

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



USA 4c

FREDERICK DOUGLASS

OCT 20



FIRST CLASS MAIL



Shay, John R.
11129 Shermer Road
Glenview, IL 60025

ONE ITEM WE'RE THRILLED TO STEAL - AND MORE, GIVE IT A PAGE ALL BY ITSELF!!!!

ASSIGNMENTS

Rosenblum Picked for 3d Star, First Army CG

By a Times Staff Writer

WASHINGTON — Maj. Gen. Donald E. Rosenblum, who has been nominated for promotion to lieutenant general, has assumed command of First Army, Fort Meade, Md. He previously was Deputy CG, XVIII Abn Corps, Fort Bragg, N.C.

Brig. Gen. Donald M. O'Shei, Director, Construction Operations and Facilities Management, Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense (Manpower, Reserve Affairs and Logistics), the Pentagon, has been named Director, Joint Programs, Defense Communications Agency, Washington, D.C., effective September 15.

Other assignments reported to Army Times are:

FORT RILEY, Kans.

SFC Alvin E. Holmes, USAG.
SFC Louis Johnson, CSC, 1-34th Amr.
SFC Lawrence L. Sanchez, NCO Academy.
SFC Jerry F. Watson, 207th MP Co.
SSgt. Horace L. Anderson, 24th Trans Co.
SSgt. Michael Case, HHC, 4-83d Amr.
SSgt. Richard L. Edwards, D Trp, 1-4th Cav.
SSgt. Herman A. Henry, 1st Avn Bn.
SSgt. Lance L. Hight, CSC, 1-34th Amr.
SSgt. Richard H. Jones, 49th OrdS Bn.
SSgt. Troy D. Jordan, 24th Trans.
SSgt. William D. Kaurudar, 1st Maint Bn.
SSgt. Lewis E. McCollum, B Trp, 1-4th Cav.
SSgt. Robert S. Praino, CSC, 2-16th Inf.
SSgt. William H. Griner, 1st Cav.



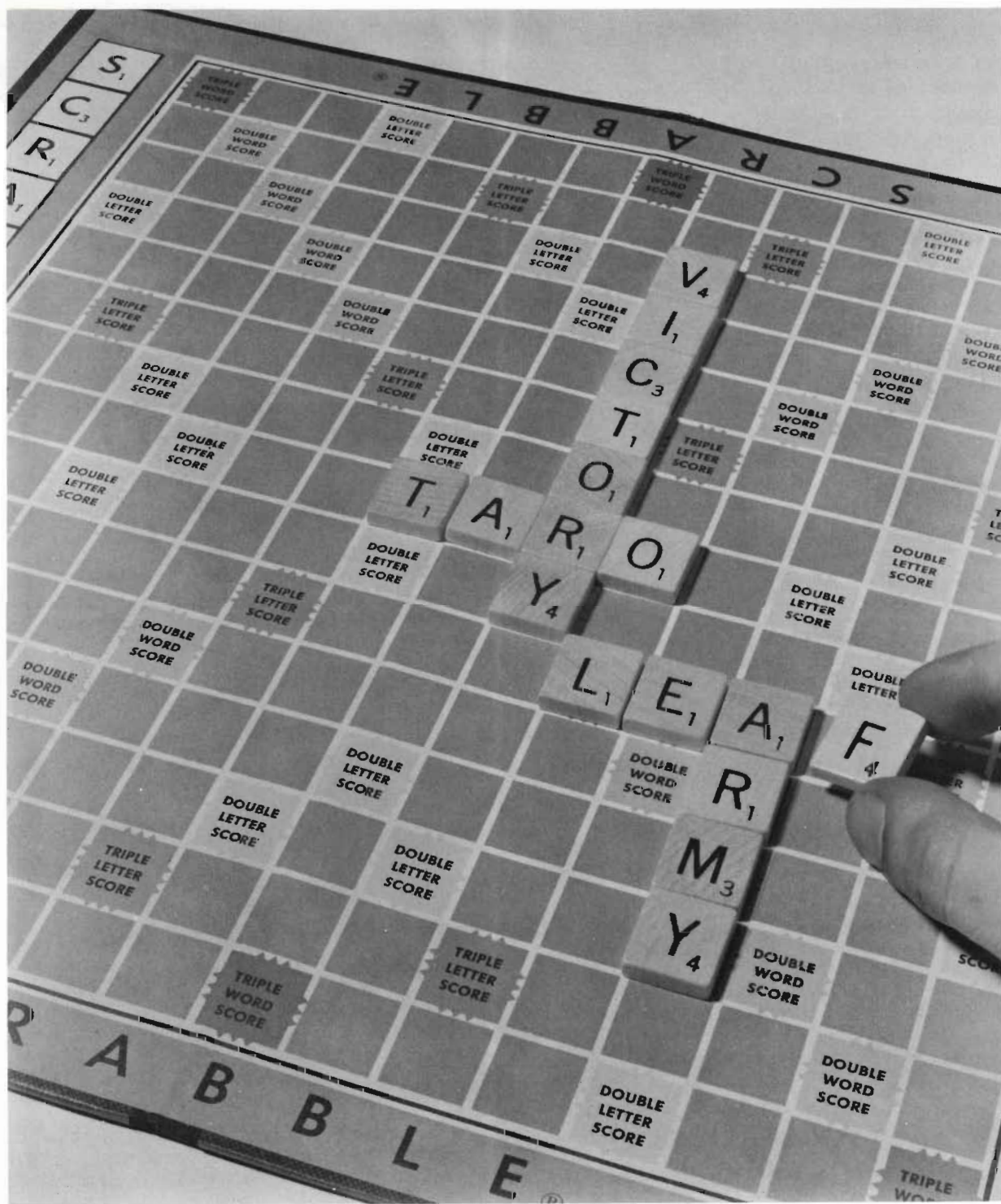
ROSENBLUM

FORT RITCHIE, Md.

Col. James E. Walsh Jr., 7th Sig Cmd IG.
Maj. Terrence W. Hoffman, Director of Community Activities.



WOW!



TARO LEAF

Vol. XXXV — No. 1

1981-1982

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 of its attached units. Dues are \$10.00 per annum, inclusive of a subscription to our publication, Taro Leaf.

Target date for publication of "History of a Division, 1981-1982" is the spring of 1982. Only Association members will be allowed to purchase copies. The price? Are you ready for this one? \$20 per copy. Closing date for orders — December 31, 1981.

For those
who appreciate
the difference.

If we don't include all of the news about St. Louis in this issue, please forgive us. Right now we've got more news than Kellogg's has corn flakes -- and we're trying to find space for it all.

YES, BUT HAVE
YOU THOUGHT OF ...

As we gazed at the puffs of white smoke issuing from Stouffer's St. Louis, we saw the name DALLAS DICK. Hail to our new President!

Our lawyer friend, TOM RHEM, (B 34th '44-'45) of 3451 Carnes, Memphis, Tenn., asks a reasonable question: "How come seagulls can look so majestic in the air and so stupid on the ground?"



And this is what it's all about -- friendships and devotion to the 24th. And nowhere any stronger than in the case of Chaplain JOSEPH PEYTON and retired Maj. Gen. FRED ZIERATH.

A LONG WAY FROM HOME

DALLAS DICK fever swept St. Louis like a brushfire on a windy day. It was contagious. Fun though.

The epidemiology of DALLAS DICK fever can be easily documented. He was the hero of Hill 524 as we overtook Palo. And now he's our President.



At S.L., the very personable Division Commander made a determined, and pleasant effort to circulate around to the various tables for a word or two with the guests. Here he is with Alice SANDERSON. He had a happy word with most everyone in that banquet hall.

The WISECUPS, PAUL and Dottie, looked refreshed at S.L. The Florida retirement is doing wonders for these folks.



The S.L. banquet head table as viewed through the lens of PHIL HOSTETTER. In left-to-right fashion, it's coming President DALLAS DICK; Elise COMPERE; outgoing President WALTER CUNNINGHAM; at the rostrum the Division Commander, Maj.Gen. JOHN R. GALVIN; THOMAS COMPERE; Peggy DICK; Margaret PEYTON; and Chaplain JOSEPH PEYTON.

GEORGE ABBAS, (A 21st '42-'44), of Renville, Minn., tells about Gore Vidal explaining away his lawsuits with Capote, Mailer, Penthouse, et al. Said Vidal: "The truth is, as I grow older, I find litigation more enjoyable than sex -- and much less tiring -- even though torts tend to be more expensive than tarts."



RICHARD LUM sent this S.L. photo of, in the left-to-right manner starting at the far left: ROLAND SMITH, Louise SMITH, Emily WILSON, EARL WILSON, His Nibs, EDDIE ROBINSON, JOHN TENEYCK, Grace TENEYCK (Sorry Grace, you didn't quite make it, but "You Were There," Jean BOYCE, and winding it up EANSLEY BOYCE. Thanks, Shy.

We say "Welcome" to JIM and Joy ZIMMERMAN, (Sv. 5th RCT '52-'53), of 452 Bluff, Alton, IL. S.L. was their first reunion. Says Jim, "We're already planning on Baltimore next year." Jim, a plumbing contractor, says all his wife wants for Christmas are a few cards -- like Master Charge, Diners, and American Express. Say it ain't so, Joy.



In the course of his banquet remarks at S.L., Maj. Gen. JOHN R. GALVIN harked back to his West Point days when William F. DEAN, Jr., the son of our own BILL, was his roommate. They were both Class of '54. Those were terrible days for young Bill and the rest of his family too, of course, when various reports came filtering in concerning his Dad.



The convention guests of Maj.Gen. A. S. NEWMAN, VICENTE and Inday SYDIONGCO, (34th '44-'45), of Jakarta, Indonesia -- two, simply wonderful, people. We were thrilled that they were able to join our phantasmagoria.

Some sorry snatches from S.L.... JOHNNY KLUMP, troubled by that bad hip again, walking painfully around with a cane. Before the weekend was over, he had the Mayo Clinic on the phone and was scheduling himself in for maintenance.

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Heart attack -- MARTIN SMITHWICK, (D 21st '44-'45), of Gen. Del. Ponce de Leon, MO. Marty was stricken in April -- "in and out of hospitals since." We're pulling for you Martin. Cards would help here, fellas.

BARE ESSENTIALS

At the Assumption of Command ceremonies at Ft. Meade on Sept. 25th, Past President WALTER CUNNINGHAM represented us all in paying honor to Lieut. Gen. DONALD E. ROSENBLUM as he became the Commanding General, First Army. Wally called to report that it was a most impressive ceremony up to and including the 24th Division March which the Army Commander had requested be played by the First Army Band. We can just see the impish grin on Don's face as the band blared forth with that one.

What should I do?

Membership Chairman LEE LIST visited the Seattle area following S.L. Called on Maj. Gen. FRED ZIERATH and HOMER PRICE.

A LOOK BACK . .

In September, President DALLAS DICK dropped in on the boys of Company L, 34th, who were having a reunion all of their own. Reported Dallas: "They received me graciously and were delighted that an officer of the 24th Inf. Div. Assn. finally met with them. Frank Reimel will be sending you a report. I was amazed that they have maintained contact with nearly sixty members of one company. The comradeship amongst the group was supreme -- at least equal to or sometime surpassing that evidenced at our own reunions. For several 'poor excuse' reasons they had not shown interest in the Association -- mainly 'they wouldn't know anybody there.' I believe I've changed their minds for they intend to meet with us in Baltimore. Most of those attending were from N.Y., N.J., 1 - Mich., 1 - Ga., 1 - Pa."

Great report, Dallas. Hope you'll make Baltimore, all you chaps of Company L.



From HOWARD SALISBURY (Div. Hq. '41-'44), of 604 Arroyo, S. Pasadena, Cal., comes this gratefully acknowledged memo for which he shall receive an exiguous token of our appreciation:

"I don't know quite how to explain the attached, but it's a copy of a drawing by Col. Dick Lawson of the 24th Inf. Div. bathing facilities in 1944. Dick Lawsen was Div. G2 at the time and Maj. Gen. Newman was Chief of Staff.

"From this somewhat primitive but pleasant bath in the stream evolved the idea of a water wheel to create a shower and finally Col. Oberbeck came to the rescue with real showers.

"Anyway, Dick Lawsen's drawing brings back fond memories of our bathing facilities in Dutch New Guinea. I hope it will be of interest to you."

Spotlight on people

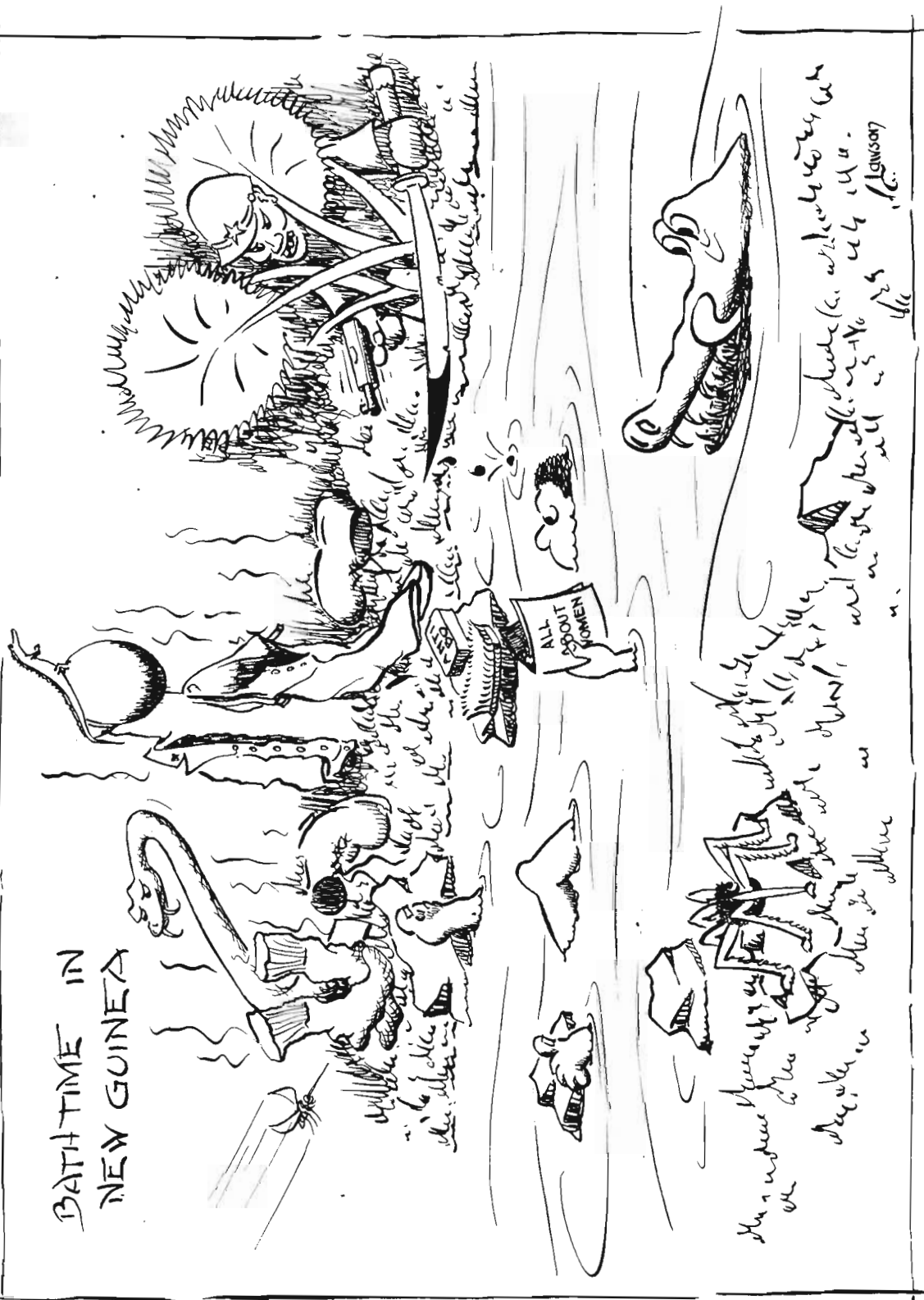
TOM BANGERT, (I 21 '46-'48), of 1125 Garden, Ft. Wayne, Ind., thoughtfully called us the other day. Is really suffering from arthritis "in all the joints" - is on crutches - has been for 4 years. Has a gal friend in Florida who wants him down there - another gal friend in Houston who keeps asking him to come down there to be with her - says Donna won't let him go to either one. You've still got your sense of humor, Tom; you're wonderful.

