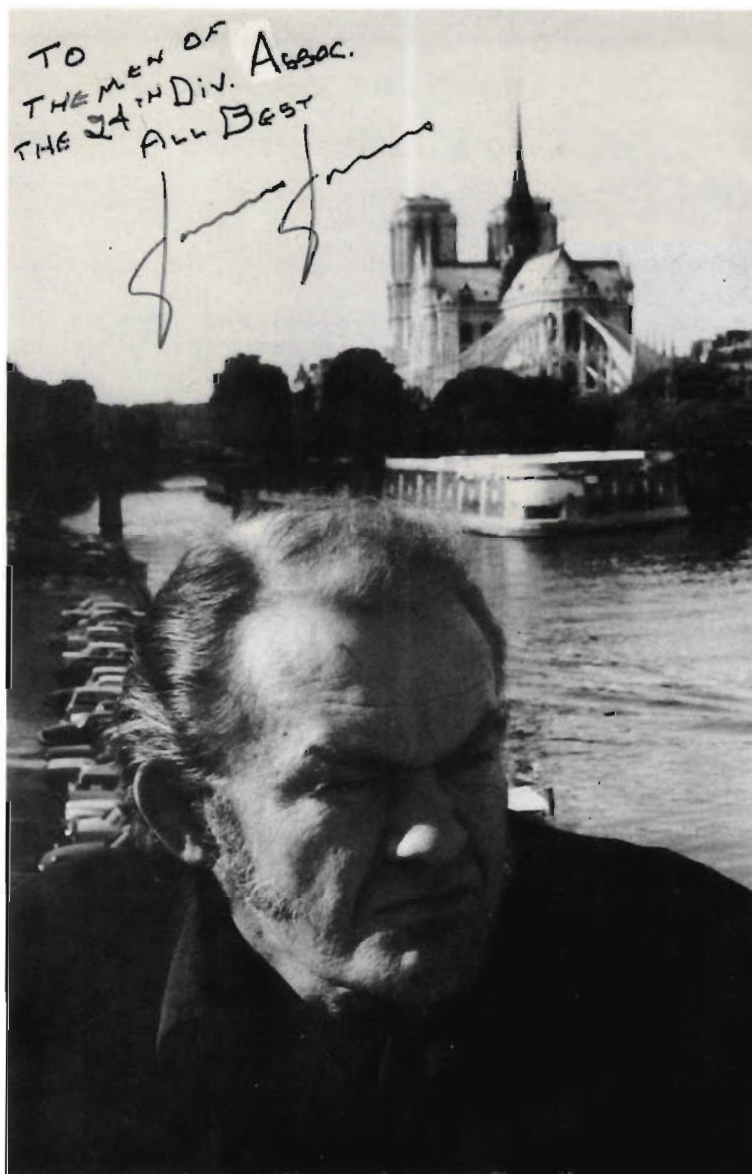


24TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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"Karen Holmes, for whom love was over, felt a little relieved. Still looking up forward toward the bow, she watched Diamond Head slowly coming towards them....."

"'They're very fine people', the girl smiled tremulously. 'He comes from an old Virginia family. The Prewitts. His great-grandfather was a General under Lee. That's who he was named after: Robert E. Lee Prewitt.....'"

"Karen watched her go, thinking so this was Lorene of the New Congress....."

From Here To Eternity.
pages 853-856



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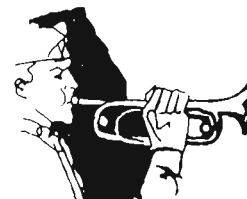
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No kidding; this is the way it all began.

Seems that that genius, the laureate of WW II, who gave us our private classic, "From Here To Eternity", went to Nam last year to write "Viet Journal" (which incidentally please run out and buy forthwith because James Jones gets a royalty - and we promised him the boost).

And there was a stopover at Wahoo - whoever would cross Calm Waters without stopping over on the "---- ----- Rock"?

And the story of that stopover became a chapter in the book.

And Atlantic Monthly used the chapter in its February issue.

And its mystique excited us - and we believe it will excite you.

And we wrote James Jones for permission to use it.

And he answered.

And we give that answer to you next just as he wrote it, warts and all.

And he even responded to our question as to "Just what outfit were you in?", we being mindful that hundreds of arguments have been lost and beers paid for over that question of the real Schofield domicile of this writer of such magical talent. Pay your bets as you fall out, men.

And for James Jones and what he has done, yeah not once but once again, in bringing a bundle of joy into the life of each of us, our humble and respectful thanks. The academic advocates of such established classics as "The Scarlet Letter" and "Moby Dick", big bulky sententious books like that, notwithstanding, our support is for "From Here.." as if not precisely the greatest American novel, then one with few equals. We like the book and we like its author.

And as for the shoulder patches, be assured that his simple request was honored forthwith.



10, quai d'Orleans
75004 Paris
May 24, 1974

Mr. Kenwood Ross,
Secretary-Treasurer-Editor
Twenty Fourth Infantry Division Ass'n
120 Maple Street
Springfield, Mass. 01103

Dear Mr. Ross,
I am pleased to give you permission to reprint "Hawaiian Recall"
in your Taro Leaf Association journal. I am enclosing a photo
which you requested.

I'm afraid the 24th can't really honestly claim me. My original
outfit was Company F of the 27th Infantry. I stayed with them
until I was shipped back ~~from~~ hospital ~~at~~ Guadalcanal. However,
the two Divisions are such close sisters as to be almost twins,
so that any man who served in the old four-square Hawaiian Division
before the split can honestly feel to be almost a member of both.

I have a couple of requests to ask, for giving you the permission.
First, I would like to ask you to mention the fact that "Hawaiian
Recall" is a part of my non-fiction book VIET JOURNAL, which is
the story of my month's trip to Vietnam last year during the cease-
fire and the US close-out. It might sell a few copies of the book
for me, among some of the old-timers who still think the Army an
honorable place. Second, in reading over the magazines, I noticed
that you were offering a few of the Taro Leaf Divisional patches
to those who wanted to buy them. Do you think you could send me
one of those? I'd like to have one, since among all my old insignia
I do not have the old Hawaiian Division patch, which of course is
the same. And of course, I'd like to have a couple of copies of
the journal that has "Hawaiian Recall" in it.

Always with all personal best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

James Jones

JJ:klw
enc



HAWAIIAN RECALL

Recall *n* (*mil*): a signal (as a bugle call) summoning soldiers back (as to ranks or camp)

A BOY OF TWENTY-ONE, I had left Honolulu in August 1942 with members of the Twenty-fifth Division heading for Guadalcanal. I had not been back since. Before that, I had lived in Hawaii for three years as an enlisted soldier. After World War II, I spent four years writing a novel about those three years. Seven years. A not inconsiderable investment.

I was unable to get into the old Royal Hawaiian, luxury symbol of my youth. So I was booked next door into the Sheraton-Waikiki, one of the new high-rise hotels that have sprouted in Waikiki. When we pulled up to it on Kalakaua Avenue, I couldn't even find the old Royal. Then I saw its characteristic pink, off between the buildings. Most of its profuse gardens were gone, to shops and airline offices and high-rise competition. It looked dwarfed and stunted among its neighbors. From my room on the twenty-fifth floor of the Sheraton I could look down on it, or down at the Sheraton pool, or off at Diamond Head and along the beach, or out to sea. After Vietnam, where I had just been, the sheer richness of America was like a luxurious hot shower.

Only the Waikiki Theater and the Moana Hotel half a block down were things I had ever seen before. I had difficulty finding the entrance to the Royal Hawaiian. The corner where Maggio had his fistfight with the two MPs had disappeared completely. But once inside the entrance, I found that it looked about the same. The shops looked less expensive, though, and the lobby less formidably rich. It struck me suddenly that I could walk into any of the shops and buy just about anything they had for sale. I bought a beer, drank it, and slunk back to the Sheraton. I remembered the times I had watched Air Corps pilot officers drunk and fighting on the Royal Hawaiian's lawn after Midway—or was that Prewitt?

I hired a chauffeured car driven by a friendly young Hawaiian who was maybe one-third Japanese. Had I ever been in Hawaii? he wanted to know. His voice had the soft, slurring lilt that is so delicious in the Hawaiian English. I told him yes, I used to live there, a long time ago. During the war. Then I cleared my throat. World War II, that is. "Well, you'll find us changed," he said. I could see his eyes watching me curiously in the

mirror. Lamely, I told him to take me over into Kaimuki, the old Japanese section behind Diamond Head. There was a house up the hill I wanted to see. But I couldn't remember the name of the street.

Did I mean Maunalani Heights? Yes, that was it. The street ran straight up. Wilhelmina Rise? he asked. That was it.

The house was the house of Prewitt's hooker girlfriend Alma. From up there you could see the whole of Waikiki and downtown Honolulu. Alma had never actually lived in that house. I did not know who had lived there. I had never been inside. I had had a hooker girlfriend myself, who had served somewhat as the model for Alma and had lived not far away, and I had chosen the house for Alma because I had passed it so many times and wanted to live there. I saw the driver's eyes watching me curiously in the rearview mirror again. I told him to take me downtown to the Army-Navy Y on Hotel Street.

It was amazing. The Hotel Street area had once been a swarming hive of bars, street vendors, tattoo parlors, shooting galleries, and market shops, with hooker joints occupying the rooms upstairs. Now there was hardly a soul on the streets, and most of the shops and bars were shuttered and closed. Once it had been our Mecca, toward which we rose and prayed every morning before reveille. It would all be coming down soon, the driver said, and an "urban reclamation" would be built in its place.

I had him drive me around the old streets. I had forgotten most of their names: Fort, Bishop, Bethel, Union, Queen Emma, Adams. I had even forgotten Beretania Street and Nuuanu Avenue. I looked at the corner bar, now closed, where Warden had come hunting for Prewitt when Prewitt was AWOL. Wu Fat's Chinese Restaurant was still there, but it had not been repainted in a long time and its once-bright Chinese colors looked drab. The driver said it was coming down, too. Wu Fat's was where Maggio had begun his final rampage that ended in his going to the stockade. Right next door to it had been the New Senator Hotel (I called it New Congress), where Alma worked. I saw the driver watching me again and told him to take me back out to Waikiki and the Sheraton.

THE NEXT MORNING I rented my Town you-drive car, a little Dodge. It was good not to have someone eyeing me in the rearview mirror. I planned to visit Hanauma Bay, beyond Diamond Head at the foot of Koko Head, where Prewitt was trying to go when he was killed on the Waialea Golf Course, which I drove past. Hanauma Bay was where the confrontation between Warden and Stark over Karen Holmes took place, and Stark chopped up his kitchen tent with his cleaver. Hanauma Bay was my company's command post for almost a year after Pearl Harbor, until we left for Guadalcanal.

The blind side road to Hanauma was there exactly as it had always been, except that now it was blacktopped. At the foot of the hill you ran in under the same canopy of thorn trees and longleaf pine over the bare earthen soil. The weathered clapboard gents' and ladies' buildings we had used indiscriminately, one on either side of the road, were still there. I spotted in my mind's eye where Warden's—where our—CP tent had been, and on the other side of the road where Stark's kitchen tents had sat. I had never known a first sergeant named Warden, and had never known a mess sergeant named Stark. It was confusing.

