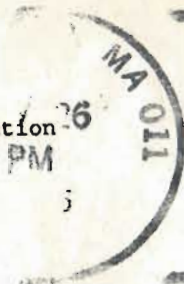


TARO LEAF
24th Infantry Division Association
Kerwood Ross, Editor
120 Maple Street
Springfield MA 01103-2278



FIRST CLASS MAIL

California,
here I come.

Shay, John R.
1129 Shermer Road
Glenview, IL 60025

In Loving Memory
of

GERALD LYNN LOCKHART

B 21st '42-'46

by his widow, Christine,
his son, Dennis P. Lockhart,
and his daughter, Leslynn Lockhart.

TARO LEAF



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

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It's Los Angeles in August of '86 -- but only because we couldn't find anything in San Diego which could meet the stricture placed upon us by the membership at the Louisville annual meeting, "nothing above \$65.00 per day."

So BOB ENDER has made a \$61.00 deal with the Crowne Plaza, within walking distance of LAX. This is where we met in June when we tried to round up the California delegation.

Yes, we're going to California -- at long last. After 37 conventions east of the Mississippi -- save for two in St. Louis -- we're taking the show on the road to the west coast -- then back to Chicago in '87.



Meet our outgoing Membership Chairman LEE B. LIST and our brand new Association President, RICHARD C. WATSON.

Retired, at last, from the fire department is VINNIE LAROCCO (Hq. 1st Bn. 21st '43-'46), of 208 Beech, N. Massapequa, NY. But he's still editing the fire department newspaper. How many years on that one, Vinnie? Editors never know enough to quit.

Dues thoughtfully sent in by Margaret for JOE BUCKOVICH (G 19th '43-'45), of 136-08 60th, Flushing NY. Dues, by the way, are \$10 per year -- payable every August 1st.

At the last annual business meeting, it was voted to send \$300.00 back to the folks at Palo to help them complete their monument there. We did.

Apologies, regrets, et al. Our face is red. We reported the decease of BILL SCHMIDT (Med. Co. 34th, 19th '49-'51), of Canton OH in a recent issue. After all, the postal people so marked an envelope and returned it to us. Then comes LACY BARNETT with the wonderful news: "Bill Schmidt is very much alive and kicking at 822 Linda SW, North Canton OH. Seems Bill had moved. But why the man in grey put the ky-bosh on him, we'll likely never know. Apologies again to you, Bill.



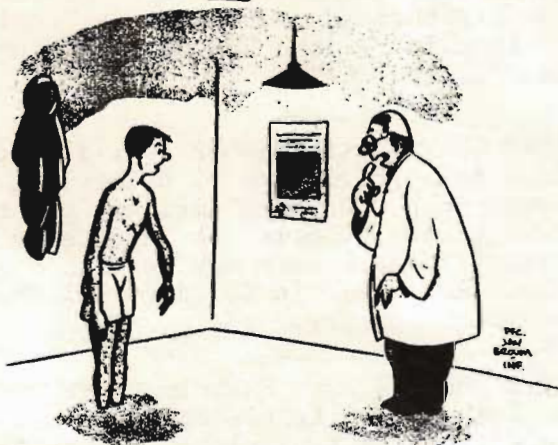
Another Louisville photo. BILL DOUGHERTY (back to us) is talking to our Veep WARREN AVERY, daughter Peg AVERY, and wonderful wife Ann AVERY.

LES OLDS (Sv. 19th '45-'46), of 2659 Fletcher, Canton OH heard from, inviting us to visit him and the Football Hall of Fame at the same time. Would love to Les and Carmel. By the way the Basketball Hall of Fame is here in our hometown -- a real turkey -- lots of basketballs, jockstraps and sneakers.

FRED and Ginny HESS (L 19th '44-'45), of 3310 S. Dayton-Lakeview, New Carlisle, OH, are operating the Hess Home Center in New Carlisle. Writes Fred: "JERRY VON MOHR has been my guide back to the 24th." Thank you, Jerry, and thank you, Fred, for agreeing to be a part of this distinguished group.

WATCH FOR IT

No, we didn't forget. It was a question of space in our last issue -- our never ending problem. So now is the time to report the award of the WILLIAM JORDAN VERBECK BOWL to our very own past-prexy and past-convention chairman JOHN E. KLUMP, (E 34th 1/45 to 4/46). It couldn't have happened to a finer chap. Congratulations, Johnny.



"THEY WEREN'T AMPUTATED, SIR-I'VE BEEN IN THE INFANTRY THREE YEARS!"

—Pfc. Jay Brown

In time for Division's birthday celebrations, President DICK WATSON cabled the Division Commander, Maj.Gen. ANDREW L. COOLEY:

"24th Infantry Division Association happily forwards 44th Birthday Greetings to you and all members of your command."

Newly-joined NICHOLAS ARAMINO (34th 8/50-9/53), of 8729 Boca Glades, Boca Raton FL asks: "Why did it take 31 years for us to get together. Why now?" Good questions, Nick. Because it took us 31 years to find you. And because it's better late than never.

HOWARD and Marjorie JENSON (11th FA Bn. 1/47-2/48) of 1935 Jupiter, Racine WI, have heard that our old Camp Hakata, home of Div.Arty., has become Kyusha University. Ah so!

The Division Museum has been newly renovated, the first project started by Maj.Gen. ANDREW L. COOLEY when he assumed command last June.

We've been keeping our eye on Mort Walker. His gals appear only about one day out of seven among his daily offerings. 1 in 7; that could be considered rounding 'em off.

Just-joined HENRY L. ROSSIE (D 21st '42-'45), of 12379 W.Livingston Cressy, Livingston CA, wants to "Say Hi to everyone who may remember me." Okay, Hank. We did it and we even thanked JIM "Smitty" SMITH "for telling me about your club." That's the only way we can grow -- by word of mouth. Thanx Smitty.

BILL and Mary MATTOON (C 21st 3/41-4/42) of 9707 Dorothy, South Gate CA, received a call from JACK BRADY in Pittsburgh, who in turn contacted HOWARD ELLIS, the Gimlet 2nd baseman. Howard's at 18350 Christ, Gladstone OR.

