

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



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A CALL TO ARMS.



The waiting arms are those of your buddies
at the Crowne Plaza next August.

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TENTATIVE PROGRAM

CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL, LOS ANGELES

August 14 - 17, 1986

<u>Date</u>	<u>Activity</u>	<u>Time</u>
Thurs., Aug. 14	Registration for early arrivals	9:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.
	Hospitality Room open all day and evening	9:00 a.m. - midnight
	Meals -- on your own and at your pleasure	--
Fri., Aug. 15	Registration	9:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.
	Hospitality Room	9:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.
	Lunch -- at your pleasure	--
	Sit-down Dinner	6:00 p.m. - midnight
	The Hospitality Room must close down at 4:00 to allow the house to set up for the Dinner	
	Tours to wherever may be individually and privately arranged by you. It appears that there are too many tours going in too many directions to attempt to respond to the wishes of the membership by arranging an Association- sponsored event.	Anytime during the day. Most tours include your pickup at the hotel's front door.
Sat., Aug. 16	Registration	9:00 a.m. - noon
	Hospitality Room	9:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.
	Annual Business Meeting	10:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m.
	Lunch -- on your own	--
	Cocktail Hour, Memorial Service, Banquet and More Socializing	6:00 p.m. - midnight
	Again the Hospitality Room will have to close down at 4:00 to allow the house to set up for the evening Banquet. Sorry 'bout that!	
Sun., Aug. 17	Continental Breakfast Alohas	8:00 a.m.

Schedule of Events - 40th Annual Reunion
Registration - All Day - Every Day - Salon C,D,E.

TARO LEAF

Vietnam Veterans' Nonstop Con Game

By Joseph R. Kurtz Jr.

CLEMENTON, N.J. — For the last few years, we have seen and heard horror stories about American soldiers' experiences in Vietnam. It is true that many went through mental and physical anguish — and still do. But, I'm sorry to say, there's a con job going on here and no one will admit it. The public, in its unabashed desire to wallow in guilt, is being duped.

Yes, the Vietnam War was different, very different, from any other American military involvement. Yes, it left permanent physical scars. Yes, it left psychological scars: Psychiatrists are having a field day with veterans. But the Vietnam War experience has become a cop-out.

I listen to radio and TV interviewers exuding guilt, hanging on veterans' every word. Perhaps it takes a Vietnam veteran like myself — I opposed the war from the seventh month of my 21-month tour of duty there — to say what no one wants to say in public: Vietnam has become an excuse for veterans' undirected lives.

If you were in Vietnam, no one dares question whether you truly bear the burden of your experience — whether it was what you say it was. In fact, every veteran now virtually speaks ex cathedra. But let's face it: Vietnam has become justification for being a loser. The people I see who would be losers regardless of the war experience have found their out: "I was in Vietnam."

Can't keep a job? Vietnam. Messed up on drugs? Vietnam. Can't sustain a marriage? Vietnam. Commit a criminal act? Vietnam.

Every war produces physical and psychological victims. Some who complain are justified, Agent Orange victims being a case in point. However, every shiftless, nonmotivated Vietnam veteran now offers prima facie evidence of why he can't succeed or adjust: Vietnam.

My father is a veteran of World War II, 82d Airborne, combat infantry. I have yet to hear him blame the war for any misfortune that may have befallen him in later years. He returned victorious, no question. He returned to gratitude; I can't deny that. But he returned and got on with his life. If he returned with a shortcoming, it was his and his alone. It wasn't "Europe's" fault.

Admittedly, I was not in an infantry unit and would not for one moment have wanted to trade places with any who were. As an interpreter and interrogator, I did, however, have the opportunity to travel extensively around Vietnam and to see my share of atrocities and warfare. I too felt disgust for what was going on and how we got there.

Statistics show that the average soldier was less than 20 years old. At 20, we are supposed to be young, resilient and immortal. Many in Vietnam were not immortal, but those who returned are — for the moment. Yes, they may have lost their innocence, but what about their self-esteem? Sure, there are some for whom the experience was devastating, and they deserve every bit of assistance and understanding they receive.

Of the more than 50,000 young men killed in Vietnam, I wonder whether, if they had lived, they would have squandered the opportunity to continue living and do something with their lives.

Those who hide behind the shield of having served in Vietnam do a tremendous disservice to those who truly are in need. Alas, the bandwagon keeps rolling, and far too many are jumping on.

Joseph R. Kurtz Jr. owns an advertising and public relations firm.

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

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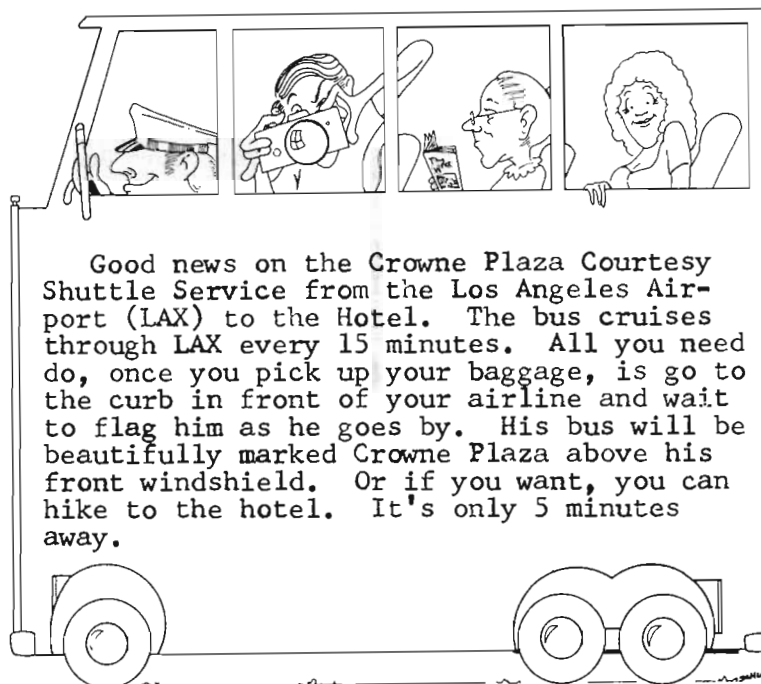
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*Friendship is a golden chain,
The links are friends so dear,
And like a rare and precious jewel
It's treasured more each year.
It's clasped together firmly
With a love that's deep and true,
And it's rich with happy memories
And fond recollections, too.
Time can't destroy its beauty
For as long as memory lives,
Years can't erase the pleasure
That the joy of friendship gives.
For friendship is a priceless gift
That can't be bought or sold,
But to have an understanding friend
Is worth far more than gold.
And the golden chain of friendship
Is a strong and blessed tie
Binding kindred hearts together
As the years go passing by.*



Please never lose sight of these most important dates -- Thursday Aug. 14 -- Friday Aug. 15 -- and Saturday Aug. 16.

JOHNNY TRINCA happily surfaces every once in awhile. This time with a telecon to give us the name of his old buddy, SAL FAZINO at 2370 Ross, Palo Alto CA. Sal, we're depending on meeting you in LAX in mid-August. Try to get Johnny to come out and reunite with you, will you please?

A father is someone
you look up to
no matter how tall
you grow.



—T-5 Leroy B. DeCamp, Camp Rucker, Ala.

Holiday Inn Crowne Plazasm Los Angeles International Airport



The Crowne Plaza -- how to get there?

Here are directions from:

East -- follow Santa Monica Freeway (#10) west to San Diego Freeway (#405) south. Exit at Century Blvd., turn right.

West -- from LAX, follow Century Blvd., 1/4 mile east.

North -- follow San Diego Freeway (#405) south to Century Blvd. exit, turn left, then right on Century Blvd.

South -- follow San Diego Freeway (#405), north to Century Blvd. exit, turn right.

It's 5985 West Century Blvd.

If you're lost, call 213-642-7500 and we'll come and get you.

Rain is caused by high-pressure areas, cold fronts, warm moist air, a newly washed car and the first day of your vacation.

Davao. Remember it?

Today they call it Murder City, a place so overrun by Marxist guerrillas, government troops, former Moslem rebels, political hitmen, civilian defense patrols and ordinary thugs that no one blinks an eye when the next bullet-riddled corpse is found floating in a river.

Last year, according to local estimates, there were 878 violent deaths throughout the city, a nucleus of leftist rebel strength and military counterinsurgency efforts. The year before, there were 430.

Now, with a new democratic government in power that has pledged to pardon surrendering insurgents, curb military abuses and fight political corruption, people here are asking whether, after five years of increasing violence and anarchy, peace will finally return to Davao.

DON SPAID (63rd F. '46-'47), of Marble, Mifflinville PA, anxious to hear from buddies. Let's see now, the 63rd -- in fact the whole Division Artillery was at Camp Hakata in those days -- near Fukuoka -- and remember the fun the boys had with that name. Don sends us this thought to think about: "The man who sits waiting for his ship to come in is the same man who's always missing the boat." Right on, Don, and we hope those artillerymen answer your plea.

Dixie heard from -- no, not the Dixie that first comes to mind, but she is in Texas. Dixie, this time, is the lovely wife of LAWRENCE S. WARD (B & C 34th '43-'45), and they're at Rt. 1, Box 392, Graham TX. Dixie writes -- ah shucks, we're gonna print the whole letter -- usually we try to skirt around the nice personal comments -- but this time you get it all: "Thanks for the excellent publication. Lawrence and I both enjoy it. Someone is working hard in California. Sounds like a great party! At our age, we need parties. Once (seems recent) it was wedding and birth announcements. Now we attend golden wedding celebrations and funerals. We appreciated the poem in 'Taps.' Please print a request for JAMES CARRIER, 34th, Co. B-C, '44-'46, and friends of LAWRENCE S. 'Monkey Ward' to write L.S. Ward, Rt. 1, Box 392, Graham TX 76046. (He's not sick, just nostalgia!) Thanks again, Dixie Ward."

Can't ya just tell by the tone of that letter that here's a real sweetheart. How about you and Larry making Los Angeles, Dixie?



"I WAS A FOOL TO LEAVE THE PACIFIC!"

--Pvt. Tom Flannery

ARMY

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JANUARY 1986

You might say that the January issue of *Army* was the BILL DEAN issue, for it included two wonderful articles on "Our Man" and we've taken the liberty of reproducing them here.

The Walking General

By Lt. Col. Forrest K. Kleinman
Army of the United States retired

A tall distinguished man in his early fifties approached my desk at Sixth Army Headquarters in the Presidio of San Francisco one day and said, "I'd like to meet Gen. Dean."

A lot of people wanted to meet Maj. Gen. William F. Dean back in 1953 when the Medal of Honor winner was first released from three years of tortured captivity by the North Koreans. So even this civilian's slight resemblance to the general did not impress me until he said, "My name is William Dean."

"Related?" I asked.

"No, but I just came back from [West] Germany where I happened to tour the same area that Gen. Dean's 44th Division took and occupied during the last weeks of the war. Everywhere I went, crowds of Germans were waiting to meet me. Hotels gave me the champagne and fruit basket treatment. Waiters and bellhops even refused tips.

"I couldn't understand what was going on until a city mayor revealed that word of my name had preceded me. The Germans thought I was Gen. Dean coming back for a postwar visit.

"I made up my mind then that I had to meet the man who could make such a favorable and lasting impression upon the populace of a conquered country. After all, Gen. Dean was only one of many American division commanders in Germany, and more than seven years had passed. What made people still remember and admire him?"

Gen. Dean made the same indelible impression upon the populace of a conquered country on the other side of the globe. As his public information officer on Kyushu, Japan, I watched him make

it. Only a few weeks after he arrived at our 24th Division Headquarters in Kokura, wearing a GI uniform from head to toe—no pearl-handled revolvers or black leather jacket—the Japanese had a nickname for him: "Aruku Shoko."

I asked Mr. Ito, a bilingual reporter, what the name meant.

"The Walking General," he replied with a gold-toothed grin. "We've never seen one before!"

Neither had the Koreans. When he was military governor of South Korea during the liberation after V-J Day, they called him "Gudnan Janggun." Though I did not think to ask William Dean at the time of his visit to the Presidio, I have a hunch the Germans also called Gen. Dean "The Walking General."

The nickname came from Gen. Dean's habit of never riding anywhere if his schedule permitted him to walk. Often he strolled dusty country roads to the amazement of rice paddy farmers and fellow pedestrians when they saw his stars.

At first, I thought he walked just for exercise. But many years later, when I toured Vietnam for *ARMY* magazine, I remembered Gen. Dean's habit and tried it out.

As I walked along the roads, I noticed a big difference in the way the Vietnamese people I passed looked at me. Instead of the sullen glares I had seen from a fast-moving jeep, there were smiles—even greetings—from my fellow pedestrians.

Truck after truck and armored personnel carriers whizzed by, blanketing us with clouds of dust. Then I realized why Gen. Dean had been so strict about traffic

A division commander who led from the front in two wars, Maj. Gen. William F. Dean became a public symbol of fortitude in adversity and, for the Army, a model of integrity in action.



control back in Japan and Korea. Like much of the world, the Orient is populated predominantly by pedestrians.

The morning after a Japanese press party welcoming Gen. Dean to Kyushu, he summoned me to his office. On his desk was a party favor. He pointed at it and said, "Last night I told your friend Mr. Ito that I could not accept this gift. But when I opened my car this morning, there it was!"

"I told Ito to put it there, sir," I said. "I thought you'd have second thoughts about our hosts losing face when you saw in broad daylight that it was only a little doll."

Gen. Dean laughed. "That 'little doll' could be worth more than you and I will ever own, Major. It's about the same size and shape as a priceless national treasure the Koreans tried to give me when I was their military governor. But regardless of monetary worth, I want you to take it back immediately. Tell Mr. Ito what Army Regulations say about officers accepting gifts."