The parking lot was full of cars. New ramparts of fieldstone had been built along the edge of the forty-foot cliff, and a new auto road ran down to the beach. I walked down. Tourists in trunks and bikinis sunbathed on the grass and the sand. Swimmers trumpeted and cavorted in the shallow water between the beach and the shallow reef just offshore.

In our day, after the war began, there was nobody. Deserted. The pavilion locked up. We had strung barbed wire all along the beach. Our company commander got permission to put a gate of concertina in the wire, so we could swim. But without girls it had been much less fun, and gradually we had all but stopped.

I sat on the grass a long time. I was uncomfortable. I seemed to be waiting around for something else to appear, or occur. Finally I put on my brand-new trunks and went to the spot where our concertina gate had been and waded out and swam to the reef. Even without a mask I could see the reef was exactly the same as



I remembered. The hole we had blasted in it to enlarge the swimming area was still there. I swam back to the beach and lay on the grass, still looking around for something. Young kids yelled and pushed each other and played around me. Suddenly, without any preparation, tears rose up behind my eyes. All that blood, all that sweat. How many men. Tears for thirty years, gone somewhere.

THERE WAS NOW a four-lane highway all the way to Schofield Barracks, but first you had to extricate yourself from all the freeways around Honolulu and Pearl Harbor. Once I was safely north on Route 99 and could look at the country, I saw that just about everywhere the old pineapple fields had diminished and housing developments had increased. But when I went through the main gate—where the MP on duty hardly gave me a glance—everything looked the same as it had thirty years before. I drove down along the front of the four infantry quadrangles that I knew so well, one of which I had lived in for two years. They had not been changed. I knew every shelf on the inside of the library, too. It was there I had first picked up Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel* and heard some "mystic" call telling me I was a writer. I had called the post's public-relations officer the day before, and been given a number to call when I arrived. But I put off calling. I drove around the streets of the post, remembering this, remembering that. There was lots I did not remember. Mainly, the beauty. Schofield Barracks is probably the most beautiful Army post the U.S. Army has, or ever had. Long stretches of green lush lawn, with short palms and tall palms and spreading hardwoods thrusting up here and there out of its rolling expanses. And backdroping it all, what I always thought of as The Pregnant Woman—Kolekole Pass in the Waianae Range to the west. You could see her breasts; Mount Kaala—the highest point—was her belly, Waianae Peak her knees, Peacock Flats her shins, and the cut at the pass made her long flowing hair, dropping straight from a jutting, face-shaped ridge. She had always haunted me, and from up close, inside the confines of the post, she haunted me anew. Immutably as the post itself, she loomed over it no matter where you stood, no matter where you looked, reminding every soldier of the feminine. A cruel sculpture to be perpetually confronted by.

I found myself on Kolekole Pass Road, headed toward the hills, and let the car run on, carrying me there. I had marched in formation on that road so many times. Hoarse voices counting cadence. Up past the baseball diamond to the empty field beyond for close-order drill. On up, past the golf course for squad and

platoon small-unit tactical problems. Beyond that were the ranges set against the hills—rifle, mortar, artillery. Danger signs warned passers-by to stay on the road. Then as the road steepened and began to snake, climbing to the pass, I passed the old stockade rock pile, hollowed into an amphitheater in the mountainside. Overgrown with grass and weeds, it clearly had fallen into disuse. I had wanted to see that place again.

At the top of the pass I got out and talked with the chubby Marine guard from the Naval Ammunition Depot in the Waianae Valley down the other side, and stood looking off over Waianae Valley to the sea, and looked back down at the post spread out on the plateau behind me. I had once marched up to Kolekole alone—twice; two times—with a full field pack and an escorting noncom, over some stupid argument with my company commander. I had used the incident on Prewitt in the novel, and it had been reproduced in the film version. Now I no longer knew whether Prewitt had done it, or I had. After a while, I got back into the car.

I called the post's public-relations office from an outdoor phone booth under the open shed roof of the bus station in the theater parking lot. One of the phone booths had an out-of-service sign on it. Under it some sour graffitist had lettered, "Don't you wish you were!"

If I did not call, I could not visit the installations I wanted to see. But once the PR people arrived, the past went out of it. Vanished in thin air. Disappeared. It was as if I had held a tenuous cord that could not survive conversations and references and talk about itself, and the interplay of personalities. It became a typical, polite, convivial visit of a writer to a modern Army post, 1973. I was taken to an already scheduled parade of the division's service battalions, and introduced to the Twenty-fifth Division commander, a young major general. I chatted with some of the officers' wives. Then I was taken to the division's Administrative Headquarters Company. The colonel there gave me an elaborately formal pass, as a half-joke, entitling me to visit everything. I was taken up beyond the golf course to a new building, to visit one of the division's new Aircav outfits. The "new Army" was everywhere in evidence. A great store was set on the four-man barrack cubicle, as against the wide, open bays with rows of bunks as in my day. It was certainly pleasanter, more homelike. Finally, I was taken to the Headquarters Building of the Second Battalion, Twenty-seventh Infantry—my old outfit—housed in my old Twenty-seventh Regiment quadrangle.

It was here that I would find—I thought—the culminating experience of my return to Schofield. For two

years this old quadrangle had been my home. I had slept on the second floor of the old Second Battalion barracks, which faced the Headquarters Building across the quadrangle square. Nowadays, in the modern streamlined division, which carried its own helicopter air transport, only one battalion of the regiment remained in active service. The other two had been deactivated. And if the old quad had seemed the same on the outside, driving past, it was not the same inside. In the corner of the interior square the old regimental bandstand, which had also served us as a ring for the regimental boxing smokers, was gone. Most of the grass was gone. Trucks were parked everywhere, and men worked on them. In one corner a volleyball game was in progress on the packed earth. And the ground floor of our old Second Battalion barracks, which once housed the orderly rooms and mess halls for the four companies, was now one huge, nicely done, modern mess hall for the entire organization. There were other changes.

But when we came off the stairs onto the second floor of the Headquarters Building—despite the other people present—for a moment the past appeared again. Absolutely nothing had changed here. The polished old concrete floor still gleamed, and the walls and doors were still painted the same horrible cream green. They might never have been repainted since my day. The regimental trophy room was in the same place. The administrative offices were the same. And the colonel's office down at the end was the same, his desk in the identical place, the U.S. and regimental flags behind his desk in their same stands. The only thing missing was the guard orderly's desk outside the colonel's office. I had sat at that desk the morning of Pearl Harbor, carrying messages for distraught officers, wearing the pistol I was later able to get away with. The initial sequence of *The Pistol* had taken place right here on this floor. But was it Pfc. Richard Mast who had been here, or was it me? Or was it still a third, unnamed, unnameable person? Where had it all gone? I kept waiting for something to appear, to happen. For a moment I felt actively dizzy.

LATER THE YOUNG COLONEL walked Lime across the square to show me the new mess hall. Everything that could be done had been done to make eating pleasanter and more enjoyable, although, to me, the troopers didn't appear any less disgruntled. The young colonel had been a boy in grade school in 1940 when I had served here, his father an artillery officer. So had his adjutant. They



grinned and he said he thought maybe I had been a little hard on the old folks. In any case, the old caste system was gone. You couldn't make these youngsters do anything, you had to explain to them what you wanted them to do, and make them understand it, and then lead them. I had heard pretty much the same thing all over Vietnam. We talked a bit about the new Army. The two officers took me upstairs to the second floor, which had not yet been remodeled into the four-man cubicles. The bunks stretched in rows across the barracks floor. I thought it looked considerably cooler this way. I stood in the spot where my old bunk had been and looked down.

On our way back to Headquarters Building, the young colonel hollered at two troopers who were washing their car in the street. "I've got one down here that could stand a little polish, when you're through there," he called. The two soldiers grinned. "Yeah? Why don't you grab a sponge and come help with this one?" was the answer that came back. The colonel smiled and winked at me.

Later, I went with a young sergeant who wrote for the Schofield paper to meet some of the unhappy types, the malcontents, whom he knew and had worked with. There were five of them sitting in a four-man cubicle, playing cards on a blanket on the floor around a candle. The lights had been turned off. All but one of them wore mustaches, and all of them had hair longer than was usual. Their complaints, when the sergeant got them down to bare rock, were mainly that they wanted to wear their hair and their mustaches even longer. I asked why. "So we won't look so much like soldiers," one of the boys said glumly. "The girls here don't like soldiers." Mainly, it came out, they did not like the Army because they were so lonely. In thirty years the song had changed almost not at all. The past seemed to rise up and roar at me like a wind tunnel.

We talked about the stockade. The new stockade. They did not appear to be afraid of it, as we had been. Apparently it had been moved from its old environs and now consisted of a rather pleasant area surrounded by a white picket fence, like a cottage. It appeared to be run on a semihonor system. The young public-relations sergeant offered to take me to see it, but added that it was rather late. There were only about seven guys there, working out summary court-martial sentences, he said, and grinned. It was not like the old days. So instead we had some beer one of the boys had brought in, and talked about the Army. It was long after dark when I pulled the car out onto the main road—past the MP at the gate, who did not even glance at me—and started back to Honolulu.

THE NEXT MORNING I drove out to Makapuu Point. I was leaving that same night, and something kept telling me I shouldn't miss Makapuu. It, too, had played a very important part in my life, particularly after the war began. It had been the largest, most primitive, and most extended beach position of my company headquarters at Hanauma Bay. The food that got to us out there three times a day was always cold. There was no way to avoid it. I spent over three months there after the war began.

Makapuu Point lay at the easternmost corner of Oahu. The main mountain range, called the Koolau Range, ended there. And once you had turned that corner, you were on what was called the windward side of Oahu, where the sea wind blowing in from the east never stopped. In both the story "The Way It Is" and the novel *The Pistol*, I had used that never-ceasing wind as a conscious symbol of pressure on the men.

It was five or six miles from the Hanauma Bay cutoff, and almost all of the way bulldozers and earth-moving equipment were at work on either the landscape or the highway or both. The Lunalilo Freeway was obviously being extended this way, and the development was following it. The farms and cattle ranges I remembered had almost totally disappeared. I arrived at Makapuu depressed.

The Koolau Range ends at Makapuu in a huge cliff several hundred feet high. The old Kalanianaʻole Highway had been constructed down this cliff, leading to Waimanalo and Kaneohe. At the top of the fall there had always been a scenic overlook, looking out over Rabbit Island and the sea, where cars could park. Now a steady stream of them arrived, as tourists pulled up, parked, got out to look, and then drove on.

When I walked away from them, onto the desolate little flat, seaward of the road, that led onto the lonely crags of Makapuu Point, the noisy cars seemed to disappear. With the so-familiar, unceasing east wind in my face, I could no longer hear them in their protected spot. A curtain had dropped behind me, cutting me off from them, and with a kind of frightened, awed wonder I stood looking at a scene that had not changed one grass blade since I had last looked at it thirty years before. In front of me the thin soil covered with outcrop rose to the cliffs of the point. Not one outcrop had been disturbed. To the south, looking out over the fall of land from the pass to the Kaiwi Channel, I could see the squared-off cleared spaces we had made to pitch our tents still there, exactly as we had made them. Everywhere around were the paths our feet and our picks had made, still faintly visible in the sparse grass. The only things missing were the men, and the tents them-

selves. And for a few moments every now and then from the corners of my eyes I thought I could see both—the men moving, the tents blowing, translucent like ghosts.