To those precious ladies, Peggy DICK, Loretta RAFTER, Cecilia LIST, Portia Watkins, Rita Gallant and the others who chipped in with time and patience at the L IV registration desk, our heartfelt gratitude.

Strong exception should be taken to Sen. D'Amato's nomination of Leon Klinghoffer for the Congressional Medal of Honor. The Medal of Honor is awarded by Congress to those who have served their country, demonstrated an uncommon and truly heroic act of valor, and displayed loyalty and dedication to our country in its gravest hour of need.



Halftrack and Buxley have a chat.



Sick Book

NORMAN K. SMITH of 723 Staten St., Collinsville IL is in Belleville Hospital. Broken hip this time. Poor Norman has been in and out more times than we dare mention. Card him, please, at his home. Good wife, Tommie, will see that he gets your messages. —



EDWARD M. WILSON (21st '47-'50) of 1827 S. 5th, St. Charles IL, sends us this one of Maj. Gen. ANTHONY MCAULIFFE, circa '49. That's Ed at the right. He's recovering nicely from heart problems. —

Missed L-IV. Both MARVIN and Leona HANSON, (G 21st '42-'45), of Box 75, Underwood, MN were "undergoing treatment." Say they'll make California next year. —

C.G. "Clip" and Joyce HUTCHINS (Hq. 24th Sig. & Hq. 34th 9/49-6/51), of 5056 North Dewey, Hernando FL, ask if we have a Directory of Members. We answer: "Not one available. Printed one about 4 years ago. Would cost about \$1900 to release another one. If there is a sufficient demand, along with other "encouragements," we'll go to press. —

Senator Wm. V. Roth Jr. has introduced in the Senate a bill to provide a medal for former POW's. Why not a line to your Senators telling them that you believe the medal would be a fitting recognition for an individual who had to forfeit some freedom for the cause. —

How about adopting a new rule of thumb? Nyet, nyet, nyet to any and all defectors, no matter how convincing the line. Sen. William Cohen (R-Me) said it best: "When you step into the world of mirrors, it's hard to determine reality from reflection. —

Triple by-pass for JOHNNY TEN EYCK last summer -- then back again for more surgery for four ballooned veins. Johnny says he can't spell "aneurysm." Neither could we, John, had to look it up. Johnny was Hq. Co. 19th - '39-'42 -- and is at 1173 W. 20th, Laurel, Miss. (We prefer "Miss" to "Ms." incidentally.) —

Troubles in the JOHNNY AMBROSE household. Johnny was 24th Sig. '42-'45 and is at 820 North, Pgh., PA. We like the way Johnny abbreviates Pittsburgh. He tells us that his wife, Clara, has been in IC with thyroid problems. Is "coming along finally" -- she has quit smoking. Hurrah for you, Clara. —

NORM SMITH, Life Member 452, is back in St. Elizabeth's Hosp. in Belleville IL -- broken hip. Why not card him via his wonderful wife, Tommie, at 723 Staten, Collinsville IL. Norm may be back at the Pleasant Rest Home in Collinsville when this notice appears. —

Bits and Pieces: FRANCIS MENNEMEYER's wife, Ruth, had a triple by-pass last December. Recovering nicely... That film taken of our folks back in the PI for the 40th. Did you notice the shot of the Nips relieving themselves at Red Beach?... At L-IV we had to guarantee the hotel in advance 350 for the Fri. night dinner and 450 for the Sat. night dinner. On Fri. we had 417 (67 over) and on Sat. we had 508 (58 over). —

Stewart may become the new home for the School of the Americas, where military officers from Latin American countries are trained. —

The school, founded jointly in 1946 by the United States and its Latin American allies, was moved from Panama to Benning in 1984. But since then, under pressure from various congressmen and state governments, the Army has looked at some 41 other military bases as possible permanent sites for the school's operation. —

The selection process has been narrowed from 41 bases to three: Benning, Stewart and Polk. —

The school is financed by the U.S. government and costs about \$5.5 million a year to operate. Some 40 percent of its 325 staff members are from Latin American countries, and many of the U.S. personnel assigned to the school are of Latin American descent. All instruction is in Spanish. —

In Loving Memory
of
John H. Girardeau, Jr.

Aug. 13, 1916 - Feb. 16, 1985

21st Inf. 5/42 - 9/45

by
His Beloved Martha
and

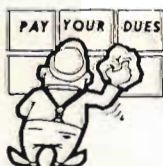
His Good Friend,
Paul W. Hartley

A Passion For History

BOB SAAL complained that we never had anything on B 2nd Field men in our copy. DON CUBBISON, of 1311 Weber Dr., Clearwater FL spotted this and wrote: "I was CO of Battery B, 52nd F on Pearl Harbor Day and Paul Fraser was the indispensable exec. Our field position was on a hill above a cane field and was reached by a red mud road which crossed a steep ravine with a small creek at the bottom. When the rains came, vehicles could not ascend the slippery hill to our battery without the aid of a winch. We posted a sign at the far edge instructing all vehicles carrying passengers only to park there and the passengers to walk in. Cargo trucks were winched up. One rainy morning I was on the lip of the ravine when a buttoned up jeep slithered down one far slope, ignoring our sign, spun the wheels in vain and conked out. I ran down the hill and pulled the driver's door open and in a loud voice asked him what in *#@! he was doing and said, 'Now, you so-and-so, we'll have to winch you out of the *#@! mud.' The driver stared at me, but before he could answer the passenger door opened and a tall, dignified raincoat clad figure emerged. 'Good morning, Captain,' he said, 'I am General Irving, new Commanding General of the 24th Division. We seem to be stuck here. Could you have us winched up the hill? I came to visit your battery.' 'No trouble at all, Sir.' The General graciously inspected our position was complimentary, and shook hands upon his departure. This was not the way I would have chosen to meet my brand new CG!"

Great story, Don. Thanx.

