance preceded by the usual cocktails along about 6:30. The banquet per se always opens with the presentation by the color guard, and our own special Memorial Service (some 15 minutes in length) - our most serious moment and a quite impressive bit of ceremony.

Following the food, we then call upon our Guest of Honor to shower us with his pearls of wisdom. Dancing follows until the wee hours.

We usually assemble for some kind of continental breakfast on Sunday a.m. - circa 9 or 10 - and then we break camp.

We have tried to fill you in - with a high degree of honesty - as to what



Gavett Price

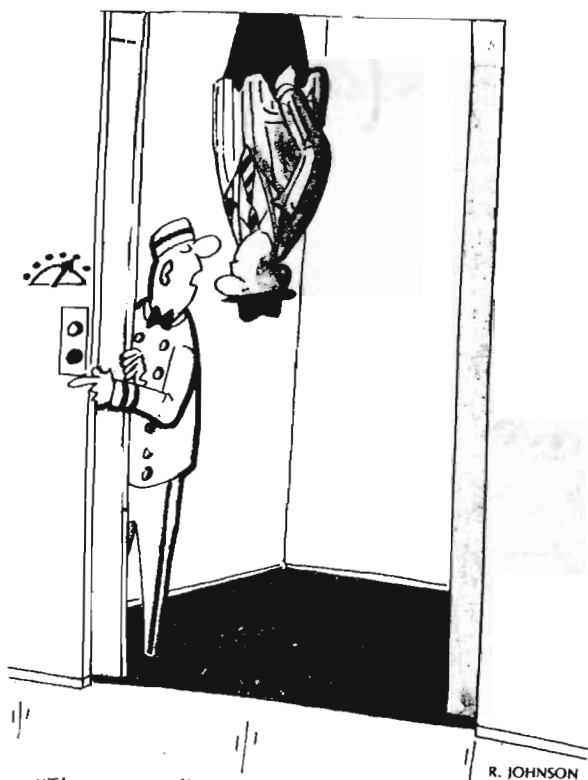
Notice how these folks are usually waiting outside the attorney's door. Notice too that you seldom see the attorney himself. Can there be a message there? At any rate, not waiting with any invention is our "baby" Life Member, H. HORST PRISLAN, of 3339 Dato Highland Park, Ill. Horst makes the drinks for the likes of SPIKE O'DONNELL, GERRY STEVENSON, TOME COMPERE, MIKE RAFTER, RAY KRESKY, et al, as they congregate at his bar on cold wintry Saturday p.m.'s in Wheeling, Ill.

Welcome to our new Life Member DWIGHT A. ROBERTS of Box 36298 in Grosse Point Woods, Mich. A Baker Company Gimlet from Apr. '42 to May '45, Dwight made Tanahmerah Bay, Dinegat, Panoan, Leyte and Mindoro. Didn't you miss one, Dwight? - Mindanao? If you left us in May of '45, we were in the Davao area by then. Oh well, we're not inclined to argue - not 35 years later. Holy Toledo! 35 years?? Doesn't seem possible.

we're really all about - a mere bunch of retreads who value one another's friendship and take an inordinate amount of pride in the fact that there yet remains such a gal as the 24th and that they each once served her, maybe some 40 or so years ago.

Division is the glue that keeps us together in friendship; Division is our raison d'etre.

ELEVATOR



"The patent office is right down the hall."

R. JOHNSON

Someone wrote in recently asking why we weren't getting out more frequent issues of Taro Leaf. It put us in mind of what Lester Maddox once said when someone asked him about upgrading the Georgia prisons. Lester replied, "We'll have better prisons when we start getting a higher grade of prisoner". The postage bill alone is murdering us. Raise the dues and we'll give you more issues.

Good Chick JOE PEYTON recently visited The Chamberlin, that beautifully old hostelry on the Chesapeake Bay at Hampton, Va., overlooking Hampton Roads.

Reports Joe, "Actually it's at Ft. Monroe. It's a famous old resort with a delightful new look. I talked with the management; they'd love to host us in August of '81 - so I'm throwing in my vote for The Chamberlin."

He adds, "It's easy to get to, a 20 minute cab ride from Norfolk A/P through the Hampton Roads tunnel. The food is just wonderful - and most important, the prices are modest. Room for Margaret and I was \$28 per day - and it was a terrific room looking out onto Hampton Roads. Sat there and watched the U.S. Navy sail by. Heartily recommend it."

We're all listening, Joe. At absolute least, you're doing your homework. Thanks.

JOE SALAS has just retired as CSM of the Division's 2nd Brigade. He's now at Calle Frinitaria #47 in La Romana, Dominican Republic. Would welcome visits from any 24th'ers going to the D.R.

Postcard Alice SWEM, LEON's better half, at Rt. 3, Box 327, Carthage, N.Y. She's down to 74 3/4 pounds. "That's fighting weight," says Alice, and we have evidence that she really is giving 'em a fight. Never surrender, Alice.

Can't travel says HEMAN HARP (M 34 10/44-11/45; C 24 Med 4/45-11/45), of Rt. 2 Box 42, Lamoni, Iowa - so he won't make Pittsburgh.

Dues from TED ANDERSON (E 21st '40-'44), of Box 247, Creekside, Pa., with a terse note reading: "Meet you in Pittsburgh." Eureka!

TARO LEAF

Vol. XXXIII — No. 6

1979 - 1980

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

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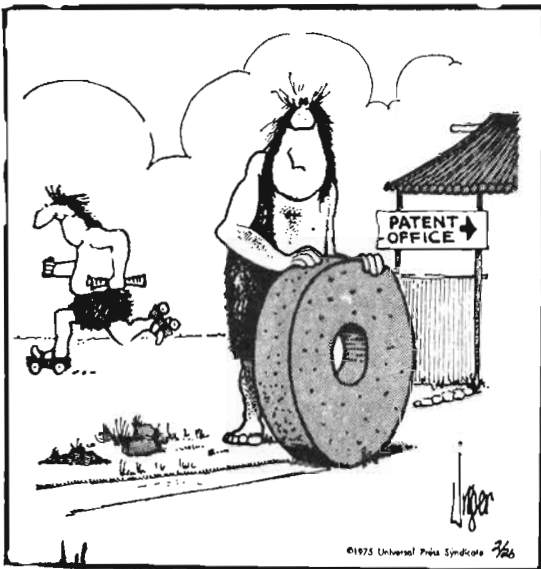
Association membership is open to anyone and everyone who wears or ever wore the Taro Leaf or served in any unit ever formally "attached" to the 24th Infantry Division. Dues are \$10.00 per annum inclusive of a subscription to the publication, Taro Leaf.

The Division History covering 1941-1980 will be released just as soon as the Editor, who is writing it, can finish it. The cost — \$20 per copy. Only members will be allowed to purchase copies.

1980 Convention

August 14 - 15 - 16 - 17, 1980
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

HERMAN



Herman has one and he's going directly to the Patent Office with it. Which has little or nothing to do with the fact that Arkansas is sure letting us know that they want us in Hot Springs for our August '81 gathering of the clan. We're being flooded with telephone calls and mail. Yesterday, Governor Bill Clinton - not William, mind you, but "Bill" - see what Jimmy started? - sent us his personal invitation addressed to each of you. We'll include it in this issue, if we can find it; it's under this stack of papers somewhere.

Phyllis Diller at a Johnny Carson roast: "They've asked me to say a couple of words about my husband. How about 'short and cheap'?"

New address for BILL and Margaret SOLOMON. Try 735 Radnor, Pine Beach, N.J.



The Arlington, down at the end of that street, overlooks the center of things in Hot Springs. Bill Byrd wants you a' to come on down.

HOWARD LUMSDEN has signed up as a Life Member WENDELL TOOBY, (509th MISP Det. '53-'54), of 7200 N. Ridge, Chicago. Wendy tells us that the 12th Arm'd. Div. Assoc. has 3624 members.

MICHAEL MOCHAK has the single-mindedness of the airport missionary who puts the bite on you to buy one of his books. Only Mike is all gung-ho about Pittsburgh. And why not, he's on the committee. Mike in a telecon said, "Be sure to put in that we're all set for Thursday, Aug. 14 if you happen to arrive early. No special program but a lot of comraderie, just people meeting people all over again." We wrote it, Mike, just as you asked us to.

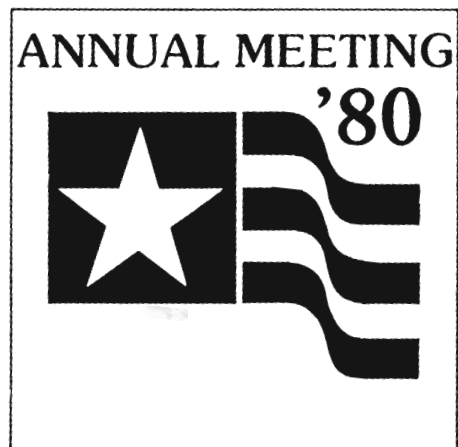
John B. Anderson, the would-be President, has a look like Howdy Doodie. Take a peek in tonight's paper - and compare.

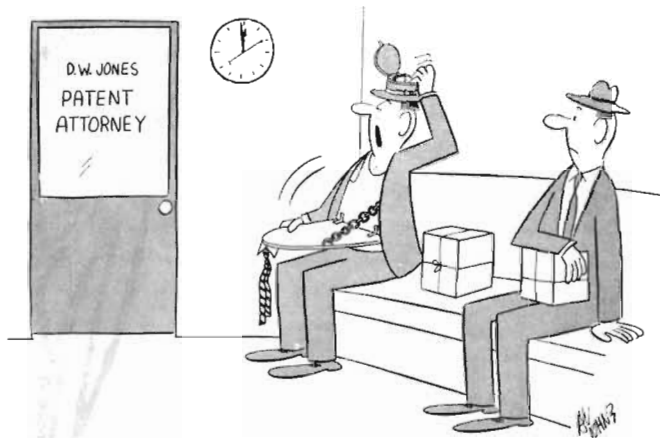


It's the Pittsburgh Marriott, of course, and you'd better tell them today that you're coming. Rooms are at a premium and we'd like to avoid a repeat of last year's mess when some of you had to go elsewhere.



You and your guests
are invited
to attend
the most GALA and
important meeting
of our
DIVISION'S YEAR.





THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



12 o'clock and still no patent attorney in sight. In sight, if this Kodachrome isn't too dark to begin with, are CHARLES McMICHAEL, left, and RICHARD LUM, right, at the Arizona Memorial. Charley visited Wahoo about a year ago, and Richard, as always, was the perfect host.

We've worked long and hard here trying to anticipate every before-convention question which may arise particularly on the part of one who has never made one of our fiestas. Somewhere in the copy of this issue, we've tried to provide the answers to those questions. If we have failed, forgive us our sins please. If a question yet remains, call us by day 413-733-3194 or by night 413-733-3531 and we'll try to make up for it. See you there!

KEN and Doris FENTNER, (52F '52-'53), of 1251 Smith, E. Amherst, N.Y., are plugging for Niagara Falls in '81. They have met with the convention people there who are gung ho about our making it. "7th wonder of the world" say Ken and Doris. And they are coming to Pittsburgh "with guns loaded". Great, we say. It'll be a battle royale. FRED and Rose LUCHTERHAND will be along too as they've been up to their eyebrows in helping the Fentners ready their guns.

34th Infantry Division Association is boasting of having 23 Life Members.

See What Else Is Going On...

C.A. "Bud" COLLETTE tips us to a bizarre case of sexual harassment in the U.S. Army. A woman private has been jailed for indecently assaulting a male soldier in West Germany.

A special one-judge court martial in Nuremberg convicted Pvt. Cheryl Taylor, 20, of Kansas City, Mo. of having committed assault and battery against Spec. 4 Kevin Knox, 19, of Rock Hill, S.C., in a unit supply room at their artillery battery in Regensburg, a military spokesman said.

Pvt. Taylor, convicted March 31, was sentenced to 30 days at hard labor and fined \$298.

"I am not aware of another case of this type in Europe," Army Spokesman Maj. David Russell said.

He said the Army began a crackdown on sexual harassment in the 200,000-strong European command in March by court-martialing two male soldiers for verbally abusing a female enlisted woman at their unit in Nuremberg.

In the latest incident, which occurred Jan. 29, the woman soldier was found guilty of "wrongly committing an indecent, lewd and lascivious act" against Knox by placing her hand in his groin area and squeezing, Russell said.

Knox had entered the unit supply room where Taylor was working as a clerk, and she abused him with indecent language, Army sources said.

After Knox reported her to the unit commander, Taylor approached him and put her hand on his groin, the sources said.

The sources said Taylor had previously been given non-judicial punishment for similar behavior involving other male soldiers at the same unit. Battery B, 3rd Battalion, 60th Air Defense Artillery.

A military source who spoke with the jailed woman by telephone today said she angrily denied having touched Knox indecently, and she accused him of being a military police informer.

She is being held in the Army stockade in Mannheim but will be transferred to the U.S. military prison at Fort Riley, Kan., Russell said.

Any thoughts, men?

BENNY BURKE, (D 19th '50-'51), of 3806 Harvesterway, Erlanger, Ky., writes: "Re Shorty Estabrook and the 19th Crest only having three stars. The three stars stand for only the declared wars in which the 19th has fought: the Civil War, WW I and WW II. The regt. does not earn a star as such for the Korean conflict." Thanks, Benny.

"When you throw mud at somebody you're the one that's losing ground."
(The Gilcrafter)



SOLDIER

I was that which others did not want to be.
I went where others feared to go, and did what others failed to do.
I asked nothing from those who gave nothing, and reluctantly
accepted the thought of eternal loneliness... should I fail.
I have seen the face of terror; felt the stinging cold of fear;
and enjoyed the sweet taste of a moment's love.
I have cried, pained, and hoped... but most of all,
I have lived times others would say were best forgotten.
At least someday I will be able to say that I was proud of
what I was... a soldier.

