

Vol 1  
65-66

"Ohio? What part?"





# TARO LEAF

24TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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

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\* deceased.

Leaves from a Taro Notebook: Once before, the delightful "Ohio" drawing made our cover - our January, 1953 issue, to be specific. We take the liberty of printing it anew in the belief that it may warm the cockles of the heart of every Taro Leafer privileged to have served in Nippon. We print it with the certainty that, at very least, it will brighten the day of one Taro Leafer in particular - "Mr. 24th Division" himself - the man who is to this Association what Howard Johnson is to multiflavored ice cream - a man who, incidentally, requests, and now gets, anonymity. Over the years, he has

found dozens of occasions to remind us of our earlier use of this humorous bit. And if it draws a blank - if it finds you completely non-responsive - if it leaves you without understanding of its happy point - then you did miss something in your military life.

'Twas a time for returning to the scene of some WWII days. "Ike" went back to Normandy; "Nuts" went back to Bastogne; "Mark" back to Italy. No less than Jack Paar, with Randy, went back to Gaudacanal. So it was that PAT CIANGI - and friends - went back to Hawaii.

About A Fellow Named ANDERSON: ERNIE doesn't live here any more. We had our Gimlet at two places in Kansas City, Mo.; the postman rang twice. He doesn't have him at either. Ernie was a good member, too.

A Little At A Time: We're going to tell the "Back to Hawaii" story - piece meal - much as it comes to us. We've been in this "daisy chain" too many times to try to sit down today, in front of a blank sheet of paper, and to try to peck it out from start to finish with our little pinkies, all that you, the reader, might read the complete report in one sitting. No, the news services to which we subscribe will never threaten the Huntley-Brinkley domain. Our material travels via slow boat and sled. In the interests of continuity, that periodic Taro Leafs will not be delayed whilst awaiting reports "from the field", we go to press forthwith. The memory of the August-to-January lapse of a year ago - 5 months without an issue - is too much with us. We elect not again to disappear from sight for so long a time. Suffice it for now - we did go to "the --- --- Rock" - it's still afloat. Squibs thereconcerning may be expected in each of the issues between now and next August which will see us assembled in - brace yourself - are you ready for it? - Myrtle Beach, South Carolina!

Aloha: Our PAA planes, dropping down on a Saturday midnight upon the terra firma of Honolulu's International A/P were met with the traditional lei greetings before we were whisked off to the small - but - lovely, and very Japanesey, Waikiki Grand. We were "home again".



MIKE and Alice MOCHAK (19th 10/42-12/45)  
1143 Walnut, Springdale, Pa. wanted to see  
Julie Andrews, today's most successful actress,



who was in Hawaii  
making a new pic-  
ture based on  
James Michener's  
book "Hawaii".  
She was staying at  
the Ilikai. They  
missed her. Mike  
works for Alumi-  
num Co. of America



where he's a 25 year man. Alice  
by the way moonlights from her housekeeping  
chores to be a postal clerk. Alice observes  
that, when a man has a birthday, he takes the  
day off, and when a woman has a birthday, she  
takes a year off.

Queta FOUKE, wife of JOHN RAYMOND (24th Med &  
Div.Surg.O 2/42-8/45), 505 Green Bay, Lake Bluff,  
Ill., (he's with Abbott Laboratories, the pharma-  
ceutical house, busied herself when they returned  
from "The Rock" and dashed off a piece for her  
local paper. Reading from left to right, in this



photo which she thought-  
fully sent to us are  
Queta, FRED IRVING,  
Elise COMPERE, TOM  
COMPERE, and J.R. FOUKE.  
We are taking the li-  
berty of quoting from  
Queta's story for the  
Lake Bluff folks:

"THOMAS H. COMPERE, City  
Attorney for Highland  
Park and Lake Forest,  
and his wife, Elise, of  
Highland Park, and the  
J.R. FOUKES of Lake  
Bluff were part of the  
large group who recent-

ly attended the 24th Infantry Division's twenty-  
fifth birthday reunion in Honolulu. Activated in  
Hawaii before the Pearl Harbor attack, most of  
the members attending the reunion had seen ser-  
vice on the island of Oahu.