PHILLIP KONECHNE (555 FA Bn. '53) of Box 76, Kimball SD writes: "Please -- more info on the Triple Nickels -- Whatever happened to them?" Beats us, Phil. Trying to keep up with the old units today is not an easy task. Maybe someone out there in 24th Land will know-- and will write in.



Results

Mail notices on changes of address for JOHN J. MALTRY, JR., (Div.Hq. Co. & 24th MP Co.) Rt. 1, Box 98, Candler NC 28715, and ANGELO FUGGETTA (D 21st '41-'45) 37 Orchard Brook Dr., Wethersfield CT 06109-2432.

The friendly postal folks have a new gimmick. They charged us 30¢ for each notice.

We beseech you -- we implore you -- to tell us if you move -- or even change your PO Box number. Please don't leave it to the "30¢ crowd."

SURVEY

The call for readings from bumper stickers worked. Thanks gang, these were in the morning mail:

You never know how many friends you have until you rent a cottage at the beach.

Just when you thought you were winning the rat race,
Along come faster rats.

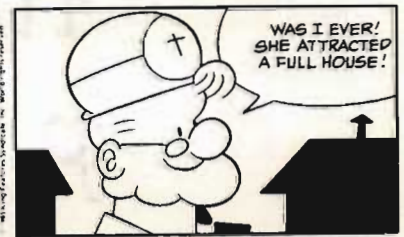
When all else fails
Lower your standards!

It's not whether you win or lose.
It's how you place the blame.

I'm the person your mother warned you about.

Take my advice - I'm not using it.

RUSS PYLE (B 34th, 1st Bn. '34, '42-'45), of 194 Greer, Newark OH, writes us a beautiful letter of praise, ending it with, "And you've been doing it since 1946 -- right?" No, Russ, make it 1950 -- and that's 35 years. Thanks for the nice words, Russ.



Now Mort has her going to church.

SIDE STREETS

Ever hear of Slapton Sands? Nor did we until a friend of ours visited there this past summer. Then in September, Stein and Day released, "The Invasion Before Normandy, The Secret Battle of Slapton Sands" by old friend, Edwin P. Hoyt, who gave us "The Bloody Road to Panmunjom," "On To The Yalu" and "The Pusan Perimeter."

Forty years after the end of World War II, a strange and nasty rumor coursed across the fields and beaches of the southwest English countryside. It hinted of dark doings by high authority in the penultimate year of the war, as the western Allies were preparing to invade Adolf Hitler's Fortress Europe. Several hundred bodies of American soldiers were said to be buried in an unmarked grave in a pasture on a Devon farm. The rumor was true. There were American bodies there, laid to rest like rows of cordwood in a bulldozed mass grave.

When The New York Times story appeared recently, many learned for the first time about a World War II invasion that preceded D-Day and that was little known for forty years.

In May 1944, hundreds of American soldiers were hastily and secretly buried in a mass grave on a farm in southwestern England. These were the casualties of a battle that had to be kept secret, even if it meant lying to next of kin. While hundreds of battles were fought against the German Reich, Slapton Sands was one of the few on which the fate of World War II hinged.

All of Europe was aware that the Anglo-American armies were preparing to invade the continent. What only a few top Allied leaders knew was when and where they would do so.

Slapton Sands was one of the giant military exercises that the Allied armed forces conducted off the coast of Devonshire to rehearse for D-Day. The plan did not envision that the German navy would actually appear on the scene and engage them in battle.

Read it. It's a nail-biter.

ALBERT FASSBENDER (M 19 '41-'42) of RD3, Box 357L, Kingston NY uses the beautiful Korean Veterans stamp when he posts his dues. Thrilled to see that the postal folks finally got around to honoring our boys.

GEORGE "Lou" FORD, (Hq. 3rd Bn. 34th '43-'45), of 263 W. Queen, Chambersburg, PA asks for the address of WILLIS FELL. Try 5249 E. Duncan, Mesa, AZ, Lou. Lou adds, "Poor ED POSTLETHWAIT, my old CO, may he rest in peace."

Is BILLY JOHNSTON (Div.Hq. '44-'45), of 55 N. Edgewood, LaGrange, IL ever in our book -- for life? He writes: "I certainly enjoy the Taro Leaf and pour over it for days after it is received." He's our kind of guy!

JOHNNY PHILLIPS (H 5th RCT '49-'53), of Box 244, Orangevale, CA, sends in \$10 for dues and \$20 for the History.

Just married: NELSON GARBER (5th RCT '52-'53) and now at 2 Hillside, Foxboro MA 02035.

During World War II a British major was court-martialed for pursuing a member of the Women's Royal Naval Service through Sheppard's Hotel in Cairo, Egypt, while he was naked.

His barrister succeeded in having him acquitted by quoting the King's Regulations: "An officer shall always be dressed in keeping with the sport in which he is engaged."

Back after years of being away and here's why, just as HENRY BURGER (Hq. 2nd Bn. 21st '42-'45), of 2313 41st Terr., New Port Richey FL, wrote it: "Due to myself not being in circulation after a heart attack in '76 and told to move to a warmer climate, finally got settled down here in Florida. We moved down south in '83, then 2 more operations hit me for other problems, but guess things are good for now."

1985 Dues
Are Due



They surely can't find fault with this one, Mort.



We just had to include this perfectly delightful memoir of George V. Higgins, the author and columnist for The Boston Globe and The Wall Street Journal.

We concede that it has absolutely no bearing on this Association, our Division, or the U.S. Army. As we were saying, it's just a nice Christmas story.

And if you're worried about spending your money on such "tripe," be advised that it has cost you ZILCH. Your Editor has paid for its inclusion.

George Higgins, by the way, is married and has two children -- neither of whom wears a tweed snowsuit.

Go! Go!

Hefty contribution for "posting, printing, etc." thoughtfully sent in by Life Member #643, BILL VAN NEST (L 34 & G 21st '50) of 5543 Trinity, Lowville NY. Thanks, Bill -- and Betty too.