GOING PLACES

Change of address for HAROLD J. DETHELFSEN, (3rd Bn. 21st '42-'46). It's now 2228 N. Division, Davenport, Iowa.

COL. RICHARD H. LAWSON, (G-2 and C/S '41-'45), of 104 N. Will Scarlet, Williamsburg, Va., in writing about the death of "L'il" LYMAN tells us of reading about a horse named Tanahmera in a horse-show in Harrisburg. Dick was stationed at Carlise Bks. at the time. "Sure enough," writes Dick, "the horse was L'il Lyman's, and I went over to visit him at his horse farm near Chad's Ford." Dick, by the way, is 50 years out of West Point this commencement. You didn't place any stricture on us about telling that, Dick.

BATHTIME IN NEW GUINEA



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

TO MEMBERS OF THE 24TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION:

I am indeed proud to have been selected as your President for 1982. It is a great honor that will never be forgotten. I first sewed on the Taro Leaf to my shoulder in 1935 and wore it proudly as an active member of the 19th for nine years and two months. My pride also shows when I remember joining the Association at our first convention in Baltimore.

Many, many of you possess this same pride and demonstrate the same by attending our conventions. Many of you, however, do not attend. To you I say: When you wore the Taro Leaf, at any time, at any place, you earned a passport to membership in this Association. Paying dues and receiving the Taro Leaf is passive membership. You have a personal share in the affairs of this Association. I charge you: Keep alive our comradeship by:

- Attend our conventions
- Contribute photos and articles for publication in the Taro Leaf
- Encourage attendance by searching old copies of the Taro Leaf for names of those you haven't seen lately
- Contact your local veteran's organizations and publicize our existence -- encourage membership
- Send our Membership Committee Chairman any suggestions you may have for the recruitment of new members
- Send our Convention Chairman suggestions for the betterment of our annual activities

As an Army man, haven't you ever stopped at times, during the rush and haste of making a living to reflect that something is missing? That something that you experienced in far away places, under trying conditions, when you dreamed of the comfort of home and loved ones. What is that something, the lump in your throat; the thumping in your breast; that certain feeling that seems to exist only with those who have tasted the heat of battle, the loneliness and the suffering and the agonies of body, mind and soul and survival.

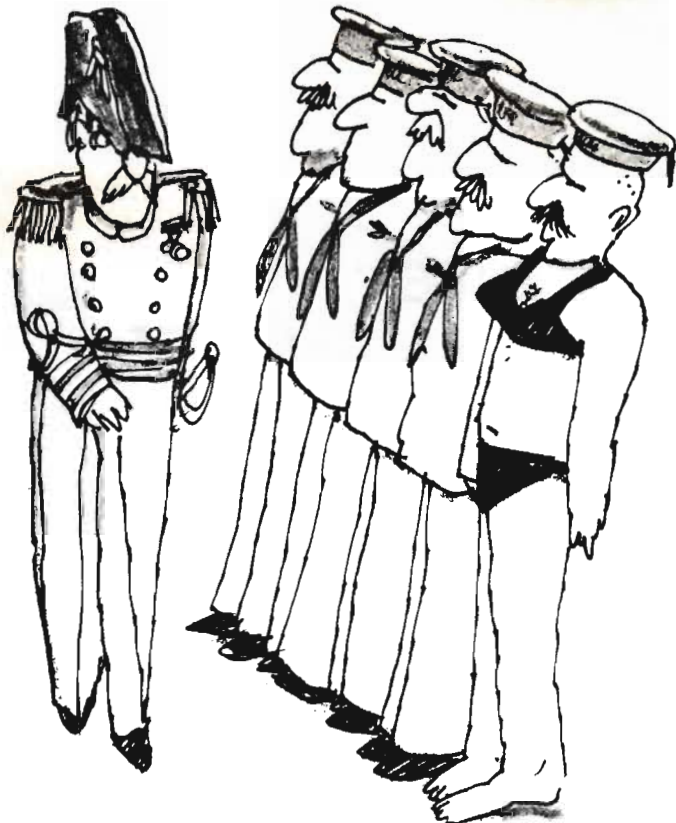
That something is COMRADESHIP!

For the 24th Infantry Division, it began on October 1st 1941, at activation, reached its highest level on December 7th 1941 which continued through the campaigns of New Guinea, the Philippines and Korea. After visiting Fort Stewart, Georgia, on two occasions, I am convinced that some comradeship prevails.

For the 24th Infantry Division Association it was rekindled at our first convention in Baltimore in 1947; it burns bright at every convention, and is kept alive through every issue of the Taro Leaf.

If you have not experienced that something, you will be surprised, enjoyed and fulfilled by the COMRADESHIP that will light up Baltimore in 1982.


DALLAS DICK
President



If your item is not in this issue, please bear with us. We'll try to include it in the next-following issue.



BILLY SANDERSON and General GALVIN's A.D.C., Capt. DAVID PETRAEOS, an extremely pleasant fellow to meet and know. Come back to our next one, David, please -- and stay longer. We spotted him jogging a 2 mile run on the Sunday a.m. following the banquet and before he and the General flew back to Stewart.

LEE LIST, our new membership Chairman, has signed up a friend for membership. That's the way, Lee. Start with your friends. This one is GEORGE FELKER, (B 21st '41-'45), of 3003 W. Antoinette, Peoria, IL. We met George a couple of years ago and liked him. What took you so long, George?



JESSE MURGA, (A & C 21st '50-'51), of 3510 Curtis, Augusta, GA, has a definition of a consultant. Says it's a guy who knows 50 different ways to make love but doesn't know any girls.



One of the delights of PHIL HOSTETTER's weekend in S.L. was to show this picture of himself, as a captain, in '44 on Leyte. He was posing with a Filipino girl. VICENTE SYDIONGCO who was also at S.L. spotted the picture and identified her. She is now Mrs. Lourdec Cornejo Espano, the wife of one of Vicente's best friends. She and her husband are teachers and they have 3 children. Phil is writing her and sending her a copy of the picture. Small world, isn't it?



JEROME CASSIDY, (19th), of 7203 W. Carmen, Milwaukee, Wis., tells about his neighbor who has made "barrels" -- he "invested in a chain of Joan Crawford Day Care Centers."

We thought you'd like this one. It came from the 41st Division Assoc. paper and speaks for itself. We thought it was delightful.

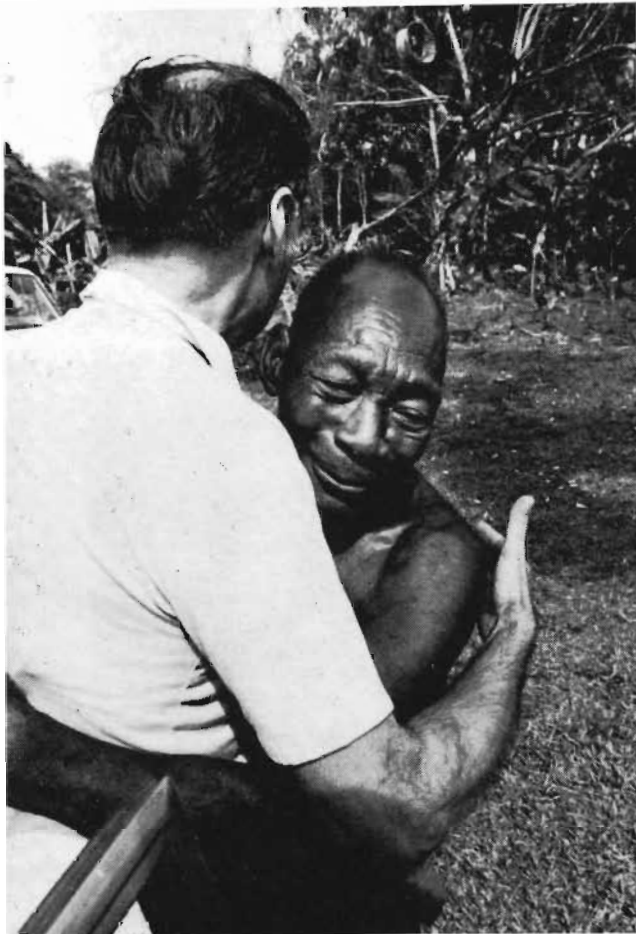


Photo by KEN RY HERR GILL

41ster finds WWII buddy near Earth's edge

by JOHN JUSTIN SMITH
(I & R Platoon, 162)

Smith is greeted by Topiole at his cocoa plantation.

The last time I saw him was early in 1944 at Finschafen on the north coast of New Guinea. He was a kid, maybe 18, and a scant five feet tall.

He was Topiole, then a lance corporal in that raggedy outfit called the Papuan Infantry Battalion (PIB), a group of New Guinea men pressed into service by the Australians to serve primarily as scouts in the battle against the Japanese.

For about six months during the campaign that took Salamaua, Topiole and five other PIB members were attached to my platoon, the Intelligence-Reconnaissance (I & R) platoon of the 162d Infantry.

The natives served us well, leading us through jungles and up mountains we would have been hard pressed to negotiate without their knowledge of nature.

They were all good at their work. But Topiole was a particular favorite of the I & R because of his shy modesty, his good nature and his great effectiveness as a scout.

My children all grew up knowing about this diminutive man, his heroism and my

deep affection for him.

So, in the summer of 1980, when Air Niugini, the national airline for that new nation, asked me, because I am a travel editor, if I'd like to go back there, my first inclination was to tell them to go to hell. I had no desire to see the place, no desire to recall the fetid swamps, the green-gunk jungles, the terrorizing mountains, the malaria, the hunger and, most of all, war's desecration of human beings.

But the thought came: Topiole! Could he possibly still be alive? I told the airline that if he could be found, I'd go visit him and, on the side, pick up a story about New Guinea as a place to visit.

It seemed highly unlikely that Topiole was still alive. People in that part of the world seldom live much beyond 45 or so because of disease, the stress of shabby living and improper diet.

But Air Niugini caused a story to appear in the one English-language newspaper, the Post-Courier, saying I was looking for the big little man. Next day, 13 people phoned the newspaper to say Topiole was alive and owned a small cocoa

plantation near Rabaul up on New Britain, an island now part of the nation called Papua New Guinea.

So I flew to Honolulu and on to Port Moresby. From there we made a hop on a small plane (passing right over the area of the Salamaua battle) to Lae and on to Rabaul.

There I conned a man into driving me 25 miles or so to the place where Topiole lived.

The car pulled up in front of a weathered, shabby house. And there was Topiole, who had been told I was coming.

He snapped to attention and tossed me a smile and a huge British salute.

I jumped from the car and gave him a MacArthur salute (You know the kind; you kind of gesture as though you were pulling something off your eyebrow with thumb and forefinger.) and we ran to each other.

He fell into my arms, sobbed and said over and over "Sum-it, Sum-it, Sum-it."

He was highly emotional and I wasn't too cool. I was hanging on to a man who



saved my life and the lives of the men of my platoon.

Then I took a good look at him. He's about 55, not more than a year older. But he is an old, old man. His skin is shriveled. His teeth are a mess. He's nearly bald and his feet are gnarled from a farming accident and just plain hard work.

Very proudly, Topiole introduced me to his wife (a Melanesian but a blazing blonde!), his 12-year-old son, also Topiole, and a gang of assorted other family members.

Then Topiole and I got away from everybody and sat in the shade and talked. Luckily, I was given a greater chance than most to learn Pidgin English during the war. Also, I did some homework before the trip to Rabaul. Unlike many people of New Guinea today, Topiole speaks little English but we were able to express ideas and to remind each other of things that happened 37 long, long years ago.

At one point, I joshed Topiole because he had only one child and I boastfully told him I had nine (so much for that Atabrine rumor). He laughed at the idea of so many offspring and said: "Yu winnim me," which is: You win him (beat) me.

I wrote for my newspaper, The Chicago Sun Times, the story of our reunion and the recollections we shared of the battle of Salamaua and patrols we had been on together. But there's one incident I didn't report. It seemed a little rough for general consumption and I feared readers would misinterpret it.

But, here goes: The second day I was there, Topiole and I sat in a garden beside a swimming pool of the Kaivuna Hotel in Rabaul when along came a couple of Japanese tourists who went for a swim. We talked but Topiole was distracted. He kept looking at the Japanese out of the corner of his eyes. Finally, he leaned forward and whispered: "Mi kissim musket. Na yu siutum Suipan," which is: "I'll go get a gun and you shoot the Japanese."

He laughed lustily. I joined in. The Japanese tourists thought we were a little goofy.

Anyhow, I didn't shoot anybody and Topiole and I spent two and a half days together, dining well and visiting places where there are still remnants of Japanese tanks, planes, ships and assorted equipment still strewn around Rabaul, which, as you'll remember, was never invaded but was bombed to holy hell during the war.

Wherever we went, I found the locals

knew Topiole and treated him with great reverence. He is known as "The Old, Old Man."

I learned that he was decorated five times by the Australians, ended up with the rank of sergeant-major and served as a policeman for a while after the war. Then he returned to New Britain and bought about 10 acres of land on which he grows enough cocoa to keep himself, his family, a hired hand and the hired hand's family. He's comfortable but hardly wealthy.

He spoke to me of many things and traced his life. He was born in Gasmata in southern New Britain and moved to Rabaul with his family as a boy of about 12. When the Japanese landed at Rabaul, intending to make it a major base in the area and a steppingstone to New Guinea and then Australia, Topiole and other young men were put into slavery and forced to labor for the Japanese.

Now that's where the Japanese made a mistake. They barely fed Topiole and the others and took them to New Guinea, where they were forced to carry Japanese cargo over the Owen Stanley Mountains. The natives, Topiole included, grew weak and sick.

When the Japanese were chased back over the mountains, Topiole and his friends hit the bush, reported to the Australians and were put into the PIB.

They were a couple of dozen thoroughly peed-off Melanesians.

Now I'm not going to tell you people all about any battle. But I can report that the diary of 1st Lt. Myron Folsom, the I & R platoon leader who was killed on Biak, tells of each day's activities during the Salamaua campaign and Topiole's name appears every day, from June 30 through Sept. 30.

A typical entry, July 15, 1943, shows the depth of Topiole's hatred for the Japanese. It began with our patrol encountering an Aussie patrol. Their first man, trigger happy, fired on Topiole and missed. The Aussies were lost and the diary notes that with Topiole in the lead, we showed them the way to their destination, Mount Tambu. On the way, it is noted, Topiole came up a sleeping Japanese soldier "and killed him with the butt of his rifle."

Now that spunky kid of 18 is the Old, Old Man and he accompanied me to the Rabaul airport when I took off for home. And he did the darndest thing. He tried to hand me a wad of New Guinea money, thinking, I suppose, he'd like to help me pay some of the expenses of my journey from Chicago.

I didn't bother with Pidgin. I just said in English: "Forget it, kid. I owe you a lot more than money can buy."

Topiole flanked by his blonde wife and son, also Topiole. Assorted family members are in the background. Topiole proudly displays his WWII medals.

Photo by HENRY HERR GILL





Topiole and Smith examine wreckage of a Japanese tank sunk in the beach sand near Rabaul.