"The Waikiki Grand hotel was their headquarters  
this time - quite different from their original  
"go-around" at Schofield Barracks, which they  
visited during their reunion. Their former  
commanding general, now retired Maj. Gen.  
FREDERICK IRVING, was visiting his daughter and  
son-in-law on the Islands, and shared the reunion  
them.

"The group went to Schofield where everyone,  
including the wives and children, was transferred  
into open 2½ ton trucks for a bumpy ride to  
bleachers facing a large wooden construction  
resembling a movie screen and framed by the dis-  
tant mountains. Two soldiers with the help of  
strong ropes stood at the top of the big board.  
As Capt. Nugent of the 25th Inf.Div. described  
the ten training stations in jungle warfare,  
which were to be visited, the two G.I.'s walked  
downwardly, turning printed signs revealing the  
steps as they walked.

"The convoy of trucks were driven over narrow,  
winding and hilly forest roads to the South-East  
Asia training ground where shiny helmeted soldiers  
were waiting at the different stations to explain  
survival methods and foods, poisonous plants, and  
to put on various demonstrations such as climbing  
straight up and down a steep cliff by ropes and  
a guerrilla attack, which was cleaned up by "our  
soldiers" with some ear-splitting shooting.

"The group was driven from that jungle-simu-  
lated area to the Officers Club, where lunch was

Dues in from ELVIN E. GREEK, 2917 Embelm Drive,  
Richmond, Va. Elvin was a Tech. Sgt. in K of the  
21st from '42 to '45. Elvin, in commenting upon  
our recent coverage of the passing of Burma's road-  
side poetry, reminds us of:

"Scarcely a man is still alive  
who passed on hills at 75  
Burma Shave"

and

"Henry the Eighth, Prince of Friskers  
Lost five wives but kept his whiskers  
Burma Shave"

Thanks, Elvin - that'll about wind us up on this  
one.

served. Later sightseeing buses roamed the  
grounds, so that our men could see once more the  
many familiar spots. There was a stop at the  
new museum commemorating the deeds of the 24th  
and its sister, the 25th, over the past 25 years.

"We had the privilege of being taken up to  
Kole Kole pass, opened only once a year to the  
civilians of Oahu. The scenery from this high  
point looking down through the valley to the  
blue Pacific was superb, but due to security  
regulations, picture taking was forbidden.

"The Schofield tour was most rewarding and a  
high spot for the former soldiers during their  
nine day stay at Waikiki, which, with its many  
new hotels, resembles Miami Beach.

"However, there the comparison ends, for the  
mingling of so many races, makes Hawaii a wonder-  
ful United Nations in actual practice. It is  
fascinating to study the faces, each seemingly  
a different mixture of nationalities. Ironically,  
the enemies of a quarter century ago appeared to  
operate the hotel where we were located. The  
group enjoyed listening to and admiring the  
Japanese guests. It must have been mutual for  
one Oriental grandmother remarked in English that  
the "little white tots were so cute" - the  
Caucasians had a similar opinion of the olive-  
skinned children.

"Your reporter tried to see every thing listed  
in the tourist guide books. The interesting tour  
through the Dole Pineapple company revealed that  
the huge pineapple landmark atop its factory was  
really a water tank, while the drinking spigot in  
the reception room flowed with pineapple juice.  
Sightseeing bus drivers, often husky Hawaiian  
women in colorful long muumuus, when driving  
along roads separating the low lands of sugar cane  
and the higher fields of pineapple, enjoyed in-  
forming vacationers that the first three products  
of Hawaii were right together at that point -  
sugar (1st), pineapple (2nd) and the tourist (3rd).

My Northwestern University classmate has a  
home there with a fine view of the famed windy  
and scenic Pali Pass. Legend reports King  
Kamehameha and his army won the island of Oahu by  
forcing the defeated enemy over the precipice to  
meet death on jagged rocks far below. (A few  
photographers have almost met the same fate.)  
Another friend, a professor at the University of  
Hawaii, showed us around his campus. Of special  
interest were the attractive oriental gardens and  
unusual buildings of the East-West center, spon-  
sored by the government for cultural and technical  
interchange between the east and west.

"Hawaii seems a paradise of superlatives, and  
it is difficult for this reporter to bring to an  
end its praises."