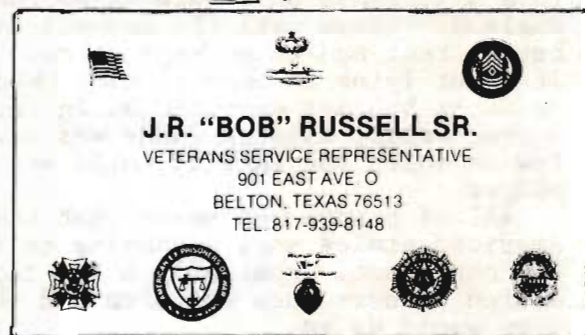
Here's a question we can't answer. Comes from BOB KEMP (K 21st '48-'53 - POW 7/50-8/53) of 824 31st St., Betterdorf, IA: "Was told upon re-patriation that I was entitled to all battle credits and decorations that 21st Inf. received in Korea while I was POW. Any verification on this?"

We dunno, Bob, but we're trying to obtain an answer. Anyone out there in the audience got an idea?

CRISIS

Pentagon says 461,000 of the new German-style helmets ordered in Feb. '83 @ \$82 each are defective. Seems as though it shouldn't have taken 2½ years to discover this one.

**HAVE YOU
SIGNED UP A
NEW MEMBER
THIS MONTH?**



Well, there's his card. Now read what BOB RUSSELL has to say:

"My service was very rewarding and I was allowed to serve 30 years American and 32 months Canadian Army. It would take six pages to explain that but from '42 to '75 was military duty.

"Currently I am a Certified National Veterans service representative still working with the veterans from all wars and POW's."



We're not saying a word, Mort.



The Impossible Snowsuit
of Christmas Past
by George V. Higgins

Please detach and save

The dress-up snowsuit was made of coarse, scratchy, heavy brown tweed.

It consisted of a cap, coat and leggings. The cap was pleated, with narrow visor and a brown button on the crown. It had earflaps that strapped under the chin and snapped together tightly. The coat was double-breasted, with three leather buttons; it had a narrow collar and the skirt of it was flared. It was lined in brown silk and had brown leather buttons on the sleeves. The leggings had a zipper fly and button closure. They were provided with side zippers to fit closely to the calves. They were held up by braces, and down by elastic stirrups which kept the leather bottoms tight to the tops of my shoes, like spats.

To this day, forty years or so later, that snowsuit springs to memory whenever I find myself tricked by the New England weather or a faulty thermostat in a room I cannot immediately leave into acute, sweaty discomfort attributable to my choice of a heavier apparel than has proved appropriate. When my vanity overrules the reality reported by the bathroom scales, and I venture forth in favorite three-piece suits that should remain on hangers until I have dropped ten pounds, or in a dinner jacket which will last the night only if I decline the dinner, I remember that snowsuit. In my personal dictionary, the text of the definition of *misery* is illustrated by a pen-and-ink drawing of a little boy in a heavy tweed snowsuit, his fat round face distorted by the strap of the earflaps under his pudgy chin. I hated that snowsuit then, and I hate it to this day.

This enduring obsession of mine demonstrates several things, I think. It suggests that my grandfather probably bought me the snowsuit, since a garment sufficiently elaborate to cause such

discomfort would have been beyond the budget of my parents' earnings. It probably accounts in part for my resistance to attendance at occasions denominated "special," because when such events occurred in the winters of my childhood, I had to wear the snowsuit. It establishes, at least to my satisfaction, that the clothing preferences of children past the diaper stage should be ordinarily heeded, so long as their indulgence will not result in allegations of child neglect against their doting parents. And it surely proves beyond a reasonable doubt that my parents and grandfather knew how Christmas should be kept.



It proves that because each year there was one cold day when the despised dress-up snowsuit was brought from the closet and I was braced, zipped, buttoned and snapped into it without clamor or tears. That was December 24th. Late in the morning of December 24th, which in memory is always dry and cold and crisp, my father, released from teaching duties by the school vacation, would announce that he was ready for our luncheon trip to Boston, and I would get suited up. The trip was not for last-minute shopping; it was agreed, in fact, that no late petitions for gifts inadvertently omitted from the letter to Santa (who brought all of mine) would be entertained. The official explanation for the annual excursion was that my mother, like Santa, had many preparations to attend to before the next day's feast, and we were doing her a kindness by getting out from underfoot and leaving her alone. This had the merit of being so patent a pretext for our personal self-indulgence that I found it deliciously conspiratorial, and for quite a few years remained surprised she let us get away with it.

In my childhood, as I recall, we seldom drove the 20 or so miles north to Boston on any of our trips, except in the summer, when we went to Fenway Park. These were the years of World War II, remember; gas and tires were rationed, and carefully husbanded. We went instead to the greystone station in North Abington and got on one of the frequent trains into South Station. We walked up Summer Street to Washington Street, and north on Washington to School Street, and then west up School to Patten's Restaurant next to what is now known as the Old City Hall. If the heater blasting in the 1941 blue and white DeSoto coupe and the warmth of the train had not before that enabled me to do so, keeping up with my father's stride on that stroll always enabled me to break a good sweat inside my brown snowsuit, but I did not complain.

This was because when we arrived for lunch, I was allowed



to remove the cap and coat, and the leggings as well. That last represented one of the corporal works of mercy on my father's part, because getting me back into them was an ordeal by tweed. Released from that bondage, I went with him up the broad staircase to the second floor dining room, which in memory is dark wood and some sort of light wall covering, with green drapes framing views from tall windows. The tables were set in white and the place was filled with men who talked loudly and laughed a lot, and it seemed very busy and quite thrilling. My father knew some of these men, because in addition to teaching he was active in the Massachusetts NEA affiliate, and had weekly Boston meetings, and when we claimed our reservation he would pause at their tables and introduce me. Many of the men had cone-shaped glasses in front of their places, some filled with a clear, colorless, viscous fluid in which an olive or small onion was immersed, others with a clear brown liquid in which a maraschino cherry had been sunk; I was always curious about those beverages, which were not consumed in our house, and impressed as well by the hearty good cheer which their consumers displayed. Much later I did research which convinced me that the refreshments and the joviality were not unrelated.