Later I learned from his aide Dave Bisset that an entire shipload of lavish farewell gifts had followed Gen. Dean from South Korea to Japan. A week or so after he ordered it to return to South Korea unloaded, the ship reappeared. He had to phone South Korean President Syngman Rhee to stop the gift shuttle and place the priceless cargo in a South Korean museum.

Gen. Dean never deviated from his ironclad interpretation of Army Regulations about gifts. As the Korean War's most publicized prisoner of war (POW), he was in constant demand to appear at events that proffered large honorariums. All he would accept was travel expenses when he was not using military aircraft, and then he flew tourist class. The only exception was the customary honorarium for being grand marshal of the Rose Bowl Parade. He donated the \$5,000 to the Army emergency relief fund.

Sometimes his civilian hosts did not believe he really meant it. En route to a Midwest airport, his VIP escort handed him a \$1,000 check. "I told you when I accepted your invitation that I don't take honorariums," Gen. Dean protested.

Unabashed, the big shot replied, "Would you rather have it in cash?"

Immediately upon assuming command of the 24th Division on Kyushu, Gen. Dean inaugurated a vigorous tactical training and physical fitness program. Even the division headquarters staff and rear echelon honchos were obliged to engage in daily athletics and attend refresher courses in map reading, tactics, communication and other combat skills. Gen. Dean himself worked a 16-hour day, touring the far-flung battalions and regiments, showing up when and where he was least expected, checking and invigorating performance in the field.

Rudely jarred from the soft occupation duty that they had enjoyed before his arrival, some officers griped, "Doesn't he know the war is over?"

Why the obsolete equipment and why the skeleton organization (two instead of three battalions per regiment, only two firing batteries per artillery battalion and no tank battalion) if the Defense Department expected us to be combat ready? What was our Walking General trying to prove?

On 25 June, 1950, the North Korean People's Army gave us the answer.

The story of Gen. Dean's efforts to delay the invaders with his skeleton 24th Division and battered remnants of the lightly armed South Korean constabulary until the rest of Eighth Army could arrive and deploy has been told many times. But one incident is so revealing of the man's character and so timely in its bearing upon our national strategy that it merits repetition.

It happened at Taejon, a dusty, deserted South Korean town whose location across the roads leading south and southeast to the entry port of Pusan made it the key to total victory for the North Koreans.

Bloodied and decimated by a week of delaying actions, the 24th Division had withdrawn to foxholes behind the Nakdong River that surrounded the northern approaches to Taejon like a shallow moat. We were directly opposed by two North Korean corps that had been combat trained with the Chinese eighth route army; however, some of their operational orders bore translations into Russian. They were equipped with nearly 100 Russian medium tanks that had proved impervious to

our World War II recoilless rifles and bazookas.

But Gen. Dean knew that the most dangerous threat was not the enemy's T-34 tanks. It was the many thousands of South Korean civilians that the enemy had driven ahead of their advancing army. The refugees—many with children on their backs—were massed now as far as the eye could see on the north bank of the Nakdong River. Furthermore, Gen. Dean knew exactly how the enemy planned to use them.

He was brought the information by a heroic South Korean secret agent who had been a mole at North Korean People's Army Headquarters. The gist of the North Korean scenario for taking Taejon, as we heard it, was simply this:

Heavily infiltrated by North Korean soldiers in civilian garb, the horde of refugees would be driven across the river deep into our defense position. After a preset time lapse for the infiltrators to gain striking positions, the enemy would assault our front line. Simultaneously, the host of infiltrators would fireblock our road net and attack artillery positions, tactical reserves and command posts.

So Gen. Dean well knew what was at stake on the morning of the fateful telephone call from a front-line regimental commander:

"The refugees are beginning to cross the river," shouted the colonel. "They are ignoring our loudspeaker warnings. Request permission to hit them with artillery and airstrikes!"

There was a long beat of silence in the humid room of the schoolhouse where we had installed our operations office. All of us—South Korean and American staff officers alike—held our breath. All eyes were fixed upon Gen. Dean's rugged face, awaiting his decision.

He did not hesitate. "No," he said. "We won't kill civilians to kill the enemy. Send out patrols to screen out the infiltrators as best we can."

As I looked around the room, I saw tears in the eyes of some South Korean officers and I reflected—as perhaps they did—that their own families might well be among the refugees. What I saw in American eyes ranged from bewilderment to fear to admiration. But I saw no mixed emotions in the eyes of Gen. Dean.

He knew by heart Sun Tzu's maxim on the art of war, "the first principle is the Moral Law," and the truth of G. K. Chesterton's dictum, "all art consists in drawing the line somewhere."

The enemy infiltrators took a heavy toll in the ensuing battles. But we still held Taejon when Lt. Gen. Walton H. Walker arrived a week later for an urgent conference with Gen. Dean at the town's shell-pocked air strip. "I need two more days, Bill," I heard the Eighth Army commander tell Gen. Dean.

"Yes, sir," he said and saluted.

Upon his return to his headquarters, Gen. Dean ordered his staff and deputy to the relative safety of the huge hills southeast of the town. This was to preserve a command organization for the



future. Then he committed his last reserve to the fight for time. He committed himself.

Directing firefights in the streets, rallying stragglers and knocking out tanks with the new 3.5-inch bazooka that had been flown to us from the United States, Gen. Dean made his presence known to his troops and the enemy's. At the end of the first day, the key road junction at Taejon was still denied to the enemy.

Not until the last hours of the vital 48 were the defenders completely overwhelmed. The survivors fled for the hills to fight another day. Gen. Dean walked out with them, carrying a wounded soldier on his back.

In his book, Gen. Dean said he thought that he had failed to accomplish all that he could have. But General of the Army Douglas MacArthur said publicly at the time that Gen. Dean had succeeded heroically. The enemy had been forced to deploy and was delayed long enough for the Pusan Perimeter to form and make possible the Inchon landing later.

Exhausted by his around-the-clock physical ordeal, Gen. Dean fell down a ravine while searching for water late that night. The troops in his vicinity moved on and he was left alone. Thirty-six days later, he was recognized and captured.

Three years later, he was released from captivity under circumstances and for reasons that have never been fully divulged. Now that time has erased the potential threat to the lives of those involved, the true story can be told.

When Gen. Dean showed up at the POW exchange point, his name was not on the Chinese command's list of POWs. When he was recognized and the press cameras began to flash, the Chinese were just as surprised as the rest of the world.

For years, the Chinese had searched for him throughout North Korea. They wanted to brainwash him as they had

other American POWs they had taken over from the defeated North Korean People's Army. They planned a show trial for him as a war criminal.

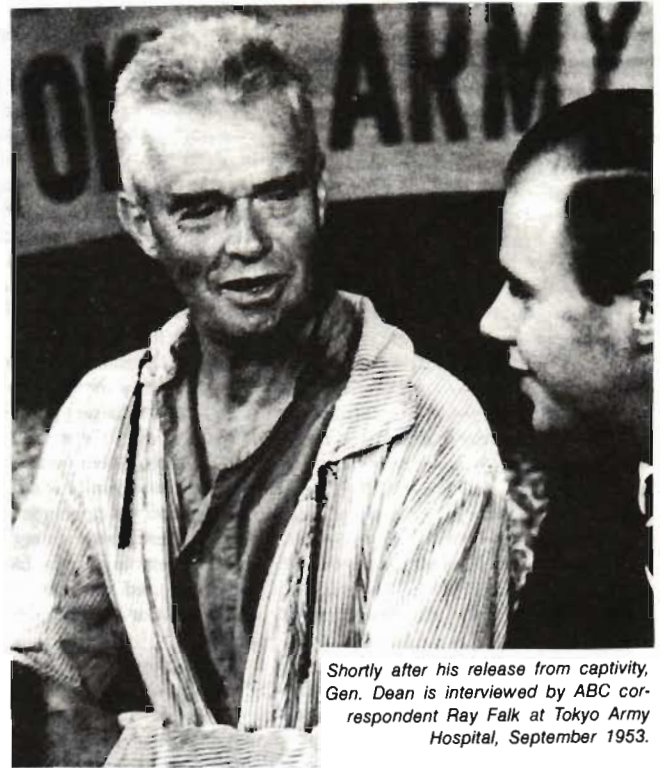
Orders from high in the North Korean government, however, kept Gen. Dean secluded. Guarded by six North Korean master sergeants, he was moved from one isolated hut to another. They always kept him a step ahead of the Chinese dragnet.

Their strenuous efforts to hide Gen. Dean from the Chinese, who now ran the war, were responsible for many of his hardships, he told me. His own security was the reason he was not allowed to walk or even stand up during daylight for months on end. His diet was so skimpy that he lost more than 60 pounds, but his guards ate as little and as seldom as he did. That is why he never complained of his treatment by his captors.

True, they stripped him to his underwear in freezing cold and made him sit on his hands until they swelled into useless lumps while relays of interrogators worked him over. But Gen. Dean did not call that "torture." To him, it was just a routine attempt to get information.

Finally, the chief interrogator announced that a more drastic technique of questioning would be introduced. Electric probes would be applied to the most sensitive parts of his body until he talked. That night Gen. Dean tried to kill himself because he knew the defense plans for Japan, and he thought it would be unpatriotic for him to gamble on his ability to withhold such vital information.

The guards managed to foil his suicide attempt, but he killed the threat that made it necessary. Word came down to the chief interrogator from much higher up: *Gen. Dean must not die.* There were



Shortly after his release from captivity, Gen. Dean is interviewed by ABC correspondent Ray Falk at Tokyo Army Hospital, September 1953.

no more threats of extreme measures to break his silence.

After a truce was declared and the POW exchange announced, word from the top came down again. In utmost secrecy, his guards rushed him by night to a hiding place near the exchange point. At the last minute, when the world press was assembled and the Chinese could not interfere, his captors set him free.

After he was debriefed by U.S. intelligence and his oriental bugs subdued by Army medics, he was summoned to the White House for a private chat with President Dwight D. Eisenhower. He was also invited to visit Gen. MacArthur in New York, where the hero of Inchon was now chairman of the board for Remington Rand.

All Gen. Dean ever told me about his trip to the stratosphere was: "Tke gave me hell for getting captured, and Gen. MacArthur gave me an electric razor!"

But communism and Gen. Dean were by no means quits. His appointment as deputy commanding general of Sixth Army gave him many opportunities to air the message he had brought back from Korea. It was a warning against the communist ambition that he had seen etched in blood.

Always much more a doer than a talker, he was not an accomplished orator. When he told audiences, however, that his North Korean guards were utterly convinced that they and their children would someday occupy California, he was much more credible than Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy.

By his personal magnetism, wry sense of humor and bone-deep sincerity, he moved people to emotions that were sometimes downright embarrassing. In Los Angeles, Calif., a top executive of a huge corporation broke into sobs while



In a ceremony at the White House in January 1951, Mildred D. Dean accepts from President Harry S. Truman the Medal of Honor that her husband—then missing in action—earned for heroism in the defense of Taejon, July 1950.

introducing him with a recital of "Horatio at the Bridge." In Astoria, Ore., a respected local dignitary broke from parade ranks to kiss him.

At Gonzaga University, a Jesuit priest urged me to read Arnold J. Toynbee's *A Study of History*, "because," he said, "the creative pattern of withdrawal and return that Toynbee found in the lives of Moses, Christ and Mohammed so closely resembled the recent career of Gen. Dean."

Meanwhile, neither the communists nor the fascists in this country were mute. Among the hundreds of laudatory messages that daily crossed my desk in my job as his administrative assistant were dozens of poison pen letters.

Some merely castigated him for advocating cyanide pills so that key officers in combat could protect their top secret knowledge of war plans. Many more, however, threatened to silence his public appeals for a stronger national defense. Still others were hate letters that condemned his liberal stance on the equality of races and integration of our armed forces.

Not all of the Red and right-wing response to him was on paper. At a ticker-tape parade in Seattle, Wash., steel darts were with the fluff that spiraled down on Gen. Dean's party. One of the darts grazed his good eye.

Throughout that early tour of military installations and civilian centers of influence in the northwest, the number of near-misses strained the credibility of coincidence. Oncoming trucks swerved across the center line. Cars backed up wildly in Gen. Dean's direction. In Spokane, Wash., a man darted out of the throng of on-lookers and launched the sharp steel edge of a handcart straight at the general's legs.

All of us, except Gen. Dean, became a bit paranoid. Our plane was closely guarded around the clock wherever we stayed. One of the aircrew always slept aboard.

My overt concern for Gen. Dean's security amused one civilian host. En route to show off his prosperous apple orchards, he made fun of my constant vigilance. When his snide remarks about "nervous Nellies" began to impugn my courage, Gen. Dean called a halt. "I'll have you know, Mister, that Forrest commanded an infantry battalion in combat while you were selling apples!"

The silence in the sedan for the rest of the trip to the apple orchards was absolutely deafening.

Gen. Dean's loyalty to his subordinates and his superiors never swerved. One of the sorriest times he ever called me "Bob"—his code word that I was way out of line—was when I made a mildly disparaging remark about a fellow subordinate.

When Gen. Dean returned from captivity, he was the senior permanent major general in the Army. But he never criticized the temporary ranked superiors who thought that Korea ended his progress up the promotion ladder. (When he went to Korea, he was slated to be the Army's next deputy chief of staff G2—

an important step on the road to Army chief of staff.)

He demanded so much of himself that he was never reluctant to talk about his shortcomings. "I wouldn't give myself a wooden star," he told the press about what he had done at Taejeon.

Long before it became part of cocktail party psychiatry, Gen. Dean could read body language. He knew the implications of speech pattern and vocal stress. He knew when he was being lied to, as more than one lily gilder discovered the hard way.

One that I remember was a glib young colonel who was loaned to him for a temporary job at Sixth Army Headquarters. The colonel was a wheeler and dealer who should have been a soap salesman. Nevertheless, I drafted the customary letter of appreciation to the colonel's commanding general for Gen. Dean's approval. Here is what the last sentence looked like when he returned it to me for final typing:

"Col. Blank made quite a ⁿ favorable impression."