George L. Skypeck

Paid Your Dues?



Past Prexy BILL MULDOON was trying to interest a young Korean vet in membership in our Assoc. Asked the vet, "Is the membership broken down by sex?" Bill mulled that over for a moment, and then came up with, "Well, frankly, we have a much greater problem with alcohol".

LOUIS BROWN, out there in Vinita, Okla., looks with favor upon Hot Springs as our next site.

You can try to bribe a Congressman but you can't tip O'Neill.

Veep WALT CUNNINGHAM signals that he'd welcome a little item in our next issue about newcomers for whom Pittsburgh is their first convention. Suggest to them, says Walt, that they "not hesitate to move forward and introduce themselves to any and all Taro Leafers. Don't stand back and wait to be recognized. This is a most friendly crowd. Make yourselves a part of it". Good advice, Wally. We know from experience (This one will be our 32nd convention, we think) that some folks do come and sit or stand around waiting to be spoken to. We're with you, Cunningham; we reiterate that each person attending should involve himself.

We have a very uneasy feeling over the way in which the name of Maj.Gen. JAMES VAUGHT, the over-all task force commander of the ill-fated Iranian rescue raid, has been played down in the press. Makes one wonder.

This arrived from one Larry Uhls of Oklahoma City:

"I am a private collector of Japanese WW II militaria, especially samurai swords. Does your unit association have a newspaper or news letter in which I can place an advertisement for the purchase of these items? What are the display and advertising rates, circulation, and dates of issue? In the event your paper has no advertising, would it be possible to place a notice asking those members who might wish to sell their swords, to bring them to the next unit reunion, where I could offer a 'no-obligation' appraisal and history of the blade? Thank you very much for your time. Signed Larry Uhls."

We replied, to 4030 S.Douglas, Oklahoma City, Okla. by the way. We told him we didn't accept advertising, but that we'd plug him with compliments. We just did. Now he'll be at Pittsburgh, so bring your stuff if you've got the hots to sell.



"Could I see someone about my serum to make soldiers invisible?"

"Live and let live is not enough.
Live and help live is not too much."
(Orin Madison)

PITTSBURGH

-1980 REUNION CITY

HOWARD LUMSDEN, Membership Chairman, reminds us that the price of the Saturday night banquet will be \$14 per person. Not bad when you consider that this will include both the dinner (and of course the Memorial Service) and the dance that follows.

Writes BOB JOHNSON on that touchy question about the stars in the 19th crest:

"According to 'The Army Lineage Series - Infantry - Part I,' the 19th is authorized 3 stars, one each for the Civil War, the War with Spain and the Philippine Insurrection.

"Imagine that, because the insignia was authorized prior to WW II, that's the way things stand.

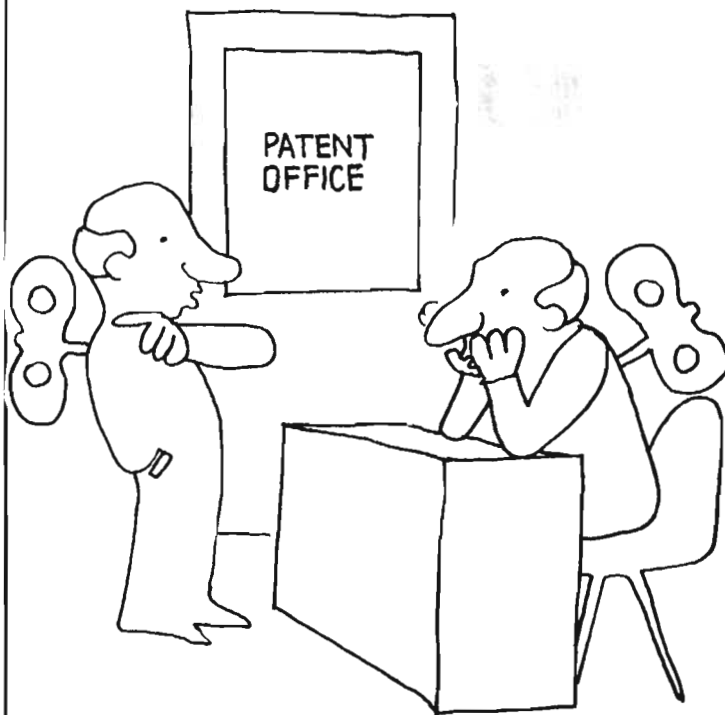
"The 4th star was a 'Made in Japan' model and not authorized by the Institute of Heraldry, U.S.Army.

"All the old regiments go as far as WW I on their insignia and only the ones formed during WW II, such as airborne units were 'up to date'.

"The only regiment that is 'up to date' is the 187th which has Japan occupation and Korean service placed on its insignia.

"I hope this clears up the question." Thanks bob.

Out of Weirton, W.Va. comes LOUIS A. FODOR, (13th F '41-'45). Lou's at 328 N.10th St. Lou just heard of us.



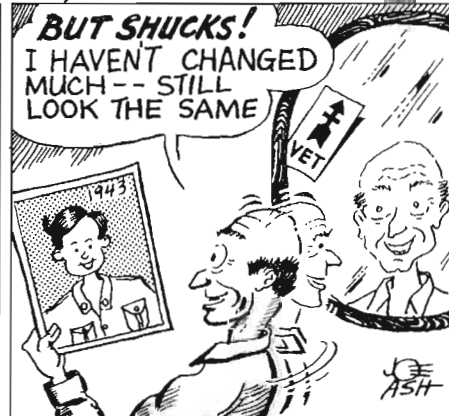
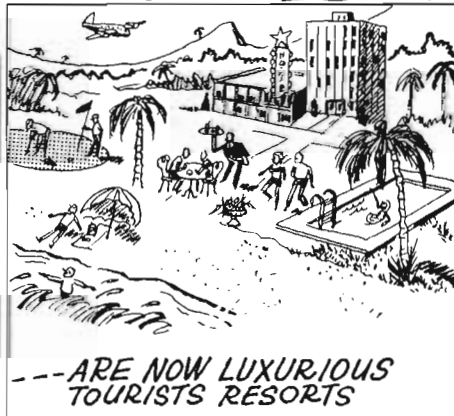
Getting bored with this foolishness? Okay, we'll hurry through. Only a few more to go.

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MOVING
FROM.

MOVING?

TELL US
WHERE
YOU ARE
MOVING
TO.

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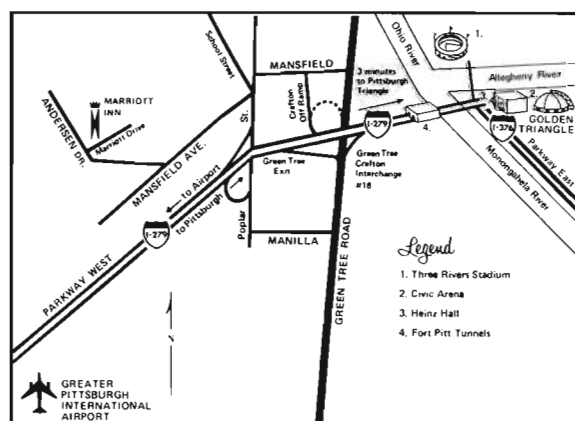
SHOPS: Gift Shop and Boutique, Barber Shop.

RECREATIONAL FACILITIES: Connecting, heated indoor/outdoor pools, Outdoor pool, Game Room, Health Club—whirlpool/sauna/exercise room, Tennis—outdoor courts/indoor courts, Putting Green, Handball/Racquetball.

SERVICES: Airport courtesy car—Baby sitters—Car Rental and Transportation — Desk-cribs: N/C — Free parking — Ironing Board upon request (steam iron available)—Coin-operated Laundromat Available—Free Ice Available — Valet — Room Service — Safe Deposit Boxes—Out of Town Reservation Service—Secretarial Service—Newsstand—Soft Drink Machines—Photo Copy Service.

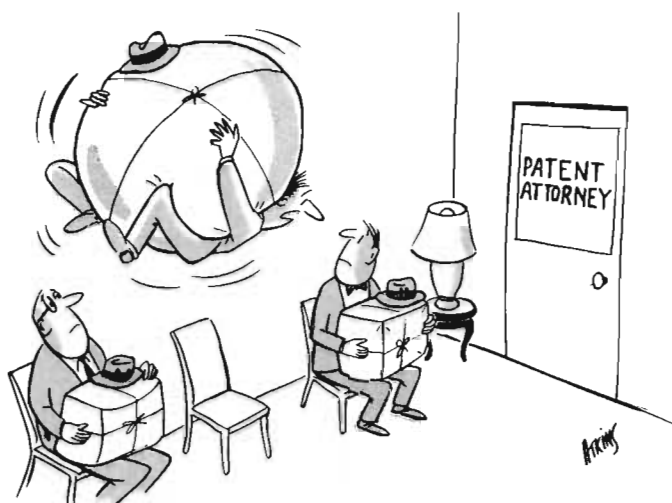
SPECIAL PLANS: Great Escape Weekend: three day and two night plan. Escape Weekend: two day and one night plan. Family and Honeymoon plans also available.

For details, rates and reservations, call toll free from anywhere in the U.S. 800-228-9290



Long bitch letter in from LEROY ATKINS, (H 21st '52-'54), of RR 2, Box 27, Brewster, MA, complaining about our handling of the Iranian thing, Afghanistan, Olympics, Panama Canal, et al. We buy every word of it, Roy.

Enjoying the Arizona sun is HARRY STRASSEN, (34th '45-'46) of 6209 E 31st, Tucson. Harry says he can never remember which one is Manhattan Clam Chowder and which one is New England. Well, don't look at us, Harry.



"I hope you don't mind if I go in next, this is urgent!"

C/A relieved 5 O's and 388 NCO's for recruiting irregularities during the recent recruiting malpractice probe. Meanwhile, nearly 90 of those relieved have filed a suit in Fayetteville, NC seeking to have the Army expunge their records of all derogatory material in connection with the work.

TOM HICKMAN, (Div.Hq. '47-'48), of 2142 Eddy, Wooster, Ohio, was in G-4 with "Peanuts" RUGGABER and OAKLEY LAMB. Anyone know where either one is today. Tom asked us to ask HOWARD LUMSDEN about his rabbit hunting when they were together at Ft.Hayes. Tom says when you're retired, you feel about as useless as being voted "Miss Congeniality" in a beauty contest.

One thing about going to The Chamberlin in Hampton, Va. - it's right on a spit of land astride Ft.Monroe, Va. - and who are there? - why DON and Laura ROSENBLUM, that's who. Sounds like a great convention site, JOE PEYTON. Joe, by the way, who tells us that the only guy who could get all of his work done by Friday was Robinson Crusoe.

Col. W.E. WYRICK, 9653 Windsor Lake Blvd., Columbia, S.C. anxious to hear from any Task Force Smith members.



"Who shall I say is calling?"

Not only is the attorney missing in this one - we've got our doubts about the inventor himself. No doubts have we about KEVIN TODD, (52 F '44-'46), of 21 Palymyra, Elizabeth, N.J., who says our boycott of the Olympic Games will certainly teach the Russkies something. "It'll learn 'em never again to invade a country - during an Olympic year."



Dottie WISECUP sent us this one of PAUL, (L34th '44-'46), of 1265 Kasa Masa, Ft. Myers, Fla. It's JIM HARTMAN on the left, PEARCE SHIVERS on the right, and his ribs in the center. Seeing Paul "then" puts us in mind of the words of LEON HOWARD (Div. Fin. Off. '44-'45), of Palm Desert, Cal. and Kailua, Wahoo, who wrote us the other day: "Sometimes, when I look at myself in the mirror and wonder how all my young comrades of '44-'45 look now, I think it may be best to remember them all as I do now, young and fair, forever young and fair". Lee talks as MacArthur used to talk - like a poet. Thanks for Paul's picture, Dottie; we'll see you in Pittsburgh.

The l'il lady likely will ask, "Charles, what shall I wear at Pittsburgh?" Well, Charley, answer something like this: "Mabel, it's a pretty informal bunch. For the most of Friday and Saturday, it's going to be just your everyday wear - with a mumu or two if you have any - because this crowd goes for the wildest Hawaiian dress available. Me, I'm bringing 3 or 4 of my Hawaiian shirts. For the boat ride Friday night, more of the same. Better throw on a sweater. That river gets cool after sunset. For the Saturday night affair, now that's something different. We don't go hoity-toity and dress formal. But we do dress up - neckties and coats for example. What I mean is, we go dress up as if going to the office. What I'm trying to say, Mabel, is that for the banquet, we try not to look like a bunch of slob."

O.K., Charley, were we of any help?



Mayor Tom Ellsworth of Hot Springs writes:

"As mayor of the City of Hot Springs, I would like to extend to your Association a cordial invitation to hold its Annual Reunion in our world-famous resort.

"Hot Springs, with its excellent hotel and motel accommodations, convention auditorium and facilities for conventions of this type, is noted for its spirit of friendliness and hospitality. Our city is noted also for its natural resources, such as the hot water springs, mountains, lakes and the most desirable climate year 'round. Along with thermal baths, which function to keep one physically fit, we have a diversified form of entertainment. We also feel that our city is centrally located and convenient for all to reach.

"I sincerely hope you will choose Hot Springs for your convention city in 1981. In the event you do, please call on this office for any assistance that might make your convention a more successful one.

"Sincerely yours, Tom Ellsworth, Mayor"
Thank you, Mr. Mayor.