We think that you did a mighty fine job of it,  
Queta. Don't want a regular job, do you? Care-  
ful now; you might find one tossed right in your  
lap.



Withdrawals over the same 18 year span were made as follows:

8/20/59 - Purchase of Investors' Research Fund shares (200)	\$2502.00
8/22/61 - Purchase of Revere Fund shares (100)	1459.00
4/24/64 - Overdeposit of 9/15/59 and transfer of same to checking account	5.00
Total Withdrawals	\$3966.00

Whereas the \$3697.68 balance on hand as of 8/1/65 as reported above, reflects the savings bank balance, the fact is that our treasury includes in addition thereto a holding of 369 shares of Revere Fund (bid price of 8/1/65 - \$11.29) valued at \$4166.01. Accordingly, our total assets in the reserve account total \$3697.68 plus \$4166.01 or \$7863.69.

A detailed recapitulation of our stock transactions over this 18 year period is furnished herewith that you may see the whole picture.

On 8/20/59, 200 shares of Investors' Research Fund were purchased at \$12.51 or \$2502.00. Payment therefor was by monies withdrawn from the Reserve Savings Account. Subsequently 5 additional shares were received by way of a dividend.

On 8/26/61, 100 shares of Revere Fund were purchased at \$14.59 or \$1459.00. Monies for payment therefor was also withdrawn from the Reserve Savings Account.

On 6/21/62, the 205 shares of Investors' Research Fund were sold at \$13.68, which receipts were used to purchase 190 additional shares of Revere Fund at \$14.62.

Additional to the 100 shares originally purchased and the 190 shares purchased in June of '62, we have acquired 79 shares of Revere Fund by way of dividends, to bring our portfolio to 369 shares.

The record shows that our purchases of Revere Fund were made at the top of its market and that it has never been higher than or as high as when we bought it.

As this is written, the bid price is \$11.29 and the asking price is \$12.27.

Thus, whereas our total investment in the 290 shares of Revere Fund was \$4236.80 (our 8/26/61 purchase for \$1459.00 and our 6/21/62 purchase for \$2777.80), were we to sell our accumulated 369 shares today, we would receive therefor only \$4166.01 (\$70.79 less than we paid out for the 290 shares).

During the period of ownership of any and all stocks, we have received only \$102.90 in actual dividends. Then we have offset the \$70.79 loss above by only \$32.11 despite the dividend acquisitions of 5 shares of Investors' Research Fund and 79 shares of Revere Fund.

In other words, \$3961.00, (\$2505.22 of the total since 8/59 and \$1459.00 of the total since 8/61) so withdrawn from our Reserve Fund for speculation purposes, has been without the benefit of earnings from normal savings bank interest during this 6 year period.

Hasty computation shows that, had this money remained in the Reserve Savings Account, it would have earned an additional \$600.00 for us during this same period of 8/59 - 8/65.

This is offered not with any design to criticize those responsible for the investment plan followed. As a matter of fact, we were personally involved, along with others of the Executive Committee (the Past Presidents and the Present President), and must share the blame, if blame there be. But the market is a slippery thing,

We offer a condensed version of the Treasurer's Report submitted at Hawaii and covering the period Aug. 15, 1964 to Aug. 1, 1965.

We maintain 2 accounts - a checking account (the operating account) and a savings account (the reserve account).

Activity of the operating account follows:

Receipts:	
from 1963-1964 operating account	\$ 606.72
from dues 8/15/64 to 8/1/65	1737.50
Total Receipts	\$2344.22

Disbursements:	
transfer to reserve account	\$ 40.00
Taro Leaf expenses	1406.62
'64 Convention expenses	78.00
'64 Christmas Card project	130.34
flowers for Geo. Chapman funeral	25.00
administrative expenses	140.70
membership drive expenses	124.55
Total Disbursements	\$1945.21

On hand 8/1/65: \$ 399.01

Accounts Payable as of 8/1/65:	
Taro Leaf expenses	\$ 359.95

Accounts Receivable as of 8/1/65:	
199 members in arrears for annual dues 8/15/64 to 8/15/65	\$ 995.00

Activity of the reserve account follows:

