

Taro Leaf  
24th Inf.Div.Assn.  
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Springfield, MA  
01103

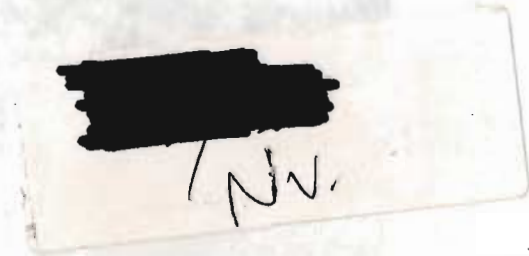


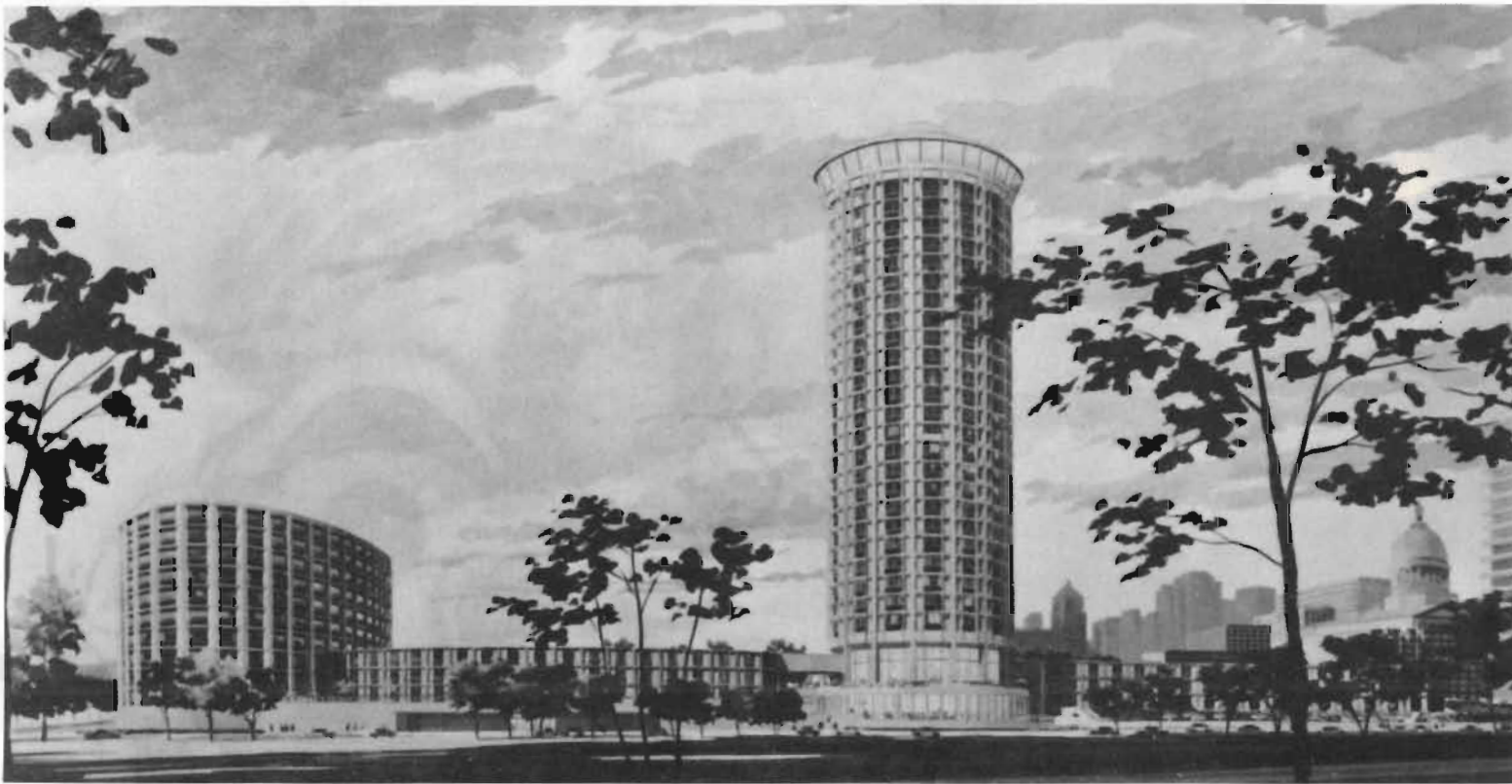
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FIRST CLASS MAIL

XXXIV  
#3  
80-81





- (Check one . . . but you get the idea)
- ☐ Everything's coming up roses
  - ☐ Happy days are here again
  - ☐ Nothing but blue skies
  - ☐ Zip-a-dee-doo-dah

The spirit of St. Louis is alive at Stouffer's on the banks of the mighty Mississippi and directly across the street from the world famous Gateway Arch, with its two theaters and Museum of Westward Expansion symbolizing the Gateway to the West and, of course, the terrific ride to the top of the Arch for the view of a lifetime.

Stouffer's features 900 spacious guest rooms in two unique towers each with floor-to-ceiling windows framing exciting river and downtown views and with The Top of the Riverfront Restaurant revolving 30 stories above the city. Busch Memorial Stadium, home of the baseball and football Cardinals and the Sports Hall of Fame are just a block away and not far away are scores of other interesting sights and attractions: Anheuser-Busch Brewery; Missouri Botanical Gardens; Grants Farm and world famous Forest Park with its zoo, planetarium, and art museum just to mention a few.

Best of all Stouffer's location, in the heart of the newly redeveloped downtown area, makes it easily accessible by all means of transportation being just two blocks from five interstate highway exits and only 20 minutes from Lambert-St. Louis International Airport.

You'll see it all come August 13 - 16.

# Taro Leaf



Here's who you're looking at. Reading l. to r., start with the back row. It's TOM MELLINGER, LEONARD SPOONAMORE, NICK MORASCO, JOHN RILEY, ROBERT MCPHAIL, LESLIE BASIL, MAX SCHINO, JOSEPH PRYSTAL, and FRANK REIMEL. Middle row: FRANK DELAURO, FRANK PALERMO, JOSEPH BACCHINO, L.G. HICKS. Front row: LEMAR BRINKLEY, VINCENT MANNINO, JAMES LUCIANO, and LOUIS PENNUCCI. They are 17 men of Love Company of the 34th - stalwarts all who helped save the world for Korea, Vietnam, Iran and other indignities. They met last October in Pennsylvania, courtesy of Frankie Reimel, who engineered the party. Counting the gals, 32 made up the party. Says Frankie, "And we're going to do it all over in '81 too. Don't know when or where." Frankie's at 59 High, Montrose, Pa.

## 24th Infantry Division Association



## TARO LEAF

Vol. XXXIV — No. 3

1980-1981

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

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

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



There has been a bit of complaining - ye Gods how "he" complained - because we didn't set the dates of our St. Louis phantasmagoria in our last issue. We apologize - profusely. Now hear this. It'll be on Friday, Aug. 14 and Saturday, Aug. 15. Arrive on Thursday, as most will, and it'll be just "getting settled" time. And early on Sunday, we break camp and saddle up. O.K.?

WILLARD "Bud" POE, (24th Sig. '42-'45), of Bannock, Ohio, tells us that doll collecting has suddenly become very popular. Some rare dolls are going for as much as \$10 - 15,000. And generally, Japanese and Korean dolls are more expensive than French or German. But then, they always were.

Let's hear it for BILL SLATAPER, C&D 34th '45), of 663 Sulphur, Houston, Texas, CHARLEY CARD's hometown. In fact Bill has joined becuz of Charley. Bill asks for a copy of "Children of Yesterday". Not available, Billy-boy - long out of print. But hold it, hold it - we're reprinting it in full in our forthcoming Division history. O.K., Bill?

