

The Taro Leaf

24th Infantry (Victory) Division Veterans' Association

VOLUME ~~III~~ IV

OCTOBER, 1950

NUMBER 4

THIRD ANNUAL CONVENTION A SUCCESS

MONEY - MONEY - MONEY

(An Editorial)

The 24th Association has no wish to indulge in clichés about money being the root of evil, but it is a necessity as far as our Association is concerned. We are NOT exactly BROKE, but we are very close to the "bent" position. Strange as it may seem to the majority of the paid-up membership there is really no reason for such a situation in the 24th Infantry Division Association. The prospective membership of the Association is close to 40,000 individuals. The author of this piece is ashamed to admit that our actual membership is but a mere 1% of the actual possibility. Why?

The answer to that last question was the subject of much TALK at the Chicago Convention. Many suggestions were made. Some of the suggestions were "knocked down" because actual experience in membership drives, since the activation of the Association, indicates that only a very few can be depended upon to drive, cajole, influence, and/or propagandize the value of our organization. Too many of the prospective members and some members, who have never attended a reunion, are under the impression that they "have to get something out of membership dues in an organization". It is hard to picture in words the feeling one gets meeting with his former buddy or reading about him in the Taro Leaf. You just have to experience that feeling to get its full meaning. Those of us who have attended at least ONE convention know what it means.

Maybe the fault is with the content of the Taro Leaf. It is true that all issues have not been editorial successes. It is also true that we have been a little too serious in our publication, and have not stressed personalities. Maybe we should and then again maybe we should not. The author of this piece is frankly puzzled; he does not know, and here is a chance for you people, who think you know, to have your say in your piece to the editor.

The Taro Leaf is the one BIG item of expense to the Association. Many of the members feel that the Taro Leaf is NOT reaching out enough and feel that many thousands more should be published and distributed. Well, boys, here we go! To publish the Taro Leaf means MONEY, more MONEY and MONEY again for postage. The Postmaster does not like to give free service to the veterans of the 24th; as a matter of fact, it would not be at all surprising if this postage deal is not increased, con-

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A TRUE FRIEND OF THE 24th ADDRESSES THIRD REUNION

Major General Clovis E. Byers, former chief of Staff of I Corps and Deputy Commander to General R. L. Eichelberger, when the latter commanded both I Corps and Eighth Army, now Deputy Assistant Chief of Staff G-1 in The Pentagon, was the guest speaker at the third reunion of the Association at its banquet held at The Morrison Hotel, Chicago, on August 12, 1950. No truer friend of the 24th Infantry Division, past or present, could have been selected to give the main address to the 300 guests assembled in the Mural Room of the Hotel Morrison. General Byers, affectionately known to all the officers of the Division during its service in Australia, New Guinea and the Philippines, returned the compliment by pointing out that his first visit to the assembling division in Australia in August 1943 made it quite clear to him that he was not a "guest" because most of the senior officers had served with him or under him at some time or another in his years, following graduation from the Academy on 1 July 1920.

General Byers was born in Ohio on November 5, 1899. He entered the U. S. Military Academy on 14 June, 1918, and selected the "Arm of Speed and Violence" (courtesy of Army Information Digest August 1950) and charged ahead with the Cavalry through the "hell for leather days" ending up before the war at the place where he started—West Point—as Adjutant under General Eichel-

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Story of Chicago Reunion

Chicago, 13 August 1950—Opinions vary. Some say THIS ONE was the best. Others say THIS was the saddest. Financially, you ask? Well, believe it or not, it was no worse nor better than the other two conventions of the Association. BUT WHY all the varied opinions? Well, some said it was the "outfit" in action AGAIN—in Korea. Others said it was their "first" convention and then muttered something about "friendship" and "comradeship" and hied themselves off in a corner of the first floor parlors to think up schemes of "doing this more often". The majority were of the latter opinion, and one remarked that he was "starting right off on Monday putting those nickels away in the piggy-bank for use in getting to the next year's reunion in Detroit".

The beers and tears really flow.

Those harsh sounds of bottles clinking and harsh voices battling the summer breeze of Lake Michigan started, they tell me, on Thursday night the day before the Convention, and the finish of that start did not occur until the following afternoon, judging from the red-brimmed eyes and tired looks of the "Committee". A review of the membership of "that Committee" indicated that not only the boys but the "girls" were "in town".