Receipts:	
on hand 8/15/64	\$3012.75
Life Memberships 8/15/64 to 8/1/65	500.00
Revere Fund dividends	26.00
Savings Bank dividends	143.93
"Children of Yesterday" sales	15.00
Total receipts	\$3697.68

Disbursements:	
None	
On hand 8/1/65:	\$3697.68

A few words on the operating account appear in order. Whereas income was \$2344.00, outgo (paid and payable) was \$2305.00. Thus we spent \$39.00 less than we took in. Had the 199 members in arrears paid their dues, the \$995.00 represented therein would have seen us realize a net gain of approximately \$1032.00. A bona fide effort will be made to collect these arrearages.

A few words on the overall 18 year history of the reserve account, from its inception on 5/19/47, appear in order.

Receipts over the 18 years were derived from sources as follows:

Life Memberships	\$5130.00
Royalties from "Children of Yesterday"	1326.95
Savings Account Dividends	924.08
Revere Fund Dividends	102.90
Contributions	45.00
Sales of "Children of Yesterday" and "Yank"	124.75
Total Receipts	\$7663.68



and it's always easy to quarterback on Monday a.m. Had we known in '59 and '62, when we bought, what we know now, we likely wouldn't have bought. But then, that's why they have horse races, isn't it.

Passport to Happiness: Back in the swim after an 11 yr. sabbatical is the much esteemed RICHARD F. FINN (3rd Eng. 1/43-1/46), RFD, Hampton, N.J. Your presence will add luster and liveliness to our group, Dick.

VIRGIL W. SCOTT (Sv. 21st 5/45-9/46), 2911 Clayton, Beaver Falls, Pa., has joined. Virgil and Delores who recently celebrated their silver anniversary have 3 - Jack 23, Mark 15 and Thomas 4. Virgil is a wholesale produce dealer.

This seems to be the issue for "talking turkey". Never before in our 18 year history have we gone into such detail in reporting, via Taro Leaf, our innermost secrets.

Let this one be directed to membership.

As of 8-15-64, our membership (paid and unpaid) was set at 723.

During the year (8-15-64 - 8-1-65), we dropped 61 members because of bad addresses. There was little sense in continuing to forward undeliverable mail.

During the year, we gained 85 new members through an aggressive membership campaign reportedly costing \$124.55 (see Treasurer's Report in this issue). The truth of the matter is that the campaign cost much more than this - by \$359.75 to be precise - but "friends" are picking up the tab. An expense of \$124.55 to gain 85 new members means that we spent \$1.46 per member. Had we counted the extra \$359.75, it would have meant spending \$5.69 for each new member who paid \$5.00 in dues - and "that's a h--- of a way to run a railroad". You would have said - and you'd have been right.

"Come Out to Where the Flavor Is": A. BERTRAM and Eleanor KOENIG (24 QM '42-'45), 7931 Green Lane, Wyncote, Pa., made it to Hawaii, bringing 16 year old Joe with them.



Bert is an executive with Tompkins Rubber Co. He tells us that if you want fun with a



hoax, solemnly ask your friend if he has noticed that Mrs. So and So has only one ear on the left side. Your friend will likely answer with something along the lines of "Good heavens, no. Was it an accident? Then let him have it with, "How many pretty ladies do you know with two ears on the left side?"

JOSEPH FAVA (B 34th 3/41-11/45), 74 Sherwood, Clifton, N.J., is back with us. We haven't seen Joe, or heard from him, since our New York convention in '49. Hi Joe. Joe makes us see green when he tells us that Elvis Presley got \$125,000.00 for his last TV appearance - 3 songs.

Dateline - Abbeville, S.C.: Writes THARIE KLUGH (8/51 - 10/51) Rt. 2, Box 162, - "Since I was wounded in Oct. of '51, I haven't heard from anyone of the 24th and would certainly welcome some news." We're working for you, Tharie, subliminally.