## ERRARE EST HUMANUM.

Everyone knows that. We put the last issue to bed without so much as a mention of our dates in St. Louis in August. Truth is we did write up one item which did include the dates and then didn't use the item. Lest we forget again, count on Thursday Aug. 13 through Sunday Aug. 16 for our meeting days at The Stouffer Inn. There'll not be much doing on Thursday - just arriving time - nor on Sunday - just leaving time - so you can plan accordingly.

JOHNNY BORZILLERI, of 2125 Bella Vista, Paris, Tex., swears he overheard this conversation between two young women in a restaurant in Paris:

First gal: "Soup du jour? What kind of soup is that?"

Second gal: "I don't know - but they have it every day."



C.A. "Bud" and Jean COLLETTE flew to Wahoo last fall. Bud photo'd this Taro plant as some of us may have never seen one. Hope it reproduces, Bud. We said we'd use no more colored shots. Hell, had to make an exception with this one. Thanks Bud.

BOB JOHNSON and BOB LAVENDER each spotted an item in the DAV Magazine reading:

CORREGIDOR, 1945: Leroy Tolson, Rt. 5, Box 99, Conway, S.C. 29526, would like to contact members of Task Force that helped recapture Corregidor, Feb. 1945, including members of 3rd Btn., 34th Inf. Regt.; 3rd Pltn., Anti-tank Co., 34th Inf.; 3rd Pltn., Cannon Co., 34th Inf.; 3rd Pltn., Co. C, 3rd Engr. Btn.; Co. A, 34th Inf.; 3rd Pltn. Co. C, 24th Med. Btn.; Det. Service Co., 34th Inf.

We're plugging for you, Leroy.

***It's Time To Pay Your  
1981 Dues - - Do It Now!***

# ONE IN SIX

Since '64, the cost of Congress has swollen from \$54 million to \$1.3 billion per annum. Since 1970 alone, the cost of Congress has risen 260%, nearly triple the rate of inflation.

The primary reason for this has been the explosion in staff personnel. Since 1970, the total congressional bureaucracy has risen by 68 percent, and the committee staffs (those nests of liberal advocacy) have soared by 165 percent. There are now 32 non-elected bureaucrats for every member of Congress, six times as many as in 1948.

And you thought last Nov. 4th gave forth the signal to slow it down? Why the House went right back into session and voted themselves a \$10,000 raise.

Had enough?

Remember the Ink Spots' WW II classic, the lyric of which went like this?:

"You always hurt the one you love,  
The one you shouldn't hurt at all.  
You always take the fairest flower --  
And crush it 'til the petals fall."

Don't know what made us think of it, but we're glad we did.

Remember the dog tag that headed that column "Strictly G.I." in Yank? Here are a few items clipped from Nov. '42 issues in which the column appeared:

## Mail Report

Mail sent overseas for the first 25 days of October: 3,396 tons, including over 1,000,000 Christmas parcels. Current flow of Christmas packages: 350,000 a day.

Deadline on packages to soldiers within the continental limits is Dec. 1.

## Biology

Columbia University anthropologists made ready to investigate draft board records to find out why there's more: heart trouble and flat feet from the Northwest, bad teeth and short stature from New England, goiter from the Great Lakes region, blindness from Texas, mental disorders from Maine and the South, deafness in the Northwest and New England, underweight from California and the East Coast, and tallness from the Northwest and the Southern mountain areas.

## Man-Eaters

News that the QMC is arranging to distribute a new insect bar, which will tuck in under shelter-tent walls and try to keep out sandflies and mosquitoes, will probably be welcomed in New Guinea, where the No. 1 song on the hit parade is an Australian lament entitled "The Man-Eating Mossies of Moresby." Chorus:

"The man-eating mossies of Moresby,  
They're big and their beaks are so sharp.

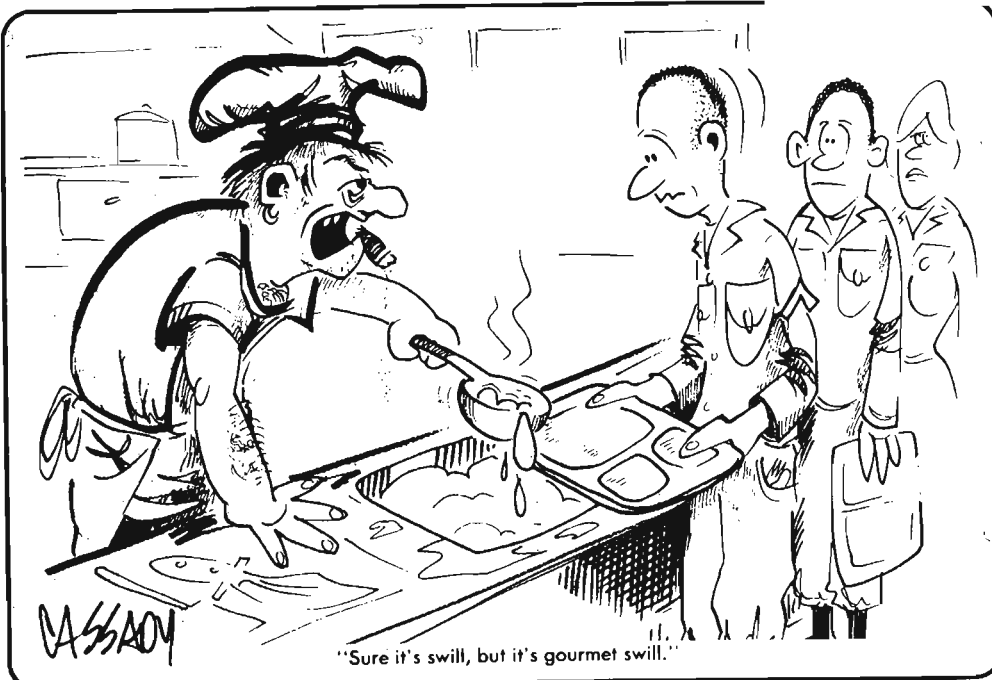
A nibble or two and you're just about through

And maybe you're playing a harp.

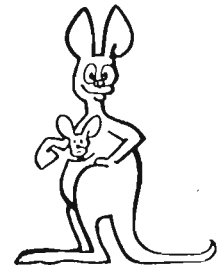
We don't care a rap for the  
bastardly Jap:

We'll fight him as all dinkum Aussies,  
But, Lord up above, if your children

you love,  
Why on earth did you ever make  
mossies?"



"Sure it's swill, but it's gourmet swill."



# Editorial Reflections

How much did the old "full field pack" weigh? That's ELMER PETERSON's question of the hour. He's I 19 and C 21st '40-'42. Elmer was bugler of the guard on that Pearl Harbor a.m. Reach him at 741 No. 96, Seattle, Wash., if you've got a figure or send it to us and we'll print it. Elmer says he's had all kinds of answers from 40# to 110#. There's no prize being offered on this - but get your bets in early, please.

CWO JOE MURAT writes us from 7441 Antietam Court East, Orlando, Fla:  
 "As former Bandmaster of the 24th Div. Band (Apr. 66-Apr. 69) and author of the 24th Division March, it was a real honor to guest conduct the 24th Band when they were in Orlando on August 4. It's a great Division and still a great band. My regards to all the many fine friends from Augsburg - Ft. Riley days. My good friend and former Commanding General ROD WETHERILL passed away recently. A fine general. A fine gentleman and a great CG. Keep up the good work! Your magazine reflects a lot of hard work and dedication on your part. Thank you my friend. God bless you!

That's our idea of a wonderful letter. Thanks Joe.