Photo by HENRY HERR GILL

Then we hugged again, shook hands, swapped salutes and I went away.

A couple of observations:

- As you might suspect, the jungle has done a good job of covering the mess we made on New Guinea. I flew over such places as Oro Bay, Buna-Gona, Sanananda, Morobe, Mageri Point, Nassau, Salamaua and into the Nadzab Airport in Lae. From the air, there was no trace of the war. I tried to pick out Roosevelt Ridge south of Salamaua but could not. The terrain simply looked like a nightmare of twisted, slimy hills and mountains and my head would not accept the idea that we had lived (and some died) in such a place.

- Port Moresby is an abomination, sprawling in a shabby fashion over many

square miles. Prices are high and so is poverty and the result is a high crime rate. There is hardly a thing to do in the city. There are several good hotels but the service is somewhere between fair and rotten.

- In one hotel, two bellmen didn't realize I could understand Pidgin. In Pidgin, one said to the other he thought he'd let me carry my own suitcase to my room. They had no incentive to help me because tips are not the thing. Aha, but I said to them: "As bilong yu em go melum melum." They both jumped up to grab my bag. The Pidgin expression I used said, literally: "Your asses are swampy," which translates into: "You're both decrepit."

- The article about Topiole in The Sun-Times brought many letters and

much comment. Among the letters was one from Robert Paprocki, 2704 N. Oak Park, Chicago IL, 60635, who was seeking information about the war experiences of his late father, Frank J. Paprocki, a member of B Co., 162. If you know, why not write to the young man? □

In Pidgin, a bike's a 'wil-wil'

The language used in the reunion between Topiole and John Justin Smith, the native soldier's buddy of 37 years ago, was the somewhat wacky tongue called Pidgin.

This is a language that uses mostly English words with a smattering of words from other languages. It is used by millions of people in the Southwest Pacific, although the use of English is spreading.

Smith learned the language during World War II and helped to write the Army's phrase book in Pidgin.

It's a kind of refined baby talk that was devised so that the Melanesians, whose own language, Motu, is divided into hundreds of dialects, could speak to each other and to white colonists and traders.

Pidgin is often amusing. The word for bicycle, for example, is "wil-wil," which means "wheel-wheel." And the words for a piano translate into "box he got teeth."

The two sides of a mountain are described as "hop he come" and "hop he go," meaning the half of the mountain that comes (the near side) and the half that goes, or the other side.

Some other Pidgin expressions or words:

Mangki (monkey). A native male child.

Meri (Mary). A native woman.

Karasin. Kerosene.

Tenkyu. Thank you.

Akis. Ax.

Antap. On top or above.

Daunbilo. Down below or beneath.

And let's see if you can translate this one: "Pren, man bilong Rom, Wantok, harim nau."

If you read it aloud, you'll find it simple, terribly simple. It says: "Friends, men who belong to Rome, Wantok (which is One Talk or a person who speaks the same language and, thus, is a countryman), hear him now." □





Where the
dollars go

TREASURER'S REPORT

August 15, 1980

Checking Account
Security National Bank, Springfield, MA

Bal.	6/30/80	\$3926.62
Bal.	6/30/81	2256.13

Savings Account
First Federal Savings, Attleboro, MA

Bal.	6/30/80	\$13935.44
Bal.	6/30/81	14735.74

Interest earned during the year \$800.30

Certificate
First Federal Savings, Attleboro, MA

Bal.	6/30/80	\$14988.86
Bal.	6/30/81	16174.78

Interest earned during the year \$1185.92

Total Monies on hand in checking and savings on 6/30/80 \$32850.92

Total Monies on hand in checking and savings on 6/30/81 \$33166.65

Total earned interested during year \$ 1986.22

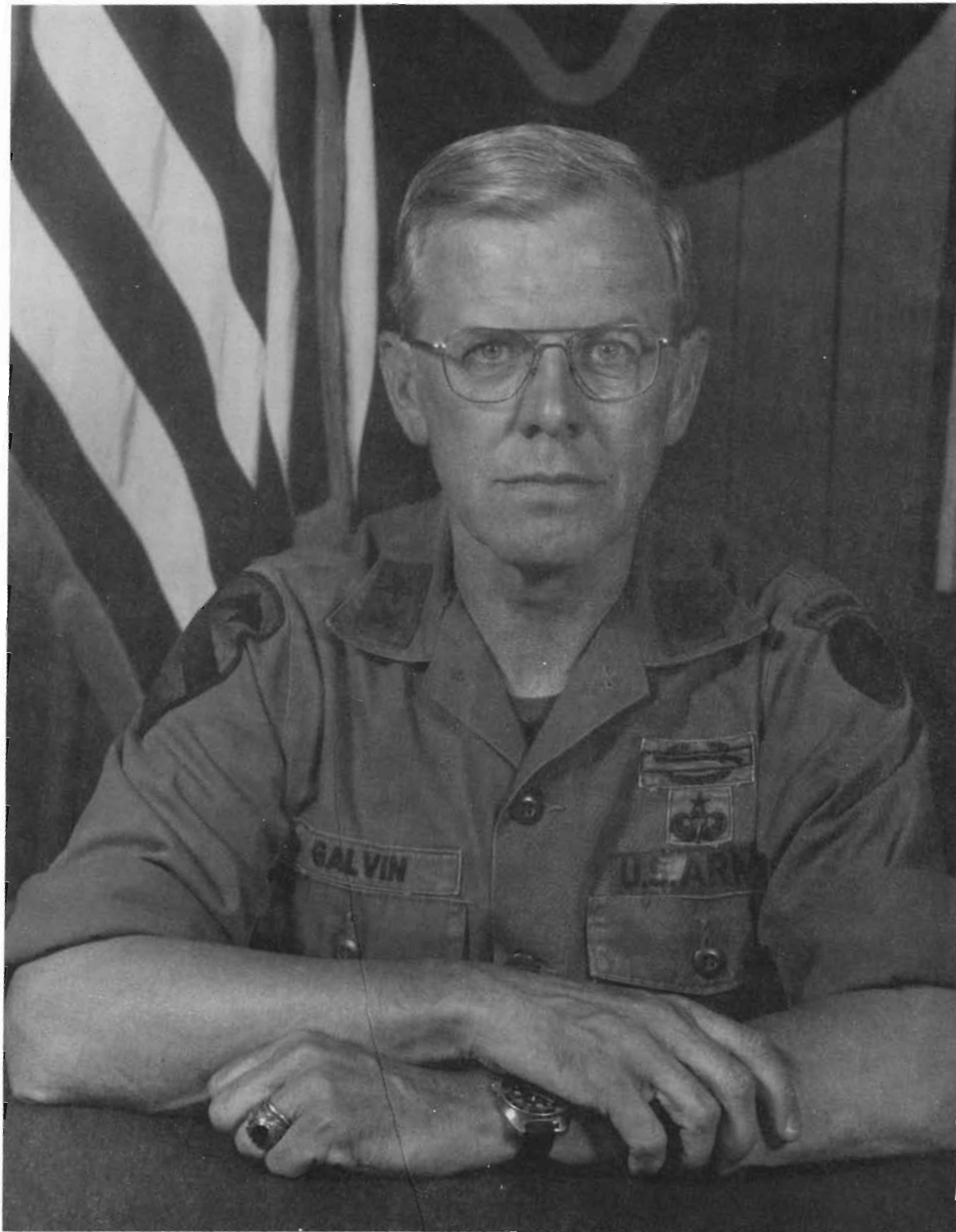
Receivables 7/1/80 to 6/30/81

Dues	\$ 4654.50
Life Memberships	5195.00
Insignia	477.47
Contributions	1494.50
History	1084.83
Pittsburgh '80	1839.50
California '80	200.00
Total	\$14945.80

Payables 7/1/80 to 6/30/81

Administrative	\$ 1325.05
Taro Leaf	6338.85
Taro Leaf Postage	3507.97
History	2526.20
Insignia	594.72
'80 Convention	1688.00
'81 Convention	375.19
Flowers	24.00
'80 Convention (California)	862.81
Bank Service Charges	124.34
Total	\$17367.13





THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON



Staff Photo by DOUG PAYNE

GEN. GALVIN NOT A STEREOTYPICAL GRUFF SOLDIER

He Has Authored Three Books, Speaks Two Foreign Languages

We know you'd like to read this report on the Division CG shortly after he assumed command. Here's how the Savannah News-Press told the story:

STEWART GENERAL NOT EXACTLY TYPICAL AMONG COMMANDERS

Army generals generally get master's degrees in things like personnel management, speak only one foreign tongue - Army - and, as a rule, are more notorious than famous for their skill with the English language.

The Army general's image is that of a man of stern countenance, with steel in his backbone, ice in his veins, gravel in his voice and maybe a little shrapnel in his knee.

Maj. Gen. John R. Gavin, 52, fits the bill in some respects, but in many ways the new Fort Stewart commander is far from the stereotype.

He's a graduate of an Ivy League university with a master's degree in English, an author with three books and numerous technical articles to his credit, fluent in Spanish and conversant in German (as well as Army), but also familiar with the tools of his calling and the rigors of combat. Gavin believes his leadership role requires "the right mix of fortitude and compassion," a mix he acquired through an Army career he says also has given him "adventure, action and challenge."

If that sounds like a Renaissance man, it's not a comparison that escapes Gavin.

The Medford, Mass., native did not start out to be a career soldier.

In an Army tent under conditions of stifling heat, as soldiers under his command ran through their military skills tests nearby, Gavin said he was enrolled in college as a pre-med student before any thought of entering the service came to him. When the call to arms did come, it was to the National Guard, in which he enlisted to avoid having the draft interrupt his college education.

Gavin joined a medical unit and soon found he enjoyed his duties as a Guard soldier more than he liked his studies. When the opportunity to be one of two Massachusetts National Guard soldiers appointed to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point presented itself, he seized it.

"The Army has the adventure, action and challenge that is appealing to a young person," Gavin said, admitting he has enjoyed that facet of his career. But after being posted to places like Colombia and the Antilles, "after I got out of the adventure phase, I sought some intellectual development," and the Army provided that, too, he said.

"The Army is one of the great careers anybody can be in," Gavin said. "I could not have had a more interesting, varied life."

The Army sent him to Columbia University in New York for his masters degree, to complement the B.A. in Military Science he received at West Point, and then sent him back to the military



academy as an instructor in English. Even before getting his master's, however, he had already published some 40 articles in military publications.

His writing is "a chance for me to reevaluate my experiences" and better understand them, he says.

"Writing is something I've always liked to do, and it's something I will continue to do," he predicts. He has nothing specific on the drawing board at present, beyond some comprehensive notes that he took while on duty in Europe that he has given the working title of "My Germany." If that one ever gets published, it will join three other books - two on Revolutionary War figures and events, one on modern air assault tactics - that already feature his byline.

His writing and scholarly knowledge of the English language are not expected to have much effect on his tour of duty at Fort Stewart, he says.

"The Army has its own jargon, but no matter what you say, the best way to communicate is through the King's English, just communicate the thought clearly," he says. He does not intend to act as a grammar teacher with his subordinates, because the content of their communications will be more important than the form.

"The first thing is the communication, the idea itself," he says.

Following his assignment to West Point, Galvin was assigned as a military assistant to the Secretary of the Army for 18 months, and then was posted to cavalry units in Vietnam. He was commander of the 1st Battalion, 8th Cavalry during the Cambodian "incursion" in 1970.

"My job is to apply violence on the battlefield," Galvin says. "But to apply that violence with great discrimination."

That philosophical distinction is something he says was forged through his experiences both on and off the battlefield. The Army, he says, looks for "a developed human being" in its leaders, men and women "with the right mix of fortitude and compassion."

Some of the Fort Stewart commander's credentials for expounding that philosophy were acquired in the Cambodian exercise, when Galvin looked into the eyes of men who died under his command. That is one experience he does not like to discuss, but it is one that has not left him. He is aware that, as a division commander, he will not know all of the people under his command, as he did in Cambodia - but that will not make it any easier to look into their faces if fighting returns, he says.

"As you go higher and higher, judgment becomes more important. Now I've got the lives of 19,000 people at stake when I make a decision," he notes. "They say that Omar Bradley was a soldier's soldier. I'm not trying to be a soldier's soldier. I'm just trying to have good judgment."

Invitation

Planning the new issue of the directory is sort of like being robbed by Willie Sutton. It doesn't feel good, but you've got some satisfaction in knowing you've been had by the best. At S.L., the cry went out for a directory. So it's underway. We'll include each name and address -- natch! -- but also each unit designation and time of service and telephone number where we have it. So get those telephone numbers in to us pronto, won't you?

GETTING AROUND

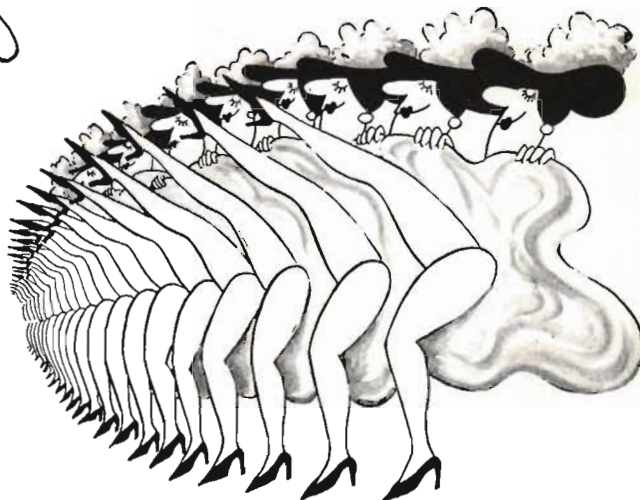
Samuels met Bloomfeld at the race track. "How is it," asked Samuels, "you win all the time and I always lose?"

"Because," boasted Bloomfeld, "before I come to the track on Saturday afternoon I go to the temple and I pray."

Samuels decided to follow his friend's example. The following Saturday they met again, but Samuels was still a loser. "I don't understand it," he complained. "I went to the temple this morning and I lost every race!"

"What temple did you go to?" asked Bloomfeld. "Beth Israel!"

"You idiot!" cried Bloomfeld. "That's for trotters!"



Mrs. Fleishman and Mrs. Rutkin were rocking on the porch of their Catskill Mountain hotel.

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleishman.

"Look at that boy. Did you ever see such a big nose? Such a crooked mouth? And look - he's cockeyed too!"

"That," said Mrs. Rutkin, "happens to be my son!"

"Well," said Mrs. Fleishman, "on him, it's very becoming!"

Here's a request from C.W. "Bill" MENNINGER, (34th '48 - '51), of 5009 La Madera, El Monte, Cal: "I'd like to ask a favor. I'm trying to locate the address of record on two people who were very dear to me. I have written to the records section in St. Louis, but I can't give them enough info so that they can help:

1) Robert L. Dare - Co. A,K, and L, 34th Inf. - 1947 thru 1950. It is my understanding that Bob was severely wounded at Chonan on July 5th - that his men tried to get to him, but that he told them to leave him out there - he did not want anyone killed trying to get to him. He was a Sgt. 1/C and a platoon Sgt. I can only assume he died on the field, because I have been able to find out nothing. He had a wife, Lucille, and three fine kids, and if my memory serves me right, they were from California, and I would like to contact the family if possible.

2) Sgt. 1/C Elmer Burkholder - Elmer was severely wounded either at Chonan or shortly after. He was returned to the hospital in Japan, and my wife saw him there. Then, in October, 1953, as I was leaving Fort Richardson, Alaska, he was arriving for a tour of duty, and all I had a chance to do was say Hi - I had a plane to catch. Elmer was also a platoon Sgt. with the 34th. I had heard that he had retired and was living out west somewhere."

We have nothing here, Bill - sorry - but maybe this feeler will pull.