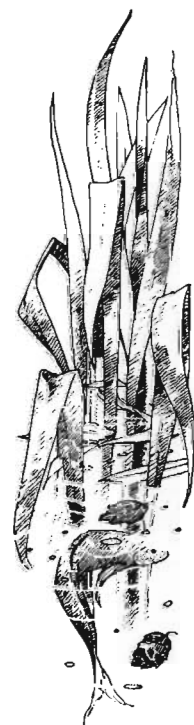
It is hard to give a full picture of the acute desolation of that place. The rocks are black and sharp and are everywhere, jutting up or just under the thin surface. Mostly it's because of that hard-blowing wind that never stops howling.

In November 1941, my company had with our bare hands, and the aid of seven gasoline-driven jackhammers that would not shut off like pneumatic drills when you moved them, dug five pillboxes in the virgin rock up there, on those cliffs, and had floored them and walled them and roofed them with concrete. Only one of them was visible from the road, and to see that one you had to know where it was. On December 7 we had been moved down here in trucks and occupied the pillboxes with nothing but the machine guns and our rifles. And one canteen of water per man. My feet started carrying me up the complex of faded paths as surely as though they knew the way before my eyes did.

They were all there. All five of them. Somebody at some point had bricked the apertures shut, but most of them had been broken open. The hewn-rock stairs down into two of them had been blocked by rubble and trash, but by shouldering the steel doors of the other three I could get into those. I stood in each of them a long time, looking out and remembering times when late at night I had sat behind machine guns in all of them, staring into the dark toward Rabbit Island.

When I came up out of the last one and started back down, I automatically placed my foot on a natural step in the rock that we had always used to climb in or out. It was still there, unchanged, uneroded, unchipped. And my foot still knew where it was. I stood looking down at it for several seconds, shocked, and when I looked down the hill at the tourists and the clustered cars, it was as if I were back there in 1942, when the overlook was empty, looking forward into an unforeseeable future when it would be open again and crowded with sightseers, as it was now. The only thing that was different was that I was alone, that there was nobody with me.

That night an old friend drove me to the airport. We ticket-holders then rode out to the plane in a bus, and I could not see the airport building to wave goodbye. The airport looked entirely foreign. As tired as the others, I climbed the steep stairs. I had come back hoping to meet a certain twenty-year-old boy walking along Kalakaua Avenue, in a "gook" shirt, perhaps, but I had not seen him. □





"I think he wants to surrender!!"

"Gentlemen - rankers out on a spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we,
Ba! Yah! Bah!"

You know whence it came - Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack-room Ballads". And 24 people of the 96th Inf. Div. Assoc. just came back from a spree - a return trip to Leyte where they participated at Dalag, in the unveiling of a Memorial built by the people of that town and celebrating the liberation of the homeland.

Just as Prewitt transferred from the 27th to the bugle corps in A Co. of "another regiment" whose regimental colors were red and black (19th, 21st or 35th?), so Chick EDWARD F. ROBINSON has moved from Boston to 11309 Sunshine Ct., Tampa, Fla. Clearwater, Eddie, is but a skip and a holler away.

Just as Milton Anthony Warden, age 34, topkick of G Co, "had wrapped that outfit around his waist like a money belt and buttoned his shirt over it", so too did Tim Finan, son of our own Pineapple Jack. At N.C. State U., he was Cadet Colonel of his ROTC group. Knocked off a prize for his thesis on "The Relations Between the Allies and the Russian Provincial Government in 1917". Heady stuff. Goes to NC Law in the fall.

1,000,000 U.S. children, aged 12-17 years, can't read according to a new federal report. What are we getting for those billions HEW is spending?

Virginia CASONE advises that GUS, (Div.Hq. '40 - '45), is in hospital. Try 23 11th, Salisbury, Mass., if you write. Two discs removed. Ouch! Ginny asked us to help Gus with his "project"; he's on a writing kick. He's writing everyone that he wants to retire now. Who doesn't? His message - and we quote it exactly: "The Government must let us men and women over age 55 retire now. Social Security and Welfare would cut down on millions of dollars in weekly welfare checks.

"At our age, we are more than willing to give our jobs to younger men and women with families who need a full weeks pay.

"Most of us don't reach 65 to collect any of the money we have put into Social Security. The lucky ones who reach 65 only enjoy 2 or 3 years of retirement and pass on to the heavens. Any man or woman who has paid into Social Security for 30 years or over should be allowed to retire with payments.

"I am more than willing to retire and give my job to any young family man who is desperately trying to make ends meet on Social Security. We have had our day raising our families and the Government must wake up and put us out to pasture, where we belong. Why is the Government so slow in passing any kind of legislation on this.

"Please have all veterans sign this and send it in to your Congressmen in Washington. The money won't do us any good after we are dead and someone else spends it for us or gives it away to foreign countries.

"We are sending these nation wide from Maine to California. Is there any veteran in your post with time to spare to make copies and send them to VFW posts in your state?

"We can get this bill passed."

Gus! All we can say is, "No wonder you slipped a pair of discs. Go to it, Tiger!"

JIM BOLT, of Laurens, S.C., tried them all. He was B Btry, 63rd, and C Btry, 52nd, from 8 July '49 to 21 Aug. '51 and A Btry, 13th from 29 Jan. '53 to 19 Dec. '53. Nope - he missed the 155 bunch, the 11th Field. Strictly a 105 man was Jim. He and Chris, after 22 years of Army, will make a convention this year. Jim is presently a full time GI Bill student. We look forward to seeing these folks in Clearwater.



We'll give you this one in 3/4 time. A magazine reports that Johnny Carson makes over \$1 million/year. Imagine if he had a fulltime job. Downright obscene, ain't it?

Oh well. Vaya uds con Dios.



Color? That's the name of the game. At Clearwater, the boys will wear bright pants and brighter Hawaiian shirts for all activities except the Saturday night banquet when uniform or business suit ("Uniform XYZ") is in order. As for the gals, *mumms* are terrific - lots of color - dazzling - beautiful. And again, for all activities except the banquet when cocktail dress is in order. Tuxedos? Evening dresses? Forget it. Just dress comfortably.

Look, gang, if we'll just be still and quiet, maybe Barbara Walters will just go away. And Martha Mitchell too.

JOHNNY FEDOCK, (K 19th), was at Schofield on "That Day". Writes he (and we print it with pride):

"This poem is in tribute to Lieutenants Kenneth Taylor and George Welch, who, on Dec. 7, 1941, drove their Lincoln vehicle from their station at Wheeler Field to the beach at Haleiwa (an emergency landing strip) and from there flew their P-40's (Pursuit) over Pearl Harbor and environs, downing 5 to 6 Japanese Imperial Navy planes during the attack; also to the personnel of the 19th U.S. Infantry with whom I had served; and others who displayed exemplary courage in the various services. Their daring feats inspired me to write this poem on Dec. 9, 1941.

ATTACK ON PARADISE

"Radiantly strewn like iridescent gems
Set on a tranquil sea - Hawaii;
And firmly anchored to their lavic
moorings,
At slumber, the "Isles of Harmony."

"There, December Seventh, Nineteen
Forty-One,
Came from lurking behind the Rising Sun,
A flight on wings of stealth from their
crimson nest
To prey on the Eagles of the West.

"They came, swarming in from the
North, East and West,
Their treacherous scheme was put to test
And with talons flared in the tropical
sun,
Screeched toward Pearl Harbor for
death's run.

"The Sabbath then quaked with a
horrendous roar,
Paradise became Hell! This was war!
The Isles reverberated windward to lee,
Rivalling Pele's intensity.



"No, no . . . I asked for a 'trap shooting' trophy."

As the all-volunteer Army becomes more difficult to achieve in this country, the military is reviewing its policies toward women, especially since the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that women in the service are entitled to receive the same benefits for their dependents as men.

James Schlesinger, the Secretary of Defense, insists that "it will certainly be my policy to eliminate all unnecessary distinction in regulations applying to servicewomen and to assure that women are accorded both equal opportunity and equal treatment in the military."

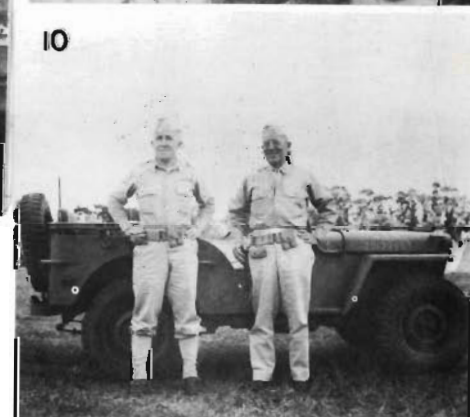
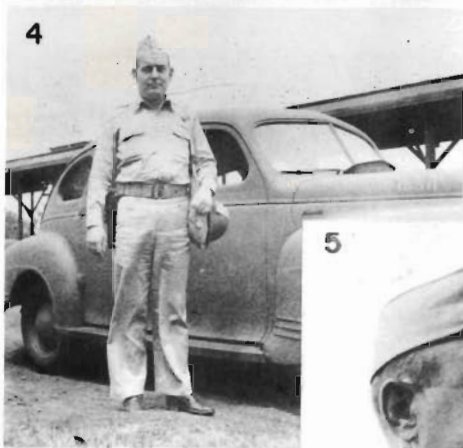
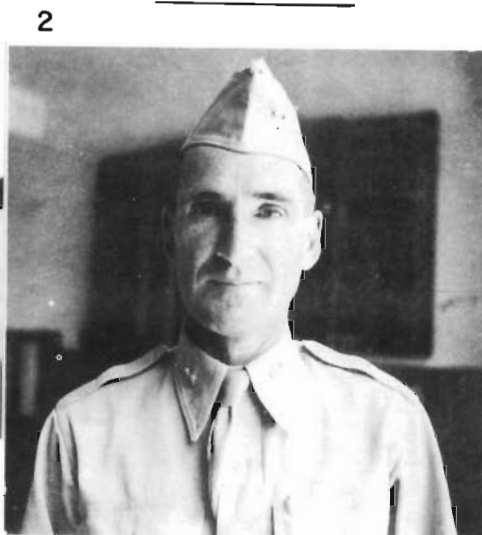
Good, we say; put 'em in the Infantry.

"The foe was met with spontaneous fury
From those gallant acts of bravery,
Amid that torrent of death and
devastation,
Forged by freedom's determination.

"Suddenly - on high two Eagles came in
view,
Swooping from Haleiwa, Oahu;
Screaming, the bold Eagles plunged
into the fray.
Valor! Deeds - the Order of the Day!

"A day of trauma; a "Day of Infamy,"
To be remembered eternally,
History shall write the awesome
tragedy;
Survivors will recall the mournful
agony.

"The Nation then cried: "Who let our
vanguard bare?"
"No time for despair; no time to
swear."
"Standfast everywhere! Order! Order!
Close ranks!"
"We'll have our tomorrow; come on
Yanks."