M.A.S.H. is still running strong, though why, we know not. It doesn't have the punch it did when Lt. Col. Henry Blake, Major Frank Burns and Radar were around. And we're growing mighty tired of Hawkeye and that would-be Section 8 case. We think he really is a Section 8 case.

We were never intended to serve as a gossip sheet, but on the other hand, why not, we ask. So here goes one on TOM HALL, (Hq. & Sv. 34th '44-'46), of 5544 Pembroke, El Paso, Tex. New address; new wife (Betsy). We have a note from Tom in our file dated 1973 (see, we save your letters). Tom had spotted something in one of our issues about Gen. LES WHEELER. Wrote Tom, "The Les Wheeler just has to be my old regt'l CO. He had eyes that could bore a hole through you." Still does, Tom. We've got a couple of holes through us to prove it. Your remark about the remarriage puts us in mind of one of our cousins. He's an Australian - a champion boomerang thrower by the way. On his birthday last month, a group of his friends got together and presented him with a new boomerang. Only trouble is he can't get rid of the old one.

# AWORD THAT'S WORTH A THOUSAND PICTURES.

RICHARD C. GOINY, (E 21st '44-'45), of 3619 W 64, Chicago, IL, tells us that his American Legion post, Clearing 600 in Chicago, "probably sports more Taro Leafers than any other Post in the Country, namely: CHESTER ANDREZAK, ANTHONY J. FARO, RICHARD C. GOINY, FRANK GORSKI, JAMES (Spike) O'DONNELL, WILLIAM J. ROMZ, ANGELO STRADA. And WILLIAM J. ROMZ, a Korean vet, just transferred into the Post a couple of months ago. He has expressed his desire to become an active member of the Association."

Thanks Dick and be assured that BILL ROMZ is now one of our members too. Great work!!!



"Hey, Fred — you want to take a stab at this?"

We ran into a fellow the other day who had just come back from a meeting with Jim Jordan of "Fibber McGee and Molly" fame. Reports that he's now 84. Do you remember the fallout from Fibber McGee's cluttered closet whenever he'd open it. There'd be that cascade of clatter ending with the tinkle of a little bell - one of radio's funniest running gags. Radio? Yes, radio. Ah, we remember it well.



Sgt. E.J. Kahn, Jr., Yank Field Correspondent, by-lined this report in the Nov. 29, 1942 issue of Yank:

The arrival in New Guinea of a contingent of airborne American infantrymen - the first U.S. doughboys to go into a combat zone anywhere in this war on an offensive mission - was received calmly by the natives who are the only civilians left on this war-torn island. The bushy-haired members of some of the tribes indicated that they were thoroughly familiar with our habits by asking us at once for cigarettes, and by looking sour, if not downright cannibalistic, whenever they were offered merely one of the cheaper brands.

The interest of the natives in our smokes is matched by the interest the riflemen have been showing in the natives, who in many cases have fulfilled our most picturesque hopes by being conspicuously undressed. The natives the Yanks have encountered up to now haven't been notably savage, although one tribe of dusky porters admitted to an occasional fondness for headhunting. They live on a diet largely of rice and wheat meal, and chew a terrifically strong tobacco supplied them by the Australians which generally discolors their teeth.

The Yank's diet consists almost entirely of canned stuff, and some of the boys were surprised to learn that even potatoes, dehydrated, come in cans. There isn't much to eat outside of what's issued. There are no hot-dog stands or soda fountains in New Guinea, and if you want to supplement the G.I. ration you can do it only by getting hold of a cocoanut, a pineapple or a bunch of bananas. You can't buy anything else, either, and countless soldiers have taken perfectly good Australian coins and, by diligently hammering away at them with rocks, have converted them into handsome souvenir rings, which is probably as sensible a way of using up your pay as getting into a crap game.

Thank you, TOM HICKMAN, (G-4) of 1916 N. Millbourne, Orrville, Ohio, for sending us the names of two 34th'ers - MORRIS BOYER, (Ralph Bing's Regt. Sgt. Maj. in Sasebo) and LEROY "Chick" OSBURN of Madisonville, Ky.

Estimates out of Manila tell us that the fighting with the Moslems (2.8 million in the Philippines, mostly on Mindanao) has cost some 60,000 lives since WW II.

## On Your Own Time

Nice report in from MILT JURY, (19th and 24th MP '46-'47), of 2140 Creglow, Jackson, Mich.:

"I retired from the Michigan State Police with the rank of Lieut. in 1975. Having gone back to Michigan State University night school prior to that time on a part-time basis and picked up my BS in Pre-Law and a MA in Adult Education.

"Spent 1975-77 at Delta College, Midland, Mich., as an Asst. Professor of Criminal Justice. Hired in with the Consumers Power Company of Michigan in May of 1977 and am now the Director of Nuclear Emergency Planning. Put to use my military and police experience. I touch bases with many of your New England Nuclear Utilities and hope to get to Springfield, MA someday.

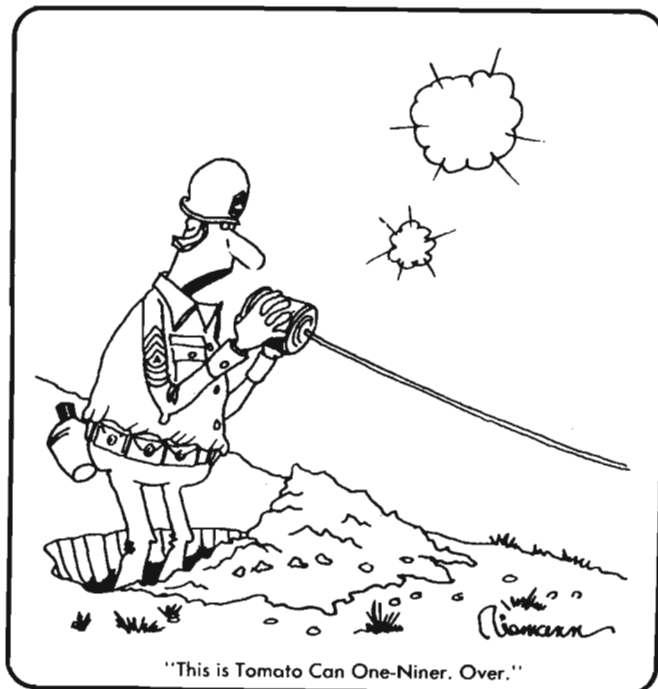
"I do see some of my former 24th friends from Michigan as we were a large group that came with the Division in 1946.

"I enjoy the Taro Leaf very much and appreciate...."

The rest was a nice boost for ourselves for which we are indeed grateful, Milt.

## POINT OF DEPARTURE

During December, we've dropped over 200 members for non-payment of dues. They don't have to hit us over the head with a shovel.



"This is Tomato Can One-Niner. Over."



## Wackiest Wordies ☆☆

Try a few Wacky Wordies. The object is to discern a familiar word, phrase, saying or name from each arrangement of letters or symbols. For example, box 1a below obviously depicts "sleeping on the job". Box 1b obviously is "cornerstone". Sure, those were easy. Now don't get smug. There are some toughies here. Answers elsewhere in this issue.

	a	b	c	d	e	f
					Roger	
1	sleeping job	stone	jink jink jink	gnit eg da wn		escape
2	right = right	house prairie	goodbye	milk	cc garage rr	com ic
3	Lu e c l i	clou	ieieceie	neegr geren ngree regen	t i o n a i n l f	pölkä
4	MIRROR	momanon	clams shē	ma√il	1.D 5.U 2.R 6.L 3.A 7.A 4.C	ca se case
5	TRN	ping willow	animation	sugar Please	hair—	L V O R E E A T
6	bus	age a g e age	TU>LOIP&S	m ce m ce m ce	eyebrows	ri poorch
7		morning	socket	TORTILLA	12safety345	s d r k i n house



# Your's Alone\*

Wedding bells for C.W. FRANKLIN (B 19th and 724 Ord. '51), of Cedar Tree Farm, Milford, Cal. - after 54 years of calm. Cut the cake with a bayonet. Here's a clip of the happy event for which congratulations of all of us to Lois and CW:

## Couple celebrates Janesville reception

An informal wedding was held for Mr. and Mrs. C.W. Franklin at the Talk of the Town, Janesville, on Sept. 11.