Hypocrisy of any kind was anathema to Gen. Dean. He detested self-proclaimed paragons of virtue who kicked their dogs when they thought no one was looking. Doubtless he was the only division commander in World War II to court-martial not one—but two—Army chaplains.

What he admired about the Mormons, he said, was the way they applied their church's teachings to their everyday lives. He also voiced approval of the Christian Science concept of mind over matter. He found it analogous to the military adage: "In war the moral is to the physical as three is to one."

A Jewish physician won his lifelong gratitude in World War II through a chain of events that started on a flamethrower range. A napalm hose suddenly broke and engulfed an officer on the firing line in flame. Gen. Dean sprang to the rescue. He won the Soldiers Medal for his bravery but suffered such severe burns on his left leg that the Army doctors decided to amputate.

Before the operation could be performed, Gen. Dean went AWOL from the hospital and sailed for France to rejoin his division. The leg did not heal until the war was over, so he limped into battle on a blackthorn cane. The division surgeon, whose ministrations saved his leg and kept him going, wore a six-pointed star.

The son of a San Francisco, Calif., dentist, Gen. Dean worked his way to an Army commission through the University of California. His part-time jobs ranged from fry cook to streetcar conductor to policeman. Consequently, his grades were only mediocre—but so were George S. Patton Jr.'s and Ulysses S. Grant's at the U.S. Military Academy. In 1954, the Berkeley chief of police told me that Gen. Dean's near-perfect score in the police department's entrance exam had yet to be surpassed.

While he was a POW with nothing to do but stare at rice straw mats, Gen. Dean developed an unusual mathematical skill. The first year he learned how to compute square roots of multiple digits in his head. The second year he did cube roots. He was working on quad roots the year he was released.

Somewhere along the way he also developed a photographic memory. At the Presidio one day, he handed me a voluminous staff study to digest and regurgitate recommendations before he read it. After more than an hour of perusal and thought, I made my report. Gen. Dean flipped through the staff study as fast as he could turn the pages and said: "Very good, except that you overlooked the alternatives described on page seven." He then proceeded to recite page seven from memory—word for word!

His memory for names and faces was even more phenomenal. When he landed at Coos Bay, Ore., to address an American Legion convention, hundreds of spectators lined the airport fence. Among them was a man he had not seen for nearly 30 years, but Gen. Dean spotted him at once.

Bypassing his honor guard, he hurried over to shake the hand of a retired sergeant who had served with him when he was a lieutenant at Ft. Douglas, Utah. Not only did Gen. Dean remember the sergeant's name, but those of his wife and oldest son.

Like the hero of Anton Myrer's novel, *Once An Eagle*, who many Army readers thought resembled Gen. Dean, he coached athletics at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii—mecca for jockstrap soldiers during the 1930s. Decades before the American Medical Association called for it, he concluded that boxing should be banned because of the brain injuries he observed. His favorite sport was track, including, of course, the walkathon event.

In later years, he devoted special attention to obese Army officers—not just ordinary fatsos, but those who were energetic achievers despite their handicap. Wherever he traveled, he sought them out for private counseling. His theory was that without the extra load of fat to carry around, they might be men of genius.

The most unusual lesson he taught me while we were stationed at the Presidio was how to read garbage. It happened during an inspection trip to a California National Guard summer camp.

The first morning we were there, I found him poking a stick into the garbage cans behind a company kitchen.

"What gives?" I asked.

"Information," he replied. "If the garbage isn't sorted and the lids closed, I know the mess sergeant is lax with his KPs. If there's much food in the cans, I know the cooks are unskilled or lazy. And if there are many knives, forks and spoons in the garbage, I know how the men rate their company commander!"

"How come, sir?" I had to know.

"Because silverware is company property and the CO must pay for shortages out of his own pocket. If his men think he is an incompetent jerk, they dump his silverware into the garbage can."

Though the Legion of Merit was not Gen. Dean's highest decoration, it was the one he prized the most. The real reason may not be discerned from his citation, for what he actually did was highly illegal.

At the time, he was one of a field-grade officer brain trust in the Requirements Division of Army Ground Forces. It was their job to assess the Army's future needs in the teeth of Adolf Hitler's *blitzkrieg* of Europe—this at a time when the Army had more horses and mules than tanks and trucks.

Putting their careers on the line, the brain trust issued huge procurement orders to American factories for 2½-ton trucks. Many millions of dollars were involved—vastly more than projected by the War Department budget for all types of vehicles.

The importance of this daring coup by Gen. Dean and his fellow conspirators was later acknowledged by no less an authority than Field Marshal Erwin Rommel. "What is winning the war for the Americans," he said, "is their 2½-ton truck!"

Sometimes Gen. Dean's prescience was positively scary to his staff. Time after time, his aide Bill Gerard and I would discuss some matter in whispers only to have him come out of his office and address the same subject. Either our office was bugged or he had ESP, I concluded. To find out which, I devised a foolproof test. I sat at my desk and thought to myself about a problem concerning Gen. Dean. Sure enough, he appeared at his door and continued my unvoiced train of thought.

On long flights, Gen. Dean usually kept busy with paperwork. On one occasion, however, he finished early and passed the time with me by rehashing the battle of Taejon. His main mistake, he said, was delegating too much responsibility to his regimental commanders.

In my own view, the piecemeal commitment of his division—necessitated by typhoon weather at embarkation ports in Japan and the rapidly deteriorating situation in Korea—left him no alternative but to delegate. With a vastly excessive divisional frontage to defend, he had no choice but to attach division artillery and other supporting elements to form regimental task forces.

As we argued pro and con, pictures of Taejon the way I had seen it the day before all hell broke loose began to un-reel in my mind. The U.S. and South Korean flags that had welcomed us to the town a few weeks earlier were gone. So were all the people—save one old man who was carefully furling the Stars and Stripes into a silk cover as I rode by. The tension in the air could have been cut with a bayonet, or maybe it was just the tight knot of fear in the pit of my stomach that made it seem so.

I was headed for the 34th Infantry Command Post at the airstrip on the outskirts of town when enemy artillery shells began to burst up ahead. Quickly, they swelled into the heaviest artillery barrage I had ever seen.

I stopped my jeep at what I hoped was a safe distance and waited for a lull in the firing.

A few minutes later, Gen. Dean came along. With a grin and a wave, he raced by, and his jeep disappeared into the dust and smoke and flying steel of the artillery barrage.

"How on earth do you control your instinct of self-preservation at times like that?" I asked. "Do you really feel no fear—or is it an act?"

"I think every commander must be an actor at times," he replied.

Many years later, while watching President Ronald Reagan on television as he smiled and joked about the wounds he had suffered in the crazed attempt on his life, I remembered Gen. Dean's words about actors with wry appreciation.

Around troops, Gen. Dean made a habit of giving ear to the gripes and advice of veteran sergeants. He did not even think it beneath his dignity to eavesdrop on GI bull sessions.

"What do you learn from them?" I asked.

"About the same sort of thing that Napoleon did before he broke his habit of standing by the roadside as his troops marched by, listening with his inner ear to their gripes and jokes. Had Napoleon been listening to his soldiers on the way to Russia, I doubt that he'd have made his fatal error."

Shortly before his tour of duty at Headquarters, Sixth Army, was due to expire, the Pentagon phoned that his next assignment would be the National War College as commanding general. It was another two-star job, but he voiced no complaint. He asked Bill Gerard and me if we would like to go with him.

I was delighted. To me, it was a chance for him to influence tri-service doctrine and future high commanders. Maybe now, I thought, he can do something about the "nuke 'em all" philosophy that is distorting our national defense posture. Maybe he can help restore the ground combat soldier to his rightful place in our national strategy.

But it was not to be. The next morning Gen. Dean told us that he had decided to retire. He did not need to tell us that his reason was Mrs. Dean. We well knew what she meant to him.

There is an old Army saying that "anyone can make colonel on his own. But it takes the right wife to make general."

Mildred Dean was such a wife. And she had paid for it with thousands of lonely sleepless nights during two wars and the three long years of his captivity. Even in peacetime, his dedication made it rough on her. It is never easy for a woman to live with a man whose motto is "duty first."

The daughter of Utah's Governor George H. Dern, she was wealthy when she married Lt. Dean at Ft. Douglas; but he always held her to her premarital promise to live entirely on his Army salary.

Even when he rose to field grade, he would not allow her to buy a Cadillac or any other luxury that he deemed inappropriate to a soldier's spartan life style. When the Army no longer needed his services in a rank appropriate to his experience, it was her turn to be served. "Now," he quipped, "I may even let her buy that Cadillac!"

His retirement ceremony at the Presidio was attended by more than 10,000 civilians. Many of them came from nearby San Francisco schools, offices and stores that had declared a holiday in his honor. One delegation flew all the way from Spokane for the occasion.

Along with the world press and civic dignitaries of every stripe, his old comrade-in-arms Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor was there. The Army chief of staff had come to present an unusual distinction for a general—the Combat Infantryman's Badge. Gen. Dean had requested it instead of a second Distinguished Service Medal.

Normally, the Combat Infantryman's Badge is awarded to every infantryman who serves honorably at the battalion level in combat. When Gen. Dean declined the nation's third highest decoration in favor of it, I thought he intended to cast favorable publicity on the badge—the way Gen. Joseph W. (Vinegar Joe) Stilwell had done on his deathbed.

But Gen. Dean had even more in mind. In his acceptance speech, he acknowledged that general officers are not eligible for the honor. He accepted, he said, on behalf of all the ineligible radio operators, drivers and orderlies who had been killed or wounded at his side in combat. Then he named them from memory.

After he retired, Gen. Dean never stacked arms. He continued to serve as an unofficial advisor and troubleshooter for a succession of Sixth Army commanders and as a consultant on disciplinary problems to the University of California administration. He also tackled the stiff challenge of remotivating and rehabilitating hardened criminals for California state prison authorities.

His last battle was against the most formidable foe he ever faced. He told me about it when he visited Salt Lake City, Utah, in the mid-1960s. The reason his voice was so hoarse and choked, he explained, was because he had recently undergone cobalt treatment for cancer of the lymph glands in his neck. The carcinoma had metastasized from a skin cancer on his ear developed from too many years in the sun. His type of cancer, his son-in-law told me privately, was the most lethal of all. It was the kind that spreads so quickly that victims often succumb in a matter of months.

"But I've been heavily reinforced by

my alma mater," Gen. Dean said. "The University of California Medical School people are using me as a guinea pig to test experimental treatments."

"No matter what," he added, "I'll never surrender. I've always said that mind rules matter. Now I've got to put my money where my mouth is."

When he asked for a report on my own postretirement activities, I sheepishly confessed that the only job I had found in Salt Lake City was selling women's shoes in a department store. In every other position I had sought, a middle-aged retired lieutenant colonel was deemed "overqualified."

He chuckled at my predicament, but saw nothing demeaning in it. Why should he? He had no hangups about status. He was his own best shoeshiner and always insisted on toting his own luggage. Sometimes I had to jerk my suitcase out of his hand and tell him he would embarrass me if he did not let me carry my own, too.

Gen. Dean won his last battle. Whether because of his indomitable will or because of his alma mater's state-of-the-art treatments—or both—the Big C could not kill him. He lived on for many active years until felled by a stroke at the age of 82. Only then did taps finally play for The Walking General.

What did his life mean to the million or more of us who had the privilege of serving with him in peace and war? In my book *The Modern U.S. Army*, I tried to summarize the answer. I mentioned his name only once in the contents, but here is what I penned on the flyleaf of his copy: "For Gen. William F. Dean—who made the Soldier's Code meaningful to me by living it!"

He came closest to being a whole man of anyone I ever knew. Judging by the risks his captors took to save and free him, his enemy thought so too.

LT. COL. FORREST K. KLEINMAN,
AUS retired, served in World War II with the 3rd Infantry Division in North Africa and in the Korean War as a G3 staff officer with the 24th Infantry Division. After his retirement in 1960, he served as a writer on roving assignment for ARMY magazine.



Army Chief of Staff Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor (right) pins on the Combat Infantryman's Badge that Gen. Dean had requested in lieu of a second Distinguished Service Medal at retirement ceremonies held for him in October of 1955.



In retirement in 1969, Gen. Dean poses with a Korean War-vintage F-80C fighter aircraft that had been named for him.



Remembering Bill Dean

By Maj. Gen. George E. Martin
U.S. Army retired

By the end of April 1945, Adolf Hitler was dead, Germany was a shambles, many nondescript units were surrendering *en masse*, and old women and children struggled to remove log barricades erected by the retreating forces. Among the last to resist was Group G of the German army; it fought on in a dogged effort to delay U.S. progress toward the so-called Alpine Redoubt and the mountain passes to Italy.

Our 44th Infantry Division, commanded by Maj. Gen. William F. Dean, had been teamed with the 10th Armored Division as half of VI Corps' two-pronged drive to seize the western areas of the redoubt. When we reached the Bavarian Alps, the 10th Armored was halted; this mountain terrain definitely was better suited for infantry combat.

Continuing its push, VI Corps employed two infantry divisions in the lead. Maj. Gen. Anthony C. McAuliffe's 103rd had been assigned the approach to Innsbruck and the Brenner Pass by way of *Garmisch-Partenkirchen*. For our part, we had the less glamorous route to the west through Fern Pass. Higher headquarters was spurring all commanders to get going on this last effort because, as they put it, there was nothing in front of us.

Our goal was almost within reach when we were stopped in our tracks. The retreating enemy had cratered Fern Pass in a narrow gorge, and their defensive fire made this a formidable roadblock. Every mountain trail was reportedly blocked by snow; thus, bypassing the obstacle seemed out of the question. We had to depend on darkness to reduce the effectiveness of enemy fire while our engineers filled the crater.