My father and I usually had fried clams. He started with tomato juice and I had clam chowder. He had apple pie with vanilla ice

cream for dessert. I had an ice cream clown, its features being represented by raisins and pieces of marinated fruit, accompanied by two repellent little vanilla waffle cookies. We both

dawdled over dessert, partly because we both luxuriated in the hubbub of the place, and partly because finishing portended the next struggle with the snowsuit.

Out on School Street again in mid-afternoon, we went uphill to Tremont Street, to visit Eric Fuchs', then as now a shrine for devotees of model trains. My application to Santa in those days always included several items made by Lionel, invariably more numerous and costly than Santa was able to afford. My father bought me one small anticipatory gift—a box of lichen shrubbery, perhaps, or four more pieces of straight track—in order to prevent a frenzy of impatient greed. From Fuchs' we worked our way back to Washington Street, looking in the windows of the department stores where the workmen were already taking down the Christmas decorations, making both of us feel sad. My father and I agreed that they should be left up at least until New Year's. Then we got back on the train and went home in the dusk, some years in falling snow, but always with me convinced I had the best father in the world, and Christmas was the best time of the year.

Now of course I am lots older, tougher and realistic. No one in years has been rash enough to try to get me into a snowsuit. Now I realize the purpose of the trip on the day before Christmas was not only to get me out of the house but also to trot me all over Boston and wear me out so I would sleep when Santa came that night with a tree to decorate and trains to set up, and all his other chores. There's grass between the train rails now. The North Abington

station burned; South Station was demolished. Patten's moved some years ago; there's a new City Hall. My father died in September of 1966, gypping me thus far out of nineteen more such lunches. There is no Santa Claus; I was being gently conned. Stern reality impinges: lives and Christmases are fleeting, and we have to deal with that.

This is one way I have dealt with that loss of innocence: The week before Christmas each year since my children were quite small, my daughter and I have been lunching at the Ritz, my son and I at Locke Ober. We walk through the Common and look at the lights, and keep every Christmas in that and other ways as though it could never last. Which means, of course, they have.

They have because although I've learned a lot since my snowsuit days, and dislike much of it, I still know now what I knew then, on those trains home through the snow. And what I knew then was right.



Channel One

This wonderful bit contributed by JOHN FRANK MCKENNEY (AT 21st '43-'45) of 14 Lake, Millbury MA:

Everything is farther away now than it used to be. It is twice as far to the corner, and they've added a hill I've noticed.

I've given up running for the bus, it leaves faster than it used to leave.

It seems to me they are making the stairs steeper than in the old days, and have you noticed the smaller print in the newspapers?

There is no sense in asking anyone to read aloud. Everyone speaks in such low tones that I can hardly hear them.

The material in dresses is so skimpy now too, especially around the waist and the hips and it is all but impossible to reach down to put on my shoes.

Even people are changing. They are so much younger than they used to be when I was their age. On the other hand, people my own age are so much older looking than I am.

I ran into an old classmate the other day and she had aged so much she didn't recognize me! I got to thinking about the poor thing while I was combing my hair this morning and in doing so I glanced at my own reflection.

Confound it! They don't make good mirrors like they used to any more.

Is That All There Is?

"Happiness is like a butterfly -- the more you chase it, the more it will elude you. But if you turn your attention to other things it comes and softly sits on your shoulder."



Okay, Mort Walker, you're running scared!

B'Gosh! Still MORE

JAMES R. BONE now at Rt. 2, Box 181-F, Dardanelle AR 72834.

JACK H. GREAVES (G 5th RCT '51-'52) now at 1814 Whipple NW, Canton OH 44708-2807.

Reminiscence

One story begets a story. Read this one. It's from W.B. "Bud" BARTON (724 Ord. '44-'45), of 2549 Altadena Forest, Birmingham AL:

"In the last issue of Taro Leaf, I noticed a picture of the cooks of Div.Hq. This reminded me of an incident that happened at Hollandia. I was attached to Div.Hq. for a few months at Hollandia. Another GI and I were on KP duty one day. I noticed the mess sgt. kept going back and forth to a GI can. Later we inspected the can and found he had made some apple jack. The other guy and I decided when the sgt. wasn't looking we would appropriate the can for ourselves. We did and hid the can with it's precious apple jack in the Kunga grass. Wouldn't you know? In a couple of days we saw the field of grass on fire. The Company had to fall out and put out the fire. When the fire was out there stood the GI can like a sore thumb. We saw the mess sergeant ease over to his can and lift the lid. Lo and behold, he found his apple jack ruined. I sure would like to apologize to those cooks for messing up their apple jack."

Bud, you don't identify the mess sergeant. Sounds like SHORTY SCHERER.

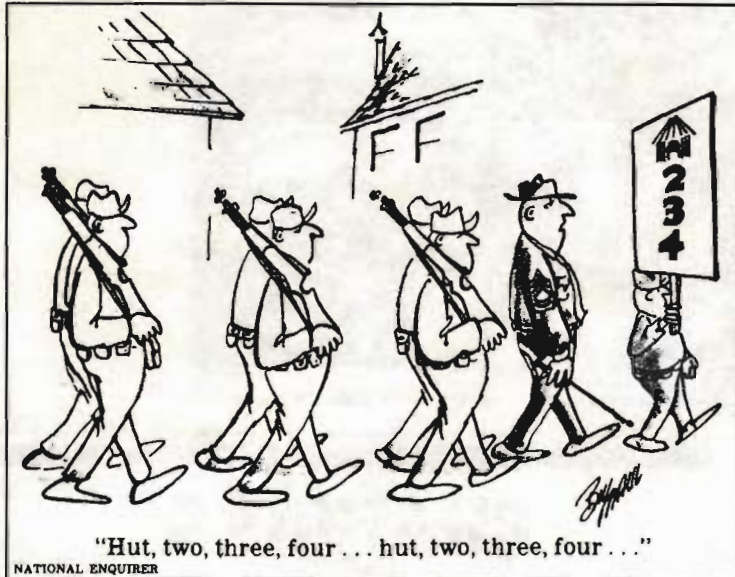
Advice in from old faithful members, BOB and Mavis PERE, (I 34th '41-'44), of 9441 Navajo, Sun Lakes, AZ: "Under no circumstances should you think of having a reunion in Phoenix. Summer in Phoenix has the worst weather imaginable. As a well informed man once said, 'For every summer spent in Arizona, you get seven years off in Hell.'"