Way back in '77, we gave MARK PUGLIESE, of Reading, Pa., a free ride in this club - in the belief, mistaken it appears, that he'd be appreciative, etc. Never received so much as a "Thank you", not to mention the bucks we've poured down the drain for Taro Leafs and mailing expenses. So long, Mark Pugliese.



Aerial view of Ft. Monroe, Va., site of our '81 party if JOE PEYTON is able to persuade the group at Pittsburgh. That's the Hotel Chamberlin in the left lower foreground, fronting on Hampton Roads. It's a truly magnificent site.

It was BOBBY DEWS who came up with that gem, "The guy whose problems are all behind him is probably a school bus driver." Now, the third base coach of the Atlanta Braves wrote a piece describing life "down on the farm". We couldn't resist sharing it with you. It appeared in a recent issue of *Genesis*. *Genesis*, Bobby? The *mammography* mag?

THE WEIRD AND WONDERFUL WORLD OF MINOR-LEAGUE BASEBALL

BY BOBBY DEWS

Frank DeFord, writing in *Sports Illustrated*, labeled me a busher.

He was actually writing an article on Jim Bouton, the thirty-nine-year-old ex-Yankee pitcher, who was attempting a comeback with the Atlanta Braves. At the time, I was managing the Braves' farm club, the Savannah Braves, where Bouton was staging the initial part of the scenario for his dramatic return to the major leagues.

Confusing? Yeah, it got that way sometimes in the minors. I should know, because I spent twenty years, practically an entire career, there. That is why, unlike several friends, I didn't become incensed over DeFord's terminology.

I was a shortstop with speed, a strong arm, and adequate college hitting statistics when the St. Louis Cardinals signed me out of Georgia Tech twenty-one years ago. Since my father had been a minor-league ballplayer for seventeen years, I was doubly determined to become a big-league player. After only two seasons of pro ball with averages of .277 and .291, my promotion appeared inevitable, but it didn't happen. Perhaps my competition for the Cardinal shortstop job, Dick Groat and Dai Maxvill, had something to do with this.

In 1965, seven years after I signed with the Cards, I finally worked my way into AAA baseball. Playing at Jacksonville, in the International League, I ended up the year with just five errors and was voted the "outstanding hustler in the league." I considered myself ready for the final step up—to the majors. But the Cardinal brass said, "No, even five errors are too many when you only hit .206!"

Someone told me Dick Williams, managing the Toronto club in 1965, had this quip when asked which hitter he thought had the quickest bat in the league:

"Why, Bobby Dews, of course!" The astounded reporter asked for elaboration, and Williams said, "Well, he can get his bat out of the rack, make an out, and return the bat to the rack quicker than anyone I know."

I'm not convinced Williams said this, but I am sure you are beginning to understand why, at age thirty, when I could still run to first in under four seconds, I was asked to manage a minor-league team. I accepted.

Ten years later, the late Bill Lucas, baseball's first black general manager, offered me my first big-league contract. This contract to coach for the Atlanta Braves climaxed twenty years in the minors. Not many men want to stay in the minors that long. More did, back in the thirties or forties. But today, in this era of the big sports buck, most kids are insulted if they are asked to put in an apprenticeship of five or more years in the minor leagues. The minors are a necessity—but in many ways an unwanted one. Today's players resist the truth: that without these obscure training teams, America could not lay claim to a World Series. The caliber of play in American baseball would not be superior to that in other countries, as it surely is.

For debatable reasons, football and basketball players go directly from college to stardom in the National Football League and the National Basketball Association. Rarely does this happen in baseball. Bob Horner, of the Atlanta Braves, and Al Kaline, of the Detroit Tigers, went directly from school into major-league baseball, so it can be done. But it has remained a rare occurrence.

If college baseball programs continue to improve at the present pace, baseball experts predict that the minors will vanish within ten years. I don't know about that, but I do know that the number of minor-league teams is dwindling. I signed with St. Louis in 1959, and the Cardinals owned, or held working agreements with, twelve farm clubs. Today, as do most major-league teams, they have four.

Minor-league baseball is divided into four classifications: AAA, AA, A, and rookie league. This indicates that at any given time a big-league team is in the process of training approximately one hundred and fifty so-called prospects. The job mortality rate among

these minor-leaguers is atrocious. It is not an unusual event for a player to sign his first contract in June and be released by August of the same season. How would you like to explain that to the boys back home? Some say the rate of success is as low as 4 or 5 percent.

It may be even less. I managed in the minors for ten years. From 1969 until 1978, I made all the stops between Lewiston, Idaho, and Savannah, Georgia. During this period, just twenty of my players made it into the majors. They ranged in ability from the can't-miss blue-chipper, Garry Templeton, to the fringe-type player like Ed Crosby, making it on guts and determination. Templeton had only a few rough spots to be smoothed out before he made the majors. He worked extra hours to perfect the short toss to the second baseman, and it took him a while to overcome a tendency to long-arm the throw to first following his pivot at second. But because of his superior talent, such shortcomings quickly became history. Templeton also wasn't convinced he should stick to switch-hitting. He was much more comfortable from the right side. This is the kind of problem a minor-league instructor must work out with the prospect on a day-to-day basis. It was our job to convince Garry that he might be able to hit from the right side in Sarasota and be successful. But if, indeed, he wanted to become a star in the National League, then he should learn to hit from both sides of the plate. So, for a while, he failed as a left-hand hitter. But who cared in Sarasota? It was obvious that in a short time he would become an all-star shortstop in the majors.

Then there was Ed Crosby. Blessed with just average ability, and starting at a later age, Ed had to work hard on a lot of things. But he was a good contact hitter, and he learned enough to become a decent infielder for several big-league teams.

Even bigger changes can occur in the minors. Bob Forsch, now pitching for St. Louis, was my third baseman at

BUSHER

(continued from page 57)

one time in Lewiston—a rookie-league club. One night, after a loss, I called in a negative report on Forsch, saying, "This guy can't do anything but throw real hard."

The next morning, the phone rang and my boss, Bob Kennedy, said: "Well, why don't you let Forsch pitch an inning tonight?"

So that night I removed the starting pitcher in the eighth. The poor kid had a shutout going and never did understand. But Forsch came in and struck out three hitters. He's been pitching and making good money ever since. Events such as this are commonplace in the minors, even if they aren't publicized.

Playing Class A ball in the early sixties, I could never understand why our pitchers invariably threw off-speed pitches when they were behind in the count to the hitter. Later, it became evident to me that our farm director, Eddie Stanky, had asked his minor-league managers to tell their pitchers to do this, in order to make them better pitchers. This approach may have lost many games for us in Class A, but pitchers who learned to control their breaking pitches in any situation became winners in the majors.

One manager I played for in the minors, Grover Resinger, later a coach for California, Atlanta, Detroit, and Chicago, had such difficult signals that our players frequently missed them. My opinion was that our signs were actually more complicated than some of the signs being used by big-leaguers.

"That's good," he said with a glare which made me wish I hadn't brought the subject up in the first place. "When and if you get to the majors, their signs won't be any problem for you."

And I realized that, to him, the minor leagues were just schools, baseball schools. The results of games in Tulsa, Little Rock, and Winston-Salem would soon be forgotten, but the players developing there, like Steve Carlton, Bob Gibson, Tim Lincecum, and Bobby Thayer would be remembered for quite a while after they got to the majors.

Branch Rickey, generally credited with originating the farm system as we know it, believed that a prospect should toil at least six or seven years in the minors before he would be seasoned enough to play big-league baseball under pressure. Rickey may have been right, but many ballplayers today don't think so. My feeling is that, while today's players are better athletes than the stars of the past, they may not be as well grounded in baseball's fundamentals as they should be. In the baseball world, it's called force-

feeding. Minor-league instructors attempt to cram seven to ten years of baseball know-how into a young man's head and body in one or two years. A few can grasp the rudiments in this accelerated program. Many cannot.

Excepting Ron Guidry, and the late, great Thurman Munson, Yankee owner George Steinbrenner has successfully bought, not raised, his championship team. But still, someone had to train those players he purchased. Most clubs shell out \$1 or \$2 million to operate a farm system for one season. That figure doesn't include the extra million spent for scouts to comb the nation searching for another Willie Mays or Mickey Mantle. Can you imagine how an owner, for instance Atlanta's Ted Turner, must feel when his club finishes in last place four consecutive years, while he shells out \$3 or \$4 million a year training ballplayers? It's not difficult to understand why the Braves and other clubs have at times been blasted for rushing some of their prospects into the major-league competi-

"You're cramming ten years of baseball know-how into a kid in a year or two."

tion. Premature promotion of a young ballplayer can damage the player as well as the club. But when a club is in last place and the fans and press begin to clamor for changes, this development is inevitable—if often regrettable.

Ray Knight and Doug DeCinces played long years in the minors, because their parent clubs already had two pretty fair third basemen—Pete Rose and Brooks Robinson. So Knight and DeCinces were allowed to simmer until they were just right—and brother, watch them play now!

Just how adequate is the teaching? The average salary for a minor-league manager or instructor is around \$13,000 a year. No wonder you don't hear about a Henry Aaron, Stan Musial, or Warren Spahn down there in Rocky Mount, North Carolina, or Modesto, California, teaching the finer points of the game to young prospects. They aren't there, and that \$13,000 is the reason. You can't blame them, can you?

As a consequence, the parent clubs rely on coaches such as Jack Krol of the Cards, Fred Koenig of the Texas Rangers, Ron Piazza of the Cincinnati Reds, and me, for minor-league instructors—minor-league players who never made a big-league club but want to remain in the game in the hope

of someday getting to the majors as a coach or manager.

Jim Bouton's return to the minors at age thirty-nine was difficult to comprehend. After all, he'd already pitched in a World Series and made a bundle on a book. I mean, what the hell else did he need? Ironically, I now became his judge and jury. I watched him carefully, professionally, trying to forget that he had already experienced everything I'd desired since my boyhood when I'd spent eight hours every day throwing a worn-out tennis ball against the side of my grandmother's frame house.

Right away, I noticed his knuckler was not of major-league caliber because of its speed and predictable trajectory. But the rest was pure big-league—the intelligence and determination—and Bouton became the most ferocious competitor in the Southern League.

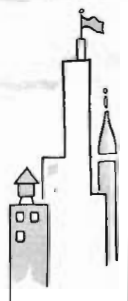
A friend of mine, ex-Yankee Clete Boyer, admonished me in a bar we frequented almost every night (correction: every night) when in Chattanooga. Clete said, "Bobby, there's no way you can win with Bouton." Boyer didn't mean games. You see, Bouton had committed the unpardonable sin of revealing to the world what happens after a baseball game is over. For me, starvation would be better than that, so I treated him just as I would any other pitcher on my team who had written such a book—horse shit! But through hustle and desire, not to mention the fact that he pitched us into the divisional championship, he won me over.

He got what he wanted when the parent Braves called him up at the conclusion of the minor-league season. But he seemed unhappy there, probably because of the verbal abuse. The man is an outcast. He has everything but that which he needs most: the acceptance he once had.

Down in the minors, it was different. There, in the gloom of obscurity, everyone is bound together by a common but extremely heavy chain. There, each person has the same goal.

When a bus rumbled through a humid night for sixteen hours en route from Memphis to Savannah, I, as manager, never doubted why every man chose to be there, or why every man would obey my slightest command, or why every man would, the following afternoon, drag his weary body into the stadium before only 800 or 900 fans and play his ass off. The dream!

The fantasy of every American male, at one time or another, is to become a hustling Pete Rose, a powerful Hank Aaron, a crafty Ron Guidry, an incomparable baserunning Lou Brock, a clutch-hitting Reggie Jackson. The list of major-league stars is almost endless. The dreams of bushers are, therefore, powerful and timeless. □



Busino

"If you're back in ten minutes, we'll talk business."

One of the problems encountered by your Editor is in making our news timely - due in part to his own innate laziness, in part to not receiving news bits promptly. Witness a case in point - the report on the October 14-30, 1979 junket of a few of our boys back to the Philippines. HANFORD and Shirley RANTS, (34th '43-'45), of 9330 Parrot, Downey, Cal., prepared a glowing 11 page story on the safari, which came to hand only in late April (6 months later) when DALLAS DICK gave us a copy.

Regretfully, due to space limitations, we're cutting the report down to a size we can reasonably handle. We are giving priority to those items in the report we believe will most interest our majority.

Without further ado, the page is yours, Han and Shirley, with expurgations, as aforesaid.

"Shirley and I are still glowing warmly in memory of our 'trip of a lifetime'. The fellowship and friendship of our group really made it a dream come true.

The one hundred and fifty ex-G.I.'s from every state had gathered in 'Frisco to begin the 18 hours flying and 8 hours waiting time with stops at Honolulu and Guam.

"As we stepped off the plane in Manila, we were greeted by a Philippine Army Band and some thirty Filipino WW2 veterans holding a twenty foot banner of welcome to the 'Reunion for Peace'. Each of us was given a beautiful, fragrant lei and a Mabuhay welcome.

Tears came easy to many crusty G.I.'s as we shook hands with the Filipino men who had fought by our sides thirty five years ago....

"There was emotional impact as we attended services at the American and Philippine War Memorial Cemeteries. A group of Australian veterans joined us and we exchanged remembrances with them.

"The American cemetery was beautiful. Seventeen thousand white marble crosses seemed to cover miles of green rolling hills surrounding a monument and walk-in tomb of one of our boys, also unknown. Wings with walls of white marble contained the names of thirty-six thousand missing, lost, or unidentifiable young men. Many, many of my close buddies are beneath these marble white crosses. In flashback, I thought again of the heartbreak of parents who received news of the death of a son so many thousands of miles from home...