Work was started that first night, and Bill Dean went up there to lend his support. Before leaving the command post, he discussed with me some late information passed down by VI Corps: a party of German officers could be expected to enter American lines within the next few hours to negotiate a cease-fire.

Shortly after midnight, Bill phoned from the crater site to tell me the German officers had just arrived. He was escorting them back, and he asked that I roust out a cook to get hot coffee ready.



Gen. Dean as assistant commander of the 44th Infantry Division, 1944.

Bill and the three Germans arrived at about two that morning. After a few minutes spent sipping coffee, I started back to VI Corps Headquarters with the German officers. This was a trip of some 20 miles, taken in a "liberated" sedan.

For some time, all was quiet. Then, from the rear seat, I detected low-pitched conversation. Suddenly, one of the three spoke up in English, "Colonel, may we ask you a question?"

When I agreed, he continued, "Colonel, when we entered your lines, the first American soldier encountered was your Gen. Dean. This is our question: is it the custom for American generals to be that near the front?"

The best I could come up with was: "Only those among our better generals can be found that close to the front."

Bill, of course, received criticism for his unflinching presence up with those troops most closely engaged in combat. With some justification, his critics pointed to the serious situation that would have arisen if we had lost his leadership at a time of crisis. Nevertheless, there is no doubt in my mind but that his untiring concern for his men helped explain the tremendous morale of his division.

Shortly before noon on the following day, 2 May, we had a surprise visitor: a young man who rode up to our com-

mand post on a motorcycle. He wanted to see our commanding general, but since Bill was again up at Fern Pass, he agreed to speak to me.

He explained that he was a major in the *Wehrmacht*, an Austrian by birth and a native of the area. He knew of one mountain trail that was passable. Troops could use this route to arrive in the rear of German defenders of the roadblock. He wanted to help end the war and offered to guide American troops on this mission; furthermore, he suggested that an infantry battalion could do the job.

Bill Dean returned while we were discussing this extraordinary proposal. He questioned the man closely; then, with no further hesitation, he ordered one of our battalions out on the trail.

Our informant, with five of his Austrian mountaineer companions, accompanied the battalion commander at the head of the troops. Bill went with them as far as necessary for him to judge that the trail over Mount Wanneck was indeed passable.

The expedition met only scattered resistance when it debouched into the pass in rear of the enemy at Fernstein. From prisoners, we learned their first guess was that a paratroop drop had been made.

As we were resuming our advance the following morning, a second motorcycle rider stopped at the command post to leave a very small box for the commanding general. Upon Bill's return, he opened it to find a symbolic gift, a single *edelweiss*.

We were moving west in the beautiful valley of the Inn, and Col. Kenneth Anderson's 324th Infantry was leading on the north side of the river. We had proceeded several miles against spotty resistance when we had another surprise.

Col. Anderson came back to report a conference with a party of German officers who had entered our lines under a white flag. The spokesman, representing Gen. Erich Brandenberger of the German Nineteenth Army, had submitted a proposition—and what a new one for the books this one was.

He said the Germans did not want to see any more of their young men killed when it was obvious the war would end at any minute; furthermore, they presumed we would feel the same way.

Therefore, they proposed that we resume our advance until a cease-fire had

been announced; however, our movements forward and theirs to the rear would be strictly controlled by agreement on phase lines to be crossed on a time schedule. For all practical purposes, this would become a controlled training maneuver with which both parties were familiar.

Bill considered this scheme briefly and then gave it his wholehearted approval. In doing so, he accepted sole responsibility for this unorthodox termination of hostilities in his assigned zone. To have requested approval from higher headquarters probably would have delayed a decision so long as to defeat the purpose: the prevention of the useless sacrifice of additional lives.

Shortly after Gen. Dean had given it his approval, the maneuver phase of our wind-down of the war went into effect. We received an almost immediate bonus when our enemy sent back a plat showing the minefields they had placed in our zone.

It was in the late afternoon of this eventful day that Bill and I took advantage of the impromptu cease-fire to stretch our legs. We were rambling down a heavily wooded hillside when we saw a *panzerfaust* lying on the ground. It was a rocket-propelled antitank weapon similar to our own bazooka. Bill suggested we take it along; otherwise, some curious boy might be injured.

Upon reaching the road at the bottom of the hill, Bill took the weapon from me and sat on the embankment. Three teen-aged boys on the road had stopped and were watching closely. Bill wanted to disarm the contraption and had started to tinker with it; suddenly, however, one of the boys stepped forward and wrenched it from his hands.

Bill shouted in German, "No! You will hurt yourself. I will show you how it is done."

Then, seating himself on the ground before us, he disassembled the weapon in a matter of seconds. It must have seemed a strange and gratifying deed to the youth, who doubtless had been taught to regard the American general as his enemy.

VI Corps passed to us the timing of the official cease-fire and sufficient de-

tails so that we could get to work. Our first task was to designate a staging area where all *Wehrmacht* personnel, transport, arms and equipment could be mustered.

On the map, Bill designated a valley south of Imst that could be blocked at all points of egress. After that, all we had to do was to issue an overlay-type operation order to Gen. Brandenberger, for he and his staff would take over from there.

The cease-fire was signed at Innsbruck on 5 May, 1945. The scene which followed in the town square of Imst, our command post at the time, defies description. Both German and American military units, acting under their separate instructions, came pouring in over converging roads. Around the square were American and German military police, standing side by side while directing traffic of many various types.

A U.S. artillery battery would come in on one road and be directed out over its assigned route by U.S. Army military police. Following this might be a German hospital unit or a train of horse-drawn wagons, and here the German military police would take over.

So it went for hours while the recent opponents alternated in moving through the town.

Some ten days after the cease-fire, we received a directive to move the German Nineteenth Army to a POW facility near Munich. We issued our order for Gen. Brandenberger's action. This order provided for approximately 20,000 German troops to move out over a period of three days.

Bill Dean and I decided to watch the departure. We stationed ourselves at the side of a winding mountain road, and on both occasions the identical spectacle made a lasting impression on us.

As each wagon approached us, the driver and assistant, seeing the moonlight glinting on Bill's two stars, would execute an "eyes left."

Following the wagon train of each serial was a dismounted body of approximately 150 young men, all marching at route step in perfect cadence. Just before they reached us, a low-voiced command could be heard. At once the marching troops broke into song, alternating from voice to whistle and back again to voice.

Doubtless, some cynics would dismiss this as typical Nazi arrogance. I did not believe this, nor did Bill. To us, it evidenced pride in shared comradeship through many hardships and dangers—a pride

keeping unit morale alive in the wake of disaster.

Eight years later, another cease-fire permitted me one more meeting with Bill.

The cease-fire at Panmunjom had terminated the fighting of the Korean War, and temporarily our troops were laboring to prepare new defensive positions in depth. During the first week of September 1953, while supervising this work in the 7th Infantry Division area, where I was now assistant division commander, I received an unexpected radio message. I was to report to Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor at Freedom Village without delay.

I found Gen. Taylor awaiting me at the reception center of the tent complex developed for "little switch," the exchange of sick and wounded prisoners of war. It now was being used for "big switch," the final exchange of prisoners of war. What a wonderful surprise it was when Gen. Taylor said, "An old friend of yours has just been returned to us, and I knew you would want to greet him."

There he stood: it was actually Bill Dean.

On 24 August, 1981, after a long and gallant fight, Bill Dean left us, not to return again. However, in him, America had a son whose entire career was marked by demonstrations of unselfish courage and lofty principles. He truly deserves recognition for his heroism.



MAJ. GEN. GEORGE E. MARTIN, USA retired, graduated from the U.S. Military Academy in 1927. He participated in eight campaigns in World War II, serving with Maj. Gen. William F. Dean in the 44th Infantry Division in 1944 and 1945.

The Sick Book

Making Sick Call in this issue is FLETCHER HOLDERMAN (L 21st '42-'45). Please card him at Gravel Switch KY 40328. Doncha love some of the names these Kentuckians can come up with? But back to Fletch -- slight stroke in early Dec. -- but is "doing pretty good now" -- Card him, will you please? We tried the flowers route but had difficulty in finding a florist who knew where Gravel Switch was.

And while you're at it -- card AL SELTSAM too, will you please. Al's 34th from '41-'45 and is at Constitution Ct., Danville KY 40422. Al's in a similar boat -- Al who called us on Fletch says he (Al) is much worse off than Fletch.

At home after a hospital stint -- JOHN EBERT (G 34th) of Rt. 2, Box 54, Proctor WV. Heart problem. JOE DAWSON tells us that Ella Mae has to give him 14 pills a day. Please take care of him, Ella Mae. John did so enjoy our reunions. We want you back, Johnny.

Sick Book Item: JACK FINAN recovering. Here, let Mary describe it:

"He did have major lower back surgery. The nerves were being pressed due to degenerative bone structure in his spine. They have assured us that they did open up the column to relieve the pressure on the nerves. His pain in both legs were from the severe pressure in his spinal area. It was a 4½ to 5 hour operation. He is now using a cane to walk but we are very thankful he had this surgery at Walter Reed. Really had little choice as they told us within 30 days he would have been wheelchair bound and would lose control of bladder and bowels without the surgery."

Poor Jack; he's been through the wringer.

Card him and Mary at 758 E. Whitaker Mill Rd., Raleigh NC 27608.

CLAUD R. BARNES (K 21st '41-'45) is at the Alvin C. York VA Hospital in Murfreesboro TN 37130. He lost a leg last year and has been hospitalized for over two years. Why not drop Claud a card; he's 85 years young.

Guess this one goes into the Sick Book for this issue. It's from WILBUR "Rabbit" HILL, *I 21 '41-'45) of 2311 New Berne, Richmond VA, who writes:

"I haven't been able to go to the Conventions since Savannah myself, 1st problem, heart attack 4/82 seems its been one thing after another, hernia operation then last August cancer of bladder but I'm doing very well for right now with all this new medicine, just get up and march on so to speak!

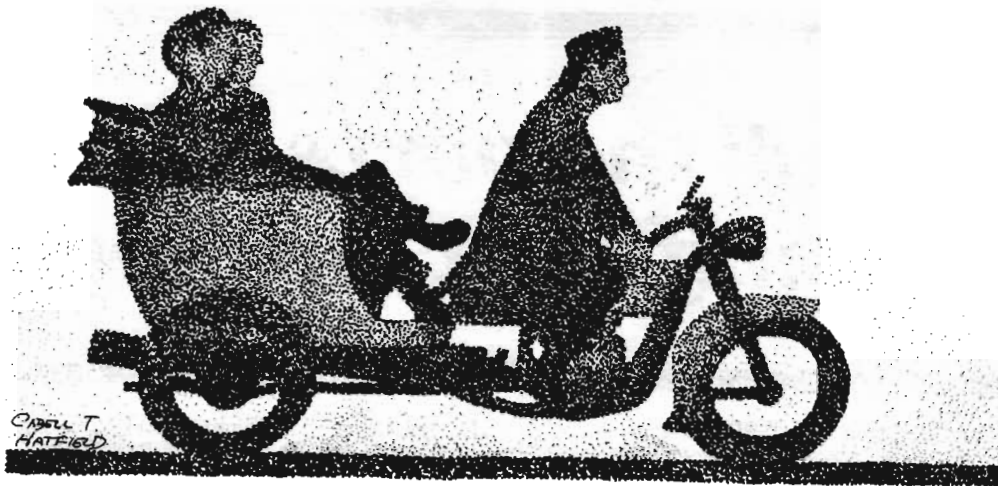
"Please, if any of you -- 21st Gimlets '41-'45 know the whereabouts of Co. I guys, please drop me a note. It would be just great hearing from someone."

There it is, Rabbit, in black on white. We'll say a few prayers for you. Gosh, looks like you've had one of each.

BOB LONGFELLOW (52nd F. and Div. Arty. 12/52-2/54) of 12731 Poplar, Garden Grove, CA 92645, makes our Sick Book in this issue because he has written in thoughtfully wishing us good health: "My own health is lousy but what's an old soldier to expect?"

In the last two years, it's been a heart attack and two eye operations for MURRELL C. CARMACK, (B 11th F. '44-'46) of Box 352, Mesquite TX. But happily, Murrell adds in his message to you all: "Doing pretty well now" -- for which our gratitude.

BOB FOX (19th 1/50-8/50), of 56 Fairmount, Lowell, MA, retired in '66 from the USAF as a Major, then went to Raytheon as a missile logistics engineer. He and Ann have 8 -- 7 daughters and 1 son. Daughter, Kathleen, diagnosed at 25 as having brain cancer. Writes Bob cryptically: "Now at 30, holding her own. God bless." Our prayers are with you, Bob, and Ann.



A LETTER FROM OUT WEST

Well, maybe it isn't a letter; it's the registration form for reserving one of those \$60 rooms at the Crowne Plaza. Know something? They sent us exactly two. And we were looking for 2000. Oh well, hopefully, this one will do.



Group Name _____
Convention Dates _____

PLEASE PRINT

Please reserve accommodations at the **CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL** for:

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SHARING ROOM WITH _____

ARRIVAL DATE _____ DEPARTURE DATE _____

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☐ Single ☐ Double Please Check One

Special Request: _____

Anyone now on active duty who served the Division in Korea is asked to contact MSgt. CARL WINNINGHAM, 130 Parrish, Ft. Leonard Wood MO 65473. You might be flooded with mail, Carl.

While visiting the St. Petersburg Am. Legion Post, DON YOMNICK, (M 34th '51-'53), of 1893 Palm. Clearwater FL, ran into PAUL ZAYCER (F 19th '47-'50), of 222 42nd Av., St. Pete. So now Paul's in our group.

Love is an irresistible desire to be irresistibly desired.

Out of the DAV magazine:
Tommie Harrison, Bryant, Rte 2, Box 492, DeFuniak Springs, FL, needs to contact men of 1st Btn., 19th who remember when his Jeep was blown up and 1st Sgt. McTew or McQue was killed by shrapnel in New Guinea, also a Capt. Stonewall Jackson, who witnessed his injury while on guard duty at Rockhampton. March-June 1944.