"I'm still missing and wishing we were back in Hawaii."

TFT

TIP FOR TOMORROW

"Do all the good you can, By all the means you can, In all the ways you can, In all the places you can, At all the times you can, To all the people you can, As long as ever you can." "The Rules of Conduct," by John Wesley (1703-1791).



WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS!

From EZRA "Phil" BURKE, (Med. 21st '46-'51), of 4943 Susannah, Orlando, FL, comes two nice applications for membership -- CHARLES HEDDINGER (Med. 21st) and EARL COLBEY (Med. 21st). These chaps were captured on July 5th - 6th '50 and were POW's for 37 months. We welcome you, Charley, and you, Earl, with open arms.

Looking for 24th QM men in the '47-'50 period is CECIL S. POTTS of 1101 S. Old Missouri, Springdale AR. Arnold Bean-counter himself, Cecil was also a POW from 7/50 to 8/53.

19. going, going, go
19. going, going, go
19. going, going, go

RALPH W. MELCHER, President of the 25th Inf.Div.Assoc., is now one of us. He was with the 24th in '46-'48 on Kyushu. He's at 181 Dolomite, Colorado Springs CO.

By the way, some of their gang are revisiting Korea next March. Adds Ralph: "If any of your fellows are interested, put them in touch with me. We'll have some space." So okay, guys, if you wanna go back. (Tel. 303-599-8562).

Ralph answered a question that has been haunting us for weeks. We asked him what of any of our old units are now part of the 25th at Schofield. His reply: "1st Bn. 19th, 1st Bn. 21st and 2nd Bn. 11th Field." How do you like that?

PEOPLE

Quotes from a long letter from JAMES and Romaine CRAWFORD (724 Ord. '53-'55) of 106 W. Main, Hancock NY:

"Enclosed is some money for dues, I don't know just where I stand in this department. I still have hopes of making a meeting some day.

"My life has taken a complete turn in the last two years, besides the full time job I have become a certified candidate for Ministry in the United Methodist Church. This means 60 college credit hours Plus 5 sessions during the summer at Wesley and much more before I could become an Ordained Associate. I have still 3 years with the State before retirement so I have been pushing and have 18 credits in a year."

Life Member RALPH F. CARTER (C 19th) now at PO Box 892, Avondale PA 19311.

BEETLE BAILEY



The ice is getting thinner, Mort.

REVIEWS



The venerable jeep was recently officially demoted in Army ranks during a ceremony at which officials introduced the new "high mobility multi-purpose wheeled vehicle."

The "HMMWV" will be the primary mode of transportation for the high-technology 9th Infantry Division at Fort Lewis.

The four-wheel drive, diesel-engine vehicle has picked up the title "Hummer," among the ranks at Fort Lewis.

The new vehicle carries five times the Jeep's payload, has a 70-mph top speed, can climb a 60-degree grade and is not stopped by up to five feet of water.

The engine will start at 50 degrees below zero.

9th Infantry Division is becoming an entirely motorized division and the HMMWV will be its primary vehicle.

The new vehicle costs from \$19,000 to 30,000, depending on which of about two dozen different models is ordered from the manufacturer, AM General Corp., an American Motors Corp. subsidiary.

Jeeps, the four-wheel vehicles which mushroomed during World War II, will remain in the Army's inventory but will be eased off active duty as they are replaced by the HMMWV.

Fort Lewis will receive more than 2000 of the vehicles during the next four years.

Want a cap with the Division insignia? \$5.00. One size fits all. Colors: Red, yellow, green or blue. Write ACofS, G-5, Hq. 24th Inf.Div. (Mechanized), Ft.Stewart GA 31314.

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Boy, did we ever run into a buzz saw. On the cover of our last issue, we used for the first time the notice "Forwarding and Address Correction Requested." So what happened? About 40 Taro Leafs came back "Returned to sender" because of lousy addresses. And what harm but the little fellow in the grey flannel suit socked us 30¢ for each one he brought back. So we had the misery of spending for the mail going out and paying for it to come back to us. We feel like a Yo-Yo. Please, if you're moving, give us your new address.

We're trying to run down the history of the 21st in Vietnam. It isn't easy.

The new bride was showing her gifts to a friend, "I just love personalized gifts like these towels marked His and Hers," she said. "And here is my very favorite -- an olive-drab blanket with US printed right in the center."

If you ever meet a new fellow Taro Leaver in your travels, be sure to send us his name and address. We'll do the rest!

Mail call: Check for dues from LAURENT and Lucille DESROSIERS (AT-21st '44-'46) of 1 Holly, Manville RI. Thanks, folks.

HIGHLIGHTS



Another Korean POW -- LAWRENCE HEMINGER with his beloved Glenda. They're at Box 10, Gulliver MI. Larry was 5th RCT from 10/50 - 11/53 and was a POW from 4/25/51 to 8/15/53.



LEO CREAMER (G 21st '42-'45) of 2114 Fairhaven, St. Louis MO, sends us this one labeling it, "Leo Creamer and Friend." Looks pretty nice, Leo. Did you intend to tell us any more, Leo? Or must the mystery continue on.

If medical science has made so much progress in the last twenty years, how come I felt so much better fifty years ago.



Staff photo

From left: Winn Muenzler, Austin, Bill Coleman, Denton, Hollis Taylor, Knoxville, Ill., Ben Newman, Medford, Ore.