We're always had a particular warm respect for the CBS Commentator Eric Sevareid - perhaps because we had the pleasure of flying to London with him a few years back and saw what was a popular regard swell to unbounded enthusiasm after six hours of conversation. Here are his comments of last May 14th on CBS-TV News. "This is Armed Forces Week, a proper time to consider those young Americans who fight in heat and slime in alien places like Viet Nam, in the kind of undeclared war of limited aim that is alien to our tradition. They fight, as did their elder brothers in Korea - not for loot because there is none; not for glory, for there is little of that around; their homeland is not threatened; their fellow countrymen at home make no companion sacrifices and no crusader's zeal drives them on. The question remains: what makes them do it and do it so well, beyond the minimum requirements that the uniform ordains? In answer it has been said that they are professional soldiers; but boys of nineteen and twenty are professional at nothing, certainly not at managing the meeting of life with death. They fight, they endure, even though they may not understand the geopolitics of this distant war; even though thousands of their countrymen tell them every day, in protest and parade, that the war they fight is a senseless war. They keep on, as they did in Korea, when these circumstances were much the same. The real answer must lie deep in the tissues of whatever is the substance that keeps America from becoming unstuck; it must have something to do with their parents and teachers and pastors, with their 4-H clubs and scout troops and neighborhood centers or gangs. It has to do with the sense of belonging to a team, with the dishonor of letting it down. But it also has to do with their implicit, unreasoned belief in their country and their natural belief in themselves as persons. Whatever the full answer, it is a considerable thing that they are doing when they stick at this kind of war, fighting without universal support and fighting for results obscured in the mist of the future. Official weeks and days are impersonal symbols to take note of something intensely personal. But they provide an opportunity for the rest of us who are not covered with mud and weariness and nightly fear to pay a measure of respect."

Sec. Army Stanley R. Resor is a 10th Armd. Div. man. Oh well, we just didn't have the room for everyone to be with us. We were forced to accept the cream; as was, a lot of fine chaps simply couldn't be squeezed in.

Outside Loop: The Chicago Chapter hosted all of us one night to a "Hospitality Night" on the 10th floor of the Waikiki Grand.



JOHNNIE BAILEY (52nd F '47-'50), 21 Yarmouth, Lexington, Ky., went to see the "What's My Line" show in N.Y.C. We call it the "mutual admiration society". Johnnie tells us that he was appalled by the announcer who, before showtime, asked the audience to look around and if they saw anyone not clapping, to "give him a real dirty look". We dislike the show so very much, Johnnie, that we catch it every Sunday night just for the sheer pleasure of growling at it. Thanks for the report, Johnnie. What say you on the Beverly Hillbillies?



We recently caught "Laughter in Hell" by Stephen Marek, a true tale of our POW's at the Zentsuji POW Camp. You'll remember Zentsuji as being not too far from Matsuyama on Shikoku. Lurid are the stories of rations made up of weak vegetable soup flavored with the ever-present daikon (that large white radish), weak tea and a small bowl of rice. The boys would steal food at their work details - most were used as stevedores at rail sidings, docks, etc. - and would then hide in the benjo's to eat it. Promises were ever forthcoming of better days ahead for our boys - but like "manana" in Spanish, the Nips said "ashita", and ashita never came. We remember visiting the camp at Zentsuji in October of '45; it was a sorry place. Maddening are the reports of how the jabbering civilians on the streets would stone them as they'd march to and from work. 'Tis a wonderful book, if you're interested in that side of history.

Welcome it is for newly-joined GERALD D. RIDENOUR (5th 7/51-5/52). Happily do we present his lovely Mrs., Jo Ann, and their two, Jerry Allen, 9, and Jeffrey Lee, 5. Gerry and JoAnn are at 11925 Parkview, Cleveland, Ohio. Gerry's a tool room machinist. To our "You're Getting Older" series, Gerry adds: "You're getting older, if you remember that the only time you thought about the Chinese was on wash day." It is good to have you with us Gerry.



We're kinda slipping this one in sideways. It's just a friendly reminder that for some, in fact for most, of our membership, it's that time again---for the annual dues. Our year runs from August first to August first for everyone; it makes easier bookkeeping for this two-bit administrative hqs. of ours. If you presently owe \$5 for the year 8/1/65-8/1/66--and your membership card will give you the clue--wont you please drop a check into the mail to the Sec'y.-Treas. today?



SOLUTION FOR "WHO IS THE ENGINEER?" in our last issue.