New member BILL BRADLEY (L 19th '51), of 12 Sunset, Troy NY, says he is anxious to "make some contribution to our organization." You already have, Bill, just by joining -- for which our gratitude.

"Bring all the parts together in magnificent harmony."

Beethoven described it 190 years ago. This year the harmony will ring out all over again at the Crowne Plaza, 5095 Century Blvd., Los Angeles CA 90045. Tel. 213-642-7500. We're bringing together once more the 3rd Eng., the 5th RCT, the 19th, the 11th Field, the 21st, the 13th Field, the 52nd Field, the 34th, the 555th, the 8th Ranger, the 24th Sig., the 24th QM, the 724th Ord. and all the rest. They are not listed in numerical order, and for no particular reason. What harmony it will be!

Check-out time is at 12:00 Noon. Rooms may not be available for check in until 3:00 P.M.

MC ☐ Visa ☐ AE ☐ Diners ☐

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If requested room type is not available your reservation will be placed in the next available room category at the quoted rate.

Reservations must be received by

Requests received after the above date will be subject to availability.

THE RATE FOR YOUR GROUP

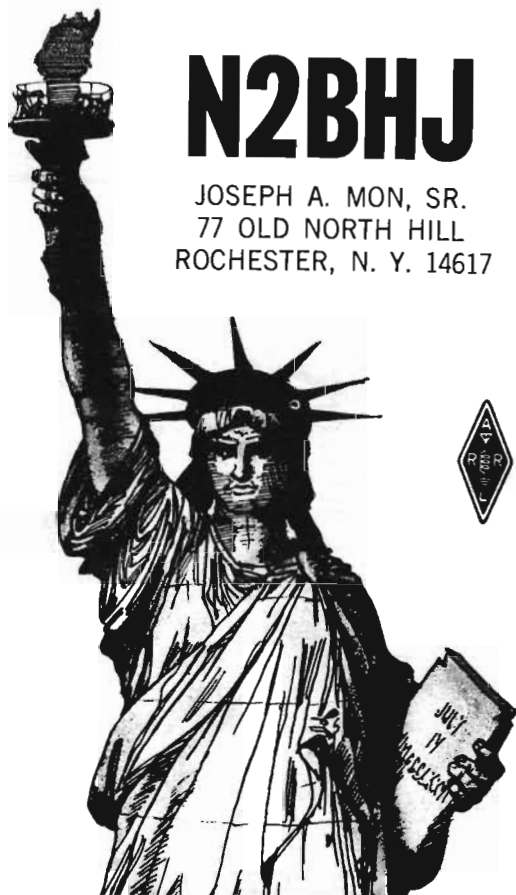
Looking for names and addresses of Hdqts. Co. and Sv. Co. of the 34th in the late '46 period is MARVIN E. WALLACE, 405 Locust, Ardmore OK. So are we, Marv. We've been close to this thing for 40 years, Marvin, and we've yet to see such a list for any regiment, or battalion, or company.

Enclosing a \$100 check, DONALD L. GOTTSALL, (Hvy.Mtr. 5th RCT '48-'51), of 14 Albermarle, Trenton NJ, became Life Member #667. Not only was he paying dues for the first time, he was paying them so he won't have to pay again -- ever.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of members of the Recon Platoon of C/S Co., 1st Battle Group, 21st Inf., 24th Div. at Warren Kaserne during 1960-62, especially MSgt. Andy Anderson. Contact Quentin R. Gregory, 2237 Hoop Jr.Ct., Owensboro KY 42301, Tel. 502-684-2575.

JOE MON, (19th '50), lives at 77 Old North Hill in Rochester NY. He called us about publicising this notice which we gladly print here: "I am interested in contacting former 24th Div. Personnel who are amateur radio operators (Hams) for purposes of setting up a 24th Division voice operated scheduled net on a regular basis. If interested send me a letter and I will coordinate a time and frequency."

Send to: Joe Mon (A and Med.Co.19th '50-51) N2BHIJ - 77 Old North Hill, Rochester NY 14617 - Tel. 716-467-2557." Here's Joe's QSL card:



We immediately put Joe in touch with our old Gimlet friend, BILL WILLMOT, who is K4TF. Bill was in the 21st from '44 to '46 and now lives at Merritt Island FL - at 1630 Venus to be precise. Wait'll these two hams meet over the air.

We're trying to locate a Dodger schedule to see if they're at home while we're in LAX. Chavez Ravine is only about 12 miles east of our hotel. Wouldn't it be great to catch Valenzuela on the mound?

HARRY BARBER (H 19th '51-'52) of 299 Oak, Centerburg, OH 43011, sounds off. He says he has written his Congressman about the Korean Memorial -- and then he adds, "I think that's what we ought to be doing instead of arguing about what regiment did what." Our sentiments exactly, Harry.

"Military" is in its 2nd year of publication. A magazine dedicated to "the military personnel who defended their country," it's terrific!

Subscription - \$10.00 a year.

Offices at 2122 28th St., Sacramento, CA 95818.

Our own Maj.Gen. HENRY MOHR is a regular contributor with a column "Mohr on National Defense." Love your comments, Henry. They're pithy, reasoned and reasonable. More power to you.

MOHR ON NATIONAL DEFENSE



Major General Henry Mohr, now retired after 37 years of military service, writes a column on military affairs, national security and foreign policy. It is made available through Heritage Features Syndicate.

Company L of the 21st is meeting Thurs., April 24 through Sunday Apr. 27th at the Riverfront Holiday Inn, St.Louis MO. Good friends HOWARD and Gladys LUMSDEN are planning the affair. They're calling it their "30 + 6" -- 36 years since Korea. The "Lums" can be reached at 167 Hickory, Wood River, IL 62095. Tel. them at 618-259-5771. And here's wishing them a great get-together.

Who was Div. G2 during '42-'45? That's a question asked by BORIS T. GERGOFF (19th '42-'45) of 7541 Windsor Woods Dr., Canton MI 48187.

Boris also asks, "Who was the 19th S-2 during the same '42-'45 period?"

Also the name of the regimental headquarters company commander during '42-'45. Boris thinks it was Capt. McDaniels.

Seeing Red

In putting this issue to bed, we resolved not to mention Ferdinand and Imelda -- except to give you one bit of trivia in case you missed it. Imelda wears a size 8 shoe!

If you still have reservations about making our Los Angeles party next August, make your reservations now.

JOHNNY GAVIN (I, M and H & H 21st, '53-'54), of 13205 Stoney Brook, Reno, NV, asks if we have been in contact with 8th Ranger Co. men which attached to Div. in '50-'51. We're trying to reach out to them, Johnny.

From Our Mailbag: Col. RALPH MELCHER, President of the 25th Inf.Div.Assoc. stays in close touch with us. He advises that presently in the 25th at Schofield are 1st Bn., 19th -- 1st Bn., 21st and 2nd Bn., 11th FA. Shocked? He reports that he -- incidentally, he was 8th FA Bn. in Korea '50-'51 -- returned to Korea in March. With him were Col. OLEN O'CONNOR (AAA platoon leader in support of the 21st early in '51) and WENDELL ARMOUR (5th RCT '50-'51). They were at the Task Force Smith Ceremony on March 13th and he enclosed this clipping out of the Korea Herald. He also wrote: "Will send some pics later when I get them back from processors. Wendell Armour went across the 4-lane highway (Old Route 1) with the Commander from 21st Infantry to lay the wreath (a 24th Inf.Div. patch made of flowers) at the smaller 24th Inf.Div. Assn. monument on the other side. Olen O'Conner joined the Korean Assemblyman in laying the wreath at the big Korean monument to Task Force Smith that appears in the picture in the Herald clipping. More later! -- Automatic Sir! Ralph."

Thank you, Ralph. We'll use the clipping in this issue and await your pictures with anticipation.



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

A third star is about to fall on Maj.Gen. HENRY DOCTOR, JR. Presently Deputy the Inspector General, he's slated to become the Inspector General come June 30th.

For your Crowne Plaza reservation, bear this in mind. Indicate whether you want a king-size bed or two double beds. Too, indicate whether you want a room on a smoking or on a non-smoking floor.

THE KOREA HERALD, FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1986

(第3種郵便物(가)級認可)



Korea Herald
A ceremony honoring the battle of Task Force Smith is under way at Chukmiryong Pass north of Osan yesterday.

Rite held to honor Task Force Smith heroes in early days of Korean War

OSAN, Kyonggi-do — A group of U.S. 25th Infantry Division soldiers yesterday attended a ceremony honoring the U.S. servicemen who fought a historic battle here in the early days of the Korean War.

The soldiers are now in Korea to take part in the Team Spirit 86 exercise.

Also attending the ceremony were 29 American Korean War veterans who arrived in Seoul Sunday for a six-day visit.

The ceremony was held in front of a towering monument built in honor of 550 soldiers who were part of the famed Task Force Smith, the first American unit to fight in the Korean War.

One hundred and fifty members of the task force, led by Lt. Col. Charles B. Smith, met their tragic fate during the bloody battle in and around Chungmiryong Hill here on July 5, 1950.

In the battle, a small group of U.S. soldiers pitted against an entire north Korean division.

The task force, originally stationed in Japan, was sent to Korea to delay the enemy advance until additional forces arrived in the battle field.

In a brief memorial speech during the ceremony, Maj. Gen. Claude Kicklighter, commander of the 25th Infantry Division,

praised the Task Force Smith members for their gallant actions in the fighting.

"Despite overwhelming number of enemy forces, and with insufficient ammunition supplies, Task Force Smith fought a desperate delaying action for more than six hours," he said.

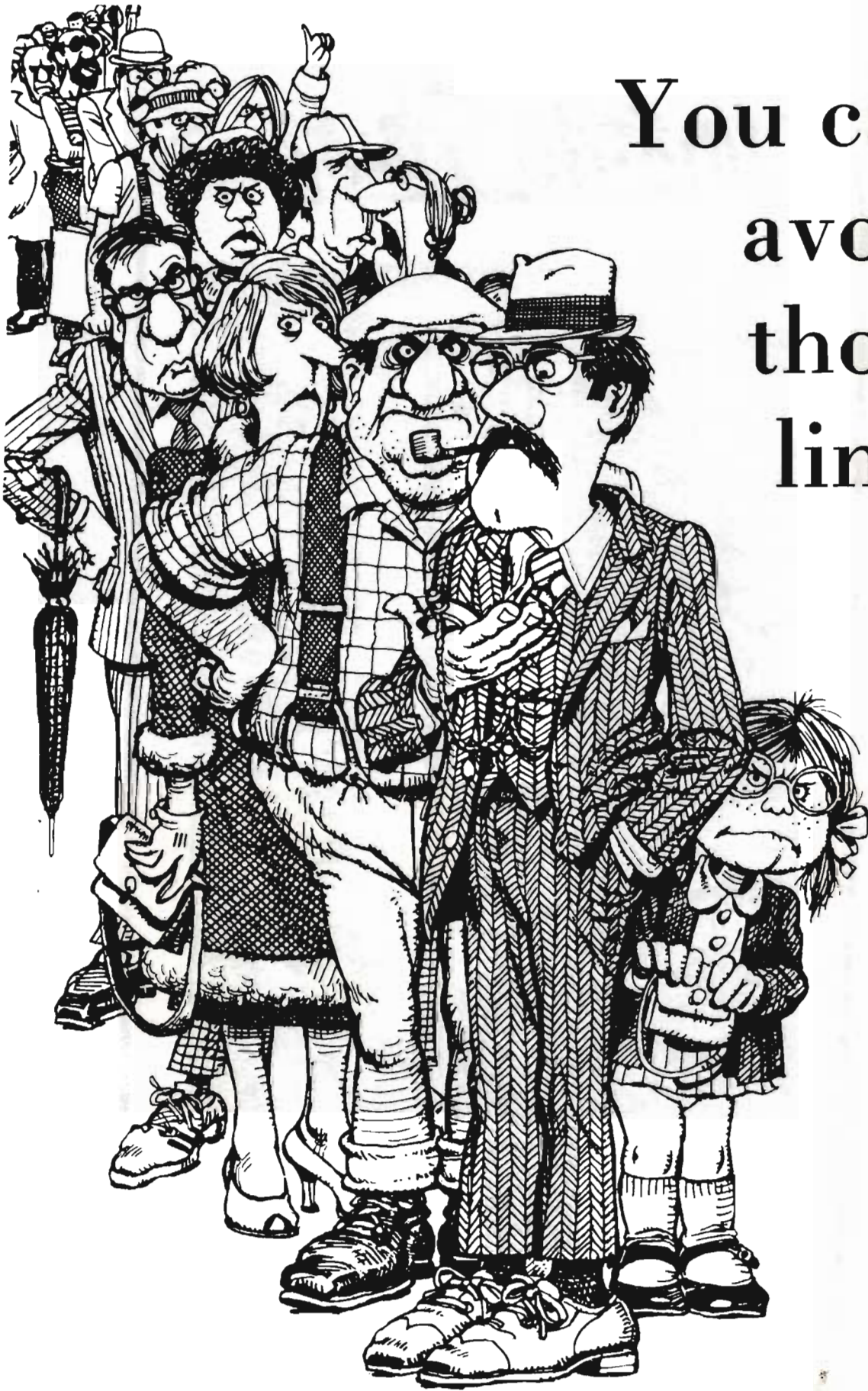
"The six hours these 150 soldiers bought with their lives was a major contribution in helping preserve this great nation, and made even stronger the bond of friendship that exists between our great nations."

Inside Stuff



We never have understood the seeming consistent failure of hotel managements to come up with decent "glossies" of their respective caravansaries. This is the best we could extricate out of the you-know-what. A real turkey! The hotel is just 300% better looking. We could have done better with a Brownie, if we had our Brownie with us. Remember when Eastman pushed the box Brownies with the slogan "Kodak as you go." The slogan was as well known as the Burma Shave signs.