Newsy bit from IRA T. DEFOOR (B 21st & Div. Hq. '42-'45), of 1407 Kendolph, Denton TX. Seems he spotted a picture in the paper (reproduced here) announcing a reunion of some men of the 36th MP Co. Well, here, read it, as Ira wrote it:

"I knew several of the men in the unit and visited them while we were in Rockhampton, Australia. I was not aware of the reunion until I was reading the paper. I immediately dropped the paper and made a call. I found out that they were at the local Holiday Inn about a mile from our home. I had a nice visit with each of the men and I must say that it was a real fine thing for me. Whenever they would introduce me to one of the fellows, he would immediately say 'Oh you're one of those Pineapple Soldiers!' All of them stated that they had real good duty until the 24th Division came to Rockhampton and then things began to pick up. I met two men that transferred into this unit from the 24th Division. Their unit also had a football team that played a Signal Co. You may have seen the game in Rockhampton. The game was a scoreless tie." Great report, Ira. Thanks.



Sorry to squeeze you in, FRANK J. PESKO, (3rd Bn. Hq. 34th, '41-'45), over there on 5656 Plumer, Detroit MI. But we wanted to include you in this issue.



LEO CREAMER (G 21st '42-'45), of 2114 Fairhaven, St. Louis MO, asked us to print his 1985 message, and we do: "I wish all of my buddies of the Division, and particularly those Gimlets of George Company, a Merry Merry Christmas and a Bright, Prosperous and Happy New Year. Leo."

There, we did it, Leo -- for you. Incidentally, he enclosed \$5.00 with this little note: "Have a couple of drinks on me." The fiver went into our funds, but our thanks go to Leo.



You send 'em; we'll print 'em. Another Kodachrome. This time it's Eva and LUPE RODRIQUEZ (34th '49-'53; POW 7/21/50-8/28/53), of 430 Shrine, San Antonio TX.



Wouldn't it be great if we could in time picture every member of our Association? You send 'em in and we'll do the rest. No Kodachromes, please. We're starting with smiling WALTER "Smigs" SMIGEL (G 34th '42-'44), of 13726 Spruce, South Gate MI.

L.G. HICKS JR. (L 34th '40-'44), of Box 438, Crawford GA has become Life Member 654.



Meet another M Co. 5th RCT gang. Going from left to right, as we usually do, it's DALLAS COUCH-RODRIGUEZ, GENE FERRI, can't recall (think he was a T/5), CHARLEY GORMAN, who furnished the picture, and another can't recall. Six guys and Charley identifies 3, including himself. Charley's at Box 94693, Lincoln NB.



From ELFORD SCHUELTE (Hq.Co.Div. '42-'45), of Box 116, Hutchinson MN, comes this wonderful -- but tiny -- group picture of a gang that assembled in September in Des Moines. We'll give it a go -- but you'll have to get the old glass out to see who you recognize. From left to right, back row it's DICK DEWEERD, Rt. 3, Pella IA 50219, LESLIE BERN, Rt. 1, Box 101, Gladbrook IA 50635, EDWARD HALBOKE, 11470 NW McDaniel Rd., Portland OR 97229, JOHN SHADY, Zwingle IA 52079, ELFORD SCHUETTE, RR 2, Box 116, Hutchinson MN, CLAUDE SKINNER, Rt. 1, Box 264, Dearborn MO 64437, CHARLIE ANDERSON, PO Box 149, Lindsburg KS 67456.

In front row, see - if you can - JOHN COLOSIMEO, 3202 Liggett Dr., Parma OH 44134, ERNEST HOLLAR, Rt. 2, Box 23A, Milford IN 46542, HAROLD DAKIN, 2545 17th St., San Pablo CA 94806, LEE O. SPLINTER, Rt. 1, Box 250, Madelia MN 56062, EMIL SCHREIBER, 813 No. B St., Oskaloosa, IA 52577, CLEMANCE KRANTZ, Rt. 2, Dawson Creek, British Columbia, Canada V1G 4 E8. (This old soldier, his wife, Marie, drove 2300 miles to attend this small reunion), and MILFORD SCHWARTZ, Box 412, Wellington MO 64097.

IN MEMORIAM

Died Jan. 14, 1984: JOE M. COLBERT (E 21st '41-'45), of Houston MS. Joe served as a Gimlet all the way from Schofield to Okayama.

We didn't mean to miss this one in our last issue -- but we did. Maj.Gen. FRED ZIERATH has reported the death of the older brother of our own MANUEL ALVARADO, (A 19th) of Monterey CA. We apologize to you, Fred, and you, Manny, for missing this. And Manny, you know that our gang is behind you during your difficult days.

Deceased: March 30, 1984 -- Lt.Col. JAMES J. FITZGIBBONS (19th '40-'42) in Miami FL. His widow, Phyllis, reports that Jim was buried in Arlington. She is now making her home in England with their daughter who is teaching for the Air Force.

HUBERT LOWRY reports the death on last Oct. 14th of his old buddy, EDWARD EMERICK (Cn. 19th) of Rushville IN.

Died RICHARD S. PEIFLY (B 34th and 724th Ord.) of Allentown PA. Mail came back with that dreaded notice, "Deceased." That's all we know. Dick, a 1st Lieut. in the Leyte-Mindoro-Luzon-Mindanao days was one of "ours"; we felt especially close to this grand gentleman with the hearty laugh and the terrific rosy-cheeked smile.

Deceased ALBERT L. HOWARD (19th 11/50-4/53), of Greenbrier, TN. Al died 3/22/85 according to his widow, Jacqueline. He is buried in the National Cemetery in Nashville TN.

Deceased: WILLIAM E. WELDIN (24th Sig. '42-'45), of Chester PA. This was reported to us by JOHNNY AMBROSE (24th Sig) of 820 North, Pittsburg PA, his brother-in-law.

Died Sept. 29, 1985 - WALTER M. REDFIELD (Hq. 19th), of 19 Rockland St., Natick, MA. Poor Walt had lost his beloved Margaret back in January of '83.