ED and June OLENDER, (21st '40 - '42) of Springtown, Tillson, N.Y., report they'll be going to Hawaii in November with their two daughters.



We're late with this one from JIM and Kate OWENS, (34th '46-'47), of RR2, Lake City, Iowa. They're on the right in this one. The chap on the left is LOUIS RUBBELKE of Des Lacs, N.D. who dropped in on them for a visit. 30 years had gone over the dam since the boys had last met. ELDON SUNDE of Kiester, Minn. also dropped in on them. Jim says: "Usually, the first one to see a traffic light turn green is the second car back." We agree, Jim.

From the CROW'S NEST



This, from the July 27th Army Times, says it all - and oh, so very well. It's the farewell of Gen. VOLNEY F. WARNER, C in C, Readiness Command, upon his retiring after more than three decades of military service:

"For more than 32 years I have followed soldiers, led soldiers and tried hard to be a soldier. Now the time has come for me to leave the Army I love so well.

"Now, as I approach the inevitable final day, my mind recollects and rediscovers those greatest satisfactions of my military service. Present, in each finding, is the soldier. Leading him is what it is all about. If he cannot do his job, then what generals do in theirs is of little importance.

"What is important is that the officer and non-commissioned officer corps realize that theirs is the awesome responsibility of preparing American youth to defend our country. For faithful execution of that mission, the precepts of leadership remain the best guide. They are relatively unchanged by time, immutable, available to be practiced by all. I would add the following observations for your consideration:

"To lead soldiers you first must be one.

"You never become so senior in age or grade that you cannot afford to risk it all in order to share in the dangers faced by those you command.

"The worst sin of all for leaders is to substitute the courage of soldiers for firepower in seizing objectives.

"Soldiers fight and die for one another, not for country or even Mom and apple pie and, most assuredly, not because they either volunteered or were drafted.

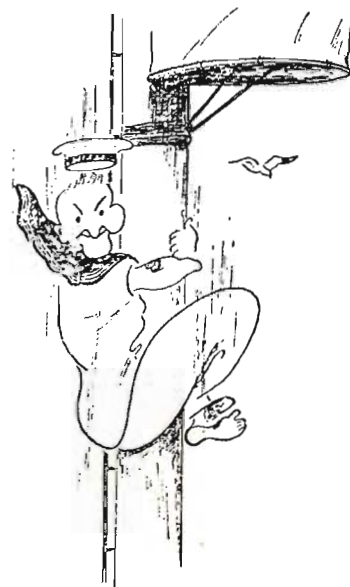
"There is a strong residual emotional bond formed among soldiers who share the privation, hardship and dangers of combat and survive. In peacetime, the same bond can be formed by challenging training, thereby defeating our peacetime enemies - monotony and boredom.

"Lastly, since the soldier entrusts his life to us, it is not too much to ask that we, in turn, dedicate our lives to him.

"Additionally, for all you junior officers, remember to create challenge and rise to it, move the system rather than be moved by it, and accept that in the military, courage, both moral and physical, is not an isolated act but expected behavior.

"So, my final thanks to all the soldiers everywhere, in and out of uniform, whose dedicated service over the years has resulted in my professional success and personal satisfaction. A special thanks to those at Fort Lewis with whom I expended much boot leather on four-mile runs and, of course, to those at Fort Bragg, with whom I shared many an anchor line cable.

"Lead, lead, lead."



The Page



To our regret, communication temporarily broke down between Stewart and ourselves so that we couldn't cover the story of the dedication of the Maj. Gen. ROSCOE B. WOODRUFF theater last April 22nd.

Now we have a shot of Col. Roscoe B. Woodruff, Jr., Air Force retiree, Woody's son, who was the guest of honor for the ceremonies. Here he is checking out some of the equipment at the detachment of the 507th Tactical Air Control Wing. They provide the means when Div. calls for tactical air support, assisting during exercises and contingency operations at Stewart.

Haven't we met before?

Good people to see at S.L.: BUD and Jo POE, (24th Sig. '42-'45) - "GUS" and Helen SCHOENE, (724th Ord. '43-'45) - ED and Helen DISMAN, (24 Sig. '42-'45) - JOHN and Grace TEN EYCK, (Hq 19th '39-'42) - TOM and Elizabeth CAMPBELL, (C 21st & 24th Recon. '44-'45) and CHARLEY GAZZARA, (E 21st '40-'45).

BY GEORGE!

Donations to our postage fund will be gratefully received. You can see how the boys in gray are killing us.

Moved -- from the P.I. to 1 Appian Way 712-9 South, San Francisco -- Capt. CLARK BACCAY, (19th '56-'57). We say "Welcome to the '48's, Cark.

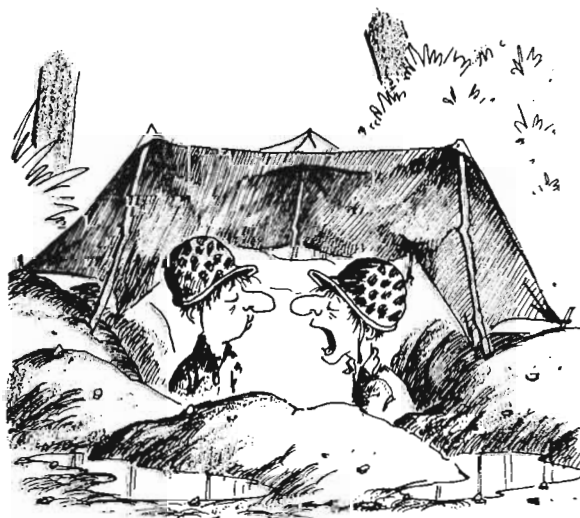
We had a telecon with Lt. - if you please - EDWARD B. McCARTHY, (G 19th '53-'54), of 81 McAdoo, Jersey City, N.J. Ed's not a "cop"; he's a "Lt." in the Jersey City PD. Nice going, Ed. He promised a visit next time he is on a job here in our town. Told him "Fine, so long as you don't come rushing in with guns drawn." There's a lunch waiting for you, Ed, when you do pay us a call.

HERE. HERE.

URBAN THROM, (34th and Div. Surgeon '44-'47), couldn't make S.L. They are moving the nerve gas from Rocky Mountain Arsenal (Denver) to Dugway Proving Ground in Utah over that weekend. Urb's now a civilian medic at RMA. Missed you, Urb. "Sic biscuitus disintegrat" meaning "That's the way the cookie crumbles." But you already had that figured out, didn't you.

The Real Thing

Capt. DAVID H. PETRAEUS, Aide-de-Camp to Maj. Gen. JOHN R. GALVIN, the Division Commander advises that the date for the Division Organization Day Review is still to be determined. They want us down there for that one. We'll signal when we know the date - likely in November.



"I've decided there are two kinds of people in this world, Sledge—you an' everybody else."

Taking time

At S.L., KEN FENTNER made a valient pitch to get us to Niagara Falls next August. The effort failed -- but it was a good try. Don't give up. Tell you one thing, Ken -- at absolute least, you tried.



It's Helen HOSTETTER, Phil's better half. The shot was taken by Phil, natch. Phil titled this one "Superwoman holding the thing up."

BOB ROGERS, (3rd Bn. 34th '43-'45), of 3824 Wawonaissa, Ft. Wayne, Ind., has a philosophy which can be summed thus: "When wine, women and song become too much for you -- give up the singing." Right on, Bob.



"He said I wasn't the right caliber person for artillery."



"One more word from my ol' man about how rough it wuz in th' big WW-2 an' he gets it right in th' chops!"



Meet Jennifer, JOE PEYTON's granddaughter. Joe begat Kathleen you'll remember and then Kathleen Duley begat Jennifer Margaret. A year old last July 15th, she's a doll.



Presenting, left, ROGER J. WARD, of 773 Fairmont, Glendale, Cal., and ELWOOD FOLTZ, of Mt. Pleasant Mills, Pa. They were B 21st from '50-'52.

Contributed by IRA T. DEFOUR was the cover of the May 26, 1944 issue which carried the line:

24th Division Takes Tanahmerah Bay

PAGE 2

Have you seen the movie "Stripes"?

If your answer is negative, let us save you the bother.

"Stripes" is a lazy but amiable comedy presenting Bill Murray as the biggest wise guy ever to wind up in the Army.

Somehow, John (Mr. Murray) decides that joining the Army will solve his problems. So he rounds up Russell (Harold Ramis), a friend who has been teaching the lyrics to "Da Doo Ron Ron" in a Basic English course, and persuades Russell to come along. The recruiter asks John and Russell whether they have ever been convicted of felonies or misdemeanors ("Convicted?" Mr. Murray asks coyly) and whether they are homosexuals. "We're not, but we're willing to learn," they reply. Anyhow, soon they are off to basic training, under the supervision of a deeply disgruntled Warren Oates.

When Goldie Hawn joined the Army in "Private Benjamin," it was novel. There's nothing particularly fresh in the idea of a layabout like Mr. Murray joining up, though. So the screenplay becomes episodic and is at its funniest when it gives Mr. Murray the chance to tell all his platoonmates how interesting they are, particularly the ones who grew up on farms.

Mr. Murray, who is at his best when he's being most sleazy, pronounces himself a natural-born leader and is soon teaching the others to sing "Do Wah Diddy" during marching drill.

Cheers to BILL BIGGERSTAFF, (19th & Div. Hq. '41-'43), of 7515 13th Ave., St. Petersburg, Fla. for sending in his dues. Bill tells us what they call a nun who walks in her sleep - a roamin' Catholic. Very good, Bill.

A congratulatory ringy-dingy to RAY and Sophia FIES, (H21 '43 - '44), of 3714 Romig, Reading, Pa., for sending in their dues "and an extra for postage."

Some Jewish boys don't have the same attitude toward religion as their fathers. Eisenstein sent a telegram to his son: DON'T FORGET YOM KIPPUR STARTS TOMORROW.

The boy sent a wire back: PUT \$100 ON THE NOSE FOR ME.

The other night, Alfred Hitchcock's "Lifeboat" on TV brought to mind this "Hitchcockism," and it's too good not to share with you.

Filming the flick, Hitchcock ran into extreme difficulties in getting the shots he wanted, the lifeboat being crammed with people, and after days of repetitive shooting, even the master's nerves were past the point of his staid British reserve.

And the star, Tallulah Bankhead, did little to soothe them, what with her bursts of temperament, sullen moods, and bits of indifference, usually displayed at a critical time.

"Talluh," as her friends called her, was no stranger to four-letter words, and she sprinkled them liberally when the spirit moved her. But on one particular scene she outdid herself, and slowly but surely, she was driving Hitchcock out of his gourd.

"No!" she'd exclaim. "This is not my best side. Have the cameras approach from the left." And moments later, "No, no, no, try another approach. I think a shot from the left would be better."

And so it went, until Hitchcock, driven to near frenzy, tossed this capper. "Miss Bankhead, I'm afraid it will be impossible for me to capture your best side. You see, dear, you're sitting on it."

From there on, Tallulah was a pussycat.

WALT PARRISH, (A 24 Med. '42 - '45), of 4317 Hampshire, Hampstead, Md., has just retired from his John Deere dealership. Walt was "First" of Co. A, 24th Med. He's our Life Member 428. He sends us his definition of an optimist: a guy who calls city hall every year to see if his marriage license has expired.

Kotch and Wexler had just finished their lunch in a Lower East Side New York restaurant. "Tea or coffee, gentlemen?" asked the waiter.

"I'll have tea!" said Kotch.

"Me too!" said Wexler. "Make sure the glass is clean!"

The waiter left and returned in a few minutes with the order. "Two teas!" he announced.

"Which one asked for a clean glass?"



When he joined, he paid \$100 and became a Life Member, forthwith. That's what you call tilling your oars. It's the story of JESSE T. MITCHELL, (E19th '46-'48), a retired oral and maxillofacial surgeon. Jess and Erika are at Rt. 8, Box 273, Crossville, Tenn. Says Jess, "Even though most of my 27 years of duty were spent in the healing arts, I am grateful for having begun my career in the 24th." We are too, Jess. We say "Welcome" to you and Erika. Jess, by the way, was a private in Beppu when HOWARD LUMSDEN was a Tech Sgt. Says Lum, "Next time I heard from him, he's a retired regular Colonel."

JOHN POWERS, (D19th '42-'44) of 4 Kittredge, South Peabody, Mass., retired from teaching - now housebound with heart disease and diabetes. Would love to hear from any old buddies. There, we did it, Johnny. Keep up the fight, and Virginia, please take good care of him.

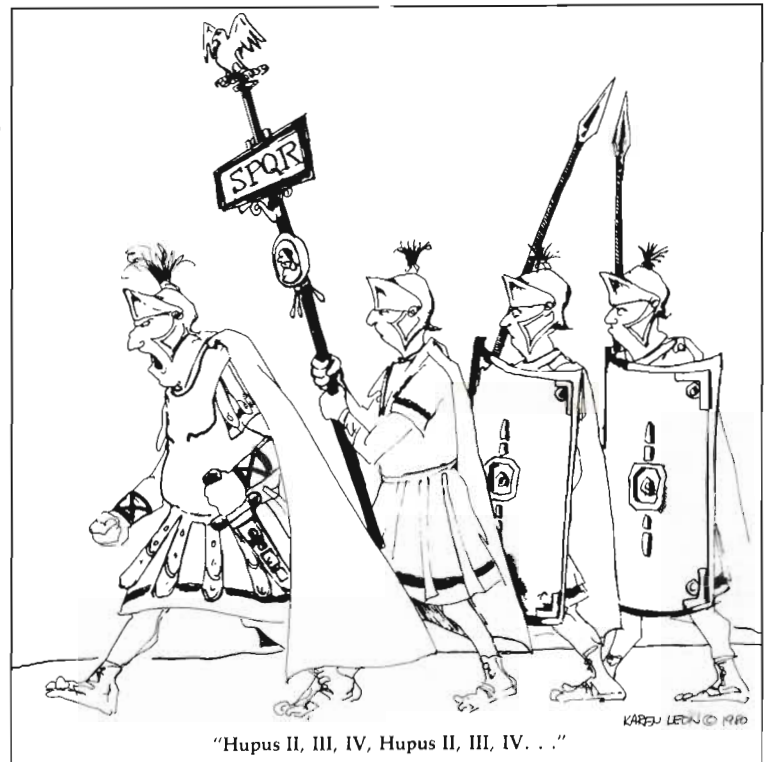


While we were busy making fun at S.L., Maj.Gen. AUBREY "Red" NEWMAN was making a slow but steady recovery from his hip surgery which he had undergone a few weeks earlier. All signs are good, we are thrilled to report.

The Editor's Corner

LEONARD and Shirley MITCHELL, (F 34th '44-'45), of 1078 Geneva, Columbus, Ohio, make monthly visits to the Chillicothe V.A. Hospital to drop in on the boys. Parading in a V.F.W. march in Lima recently, BOB GEORGE spotted Leo's patch. Yep, you know the rest. Bob's now in. A 24th Recon man in '51, he's at 1965 Peachtree, Dayton, Ohio.

Sue GILNER, widow of SAM, and reachable at 1540 Nursery, Clearwater, Fla., writes that she has turned over all of her old Taro Leaf issues to the library of the Bay Pines Veterans Hospital. Adds Sue: "I told them about the wonderful cartoons and jokes, not to mention the news and addresses of so many men, hoping that they will be discovered and enjoyed." Wonderful thought, Sue; so like you.



RUSS and Pearl DENNY, (C 21st '40 - '44), of 685 Lemon Grove, Melbourne, Fla., report that Russ' right foot had to be amputated. Russ reports it to have been a horrible ordeal, "Sure hope it's my last trip to the hospital." We hope so too, Russ. Take care of him, please, Pearl. They've heard from SAL NICOLETTA and sent in dues for him. So now, Sal's in. He's at 1901 Creek, San Jose, Cal. Welcome aboard, Sal. Much thanks, Russ.