The couple were married in Reno in January but a reception was deferred until the bride could terminate her business.

Mrs. Franklin, formerly Lois Gardner, was a resident of Mendocino where she operated a child care activity for several years. The groom is employed as a policeman at Herlong and for 20 years has operated a tree farm at Milford, where he also breeds German Shepherd dogs. The couple will make their home at Herlong.

Present at the reception was the father of the groom, James P. Franklin, well known in Janesville and active in Masonic and veteran endeavors.

Also present were representatives of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, including Past State Commander John Bessaw, Past District Commanders Ira Janes and Tim Foley, and Post Quartermaster Tony Vigil.

A highlight of the evening was

the presentation of an award for Americanism to the groom by Tim Foley. The groom is a Past Post Commander and has held office in Americanism at Post and District levels.

As a humorous recognition of his military service, the groom chose to cut the wedding cake with his bayonet.

Tradition has long required that the military elite of Calvary cut a wedding cake with the sabre. As no such tradition has existed for the common warrior, the groom used the bayonet, a weapon which he had carried in two wars.

The music for the celebration represented the couple's ancestry. The bride is of Scottish descent and the groom's lineage is Irish, and they found a common interest in the revival of Celtic music for the evening. The music provided was Scots-Irish from the groom's record collection.

The reception was reported as a successful, happy event, suitably welcoming the bride to the community of Honey Lake Valley.

**WEDDING RECEPTION** -- After a Reno wedding in early January, Mr. and Mrs. C.W. Franklin held an informal reception at the Talk of the Town in Janesville to celebrate the

taking of their vows. The couple is shown above cutting the first piece of their wedding cake. They are now residing in Herlong.



## IT'S YOUR BUSINESS

Gen. Edward C. Meyer, the Army Chief of Staff, says it would cost more than \$40 billion above planned expenditures over the next five years to build the Army into a modern and flexible force capable of meeting a Soviet threat in Europe and other dangers in the Persian Gulf, Korea or Latin America.

This was a recent news release in the NY Times...exactly as written.

We are making no comment.

## 'welcome!'

Out of South Gate, Mich. - 13726 Spruce Road - comes our Life Member #409 - a brand new member with a \$100 check - meet WALTER "Smigs" SMIGEL, (C 34th 12/4/41-8/18/45). And add happiness to joy, Smigs sends in the name of a friend - FRANK PESKO, (3rd Bn Hq 34th '41-'45), of 5656 Plumer, Detroit, Mich. He's in Smigs, thanks to you. Smigs is grateful to BENNY MASHAY and PETE FUSTINI for telling him about our little club. We are too, Smigs. Welcome aboard.

## A handful of pebbles

Yank, the Army Weekly from 11/42 to 9/45, chronicled the events of WW II. It's being reproduced. We've subscribed to the 154 issues and will try to milk them as we go along for the items we believe will please you most.

## THE READERS TAKE OVER

This interesting letter has arrived from a Col. A.G. THOMPSON. We are pleased to use it as he wrote it:

"In '50, with the 437th Troop Carrier Wing, I was sent to Brady Field at Camp Hakata, Fukuoka. We took over the airfield and some of the quarters of the 24th Division Artillery, which had by that time been sent to Korea.

"I tried to find out at that time how Brady Field got its name. I never did get any information during the Korean War.

"Years later, while in the Pentagon, I renewed my efforts. I had some correspondence with a general and several others who had been stationed at Hakata, who told me that the field had been named after a 24th Division Artillery pilot who had been killed in the attack on the Philippines in World War II, and who had been awarded the Silver Star. Through research, I found a Lieutenant Brady who was still missing after the attack on the Philippines, but had been awarded a Silver Star for his outstanding work as an artillery spotter. He had apparently made a forced but safe landing, was captured, and was never located as a POW.

"I wrote to his relatives (his mother was then alive), and asked if they had ever been notified of this - they had not.

"I am writing you at the suggestion of historical people at Carlisle Barracks, who told me that the historical records of the 24th Division Artillery for 1948-50 are no longer available there. They said that perhaps you could put an item in it asking people who were with the 24th Division Artillery at Camp Hakata during the period 1948-50 could tell me more about the Brady for whom the field was named.

"If I could only corroborate what I believe is true, I could get this into the Army's historical record, notify the Brady family, and clear up the mystery."

If you have any news on this, please let us know and we'll pass to Col. Thompson. He's at 4218 Lake Laurel Dr., Smyrna, GA 30080.

Writes LLOYD WALBURN, (Hq. 1st Bn. 19th '45-'47), of Morristown, Minn.: "Had a funny thing happen over in Kokura Japan in '45 at a Xmas party. We were having a good time; really too much Jap beer. Anyway, I innocently traded caps with my 1st Lt. and forgot it. Next day I hitched a ride to Division headquarters. To my surprise, I was being saluted by nearly everyone. Here I had his cap on. I took it off and put it on my belt. Five minutes later I caught hell from an M.P. for being out of uniform. I put it back on and gave him a piece of my mind. Would you believe it? They saluted and I got out of there.



## Without Peer

We are exceedingly grateful for all the wonderful letters that come our way, especially at Xmas time, telling us what they think of us. They make up for the blasts we get now and again. STAN KAISER, (Div.Arty.Med.Det. '42-'45), of 95 Dixwell, Quincy, MA, found the time between yanking molars and drilling out cavities to write us an especially heartwarming note - which we'll not include here - but then he added this:

"It is with some sense of sadness and dismay that I note the thinning of our ranks due to the inexorable march of time, yet I find solace in the belief that we who have served so well and so proudly go on to a high place in the great beyond where our service will be duly noted and recorded. Why are so many of us changing our profiles? And by that I mean that characteristic thickening around the middle. It seems ironic that we who were once so lean and hard let ourselves become soft and overnurtured. Perhaps it is an American characteristic of oncoming age. Nonetheless, I enjoy scouting through each and every copy of the Taro Leaf and it brings back fond memories and on many occasions fills my heart with pride. So thanks again for your super-human efforts Ken, and be sure that you have an old buddy in Quincy that always will appreciate you.

24th Divisionally yours,

Stan Kaiser, Div.Arty.Med.Det."

Watta guy you are, Stan Kaiser.

VIC REINICK, (F 34th '43-'44), of 1042 Dixie, Hemet, Cal., tells us that "A second-story man is a guy whose wife doesn't believe his first story".

# Worthy of note

Wacky Wordies - the solutions:

- 1a Sleeping on the job
- 1b Cornerstone
- 1c High jinks
- 1d Getting up before the crack of dawn
- 1e "Roger, over and out".
- 1f Narrow escape
- 2a Equal rights
- 2b Little House on the Prairie
- 2c Waving goodbye
- 2d Condensed milk
- 2e Two-car garage
- 2f Stand-up comic
- 3a Lucille Ball
- 3b Partly cloudy
- 3c "I before E except after C"
- 3d Mixed greens
- 3e Spiraling inflation
- 3f Polka-dotted
- 4a Full-length mirror
- 4b Man in the moon
- 4c Clams on the half-shell
- 4d "The check is in the mail"
- 4e Count Dracula
- 4f Open-and-shut case
- 5a No U-Turn
- 5b Weeping willow
- 5c Suspended animation
- 5d "Pretty please with sugar on top?"
- 5e Receding hairline
- 5f Elevator out of order
- 6a Double-decker bus
- 6b Middle-age spread
- 6c "Tiptoe through the Tulips"
- 6d "Three Blind Mice" (without their i's)
- 6e Raised eyebrows
- 6f Steal from the rich and give to the poor
- 7b Top of the morning
- 7c Light socket
- 7d Tortilla Flat
- 7e Safety in numbers
- 7f Round of drinks on the house



"Something tells me Sarge isn't near as tough as he tries to pretend."