The brakeman, who lives halfway between Chicago and Detroit, also lives near Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, who earns three times as much as he does. Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ can't be Mr. Robinson, as Mr. Robinson lives in Detroit. He can't be Mr. Jones, as Mr. Jones' \$20,000 a year isn't divisible by three. Therefore the brakeman's neighbor must be Mr. Smith.

The passenger whose name is the same as the brakeman's lives in Chicago. He can't be Mr. Robinson, as Mr. Robinson lives in Detroit. He can't be Mr. Smith, as Mr. Smith is a neighbor of the brakeman, who lives halfway between Chicago and Detroit. Therefore he must be Mr. Jones.

Therefore the brakeman's name is also Jones. Smith beats the fireman at billiards, so the fireman must be Robinson.

Therefore the engineer is Smith.



Last Heard from in '55: LESTER V. INEMAN (21st 10/51-6/53) has put a tiger in our tank and has reupped. Les and Libby are at 12945 Chardon-Windsor Rd., Chardon, Ohio. Les served with the Radio Section of the Gimlet's "Commo" Platoon. Now he's with NBC at WKYC-TV in Cleveland. Welcome back, Les. We're somewhat traumatized by your return, Les, but we're more than pleased. Someday we hope to have a knock down session with you on TV and what we think is wrong with it. We remember Carl Sandburg's drawled words for it: "It's a waste of time". We think he hit it on the button. But then, there may be those who say the same of us and this paper. Everyone to his own taste, said the old lady as she kissed the cow.

Hanson Baldwin, the respected military commentator, in a carefully reasoned Times Magazine article demonstrated why "we must fight a war (in Vietnam) to prevent an irreparable defeat". He cuts ruthlessly through the arguments of the appeasers, the serried ranks of the coexisters, defeatists, pacifists, beatniks, socio-masochists, leftists, fellow travelers, and declared and undeclared Communists, those "voices of defeat and despair, caution and fear" and shows that in the present mess the call to "negotiate" is only a mask for the wish to "bug out". He's for a recognition that "we are fighting a war, not merely advising how to fight one". Sez he: "V. is a nasty place to fight. But there are no neat and tidy battlefields in the struggle for freedom; there is no good place to die. And it is far better to fight in V. - on China's doorstep - than fight some years hence here at home".

Division has a new CG: Maj. Gen. EDWARD LEON ROWNY.