"Anticipation of our return to Leyte had everyone excited and anxious. October 20 is a holiday and a celebration takes place at Red Beach each year in honor of Liberation Day. The airport reception was another heroes' welcome with a high school choir giving a brief concert honoring our unit. A police escort led our group directly to the MacArthur Memorial at Red Beach. Schools had been dismissed early - so many, many people lined the streets along the way. The warmth of the welcome melted all of our hearts.

"At the site of the Memorial, there were more honoring speeches, songs and prayers for peace. After the brief ceremony we were allowed to look around. Don Archer and I were able to find the exact spot that we hit the beach. (Ed.note: Why isn't Don Archer an Association member?).

"We rode by Dulag near where our 2nd Battalion was nearly wiped out in counter attack but saved by dawn's early light when navy dive bombers chased thousands of the enemy into the hills. We had well over 600 bodies piled around our position.

"Hill 522 stands majestically (and with trees now) overlooking this whole area. One company lost all its officers and DALLAS DICK took command to capture Hill 522 in very fierce fighting the first day. Dallas is with us today.

"This evening the Mayor of Tacloban hosted a banquet for us. The square in front of city hall had been roped off with lights strung overhead. Approximately forty-five large tables circled the entire area and each table was heavily laden with food prepared by people of different areas. Although there were about 2000 people outside the tables, each group had about twenty delegates to serve the honored guests. We were

escorted to the center of the giant circle, with our ladies seated at a beautiful head table in front of the orchestra on the city hall steps.

"We were greeted by the mayor and invited to move from table to table and try to eat all the food. The kinds of foods were too numerous to mention but there were at least twenty-five roast pigs of about three feet in length and of exquisite taste.

"After the feast, the orchestra played the American music of the 1940's and dancing really brought people together. The love and respect that passed among people was beautiful beyond description. The most difficult part of this for an average American to understand is that the people giving to us live in what we would consider complete poverty. They are patient, grateful for what they have, unselfish, willing to yield to wishes of others, and yet they were great fighters as soldiers.

"October 20, 1979 had almost as much emotional impact on our group as October 20, 1944. As we moved to the area at 8:30, thousands and thousands (estimated by a native at 80,000 to 90,000) lined the way. Some were participants and the rest were spectators.



"Hundreds of booths were ready among the coconut palms and the hawkers were out with fans, hats and many, many other items at double prices. We were escorted to seats of honor in the shade on the reviewing stand. The temperature and humidity were both above 90 and many people along the way used umbrellas against the sun.

"The Ambassadors from the Philippines, United States, Australia and Japan took their places on the platform with us. The parade included high school and college military groups, high school bands, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, American Legion, and Philippine veterans of WW2. An hour of parade and one-half hour of speeches honoring us and the Year of the Child completed, we were

guests of the Mayor of Palo to another feast which they called a luncheon. Beautiful singers and dancers provided entertainment.

"After lunch, we went to visit the beautiful old Palo church that we had used for a hospital. We looked at the roads where hundreds of Japanese soldiers in American uniforms had been killed as they tried to surprise us. We looked at the bridge across the Bandon River where Jim Wright (one of our tour group) was the first man across and at imposing Hill 522 which DALLAS DICK had conquered with his company.

"We then visited a little village near Palo along the river where one of our units had held a cross-road and camped a few days. Every American should have to walk through this humble village where the best homes are thatched huts on stilts. Pigs and chickens are kept under the houses and the odor is there to prove it. The well-off may have a canoe to fish with but none have shoes. Clothing is modest but clean. They are a happy people who feel compelled to serve others. They are especially pleased when they make others happy, even if it means they give all they have to give.

"The young people of the village were especially polite and went into raptures of delight when I took a Polaroid picture of them and we watched the developing process together. I left the picture with one of the mothers who will no doubt show it proudly for many years.

"Gene Madden, a Silver Star winner and a fierce fighter 30 years ago, purchased a large box of candy and gave it out to all of the village kids. He was literally mobbed by admiring, loving and hungry kids. We heard again that thirty-five year old 'Hello Joe', 'Thank you Joe'. The pleased expression on Madden's face indicated his deep feeling for these people...

"For the evening we had been invited to a small celebration by the mayor of Palo. The little town emotionally adopted us. Our simple ceremony at the city hall turned out to be an outpouring of mutual admiration, respect and love between two groups of people which lifted us to a new high of humble joy. Several ex-G.I.'s spoke of our experience and feeling topped by BILL WATKINS who told the young people 'Be proud of your parents because they were more brave and courageous than those of us who fought for just a short time.'

"The Mayor of Palo and their speakers spoke of us as if we could walk on water. They seemed to feel that they had an eternal debt to us. Finally each of us received a beautifully lettered certificate which had sand

from Red Beach glued on it in the shape of Leyte Island.

"October 21st was spent in flying back to Manila and then a trip to Corregidor and Bataan. An evening dinner in the elegance of the old Manila Hotel was the highlight of this day. The marble floors, mahogany walls, doors and tables all combine to make an absolutely beautiful setting.

"Each of us was extremely grateful to see Corregidor and each was respectfully smitten by the evidence showing what our men had to endure. The abundant, green vegetation now present was totally denuded from shelling during the siege before surrender.

"Then came the highest of emotional highs for me of any on the entire trip. The trip through Zig Zag Pass brought vivid memories of the loss of twenty close buddies among the 400 of 800 men our unit lost overnight (killed or wounded). Fortunately the new road does not even closely resemble the short hairpin curve and heavily wooded area that had been such a tragic frustration for us. I was positive I could find the spot where Colonel Dalen was using my telephone to bring the artillery down lower, only to have a tree burst explode down upon us. An almost fist sized piece of red hot shrapnel tore deeply into his left rump. That place in the road is gone now.

"Then there was the curve in the road covered by a Japanese sniper with one of our M-1 rifles. John Six and I had to run through that area four times to repair telephone lines. That curve is gone. The small knoll where the last five 120mm mortars had literally blown men to pieces was not to be found. I am sure now that it was best not to find exact spots.

"An afternoon trip took us to San Marcelino where a group of WW 2 Filipino veterans received us formally and informally. The man who was Mayor in 1945 is now 91 but stood straight and received us proudly. This would be the most austere of all settings for people honoring us, but certainly as sincere and as warm as any we have received in the highest of official settings. One veteran told Don Archer the setting of the field hospital where Don and I were mending shortly after the battle had been won there.

"Our group then traveled to the beach at San Narciso to the exact spot we had come ashore. I cannot adequately describe the feeling of joy we knew to get a second look and for me to show Shirley a part of the history she had heard so much about. We had landed unopposed and it was almost as bad as being fired upon because we kept expecting the ambush. We walked 35 miles in two days to camp at Olongapo which had

been well destroyed by the Japanese. The third day in Zig Zag Pass stopped us completely.....

"Finally back to Manila and panic shopping for family and friends. The bargains are unbelievable and we have expanded from three to five suitcases and others seem to be facing the same problem. Shirley and I closed the day with a lovely dinner at the beautiful Manila Hotel.

"Then came the day we will always remember as the most humbling of our many days of honors and honors and honors. We were luncheon guests at the Officer's Club at Camp Aguinaldo. Generals and Colonels were there in great number and retired veterans of World War II sat with us also. The two veterans at our table had survived the 'Death March' and the years of suffering in prison camps. The speeches of praise and affection in our behalf were articulate and sincere. It is almost beyond belief that there is a nation of people who feel this depth of gratitude in our present world situation.

"Each of us was called forward by one general, the medal (Philippine Liberation) pinned on by another general and finally congratulated by two more generals. There was music and dancing, then gifts of beautiful mahogany figures to the men and wives. Finally a large circle was formed, hands joined and we sang Auld Lang Syne. The genuine graciousness, love and generosity shown us by these people was a never to be forgotten experience.



"And stay out!"

"A final dinner reception honoring us was hosted by Mayor Ramon Bagatsing of Manila. The mayor and his top aide made ten minute speeches of tribute to the US Liberation forces and of the undying gratitude that the Filipino people would have for our country. It is truly amazing these people who have adopted English can use our language so eloquently in expressing their feeling of indebtedness. Whether it is the words or the sincerity of expression I don't know, but they make us feel far more important than we are.

"We feel extremely fortunate to have BILL WATKINS to respond for us each time. His well chosen words, his warm, friendly delivery and his six feet six inch stature would impress any audience.

"October 30, 1979 was a day of rest at the hotel and one last opportunity for a lovely meal at the elegant Manila Hotel. We were all restless and ready to go home, but I really felt sorrow at having to leave at the same time.

"Finally, flying home with a stop in Honolulu for customs which went quickly and well. Philippine Airlines flight #106 arrived in San Francisco on time. Farewells were said as some of the group made connecting flights to their final destinations. The Watkins' graciously hosted the group at the Airport Hilton Hotel for final farewell."



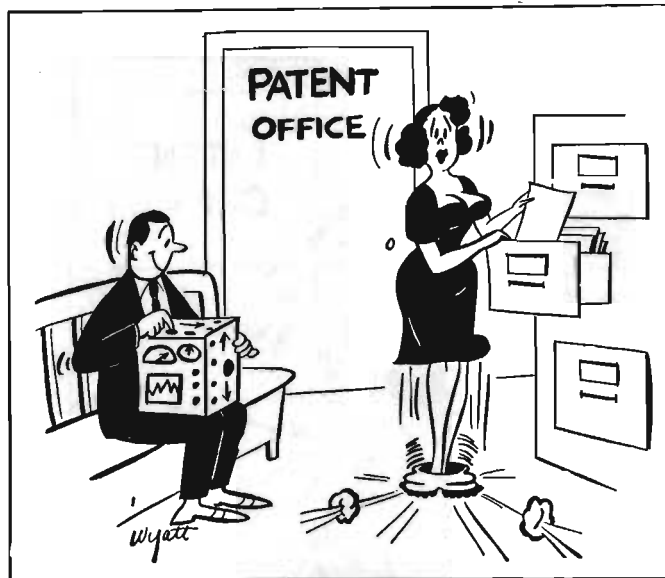
"the old sarge"

VIRGIL SCOTT has served valiantly as a member of VIC BACKER's Convention Committee. He assures us that P. from the deck of that boat at night is a beautiful sight to behold. We look forward to it, Virgil.

Medics think they've found something to stomp out JOE MORGAN's black out spells. That's good news. Keep us posted, Joe.

During these days of inflation, penny pinchers have become known as dollar pinchers. A fanny pincher is something else - usually Italian.

Newly Joined - a Chief of Police. You'd better believe it. He's ANTHONY CASAMASSIMA of 27 Washington, Seneca Falls, N.Y. Tony is the Chief of Police there. Telephone 315-568-5853 if you're behind bars and need a friend. Tony was a Chick in Hawaii. What company, Tony?



In the file of TED ANDERSON, (E 21st 7/40-12/44) - yes we keep an individual file on each member - we found this gem written on guard duty at the Wahiawa bomb dump. We don't think we have used it before:

As I sit here I seem to remember,
Along in the first part of December,
The boys were all lying asleep in their
beds,
With a soft pillow tucked under their
heads.

The skies were blue, the sun was bright;
Who would ever though a Jap wanted
to fight.

Some who were sleeping so peaceful
and sound,
Are now lying six feet under the ground.

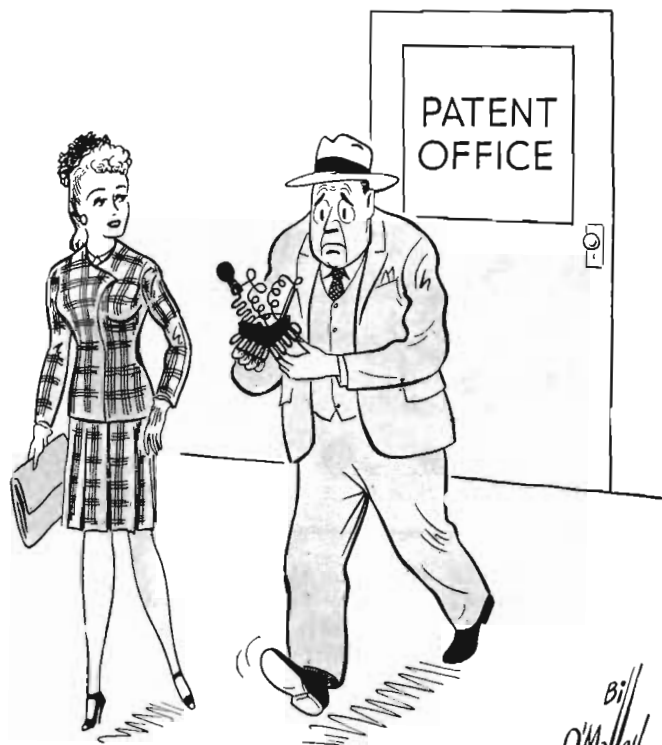
I'm sure I do not know who is to blame,
But we'll get even by doing the same.
I know a place where we can rest,
So, come on men, let's do our best.

I know a spot where Japs are like flies.
Let's get them all (who cares who dies).
For these weary men who are tired and
sick,
From using a shovel or swinging a pick.

I wonder how Tojo felt that day,
When U.S. bombers flew his way.
Blowing up buildings to the ground.
Raising hell, scattering things around.

So listen Tojo, if you please,
We'll make you get down on your
Jap knees.
For all we Americans have to say,
Death is the penalty you must pay.

To mothers who have lost their loving
sons,
We'll do our best, each and every one.
We cannot forget what happened our way
Nor the lives that were lost that
fatal day.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, well, don't worry, dear, I can use it as a hat."