You can
avoid
those
lines



REGISTRATION TIME

TODAY WE OPEN FIRE

Additional to providing in this issue a registration form which you can mail directly to the Crowne Plaza for reserving your room, we are also providing a registration form below which you can mail directly to BOB ENDER for reserving your space or spaces for the Friday night and Saturday night functions.

ADVANCE REGISTRATION REQUEST

To BOB ENDER
1864 El Paso Lane
Fullerton CA 92633

Dear Bob:

Find enclosed check for \$_____ to cover the following charges for the Crowne Plaza gathering:

	<u>Per Person</u>	<u>Number Attending</u>	<u>Amount</u>
Registration fee (<u>Member only</u>)	--	--	\$ 15.00
Let's Mix in '86 - Friday night	@ \$23.00	_____	\$ _____
Banquet - Saturday night	@ \$26.00	_____	\$ _____

		Total enclosed	\$ _____

Please Print:

Signed _____

Address _____

Zip _____

Tel. () _____

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
We still have 5 copies of "Follow Me" at \$7.95. Anyone interested should write to Kenwood Ross, 120 Maple St., Rm. 207, Spfld. MA 01103-2278, enclosing your check or money order therefor.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
New kid on the block? Not exactly. But a new Life Member. He's RUFUS T. MATHEWS (D 21st '39-'45) of 2819 Atlanta, Symrna, GA.

JOE CENGA asked us to use this one -- and we gladly oblige.



STAFF PHOTO BY PETER E. HOWARD

Victor Pacellini outside his Provincetown home.

Cape man relives fight

By PETER E. HOWARD
STAFF WRITER

PROVINCETOWN — Forty years ago today, Victor Pacellini was sitting in a troop carrier ship off the shores of Leyte Island in the Philippines while machine gun fire and artillery shells burst around him. When the boats grounded on the beachhead, he and his fellow soldiers scrambled up the sands to dig in.

The assault on Leyte was the first of a series of D-day invasions in the Pacific that resulted in the liberation of a string of Philippine Islands from the Japanese forces. During the Leyte campaign, which lasted until Thanksgiving, 4,500 U.S. soldiers were killed and 12,000 wounded. Of the estimated 90,000 Japanese on the island, only 5,000 survived.

Pacellini, a 21-year-old rifleman at the time, considers himself one of the lucky ones. For two years of his hitch with the 19th Infantry of Company E, Pacellini was stationed in the Pacific, and was involved in numerous assaults, including Luzon and Mindanao Islands.

He was never wounded, but following 34 straight days of combat on Leyte, Pacellini said, he spent a few weeks in a hospital suffering from a severe case of trench feet and jungle rot.

"If someone says they weren't afraid, they're crazy," he said during a recent interview at his Commercial Street home. "It was a nightmare, but you knew there was a cause for this. My feeling was to fight them on their shore, not ours."

At 61, Pacellini is still active, working as a commercial fisherman aboard the dragger Alwa, a profession he has been pursued since his discharge from the Army. Except for a sprinkling of gray in his dark, wavy hair, Pacellini has not changed much from the stocky and muscular man of 40 years ago.

Tattoos cover both his arms, but Pacellini is quick to admit the Polynesian woman in a grass skirt running the length of his right forearm does not dance as fluidly as she once did when his fist is clenched and released.

Sitting in his living room amid yellowed newspaper clippings and war paraphernalia — including a Japanese sword, rifle and flag with the rising sun emblazoned on it — Pacellini effortlessly recounted his Pacific experiences. In 1942, he quit school to join the Army.

After training sessions in Hawaii, Australia and New Guinea — where Gen. Douglas MacArthur had his headquarters at Banana Junction — Pacellini and the remaining 691 men in his infantry division set out toward the

Telecon from ALBERT SELTSAM, (34th '41-'45) telling us that he's now at Shaker Point, Apt. 39, Danville KY 40422. Says it's an apartment equipped for the handicapped and he can get around in it just fine.

We asked Dr. BILL SWANSON (24 Med. '50-'51), Professor at King Saud U., Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, if he would be coming home soon. His delightful answer: "I probably will not know myself until the last possible minute of 'fish or cut bait' day. The coward in me counsels immediate flight from the turbulent Middle East whereas the avaricious hoarder (after all, I was a depression brat!) counters with the carpe diem theme of 'gather ye riyals while ye may.' In so close a conflict between base motives, the reasonably prudent man (that abstraction so often cited in traffic court arguments) would certainly forbear from making any bets.

"The hollyhocks are now blooming riotously here in Riyadh, and the birds are redeeming the early mornings with their merry chirps. But one sees no 'mixed' (male and female) couples holding hands in this most Islamic of capital cities. And a damned good thing, too: any sex-crazed 'mixed' couple that would dare violate public decency in so shocking a manner would be buried under the local bastille until they were far too old ever to be concerned with such foolishness again.

"Fraternally, Bill."

CHARLIE REED (H & S, 3rd Eng. '38-'40), of 321 W. First, Frankfort, KS, is looking for anyone who served with him among our membership.

Philippines. Although there was a feeling "something big was in the works," he said, their orders were not revealed until they were four days out to sea.

The troop carriers arrived at Leyte the night of Oct. 19, but it was not until 9:27 a.m. the following morning that the 19th Infantry spearheaded the assault that saw 225,000 troops land the first day. It was as perilous a journey, coupled with helplessness, as Pacellini has ever faced.

During the ensuing battles fought on the distant shore — for which the 19th Infantry received a commendation from the secretary of war — Pacellini's group repelled two "Banzai" attacks from the Japanese, dodged sniper's bullets, and faced food shortages.

Pacellini said his division took the first town on Leyte after the invasion began. When the troops entered Palo, the Filipino people filed out of their houses and hiding places to greet the Americans. One young girl, he recalled, came up to the soldiers with a box that had a furl American flag hidden inside.

On the second day of the campaign when the fighting had subsided somewhat, Pacellini said, American planes flew overhead, and packages of Babe Ruth candy bars and Lucky Strike and Old Gold cigarettes floated gracefully to the ground. On each of the trinkets, the words "I have returned" were scrawled.

"I'll never forget that sight," Pacellini said. "It was MacArthur's way of telling the troops and the Filipino people that he was back."

Postscript

Our Chaplain sings:

"For the many of you who know me, you are aware that I would like to see every former Taro Leaf wearer, a member of our Association. My way of doing so, is writing to every addressee I receive, and inviting him to join us.

"An excuse I receive most often from this invitation, and from former members who have dropped out of our Association, is... 'I don't know anyone.' I try to convince them, if they would only share their FRIENDSHIP (It is a gift, you know), they would soon KNOW and LOVE many. It's a two-way street.

"I would flood your path with sunshine,
I would fence you from all ill.
I would crown you with all blessings
If I could but have my will.

"Aye! but human love may err, my Friend
And a power all wise is near,
So I only pray 'God Bless You,
and 'God keep you through the year.'

Your Chaplain,

Joe

JOSEPH I. PEYTON
19th Infantry '44-'45

Mail returned from RENO LOMBARDI,
formerly of 3810 Central Park Dr., #9,
Las Vegas NV 89109.

We know 4 JOHNNY GRIFFINS but only one is a Taro Leafer. He's Life Member 611 and he and Olive are at 1520 Seling, Baltimore MD. Johnny was 3rd Bn. 19th 2/44-1/46. Says he has "never made the Taro Leaf." You're in it now, Johnny. Congratulations!

AVIS MAGGARD (5th RCT '50-'51), of Rt. 2, Box 576, Pound VA, in reading our bit on Tokyo Rose (last issue), writes: "It makes me wonder what came of Seoul City Sue who was always reliable on the Masan front to give the casualty figure for the last attack and how many would be left after the next to come. Does anyone know of her whereabouts? Any 5th RCT man might have a good memory of her."

Where can a former soldier find more vertiginous adventure than at a reunion with his buddies? We, frankly, don't know. To sit down with them once more can be the ultimate. Try it; you'll like it.

Think young. Aging is for wine.



This one is of JOHN and Ella Mae EBERT, (G 34th '41-'45), of Box 54, Proctor WV. John came out of hospital, in January -- heart problems -- and immediately Ella Mae went in -- heart problems. Ella Mae has ended up with a pacemaker. Thankfully she reports that John and she "are doing good now." Watch out for each other, won't you, Johnny and Ella Mae.

These precious folks were with us in Louisville last August, you may recall.



"THEY CALL HIM RADAR. HE'LL PICK UP ANYTHING."
Sgt. T

The address is Rolling Meadows, Augusta GA. Actually, they add, "Rt. 1, Box 3" -- but what a delightful name. It's the home of our baby Life Member LAURENCE RADER, JR. (24th MP '41-'42). He sent in a check for \$150.00 with the notation "for Life Membership plus." You're a plus in our book, Larry. Thanx! Did you call Elmer Van Zant? He's another MP -- vintage '46-'48. In fact he was Division PM. He also lives in Augusta -- a good friend -- but one who never, never writes.

The girl who swears no one has ever made love to her -- has a right to swear.

Now for the truth

Lest you ask, "How come \$15.00 registration fee for merely attending our Convention?" Let Veep WARREN AVERY remind you of the unbelievable convention expenses which we underwrite with that money:

- the Sunday a.m. continental breakfast
- audio and video equipment rentals
- head table and altar flowers
- wine for toasts for the Saturday banquet
- registration desk ladies
- bar boys
- bar setups
- ice et al for bar operation
- program printing
- misc. gratuities
- mailing costs of invitations
- printing of invitations
- house guarantee
- music
- registration form printing
- name plates
- head table placards
- photographer
- prizes
- song sheet printing

You know you're growing old when what you usually get your teeth into -- is your mouth.

Chatty note from BILL HANSON (H 21st, '42-'45), of 2279 W. 230th, Torrance CA. Bill is now retired from American Airlines and writes: "I joined H of the 21st on Goodenough just as they were staging for Hollandia. HUGH CROSSON was Company Commander and DICK HAMMER was my Platoon Leader. CHUCK KEIFER was my Squad Leader. So much time has passed that it will take a little memory jogging to put things back into their proper perspective. I was rotated home from Okayama, and was discharged in Feb. '46. I dunced around for a few years and finally landed a job with American Airlines. After 34 years and at age 60, I retired as Supr. Aircraft Maint. Production.

"Two months after I retired, I started school as a Freshman at El Camino College in Torrance as an English Major. I plan on becoming the oldest unpublished author in Southern Cal. I plan on staying at El Camino for another 6 months, transfer to Long Beach State for my Masters and Doctorate. I've got all the time in the world and, without pushing myself, I should be able to get my kids to call me Doctor Hanson in about eight years. That is, if I don't become wealthy and famous before then."

Cigaretts are still being sold at a discount of up to 35 percent on U.S. military bases. They should be fully priced -- if sold at all.

California



The Tactical Army Combat Service Support Computer System (TACCS) is now being tested by Division before introduction in offices and field units throughout the Army. TACCS, a portable microcomputer system, is being developed initially for use by Army supply and personnel specialists. Eventually, the system will be used in support of maintenance, finance, communications security, ammunition management, medical management and property accountability.

A spokesman familiar with TACCS describes the system as "user friendly," noting that it has been designed to be operated by soldiers who do not possess data processing skills. Each computer within the system includes a video display screen, a mass storage unit, an electronics unit with 768 kilobytes of memory, connections for communications hookups and a printer.

The TACCS computer can be broken down to its components, placed in protective cases and then carried by two soldiers. In place, the TACCS may send and receive information through radio signals, telephone wires or direct wire-to-wire connections with other Army computers. The information may also be stored on floppy disks and transferred to other computers.

Just once in a while it's the man who manages to have the last word. Among the bequests in the will of Philadelphia industrialist who died in 1947 was one that read: "To my wife, I leave her lover, and the knowledge that I wasn't the fool she thought I was."

Parallel headlines in Today's News: "Cap promises Corazon millions in economic aid without any strings attached" and "Demonstrators chant 'Weinberger go home.'"

Looks like NASA's gung-ho let's-get-the-thing-up reputation is gonna be slowed down a bit.

Some women find it hard to tell a lie -- others can tell it as soon as their husbands open their mouths.



GOOD LOOKS

CUTTING WORDS

Cutting words from RICHARD LUM -- well, not exactly. Anyway Richard writes to ask us -- and you -- if anyone has any old photos of Schofield that he'd like to give to the Schofield Museum. If so, write Lt.Col. Herbert E. Garcia. He's the museum curator. Write him at "Schofield Barracks, HI 96857." Thanks.

Dress for Saturday night will be business suits (including ties) and normal evening wear for the gals. Most anything will go. We're anxious only not to look like a bunch of slobs as we sit down for this, the Association's most important annual event.

CALIFORNIA

We welcome into our "ranks" CHARLES M. GUTHRIE (E 19th '32-'36 and '39-'40). He and Lavina hang their hats at 502 B.Fallow Ct., Sun City FL. Writes Charley: "I was a Chick when LEO ROGERS and I left Wahoo in '42 to go to OCS at Benning. I had a lot of friends in the 24th." We'll see if this won't bring some of them out of the woodwork, Charley.

Company L of the 21st will reunite at The Riverfront Holiday Inn, St.Louis MO on Thursday, Apr. 24 through Sun., Apr. 27. For information, contact HOWARD LUMSDEN, 167 Hickory St., Wood River IL 62095, Tel. 618-259-5771.

We're trying to persuade JIM GARNER (5th RCT) to be one of our guests at our Saturday night banquet. More on that as the scenario develops.

Like her mother and her grandmother before her, a girl who enters the wilderness of adolescence must watch out for beaux and eros.