Died Aug. 18, 1985, as we were breaking camp at Louisville -- GERALD L. LOCKHART, (B 21st '42-'46) of 5804 Cypress Point Dr., Bakersfield, CA 93309. Fortunately, we were able to meet with Gerry and Christine on the occasion of the visitation which four of we easterners made to the westerners in Los Angeles last June. Gerry and Christine, regretfully had to leave early - for another meeting in Bakersfield. In fact, they had actually left our meeting and were on the way out of the hotel when JOHN and Jean LEAHY walked in with a first question: "Has Lockhart shown up?" Nothing for BOB ENDER to do but to hurry the Leahys through the lobby to the front door where, luckily, Jerry and Chris were just about to get underway. Of course, there were those moments of great rejoicing with, alas, no one knowing that matters would so soon turn to tragedy.

Gerry, at age 68, passed away on Aug. 18th and was buried at Hillcrest Memorial Park in Bakersfield.

A native of Nebraska, the Lockharts had resided in California since Jerry's return in '46. Jerry for some 30 years had been a realtor and had served as a State Inheritance Tax Referee. Survivors include his wife, Christine; son, Dennis P. Lockhart of Atlanta, GA; daughter, Leslynn Lockhart of Ashland, OR; father and step-mother, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd B. Lockhart of Payette, ID; granddaughter, Dorsey Lockhart, of Atlanta; 2 aunts of Idaho. Memorial gifts may be made to the First United Methodist Church Memorial Fund, The American Heart Association or the Greater Bakersfield Memorial Hospital Construction Fund.

We are saddened to report the death on Sept. 9, 1985 of Lt.Col. JAMES H. "Tommy" THOMPSON (E & Hq. 2nd Bn. 21st '42-'45, and CO 3rd Bn. 21st '45), of Wharton TX. We received the terrible news via a telephone call from Tommy's beloved Gladys. Tommy had a second career as a history professor at Wharton County Junior College in Wharton, from which professorship he had retired, in addition to having retired from the US Army.

We asked KERMIT BLANEY to make a statement concerning Jerry's passing. This is what he wrote.

"Sadly do we report the passing of one especially good friend, Life Member #161, Col. JOHN H. GIRARDEAU, JR. Jerry, as he was known by all Gimlets, was Jock Clifford's S-3, 1st Bn. in Hawaii and New Guinea and was CO, 3rd Bn. on Mindinao and into Japan. Jerry died about 9 a.m., Saturday, February 16th, following many difficult months of suffering with emphysema. His passing was not unexpected. Happy as usual was at his side when he just seemed to doze off in no apparent pain or labor.

"The measure of the man never varied. He was thoughtful but not condescending. He was forceful but not brutal. He was insistent but not loud. He was military but not militant. His modesty often disguised his talents. There were no drums or trumpets in his personal parade of excellence.

"The Taro Leaf Roll has just lost one of the best, quietest and most unassuming officers who ever had the privilege to serve our country.

"Just another old Gimlet, Blaney."

Maj.Gen. GERHARDT HYATT (1st Bn. 21st '50-'51) Chaplain of Task Force Smith, has passed to his reward.

The Rev. Gerhardt W. Hyatt, second vice president of the 2.7-million-member Lutheran Church Missouri Synod died Aug. 28th. He was 69 years old.

Gerhardt entered Arlington Hospital in Virginia after suffering a heart attack. His death followed a second heart attack.

He retired as Army Chief of Chaplains in 1975 and became president of Concordia College in St. Paul, MN. He moved to St. Louis in 1983 to become an assistant to the Missouri Synod president.

His military career began in 1945. He served 25 years as an Army chaplain before being appointed deputy chief of chaplains in 1970. A year later, he was named Army Chief of Chaplains.

Gerhardt was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal and 16 other decorations in his military career.

Born in Melfort, Saskatchewan, he was a graduate of Concordia College, at Edmonton, Alberta, and Concordia Seminary in St. Louis.

He is survived by his wife, Elda, and two children, Mrs. Ruth Heffron and Mr. Matthew L. Hyatt.

We are better persons today and even stronger persons tomorrow for having known him. We shall miss him, but in each ray of sunshine, we will feel the warmth of his smile. In the falling rain, we shall hear the staccato of his little laugh. We shall be truly blessed.

BILL and Betty JARGOWSKY (H 21st) left their happy Vineland NJ home to join with us at Louisville, their first reunion.

Sixteen days later, Bill passed away. The horrible word first came from CHUCK KAEFER, followed by a loving message from Betty who wrote in part:

"Bill loved each and everyone of you -- I really didn't realize the bond between you all, until we went to Louisville. Thank God we went to Louisville, he was so happy with you all and was on an emotional high when he arrived home. Our children said that they never saw Dad so happy. For that I am grateful to all the Taro Leafers.

"Bill was buried with a full military funeral as he desired. The guard came from Ft. Dix (which included four women) that I'm sure he smiled about."

In a sweet gesture of love, Betty enclosed with her letter a wonderful check, adding, "Please use to further the Association." In her hour of grief, Betty could still think of us.

It's a sad fact that Bill has crossed the river. It is a happy fact that he had a long and fruitful life full of accomplishments and full of loving family and friends. And it's another fact that those left grieve and mourn him, but are glad that they had to chance to call him "Buddy."

Died: Sept. 30, 1985: ERNEST P. CORMIER, (21st) of Malden MA. Ernie was a POW from Apr. 22, '51 to Aug. 27, '53. The Boston Globe in an obituary said:

"It was 10:30 at night on April 22, 1951. His unit was told to hold a ridge at any cost against hordes of attacking Chinese troops. Mr. Cormier and a buddy were in a foxhole when a grenade was thrown in. They jumped out, practically into the arms of Chinese soldiers.

"One of them tried to shoot us," Mr. Cormier was quoted as saying. "But his gun jammed. And his buddy told him to take us alive."

"Mr. Cormier and his buddy were marched to Pyongyang, North Korea. They managed to escape once, but were recaptured and later put in 'a camp for incorrigibles.' Then, Mr. Cormier recalled, 'we waited for a train that never came,' so with another two dozen American prisoners he was forced on a 37-day death march north where he was held 27 months until his release in 1953.

"When he came home on Oct. 27, 1953, he weighed under 120 pounds, less than half his normal 245 pounds."