The war - the "big one" - ended 35 years ago which should remind us, as if we needed reminding, that time "fleets". Come to Pittsburgh and enjoy some brotherhood and comradeship. There'll be more of it floating around than you can imagine. And lest we forget - the ladies are certainly very, very welcome and will make an important ingredient to the success of the get-together.

Joined our little group has Col. EUGENE J. MURPHY, (Div.Hq. '56-'57), of 157 B Grierson, Ft. Huachuca, Ariz. And we'll bet dollars to doughnuts, Gene, that we've spelled Huachuca wrong. We say welcome to you and Marie, nonetheless.

By the way, for those approaching Social Security and/or Medicare age, you should apply at least 3 - repeat 3 - months before your 65th birthday. You can do it on the 'phone. You'll need a certified birth certificate in due course. You should also check to see when you can apply for Medex, the Medicare supplement.

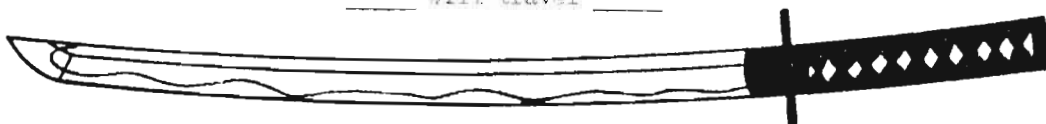
Dues in from MARSHALL BUTCHER, (Hq.Co. 1st Bn., 19th '48-'51), of 2501 E. 20th, Tucson, Ariz.

日本刀

Japanese Swords Wanted \$100 to \$5000 cash

I am a private collector of Japanese swords, knives, armour, prints (not a dealer). Many Japanese blades are quite valuable, and each has a unique and interesting history behind it. If you have any of these items, write me or call collect anytime, even if you are not sure you wish to sell. I will be happy to send you a free appraisal and history of your piece (who made it, when it was made, what it is worth, etc.). No obligation.

Will travel



Larry W. Uhls Box 94544 (405) 634-8824
OKC OK 73143 634-9655

PLEASE-Interest a BUDDY in MEMBERSHIP

BOB LONGFELLOW, of 12731 Poplar, Garden Grove, Cal, tells us that anyone with a National Service Life Insurance policy (term or converted) is entitled to a premium waiver if he becomes totally disabled for 6 consecutive months, provided disability begins before 65th birthday. Benefit must be claimed. It is not automatic. Thanks for the tip, Bob.

Cherie Hart of National Enquirer has called us. Is trying to run down anyone who knew JAMES S. BUMGARNER, alias actor JAMES GARNER. She wants to know how he happened to win the Purple Heart. He was Co.A of the 5th RCT. Entered service from California on 3/9/51. ASN was US 25699045. Was a Pfc as far as we know. Anyone got any info?

TOMORROW THEY'LL BE CLIMBING THE ROCKIES.



EASTERN'S UNLIMITED MILEAGE FARE.™

VISIT AS MANY OF OUR 107 CITIES AS YOU CAN FOR \$428-459*.

Why take an ordinary vacation? Take one to the limit. See the sights of one city, relax with friends in another. Then explore the mountains, or island-hop in the Caribbean.

You can do it all for one low price. With Eastern's Unlimited Mileage Fare.

For two adults traveling together (or 1 adult and 2 children ages 2-11) it's only \$428-\$459* per adult. Alone it's \$528-\$567*. And for children ages 2-11 it's just \$228-\$243* each.

Best of all, there's no limit on how many places you can go. Your travel just has to be for 1 to 3 weeks and booked in advance. Call your travel agent or Eastern Airlines soon.

So you have enough time to plan an extraordinary, unlimited vacation.

INTERNATIONAL†	DOMESTIC		
The Bahamas	Albany, N.Y.	High Point,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Freeport	Albuquerque, N.M.	Winston-Salem, N.C.	Phoenix, Ariz.
Nassau	Allentown,	Greenville,	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Bermuda	Bethlehem,	Spartanburg, S.C.	Portland, Oregon
Caribbean	Easton, Pa.	Hartford, Conn.	Providence, R.I.
Antigua, W.I.	Atlanta, Ga.	Springfield, Mass.	Raleigh, Durham, N.C.
Barbados, W.I.	Austin, Texas	Houston, Texas	Reno, Nev.
Dom. Republic	Baltimore, Md.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Richmond, Va.
Santo Domingo	Birmingham, Ala.	Jacksonville, Fla.	Rochester, N.Y.
Guadeloupe	Boston, Mass.	Las Vegas, Nev.††	Salt Lake City, Utah
Haiti	Buffalo, N.Y.	Los Angeles, Calif.	San Antonio, Tex.
Jamaica	Charleston, S.C.	Louisville, Ky.	San Francisco, Calif.
Montego Bay	Charlotte, N.C.	Melbourne, Fla.	Sarasota,
Martinique	Chicago, Ill.	Miami,	Bradenton, Fla.
Puerto Rico	Cleveland, Ohio	Ft. Lauderdale,	Savannah, Ga.
San Juan	Columbia, S.C.	Hollywood, Fla.	Seattle,
St. Croix, V.I.	Columbus, Ohio	Milwaukee, Wis.	Tacoma, Wash.
St. Lucia, W.I.	Corpus Christi, Texas	Minneapolis,	St. Louis, Mo.
St. Maarten, N.A.	Dallas, Ft. Worth,	St. Paul, Minn.	Syracuse, N.Y.
St. Thomas, V.I.	Texas	Mobile, Ala.	Tallahassee, Fla.
Trinidad	Daytona Beach, Fla.	Nashville, Tenn.	Tampa,
Guatemala	Denver, Colo.	New Orleans, La.	St. Petersburg,
Mexico	Detroit, Mich.	New York, N.Y.	Clearwater, Fla.
Acapulco	El Paso, Tex.††	Newark, N.J.	Tucson, Ariz.
Cancun	Evansville, Ind.	Norfolk, Va.	Washington, D.C.
Cozumel	Fort Myers, Fla.	Omaha, Neb.	West Palm Beach, Fla.
Merida	Gainesville, Fla.	Orlando, Fla.	Wilkes-Barre,
Mexico City	Greensboro,	(Walt Disney World)	Scranton, Pa.
		Pensacola, Fla.	

†Travel to and from Canada not included. ††Service pending CAB approval



EASTERN
WE HAVE TO EARN OUR WINGS EVERY DAY.™

*Prices quoted are coach fares and vary depending on taxes for routes flown. Two-stopover minimum in different cities is required. Stopovers in originating city not permitted except to change planes. Seats are limited, must be reserved and purchased at least 7 days in advance, and not available over certain peak holiday periods. Itinerary may not be changed after initial departure. Unlimited Mileage Fare passengers on Eastern's Trans-Con travel in Cabin 2. Fares subject to change.

Pittsburgh Attractions

Pittsburgh is a diverse city with much to see and do. In every part of the city, from the Golden Triangle to the North Side to Mt. Washington to Oakland, you'll discover exciting, entertaining and enjoyable attractions and activities.

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra
Heinz Hall, 600 Penn Avenue, downtown, 281-5000

Performances by the world-renowned Pittsburgh Symphony can be enjoyed during fall, winter and spring seasons. Tickets and information available at Heinz Hall, Kaufmann's, Hornes, and Ticketron centers.

Fort Pitt Museum

Point State Park, downtown, 281-9284
A unique reconstruction of the Monongahela bastion of Fort Pitt, located on the exact historical site. Triangle-shaped building depicts history of the Point until 1800. William Pitt Exhibit Hall open 9:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. weekdays, 12-4:30 p.m. on Sun.

Tamburitzens of Duquesne University
Tamburitzens Cultural Center, downtown, 281-9192

The Tamburitzens annually perform 100 concerts in Pittsburgh and throughout the U.S. as they celebrate Southeastern Europe's heritage of music, song, and dance. Concert schedules may be obtained through the Cultural Center which is open Mon.-Fri. 9-5.

Allegheny Observatory

159 Riverview Ave., North Side, 321-2400
This world-famous observatory for astronomical research is open free to the public year 'round. Visitors welcome 9:30-3:30 Mon.-Fri. without appointment. Evening tours may be scheduled from April 1 to November 1 by appointment.

Inclines

Monongahela Incline Plane
West Carson St., Mt. Washington, 231-5707

Duquesne Incline

1220 Grandview Ave., Mt. Washington, 381-1665

Incline car travels 600 feet up (and down) Mt. Washington, providing a spectacular ride and a more spectacular view of the Golden Triangle and the city. Both open Mon.-Sat. 5:30 a.m.-1 a.m.; Sun. and Holidays 7 a.m.-1 a.m.

Mt. Washington Overlook

Grandview Avenue, Mt. Washington
From a series of overlook pods and benches along Grandview Ave., a view of the city on the three rivers sweeps from the Golden Triangle to Oakland in one direction, and to the North Side in the other direction.

Carnegie Institute

4400 Forbes Ave., Oakland Civic Center, 622-3131

Carnegie Institute, housed in a single massive building, comprises Carnegie Museum of Art, Carnegie Museum of Natural History, Division of Education and Carnegie Music Hall. Open Tues.-Sat. 10-5; Sun. 1-6; closed Mondays and holidays.



ANNUAL
MEETING '80

Dining in Pittsburgh

Fine dining is a Pittsburgh tradition, an integral part of the city's meeting scene. Whether you choose a restaurant downtown, one in an urban/suburban location, or one of the many good ones just outside the city limits, you'll find the perfect combination of menu and setting. Here is a representative sampling of the Pittsburgh area's outstanding restaurants.

Ascot Room

Webster Hall Hotel, 4415 Fifth Ave., Oakland 621-7700.
Steaks and chops from grill, a la carte or full course luncheon and dinners.

Ben Gross

Route 30, Irwin 271-6696
East suburban restaurant, 45 minutes from city, serves luncheon noon-5 p.m., dinners till 1 a.m.

Bigelow Restaurant

Bigelow Square, downtown 281-5800.
Intimate dining in Bigelow penthouse, outdoor dining in the summer, cocktail lounge.

Candlelight Room

Carlton House Hotel, 550 Grant St., downtown 471-6060.
Complete or a la carte dinner menu.

Chinatown Inn

522 Third Ave., downtown 281-6708.
One of the best Cantonese restaurants in the city.

Christopher's

1411 Grandview Ave., Mt. Washington 381-4500
A 200-ft. glass-enclosed exterior elevator takes patrons to lunch or dinner atop Le Grande Apartments overlooking Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle. Continental cuisine.

Harp & Crown

William Penn Hotel, downtown 281-7100
Modeled after Old English restaurant and tap room. Specializes in open-pit broiled steaks and chops, complete dinners.

Klein's Restaurant & Seafood House

330 Fourth Ave., downtown 566-8615
Excellent seafood menu lists fresh fish in season, many shellfish dishes.

La Bastille

One Oliver Plaza, downtown 391-3237
Cuisine Française. Breakfasts and lunches also served cafeteria style in attractive decor.

Le Mont

1114 Grandview Ave., Mt. Washington 431-3100
Fine French cuisine served in Louis XV decor. Splendid view of the city from top of Mt. Washington.

Locante's Restaurant

2500 West Liberty Ave., Dormont 563-1700
A restaurant specializing in Italian food. Cocktail lounge with live music.

Gallagher's Pub

407 Market Place, downtown 261-5554
A variety of hearty luncheon platters served for lunch, dinner and snacks with drinks. Sing along piano bar for guests' participation.

Grand Concourse

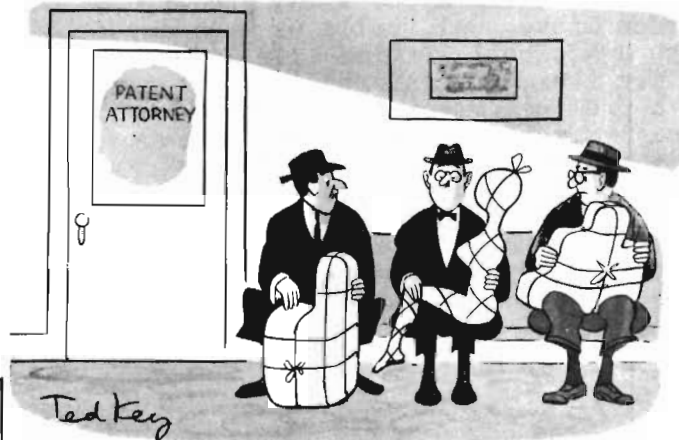
One Station Square 261-1717
Set in the Edwardian splendor of a historic railroad depot. Serves seafood from Boston, the Great Lakes and Canada.

Park Schenley

3955 Bigelow Blvd., Oakland Civic Center 681-0800
Specializes in French cuisine. A la carte late suppers from 10:30 p.m.

Samreny's

4808 Baum Blvd., Oakland 682-1212
Specializes in Middle East dishes, Lebanese cuisine. A good place to go to try different dishes.