"I can take the boys about once a year", he griped, and his registration card showed he came all the way from California for this one. Yep, they came from everywhere—Florida, Connecticut, South Carolina and Ohio, Oklahoma and Michigan. St. Louis was represented in spirit, judging from the fight on the floor about selecting it as the City for the 1951 Convention. Honolulu was NOT represented either, but vice-president-elect Wiegmann, from Indiana, nominated that City for next year's convention? I wonder if it was hula gals that Ed remembers from there? (General Cramer brought regards to Col. Cizon from George Sur who now makes Wahiwa his home, as if YOU care). The strangest nomination, however, came from a Wisconsinite. He wanted next year's convention held in Denver, Colorado. My copy boy, following up this quirk of nature, learned that the ONLY reason for Denver was because HIS WIFE AND HE have never been there. Some reason, I'll say!!! Maybe it's Buffalo Bill's shrine, eh?

Military experts have their say.

A lady from one of the Chicago papers wanted to know why "they come" to the convention. Being related to a newspaper-woman I ducked because I REALLY had business elsewhere in those convention

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MEMBERS WHO ATTENDED 1950 CONVENTION

- Alberts, Edward, 801 Hillside, Elmhurst, Illinois
 Albright, Bobby L., Woodlawn Annex 15, Bloomington, Indiana
 Alt, Edward R., 980 W. Euclid
 Anderson, Charles, Linn Grove, Iowa
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 Ashenfelter, Leo V., 2118 Pickett, Springfield, Illinois
 Backer, Vic, 480 Lexington, New York, New York
 Barber, Charles M., 1505 Michigan, Springfield, Illinois
 Barry, Alex A., 625 W. Blvd.
 Behrel, Gordon H., 843 Maple Avenue, Downers Grove, Illinois
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 Belich, Emil (No Address)
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 Berlo, Chris J., Staff Fitzsimons Army Hospital, Denver, Colo.
 Blotner, Richard, 827 7th Street, Buffalo, New York
 Bodnar, John B., 1753 E. 30th Street, Lorain, Ohio
 Boland, Dove J., 7405 N. E. Skidmore Street, Portland, Oregon
 Bonduelle, Joe, 1009 19th Avenue, Moline, Illinois
 Brent, Robert E., 134 E. 1st Avenue, Monmouth, Illinois
 Brown, Jack E., Jamesport, Missouri
 Brummer, Edward J., 2909 Merrimac Street, Chicago, Illinois
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 Burton, Charles D., Bloomfield, Iowa
 Cain, Paul J., Ivesdale, Illinois
 Caldwell, B. G., Hannibal, Missouri
 Cormody, Robert J., 4081 Hawley Street, Pittsburgh, Penna.
 Carter, Harry W., Hqs. Fla. Military Dist., Box 1170, Jacksonville, Fla.
 Cason, Gentry T., 929 Wisconsin, Oak Park, Illinois
 Cavanaugh, Martin G., 818 N. LeClaire Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
 Choate, R. Gerald, Carterville, Illinois
 Chouinard, Marc L., 843 W. Oak, Kankakee, Illinois
 Cizan, Col. Max N., Room 887-A, The Pentagon, Washington, D.C.
 Clark, Ward L., Addison, Michigan
 Claxon, Roscoe C., Stamping Ground, Kentucky
 Compere, T. H., 163 Clifton Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois
 Condes, George, 1116 119th, Whiting, Indiana
 Conley, Charles, 4430 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Illinois
 Connor, Charles R., 409 Cathedral Street, Baltimore, Maryland
 Connor, James R., 706 Fairmont Avenue, Fairmont, West Virginia
 Corsetti, Guido A., 65-20 223rd Place, Bayside, L.I., New York
 Cramer, Kenneth F., Wethersfield 10, Connecticut
 Curtiss, E. Bowden, Darlington, Wisconsin
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 Davies, Jack N., River Park, White Plains, New York
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 Deans, Kenneth V., 2010 Florida Hall, Arlington 8, Virginia
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 Gruenber, Asher, (No Address)
 Hahn, Ardell, East Pleasant Plain, Iowa
 Halaby, William P., 3 Van Street, Rochester, N.Y.
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 Madden, Thomas P., 2600 Holly, Denver, Colorado
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 Reid, Neil D., 4951 N. Bell Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
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 Rinaldi, Frank J., 1220 N. Hayne Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
 Rockembach, Roger, Des Plaines, Illinois
 Rodamer, Charles A., 1420 S. Main Street, Harrisburgh, Virginia
 Romeo, Angelo, 14 Lyons Road, Scarsdale, Illinois
 Rose, Charles E., 5001 ASU, Fifth Army, Chicago, Illinois
 Rosignol, Walter, 5719 S. Justine Street, Chicago, Illinois
 Ross, John M., Hammond, Wisconsin
 Ross, Ken, 36 Harkness Avenue, Springfield, Mass.
 Sandgren, Carl E., 3113 Ogden Avenue, Superior, Wisconsin
 Sands, Donald T., 2435 Windsor Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
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 Sedivy, Frank J., 2838 S. Homan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
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 Silvers, Robert R., 8056 S. Aberdeen St., Chicago, Illinois
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 Simek, Leonard K., 3215 N. Neenah, Chicago, Illinois
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 Stevenson, Gerald R., Wheeling, Illinois
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 Thor, Francis M., (No Address)
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 Vandeventer, W. H., 15-101 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois
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 Vella, Vincent, 576 Seventh Street, Chicago, Illinois
 Vickers, William E., (No Address)
 Yoder, Hubert, 503 Ann Garden Apartments, Montgomery 7, Alabama
 Wright, Thomas O., 7020 S. Emerald Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
 Wisecup, Paul F., 625 Carwin, Dayton, Ohio
 Wise, Richard A., Central Avenue, East Bangor, Penna.
 Williams, W. Lay, Effingham, Illinois
 Wiegmann, Edward C., 2210 Oliver Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana
 White, Carroll L., R.R. No. 4, Noblesville, Indiana
 York, Dallas, Carmi, Illinois
 Zawadzki, Edwin J., 2830 N. Maplewood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
 Zider, Sydney S., 44443 Walcott, Chicago, Illinois
 Zyznar, Cosimer T., (No Address)