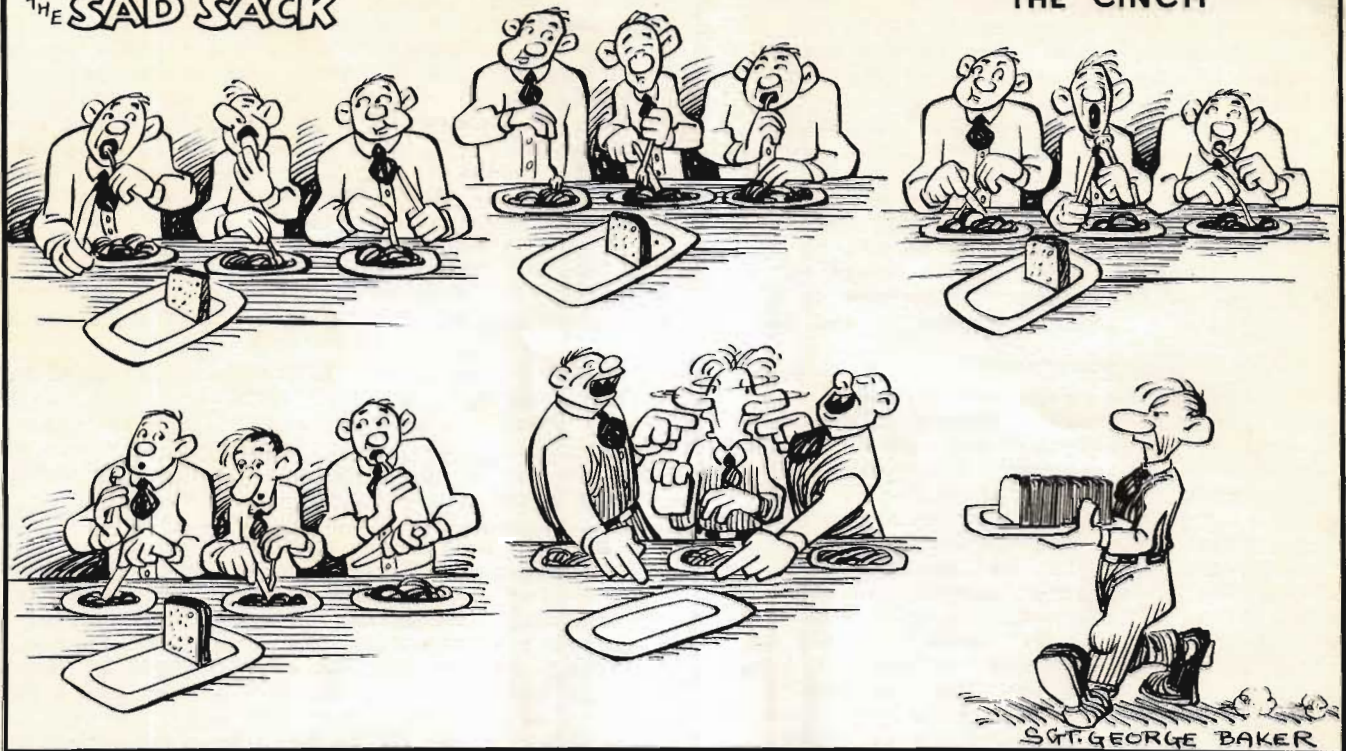
Fr. CHRISTOPHER J. BERLO (19th) our lovable '64-'65 Assoc. Chaplain, couldn't make Hawaii. The cost of his hospitalization of a year ago drained his exchequer. He's now at 5801 Palisade Ave., New York, N.Y. Sadly missed at the Hawaiian clambake was Fr. Chris, yet nonetheless remembered because he sent along the question: "How can you tell when an elephant is getting ready to charge?" "When he takes out his Diner's Club card", sez he. The decision at Hawaii was to rotate Association Chaplains each year. So we "lose" a Father but we "gain" a Monseigneur. Stay with us, Fr. Chris; we love you - and are deeply appreciative for all you've been - we doubly are grateful for your being who and what you are.

FRANK E. and Irene J. Gorski (21st 2/42-8/45), 3041 South St. Louis Ave., Chicago, Ill. were among those who made Hawaii. Frank says a friend of his runs a delicatessen. He has a sign in his window reading: "Our tongue sandwiches speak for themselves".

Born in Baltimore, Maryland, on April 3, '17, he received a B.S. from John Hopkins University in '37 and entered the Academy graduating in '41. During WWII, he served as company commander and later S-3 of the 41st Eng. Regt. in Liberia, Africa. In mid '42, he was a member of the cadre of the 92d Inf.Div., Ft. McClellan, where he served as assistant Div. G-3 and later as commander of the 317th Eng. Bn. He attended C&GS College at Ft. Leavenworth, in '43 and in mid '44 took the 317th to Italy. Late in '44 he was assigned to command an inf. bn., and subsequently a regimental task force, of the 92d. From '45 to '47, Gen. Rowny served with the Operations Division of the War Department General Staff, where he worked on strategic plans leading to the completion of the war against Japan and on the design of the post-war Army. He then attended Yale where, in '49, he received Masters Degrees in International Relations and Civil Engineering. Subsequently he was assigned to Tokyo, Japan. He made the Inchon landing as X Corps Engineer and was subsequently Corps G-4. He then became executive officer of the 38th Inf. Regt., 2d Inf. Div. and later served as Div. C/S. He served as the 38th commander during the last six months of fighting in Korea. General Rowny returned to the U.S. in May 1952, attended Basic Airborne Course at Benning, becoming a qualified parachutist. At the Infantry School, he was Chief of the Advanced Tactics Group and later assistant director of the Tactical Department. He attended the Armed Forces Staff College, Norfolk, Va., in Feb. '55, and upon graduation was assigned to SHAPE in France. Here he served as the deputy secretary and then, as secretary of the staff for Generals Gruenther and Norstad. In '58, he returned to the U.S. to attend the National War College at McNair. Graduating in '59, he became the Army Member of the Chairman's Staff Group, Joint Chiefs of Staff, a position he held until he became chairman of a Special Study Task Force working under the Secretary of Defense. General Rowny became the Assistant Div. Commander of the 82d Airborne in Sept. '61 and served in this position until Dec. '62. In Dec. '62, he moved to Vietnam, where he became Chief of the Army Concept Team in Vietnam, charged with the task of testing and evaluating new Army concepts under operational conditions. In June '63, General Rowny returned to the U.S. to serve as the Special Assistant for Tactical Mobility (SATM) within the newly created office of the Assistant Chief of Staff for Force Development (ACSFOR), Department of Army. He joined the 24th Inf.Div. in June '65.