Umpteen issues ago, we printed a group of pictures sent in by someone and labelled only "Hawaii '43". There was trouble in identifying each and all. At long last, we've got all save two. They are 1. the late KENNETH FOX CRAMER, 2. Who else? The great, beloved FREDERICK IRVING, 3. DAN FORNAY, Div. Fin.O., 4. Col. KENNARD S. VANDERGRIFT, then Schofield Post S2 and Asst. G2 who identified himself. Thanks Ken. We had our money that it was WALTER CUNNINGHAM. 5. RAY SLETVOLD, Asst. O.O. promoted to Maj. at Hollandia, 6. DAN FORNAY again. 7. No one is yet certain. 8. WALTER CUNNINGHAM with the cigar; JOHN CLARK, Div. Chem. O. to his left. 9. Still a mystery. 10. Col. WM.J. KLEPINGER, G4 and JAMES A. LESTER.

LEROY CRUCIUS (A-24 Med), reports wife, Alys, getting along slowly but surely in Roswell, N.Mex. Therapy is a long, slow process. Don't quit Roy. You never did.

Always welcome are words from Life Member ANICETO BUDDY FAROLA who has moved from Malita, he tells us, to Sto. Tomas, Davao del Norte which is 62 kilometers north of Davao. Buddy was transferred in January and is Chief of Police in his new location. Says Buddy, "Sto. Thomas is a first class town, a lot more progressive than Malita because of the banana plantations."



Davao Cathedral



Buddy sent this photo of Talomo Beach, the site of the Div CP for about 9 weeks in mid '45. Look at Mt. Apo in the background.



Here's Claro M. Recto St. in Davao:



Here's Davao city hall and plaza:



Then he also sends a couple of the Davao Insular Hotel. Sez Buddy, it's "the best outside of Manila".





And now with great regret, as the sun slowly sinks in the west, we take leave of Davao, to come again another day... Remember those old Kirkpatrick travelogues? Get's you right here doesn't it.



Our faithful secretary, Beverly Corris, said "Here's a good one you can use" and so we did:

If you try to keep faith in your hopes and your dreams
In facing whatever life brings...
If you're cheerful when dark clouds appear in the sky
And you're grateful
for life's "little things"...
Then it won't matter much
if, once in a while,
Things aren't all you would like them to be...
Any day can still be
your most wonderful day -
Just try it a while and you'll see!



Life Member BILL MORNHINGWEG, of 907 Kaw,



Perry, Okla., was wounded on 6/9/45 on Mindanao, is pictured here with Ferol. They have 4, all married but 20 year old Diane. Bill, already 100% PD. was with Ferol in a car wreck last November. Two monsters came up over a hill on the wrong side and got them head on. "Seat belts saved our lives", says Bill. He got a broken knee cap.

Ferol broke her back. Yet these plucky people are planning on Clearwater.

JOHNNY BOYCE, in sending in a FIFTY - yes, FIFTY - with words "Make good use of it", admits that the parts of "From Here" that he liked related to the gambling in the sheds. Supply Sgt. O'Hager ran one of those games, you'll remember. Johnny tells us that EDDY FRANCO (F 19th '42-'45) at 3000 Moorhead, El Paso, Tex. (Tel. 915-566-0532) has had a kidney removed, is on the machine 3 times a week, and wants badly to hear from us. Let's hear it for Eddy out there. How about a prayer or two for this plucky guy?



Flowers for Life Member ED WIEGMAN, our old railroad man. He remembers when the NY Central went bust. He had the answer for them but says no one would listen. He urged them to merge with Lionel. Look gang, they can't all be gems.



"We figure the full dress parade, aerial fly-over, static displays, man hours lost, etc. for your retirement ceremony will cost the taxpayer thousands of dollars . . . I'm wondering . . . would you call the whole thing off for \$500.00 cash?!!"

Joined: EUGENE and Darlene AHRENS, (B 34th 1/47 - 12/47), down at 3220 Bay, Tampa, Fla. Gene recalls the Easter AM when B Co. barracks burned to the ground. Gene got out of the Army in 1/48 and went into the Air Force until '70 when he retired. Air Force? Yeah, that's what we thought too. We'll settle this matter in Clearwater, Gene.

A lot of cheap talk going the rounds re gifts to the nation's leaders from the leaders of other nations. Protocol Office of the State Department suddenly got righteous and called all of them in for cataloging and disposition. The Chief of Protocol then designates whether the gift is to be sent to storage, returned to the recipient for official use, sent to a public repository or museum, or sold as surplus. Sold? What gall - selling gifts! What a lousy slap at the donor. Just how insulting can we be? We don't care if the gift is a solid gold snake studded with emeralds and rubies. It's a gift from a foreign dignitary. Sell it? Where is our sense of decency? Sell it? Where is our art of diplomacy?

Resurrected: Lt.Col. RAYMOND E. McDONOUGH (Div.Hq. 8/49, H.M.Co. 21st '49, 3rd Bn. 7/50, Hq. '51), of 270 N.Laurel, Ashland, Ore. Welcome to the gang, Ray.

Quickie Quiz - How many of our U.S. Presidents were generals and who were they? Answer: 10 - Washington, Jackson, both Harrisons, Taylor, Pierce, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Eisenhower.

Our Membership Chairman, Gimlet BILL BYRD bylines this memory of Apr.19, '44 at Hollandia:

"My communications chief, Sgt. Edwin Halstead, a regular army soldier from Oklahoma, said, 'I don't mind fighting the Japs but sharing a foxhole with Byrd is not for me.'

"Up to this time, we had had good relationships; we were both from Muskogee, Okla., and we shared chewing tobacco.

"About midnight, the Battalion was in close perimeter near the airdrome, dug in for the night and awaiting the next day to go the last few hundred yards to accomplish our mission.

"Halstead and I were sharing a foxhole. We sat facing each other with our carbines over the others shoulder, and I thought mine was loaded. Halstead told some good jokes in a whisper but it was late and we were taking turns sleeping. Occasionally small arms fire. Someone would let off a round at the dark but otherwise quiet reigned except for the jungle sounds.

"As I looked into the darkness above, dirt fell on my right arm and a head appeared between the trees and light of the moon. Anything that moved after dark, we shot at. That was the rule. This was my intent. I eased the carbine into position, pointing at the head, and pulled the trigger. No shell in the chamber. The click was loud and sounded pretty convincing.

"With the speed of lubricated lightning, I departed the foxhole straight upwards, grabbed the carbine barrel and hit the Jap on the leg. Accidentally, because I was swinging at nothing but the night. As I did, I hit Halstead in the face with my left hand and he swallowed his chewing tobacco. Halstead was trying to get out also but said he couldn't compete with my speed.

"What we surmised was that the Jap had been creeping through the perimeter and had stopped just at the edge of our hole. The good earth of slipping dirt on my arm saved us. The Jap ran and was shot down the trail.

"The next morning, Halstead was still bitching about his sore jaw, but when we saw the bayonet on that Jap rifle, we both agreed it was fortunate for us."

Did the Army of Dynamite Holmes ever visualize a Division Association where its members could be covered with a \$1000 policy on life or accident or burial for \$1.35 per member per year? Expect eager Membership Chairman BILL BYRD to put the proposition forward at Clearwater. He's a hustler, that boy. "Something additional for the buck", argues Bill, "something to liven up membership". Fertile mind there, Bill; it never stops working.

Best way to insure your buddy's being at Clearwater is to ask him yourself.



Life is not a bowl of cherries for CHARLEY CRAW, (L 34th '41-'44), out there in Livingston, N.J. Charley and Ruth begot Peggy and Peggy as Peggy Gruenz then begot Billy and Julie whom you see here. Charlie, wounded on Leyte, writes: Millions of Americans



have forgotten or never know what we did. I still have a good feeling knowing I had a piece of the action." Terrific, Charley. He has a heart problem; had to get out of the printing business 4 years ago. He's a volunteer at the Livingston hospital a couple of days a week. There he met and works with LEN CASSIDY, a Chick who was in Korea.

Charley remembers the day Gen. Eichelberger visited L of the 34th at Pim Jetty in Hollandia. "The area was full of dumps and one contained a mountain of new Jap jungle uniforms. They were lighter than ours and more comfortable. We were tired of cleaning our own so we'd go to the dump every day and get ourselves a new one, throwing away the old one. It was a Jim Dandy of an idea - until Uncle Bob hit us with our Nipsy overalls on. The stuff really hit the fan that day. His blood pressure went out of sight. There were more than a few of us who had to take to the bushes, get down to our underwear fast and then get back into our Fruit of the Looms." Great story, Chuck. Take it easy and be good to those grandkids.

We have 3 puzzlers which, we'll wager, would stump even John Wayne. Ready?

1. Name the one piece of U.S. currency on which the White House appears.
2. Who was John B. Upham?
3. What is our national motto?

How'd 'ja do?

1. The \$20.00 bill.
2. Wrote the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag.
3. In God We Trust.

For you busters who won't pay dues, this it it!

MAIL
TODAY

stan Musial & Biggie's

RESERVATION REQUEST

24th Infantry Division Assn.

Name _____
(Please Print)

No. in Party _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Arrival Date _____ Hour _____ A.M.
P.M.

Departure Date _____ Hour _____ A.M.
P.M.

Please reserve accommodations at the requested daily rate as circled. (No charge for children regardless of age when sharing accommodations with their parents.)

August 7-11, 1974

SINGLES - On Beach \$28.00

DOUBLES - On Beach \$32.00

SINGLES - Not On Beach \$18.00

DOUBLES - Not On Beach \$22.00

(All rates subject to 4% Florida State Tax)

DEPOSIT MUST BE RECEIVED not later than 3 weeks prior to your arrival date. In order to guarantee accommodations, please mail check for first night's room rate. Checks should be made out to the Clearwater Beach Hilton. Cancellations must be received 24 hours in advance of date of arrival. If a room is not available at the rate requested, reservations will be made at next available rate.

HARVEY and Mary Alice DAVIS, ('43-'45) tried and tried to locate 24th'ers.



They finally found LEROY CRUCIUS and BERNARD KELSY and the rest is history. Living in Woodland, Miss., Harv is a foreman in a furniture plant. Mary Alice also works there.

Hospital for Jean HALEY, wife of RALPH, (24 Sig. '43-'45), of 6406 Eagle Crest, Charlotte, N.C. Ralph doesn't sound too encouraging. We're pulling for her, Ralphie.

Attention:
RESERVATION
MANAGER

stan Musial & Biggie's
CLEARWATER BEACH HILTON INN
715 S. GULF VIEW BOULEVARD
CLEARWATER BEACH, FLA. 33515

Postage will be paid by

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MAIL
TODAY



A "food service manager for a large corporation", BOB SULLIVAN, (24th Sig. 7/51 to 7/52), tells us, but he doesn't say which corporation. Bob and Beverly keep house at 426 Ranker Pl, Apt.1, Hayward, Calif.



"Thank God it's Friday!!"

We learn from DON HOOK, (B 52nd F '41-'45), down there in Franklin, N.C., that Arlington National Cemetery is adding 101 acres of future burial sites. This will be followed by 80 more acres being carved out of Fort Myer. This means 110,000 more plots. At present, only 7,300 spaces remain open.

After 29 years AD, JOHNNY BAGLAMA has retired to 15719 Garrison Lane, Southgate, Mich. Johnny says, I'm "now permanently in Garrison". May it be a long and happy chapter, John.



Drum up a little nostalgia when you're at Clearwater. Help to create some. Nostalgia. Remember when you first heard the word? Probably when you thought it was something your mother rubbed on your chest. But have some anyway; that's what this Association is all about.