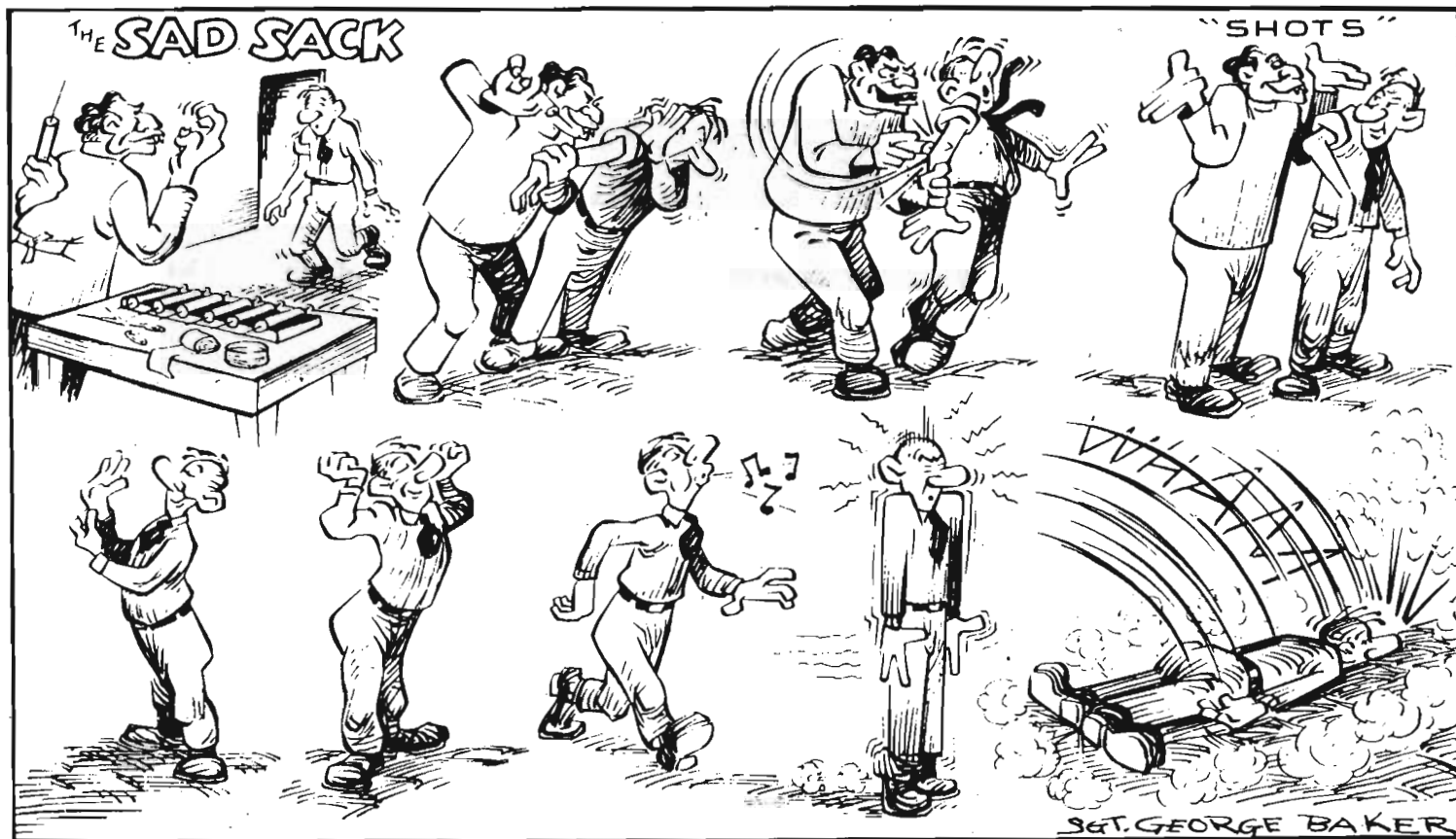
BERT BOAK, (24th Recn '50-'51) of 728 Locust, Canal Fulton, Ohio.



"Sir, if you're not happy with the way I drive, stay off the sidewalk."



And "The Sad Sack" was entertaining us as early as November 29, 1942 from which issue of Yank this one was clipped:



We spotted this in Readers Digest about a return to a battlefield by some who did battle. In case you missed it:

## Back to Bataan

Throughout history, victor and vanquished alike have preserved their wars past armistice, sometimes almost to forgiveness. A preservation ritual: the return to the battlefields by those who did battle

Condensed from PRIME TIME  
CHARLES N. BARNARD

**I** remember where I was when we got the message," a Bataan veteran said. "The Navy picked it up at the Monkey Point station. 'Raid on Pearl,' it said. 'This is no drill.' I hope I can get back to Monkey Point again this trip. For me, it's where World War II began."

Old wars die slowly; old soldiers keep them alive. Flags are raised, wreaths placed and eternal flames guarded. And never have so many old soldiers returned to so many old battlefields as have the veterans of World War II. To Normandy, Saipan and the Philippines, after nearly four decades, they still come back. Like ocean salmon returning to the streams of their birth, old soldiers may not understand the reasons for their pilgrimages; yet they make them as surely as they've made money, love and children.

In April this year, a small company of about a hundred old soldiers went back to Bataan, a Pacific battleground hallowed in American history by a pathetic, yet heroic defeat. War had begun in the Philippines only a few hours after the American fleet was decimated at Pearl Harbor. It lasted through five months of bitter combat and ended in one of the most shameful atrocities Americans have ever endured, the Death March of Bataan, followed for those who lived through it by three years of slave labor in enemy captivity.

"Right here. This is the place where we killed the mules. There was 48 of them. I never thought I'd have to eat mule meat, but it sure as hell was better than the iguana."

Returning now with wives and children, in only a few days on the peninsula of Bataan and the island of Corregidor, the veterans would relive most of the emotions of war. One veteran said, "I knew before I came back here that I was probably going to end up crying, that I was

going to hate it and love it at the same time."

At Manila airport, a military band blared John Philip Sousa as the Philippine Airlines 747 parked. Welcoming banners flapped and a reception line formed—old comrades, Philippine Scouts in uniform—everyone smiling, waiting. Then the first of the Defenders of Bataan and Corregidor, together with 20 heroic nurses who had served with them, emerged from the plane.

The scent of jasmine mingled with the smell of jet fuel as leis of fragrant white sampaguita blossoms were passed over heads and crushed in embraces. *Mabuhay!* Welcome! The old Philippine-American love affair momentarily rekindled.

The program is called Reunion for Peace. The day before, 55 Japanese veterans, come to lay wreaths and honor their dead, had been welcomed at the same airport.

The 200 Americans came tumbling into the Manila Hotel, its huge lobby gleaming with marble, brass and rich Philippine mahogany. "The last time I was in this place it was a wreck," one man said. "The Japs had taken the whole place over and put us POWs to work in the kitchens. You wonder why I came back? So I can order my own plate of food in the Manila Hotel!"

SEVENTEEN THOUSAND servicemen are buried at the American Cemetery and Memorial outside Manila. The rows of white crosses march ceaselessly on rolling acres of green, aligning themselves into precise formations. The American veterans brought wreaths, stood at attention for taps, heard the crack of a rifle salute echo away. Then they searched the rosters of the dead for people they might know. Some names, engraved on the highest tablets, were beyond bifocal range.