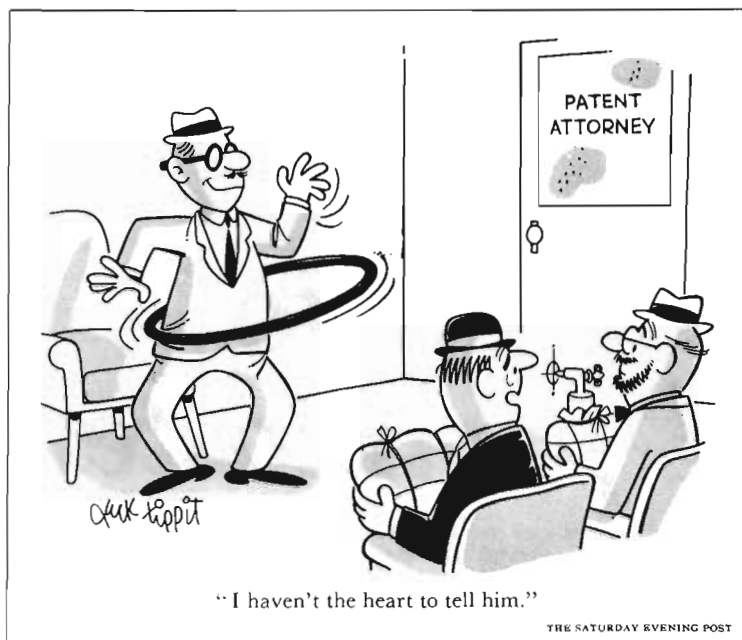
VIC REINICK, (F 34th '43-'44) out there in Hemet, Cal., is asking about a west coast get-together. Well Vic, hold onto your hats. We're meeting in the L.A. area next Oct. 11th. That's the Registry Hotel right across the sreet from the Orange County Airport. More news on this to follow. Vic, by the way is in interested in hearing from anyone of F of the 34th during '43-'44.

"Help for Vietnam"? "Relief for Vietnam"? Nay, we say, nay. A war that cost us years and years of hardship, billions of dollars, more than 50,000 men - was it all for naught? Correct us if we're wrong - but didn't we lost that one? North Vietnam won it - fair and square - it's all theirs. Go ask the Vietnam veterans if they'd like to give again. Visit a quad ward in any VA Hospital and pass the hat around. Then ask the family of one who gave his all.

Laws we're gonna pass if we ever get to Congress: against women drivers who insist on staying in the outside (left) lane on an Interstate with a pace of 32 mph - maybe a law against women drivers period.

LARRY WHITE (A 13th F '42-'45), of Rt. 1, Fruita, Colo., recovering slowly from lung surgery in February. Postcard him, please. Larry says he loves his wife but she is a bit extravagant. She tips at toll booths.





At last a 24th symphony in Pittsburgh. The woodwinds in near-perfect harmony. The strings tight but melodic. The brass section loud but classy. The conductor a brash old impresario named VIC BACKER. See you there!

Sure to join us at Pittsburgh are Maj.Gen. and Mrs. FREDERICK A. IRVING, Maj.Gen. and Mrs. AUBREY S. NEWMAN, Maj.Gen. and Mrs. DONALD ROSENBLUM, and the guests of honor, the Division Commander, Maj.Gen. JAMES E. COCHRAN and Mrs. Cochran.



Specialist 4 JOSEPH A. HRABOVSKY receives a watch from Pembroke Mayor W.W. Pickett, representing the Association of the U.S. Army, to recognize his achievement of being the distinguished honor graduate of the Primary Leadership Course at the Stewart NCO Academy. Hrabovsky is assigned to C Co., 2nd Bn., 21st Inf. (U.S. Army photo by John Martin).

Brig.Gen. GEORGE R. STOTSER formerly assigned to the Office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff became Assgt. Division Commander on June 2nd.

Col. EDWIN S. LELAND, JR. has assumed command of the Division's 1st Brigade. He replaces Col. BOBBY F. FRASHEARS, who is presently assigned to the Combined Arms Center at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Leland, a graduate of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, has served in positions in Vietnam and Germany as well as the United States. Most recently he joined the Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Plans and Operations, Department of the Army, serving first as the chief of the Force Readiness Division and then as the executive officer.



BOB SILVERS, (Div.Hq. '42-'45), of 2435 Rockingham, Los Angeles, recently wrote us - and it went:

"Now we'll test your mettle. The enclosed picture of two former JA stalwarts was taken in front of ED HENRY's home on April 1st of this year. My wife and daughter and I were driving from Quebec to NYC, and as long as we were offered a free dinner, we decided to make a visit and see him and reminisce. And reminisce we did, to the point where my wife and daughter must have thought that Henry and Silvers had won the damn war by themselves, even from the safety of the Judge Advocate's office. How are we going to test your mettle? To see if you print it in the Taro Leaf.

"Needless to say, it was great seeing him again. My family has heard me speak of him often in the many intervening years and now they know what I know: that he is quite a remarkable citizen."

All of which proves, Bob, that we'll print anything.

EDWIN MARSH, (M 34th '42-'44), of 824 Grand, Ravenna, Neb., had an item in the American Legion Mag. Wants to hear from men of M Co.

It pays to be a postmaster. All you need use for a return address on your envelope is something like "Ross 54015". That's the way JOHNNY ROSS, PM of Hammond, Wis. does it when he writes us. But now he's retiring. See how his local paper played it.

Col. FELTON H. MOORE, (34th '41-'44), of 2701 Smith Creek, Augusta, Ga., ought to give Lt.Col. ELMER L. VAN ZANT, (24th MP '46-'48) a call. Van's at 2102 Sibley Road, Augusta, GA 30904.

Yearbook dedicated to Hammond postmaster

Jack Ross has always loved people and shown a deep concern for his community of Hammond. Those traits are paying dividends for the recently retired postmaster.

Consider this: The senior class of St. Croix Central High School had a choice of dedicating its yearbook to either the gold-medal-winning U.S. Olympic hockey team or Postmaster Ross.

Ross won on an unanimous vote.



Jack Ross

Community life has always been important to this man, and he believes every member of a community should contribute to it in some way.

He has followed through with that philosophy. While living in Hammond, Ross, 59, has been involved with the village council (he was council president seven years), the school board member of the St. Croix County Veterans Service Commission, the executive board of West Cap, the nursing home board in Hammond, the local scout troop and he is also a veteran of World War II.

"I think you have to put something back into your community. The community gives a lot to individuals but they don't appreciate it.

"There were many people that helped me when I was a youngster. What's wrong with inviting the three kids next door to fish if you think they might like to," Ross said

Ross says young people often get too involved with their own activities and fail to meet community obligations.

Since his retirement Feb. 29 of this year, Ross has had time to reflect on his years of residence in Hammond.

His father was a barber on Hammond's main street for 55 years. Many changes have taken place since Jack Ross's childhood.

"Hammond is one of the most progressive communities in the Northwest. We have everything here that people in Chicago and New York want," he said. "We have some of the best trout fishing in the state, more deer are killed on the county's highways than are shot in most counties and we can go see any professional sport in the Twin Cities".

Ross, married and a father of three, emphasized that the closeness of the community is especially important to village youths. "Supervision is greater in a community this size. there are always people looking out for you."

Small communities counted on their postmasters as being the hub for sending and receiving information.

When Ross became postmaster in 1949, the job was very

personalized. Postmasters were responsible for cleaning the store, making it run profitably and buying any items that were needed to provide the service.

The government had little to do with the post office. Postmasters' wages were gained by the sale of stamps and other services. Ross recalled a Wilson postmaster becoming very upset after she found out that three Wilson persons had bought stamps in Menomonee rather than from her.

"We were pretty efficient. We had lot of responsibility then. Most of the postmaster's responsibilities have been taken by the government."

When he first started all mail sorting was done by hand; today, machines in St. Paul do all the sorting for area post offices.

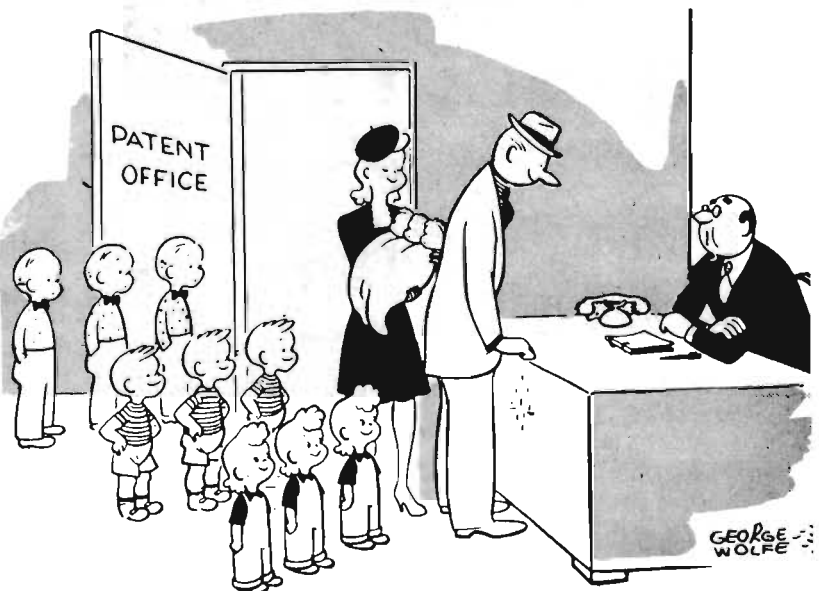
Rural mail carriers were very close to their customers. It wasn't uncommon for those carriers to bring groceries to route members that wanted them.

"I don't think that type of dedication is there anymore. Where is it now? It used to be that when you pulled into a filling station they pumped the gas, washed your window and checked your tires. Today, they sit behind the candy rack and wait for you to pump your own gas."

A roast honoring Ross's dedication to his job will be held April 12 by many of his friends.

The man who would take IOUs for delivery of packages from local people or pay a small customer bill with his own money, said that money can't buy everything.

"When you're young, you look for a job that has high monetary value, but as a guy goes through life he learns that money can't buy friends or companionship."



"Very interesting! But I don't think I can give you a patent!"

Saturday, August 16, 1980

AN EVENING OF ENTERTAINMENT

A Ring of Bells
A Leap of Dancers
A Duet of Singers
A Riot of Comedians
A Cord of Woodwinds
A Blarney of Bartenders
A Skirl of Pipers
A Wiggle of Starlets
A Trance of Lovers
A Descent of Waiters
A Plentitude of Waitresses
A Temperance of Chefs
A Timeliness of Notice
A Welcome of Members
A Building of Memories

AN ACCEPTANCE OF RESERVATIONS!

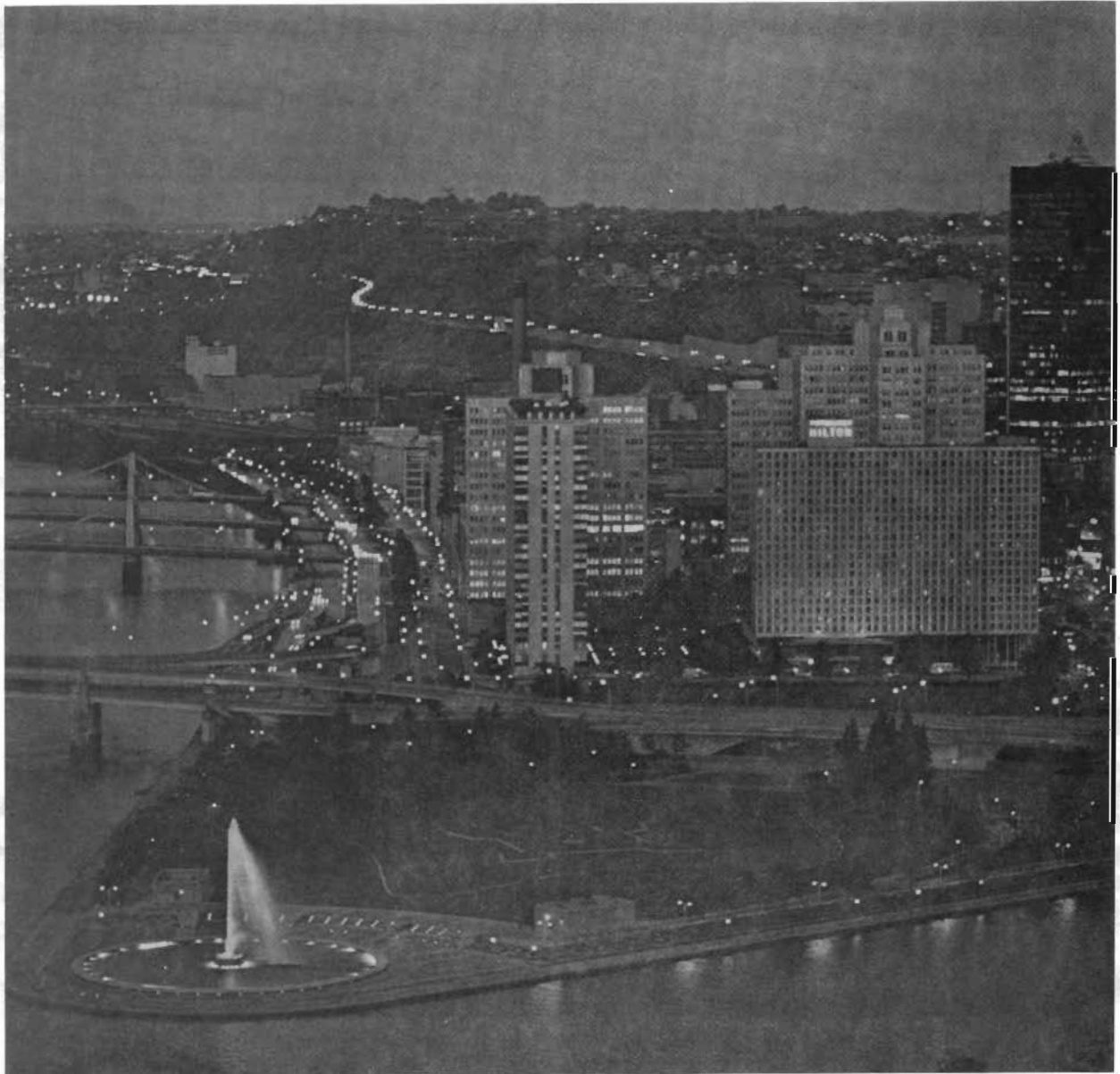
A DINNER OF COURSE

A Cask of Wines
A Whet of Appetizers
A Relish of New England
A Loaf of Zucchini Bread
A Traviata of Chicken
A Fleurette of Broccoli
A Croquette of Wild Rices
A Trifle of Sherried Cakes
A Blend of Coffees
A Tinge of Heartburn

A MATTER OF A FEW DOLLARS

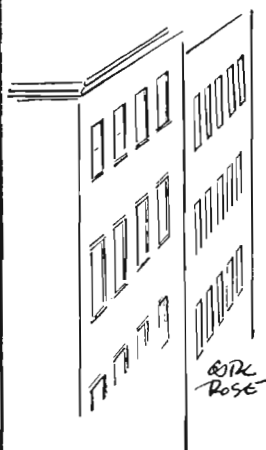
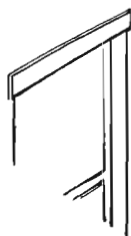
A LOTTA FUN WITH OLD COMRADES!