Rabbi Birnbaum sat in temple all alone, tears streaming down his cheeks. He just learned that his only son had deserted the faith of his forefathers and had become a Protestant.

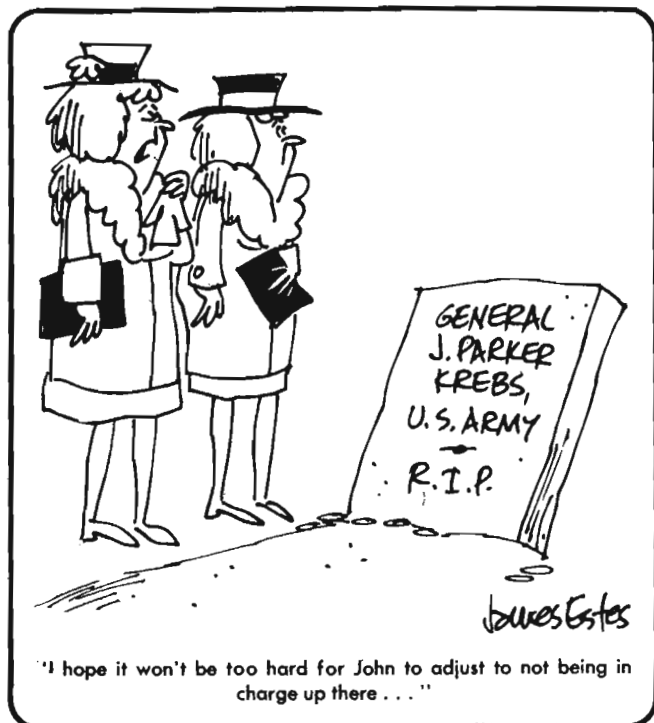
The rabbi was sobbing uncontrollably when suddenly he heard the voice of God: "What is troubling you?"

"I'm so ashamed," cried the Rabbi. "My only son gave up being a Jew and became a Christian!"

"Yours too?" replied the Lord.

MISS NG SOMETH NG?

At the last West Point commencement, the classes of '35 and '36 (Les Wheeler was '36), realizing that, with all the statues of military leaders at the Academy, there was no statue to the American soldier. So they put one up, near Michie Stadium, with an inscription that reads: "The lives and destinies of valient Americans are entrusted to your care and leadership." That gets right to the point.



Months ago, when then Prexy WALT CUNNINGHAM extended the invitation to Maj.Gen. JOHN R. GALVIN to be the St. Louis guest speaker, the inevitable question arose: "How long?" Answered Wally, "The length of the address is your personal choice. I might add a favorite story of my late father, when faced with this problem. Allegedly the elders of a Scottish parish in discussing sermon time with a new minister remarked: 'Thou are free to praise the Lord as long as thou wilt, but we feel that few souls are saved after twenty minutes.'"

We would note that General Galvin spoke for 17 interesting minutes.

Add Don Won Choi (Toronto Blue Jays draftee) to our list of all-time favorite sports names.

You take Faye Dunaway; we'll take Joan Crawford.

Thar She Blows!

Lifer #437 - just joined - is WILLIAM R. HULL, (Med, 3rd Bn, 21st '42-'45), of 4703 Blue Grass, Davenport, Iowa.

ALL SMILES AT OUR CONVENTION

Kudos again to the BERT LOWREY family for manning the convention registration desk over those long dreary hours. That's devotion over and beyond et cetera.



MAIL CALL -

Messages from members who wish to express themselves or give reports on their buddies

Nora LUSZCZ and son and his wife and daughters gifted BERNIE, (Div.Hq. '44-'45) with a Life Membership for his birthday last June 5th. Terrific gift folks. Needless to say Bernie was thrilled. They're all at 3732 N.Olcott, Chicago.

Out of the blue came DONALD F. YOMNICK (M 34th '51-'53), of 1893 Palm, Clearwater, FL, asking about us. He had met BILL PENCE, (24th Med '52-'54), of 372 Morris Drive, Fairborn, OH 45324 who winters in Largo, FL 33541 at 9900 Ulmerton Rd., who alerted him to our existence. Yes, he's now a member. Happy to have you with us, Don.

Inquiry received from a WW II chick, MARTIN MILITA of 121 Lions, Morrisville, Pa., concerning "us", some responded, and Marty is now one of "us." Welcome aboard, Marty.

New domicile for ANTHONY MALINA (13th F '40-'43). 'Twas Sunnyvale, Cal. Now 'tis 128 Royal Drive, Carson City, Nev. Tony's coming east you see. No "Go West, Young Man" for Tony.

Wanna go back to Hollandia? Write Society Expeditions, 723 Broadway East, Seattle, Wash. They have a 36 page cruise catalog they'll send you telling you about their "World Discoverer" voyages. They have one going to New Guinea.

Don't forget to wear your trench coat, Bowie Kuhn.



1. to r. PAUL FRITSCH, ED SHIRLEY and MAURY KING. By the by, Mary would like to hear from "any signalman".



1. to r. MAURY KING, ED SHIRLEY, GENE DISHMAN, _____ ROBINSON, and AL HAMMOND.



1. to r. PAUL FRITSCH, AL HAMMOND and MAURY KING.

MAURY KING, (24th Sig. 1/43-10/45), of 2646 Saklan, Walnut Creek, Cal., sends us some of his Hawaii pix, a bit faded, but who cares? We'll use 'em anyway.

MIKE MARINO, of 71 Burnside, Crawford, N.J., is an avid golfer. The other morning at breakfast, Theresa said to him: "I'm tired of being left alone every weekend. If you think you're going to play today, you've got another think coming."

"Nonsense, Terry," placated Mike, "Golf is the furthest thing from my mind. Now, will you please pass the bread and putter."

THE INSIDER

If you kiss 2 girls with "mono", are you necessarily going to get stereo?

JOE KARAM, former Forward Observer of the Heavy Weapons Company (4.2 mortar) of the 5th RCT, Korea, '50-'51, is interested in hearing from any of his former comrades. Joe's a lawyer in Karam & Feinstein, Columbus, Ohio.

TOM BAKEWELL, our good friend from 724th Ord days '44-'47, tells us he has retired from New Departure. Now he's into hand engraving of, mostly guns - a real craftsman. Tom is thinking of settling down in Dublin, N.H. Did you, Tom? We and Polly have seen their kids fly the coop - Priscilla to Maine, Liza to Colorado, Jennifer to Mass. and Polly to Maine. Good report. Tom.

Legislation to increase Servicemen's Group Life Insurance coverage from \$20,000 to \$35,000 on October 1 has been approved by the full House Veterans Affairs Committee.

The legislation, which would benefit active duty soldiers, Ready Reservists and members of the Retired Reserve, was passed by the Senate June 15.

The bill has the endorsement of the Defense Department. Besides raising the SGLI maximum, it also would increase the maximum insurance coverage allowed ex-servicemen under the Veterans Group Life Insurance program from \$20,000 to \$35,000. The higher VGLI coverage would only be available to servicemen separating after the bill's effective date.

Under the legislation, monthly premiums for active duty and Ready Reservists would remain at 75 cents per \$5000 or \$5.25 monthly for \$35,000 worth of coverage.

JIM LAROCCO, of 208 Beech, N. Massapequa, N.Y., is still editing "Flashback" for his fire department - his 20th year. Says he's ready to retire.



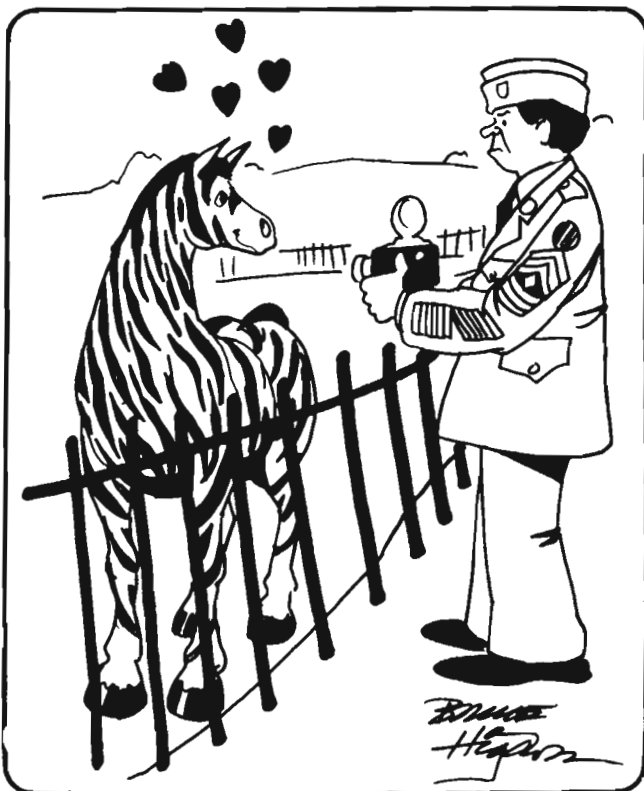
OPENING AND CLOSING SCENES

Something new for HANFORD RANTS (2nd Bn.Hq.Co. 34th '43-'45), of 9330 Parrot, Downey, Cal. He was high school principal in Cerritos. Now he's into church work -- Christian education. Good luck to you Hanford.

By the way, in a recent issue, we let it be known that Hanford was looking for one of those "Follow Me" pictures. Within a week, one arrived in the mail from good old JOE MCKEON over in Arleta, Cal. Thank you Joe.

Adds Hanford, "Like many other G.I.'s I treasure the memories of how close we all were and the pride we had in our country. As I travel the lecture circuit with my pickup load of knives, guns flags, and stuff I become more and more proud of what we did."

Nicely said, Hanford.



JOHN E. ROGERS, (L21 '43 - '45), of 308 S. Cedar, Little Rock, Ark., didn't recognize himself as we pictured him in our last issue. We are changing, Johnny. Johnny says he saw a sign the other day - we love signs and John knows it. This one read: "It is difficult to soar with eagles when you work with turkeys."

WILLIAM F. THOMPSON, (724 Ord. '51 - '52) of 51 Renfrew, Shelby, Ohio, in paying his dues for 8/1/81 - 8/1/82, sent along an extra fiver for "postage and stuff." Thanks, Bill.

We recently met a friend in the lobby of the Hilton in Hong Kong: "My wife is an hour late," he growled, "she's either been kidnapped, hit by a motor car or she's shopping - I hope she hasn't been shopping."



FRANK C. TITLOW, 1105 Youngsford, Gladwyne, PA, reminds us of Marlene Dietrich who helped to raise the spirits of some lonely, war-weary young men in WW II. How they'd ooh and aah just as if a war weren't raging on their doorstep. Remember her "Lili Marlene"?

GERALD G. HEATH, (A 63rd F '42-'45), has moved. Reach him now at RD 1, Box 585-E, Conneault Lake, Penn.

Fogarty, arrested for murder, bribed Hennessy on the jury to oppose the death penalty and hold out for a manslaughter charge.

The jury was out a long time, and finally came in with a verdict of manslaughter. Fogarty rushed up to Hennessy and whispered, "I'm tremendously obliged. Did you have a hard time of it?" "Terrible!" said Hennessy. "The other eleven all wanted to acquit you!"

"How come you decided to become a Jew?"
 "Well, I used to be an atheist, but I gave it up!"
 "Why?"
 "No holidays!"

Letters



HORACE McCLURE, (C 3rd Eng. '55-'56), of 2270 Lohrer, Fairview, Pa., is looking for any 3rd Eng. rosters.

Yetta: What do you think - the truth, now - what do you think about LSD?

Bessie: I think he was a wonderful President.

Marian TURNER sent in the last payment on WARREN's life membership. It was a gift to him from his kids. Warren and Marian are at 3906 Capees, Columbia, SC.

TOM and Anitra UPTON celebrated 50 years of wedded bliss last June 6th with a wingding of a surprise party hosted by their children and friends at -- are you ready for this? -- NYC's Lincoln Center.

My wife is the neatest woman I know; she even puts papers under the cuckoo clock.

JOSEPH PRYSTAL, (L34 '41 - '45) of 11 Shenchenko, Auburn, N.Y., paid his dues and sent in a little extra for decals of the shoulder patch. We've got a carload of 'em. Asks Joe: "Why did the covered wagon stall in the desert?" Answers Joe: "It had injun trouble." We like that one, Joe.

EVERETTE WOODRUFF, (52 F 4/42-6/45), of Box 31, Crawfordville, Ark. Ev runs Woodruff Pharmacy there.

During a faculty meeting, several professors were discussing a star basketball player who was on the verge of flunking out of college.

"The boy is certainly a great player," commented one teacher. "He can do anything with a basketball except autograph it."

It's good to know we could help. BILL EARLEY, (26th AAA '49-'51), of 25 Kelly, Hampden, Conn., writes:

"Just a few lines to let you know that the combined efforts of the D.A.V. and 24th Inf. Div. Assoc. through an article that I submitted for Paul Peloquin requesting any available information on the circumstance involving Peloquin's brother Pfc. Joseph M. Silvia of the 24th Inf. Div. 19 Regt. being K.I.A. in Korea on Aug. 19, 1950, was a success.

"Paul Peloquin related to me that since the article he has received numerous letters which were very informative on how his brother was K.I.A.

"He also asked me to give his sincere thanks to the 24th Inf. Div. Assoc. and all members who took the time to respond to his request regarding the never forgotten grief to his family that occurred so many years ago."

Abramson had reached the grand old age of eighty and decided to celebrate. All his life he'd been Orthodox: worn a long beard, black hat, black suit, and black overcoat.

Now, to celebrate his birthday, the octogenarian shaved off the beard. He replaced his somber black clothes with the latest-style green-checkered suit, a burgundy tie, and blue striped shirt, and headed for a massage parlor. As Abramson crossed the street he was struck by a truck and killed.

In Heaven, he spoke to his Maker. "God, why me? I was a good husband! I gave to all the charities. I've always been a religious man. Why me?"

"To tell the truth," said the Lord, "I didn't recognize you!"

Nice note in from DICK NELSON, (C 21st '51-'52) of 6261 Braemar, Huntington Beach, Cal. Dick told us: "Some men are born great, others have the greatness thrust upon them - like Dolly Parton's husband."

In which we say "Welcome" to MORRIS and Betty LONGERBONE, of 1494 Garden, Fridley, Minn. Mo and Betty have 7 - count 'em - David, Linda, Gregory, Dan, Mary Ann, Steven and Matt. Mo, when asked about retiring, reminded us of George Burns. When Burns turned 85, someone asked him if he was going to retire. Replied George: "Retire? Ridiculous. They say you should retire at 70. When I was 70, I still had pimples."

Nice words from BILL ROMZ (D 5th RCT) upon joining: "My most profound thanks to DICK GOINY for making me aware of your fine organization." Bill and Mary Ann are at 6155 S. Keeler, Chicago.

We give "Ratbox" Stouffer's St. Louis 3 stars for efficiency, 3 stars for comfort, and 1 little meteorite for food.



"So naturally when th' recruiter tol' me about th' tropical pools an' th' swayin' palm trees..."

We get mail from all ages and sizes. Here's one from Debbie Fellows of Rt. 3, Box 1005, Gonzales, La.:

"Dear Ross,

"My dad wrote you awhile back asking if you were a buddy of his, that served with him in the Taro Leaf 44-46. You answered that you were not. Can you please see if any of the other members remember a guy named or nicknamed "Ross" that served on Mindanao in the 21st Inf. Regt.

"If anybody has the recollection of this guy, contact: Earl J. Mason, Sr.
Route 3, Box 1005
Gonzales, La. 70737

"My Dad and Ross were good friends and my dad would like to hear from him. If it is of any help, everytime my dad sees Chuck Connors, on the "Rifleman" he says he sure reminds him of and looks like Ross.