"Can you read that, hon? Top of the first column?"

"Spencer, William A. Captain."  
"That's him. That was my company commander."

The road from Manila to Bataan passes through San Fernando, where the Death March ended. It was here in 1942 that long, ragged columns of American and Filipino prisoners were assembled after they had walked, stumbled and crawled from Mariveles, 50 miles to the south. In less than two weeks after the surrender, they had left thousands of dead and murdered along the route. Now, a few survivors of that agony get a second look at San Fernando.

It is a grubby, sun-baked town, crowded and dirty, swarming with jeepneys and pedicabs. The buses come to a large roadside restaurant. A voice from the back of Bus 1: "The last time I came through this place I don't remember any damn restaurant!" Cheers. Wry GI humor, never changing. "Chow down, men!"

The old coastal road south from San Fernando to Mariveles is the Death March route in reverse. At every kilometer, a signpost marks the way—85 signs, each numbered, lest anyone forget, for even one kilometer, man's inhumanity to man.

The buses swing onto a new highway to stay on schedule, but the men object: they want to see all those towns where they were. Chastised, the guide turns back onto the old road—to Balanga, Pilar, Orion, Limay, Lamao, Cabacaben.... The men speak the Death March names as familiarly as Kansas or Connecticut.

"See that church we just passed? We stopped there one night and the Japs let some of us sack out for a few hours. I'd remember that church anywhere."

Evenings are for beer and long conversations in hotel lobbies and bars, or around lighted swimming pools. Overheard: "I wanted my son to see this place so he'd know what I've been talking about all these years. He didn't want to, though. 'Aw, Dad,' he says, 'what for?' How could I tell him what for? I even have a hard time explaining all this to my wife."

Overheard: "I got a queer feeling at that cemetery today. Suddenly I found my name—the same middle initial and all. First, I looked at it like it was a mistake; then something went click in my head, and I felt somehow as if I was both dead and alive."

Overheard: "Right where this pool is, I figure, the Japs had their 240s. From here they could fire on Corregidor. Isn't that a helluva note? Now there's little girls who never heard of World War II running around the exact spot in bikinis!"

One old soldier wanted to tell a writer certain things in confidence. "There's hardly anybody in this bunch that doesn't have mental

problems of some sort. You might think we're all buddies, but we're not, no more than we were in the service. One guy here hasn't had anything to say to me since we arrived. That's because when we were prisoners he stole my *quan*—food. Hell, I don't care anymore, but he does. He's ashamed."

One of the wives: "He never talked about these things at home. But when he's with his buddies like this, he's another man. He talks, he laughs, he remembers. I think it has to be good for him to let it all out."

DURING the final battle for Bataan, American and Philippine forces formed a line of resistance across the peninsula. At the center was 1900-foot Mount Samat, which the Japanese secured on April 5, 1942; then they surged down Samat's southern slope, overwhelming Bataan's last line of defense.

Today, a 320-foot concrete cross near a marble memorial called the Altar of Valor stands on Samat's highest point. The buses ground up Samat's switchback roads in low gear, then parked near the top.

Suddenly, coming down Mount Samat is a large Japanese flag, carried high by a group leader, followed by 55 Japanese old soldiers and their wives. They come rushing and chattering, greeting the Americans with exuberant waves.

At the altar, they had left a wreath with a ribbon bearing the words: "From the Japanese Veterans."

BACK IN Bus 4, a pretty Philippine tour guide named Lulu led her Americans in nostalgic songs of the '40s: "Paper Doll," "You Are My Sunshine." The chorus of voices grew stronger with each number. No one seemed to be looking out at the dusty countryside or the Death March signposts.

The Japanese group was already at the restaurant in Balanga. As the first American entered, a few of the Japanese began to applaud, soon joined by all the others in a steady clapping that went on until the last American had filed in.

The restaurant was too small to seat the two groups in separate rooms, so they mingled of necessity. First there were polite handshakes, then photographs taken, conversations attempted in sign language. Soon, a number of the Americans and Japanese were enthusiastically fraternizing, with arms around shoulders and garrison caps on one another's heads.

But some of the Americans looked only at their plates. Some of the Japanese drank their beer and silently studied the label. There were, quite possibly, men in the room who had met before.

MARIVELES is the town at the southern tip of Bataan from which there was no escape for most of the defeated Americans. On April 9, 1942, the day of surrender, it was a place of tragic confusion. Some 2000 U.S. and Filipino survivors made it across 2½ miles of water to the fortress of Corregidor. Thousands did not. To keep from being bombed and strafed by Japanese planes, GIs made Rising Sun flags by painting sheets with Mercurochrome and spread them on the ground.

"My outfit assembled over there, where those new buildings are now. First we were told to stack all our rifles on the pier. Then word came down saying the Japs weren't giving any quarter. Hell, you should have seen us run for them rifles! It was the worst moment of my life. I was only 19, and Japs were coming down the road, and we were going to get blasted into the sea. I guess that's why I'm here now. I want to remember that feeling one more time and then I want to forget it forever."

*"I'm going to find me my four silver pesos. I know just where I buried 'em, right by a culvert near Bottomside. It was just before the Japs came up the road. Damned if I was going to let 'em get me and my money too!"*

For many, the all-day visit to Corregidor would be the emotional high of the trip. Some had served its huge guns, endured its bombardments, survived its starvation, and wept at its surrender.

The final siege of Corregidor lasted a month. Near the end, a long tunnel under Malinta Hill was the only place where life could be sustained with any certainty. Within its endless passages, it housed, among other things, a 1000-bed hospital.

"Are there still bodies in there, Dad?" A youngster is intrigued by the underground maze, its laterals still sealed with wartime debris.

"Could be, Jeff."

Corregidor's big guns are a principal attraction. Batteries of squat 12-inch mortars crouch in bomb-blasted concrete pits. Rusting 12-inch rifles thrust their barrels at the sky as if making an obscene gesture at an old enemy.

A boy asks his father how come the Japs could take Corregidor with all these guns to defend it. "Wasn't anything wrong with the guns, son. We woulda gone right on firin' as long as we had shells. It was just that this baby can shoot 17 miles, but the Japanese were only yards away."

On the boat back to Bataan, a familiar voice is heard:

*"The roads I remember are all gone and the growth is so thick you can't find anything. I know just where the culvert is, and where I dug the hole. There's no doubt in my mind that those four silver pesos are still there. . . ."*

One man had been back to Corregidor four times. Why? "Because this is where the most exciting events of my life took place. I never did anything later in life to equal it."

"I don't come back just to swap war stories with old buddies. Most of my buddies are dead. I come back to be here. In this place. On this ground. When I'm here, I'm okay. I know that Cabcaben is up the road. I know which direction the wind will blow when it rains. I know that Corregidor is still in the harbor where it belongs. That makes me comfortable."

ON THE LAST NIGHT, the hotel showed a movie about the Pacific war. The old soldiers watch it knowingly, silently, approvingly. It is a morality play they will never tire of.

Finally, there is MacArthur in rumpled suntans and battered cap, standing on the deck of the battleship *Missouri*. Once again, the war is over. Once again, the good guys have won.



## Some Final Thoughts

A French poodle bumped into a Russian wolfhound on the Champs Elysees and asked how things were going in the USSR.

"Everything's wonderful," declared the Soviet hound. "They treat me great. I have a solid gold doghouse, on the floor is a genuine sable mat and I get caviar three times a day."

"So if things are great there," asked the poodle, "what are you doing here?"

"Confidentially," explained the wolfhound, "once in a while I like to bark."

Have a couple of items clipped from our old Yank issues, dated '42.