## THE SAD SACK



**Feast:** Our first Sunday evening saw us hosted by the Queens Surf for a festive Luau.

**Password to Happiness:** JOE PEYTON (19th '42-'45), 1405 Belmont, Lutherville, Md., thought our readers might like the story on Sen. Everett McKinley Dirksen, the "Wizard of Ooze". It appears that, when he and LBJ were both senators, one as minority and the other as majority, leader the majority leader had a phone installed in his car. EMD thought he ought to have one too. After a long delivery wait, he finally got his phone. The first thing he did that night, as both he and LBJ were driving home was to call the Texan. "Hello, Lyndon", he said. "This is Everett. I've got my phone." Came the reply: "That's good, Everett. Could you hold on for a minute? My other phone is ringing." You haven't lost your old punch, Joe. Give Maggie and the kids hugs from all of us.

**Discovery:** Three bus loads made the all-day tour around Oahu with a stop off at the "Crouching Lion" at Kaaawa.

**Some Yapping About Yap:** Rev. WILLIAM J. WALTER (Div. Chaplain) is in Yap District, Caroline Islands Trust Territory Pacific 96943. His admirer, FRANK H. MOORE (63rd F. 10/41-9/45), 141 Sequoia, San Anselmo, Calif., writes that Fr. Walter went into missionary work after the service and has been in the Carolines since '48. His many friends will want his address.

**Tea House of the August Moon:** One evening saw us all together at a Japanese Tea House Party over at the Reef Towers.

**From Tinkers to Evers to Chance:** Not a word from GEORGE B. AARONSON (K 34th), 30 9th Ave., Glendora, N.J. Are you O.K., George? The last time we heard from you, George, you had sent us that gem about Liz Taylor. You told us that she was Jewish, but she welched.

## "THE CINCH"

One who enjoyed meeting with us all in Hawaii was RICHARD LUM, of 209 Puuhue Place, Honolulu. He was especially happy to see BILL and Alice SANDERSON, as he remembered Bill from football playing days in '40-'41. Dick wrote glowingly of all the new friends he made. That worked both ways, Dick.

LESTER M. WYCKOFF (L34th 10/42-9/45), a repairman, at 315½ West E, Tehachapi, Calif., has joined us.

One non-Taro Leafer who continues to shower his affection upon us is Col. Ward E. Becker, now retired at 151 N. Orlando, Winter Park, Fla. Ward was Eighth Army O.O. in WW II days and used to love to make trips down, or over, or up, to see us. In those days, Ward was not just a run-of-the-mill feather merchant; he really worked, devotedly, to make our way a bit easier, because he liked us. "You're my kind of people", Ward used to like to tell us. Because of the warm spot in that Becker heart, we have had him on our "complementary copy" list for years. Regularly, we receive reminders that his warm feeling for the 24th continues to this day. Speaking personally, if we may, we'd like to recall that it was Ward Becker who sensing that "things are tight here at Hqs." and having the honesty to tell us that our "chances for stepping up are better elsewhere", and knowing too that ALMON MANLOVE had rotated home, took us to Jaro - or was it Tunga? - well anyway it was on Leyte, and introduced us to ROSCOE B. WOODRUFF as a possible replacement for Whitey. R.B.W. was shaving as we walked into his tent, asked us a few questions, and signed us on. And that's the story of how we got involved in "this thing called Division". We try not to inject ourselves into these reports. Forgive us our indiscretion on this occasion, please. All we started out to say was that Ward Becker is a staunch friend of the 24th, and for that affection, Ward, all of us are grateful.