COPY OF REMARKS OF MAJOR GENERAL J. A. LESTER

to 24th Infantry Division Veterans' Association Convention Banquet, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill., 12 August 1950

To my comrades of the 24th Infantry Division assembled in their Annual Reunion, I send my affectionate greetings.

Today finds our Beloved Division engaged in a bitter struggle with evil forces of aggression. The clarion call for the first American Ground Forces to resist these forces of aggression and to serve under the banner of the United Nations came to our Division. They have met enormously superior numbers under adverse conditions and have acquitted themselves as heroic fighting men.

I have visited the wounded evacuated to the Homeland and have formed a vivid impression of the conditions under which they have fought and are now fighting.

When history of these first six weeks of the Korean War is written and is compared with the combat that our units have known during past wars—the Seven Days Battle around Richmond, Antietam, Chicamauga, Gettysburg, the fields of Lorraine, the campaigns in the Southwest Pacific of Hollandia, Biak and throughout the Philippine Archipelago—it will be recorded that "this was their finest hour."

GET IN ON THE CHRISTMAS AD PLAN!

We plan to publish an Ad Sheet in the Christmas Edition which will be in the mails during December of this year. This plan was brought up on the floor during the business meeting at the Chicago Convention. It was thought that many of you fellows would like to put a Christmas Greeting Ad to your buddies in the Taro Leaf, instead of sending out so many Christmas Cards. Remember last year, most of you members received a Christmas Card from Ed Henry. That was a costly problem for Ed, and he endorses this plan. Pick the Ad that you can afford. Your association officers think that these prices will meet every ones pocket book. Get behind the plan. If successful, this plan should put the organization in a good way financially. What do you think? Would you like to send Christmas greetings to your buddies through the Taro Leaf? Send your money and the plan that you wish to the secretary and he will see to it that it appears in the Christmas Edition. Use your own word styling. If you can't afford an ad, send in a buck so that your name can appear on the greetings sheet, and get a buck from your wife or sweetheart. Every bit helps. Maybe you know some bar or candy store down the street that might want to place an ad. Get their money too. We can use it. Don't put it off too long. Remember the Christmas rush. Get your Ads into the secretary some time during October or November, thereby we can figure on the size and cost of the Christmas Edition. We want to get that edition to the printers by early December.