Col. PAUL and Betty WALTERS (CO and EO Div.Arty.'45-'48), are at 9019 Charles Augustine Dr. in Alexandria VA. Their Valentine greetings arrived a little late for the last issue but having sent warm cordial greetings "for all the young at heart and long in memory" it's never too late to tell you of the fact. And reciprocal greetings to you, Paul and Betty.

Staying home from army reunions is a syne you are getting auld.

WEST meets EAST

And that's what it all means, this time around. We're going west after 38 years, 'cuz the west deserves a crack at putting on the show. Said Convention Chairman BOB ENDER to Prexy DICK WATSON when Dick flew out there. "California, in fact the whole west, is gonna support this convention. And we expect you fellows in the east to support it too -- especially if you want us to go to Chicago in '87." Dick assured Bob that we would be behind him "100%."

LOUIS CIAVARELLA (Hq.Co.21st '42-'45), of 3465 Bent Willow, Youngstown OH, writes that he and Dina hope to see us all in August. Says he regretfully "lost contact a few years back; will keep better contact from now on."



"Hut, two, three, four,
hut, two, three, four,
hut, two..."

Between Us

Change in on Life Member 544, Col. IRVING HUGHES, (19th 6/50-8/51). Now at Box 2332, Virginia Beach VA. Tel. 804-486-4103.

19th football and baseball teams of the '49-'50 vintage. WALTER BOROZNOFF (B 19th '49-'51), of 234 W.4th, Clifton, NJ wants to hear from you. Says you were the "best bunch of guys I ever knew."

You're not gonna believe this one. They're planning a monument honoring the Vietnam protestors. They were going to name it for Jane Fonda but she balked. Now they're going to call it Vietnam Victory Park, to be built on private land about 10 miles west of Phoenix, AZ. Says the creator, Terry Choate, "The memorial will honor those who were murdered for their convictions by the government of this country." And that's a quote. We can't quite interpret it; maybe you can. Sorry we don't have an address on Choate. He went on to say that there would be a tower having inscribed on it the hundreds of names of protestors he says were killed as a result of police brutality, militia action, and prison officials' indifference. Let's go to the next item.

LARRY and Thelma PASDIORA (34th) of 8219 N. Ozark, Niles IL 60648, say they're expecting us in the Chicago area for our '87 gathering. Can't make LAX. Remind us that Jean SIX is going-it-alone like the real trooper that she is and is hosting a gathering of all of Hq.Co., 2nd Bn., 34th WW II next July 12 and 13 at Fairfield Iowa 52556. Jean says she's doing this "for JOHN." Contact her at 306 West Polk, Fairfield Iowa 52556. Telephone her at 515-472-4971.

Sez Veep WARREN AVERY, "Crowne Plaza rates: \$60.00, single or double. Recall, if you will, that at Louisville last August you bound us to keep it below \$65.00. BOB ENDER deserves out congratulations. Oh yes, you can have a cot in your room for a third party for \$13.00 more. Same has to be reserved at the time of making your room reservation."

A Very Important Person and his Lady have already been invited to be our Saturday night guests. There is the good possibility that these folks will be in California during August and there is the other possibility -- not so good, that our organization might be the very type which he might like to use as a sounding board for a particular message.

Stay tuned!

If you want to reserve a table for either our Friday night or our Saturday night functions, just drop a line to BOB ENDER and he'll take care of it. Each table will be for 10 people.



"That Harrison is the best darn spotter pilot we've ever had!"

The 4 salons of the Crowne Plaza will be opened up for our Saturday night banquet. Together they form what they call the Continental Ballroom. It seats 500, may be 510 or 520 if we squeeze. So it behooves each of us to mail our reservations in to the Convention Chairman BOB ENDER now. Those who wait until they arrive at the hotel in August may find that the 500 spaces have already been spoken for.

Called JOHN and Jay WELCH (63rd F '41-'44) when we read about the rain floods in the Napa Valley. They're at 627 Montecito Blvd. in Napa. Tried for 3 days to get through. They reported, thankfully, no problems for themselves as they live on a hill overlooking Napa. Just like an artilleryman.

**We
Take Dues
Anytime**



Whimsical note from GLEN HUDSON, of Rt. 3, Box 14, Portales NM who writes: "I have enjoyed the Taro Leaf a lot but not as much as I do the picture on page 7 of the last issue. It really struck a nerve. I was in C Co. of the Gimlets. I firmly believe I've been down that road.

"I went to my doctor with high blood pressure. He told me to make out my will. I told him I wanted a second opinion so I went to the VA Hospital at Amarillo. Now it is a lot better. Good old V.A.

"Dropping in a little for dues or kitty, whatever."

To which we reply: That page 7 picture was of Gimlets (company not known) walking down that road across Mindanao, circa April or May 1945. You surely went down it, Glen; it was the only road there was.

IVAN R. and Roberta DANIELS (26th AAA '55-'58) have moved to 426½ E.Kansas, McPherson KS.

LOCATOR FILE

Spotted in the Army Times' Locator File: "Anyone who was in southern Japan following World War II and was a member of Company D, 24th Medical Bn; Medical Co., 19th Inf., or was at Camp Chickamauga. Contact Hitoshi Okihara, Kaminoguchi, Danchi, C.106, Beppu Oitaken, Japan.

Chuck Nevitt, the 7'5" center for the Detroit Pistons was commenting on growing up with a 6'7" dad, a 6' mom, two brothers each over 6'7" and a sister who reached up to 6'3". Said Chuck: I never worried about whether or not I'd been adopted."

We get the most unique requests.

BOB JOHNSON, (19th, 34th, 21st, 3/51-12/53) of 24 Whipple, Somerville MA and EDDIE ROBINSON, (19th, 4/41-10/41), of 605 Truman Hwy., Hyde Park, MA, met in a VFW hall. Bob had asked Eddie about AKIRA YAMAGI (I&R, 19th & 34th) living somewhere on Wahoo. Eddie tried to locate him when he was there. The address he had was for a place long since torn down. Akira and Bob had served together in 5 different outfits. Bob would like to hear from Akira. Help, anyone?

Dress for our Friday night sit-down will be informal -- preferably Hawaiian shirts and muumuus -- with a judging for the couples with the most colorful get-ups -- and prizes accordingly.

Change of address: EARL C. GARRETT, (F 21st '40-'43), now at 900 NE Little Fox, Claremore, OK.

YOU SPEAK JAPAN



The judge spoke to the jury, warning them that the trial that was about to start was going to take a long time. He then asked the jurors to tell him right away if any of them had a reason that they could not sit through the entire trial.

One man raised his hand. "Your honor, I won't be able to sit through the trial because my wife and I are due to conceive a child in a week and a half."

"Don't you mean 'deliver'?" the judge asked, somewhat mused.

"No," the man assured him, "I meant conceive."

"Well, I still think you're using the wrong word," the judge said, "but in any event, you ought to be there."

Verse

Here's a beautiful one, written by Lt. OLIN "Bud" M. HARDY (L 21st '50-'51) of 2861 Thornridge, Doraville GA, while in Korea. It was originally sent to the wife of Lt. E.J. GAINOK who was L Co. CO at the time:

THE VALIANT

Out of the mountains —
Dog dirty and bare
Staggered 96 men
And they didn't care.

They were all that were left
Of one company strong
They had been on the line
Twenty days too long.

Their beards were long
And they're bodies were
gaunt.
Eyes sunk way in
And a look that would haunt.

There was Greco and Nelson
And Dossett and Cox
And even old Zeke
With a nose like a fox.

Their buddies were gone
Some wounded some dead.
Some even had bugged
Just took off and fled—

But the rest had remained
And held fast the line
The 8th Army had said
"You did mighty fine" —

Now back for a rest
Maybe two days or three
Cause it was up to God
Enslaved or free.

So on down the trail
The weary men dragged
Foot weary and sore
Many of them lagged.

But they'd return again
To avenge the dead
Back up every word
Their buddies had said

So the war goes on
Just a line to some
Or a tack on a map
Pushed in by thumb.

But it's vivid to them
And those who fell
For in other words
It's a taste of hell.



"THAT GUY MORGAN—HE CERTAINLY SHINES WHEN IT COMES TO CAMOUFLAGE."
—Sgt. Geo. Mandel

The Crowne Plaza is one of the "improved" Holiday Inns -- a first class Holiday if you please. Lord knows the second and third class Holidays weren't much. But here they have a new set of inns. "Raising service to an art" is their trademark. They have operations in Boston, Atlanta, San Francisco, Dallas, Houston, Memphis, Chicago, Miami, New Orleans and, of course, L.A.

The pamphlet on the L.A. operation simplifies it thusly:

Located at LAX, this Crowne Plaza hotel epitomizes the casual elegance that is a Los Angeles trademark. In the midst of the aerospace industry and nearby financial centers, it is also an ideal location for fun-filled weekends with Marina de Ray, beaches and area attractions within minutes. Century Boulevard offers easy access to all major thoroughfares.

- * 614 guest rooms, suites and Concierge Floor
- * 12,000 sq.ft. of meeting space with 14 conference rooms
- * Outdoor pool, sauna and whirlpool
- * 2 restaurants -- including Poscalines for elegant dining
- * Live entertainment in our lounge
- * Airport shuttle service
- * 24-hr. room service

On the generous check received from Dr. JACK GUNN (C 34th '44-'45), of 2114 Memorial, Springfield TN, he writes, "for dues and whatever." Watta guy! Thanx Doc.

WHAT'S UP

Referring to a question raised in a recent issue about why men's coats lapped left over right and in the case of the gals right over left, good friend TOM BAKEWELL (724th Ord. '42-'45) over there at 1007 Beachside, Huron OH, writes: "Somewhere I read that the reason buttons were left over right is that, in the 13th and 15th centuries, there was a kind of armor in the form of a coat with steel plates rivetted on the inside. Since the wearer had his sword in the right hand and shield in his left -- his left side was toward his foe. The coat overlapped left over right so that a sword thrust would not enter as it might if the coat overlapped the other way. And to this day, men's suits are made this way. Anyway, it's a nice story even though the real reason is probably much more mundane. I don't know why women's clothes are different -- maybe just perversity."

Wonderful answer, Tom. Thanks. And if Polly ever finds out you wrote it, she'll deck you for sure.

And lots more.

The Crowne Plaza will be our main hotel with its 614 rooms will be our mainflow. Any overflow can be easily accommodated "next door" where there are a Hyatt, and a Sheraton -- within 3 minutes walking distance.



-Sgt. Jim Weeks

ROBERT N. HERRICK, Cressy's Apt., Box 102, Flaggy Meadow Rd., Gorham ME 04038, needs to hear from men he served with in Tank Co., 19th Inf. Regt., especially anyone who remembers him in the M.A.S.H. in Kogudo, Korea, after breaking leg in five places.



"IT'S OKAY, SARGE. SHE'S PART OF THE UNDERGROUND."

-Sgt. Irwin Caplan

Okay, wanna bet?

This is the way we say they'll end up come October:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

EAST

Detroit
Toronto
N.Y. Yankees
Baltimore
Boston
Milwaukee
Cleveland

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.

WEST

Kansas City
Chicago
California
Oakland
Minnesota
Seattle
Texas

NATIONAL LEAGUE

EAST

N.Y. Mets
St. Louis
Montreal
Chicago
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.

WEST

Los Angeles
Cincinnati
Houston
San Diego
Atlanta
San Francisco

In the summer of '84, for one brief shining moment, Los Angeles became Mount Olympus. The 23rd Olympiad games arrived in town and LA showed the world not just glittler but grandeur, not just spark but style. Now, two years later, the old gal is still going strong. Her power and sophistication are no illusion. She has found her rightful place in the sun. "Come on out and let us show her off to you," says Association President DICK WATSON.

PRIMITIVO CARDON, JR. of Box 531, Las Cruces, NM nicely writes: "I'm sending you my remainder of the \$100.00 for my Life Membership. Also sending \$10.00 extra for the General Fund of the Assn. I was in Korea -- 26th AAA AW SP and 52d AAA AW SP - 1951-52. To me it is an Honor to have been a part of the 24th. I am a Proud, Grateful, Korean Veteran. Thank you."

We thank you, Primy.

Love may not make the world spin round -- but it certainly makes lot of people dizzy.

Congratulations
 Congratulations
 Congratulations
 Congratulations
 Congratulations
 Congratulations
 Congratulations

Yes, the congratulations go to ELFORD SCHUETTE for the coverage he got in a recent issue of his VFW's newsletter. Here it is; it went for 2 pages. We're cheating a little Elford. We're reducing its size to get it on one page. Might say we're cutting you down to size:

Elford Schuette of Hutchinson was born in Bergen Township near Lester Prairie on May 15, 1919. After living on a farm for a few years with his mother and dad, the Depression came in 1929 after which they sold out and moved to Glencoe.

Elford attended school in Glencoe through the eighth grade, and in 1936 he went to work for various farmers as a hired hand until the beginning of World War II.

He registered with the Selective Service in the spring of 1938.

On October 1, 1941, he met his wife, Lydia Damm of New Auburn, at a wedding dance in the Glencoe Community Building.

On Monday, December 8, 1941, the day after World War II began, he received his notice to report for his physical for the Selective Service. Elford reports he passed with flying colors because in those days all that was needed to pass a physical was two arms, two legs, and two eyes in order to walk a shoot a rifle.

On January 4, 1942, Elford and Lydia were married. They didn't go live by themselves because Uncle Sam would soon be calling Elford in the service.

On February 9, 1942, Elford left for the service to Fort Snelling where he was inducted four days later, going from Fort Snelling to Camp Wolters, Texas, for thirteen weeks of basic infantry training.

Leaving Camp Wolters on May 22, 1942, Elford arrived at Fort McDowell on May 25, 1942, staying on Angel Island Fort McDowell for 12 days. On his fourth day, he applied for a six-hour pass to San Francisco (a ferry boat was to take us over to San Francisco). Just the day before Elford was to go on pass, 50 men went on that six-hour pass with only 13 men coming back. The rest went AWOL, and immediately all passes to San Francisco were cancelled. That was the nearest Elford ever came to a pass in his three years, nine months and 20 days of service.