Pittsb urgh!





Specialist 4 EDDIE FORD receives a plaque from John Burrell, representing the Noncommissioned Officers Association, to recognize his achievement of being the honor graduate of the Primary Noncommissioned Officer Course at the Fort Stewart NCO Academy. Ford is assigned to Combat Support Co., 2nd Bn., 21st. Looking on (far left) is Brigadier General HENRY DOCTOR, Assistant Division Commander (Maneuvers), 24th Infantry Division (Mechanized). (U.S. Army photo by John Martin).



"Pardon me, sir, are you Mr. Baldwin, the patent attorney?"

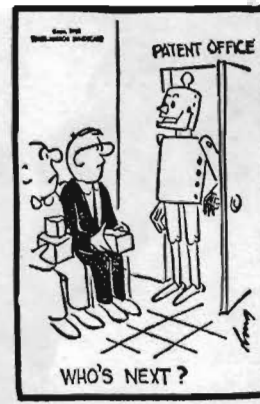
1980 Convention
August 14 - 15 - 16 - 17, 1980
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

This year, our registration desk will be located in the so-called hospitality room, meaning our general meeting room. This room will also include our own bar opening Thursday noon and closing Sunday morning. This is what we call "putting it all together". Makes sense. We have finally learned. Only took 33 years to come to this wisdom.

National Archives and Records Service is proposing disposing of the official personnel files of former US Armed Forces personnel. The next step calls for Congressional approval. We think that the records of those who risked their lives deserve to be preserved for posterity in the Archives of the US as permanent record material. These are public documents created at public expense. Where else can a veteran's survivors and descendants find his record if not in the National Archives? If National Archives won't preserve those records, maybe DOD or even DA should be required to do it. Our latest grapevine is that DOD and DA were willing to go along with the idea of dumping the records as "having no historical value". Stay tuned.

In distress is JOE L. SOWELL, 21st who needs witnesses that he suffered injuries to his left leg. Contact CID 611, American Legion, Box 1055, 700 Penn. St., Indianapolis, Ind.

MILFORD and Bernice OLSON (C 21st '42-'45), of 501 11th, Minot, N.D., between them have 8 children. Holy Cow!!



CHARLEY McMICHAEL has worked long and hard as a member of our Pittsburgh Convention Committee. Charley was instrumental in lining up the boat ride for Friday evening, Aug. 15th - (be sure to bring along a sweater!!). Buses will pick us up at the Marriott, deliver us to the dock by 5 p.m. and then bring us back 'long about 10. The old stern wheeler will give us a good ride along 3 of the rivers that distinguish P. They'll have a pay as you go bar but the buffet dinner and the deck dancing is included in the \$18. per person rate. That also includes the two 4 mile bus rides. Sounds terrific, Charley.

Question of the Year: Did Rosie Ruiz really go the distance in the Boston Marathon?

HENRY CONSTANTINE (C 21st '42-'45), of 4204 Staatz, Youngstown, Ohio, says "Pittsburgh is only 60 miles away". He wants to know more about our plans as he wants to attend.

Moved w/o telling us: Maj.Gen. NED D. MOORE, (C.O. 19th '50-'51). Mail going to 3229 Juniper Lane, Falls Church, Va. has been returned.

While spending a weekend in the Catskills, VIC BACKER met a gal who claimed she could tell how good a lover a man was by the knot in his tie. "A Windsor knot" she declared, "means a capable, but imaginative lover; a loose knot means an indifferent lover; a bow tie means experience and technique; while a four-in-hand promises courtesy but not much else."

"Well", said Vic, "I'm not wearing any tie at all. What do you think?" She snapped, "I think you're a lousy dresser."

V.A. DAWES, (19th '40-'42), from 8472 Kewen, Sun Valley, Cal., asks what the dues are. We answer \$10 per year and our year goes, for everyone, from Aug. 1 to July 31. He also asks about a Life Membership. \$100 pays you up for life, V.A.

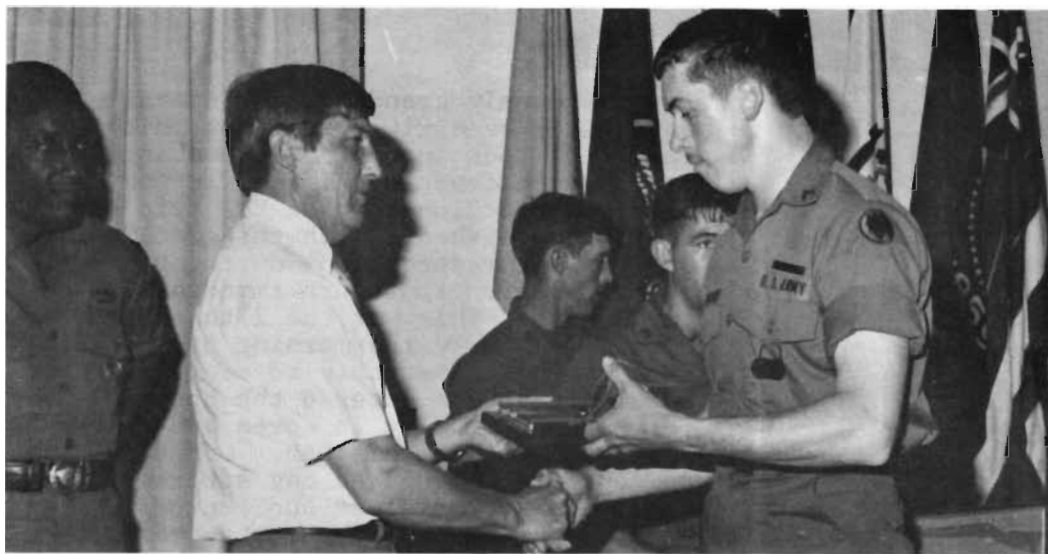
88th Assoc. has 3950 paid members. Wow!!!

One day, Four by Four ran a series of them all at once. As if to get them over and done with. Hardly over and done with is FRED J. HEITZINGER, (C 21st '43), of 3117 W.State, Olean, N.Y. He saw Lum's squib about Pittsburgh in the American Legion paper and wrote us. Told you, advertising pays.



In our last issue, we asked about the point of this cartoon. LEO McDONNELL, (24th QM '53-'55), of 1715 Prospect, Scranton, Pa., writes: "Recall Avis' slogan, 'Let avis put you in the drivers seat'. The seat is already occupied, ergo the "Oops!" Avis snafu'ed. Consider it solved, Leo." Well Leo, we'll meet you and Josephine in Pittsburgh and we'll give you 3 chances at kicking our butt. Of course, you're right.

BOB and Elsie NEWKIRK, (H 21 3/4-12/44), of Box 54, Franklin, Ind., in paying their annual dues, advise that they want 2 copies of the forthcoming history. That's enthusiasm for you. Bob says he's not a believer in women's lib. Says he's the man of the house. Says he could tell his wife exactly what he thinks of her, but when he raises his hand she never calls on him.



Corp. DANNY VORREYER receives a plaque from John Burrell, representing the Noncommissioned Officers Association, to recognize his achievement of being the honor graduate of the Basic Noncommissioned Officer Course at the Fort Stewart NCO Academy. Vorreyer is assigned to C Co., 3rd Bn., 19th Inf. Looking on (far left) is Brig. Gen. HENRY DOCTOR, Assistant Division Commander (Maneuvers). (U.S. Army photo by John Martin).

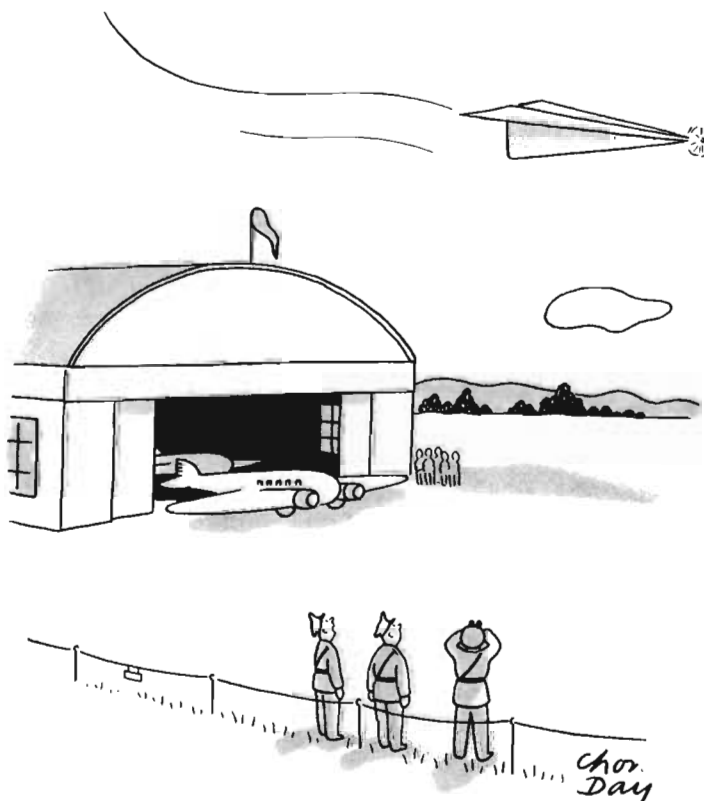


The Excitement of a Great Resort



"Spike" O'Donnell says "Keep smiling; it'll make everyone wonder what you've been up to". Spike did ask that we include a picture of "The Chamberlin" on Chesapeake Bay at Hampton, Va. There it is, Spike - and you and PEYTON propose it for our '81 convention site, eh?

The difference between an itch and an allergy? About \$25.00 a visit.



"I understand the basic patents are held by some school child."

IN MEMORIAM:



Maj.Gen. HARRY and Gloria JONES.

Our last issue carried our attempt at a few words on the passing of Maj.Gen. HARRY L. JONES.

Since then, we've received words from Harry's beloved Gloria shown together above incidentally at our '73 gathering at West Point.

Wrote Gloria:

"....It's not that I didn't think of writing you and many others at that time. I just couldn't handle it and I'm not too sure I'll do a good job at this point in time.

"Doctors at Walter Reed diagnosed Harry had cancer of the colon in October of '71. They were elated after completion of the operation, not only had they caught it in time but felt they had eliminated further spread of the disease.

"We moved to El Paso in November of '75 and these were the happiest years of his life. He enjoyed good health until March '77 when they discovered a tumor in the right lung, a secondary of the colon cancer. This tumor was operable but they did start him on chemo-therapy several months later. His disease responded to this treatment and we began making trips once again and made two cruises in '78.

"March of '79 they found two more lesions in the right lung but this time were unoperable and they gave him radiation treatments, fifteen in all. They were too strong for what his body could absorb and he contacted pneumonitis. At this point, they started him on steroids which he took for six months. Also during this period they did bone, liver and kidney scans every six weeks and showed that this dreadful disease had entered all these areas. This was October '79 and it was downhill from here until his death on January 2.

"As sick and weak as he was, he was determined we go through with plans we'd made months ahead to spend Xmas with Patricia in Tampa and, most important, his first chance to see our

first and only grandchild. Several days after we arrived in Tampa, his condition took such a drastic change. It was unbelievable. I realize now his determination to make the trip had been accomplished. With the grace of God, we got reservations during the holiday season to return immediately to El Paso. This was the 27th of December. Early the morning of the 28th, I had to call emergency to send an ambulance and he entered the hospital. They sent for Harry in Korea and he had several days with his Dad. Our daughter of course, flew up the day after we got home. Harry was alert and conversed with us the whole time. This amazed the doctors because of the strong medication he was receiving and they kept him as comfortable as they could. I can't rave enough about the wonderful treatment he received those last days.

"I'm enclosing articles that were in the El Paso papers and for old times sake thought you might like reviewing Harry's biography. Please keep me posted on dues for my continuance of the Taro Leaf. We kept up with you all through each issue."

"Everyone tells me time will ease the pain, maybe so. I assure you it will never ease my loss. The odds were against him as it has been for many others before him. But, as always, Harry fought a good battle and no one struggled harder at this task.

"Sincerely, Gloria JONES."

Sadly do we report the death last March second of AUTRY T. MEEKS (M 19th '47-'50), of Bynum, Ala. His widow, Ola, whom we'll recall made Lexington with Autry, in reporting the sad news wrote, "I'm so glad we were able to make Lexington. I want to thank everyone for helping to make his last reunion such a happy one." Autry and HOWARD LUMSDEN were old friends from days with the 19th at Beppu.

Deceased: Doris B. COCHRAN, wife of our own LAFAYETTE COCHRAN (24th QM '42-'44), of North Jay, Maine. Doris crossed the river after a long, long siege. Surviving, in addition to Lafe, are 4 sons, Clayton Buker, Harold Buker, Vinton Buker, and Richard Buker, and eight daughters, Marilyn Howard, Gwendolyn Bubier, Glennys Wilkins, Phyllis Smith, Sheila Leo, Harriet Evans, Rita Powers, and Linda MacKissock. Doris also left 60 grandchildren, 60 great-grandchildren, and a great-great-grandchild.