Thank you,

Debbie Fellows"

There it is, Debbie, just as you wrote it. Now to find another Ross in "this-here Division."

The air-raid siren went off in Haifa. A woman rushed down the stairs toward the basement. Suddenly she noticed that her husband had not followed her down. "Come on, Sidney," she yelled.

"Just a minute!" answered her husband. "I gotta get my teeth!"

"Never mind your teeth!" the wife shouted back. "What do you think they're dropping - pastrami sandwiches?"



Okay. Okay. But who are they?

First, meet DWIGHT ROBERTS (21st '42-'45), of Box 36298, Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich., 'cuz he sent us the solo on himself 100 yrs. ago and then he sent us the one of Mac and friends at Hollandia. Can you identify? Says Dwight, the one with the smile he thinks is JOHN MASSEY. That's all he can offer. Anyone else want to give it a go?



Who's the one in the middle? No one remembers. Leftward, it's CAREY GORE (G 19th '43-'45), of Livingston, Tenn. Rightward it's AARON D. BARNES (G 19th '43-'45). But the one in the center, we can't identify. The picture was taken in Japan in the fall of '45. Didn't the jackets give you that clue? Aaron, who sent the picture in, says he overheard the manager of a shoe store telling one of his customers: "Yes, Sir, we have quite a line of loafers. I'll get one of them to wait on you."

WHAT'S HAPPENING

HOWARD CULLINS, (D 3rd Eng. '50-'51), of 2104 Moss N., Little Rock, Ark., met a fellow named WHORLEY of Item Co., 19th, at a VFW party the other evening. Fellow was from Pine Bluff, Ark. Howie didn't get his first name. Anyone know any Whorley's in Pine Bluff? We'll call 'em up.



A poor picture but we'll risk it. HARRIS POWER, (G 21st '50-'51), of RFD 1, Auburn, N.H., sent it in. Harris, Topkick of G of the 21st, captioned it, "Company G's Mounted Patrol."



Faithful EDWARD M. VASQUEZ, (A 3rd Eng. '44-'46), of 4949 Denny, North Hollywood, Cal., has been coming up with his \$10 dues every year right on time. Our membership year runs from August first to August first in case you were curious. We don't have to beg Ed to get his in; he responds automatically.

It's Not Easy

continued

To CECIL LAW, (Hq 1st Bn 19th '44-'45) of 26 Fairfax, Cinnaminson, N.J., we say, "You missed a great clambake in St. Louis, Cecil; no excuse, however, for missing Baltimore next year, Cinnaminson is just 'round the corner." Cinnaminson? How do you pronounce it?

Dues gratefully received from Attorney JIM McGINTY, (24 QM), of Box 792, Myrtle Creek, Ore. Jim reminds us that dues are \$10 per year and that our year runs from Aug. 1st to July 31st.

Lots of static created when Ex-President Jimmy Carter asked for an OK to do PX shopping. Many noticed his 7 years in the Navy and 4 as C in C give him only 11, not the required 20 for military retirement.

News, Notes And Comments

Started a Life Membership has ELMER DICK, (A & 1st Bn. Hq. 19th '35-'37), of 3201 47th, New Brighton, Pa. Elmer is President DALLAS DICK's brother. Elmer has fond memories of "Cocky" PAGE.

"Ah, it's good news tonight." Heard from after umpteen years -- CARL OEDER, (724th Ord. '43-'45), of Box 1557, Deming, N.Mex.

Meet the Deputy Sheriff of Cumberland County, Penn: ROBERT J. KAHLEY, (B, Cn., 1st Bn. Hq. 21st '47-'51), of RD 4, Box 225-A, Newville, PA. Bob's a Task Force Smith man who left Korea just a year from the day when TFS landed there. Greetings, Bob.

JOHN E. ANDERSON, (Hq. 1st Bn. 34th '41-'44), of Box 266, E. Brady, PA., just heard about us. He sent in a \$10 check saying he's been looking for an organization like ours since '44 when he left Leyte. Well, here we are, Johnny. Johnny's got a sense of humor too. Here's his contribution: "Home cooking is what today's wives ain't." We agree, Johnny. Welcome aboard.

JIM ERWIN reports that BOBBY KEPHART, (C 21st), of 239 E. Keller, Castanea, PA., has suffered a heart attack but is doing fine. Bobby would like to hear from any of the Charley gang.



New project getting underway - a new Directory of Members, complete with unit and time period and telephone number. We'll do it if you'll write in and give us your telephone number.

Some years ago, Rabbi Aaron Wise took ill. While he was recuperating, his "flock" sent him this telegram:

DEAR RABBI: YOU WILL BE HAPPY TO KNOW THAT THE TEMPLE BOARD OF DIRECTORS WISH YOU A SPEEDY RECOVERY BY A VOTE OF 12 TO 7.

AT EASE

Someone asked us to list our Association presidents since it all began. Will you settle for this?

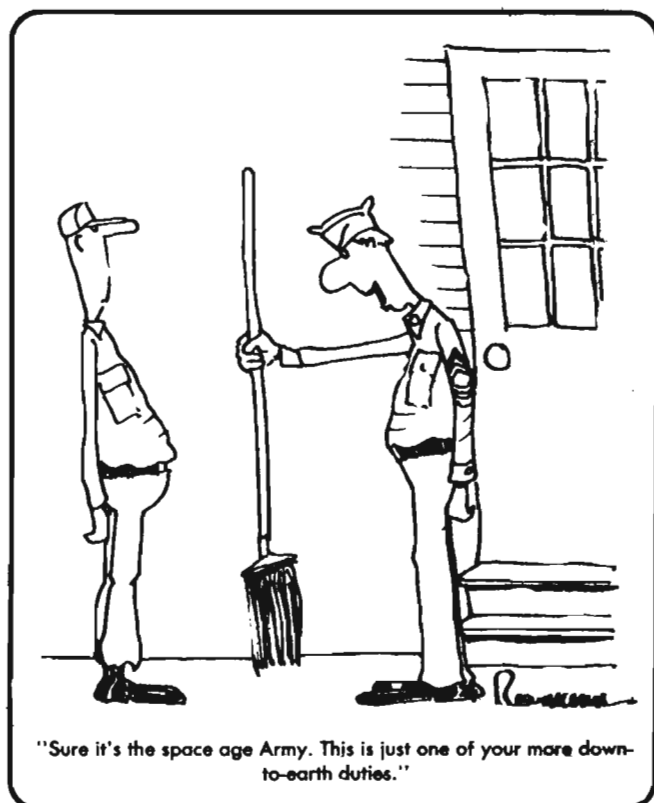
* Cramer	'47 - '48	
Henry	'48 - '49	
Pursifull	'49 - '50	
O'Donnell	'50 - '51	
Ross	'51 - '52	
* Duff	'52 - '53	
Backer	'53 - '54, '55 - '56	
Peyton	'54 - '55	
Claxon	'56 - '57	
Compere	'57 - '58, '58 - '59	
Hanlin	'59 - '60, '60 - '61	
* Purcell	'61 - '62	
Ligman	'62 - '63	
* Verbeck	'63 - '64	
* Ciangi	'64 - '65	
* Gilner	'65 - '66	
Stevenson	'66 - '67	
Sanderson	'67 - '68	
Williams	'68 - '69	
Harris	'69 - '70	
Muldoon	'70 - '71	
Wisecup	'71 - '72	
Newman	'72 - '73	
Lowry	'73 - '74	
Irving	'74 - '75	
Byrd	'75 - '76	
Lumsden	'76 - '77	
Klump	'77 - '78	
Rafter	'78 - '79	
Wheeler	'79 - '80	
Cunningham	'80 - '81	

* Deceased



VIC REINICK, (F 34th '43-'44), 1042 Dixie, Hemet, Cal., asks when we're going to have a get-together in the west. Where were you in October, 1980, Vic. We were in Irvine, Cal. At any rate, Vic sends us the one about the lady who, when asked about Aunt Martha's health, replied that she'd been in bed for 3 weeks with arthritis. Responded the inquiring one: "I know those Ritus boys, and that Art is the worst one of the three." Told ya we'd use it, Vic.

Rita Hayworth has been placed under the care of her daughter, Princess Yasmin Khan, because she is now too ill to care for herself. We will remember the 63-year old former "love goddess" for what she meant to us in those days when.



BERNIE BJORKMAN, (Sv. 19 '44-'45), of 2506 Wilshire, N. Little Rock, Ark., reminds us that from time-to-time a member will find a five or a ten burning a hole in his pocket and, rather than spending it for a few brews, will send it along to us, calling it a "Contribution." Need we add that we think Bernie's got a terrific idea.



ELLSWORTH MILLS, (724 Ord. '42-'45), of RR 2, Perry, Iowa, recovering from open heart surgery (5 by-passes), so reports Pauline, and we're grateful that this is so. See you both in Baltimore?

The French Foreign Minister says that "France is not America's farmyard" but conveniently forgets that his country was a graveyard for Americans who fought for France's freedom. It, all depends on whose liberte, egalite and fraternite are on the line!

HANFORD RANTS made an appeal in this column for a copy of the "Follow Me" poster. The ever-kind JOE McKEON spotted the appeal and sent him his. Thank you Joe. A basket of fruit is on its way to you.



This received from Col. DONALD A. SEIBERT:

"Assistance is requested in compiling a comprehensive list of Infantrymen who have earned the Third Award of the Combat Infantryman Badge. The roster of these triple CIB holders will be presented to the Infantry Museum at Fort Benning, GA.

"All Infantrymen who hold the Combat Infantryman Badge with two stars are requested to send their name and grade in which retired, together with a copy of the order for each award, to Colonel DONALD A. SEIBERG, USA Ret, 525 Southwick Dr., Fayetteville, NC 28303. If orders are not available, please provide the designation of the unit with which serving when each CIB was earned and the approximate dates in combat. The information will be used to complete a Role of Honor for the Infantry Museum. Kindly notify anyone you know who holds the CIB with two stars and ask them to send the necessary information."

We were asked to publish this letter or its information in Taro Leaf. This we gladly do.



Writes JIM ERWIN, (21st '50-'51), an eager beaver if ever there was one: "I want to express my thanks to all of my friends of 'A' Company and the Medical Company for the help I got from them. And also thanks to a true Gimlet, JOHN C. BALES, D 21st 1945 for his help. I only wish I could help John with his claim. A true Gimlet, Duty First, JESSE AMURGA, Lt.Col., Ret., JAMES B. MOUNT, Lt.Col., Ret., DR. KENNETH K. HODGE, Major CHARLIE NEWCOMB, Lt.Col., Ret., BOYD L. SMITH, M/Sgt., Ret., ROBERT HYSELL, Cpl., Ret. A Gimlet always, James A. Erwin."

At the bottom of his note, Jim added, "How much do I owe you for this plug?" Not a dime, Jim, not a dime. That's what we're here for.

MAURICE LEHMAN, (1st Bn. 34th '44-'46), of 6801 Covington Creek, Fort Wayne, Ind., sent us a nice order for insignia -- regimental crests, etc. We have a supply for sale, you know.

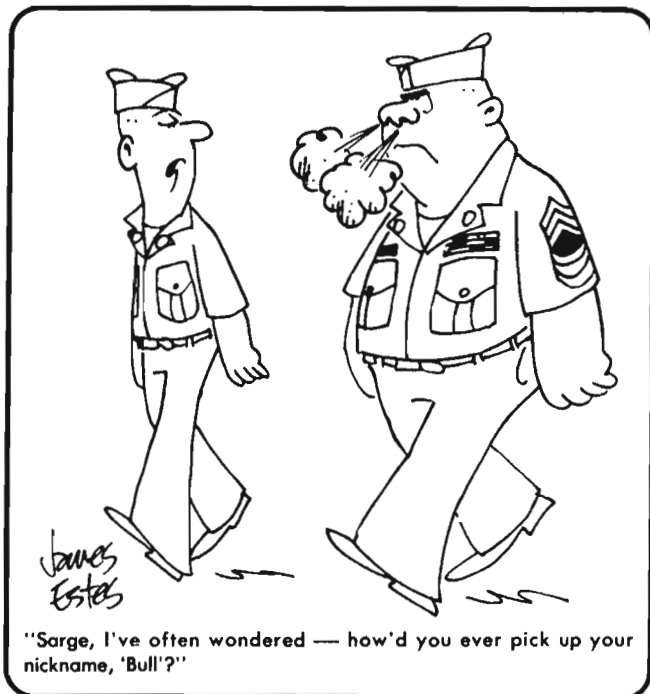
TOM BANGERT called from Ft. Wayne. Burglars. They took his gun collection - worth over \$10,000.



Going to Wahoo for the 40th -- BERNIE and Edith LENSKEY, (C 52F '41-'45), of 1777 N.E. 177th, N. Miami Beach, FL. Bernie still finds time to send us one. It seems that a beautiful young socialite sought out a famous artist and offered him \$5000 to paint her in the nude. He refused, explaining that it was against his principles.

A week later, she called him again and offered him \$10,000. Again he refused. When she called him a third time and offered \$25,000, he asked if he could think it over.

The next day, he phoned her and said he'd do it, with one qualification. "I'll have to wear socks," he said. "I need a place for my brushes."

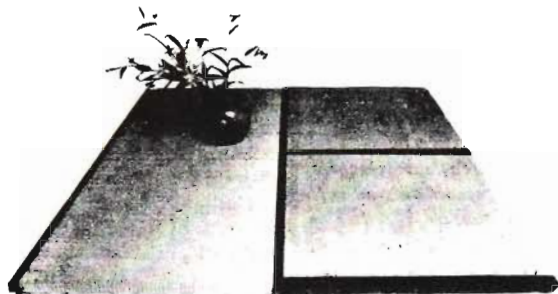


Thoughts in Passing. We welcome as new members DON and Phyllis OWEN, (A 63rd F & A 5th RCT '52-'53), of 8415 Pilot, Affton, MO., and LOWELL and Betsy SMITH, (34th '43-'45), of RR 2, Litchfield, IL. Lowell and Betsy are the parents of seven! Gosh!!!

Jury duty kept MATT and Joe SABATINE (Hq 1st Bn. 21st '44-'45), of 616 Roseto Ave., Roseto, PA., from making S.L.

RAY and Evelyn COOLEY, (B 19th '49-'51), of 255 Greenlawn, Tiffin, Ohio, have just joined. They have a daughter stationed at Tripler in Honolulu.

TATAMI • MATS



Traditional Japanese flooring made from two inches of tightly compressed rice straw that provide a firm, yet slightly resilient base for our futons and floor cushions. **NOW ON SALE!**
 3' x 6' \$60.00; new half-size (3' x 3') \$45.00. Sale ends August 15.
 Boston, 39 Newbury Street (upstairs), 536-6152
 Stores in New York and New Jersey

Spotted this ad in the N.Y. Times. Thought you'd be interested:

SHORT AND SWEET

RAY FOLEY, (M 21st '51-'52), of 5995 Deerfield, Milford, Ohio, was talking about how the baseball strike altered his daily routine: "I had to walk the dog a lot. Only trouble was that whenever he scratched his left ear, I felt as though I ought to bunt."

WE MEAN BUSINESS!

DONALD WONG, (3rd Eng. '41-'45), of Box 2668, Honolulu, honors us with his dues. Treasurer of Capital Investment of Hawaii, Inc., Dan's an accountant by profession. We'll not bore you, Dan with a reminder about 2 Wongs making a Wright.

BILL SHOWN, (21st '41-'43 and 24 Recon. '43-'44), of 1911 Francis, Waukesha, Wis., says his doctor tells him he'll live another 20 years if he takes it easy and walks short distances. He says, "I've been walking the short distance to the neighborhood tavern and taking it easy."

RICHARD "Shy" LUM met ROY BROWN, (A 19th '39-'42) at S.L. They hadn't met since Pearl Harbor.