On June 7, 1942, we loaded on the USS Republic for overseas. It took two days to load this ship because all men were hauled over to it by ferry boat.

Arriving in Honolulu, Hawaii, on June 15, 1942, Elford spent 14 months in the Hawaiian Islands. He was assigned to Headquarters Company of the 24th Infantry Division, doing guard duty which consisted of two hours on duty and four hours off, always walking the post in the military manner around the Division Command Post.

When Elford left the Hawaiian Islands on July 28, 1943, rumors were that the 24th Division was U.S.-bound. We started sailing after dark and the next morning at daybreak, we noticed the sun rising in the East, which was the left side of this ship, the USS Mount Vernon with about 40,000 men on board. We arrived in Sydney, Australia, on August 8, 1943, and stayed there for five days before going by train to Rockhampton, arriving there August 16, 1943.

From here on out it meant living in tents and eating "C" rations and dehydrated food.

During our time in Australia, we were given Atabrine pills -- one at each meal time. These pills were to help prevent malaria so we knew after we left Australia we would be somewhere in the jungles where there would be lots of mosquitoes which carry malaria. After taking Atabrine pills, our complexion would turn sorta yellow. Taking Atabrine pills is by no means a cure for malaria, just to help prevent it. I know because I had malaria while in New Guinea where mosquitoes are as large as bees. Elford had a recurrence of malaria while in New Ulm in 1946 or 1947.

Elford left Rockhampton on January 26, 1944, on a Dutch freighter ship (Bonteko). This ship had no bunks in it so everybody slept on a hard metal floor, making ourselves as comfortable as possible.

We arrived on Good Enough Islands on February 4, 1944. This island was just a stepping stone to meet the enemy. On April 8, 1944, we left for the Invasion at Hollandia Dutch New Guinea. Here is where all hell broke loose. It was just like a Fourth of July. Lots of tracer bullets flying every which way. This little Invasion lasted



Elford and Lydia Schuette, three years ago, on their 40th wedding anniversary.

six weeks. There were Japs every where. The Navy bombarded that place a whole day before we went ashore.

Here is where I developed "Jungle Crud," they called it (similar to poison ivy). I went to the hospital for two weeks after joining our company again, I was transferred to the 24th Division Motor Pool, driving Jeeps and 6x6s GMC trucks. This was a lot better than walking through all those jungles.

On October 12, 1944, our Division left for the Phillipine Islands, arriving there on D-Day October 20, 1944, to fight off more Japs. I left Hollandia New Guinea on the rear echelon on November 4, 1944, on the USS John Carroll, arriving on November 12, 1944. Here it meant "kill or be killed." This was on the Island of Leyte. Day after day it meant fighting and killing those yello belly slant eyed Japs. It was on Christmas Day 1944 when the Island of Leyte was secured.

I left Leyte Island on February 4, 1945, and arrived on Mindora P.I. on February 10, 1945. I stayed there until April 11, 1945, when I was put on a Task Force to Mindonow, arriving there April 17, 1945. Here we encountered a small unit of Japs once again. They sure had themselves dug into those hillsides. It was on this Task Force, while driving troops up toward the front, that a Jap sniper shot at me, striking the windshield and piercing my left arm. I still have this mark on my left arm. (That was too close for comfort.)

World War II ended while I was on Mindonow and we GIs sure ate good then. We ate steak and beef roast every day. Twice a week we would go up in the hills and shoot us a beef from the natives. We had lots of Atabrine pills in our company, and for a bottle of 250 Atabrine pills, we would shoot a beef and give the native a bottle of pills. They were glad to get them. Their English wasn't the best, but we always managed to get our point across. Those Phillipine natives always let us take four quarters of beef and they would clean up the rest. All that remained was the hair off the hide. They even would clean up and use the intestines.

I left Mindonow September 23, 1945, to go to the 28th Replacement Department on Leyte P.I. I stayed there for 28 days, waiting for a ship to go back to the U.S. Here we did nothing but eat like a king and sleep. The only duty we had was policing the area.

After discharge, I joined the 52-20 club, meaning I had a weekly check coming until I went to work. I collected that check for 16 weeks. Being I never had a furlough or leave, I thought I would take a vacation during the winter right after discharge.

In April of 1946, I found employment in New Ulm at various places. I put four years in with the Eagle Roller Mill, producing wheat flour. In 1954, the Schuettes moved to Hutchinson and Elford began working at Farmers Elevator Association where he was employed for 27 years. We are both retired now and enjoy camping and fishing.

Elford is a member of Charles McLaughlin Post 906, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Hutchinson Post 96, American Legion. Lydia is a VFW Auxiliary member and one of the members who reports regularly to tidy up the clubrooms. Lydia had worked for the late Otto Zeleny and at Green Giant.

Their daughters are Mrs. Gary (Mariys) Pederson of Detroit Lakes and Mrs. Steven (Beverly) Frederichs of Buffalo Lake and their son is Stanley of Hutchinson, an over-the-road semi operator. They have seven grandchildren.



Elford Schuette of Hutchinson on guard duty outside Command Post.

IN MEMORIAM

Comes this sad note from Margaret GREEK:

"To let you know that the long hard battle of life was ended on February 17, 1986 for Life Member ELVIN EARL GREEK (K 21st '42-'45).

"You would have been proud of the way he fought the odds against him and the way he accepted his lot.

"He asked me to let you know and to tell you how much he appreciated all of you. The notice read in part:

GREEK

Died February 17, 1986, in a local nursing home, Elvin Earl Greek, of Chesterfield. He is survived by his wife, Margaret B. Greek; five sisters, Mildred Boese, of Denver CO, Eula Buettner, of Mission SD, Carolina Krieger, of Wheatridge CO, Laura Schulz, of Blackfoot ID, and Rachel Baldwin, of Anchorage AK; two brothers, Lester Greek, of Winner, SD and Daniel Greek, of Anaheim CA. He was preceded in death by his mother and father, Emma and Perry Greek and two brothers, Henry and Irving Greek."

Margaret is at 2917 Emblem Dr., Richmond VA 23234.

In the same mail came this from VERNON GROSSHUESCH (52F '42-'46), of 2228 Woody, Billings MT:

"Margaret Greek has informed us of Elvin's death. Elvin was K 21st who served in Hawaii in '42, then through New Guinea and the Philippines. I met him in New Guinea and learned we had much in common. Elvin and my wife both graduated from Mission High School, Mission SD. I last met with Elvin at the 1985 High School Reunion in Mission.

"Elvin's dedication was genuine. A true soldier, comrade and friend. We will miss him.

"As ever, Vernon.

A day later, WILBUR "Rabbit HILL, (I 21st 5/41 - 3/45) 2311 New Berne Rd., Richmond VA 23228, also reported "Greek's passing adding:

"Sorry to have to write this note... He was friend to all, looked forward to the Taro Leaf and Conventions. We talked to his lovely wife, Margaret, at the funer home Thursday and she asked us to let all of you know."

Passed on: HENRY M. SMITH (I 34th Korea) of Franklin NB. Henry died on March 20, 1985.

Died Jan. 11, 1985 - JOHN SIX (Hq.2nd Bn. 34th), in Fairfield, IA.

Died Feb. 5, 1983 - Col. LAURENCE T. AYRES (G-3 Sec. and C.O. 2nd Bn. 19th '55-'56) in Austin TX.

BOB BRION (K 21st '40-'44) of 210 Damascus, Enterprise, AL reports, with sadness, the passing of his beloved wife, Gertrude, last Jan. 10th.

Died in 1984. LESLIE R. FLATT, (24th MP '49-'51). Les was living in Forest Park GA at the time of his passing.

Clara JAMESON, CHARLEY's widow, sent us a warm note after it was all over, saying: "Charlie talked of you so often and the 24th Division meant a lot to him. He looked forward to Taro Leaf each time. If you are responsible for the beautiful flowers of yellow and white mums and pink carnations, thanks so much. They were appreciated more than you'll ever know. Thanks for caring. May God bless you in his own special way. We will miss him. But he isn't suffering anymore and we will meet again soon. Please will you put notice in next Taro Leaf. Thank you. Sincerely, Clara Jameson."

HAROLD R. BROWN (13th Field '50-'51), of Box 4648, Houston TX, writes in to report the death of his "beloved wife, of 32 years to cancer." Hal adds: "Her fight during the last 12 years would have done credit to any battle hero. Through faith she turned her pain from pity to piety by reaching out to others with a helping hand." Our sympathies go out to you, Hal, as you start "to build a new life."

Crossed the river has JOHN T. BALDWIN, (A 21st '45-'46). Anita has advised us that John died of a massive heart attack on Dec. 15, 1985.

Mrs. Vela J. Barnes, mother of our own Life Member AARON D. BARNES, (G 19th '43-'45), of Rt. 3, Box 261, Attalla, AL, passed away on March 12th. We tried to get flowers down in time but in vain. We did extend your condolences to Aaron.

Deceased: WALTER A. SEXE (A 21st '42-'45), of Hackensack MN. Walter passed away on Feb. 6th and is survived by Dale, his wife, and five daughters. PAUL NELSON and MARVIN HANSON are comforted by the fact that they visited with Walt in his home last summer.

DICK and "Ditty" LEWIS, (11th F '44-'45 & 555 Bn. '50-'51), of 2000 N. Daniel, Arlington VA very thoughtfully contributed this sad notice on the man for whom Dick had such a warm affection:

JOHN LATHROP THROCKMORTON, 72 a retired Army general who was deputy commander of U.S. forces in Vietnam during the mid-1960s, commander of federal and state troops during the 1967 riots in Detroit and commander of the Army's 82nd Airborne Division, died Feb. 13 at Walter Reed Army Hospital.

Gen. Throckmorton's 40-year military career included service in three wars as a staff officer and troop commander. He also served for 40 months as Commandant of Cadets at West Point.

In '73, Gen. Throckmorton retired as commander in chief of the U.S. Readiness Command at MacDill Air Force Base, FL. For the last two years he had lived in Winchester VA.

During World War II he was an assistant operations officer in Europe and later the Pacific. In the desperate early days of the Korean War, he commanded the 5th RCT inside the Pusan perimeter.

U.S. and South Korean forces broke through North Korean lines after Gen. Douglas MacArthur landed other forces at Inchon in September 1950, thus starting a gigantic pincer movement that pushed the North Koreans back across the 38th Parallel. For his part in the Pusan breakout, Gen. Throckmorton was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, the Army's second highest decoration for gallantry.

Gen. Throckmorton was commander of the Third Army in July '67 when President Johnson sent him into Detroit with 5000 paratroopers to help the Michigan National Guard restore order after days of rioting. His first order to the National Guard commander was to have his men unload their weapons.

His orders were widely disregarded. Subsequent investigation showed that most of the 38 civilians killed during the disturbances were killed by National Guard bullets. Nonetheless, his orders were criticized on Capitol Hill.

"I was confronted with a bunch of trigger-happy, nervous soldiers in the National Guard," he later told an indignant House Armed Services subcommittee, insisting that many of the reports of sniper fire during the riots were exaggerated.

Friends sometimes described the general as a man who "looks, acts and works like a soldier," and he had a reputation as a strict disciplinarian who knew exactly what he wanted and when -- usually "yesterday."

But he also demonstrated a concern for the welfare of the soldiers in his command, and he had a habit of making surprise inspections of sites not generally visited by General officers. Once, when he was commander of the 18th Airborne Corps at Fort Bragg, NC, he turned up unannounced to check out the post laundry.

Born in Kansas City MO, the son of a career Army officer, Gen. Throckmorton graduated from West Point in '35. Following his service in the Korean War, he was aide-de-camp to Gen. J. Lawton Collins, the Army chief of staff. He then attended the National War College, and served in the office of the secretary of Defense before being assigned to West Point. He was appointed commandant of cadets in '56.

In '59, Gen. Throckmorton was named assistant division commander of the 101st Airborne Division under Gen. William C. Westmoreland, whom Gen. Throckmorton would later serve as deputy commander in Vietnam. He was commanding general of the 82nd Airborne at Fort Bragg from '62 to '64, and went to Vietnam as Westmoreland's deputy in July of '64.

Returning to the United States in November '65 because of a back injury, he served as commander of the 18th Airborne Corps, and was commanding general of the Third Army from '67 to '69. In that role he had overall responsibility for many of the Army's training bases during the military buildup for the war in Vietnam.

After retiring as commander in chief of the U.S. Readiness Command, Gen. Throckmorton lived in Fayetteville NC.

In addition to the Distinguished Service Cross, his military decorations included the Distinguished Service Medal, the Silver Star, the Bronze Star and two Legion of Merit awards.

Survivors include his wife, Regina H., of Winchester; four sons, Thomas B. of Winchester, Lt. Col. Edward R., of Fort Bragg, David K., of Lynchburg, VA and Lt. Col. John Jr., of Arlington; and seven grandchildren.

Deceased: GEORGE MASSAR (H 21st '42-'45) of 4150 Chadbourne, Columbus OH on 12-22-82.

From Mattie E. HAGAR comes this warm and moving message: "It saddens me to tell you that my dear husband died on May 12, 1985. Heart attack. He is buried in the National Cemetery for Veterans at Nashville TN. Survivors are his wife and several brothers and sisters. He was T/Sgt. EDWARD GRAY HAGAR JR. Co. M, 19th Infantry '36-'45, over 9 years in the Service, most of 6 years in Hawaii. I am sorry to wait so long before notifying the Taro Leaf. Each time I receive it I think I will write but put it off. Enclosed is a small check to help carry on the good deeds. He was so proud to have served his country.

"May his memory linger on.

"His loving wife, Mattie E. Hagar."

You just know that here is a lovely lady. Chaplain JOE PEYTON wrote her -- as did we.