A \$15.00 contribution "for the kitty" just in from wonderful BILL PEACOCK, (A 21st & Div.Hq. '45-'46), of Houston, Tex. You're a wonder, Bill.

We are saddened by the loss of another distinguished and loved former Division Commander - Maj.Gen. ALBERT COWPER SMITH, WP '17, who died last Jan. 24th at Walter Reed. For his funeral service, the old chapel at Ft. Myer was filled with the many friends of Cowper and Mary. During WW II, he served as div cmdr of the 14th AD through its entire combat service in 44 and 45 in Europe. After WW II he commanded successively the 30th Inf.Div. in Camp Jackson, SC, the 24th Inf.Div. in Japan, and the 2d AD at Camp Hood, TX, where he successfully handled the difficult task of training thousands of reserves for combat in Korea. For more than a year, in 52 and 53, he acted as CG of the Fifth Army, with HQ in Chicago. In 53 he became Ch of Mil Hist, DA. His awards include the DSM, SS, BSM, and CR, and the French Legion of Honor, Maoin de Goumier and Croix de Guerre with palms. Cowper leaves his wife Mary, his sons, COL Albert C. Smith Jr. and COL Robert A. Smith '44, and 8 grandchildren.

We spotted an item recently nominating the American Taxpayer as "the Man of the Hour, the Man of the Day, the Man of the Year, the Man of the Century". It went on to say: "More has been taken from him than the rest of the world produces; taxed from him to support everybody else, in war and in peace, in poverty and affluence, in need and in greed, in freedom and in communism, even in this world and out of this world in space; taxes, until he has to work nearly as long for others in a legalized enforced servitude as for what's left him after taxes to care for himself and his family; never have so few millions done so much for all the world's billions; and never have any people been treated less thankfully by those they've aided and supported." We second the nomination.

Like the champion boomerang thrower of Australia. One Christmas, his friends got together and decided to give him a new boomerang. Only trouble is, he can't get rid of the old one.

From good friend ROY BELL, (Asst. G-3 '46-'47), down in Elizabethtown, Ky., comes this copy of a message actually received by G-3. We reproduce it exactly as it arrived:

HEADQUARTERS, 111TH PROVISIONAL BATTALION, 107TH DIV, PA

August 19, 1945

Subject: INFO- COMPLIANCE, RE ORDERS TO CEASE FIRING THE ENEMY

To : CO, 107th Division, PA
Thru Channels

1. Orders of that Office to cease firing to the Japanese were disseminated yesterday (18 Aug 45) to all members of this command.

2. At 2230 last night one Jap crept close to the perimeter of Co A with the probable intention to throw a hand-grenade. But he strangled himself at the wire fence and made the rattling of the tin cans attached to the fence, and because of this he decided not to throw his grenade. He withdrew immediately. He was a clear target, yet our men restrained their fire. Had he thrown his grenade, he could have become a casualty, in which case we could have called immediately for the hospital ambulance. Somehow he could have been treated as a friendly casualty - in accordance with the present policy of attraction. NE of same position another enemy (one only) was seen at about 0200 clear on the road. He was not fired at. Maybe he had the plan to surrender. It should be better if the Japanese be advised not to surrender at night "with hand-grenade in their hands."

FIDEL ABUNDA
CAPT INF*PA
Actg Bn Comdr

It was in Towson, Md. Fr. Thomas Joseph PEYTON, beloved son of JOSEPH and Margaret, had just been ordained to the Priesthood of Jesus Christ. In the midst of all the happiness of that day, we found a moment with which to ask Fr. Tom if he'd favor us with a word. A few days later it arrived. It delivers a kind of message we can only do justice to by reproducing it. Thank you Tom.

1405 Belmore Court
Lutherville, Md., 21093

May 13, 1974

Dear Uncle Ken:

I am taking this opportunity to contact you because I know you will get the information to my other Uncles and Aunts who shared my Ordination Day with me, and made it such a wonderful, and happy day.

Since I was just a "little tot", I learned about the 24th Infantry Division, and the 24th Infantry Division Association. The things I learned were not so much about "blood and guts", (although as you can imagine, they did have to enter into some of the stories my Father told me), but the love of one individual for another, and the love of one group of people for another. I learned early in my life what love was all about. My Dad, a good friend of yours (and I think I can safely say, a friend of each member of the 24th Infantry Division Association), loved his Army Division. There was no outfit better than the 24th Infantry Division. He always placed the 19th Infantry Regiment above all others. In fact, we learned the "Hymn" and words to "The Rock of Chickamauga" before we were ready for kindergarden. I think you will recall my singing it at one of your re-unions. To the best of my knowledge, it was at Columbus, Ohio. Dad has a picture of me doing "my thing" at that time, and I am enclosing it for your use. However, please, whatever you do, get it back to Mother, because Dad will have a fit if he finds it missing.

Yes, love is a must in this life, if we are to be happy. But, because one loves his Army Outfit, it does not mean he is blood thirsty. Dad's love for his "outfit" rubbed off on Mother, my Sisters and Brother. We knew when a copy of the "Taro Leaf" was received in the mail. The house had to be quite until Dad read it completely thru. We knew when a "re-union" was close. The gleam in Dad's eye told us, it would not be long until he was with "his friends" again. I guess you can say Mother became a member of the 24th Infantry Division Association "auxiliary". Then, it was time for the children to do likewise. I remember many a good time with you all. Myrtle Beach - Boston - Atlantic City - Columbus - et al.

I think I got away from the reason for this letter. I started off with the thought of having you pass on to my Uncles and Aunts (Taro Leafers) my thanks to each of them who took the time, and made the necessary sacrifices to travel from their homes, to be with me and my family for my Ordination to the Priesthood. It was wonderful to see you all - to know you shared my day - with my Mother, Father, Brother and Sisters, and my many friends from the State of Georgia. You can be assured each of you will be remembered daily in my Masses and Prayers.

May the Peace and Love of God our Father be with each of you always.

Sincerely,

Tom
(Father) Thomas J. Peyton



Tommy PEYTON singing "The Rock of Chickamauga" at our '52 Columbus, Ohio, Convention.



Rev. Thomas Joseph PEYTON surrounded by his Mother, Margaret and his Dad, JOSEPH on his own Ordination Day, April 27, 1974.

TS Dept.: DD admitted last 3/20 before a Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee that 2602 cloud seeding missions were flown out of Thailand, dropping 47409 canisters of rain-producing silver iodide, between '67 and '71, to make it rain in Vietnam. Some of the long hairs raised eyebrows, of course. Better to soak 'em with H₂O, we say, than to fill 'em full of lead. Anyway, the whole program apparently was a floperoo. Oh well - back to the drawing board.



Sally SCHORN, wife of BILL, (F 19th '44-'45), over there in Reading, Pa., says that Bill strikes out with every issue because he never reads about anyone who was in F of the 19th. We give no news because those boys aren't giving it to us, Sally. It's as simple as that. Such is a cause of real regret.

Viet Journal? Did'ya buy it yet?



"When I grow up I'm going to join the Navy, just like you guys . . ."

GORDON MACKENZIE, selling real estate and insurance up in Medford, Ore., in joining us, sends us the name of ROBERT SAAL, another 52nd F man over at 600 W. Ridgemont, Peoria, Ill. Gordon is a typical modern American: he owns a Toyota, a Sony, a Yamaha, a Nikon and a Honda. Welcome to our club.

The important thing is to be sincere - whether you mean it or not.



Artistic is the word for JOHNNY FEDOCK, (K 19th '40-'44), of Shippensburg, Pa. He's in charge of military packaging. C rations, Johnny? He and Adelaide raised 3. He gives us a cryptic note note reading: "Those operatic

arias emanating from the K latrine were mine". Now he tells us.

Life Members were polled this spring to determine their interest in sponsoring an October return to the P.I. to represent Division at the Leyte ceremonies. The enthusiasm was for and against in ratio of 45% and 55% respectively. The idea thus cooled. It will pop up again at Clearwater with all of the functional charm of a dentist's drill.

That book. Don't forget to buy it.

A middle-aged man had one dream, that was to go to Italy and see the Pope. He saves his money, and finally has enough to make the trip. Well, he goes to the barber to get his hair cut and the barber asks, "How are you going to get to Italy?" "I'm taking an Italian airline." Barber says, "Forget it, they've got terrible service; you'll be sorry. Where are you gonna stay?" He says, "I'm gonna stay at the Hilton in Rome." Barber says, "Forget it, they've got awful service. What are you going to do?" The man answers, "I'm gonna see the Pope." "You'll never see the Pope," the barber says. "You're a nobody, you're a Mister Zero. The Pope sees important people. Forget it!"

Well, it's about six weeks later and the man goes back to the same barber shop. Barber says, "Eh, you ever get to Italy?" He says, "I did. I flew on an Italian airline, and the service was excellent. When I got to Rome I stayed at the Hilton, and it was also first-rate." The barber asks, "What did you do there?" "Well, I went to see the Pope." "What happened?" "Well, I bent down and I kissed the Pope's ring." "Wow, you kissed the Pope's ring? What did he say?" "Well, the Pope looked down at me and he said, 'Gee, where did you get that terrible haircut?'"



Here's one for the books. "Doc" WALTER L. REHM, (34th '43-'46), of 481 S. 4th, St. Genevieve, Mo., sent in \$5 for you-know-what and \$10 more "for the kitty". You're wonderful, Doc. He also reminds us that by 6/30/73, the end of

the '73 fiscal year, the national debit will total a fantastic \$493.3 billion - almost half a trillion dollars. This is about 110 billion more than when RMN took office in '69.



Island, N.Y. 10310. There you are, Ted.

Flying to Clearwater? Go to Tampa and take a limousine to Clearwater. About 10 miles across the causeway. Then go further west to the key, Clearwater Beach.

Fat? This boy has so many double-chins, he needs a bookmark to find his collar.



Letters arrive regularly and faithfully from Maj. Gen. ROSCOE B. WOODRUFF. Here are precious bits from his last:

"It was good to get the Taro Leaf again. Even though so many of the names were strange, I was taken back some 25 years, quite a feat at this stage of the game. It just seems impossible that the events of WW II can be that long ago! I often find myself mentally reminiscing with myself on some relatively obscure event of no consequence whatever to anyone else. I have been trying to generate a bit of enthusiasm about getting together some notes of our Japan days, so far my mental wheels are still slipping!

"Our visit to the mountains this year went off pretty well. Mrs. W. was quite ill in June and still wobbly in Colorado. However, she managed in the open places away from crowds. We rather held our breath at times as the nearest doctor of any sort was 20 miles away.

"I found, of course, a lot of chores had piled up but I am gradually whittling them down. The days are too short.

"My best to any of the old-timers you may encounter.

"Sincerely, Woodruff".

I tell ya, if you live in my neighborhood long enough, after a while you don't think straight. One night a guy stopped me. He had a knife in his hand. I said to him, "Buddy, what do you want? Take my watch! Take my money!" He looked at me. He said, "Idiot! Take me to a hospital. I've got a knife in my hand!"



"Hurry up with those mashed potatoes, Pvt. Spudfoot!!"