CRISIS

HARRY STRASEN, (34th '45-'46), of 6209 E. 31st, Tucson, Ariz., reports feeling better after "a lousy year of in and out of hospitals."



"...That sign? Oh, I don't know—probably 'No Smokin' or somethin'."

Prelude

For Gimlet JOHN MORRISON, we published his query about the tree in the 21st crest. John said he got "a bunch of answers". One was from Col. SIDNEY SOGARD of 3980 Commander, Columbus, Ga., who wrote to Johnny thus:

"The green Cedar tree superimposed on the white portion of the Crest depicts the Regiments baptism of fire at Cedar Mountain during the Civil War. The Katipunan sun in the center of the blue indicates service during the Phillipine insurrection. The four arrows at the top stand for battles during the Indian Wars. The arrows are bound by snakeskin, the Indian emblem of war. As you know, the motto of the Regiment is "Duty". The nickname of the Regiment is "Gimlets" which was established by the enlisted men in Hawaii in 1922.

"An old buddy of mine, Col. Dick Stephens, known as "Big Six" (now deceased) commanded the Regiment in Japan and Korea from 1948 to 1951. The 21st was the most aggressive Regiment of the 24th Div. during the early part of the Korean War. I was at the time on Gen. Bill Dean's Staff."

Thank you, Sid, for writing to Johnny.



"Why, one good Airborne lieutenant could take all three of you Marines. Show 'em, Eltee."



Out of Monroe, Wis., comes RUSS WEST, (K 19th '44-'45), who asked ROSCOE CLAXON to explain how he has managed to live such a long and interesting life. "Easy," Roscoe answered, "I believe it's due to the fact that I never smoked, drank, or touched a girl until I was 10 years old."



PHIL HOSTETTER gives evidence one more time of being a clever photographer. This was shot at S.L. of course. That "Gate"; it was everywhere you looked.

Ise Hashino, whose unfailing presence at a Kyoto wharf after World War II became a symbol in Japan of the hope and the misery of a mother yearning for her lost soldier son, died recently at the age of 81.

Whenever a post-war repatriation ship carrying Japanese soldiers from China or the Soviet Union arrived at the port of Maizuru, Mrs. Hashino was there to look for her son, Shinji.

She carried on her vigil to no avail and until she died refused to believe her son was not coming back.

Her presence at the port became the subject of a major hit song titled "Mom at the Wharf," which sold 1.2 million copies in 1975 alone.

Shinji was reported missing in a battle against Soviet troops in Manchuria in the closing days of the war. He was 19 at the time.

The Tokyo metropolitan government eventually issued an official death notice, but there has never been any verification, prompting the usual flood of reports about Shinji's supposed survival.

It's a familiar tune, isn't it?

Our versifying friends

Life Member JIM MURPHY, (AT 21st '43-'45), of 237 Desmond, Rochester, N.Y., thoughtfully sends us this little piece which ought to jog a thought or two:

LEST WE FORGET

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end.
Yet days go by, and weeks rush on,
And, before I know it, a year has gone.
And I never see my old friend's face,
For life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell.
And he rang mine.
We were younger than,
And now we are busy, tired men:
Tired with playing a foolish game,
Tired with trying to make a name.
"Tomorrow," I'd say, "I will call on Jim.
Just to show that I'm thinking of him."
But tomorrow comes- and tomorrow goes,
And the distance between us
grows and grows,
Around the corner: - yet miles away...
"Here's a telegram, sir...
Jim died today."
And that's what we get,
and deserve in the end:
Around the corner - a vanished friend.

We've tried hard over the years to
avoid what may seem to others to be no
less than "blowing our own kazoo." But
along comes this bit of poetry from our
versifying friend, Ethel KINGSBURY,
HERB's wonderful partner-in-life. We
thought it had to be included. If it be
puffery, well so be it. The piece went:

Ken's Zeal

by Ethel Kingsbury

Keep up the good work
Diligently you never shirk,
Ken Ross our Sec'y.-Treas.
& Editor -Boss -
Never at a loss for words
or other deeds -
Strolling Around his his
'Word-a-day' tweeds.
That's our "Ken" - no has-been
Has no "beef" -
He's all out for the "24th"
& Taro Leaf.

An Edna St. Vincent Millay, she
ain't. But Ethel's heart is as big as
Mt. Everest. Thanks Ethel.



Our now expired and retired Membership Chairman HOWARD LUMSDEN writes us while vacationing in the hills of Virginia: "Mixing a little Assn. business with pleasure while visiting ROBERT MASLICK (Co. E, 19th '46-'48). Last night I swayed him from an annual member into the Life Member fold and his check in the amount of \$100.00 is enclosed. Bob has not attended a reunion yet but hopes to make Baltimore in '82. He, TOM MITCHELL, who recently became a Life Member and made St. Louis his first, and I were "Chicks" at Beppu in Co. E at the same time and Tom says he is going to try to sway a few more into the fold." Lum never stops.

New member LEN ELLISON, (H 21st '41-'46), of 1113 7th, Corpus Christi, Tex., wants to know where Stewart is. Follow Rt. Rt. 95 for about 40 miles due south of Savannah and you can't miss it, Len. Incidentally, Len came in through the good efforts of another member, AL BRANDESKY, the Veterans County Service Officer, in Corpus Christi. Thanks, Al.

Hattie F. RITSCHKE, PAUL's good wife, says "haven't received a Taro Leaf in quite awhile and wondered why." Last one went out in May, Hattie, 128 days ago. Sorry we couldn't put one out sooner. The postage bill is killing us. Like our fuel bill. But down there in Beaumont, Texas, maybe you don't know how we Yankees are hurting when it comes to the cost of keeping warm. Maybe the south is finally getting even with the north, after all.

In with \$100 to pay for a Life Membership in one swoop comes WALTER SAS, of 4570 E. Yale, Denver, Col. Walt doesn't write often, but when he does, it's "Pop goes the egg money." Thanks Walt. You're #457 on our Life Roll.



Last time these buddies were together was Sept. 17, 1950 until the other day when CARL WETMORE, (M 21 '50), of 163 Sanford, Panesville, Ohio, visited JIM ERWIN, (21st '50-'51), of Box 608, Marongo Valley, Cal.



Dues thoughtfully sent in by RAY RASZKOWSKI, 8336 Roosevelt, Taylor, Mich.

ROGERS J. REED, (A19th '43-'44), of 103 Brignac, Opelousas, La., has joined up. Wants to hear from anyone of Able Company "of that vintage". And '43-'44 was a very good year, too, Roge.

ED DOUBEK, (21st '44-'45), of 3340 W. 196th, Homewood, IL, wired Life Member DICK GOINY, (E 21 '45), of 3619 W. 64th, Chicago, his greetings for the gang while Dick was in S.L. Dick finally received the cable 41 days later. Ed was merely sending "A special Hello to all friends and buddies." Thanks for the good try, Ed. Sorry Western Union failed you so miserably.

IN THIS ISSUE

Missed at S.L. - MAJOR HAYWOOD, (21st '42-'45). We consistently puzzle over that name. Major once told us how he came by it, too, but we've forgotten the story. Anyway, we missed you, Major. Oh, almost forgot -- he's at 37 E.Noel, Madisonville, Ky.

JOHN MCNIDER, (Hq.Mort. 19th '50-'51), of 3301 Yorba Linda, Fullerton, CA., couldn't make S.L. as planned. His younger brother unexpectedly passed away. You have our sympathies, Johnny.

Sorely missed at our S.L. clambake was Maj.Gen. FREDERICK A. IRVING. Fred got as far as the ticket counter at Washington National only to be told that his flight had been cancelled. The strike thing, you know. Damned shame. Fred is always such a delight when he's among us, his friends. You'll be able to make it next year, Fred; it'll be little more than a spit away.

Hot idea from JOHNNY PLENSKOFSKI, (C 5th RCT '50-'51), of 390 Kalmia, Warminster, PA. Writes our big idea man: "Is any type of license plate available to the membership with the Divisional patch which I am sure would go over big. And if they are available, please send me one. I also purchased another automobile and would like to have a Divisional decal to display on my car window. Do you know that a lot of persons including veterans asked what kind of a decal that was and they did not know that it was the 24th Division Patch."

Johnny, we truly don't know what we can do about those noninformed souls who can't recognize our patch when they see it. Horsewhipping seems a little extreme. Tongue lashing might be in order. Like your license plate idea though.

It's that time again. Several have asked us about missing issues of Taro Leaf. You've likely not missed any issues considering that the last one was Vol. XXXIV No. 7, mailed to you last May 30th. This is Vol. XXXV No. 1 (we start a new series as we start a new fiscal year - August 1 to August 1). We don't publish monthly. We publish only as we can afford it. Last year we did get off 7 issues, an average per annum production. If the \$ contributions (over and beyond the \$10 annual dues figure) were to improve, our production would improve. But don't forget, please -- all the while, we're juggling that --- ----- history which we've been promising. Our hands are fully occupied.

Some memories of a GI general

The death of Maj. Gen. William F. Dean this week, at 82 stirs old memories.

Dean led the U.S. 24th Infantry division in a series of delaying actions in the early desperate days of the Korean War, was separated from his troops at Taejon, betrayed by South Korean civilians and captured, the only American general to be taken prisoner in that war.

He inspired his troops on the front lines, reorganized them in retreat, tended to the wounded and performed many acts of heroism — including an attack on an enemy tank "while armed only with a hand grenade" — for which he was awarded the Medal of Honor.

At a time when the United States needed heroes, Dean was a genuine article.

In captivity, as many Americans began to question the Code of Conduct, Dean adamantly resisted all efforts by the Communists to extract military information from him.

When he was repatriated in September, 1953, after three years of captivity, his first words to reporters were: "Get it out of your heads that I'm a hero. I'm not. I'm just a dog-faced soldier."

He was that, of course, but much more. Like Omar Bradley, he was a GI general to the core.

From thoughtful JERRY VON MOHR comes a hefty contribution "to use as you see fit", an apology for not making S.L. (Jerry's got Paul starting college this fall), and an editorial from the Dayton (Ohio) Journal-Herald which we proudly reproduce here.

At the banquet, after C.G. HANLIN, last year's recipient of the WILLIAM J. VERBECK Bowl, announced HOWARD LUMSDEN as this year's awardee, and Lum went forward to the rostrum to accept the honor, the two of them engaged in a bit of private colloquy behind the microphone, yet just far enough distant that 300 of us out in front were not privileged to share in the discourse. The time interval likely was only 20-30 seconds, though it seemed like an eternity. The niceties over with, TOM COMPERE arose to speak again, mentioning in passing: "You know you thought you couldn't hear what C.G. and Lum were saying -- well we here on the platform were right beside them -- and we couldn't understand them either." No one can deny that a conversation between Lum and C.G. is like any scene out of any movie starring the Marx Brothers -- and about as intelligible.

Going First Class

ADOLPH KRASSLER, (A 21st '66-'69), of 165 Brown, Holyoke, MA, has become our fully paid Life Member #370. He paid \$20 a year ago and came in the other day with \$80 to finish it off. Congratulations, Adolph.



This is a terrible shot -- quality-wise, that is -- but we're going to use it anyway. These 4 are too valuable to leave out. It's HENRY and Mary GOSYTYLA and JOE and Maggie PEYTON. Sorry folks if it doesn't print very well. Trouble with our system is that we never know whether a shot will come out well, until we actually put the paper to bed and see the first time the results in the printed paper. Then it may be too late. We're suspicious about this one giving us a real problem.

Another of the Smith boys. This one is HENRY M. SMITH. BOB JOHNSON spotted this item in the Aug. issue of VFW: "24th Div., 34th Inf.Rgt., 3rd Bn. Co. I (Korea) - Need to contact John R. Missouri, Maj. Zall, others with whom I served and anyone remembering that I was hospitalized at Camp Fuji (Japan) and Koji Do, Korea in 1952 and 1953 -- Henry M. Smith, Rt. 2, Box 122, Franklin, Neb. 68939."

There's a challenge, men. Any takers.

MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM FRISBEE DEAN

August 1, 1899 - August 24, 1981

The United Press International and Associated Press notices stressed - knowingly or otherwise - much the same theme - no heroics - no fanfare - no drumroll - "I'm just a dog-faced soldier."

We pondered concerning this as we made our way westward one evening in late August.

We gave it more thought the next night as we made our way eastward.

Between flights, we had been present as Major General WILLIAM FRISBEE DEAN was laid to rest and we paid our respects to his lovely and faithful mate, Mildred, to son, Bill, Jr., and to daughter, Marjorie June.

In so acting, we were representing - proudly we would add - the Association.

But that theme of downplay was ever present throughout our few hours in "The City" from the moment good friend, SAM UMPHREY, met us at the terminal until he saw us off 23 hours later.

The mood was in the air, through the services in the Presidio Chapel and the interment at the Presidio National Cemetery.

Dignitaries, as well as the common infantryman, with whom Bill shared the danger and glory of war, had assembled to honor him in a moving memorial service at the chapel and at the gravesite, both overlooking beautiful San Francisco Bay.

The Presidio - what memories it conjured up - of a happier time - 28 years ago - VIC and Rita BACKER and Peggy TRECHTER and we were guests at Bill's and Mildred's quarters - he was then Sixth Army Deputy Commander - it was a fun-filled evening as we sat in that lovely living room watching the ships down in the Bay gliding around Alcatraz - Alcatraz spelled "prison" and prison was a taboo subject on that joyous gathering - Bill had been home only a matter of a few weeks - all concentration was on the present and the future.

More fun developed as Bill arose, with an invitation - even though it was well nigh midnight. He would have it that he'd chauffeur us all around the Bay - across Golden Gate, through Sausalito, past San Quentin (another unmentionable), through Marin County, over the Sacramento, down into Oakland, up into the hills of Berkeley for a stopover at their own home - to which they eventually retired - and back across the Bay Bridge through "The City" and back to the Post - Presidio sounded better then - and does now. It was a glorious evening of fun and frolic, jesting all the way. Bill was home, free, genuinely happy. Mildred was at long last relieved.

The memory of that visit has stayed with us - not alone because it was such a happy occasion - but more because it was the last time we saw Bill - and until the funeral, Mildred.

And that's our very point.

This humble man had indicated in various ways that he wished for himself and his family a low profile.

Oh we "lettered" and "teleconed." But on things 24th, the signals were not loud, but they were clear.

And we understood - and played our role accordingly.

There is a delicacy in the fact of a general officer having been a prisoner of war - a delicacy which is difficult to put into words - we haven't the ability much less the desire so to try.

A news article had once appeared, not entirely complimentary to that which we all hold dear. It made particular reference to those July days of 1950. Misstatements of facts were rampant. The reporter had his hatchet finely tuned. We took offense, started to draft a rebuttal, called on Bill to help us in substantiating three or four facts to which we knew he was most privy. Came a call, followed by a letter - a friendly call, a friendlier letter - but, in each, a gentle request that we treat it all "as spilled milk - what has been has been - don't make any waves now." Our attempt at a rebuttal was abandoned forthwith.

You see what we're trying to say, don't you? - without being so cruel as to say it?

No person who knew Bill could remain untouched by his courageous spirit, sympathetic heart, and keen intelligence. It was Longfellow who said, "Great men stand like solitary towers." Such a man was Bill.

So long as Americans value loyalty, perserverance, dignity and friendship, BILL DEAN shall not be forgotten.

Be thou at peace, Bill - at long last.

In memoriam

Audrey HARDI reports the passing of her beloved RAYMOND last June 9th with these tragic words:

"Last February Ray went through two complete hospital examinations because he occasionally would get pains in his throat. They found that he had a hiatus hernia and gave him medicine to control the pain. At that time they said his heart was good.