From IRA DeFOOR, (B21st '42-'45), of 1407 Kendolph, down in Denton, deep in the heart of you-know-where, sends us this one titled "Requirements for a Rancher":

1. A wide-brimmed hat, one pair of tight jeans and \$20 boots from a discount house.
2. A pair of silver spurs to wear to barbecues.
3. A \$40 horse and a \$300 saddle.
4. At least two head of livestock, preferably cattle, one male, one female.
5. A little place to keep the cows & horses, land too poor to grow crops.
6. A new air conditioned pickup with automatic transmission, power steering and a gooseneck trailer hitch.
7. A gun rack for the rear window of the pickup, big enough to hold a walking stick and rope.
8. Two dogs to ride in the bed of the pickup.
9. A spool of barbed wire, three cedar posts and a bale of hay to haul around in the truck all day.
10. A gooseneck trailer small enough to park in front of a cafe.
11. A second-hand car for going out to feed the cows when your son-in-law borrows the pickup.
12. A rubber cushion to sit on for four hours at the auction ring every Thursday.
13. A good pocket knife, suitable for whittling to pass away the time at the auction ring.
14. Credit at the bank.
15. Credit at the feedstore.
16. Credit from your father-in-law.

...where the stars come out at night!



Elke Sommer is one of the many stars who make the Pittsburgh Marriott their home-away-from home.

Come where the stars come out at night!

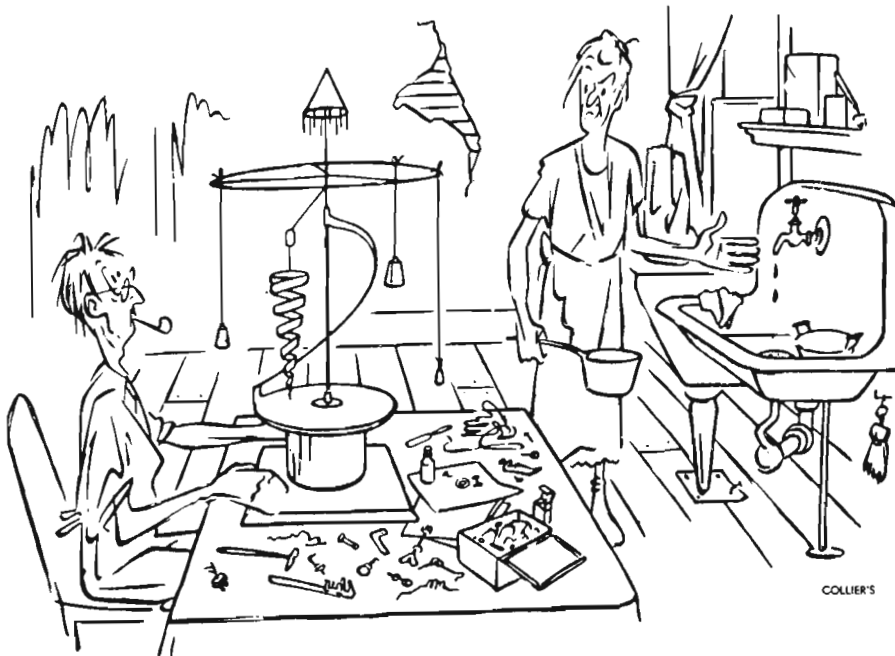
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When the Marriott does it, we do it right...

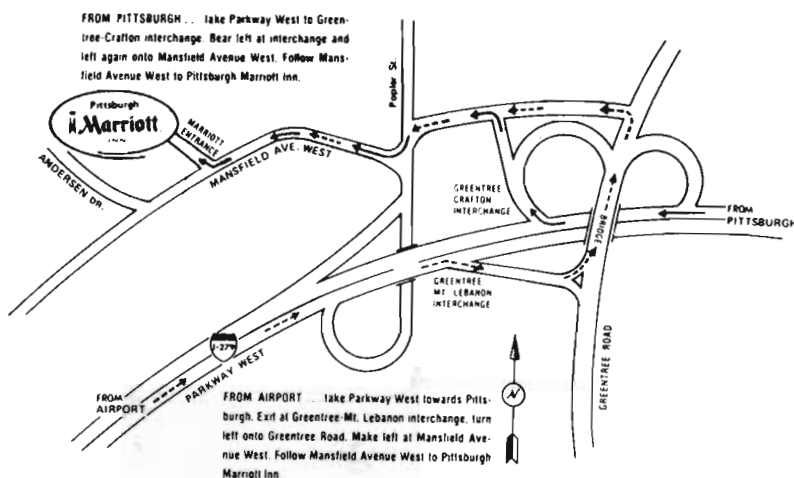
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17. A good neighbor to feed the dogs and cattle whenever you're going to Colorado hunting and fishing.
18. A good wife who won't get upset when you walk across the living room rug with manure on your boots.
19. A good wife who will believe you when you come in at 11 p.m. saying, "I've been fixing the fence."
20. A good wife with a good full-time job at the courthouse.



GEORGE PRICE

"After you get perpetual motion licked, you might take a crack at this leaky faucet!"



FROM WEST VIRGINIA I-76 EAST:

Exit I-79 North. Take Pittsburgh Exit I-279 East to Exit ramp Greentree - Mt. Lebanon. Turn left on Greentree Road. Follow Marriott Drive signs to Inn.

FROM ERIE, BUFFALO AND NORTH:

I-79 South across Glenfield Bridge (Neville Island) to I-279 Pittsburgh Exit. Exit Greentree-Mt. Lebanon ramp. Turn left on Greentree Road and follow Marriott Drive signs to Inn.

FROM CLEVELAND, AKRON, YOUNGSTOWN AND WEST:

Ohio Turnpike I-80 to Pennsylvania Turnpike I-76, off at Warrendale Exit 3, then take I-79 South, across Glenfield Bridge (Neville Island) to I-279 Pittsburgh Exit. Exit Greentree-Mt. Lebanon ramp. Turn left on Greentree Road and follow Marriott Drive signs to Inn.

For reservations at any Marriott Hotel or Inn, call (800) 228-9290.

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Meet the TOM CONNOLLY family of 210 Market, Jonesboro, Ill. - wife Maryan, oldest son Tom who went through Nam, Johnny with the 101st A/B at Campbell, Marjorie with the 6th ADA Nukes in Germany, and his nibs. Tom, a retired Major, says, "To err is human - but isn't it divine?"



"Then just when you feel about ready to fall asleep you push this button and she stops!"

The Last Touch

We come to that final page of the last issue of this volume with the uneasy feeling that this is our last, our swan song. We've had it.

But first, this parting shot - a commentary on what we see 35 years after we settled the controversy that was to set us all aright forevermore.

We weren't billed as the war to end all wars. Wilson had already sold our folks on that one. First misfire.

No, ours was one of those designed to pulverize the monster, be he German/Italian/Jap or North Korean, according to our particular arrival on the scene, and to restore order to a chaotic world. Second misfire. Make that plural.

Came peace - in time - twice - three times when we include 'Nam - and we have lived to come now upon what passes for "the contemporary scene."

Hercules, in looking into the Augean stables, could not have been more appalled by the mess than a conscientious American looking at USA '80.

We see a deliberate unwillingness to restrain ourselves in any way, manner, or degree. Hell-bent on a wild binge, a suicidal course, where each does "his own thing" with no respect for anyone or anything else.

Where what's yours should be ours - and if I want it, all we need do is steal into your house and take it. And where the protective system isn't good enough to penalize us properly if by chance the system should prove good enough to catch us.

We have become an ill-disciplined, ungovernable lot, dedicated mainly to what passes for the American Way - the way which says: "If we can't control a problem, legalize it." Witness our wrestle with prohibition. We'll yet do it with prostitution. We're already well on the way with dope. Who'd have thought 15 years ago that we'd see gambling made into a respectable art. Between the courts and the lawyers who appear before them, we've almost made it legal to commit murder.

Worst of all, there's what's going on at the Washington level where most all credibility has been lost. The nation's capital, and in smaller degrees, the state capitals, are perceived as wasteful, indifferent, impenetrable, and worst of all, crooked.

The government serves itself first, tolerates inefficiencies, and stifles reform.

One thing is certain, through good times and bad times, war and peace, recession and prosperity, Washington itself steadily grows and prospers. It is a megapolis of the well-to-do, a magnet for the flaming liberal, a haven for tens of thousands of middle-level civil servants who enjoy a kind of faculty tenure.

The 3 million souls of Washington and environs enjoy the highest per capita wealth, 33% above the national average - proof of an insensitivity to the needs of the rest of the nation that directly supplies that very wealth.

Some go to Washington, never to leave, never to know what it is to earn a living outside of government, never to know what a social security bite means, merely to insulate themselves from the cold world, merely to make a career of feeding at the public tit, of spending your money and ours.

This is the gang that has helped to lay down layer upon layer of bureaucracy, the crowd that couldn't care less whether there's a Carter or a Ford or a Buick in the White House. So deeply entrenched are these folks that no President, however well intentioned, is able to clean up the mess and restore a semblance of sanity and order.

The present gang moved into 1600 P. full of promises about cleaning up the mess. Three years and more later, where are we? "Why Not the Best?" was the title of the book. "I'll Not Lie To You" was the catch-phrase. Who's kidding who here?

Washington is a sad reflection of the sorry commentary on the corrupting influence of power.

Witness the corruption and misuse of funds in the General Services Administration and the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act program, to name but two. We dare not even mention Abscam or Koreagate or Watergate.

And two or three of that Washington crowd each has the unmitigated gall to ask for your vote to put him in the White House for the next 4 years. Four more years of this?

We are staggered by the fact that 7 years have passed us by since the gasoline crisis. Three Presidents have failed to resolve its basic issues. 100 Senators and 435 Representatives have failed miserably in bringing the truth to the fore. Each gives the uncomfortable feeling that he wouldn't know the truth if he were hit with it. Here we are in the middle of an election and none of the would-be's is offering any solution. And no one of us lets his righteous indignation be felt.

Criminal conduct. The swelling tide of crime is matched only by the deluge of dishonesty on the part of politicians who callously tell us what they think the voters want to hear, who promise us what they know they can't deliver, and who try to deceive us into believing that their grandiose projects can always be paid for out of someone else's pocket. And no one protests with any success.

Wherever we look, the narrow concern for self-advantage seems to prevail over any thought of the well-being of society; principles are overwhelmed by expedience.

Recall what our society was like 40, 30 or 20 years ago. Wonderful, wasn't it?

Gutter language was rare on the public platform, in the theatre, or elsewhere.

Salacious literature was not publicly available on the newsstands and in the bookstores.

Most people had little worry about walking the streets late at night, or even in daylight.

People were friendly - or at least civil - to one another.

And men wore the pants - and women wore the earrings. And both sexes looked scrubbed clean most of the time.

And a relative peace and calm pervaded all that we could see.

Tone, the simple word that describes it best, has since been shot to Hell.

The moral depravity of the television fare of today is only rivaled by the moral tone of a country where cohabitation is a commonplace, where the use of drugs raises hardly an eyebrow.

And no one is saying No! No! No! It is the silence that outrages us.

What started as a slow-moving decline of national character has degenerated into an avalanche.

Our leadership talks rights. Rights! Rights! Rights! No one ever mentions obligations. No one is willing to concede that for every right, there has to be a concomitant obligation. Fail to meet the obligation and the right should be denied.

Worse, most of us can't even define what the obligations might be, even if we wanted to recite them - and better still, live by them. Their identification has been lost in the wallow of today's slime.

Let's remind each other of a simple moral fact, courtesy of W.Shakespeare's King Henry VI: "A little fire is quickly trodden out which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench."

To an unbelievable extent, the degeneration of public standards of conduct in connection with nearly everything we see or say or do or think is simply the result of what we as citizens tolerate without voicing our strong objections.

It's much like the child who keeps going a little farther to see how much he can get away with.

We saw it with Playboy - they went as far as they dared - but then along came Hustler - going Hefner one better (or worse).

We saw it in the Lee Marvin fiasco - when the only real question worth settling should have been what either one of those two could have seen in the other in the first place.

The pace setters of our times - our politicians in Washington, our news people in New York, our entertainment people in California, seem impelled to reach deeper and deeper into the cesspools of sensationalism, animalism and degradation.

Their successes are only possible because of the tolerance of we who know better, ought to demand better.

When we fail to stand up forthrightly in behalf of our convictions, by our inaction we are supporting the opposite view.

We get what we are.

On any scale, wherein we perceive right and wrong, silence becomes a vote for wrong.

It is the silence of the good people more than the yammering of the fools or the persuasion of evil which has converted this once predominantly lawful and beneficent nation into a moral wasteland.

The process will only be reversed when and if enough citizens of moral conviction start raising their voices in chorus.

We can help to form that chorus and prove ourselves worthy of our proud heritage. It may not yet be too late.

And even as we write, the nation is in a state of deep foment. The crowds are already on the march, yelling, ranting, raving for change - acting like so many Iranians guarding 53 helpless men and women.

The trouble - the real pity - is that the wrong crowd is doing the marching - conceivably for the reason that we're too busy working so as to be able to pay taxes to support those who, strangely, find the time to march, to yell, to rant, and to rave. You explain it, we can't.

Further your deponent sayeth not.

And there it is, folks - our last, our final, our parting word.

TARO LEAF

“You mean that the old 24th Division gang from its days in the Pacific is getting together in Pittsburgh next August 14, 15, 16, 17th? 'Course I'll be there!!!”



24th Infantry Division Association