Good friend RAY DENDE, (724 Ord. '46-'47), in Scranton, Pa., sent us a letter, reproduced below, which simply fascinated us. Hopefully, it may be of interest to you as well. As you may know, our copy is first typed on strips and the strips are then pasted up on sheets preparatory to the photo offset process which finishes the job. It has its advantages, i.e. it's considerably cheaper than printing. It has its disadvantages, i.e. it can't be set up with a smooth even right hand margin unless you want to spend hours more each time you put out an issue. In Ray Dende's note, he thoughtfully demonstrates use of a Photon Pacesetter with which one can set up the type so as to give him these familiar even newspaper columns and what's more can vary at will the type face with an exciting range of type styles. What Ray doesn't mention, as he's too much of a gentleman, is the cost of such a machine. Here's Ray's memo - just as he wrote it - and as he points out, all set for pasting which is precisely what we are doing with it right now: — — — — — ➤

Warden's supply clerk, First-Fourth Leva, was convinced that Supply Sgt. O'Hayer didn't know a Form 32 from a 33. Do we?...today? Does FRANCIS H. HELLER, who has gone from Vice Chancellor of U. of Kansas Law School back to teaching at that honored institution? Fran is M.A. and J.D. at the School in 41 and is Ph.D., 1948, at the U. of Va. He has sent us a copy of his latest paper, a scholarly work on "Changing Dimensions in Constitutional Change". We're taking the summer off to digest it.

We would remind our newest member, MIKE SESSON, (19th 1/51-9/51), out there in Tunkhannock, Pa., that James Jones wrote, as a "Special Note" at the very beginning of "From Here", that "certain of the stockade scenes did happen" - but not at Schofield. He claims first-hand knowledge of what he pictured "but at a post within the U.S." That should settle some arguments about that rock pile. Welcome aboard Mike, and we welcome Lois too. They have Mike, 14, Bill, 12 and Dick, 10.

Prewitt walked through the sallyport and saw that scene that never failed to touch him, "...the black peaks of the Waianae Range, cut only by the deep V of Kolekole Pass that was like a whore's evening dress, promising things on the other side." You remember that picture, don't you, Col. MAX PITNEY, out there at 10502 England, Shawnee Mission, Kans.?

Any ideas for a good '75 Convention site? Bring them to Clearwater.

Dear Ken:

Received the latest *Taro Leaf* and needless to say was pleased with the write-up of my "bride" of twenty-five years.

You're probably wondering what this letter is printed on — or how — or on second thought you know, since being editor of *Taro Leaf* these many years and all the processes involved in offset printing (typing copy, mark-up, stripping, layout, etc., etc.) you're probably aware of computerized photo-typesetting.

As you know I'm still an old linotype operator at Dende Press and probably will be for a few more years. Quite accidentally I was invited by a fellow printer who decided to go into photo-typesetting for the trade to see his equipment and try my luck (with his instructions) at operating it.

He has a Photon Pacesetter machine with three keyboards, one of which is a Varicomp 3000 Video Display Terminal. This is the keyboard on which I am composing this letter. Also this is the net result when it comes from the photo-typesetter (ready for paste-up, etc.).

With this computerized photo-typesetting equipment I think you can do wonders (providing you give the proper commands). For instance, I am looking at the display terminal right now, watching what I am typing, making corrections (?) as I am going along, giving it the command to hyphenate and just setting merrily away.

The typeface I am setting this letter is Century Schoolbook regular, 10 point on vertical spacing of 12 points. *This is italic, this is bold, this is bold italic.* On this particular disc on I am using there is another completely different style of type namely, Universe medium, *Universe medium italic, Universe bold, and Universe bold italic.*

He has five other discs totaling 22 different type styles.

The range of these type styles go from 6 point, 7 point, 8 point, 9 point, 10 point, 12 point, 14 point, 18 point,

24 point, 36 point,
and 48 point

I can tighten the letters or spread them out.

Again thank you for your courtesy and if I can help setting up any particular copy — try me.

Best as always,
Ray

Somehow, when we read about William Calley, we think of Maggio. We visualize each as being a little runty. Poor Calley, the human yo-yo! Now the Federal appeals court has ordered an end to his freedom on bail while his conviction is argued. Back to Army custody goes Calley. And there but for the grace of God go I.

Little hints for making life easier:
never address a librarian as "Bookie".

Think 60 cents a gallon is bad here for gasoline? Look at what others are paying: Portugal - \$1.57 a gallon; France - \$1.35; Italy - \$1.32; West Germany - \$1.20; Holland - \$1.12; Spain - \$1.09; Belgium - \$1.07; Switzerland - .98; Britain - .96 and Ireland - .92.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

This gives me an opportunity to say a couple of things.

First, I can and do welcome our new members, some 221 of you who have helped us to make this a banner year in the field of recruitment. We wish the figure might be 2000, or 20000, for there are easily 200,000 men out in that cold world who once wore the Taro Leaf. Locating them is our problem. You tell us where they are and we'll do the rest.

Second, a word on delinquent accounts. While we continue to grow on the one hand, we must cut off the deadbeats who would only free-load on us. As we go to press, some 300 plus members owe at least \$5 in dues for 8/73 - 8/74, the year now ending, not to mention owing for the new year 8/74-8/75 about to get underway. At considerable expense, reminders have been going out. This is it - the final issue for the spongers. No tickee, no shirtee.

I do wish it were physically possible for every member and his gal to be with us in Clearwater in a few weeks. I'm practical enough to know that some of you won't make it. But Ginny and I will be anxious to meet each and every one of you who does show - and as to the no-shows, we'll be thinking of you.

I am humbly grateful for the privilege of having served this grand bunch of men as their President. It has been a great experience - one of the happiest of my life.

24th Divisionally Yours,

Bert

And this reminds us - why, we don't know - about the Indian who lived on a reservation, and who wanted to put electric lights in one of their outhouses. They knew of an Indian electrician who lived in a nearby town and so they gave him the job. He arrived at the appointed hour and did, indeed, put lights in the privy. And, in so doing, he became the first Indian in history to wire a head for a reservation!

One fellow asks, "What's the difference between young marrieds and old marrieds?"

Other fellow answers: "Ten thousand arguments".

We are an Equal Opportunity Employer.



"I wish you'd refer to it as a 'dripping pipe' rather than a 'leak in security'!!"

In for repairs on the hip and back is EARL "Red" BRIDWELL. By the time you read this, he'll likely be back at 5181 Brad Dr., Indianapolis, Ind. Our prayers go with this great guy; he's had his share of problems. Please keep us posted, Alice.

Says the 13th Field man to his son: "Sure I know what's wrong with my generation. We had children."

The property question has been settled in the Taylor-Burton split. Liz gets everything east of Hawaii.

Veterans of the old brown-shoe Army will be saddened to know that the days of Army Remount Station, Front Royal, Va., are numbered. It closes in June; another victim of progress. Between 1911-48, the Fort Royal depot was the War Department's link to the horse farms of Virginia, Kentucky and Maryland; one of six U.S. based activities that bought, trained and conditioned horses and mules for military use. In their heyday - no pun intended, these stations shipped 243,360 animals to France during 19 months of American involvement in WW-1. Largely dormant in the period between the two World Wars (and, indeed, once colorfully described as more of a sentimental military indulgence than a defense asset), Front Royal sprang back to life at the outbreak of WW-2, processing pack mules for troops in Sicily and Italy. Its new role? Breeding farm for the National Zoo. C'est la guerre.

Once upon a time, according to Prexy BERT LOWERY, there were three mice who were related and lived together. They were named Foot, Foot Foot, and Foot Foot Foot.

Well, as you can imagine, Foot and Foot Foot and Foot Foot Foot all got along very well together and, if you'll pardon the expression, were footloose and fancy free.

In time, however, Foot became very ill. And Foot Foot and Foot Foot Foot called the doctor. "Foot," said Foot Foot, "is very sick." "Yes," said Foot Foot Foot, "Foot is extremely sick."

"So, I see, Foot Foot and Foot Foot Foot," said the doctor. "And I'll do what I can for Foot."

Unfortunately, although he'd sort of reassured Foot Foot and Foot Foot Foot, the doctor couldn't do much for Foot. And, as Foot Foot and Foot Foot Foot stood by, tears in their eyes, Foot died. Foot Foot and Foot Foot Foot were desolated, and they cried as only Foot Foot and Foot Foot Foot could do. But, bravely, Foot Foot and Foot Foot Foot buried poor Foot.

Some time after Foot's funeral, Foot Foot became ill and Foot Foot Foot called the doctor again. "This is Foot Foot Foot," he said, "and Foot Foot is very ill."

The doctor rushed over and, as Foot Foot Foot stood there, he examined Foot Foot. Then he shook his head and said to Foot Foot Foot:

"Foot Foot Foot, I'm very sorry, but I must tell you, I don't think that Foot Foot is going to live."

"Oh, no!" cried Foot Foot Foot, staring at Foot Foot. "Please don't tell me that. I already have one Foot in the grave!"

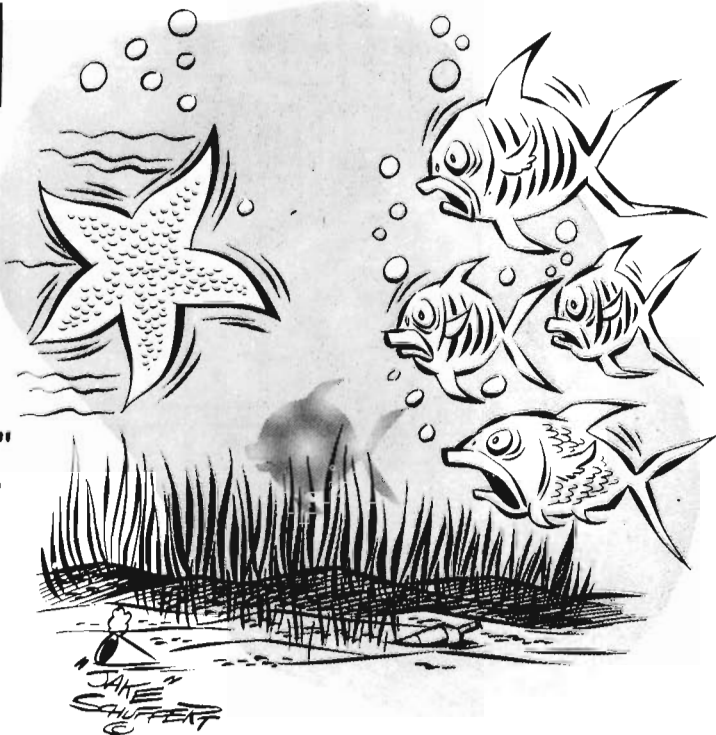
Look - they can't all be gems.

1624 Kanunu St., Honolulu, is where Lt. Col. CARROLL B. McMATH lives. Writes he: "In Korea, I was relieved from the 5th RCT and assigned as Procurement and Contracting O. under Col. DALE DIXON, Div. G-4. I returned to the U.S. in May of '51. I am retired from the RA and working at the U. of Hawaii". Nice reporting, Carroll. Look up Maj. DICK GOAS in Honolulu, will you. He was in Div. G-4 during '44-'45. Last we knew he was an accountant in H.



Bottles put us in mind of storekeepers and that's what DEAN METZ is. A 6th Tk. man in '52-'53, he's now at Ickesburg, Pa., with Minnie and 2 boys, Dale and Dennis. They're going to make Clearwater. Cheers! Dean says

the grocery business is lousy. We understand, boy. He says that come fall, he may be in sporting goods.