"We went on a bus trip to New Orleans with friends. Ray started to have trouble with his throat so we decided to fly back to St. Louis. The plane had a stop-over in Memphis. The plane landed and fortunately most of the passengers got off. About ten minutes later, Ray became violently ill. After the stewardess and paramedics worked with Ray for a while, he was taken to the hospital where he died a short time later.

"I buried Ray in Jefferson Barracks cemetery, because he wanted to be buried there. I know how very much the Army meant to him."

Wrote JAMES "Spike" O'DONNELL: "Ray was an especially good friend. Although he was in the 3rd Platoon (G 21st) and I was in the 4th, I knew him well. He went out on many a patrol - day or night - wherever was called for. Never a complainer, he was one h___ of a soldier. He will be missed."

We note with sadness the passing of Helen MCMICHAEL, the good wife of our CHARLES, (Hq. 19th '44-'45), and beloved mother of Charles, Jr. Last June. Cancer. We grieve for this good family.

Deceased: CARLOS DEESON, 19th '44 - '45.

Doris KALLOCH called us to tell us that MELVIN, better remembered as "Mike" died on June 29th - the Lou Gehrig disease. Mike was Hv. Mtr. 21st '49 - '51. Doris is at the family homestead at 6750 Bea nell Way, San Diego, Cal.

The sad news out of Canterbury, N.H. was from Dorothea telling us of the passing of HENRY E. SCHUBERT, (G 19th '42-'45) on May 12th last. Wrote Dorothea: "He died at the Concord, N.H. Hospital of a Cerebro Vascular accident the result of Diabetes. The surgeons could not operate, so since Christmas I had to watch him slowly melt away before my eyes. A memorial service was held at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Concord. His ashes were interred at Hillside Cemetery. Terryville, CT, his home town. He was so proud of our 235 yr. colonial home. His retirement was only 3½ years and he had so few pleasures. Our friends miss his dry wit for he was a wonderful gentleman always keeping others happy. I truly find it very lonely. He was only 65 years old."

We grieve for you, Dorothea.

SAM UMPHREY reports that OSCAR "Ed" HOLDER popular Div. PX officer during '46-'48, was killed in a plane accident back home in U.S.A. circa '56.

Seymour Eldred Madison

NO. 9897 CLASS OF 1933

Died 25 November 1964 at Fitzsimons
Army Hospital, Denver Colorado,
aged 55 years.

Interment: Fort Logan National Cemetery,
Denver, Colorado

SEYMOUR ELDRED MADISON was born in San Francisco, California, on 2 August 1909. He entered West Point at age 19 as did his father before him, Irving Monroe Madison, Class of 1903. Like father, like son, can well be said of Seymour as we in the Class of 1933 fondly remember him. In his father's obituary in the January 1946 ASSEMBLY a classmate wrote, "Irving M. Madison came to the Academy direct from the West, with manner as carefree, and outlook on life as open as is traditional there." Another classmate wrote, "I give you my impression of 'Farmer' as we affectionately called him, for he appeared to us as fine and firm as Mother Earth."

One of Seymour's two sons, Colonel David Seymour Madison, Medical Corps, United States Army, wrote to the author of this obituary:

"Father's major interests included music (he was a soloist in several choirs) and chess. He read extensively, with special interests in history and philosophy. Most of all, he was a very fine person with many outstanding qualities including absolute honesty, great kindness, understanding and generosity. He was the son of an Army officer who was himself a West Point graduate. Because of this he lived in many areas as a child. He lived in Minnesota before entering West Point. Upon graduation he married Marion Brown Sipe at West Point and during his first assignment at Vancouver Barracks, his two sons were born.



SEYMOUR ELDRED MADISON

"Father saw extensive action in the Pacific Theater after the attack on Pearl Harbor, including landings at Hollandia and Leyte. After he retired he took a position with the Denver Research Institute, a branch of the University of Denver, where he worked until his death in 1964. He was survived by his wife, a sister, two sons and six grandchildren. In January 1975 my mother passed away. My brother John now lives in Oklahoma where he is in the insurance business."

As a former tentmate of Seymour's at Plebe summer camp and thereafter remaining a close friend and enjoying assignment in the same Cadet company with him during our four years at West Point, I share fully David's

admiration and high regard for his father, as do the many classmates and others who knew him. His love of music found outlet in his membership in the Cadet Choir throughout his four years at West Point and he was a star member of the Academy Chess Club. His love of reading and literature kept him happily absorbed through the many long weeks of our cadet years, made him an extremely interesting and well informed conversationalist, and kept him in the top sections of English academically.

Seymour's military service following graduation from West Point was marked with success, with promotions and duty assignments including The Infantry School at Fort Benning, all coming along in good order. At the time of Pearl Harbor he was a company officer in the 21st Infantry Regiment of the 24th Division in Hawaii. After Pearl Harbor he remained with the 21st as it underwent intensive jungle warfare and amphibious training with the 24th Division and then shipped out to New Guinea, via Australia, and the extensive action in the Pacific Theater as mentioned by his son David above.

Seymour was made commander of the 2d Battalion of the 21st Infantry on 1 February 1943 and was promoted to lieutenant colonel on 8 March 1943. He commanded the battalion for almost two years, until 31 December 1944, during which time his battalion experienced some of the most difficult jungle and amphibious operations of the war. His health failed him late in 1944, resulting in his hospitalization in January 1945 and his later retirement for physical disability on 30 September 1945.

Seymour's death in 1964 was a great loss to us all, but he lives on in our memories as a cherished friend and classmate and we are blessed by his example and by his devotion to Duty, Honor and Country.

Elery Martin Zehner

NO. 10992 CLASS OF 1937

Died 9 May 1978 in Washington, D.C.,
aged 65 years.

Interment: Arlington National Cemetery
Arlington, Virginia



ELERY MARTIN ZEHNER

BUD ZEHNER, the second of three children, was born 20 October 1912 in Bremen, Indiana, to Elery and Herma Martin Zehner. Son

of a naval officer, Bud spent two high school summers as a merchant seaman. By the time he graduated from Maury High School in Norfolk, Virginia, he had decided that the Navy was not for him. He attended Purdue University before entering West Point.

Graduating from the United States Military Academy in June 1937, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Infantry and joined the 26th Infantry at Plattsburgh Barracks, New York. His next assignment, as aide-de-camp to General Durwood S. Wilson at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, was punctuated first by his marriage in January 1941 to

Ruth Beatrix Tennis, his high school sweetheart and West Point "one and only," and then by the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Reassigned from the Pacific Theater in August 1942, he spent a year and a half as Infantry liaison officer at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland. In 1944 he joined the 100th Infantry Division which landed at Marseille, moved up the Rhone Valley and fought through the Vosge Mountains.

After the war, and after a course at the Command and General Staff College, Fort Leavenworth, Bud returned to West Point, this time for a three-year assignment with the Tactical Department. When he left West Point for Caracas, Venezuela, where he was to be advisor to the Venezuelan Military Academy, he was accompanied not only by Trix, but by the growing family of three children: Meri, Chris, and Mike. Two and one half years later he returned to the United States to become a student again, this time at the Army War College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where his fourth child, Steve, was born in 1952. Bud and family next went to New York, where he held various staff positions at Headquarters, First Army, at Governor's Island and Camp Drum. Transferred to Korea as Chief of Staff at 24th Infantry Division Headquarters, he missed the birth of Stanley, his youngest son and a graduate of the United States Naval Academy. Bud's subsequent assignments included duty as Assistant Chief of Staff for Civil Affairs, Headquarters, United States Army in Japan; Division Director, Plans, Policy and Operations Division, Civil Affairs, Department of the Army; Chief of the United States Army Mission to Argentina; and Chief of Administration, Inter-American Defense College, Fort McNair, Washington, D.C.

Bud Zehner was a man of quiet dignity and deep integrity. His unshakeable faith that we must endeavor to live above the common level of life manifested itself in his fairmindedness and firm commitment to honor. His dry sense of humor often emphasized rather than camouflaged his rejection of hypocrisy and pretense. A man who did indeed always "choose the harder right instead of the easier wrong," Bud Zehner was admired and respected in his professional life and deeply loved by his family and friends. He is survived by Trix, his bride of thirty-seven years, five children, six grandchildren and two sisters.

Franklin Cummings Sibert

NO. 5076 CLASS OF 1912

Died 24 June 1980 in Pensacola, Florida, aged 89 years.

Interment: Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia



FRANKLIN CUMMINGS SIBERT

BORN ON 3 JANUARY 1891 in Bowling Green, Kentucky, Si was an "Army Brat," the son of Army engineer Major General William L. Sibert, United States Military Academy Class of 1884. Si's father built the Atlantic portion of the Panama Canal. During World War I he commanded the 1st Division in the American Expeditionary Forces and was the first Director of the Chemical Warfare Service.

At West Point, Si played varsity football and hockey. He played center on offense and "roving center" on defense. He was named to the All-American Team in 1911. Academically, he was in the first section in math, surveying drawing and other engineering subjects. A goat in discipline, Si graduated with clean sleeves.

Panama was his first station (1912-15), serving as a second lieutenant in the 10th Infantry. He married Helen Rogers, the daughter of his first company commander, Captain Thomas J. Rogers. The Siberts' first child, Franklin Rogers (Bill) Sibert, was born in the Canal Zone in 1914. Si next saw duty on the Mexican Border at Douglas, Arizona, followed by Fort Miley (San Francisco, California) where Kathryn Mary was born.

In 1917 Sibert went to France with the American Expeditionary Force. He served in the Big Red One and the 4th Division, commanding their divisional machine gun battalions during four campaigns in Europe. He returned to the United States after the war as a temporary lieutenant colonel, promptly reverting to captain, but getting back his majority in 1920.

His first post-World War I assignment was at the new Infantry School established at Camp Benning, Georgia in 1919. After recruiting duty in Milwaukee and troop duty at Vancouver Barracks and Fort Lewis, he returned to Benning for the Advanced Infantry Course in 1924.

He attended Command and General Staff College in 1925, followed by a three-year tour on the faculty at Fort Leavenworth. His final student tour was in 1929 at the Army War College, then located at Washington Barracks (now Fort McNair).

More troop duty came his way in the early 1930's. He commanded the 3d Battalion, 8th Infantry at Fort Moultrie (near Charleston, South Carolina), and 1st Battalion, 8th

Infantry at Fort Screven (near Savannah, Georgia). He then became Chief of Information on the War Department General Staff (a major's job in those days).

Si returned to Benning in 1935, where he commanded a battalion of the 29th Infantry, then served in the Tactical Department of the Infantry School and on the Infantry Board. In 1938 he moved to Fort Wayne, Michigan, as Executive Officer of the 2nd Infantry. He next commanded the 32nd Infantry in 1940 as a lieutenant colonel at Fort Ord, California where the 7th Division was organized under then Major General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell. A colonel only six months, he got his first star in February 1941, becoming the Assistant Division Commander, 44th Infantry Division at Fort Dix, New Jersey.

Shortly thereafter, General Stilwell, then commanding the India-Burma-China Theater of Operations, asked for Sibert as his second in command. Early in 1942 Si was promoted to major general and joined Stilwell. Si took part in the retreat march out of Burma in the summer of 1942.

Following hospitalization at Walter Reed and after a brief interview with General Marshall in late 1942, Si was given command of the 6th Infantry Division, then at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. He put the division through mechanized infantry training in the California desert and light infantry jungle and amphibious training in Hawaii in the latter part of 1943. Major General Sibert took the 6th Division to New Guinea in early 1944 and led them in their first combat in the Maffin Bay area in May and June at the Battle of "Lone Tree Hill." The hill was actually a precipitous coral formation covered with dense jungle growth. The objective was defended by elements of the Japanese 36th Division, a veteran outfit from northern Japan with experience in Manchuria. "Lone Tree" finally was overrun aided by a locally conducted amphibious end run which got behind enemy positions. The division used its own light amphibious trucks ("Ducks") to make the landing from the open sea. The 6th Division made the last United States assault landing on the New Guinea coast—at Sansapor on 30 July 1944. After a successful lodgement had been made, General Sibert was chosen by General MacArthur to take command of X Corps on 24 August 1944.

A soldier, Si's philosophy of command was to demand all out commitment to the mission. He took care of his men, especially those at the cutting edge of the division who bore the brunt of infantry combat and absorbed most of the casualties. His men respected him and liked his no-nonsense approach to things. (When he was X Corps commander, he punished service unit soldiers who were guilty of lying down on their jobs by assigning them to night grave-digging work with graves registration companies.) The soldiers also appreciated his well-developed earthy sense of humor.

General Sibert believed in giving responsibility to young noncommissioned officers and young officers who had the stamina for sustained combat. The 6th reflected this accent on youth—two out of three regimental commanders were under 30 years of age and most of the battalion commanders were in their twenties. (Most of the officers were from Reserve Officers Training Corps or Officer Candidate School. Out of about 750 officers in the Division, only about 10 were regulars and of these, only three were West Pointers. How thin the Long Gray line was spread in World War II! This was about the proportion in other divisions around the world.)

In October 1944 General Sibert led X Corps as part of Sixth Army's invasion of Leyte. In the assault phase, the Corps con-

sisted of the 1st Cavalry and 24th Infantry Divisions; later in the campaign, the 32d and Americal Divisions fought under the Corps.

Next, General Sibert was given responsibility for planning and conducting the campaign to recapture Mindanao. This was an independent Corps operation for which Sibert had complete responsibility. X Corps consisted initially of the 24th and 31st Infantry Divisions, later including the 40th and 41st Infantry Divisions. X Corps landed in the Malabang area on 17 April 1945 and deceived the Japanese defenders by advancing on the main enemy defenses from the rear. Davao, the principal city, was seized on 4 May. The Corps accomplished in two weeks what General MacArthur had originally estimated would take four months.

A short time later, General MacArthur recommended Sibert for promotion to lieutenant general, the normal rank accorded to a corps commander; however, the end of World War II was near and this justly earned honor was not forthcoming. Upon Japan's capitulation in August 1945, X Corps assumed occupation duties in the western part of Honshu.

Retiring from the Army on 30 June 1946, Si made his home in the Panhandle area of Florida near Eglin Air Force Base. His first home was in the small fishing village of Destin where he had established the Infantry School Rest Camp during his Benning service in the late 1930's. Si became an ardent fisherman and shrimper. But his life here was shattered when his adored wife died after a brief illness at Walter Reed Hospital on 18 May 1959.

For many years General Sibert drove alone every winter from Florida to Manzanilla, Mexico, a noted port city, fishing and resort paradise. His last trip to Mexico was in 1975 at the age of 84.

His son, Colonel Bill Sibert (United States Military Academy Class of 1936) lives in Fort Walton Beach, Florida. Bill, a combat infantryman like his father, retired after 24 years of service that spanned World War II and the Korean War. Si's grandson, Colonel George W. Sibert, United States Army, became the 4th generation Sibert to graduate from West Point (1958). George was the first son born to the Class of 1936 and thus has the "Class Cup." George served with the Big Red One in Vietnam and later commanded the 1st Battalion, 8th Infantry (the battalion Si commanded in 1930). General Sibert's daughter Kay is married to a West Point classmate of her brother's, General Bruce Palmer Jr., United States Army—Retired, a former Vice Chief of Staff of the Army.

Si died of congestive heart failure. Up to the end, he was mentally alert and accepted the situation with characteristic courage and simple dignity. A memorial service was held at Fort Walton Beach. The funeral service was in the Memorial Chapel, Fort Myer, followed by interment with full military honors at Arlington National Cemetery. Sibert was the last survivor of our senior leaders of the Pacific War. Sixth Army commander, General Walter Krueger, considered Sibert to be his toughest field commander. MacArthur called General Sibert a superb soldier and his best all-around Corps commander. Those who were privileged to serve under him will ever be aware of the profound influence he had on their lives. A grand old warrior joined the Long Gray Line. It can be said: "Well done, be thou at peace."

—His family