### BOMBS WITH TEETH

Cpl. Bernie Abrahams, of the Royal Regiment of Toronto, tells of an air-raid warden trying to hustle an English woman out of her home into a shelter during a bombing.

"Wait till I find my teeth," said the woman.

"What do you think they're dropped, lady, sandwiches?"

### BEEF - WELL DONE

After the RAF bombed a war plant in the Danish town of Skive, Propagandist Goebbels issued a communique stating that there was no damage except one cow was hit. The local paper obediently carried the German communique, adding only:

"The cow has been burning for four days."



"That tourniquet is a little too tight, soldier."



# Wait for What Will Come

For many Americans, Korea calls to mind the Korean War. We think of a country ravaged by battle, of a primitive nation of dirt roads and bombed-out buildings. We envision a backward land of peasant farmers, a place where Western affluence is only a dream.

That -- most definitely -- is not the South Korea of today. The country's postwar industrial revolution has transformed it into the third richest nation in Asia, after Japan and Singapore.

South Korea manufactures ships, glass chemicals, steel and electronic goods - in fact, it ranks as America's 12th largest trading partner. And its economic growth overshadows that of its neighbor and adversary, communist North Korea.

But Korea's industrial progress has not eliminated all vestiges of the old days. It's easy to find narrow, winding streets with tile-roofed houses tucked next to modern buildings or busy expressways.

Turn one corner in parts of Seoul, the capital, and be startled by the stench of sewage; venture into an open-air market where refrigeration is unheard of and see meats, vegetables and fruits colorfully displayed. But turn another corner and before you stands a tall, modern department store with attractive Korean women waiting to assist you.

No, South Korea is no longer dirt roads and war-torn countryside. But neither is it a "little America." Rather, it is a rapidly growing, small Asian nation of 36 million people, and it offers a rich cultural experience to military families with the initiative to get out and explore it.

Just think of what you guys saved way back 30 years ago. Doesn't seem like 30, does it?

Try as we may, we cannot read the National Geographic. Look at the pictures, yes. But read it, no. More, we haven't found a soul who can read it, either. Can you?



Col. W.E. WYRICK, (Korea), has moved to 9 Northlake Road, Columbia, S.C.

From an Anti-Tank Gimlet ('43-'45), JOHN FRANK MCKENNEY, of 14 Lake, Millbury, MA., come the words: "In one copy of the Taro Leaf, the Philippine Liberation Medal was mentioned. I sent away for it but was told they received several thousand requests for it. They are out at this time and will send it when the supply is in, and they will be sent out on a first come first served basis." Along with 17 names and addresses of new prospects, Johnny sent us the names of these AT 21st men who have passed away: "Swede" Larson, "Pappy" Norris, Harry Nolde, "Gene" Tate, and "Chopper" Ryan.

Johnny Pesky, now a Red Sox coach, was telling a group how he signed as a baseball prospect.

Old Needlenose said scouts from many major league clubs were after him and when the Sox bird-dog visited his parents in Oregon, he brought long stem roses for Pesky's mother and offered the elder Pesky five \$100 bills.

Pesky's dad was shocked momentarily and the Sox scout thought he'd blown his chances to sign John.

Recovering his composure, Pesky's dad looked the scout in the eye and said: "Throw in another \$100 and you also can have his brother."

# New Army tactic: more togetherness

The Army intends to form some combat units in a new way it hopes will help fire up the troops.

Soldiers and officers will be kept in the same unit during their first tour rather than being transferred from one outfit to another, as they often are now.

Now, a soldier reporting for duty after basic training is regarded and is treated as the new man in the barracks. He is transferred repeatedly during his first tour under today's individual replacement system. Critics contend this keeps him from feeling and acting as a prideful member of a team.

Under the experiment scheduled to start with up to 20 combat companies this spring, a teenager would sign up for a specific Army division at the recruiting station. He would become a member of a company of 185 men for that division at basic training, even to wearing the outfit's patch.

After completing six of his eight weeks of basic training, the new soldier would come under the officers and sergeants who would command him for the next three years.

Those officers and sergeants would be from an operational base. The new soldier's officers and sergeants would finish the basic training, then take him and the rest of the new company back to their base for advanced training.

The company would remain there for 18 months and then serve together overseas for the next 18 months. The soldiers on this first foreign assignment would not have wives or children with them in order to ease housing shortages.

Most of the first-term soldiers would leave the Army after that, having completed their three-year obligation in the combat branches. Their officers and sergeants would return to the operational base to train another company, staying stateside at least 18 months, with their families settled near the home Army base.

A typical Army company loses half its 185 people every year because of transfers and attrition. This means, the general added, that the sergeants and officers - even in the unlikely event they stay with the company - do not get the chance to put together a cohesive, well-trained unit with the pride and spirit that can make the difference between winning and losing on the battlefield.

We inquired over 35 years ago as to why the Army didn't do precisely this and were told to "shut up".

## BEST BETS

We have for sale:

unit crests	@ \$2.50
division shoulder patches	@ 1.00
division subdued (field) patches	@ .50
division decals	@ .75

The Association stands to make a few pennies on each item sold after defraying mailing costs from us to you. This modest "profit" goes directly into the Association treasury. Thanks.

We look forward to doing business with you. We're open daily from 12 to 1.



Laugh  
at the  
Cold!



Bit of trivia: With the signing of Mike Cabbage of the Minnesota Twins, the New York Mets, Cabbage became the 69th third baseman the Mets have had since their inception in 1962. That reduces to about 1 every 7 weeks. Just thought we'd mention it.



Annual wallow of the Military Order of the Carabao will be held Feb. 7th at the Washington, D.C. Sheraton Hotel.

BACIL STEED, (24th Recn. '49-'51), of 79 Henbury Ave., Darwin, Australia, says he heard a conversation in a pizzeria near his home. A teen-age athlete ordered a whole pizza for lunch. Asked the counter-girl: "Should I cut it in 6 or 8 pieces for you?" The reply: "Better make it 6. I could never eat 8 pieces."

BLAIR GARD (E 21st), now at Rt. 2 Box 90C, Winchester, Ohio, wants to hear from any Easy Gimlets.

Marvelous people, these Chinese! New York City doesn't like the break it got in the 1980 census. So Federal Judge Henry Werker orders the Census Bureau simply to up its Count.

DUES  
ARE DUE  
NOW!  
SEND YOURS TODAY

You know the earth is spinning on its axis at 700 mph at the surface, and is carrying you with it. It's also barreling along at about 66,000 mph on its annual 584,000,000 mile track around the sun, and carrying you with it. Meanwhile, like all else in the solar system, the earth is accompanying the sun on its 225,000,000 year orbit around the far-distant center of our home star system, the Milky Way Galaxy - and carrying you with it at about 481,000 mph. And you thought you were just sitting in one spot-reading Taro Leaf.

Life Member #411 is DICK PEIFLY, (B34th and 724th Ord. '44-'46), of 3330 Congress, Allentown, Pa., and we are right proud. Dick and Ardath are now grandparents. Writes Dick: "Life has been good to me. I've been healthy and haven't missed a meal in years". We'll always remember Dick, fondly, for his bright, sunny disposition; could always see the good and fun in any problem. Happy you're aborad, fella.



This little guy isn't in olive drab. He's a hamster hopping a free ride in the pocket of his owner, Sp.5 Jesse Ramos in some outfit in Heidelberg.



## In Memoriam

Deceased: On 2-2-79, from leukemia, in San Diego, in his 59th year, Col. EDWARD H. MURRAY. A battalion commander with us in '50-'51, he was West Point January '43. Wounded at the Bulge while serving with the 106th, he then served in the 11th A/B in Japan and Campbell from '47-'49. Following Korea, he was with the 82nd A/B and USA Europe in Heidelberg. He was in 'Nam in '66-'67 and finally retired in '71.