"Snap to, men. Here comes the General!!"

VOLNEY M. PHILLIPS caught the fact that, in "From Here...", Col. Delbert, the regimental C.O. tells Capt. Holmes that "the 21st ran over us roughshod" so our heroes couldn't be the Gimlets. Volney by the way sends us a new 24 Sig. member: VIRGIL SPYDELL, of 125 Tuscola, Bay City, Mich.

Hear the story about the mother who took her 6-year-old daughter aside and told her the facts of life?

The mother was rather pleased with herself, having left out nothing important, and she studied the face of her little girl for her reaction. At last it came. The little girl narrowed her eyes and said: "Mother. What do you wear to a thing like that?"

President HUBERT LOWRY has word from Convention Guests, Gen. PAUL D. ADAMS, (Div. C.G.) and Brig. Gen. LE GRANDE DILLER. Both will be with us at Clearwater from Saturday noon on.

Remember in "From Here...." when Robert E. Lee Prewitt held his Mother's hand as she was near death. Said Jones: "No angels came, however; there was no earthquake, no cataclysm". So it was in the case of FRANK H. ALLEN of Greenville, S.C., a Chick who has gone to his reward. Another good Joe gone.

Life Member and Past Prexy JOE PEYTON says he's having some back trouble. But who isn't, these days.

Like the fellow who called up the tight rope walker but found he was on another line.

Special Services now trying to get "into the act". Here's one from IRA T. DEFOUR, now Asst. Chairman of PE Dept. at North Texas State U. Ira writes: "I joined Co. B, 21st near Dillingham Air Strip at Waialua, June 7, '42. We were camped in a gulch called 'Dog-in-the-Tree'. Several months later, I was transferred to Special Services and remained there until the end of the war. Col. COMPERE and myself were the first to be assigned to the Office. Then came DICK DEBOWER, Rt. #1, Gravette, Arkansas, WALTER HOWITT, 76 North Grove, East Aurora, N.Y., BILL STEVENS, 3909 Don Juan, Abilene, Texas, DORSE BOYD, 6310 Northwood, Clayton, Mo., ALLAN TIMMONS, 1700 Octavia St., San Francisco, Calif. COMPERE, LOYD KRONIC, CHURCH, and McGLUCKIN are personnel that were in the office at sometime during the war. I believe KRONIC is in Florida. I cannot remember CHURCH's and McGLUCKIN's first name. In the Inspector's General's Office and now employed with the Denton County Tax Assessing Department was HOMER L. WIESEN, 1009 Panhandle, Denton, Texas". Good gumshoeing, Ira. If we ever give out plaques, you'll be the first in line.

Hey you of the Aviation Section in Korea in '50 and '51 - Doc FRANK TROUTMAN, of 820 Ridgcrest, Little Rock, Ark., wants to hear from ya.

New Life Member - JOE and Kathleen CONOYER, (C 3rd Eng. '42-'45), out there in 912 N.Main, O'Fallon, Mo.

They're coming from all directions. Now it's ALBERT and Margaret SUHAJDA who have joined. They're at 6623 S.Kolin, Chicago. Al is an electrical engineer. With the Taro Leaf, it was D of the 24th Medics from '42-'45. Great guys, those medics, weren't they? They were there when we needed 'em.

Expect Prexy HERB LOWRY and Past Prexy GERRY STEVENSON to be pushing for Peoria, Ill. as our '75 convention site. And why not. The AP has a hot wire on one Sarah "Baby Doll" Cowan of Peoria. Seems she's a 73 year old PRO, picked up for the umpteenth time for operating without a peddler's license and they don't license for what Baby Doll peddles. Police say she's been on more blotters than a ball point pen. Sang Baby Doll from her "room" in the Peoria pen, "I've paid enough fines to own a third of this damned jail." Wasn't it John Ehrlichman who made famous the phrase, "It'll never wash in Peoria"? We're not so sure.

For all we know, we are going into Clearwater as ill prepared as ever to make an intelligent decision on the next year's convention site. It is a (expletive deleted) disgrace.



"Yes, General, we have a copy of your memoirs . . . it's over there on the fiction shelf!"

Hear about the noted comic who went to a big hotel in the Catskills for a weekend.

As he entered the joint, he saw a voluptuous blonde and, by some process that only comedians are expert in, he engaged the lady in idle chatter, bought her a drink, and persuaded her to spend the weekend with him.

He checked in as Mr. and Mrs., and the hours slipped by most romantically. Then on Monday the comedian went to the desk to check out. He was presented with a check for \$4,841.69.

"Yiiiiiii!" he screamed. "Don't you think this is a bit much for just a weekend?"

"Well," said the clerk, "you've been here only three days, but your wife has been here 11 weeks!"

Col. They're so independent in Texas that they celebrate only 3 holidays a year - Sam Houston's birthday, the Battle of the Alamo, and September 26th.

Maj. September 26th? What's that for?

Col. The day the new Cadillacs come out.

As we were setting this issue up, we chanced to hear a disc jockey on our car radio as we drove in one a.m. He was apologizing for being so sleepy, explaining that he had stayed up late to watch another TV rerun of "From Here....". He set the stage by reminding his audience of that scene on the beach where Warden and Karen Holmes made time. Said the jockey: "Now that's my idea of surfing". Ours too.



"Oh no, not again!!"

Interesting note from RUSS JONES who signs off as

Pvt, H Co, 21st Inf.	'40
Pfc, Hq Co, 21st Inf.	'40-'41
Pfc, Hq Co, 21st Inf. Brig.	'41
Sgt, Hq & MP Co, 24th Inf. Div.	'41-'42
CWO, Hq. 24th Inf. Div. AG & GS	'42-'45
CWO, Hq. Sp Tr, 24th Inf. Div.	'45.

Russ refers to page 6 of our #3 issue and says: "Sure wish you would identify pictures of 'MOMENTS, MEMORIES & MEN' because I am tortured over memory problems with places and events of those thirty years past. I did finally conclude that the thatched roof building was Division Headquarters on Goodenough Island (1944 staging area after Rockhampton, Australia, and before Tanamerah Bay and Hollandia, PNG) That spacious shack was erected by native fuzzie-wuzzies. Righthand section was the AG office where I shared time with MAX CIZON and his good natured slaves. The left center section housed THE GREAT RED FATHER (Aubrey Sugar Newman) where I enjoyed the balance of my daily duties. As I remember it, G-4 occupied the left section. As you might know, the G-2 and G-3 sections are hidden from view, I believe. Don't remember where G-1 was located."

We left off the identification a-purpose as they say in Arkansas. Just to vary the routine and start people guessing. It worked and you are right, Russ - Hq. on Goodenough.

Russ continues: "Also, the Palo, Leyte, P.I. cathedral pictured on Page 3 was a sight I recognized. Believe it was within walking distance of Tacloban, where we "landed" and on the road to

Six kids for the PAUL CONRAD's out there in New Salisbury, Ind. And yet Paul, in paying his dues, found it in his heart to send along an extra fiver for the kitty. Freeloaders, take notice. One more of you is taken care of. Thanks Paul. Our best wishes for that impressive family.



We're putting a little light on some busters who need the exposure. Boy's Town, Nebr. The Sun Newspapers of Omaha report that the outfit has a net worth of at least \$200 million. Their fund raising activities bring in \$25 million/year, more than 4 times what is spent

in caring for residents, the paper says. With a population of just under 1000, the net worth would provide an average wealth of more than something like \$200,000 per person. Let's hear it for Boy's Town.

Jaro, where the Sp Tr Hq to which I had just been assigned as Adjutant was quartered beneath an old building. At the time I was amazed that such an edifice could exist in a rural area where the Philipinos had no industry, no permanent structures in which to live, and seemed poverty stricken. And now you report that it was renovated in the mid-fifties! Guess their money grew on the coconut trees which we so carelessly damaged but for which I read later Uncle Sam settled for with cash. What, no news from MAX CIZON, WALTER CUNNINGHAM, or WILLIAM BIGGERSTAFF? And what is RICHARD LAWSON doing now? Do Generals IRVING and NEWMAN ever get to play any more tennis? I watched them one day in New Guinea, but lacked courage to ask to take on the winner, or even the loser, although I was up on the game and still play regularly in my old age. Had to settle for a lesson in chess from then Colonel Lawson. Thanks for listening, but shame on you for not printing my 1972 note about Ken Flagle's passing until 1974." Terrific letter, Russ, save for the left jab to the molars in that very last sentence. We goofed. Our apologies. And Ken Flagle deserved better too.

TARO LEAF salutes these Floridians who are working to make CLEARWATER the success it shall be:

Gen. Paul D. Adams, USA, Ret. (Hq. & Hq. Co. '53-'54), 5014 San Miguel St., Tampa.

Eugene E. Ahrens, (B 34th 1/47 - 12/47), 3220 Bay Villa, Tampa.

Costas S. Aloneftis, Box 1991, Ft. Myers.

Norman G. Aurand, (21st '47-'49), 4433 Cobia Dr., Tampa.

Col. William H. Biggerstaff, (19th & Div. Hq.), 7515-13th Ave., N., St. Petersburg.

James F. Bingham, (19th), 2706 Marlin Ave., Tampa.

William J. Boyle, (E 19th '44-'45), 2212 Phillippi St., Sarasota.

William M. Brown, Post Office Box 34, Jacksonville.

Ezra P. Burke, (Med. 21st 3/46 - 7/51), 530 S. Oxalis Dr., Orlando.

Philip Burke, Knight Realty, 231 N. Magnolia Ave., Orlando.

Lt. Col. Hammond D. Cadwell, USA Ret., 1960 Cleveland, Clearwater.

Col. Hugh T. Cary, 2710 Blackshear Ave., Pensacola.

Willie J. Chadwick (19th), 1708 Arizona Ave., Fort Pierce.

Charles J. Connell, 7901 Nebraska Ave., Tampa.

Constantine Covotsos (34th Div. Hq.),
3142 Lockwood Terr., Sarasota.

Brig. Gen. LeGrande Diller, USA Ret.
2817 7th Ave., West, Bradenton.

Lewie F. Durden
7897 - 36th Ave. N., St. Petersburg.

Maurice J. Finegold (Sv. 19th),
475 50th Terr. N.E., Miami.

James J. Fitzgibbons (19th),
7320 S.W. 17th Terr., Miami.

Richard W. Flagg (19th Med. 1/50 - 5/51),
296-2nd St., Cocoa Beach.

C. Rucker Ford (F 21 3/43-8/45),
2344 Sunderland Road, Maitland.

Clifford E. Fox (19th), 5893-50th Ave. N., St. Petersburg.

Samuel Y. Gilner, (Hq. 13 FA '42-'45), 1601 Hardwood Dr., Clearwater.

George B. Grace, 1870 Magnolia Dr., Clearwater.

Col. Rupert D. Graves (19th), Indian River Jr. College, Ft. Pierce.

Martin E. Griner (24th QM 12/41 - 8/44), Box 97, Lake Butler.

Clifford G. Hanlin (L 34), 582 Baywood Dr. North, Dunedin.

Robert B. Hardin (5th Regt. Combat Team 7/50-2/51), 27000 S.W. 142 Ave., Naranja.

Gerald H. Hinman (19th), 1603 Massachusetts Ave., St. Cloud.

Col. William A. Hinternhoff (Div. Hq. 10/45 - 6/48), 1125 Carrigan Blvd., Merritt Island.



Charles Hornyok (13 F), 6580 Seminole Blvd., Lot 403, Seminole.

Lt. Col. Elmer C. Howard, USA Ret. (19th), 15341 SW 297th Terr., Leisure City.

Robert Inglema, Hallandale Police Dept., 308A South Dixie Highway, Hallandale.

Harry G. Jackson, (19th), 611 Penn Ave., St. Cloud.

Harry Jenkins, 1425 Davis Dr., Ft. Myers.

Walter F. Johnston (19th), 2905 Banchery Rd., Winter Park.

Ben Kalish (19th '39-'43), 300 N. Lake Sylbelia Dr., Maitland.

Henry L. Kitchens, 424 Woodrow St., Ft. Walton Beach.

Col. Mark Kreidberg, (Div. Hq. '46-'48), 164 E. Lake Shore Dr., Clearmont.

Brig. Gen. Cornelis dew W. Lang, (Div. Arty. '42-'45), Martin Marietta Corp., Orlando.

Bernard Lensky (C 52 F 10/41 - 4/45), 1777 N.E. 177th St., No. Miami Beach.

Robert H. Luhrsen (M 19), 73 N.W. 98th St., Miami Shores.

CW2 J.G. Lukosky, USA Ret., (24th Support Comd. 12/68-1/70 Ft. Riley, Ka.),
2809 Killarney Way, Tallahassee.

Col. Melvin Maccoul, USA Ret. (Hq. 7-3-50 to 9-30-50), 1925 Cleveland St., Clearwater.

Oliver W. McCall (34th 10/44 - 3/45), 219 W. Howard St., Live Oak.

Donald R. McHale (19th '39-'41), 1209 Chickasaw St., Jupiter.

Russell W. Meeker, Rt. 3 Box 150D, Port St. Joe.

Col. Robert V. Murphy, (19th), 365 NE 55th St., Miami.

Maj. Gen. Aubrey S. Newman, USA Ret. (34th & Div. Hq. 10/41 - 7/45)
612 Juan Anasco Dr., Longboat Key, Sarasota.

Joseph M. Nowicki (19th), 6003 Brookridge Rd., Jacksonville.

Blair W. Peppel (19th), 1351 S. Duncan Ave., Clearwater.

James W. Potter, 1919 Pine Bluff Ave., Orlando.

Richard E. Reinke (Div. Hq. '44-'45), 1009 Montezuma Dr., Bradenton.

Elton W. Roberts, 4 Olustee Circle, Lake City.

Edward F. Robinson (19th '41-'42), 11309 Sunshine Court, Tampa.

Robert I. Ruby (19th), 1102 Florida Ave., Lynn Haven.

William A. Savell (SV 19 '43-'45), 1605 Levern, Clearwater.

Mariano Scopoli (F 19th '49-'51), 2884 Olga Place, Jacksonville.

Granville C. Shoopman (C 34 '41-'45), 2567 Bermuda St., Clearwater.

Walter L. Simmons (19th), 4238 Springwood Rd., Jacksonville.

SFC Hugo H. Singer, USA Ret. (SV 34th and B 52nd 7/50-9/51), P.O. Box 67, Fruitland Park.

Horace D. Smith (I-19th), Rt. 1-Box 193-1, Altha.

Harry L. Snavely (34th 9/44), Inlet Tides Rt. 1, Box 445, Port Sewall, Stuart.

Victor F. Spruill, 3705 Leewood Lane, Jacksonville.



"It's simple. . . . Officers are 'Sir,'
warrant officers are 'Mr.' and
enlisted men are 'Hey, you!'"

Jules Steele (34th Regt. '43-'45), 333 Island Way, Clearwater.

George Stephy (19th), 706 Coachlite Way, Winter Park.

Joseph Story, Box 181, Sorrento.

Hunter W. Straley, 2428 Conway Gardens Road, Orlando.

Col. Donald F. Thompson (19th), 7815 Senrab Dr., Bradenton.

Jack Watkins (A.6 Div. Hq.), 2870 N.E. 24th Place, Ft. Lauderdale.

William Whitley, c/o Sal's Barber Shop, Cape Coral Plaza, Cape Coral.

William C. Willmot (21st '44-'46), 1630 Venus St., Merritt Island.

James Y. Wilson (CN 19th 5/42-7/45), 17 W. Desoto St., Lake City.

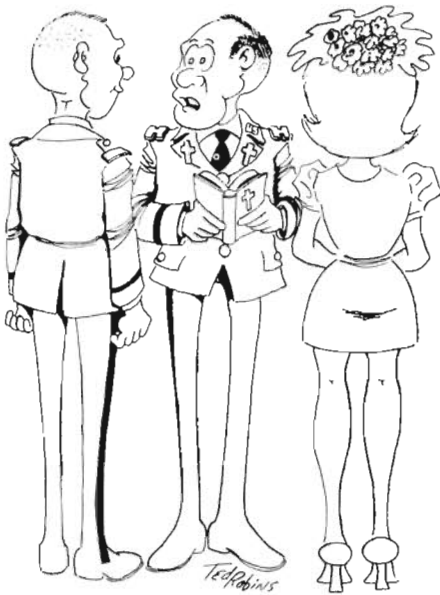
Thomas Zalewski (CN 19th '41-'45 and '50-'52), 19811 Gulfstream Rd., Cutler Ridge, Miami.



**MOMENTS
MEMORIES
& MEN**

LOUIS C. DUHAMEL, (CN 21st 3/24/44-11/27/45), of Lowell, Mass., is making that 30th anniversary return to "you-know-where". 15 days for \$1050. He departs 'Frisco 10/11 at 10 p.m. Departs Wahoo 10/12. On 10/13, he's in Manila. On 10/14, he goes to Corregidor. Bataan on 10/15. Manila on 10/16. To Leyte on 10/17 (flying time from Manila to Tacloban - 1 hr, 10 mins). Stays at the Primrose or Ramar Hotels. Ever hear of them? On 10/18 tour of Palo. On 10/19 to Dalag "where first American flag was raised" on Hill 120. Believe it. On 10/20 at Palo. Starts with a 0900 motorcade to Red Beach, a 1000 program at Red Beach under auspices of the Municipality of Palo. Then back to Tacloban for a banquet and parade. On 10/21, up Leyte Valley to "Tanavan, Tabon, Dagami and Jaro". Remember Jaro? And Tunga, and Carigara, and Pinamapoon? Then on 10/22, to Samar. On 10/23 to Ormoc along the "Gamashita line where of 65,000 Japanese soldiers only 4000 were captured alive - the rest were slaughtered, especially on Breakneck Ridge." That's what the brochure says, folks. He leaves Manila on the 25th and arrives in Frisco 3 hours later - International date-line, you know. Sounds like a grand trip, Lou.

"It's not like the old Army!"



"You're supposed to say 'I do,' Lieutenant, not 'That's affirm, over.'"



**MOMENTS
MEMORIES
& MEN**

We reprint this just as it appeared in the 4/12/74 issue of the Atlantic Journal. It's about our own BOBBY DEWS:

IN HALL OF FAME

These Self-Made Men Organize Themselves

By VIOLET MOORE

Atlanta Journal Correspondent

EDISON, Ga.—Even in this era of rampant cynicism, every man has his hero.

Bobby Dews' hero is a man he has been encountering and admiring since boyhood. Bobby has met and been made keenly aware of him in athletics, in the armed services, in business, in agriculture, on the high seas, in the great cities of the world, and back in Edison, Ga. . . .

Bobby's hero is that mythical American individual, the self-made man. He's the guy who, without benefit of inherited wealth, a college education, or any other special advantage except inborn ability and ambition, has achieved notable success in one or more fields. He may be a farmer in the new agribusiness sense, an athlete, an artisan, an inventor, a media communicator, a community problem-solver, or an entrepreneur in some new and hitherto untried field.

It is not like Robert Porter Dews to have an idea and do nothing about it. This Bobby Dews is the old barefoot catcher of baseball who played with the Atlanta Crackers and went from them, in 1943, to the Brooklyn Dodgers.

And this is the WW II, Korean and Vietnam war Army sergeant who came back to Georgia upon retirement after 20 years of active service.

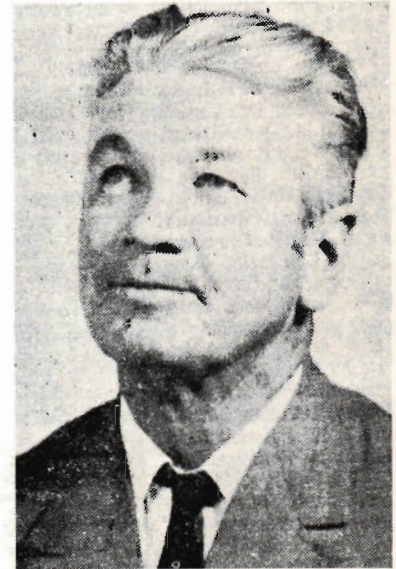
And if that is not enough variety for one lifetime this is also the Robert P. Dews who wrote "Mobile East," a novel about early Georgia, Florida and Alabama with a wealth of information about the Indians, traders, settlers and military men who made the area memorable, and another partly autobiographical volume, "The Successful Failure."

He is, at present, at work on two new books, a short novel and a biography of Charles Woods, war veteran, businessman and Alabama office-seeker.

In 1970, Dews was selected as First American of the Year at the Lions International, American Bowl Game, Tampa Stadium, becoming one of a company of other annual First Americans of the Year, which includes Charles Wood, H. Ross Perot, Art Linkletter, Ray Kroc and William Lear.

Six Georgians who entertain the same deep feelings about the need for spotlighting and recognizing the self-made successful man have received from Secretary of State Ben Fortson a charter in the name of "The Quad A Hall of Fame."

The incorporators and initial board of directors include Ozell Wright, Albany merchant; Jim Porter Watkins, former Albany mayor; Earl "Tige" Pickle,



BOBBY DEWS
Was the Barefoot Catcher

radio and newspaperman, Blakely; Calvin Schramm, state highway engineer, Edison; Hugh Pierce, athlete-soldier, Calhoun County; C. D. Duke, Athlete-artisan, Edison; and Bobby Dews himself.

The Quad A Hall of Fame, Inc., is a nonprofit organization, dedicated to non-college Georgians who have made their marks in their chosen fields. New members will be taken in by nomination and approval until the desired level of 500 members is attained. Then vacancies will be filled as they occur.

The charter membership contains many who have been outstanding state and national, professional and amateur athletes, others who have devoted years of their lives to the military. Almost every category of business and artisan-ship is represented, with a large segment given over to agriculturalists.

Congressman Dawson Mathis is a charter member, as are several former big league baseball players, among them Lou Kahn and Tom Chaney of Albany; Ace Adams, Iron City; Billy Bryan, Morgan; and Dews himself. City councilmen and county commissioners, a sheriff and a postmaster are charter members.

Meetings, an occasional social event such as an annual banquet or ball, sports happenings, the pleasure of each other's conversation and company — any or all of these are reason enough for organizing, says Dews.