DICK GOINY, (# 21st '44-'45), of 3619 W 64, Chicago, Ill., reports with regret, the passing of his good friend LEONARD J. YOURG last Aug. 9th. EDWARD T. DOUBEK and Dick represented us at Len's wake and funeral for which we extend our humble thanks. Len, Dick and Ed were all in Easy Company of the Gimlets in the P.I. and Japan.

ART and Esther McCAULLEY, up in Fountain, Minn., report the death of FRANCIS STOKEL of Hazel Green, Wis. Francis was Anti Tank 34th.

Maj. THOMAS N. CONNOLLY, Hq. & Hq. Btry 13th Field and SV Btry, 63rd Field 4/41-10/43, of 208 Market St., Jonesboro, IL, died Nov. 18, 1980. His widow, Maryan, sent us the tragic news. Tom left us in '43 in a cadre for the 280th Field at Camp Cooke, Cal. Maryan was an Army Nurse at Milne Bay, Hollandia, Leyte, Luzon and finally in Korea after the surrender. Her unit, the 227th Station Hospital was in our medical support at Hollandia. Maryan, we salute you in your hour of terrible loss.

MAJOR GENERAL RODERICK WETHERILL  
1/19/18 to 6/26/78  
CG of the 24th Infantry Division  
Oct 66 to Jul 68



General Wetherill was a distinguished commander, a fine officer and a warm human being. This General led the men of the 24th to peak performance because he trained them to precision and encouraged the excellence which promotes and develops "esprit". He deeply loved the 24th Division and its members.

The special quality of leadership that General Wetherill possessed fostered a beautiful "family closeness" among the troops and their dependents who served with him the 24th.

To serve with, or to have served with, the 24th Infantry Division is a special honor. The days, months and years that we spent with the 24th commanded by General Wetherill were a privilege for us because we could see that the 24th Division was so very special to him.

General Wetherill's career was marked with many decorations. Among them were the Distinguished Service Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster (2) Silver Star and the Legion of Merit with Oak Leaf Cluster (2). But in all his colorful career with its many challenges and decorations, General Wetherill considered the crowning achievement to be his "tour of duty as Commanding General of the 24th Infantry Division in Germany and the return of every man, dependent and possession to the last goldfish to Ft. Riley, Kansas, without mishap.

Those of us who served that tour with him echo that statement with a hearty Amen!!!

General Wetherill, you were loved,

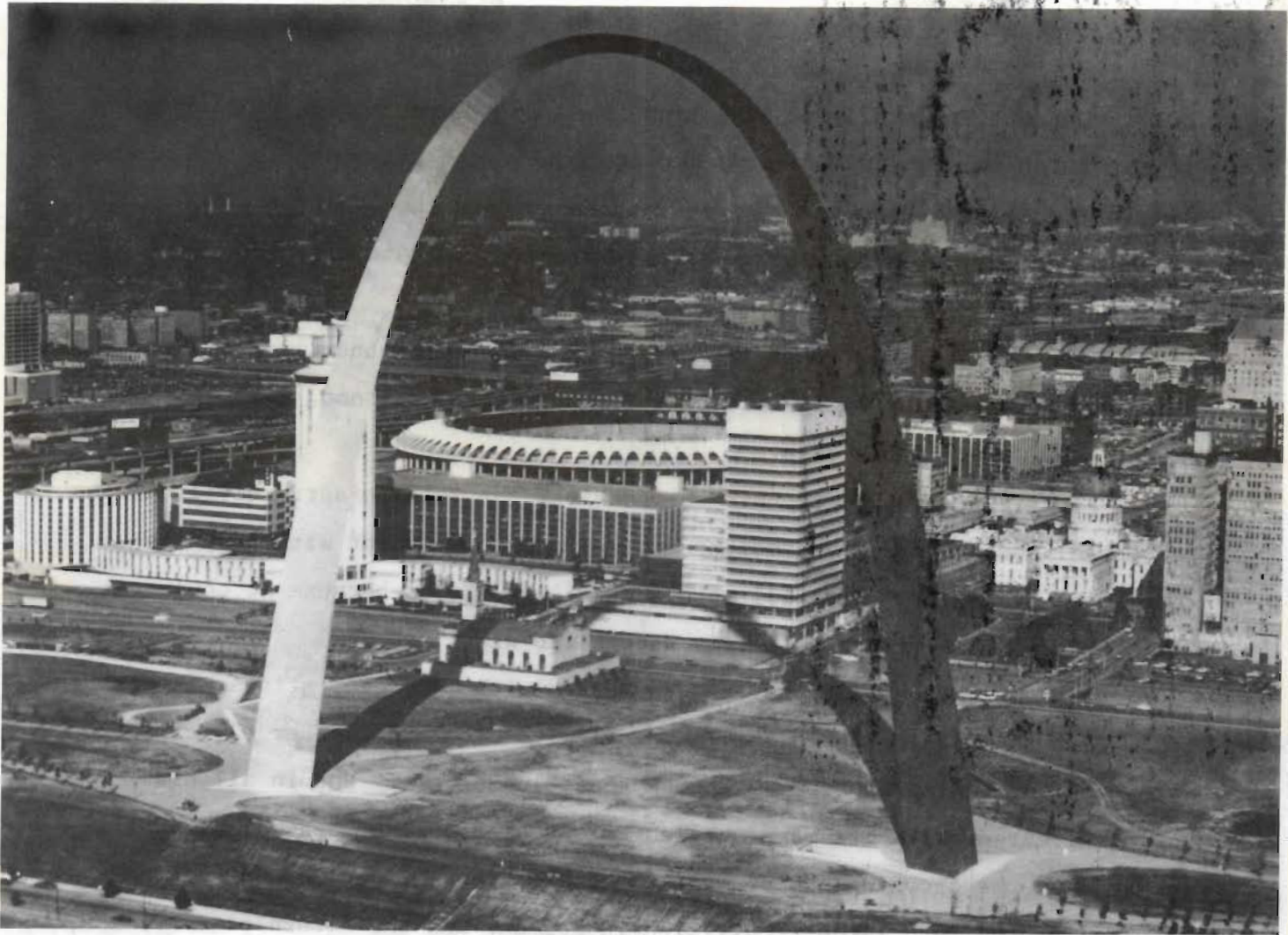
General Wetherill, you are missed.

CWO Joseph L. Murat (ret)  
24th Inf. Div. Bandmaster  
Apr 66 to Apr 69



Didja read about that parachutist who was attempting to sail between the legs of St. Louis' Gateway Arch. His wife was filming it and watched in horror as he landed atop the monument and slid more than 600 feet down the north leg - to his death. True.

B and L of the 19th, '44-'45, heard from. TOM O'MARA writes: "I know you're busy writing about Generals, Colonels and Majors, but I'm only interested in the fellows who fought the battles." To which we reply, modestly: "Tom, we've given over 30 years to this effort, trying to write about EVERYBODY, free of any show of favoritism."



Overlooking the mighty Mississippi is the nation's tallest monument, the 630 foot Gateway Arch. The Arch serves as a gleaming tribute to the early pioneers and the westward expansion. The observation deck, with its sixteen large windows, offers magnificent views to the east and west of the Arch. The Museum of Westware Expansion is located in the underground chamber beneath the Arch. The exhibit focuses on a span of time in the 1880's and is magnificently told in the cryptic words of those who made history - people like Lewis and Clark, Thomas Jefferson, and the many unnamed settlers, miners, farmers, and soldiers, who battled the wilderness. The Museum and the Arch are open year round. Stouffer's Riverfront Towers are the two circular towers, the taller being partly obscured, just beyond the left leg of the Arch. See you there!