Note: Ads from non-members of 24th Assn. will have to be sold for \$5 more per ad than to members, i. e., a \$5 ad to non-member is \$10; a \$20 ad is \$25, etc.

Member Non-Member

1/12 page (1 1/2" x 3 3/4").....	\$3.50	\$5.50
1/6 page (3" x 3 3/4").....	6.50	11.50
1/4 page (4 1/2" x 3 3/4").....	10.00	15.00
1/2 page (8" x 5").....	20.00	25.00

GENERAL IRVING LEAVING EAST COAST FOR WEST COAST



Maj. Gen. Frederick A. Irving

A farewell party was given for General Frederick Irving, who is leaving the Pentagon to be stationed in the Presidio, San Francisco, California. Those present from the Washington area were:

Lt. Col. George C. Abert
Mr. T. J. Chaconas
Col. Max N. Cizon
Lt. Col. Chester Dahlen
Capt. Kenneth Deans
Lt. Col. Joseph H. Hodges, Jr.
Col. (Ret.) C. H. Jones
Maj. Harry L. Jones
M/Sgt. W. H. Little
Lt. Col. G. B. Page
Col. David Perkins
Mr. Joseph I. Peyton
Lt. Alfred Redd
Lt. Robert D. Vaughn

We know they'll miss General Irving around the Pentagon. Good luck out West!

The following message was received from Roscoe Claxon's mother, Mrs. Burton Claxon, Stamping Ground, Scott County, Kentucky:

*"Pray Dear God: give the Christian
United Nations victory now
As we humbly bow.
We love, honor Thee
Christ died to set us free."*

As the train came to the Chicago stockyards, a woman opened her bottle of smelling salts. Suddenly the car was filled with a terrible odor. "Lady," shouted a boy "wouldja please put the cover back on that bottle?"

Late Flash!

The Assn. name is now
"24th Inf. Division Assn."

A HANDFUL OF AMERICANS Hats Off To The Fighting G I

"We would like to take time out from all the talk about mistakes in Korea and just say a word of thanks to the mythical average GI in the 24th Division.

Soldier, nations are grateful for the job you've done.

The war hit out of a blue sky. Before you knew what had happened there you were in a place called Korea trying to kill without being killed.

The enemy had tanks, heavy artillery, twice as much stuff as you did, not to mention five, 10 or 15 times as many men.

You had to keep falling back. Hit and run. Get out and walk back down the road you had just come up, leaving your wounded behind.

So a few of you cursed and called it a "useless damned war." BUT YOU DID WHAT YOU HAD TO DO. And you made it so tough on the Communists they couldn't do what they started to do—knock out South Korea before the UN forces could get a good foothold.

We read about the wounded guy you had to leave behind, who was still firing his mortar at the enemy when last seen, holding it with his hands.

We read about the only casualty in the American patrol that killed or wounded a couple hundred North Koreans—a machine gunner who burned his hands firing his own weapon.

And we read about your C. G., General Dean. Maybe a general shouldn't get himself into a spot like that, but if he does there's a lot to be said for him joining a bazooka team in person and blasting some tanks.

All the time it's been man against tank, or light tank against heavy tank. It's been a business of coping with Communists in baggy white pants or even American fatigues who showed up suddenly behind your own lines.

You've had good air and naval support. And, since that first confusion, the South Koreans have been fighting hard on your flank.

But most of that help was where you couldn't see it, and you still had the pressure of maybe 40,000 North Koreans against 3500 Americans.

So you had to fall back. But you killed eight or 10 of the enemy for every American lost. AND, when you pulled back, you took your own sweet time doing it.

That gave us time to bring in more troops, and that's what we needed.

In short, YOU are what kept it from being what it might have become—a useless war. And all we can say to you and the rest of the 24th is that you've done one helluva good job."

FORWARDED TO 24th DIV. IN KOREA ON 13 AUG. 50

COMMANDING GENERAL
24TH INFANTRY DIVISION
TO ALL MEMBERS
OF THE DIVISION:

As we meet in convention today, our proud hearts are with you in combat. We salute you who carry forward the guidons that fought from New Guinea to Japan. Your determined courage has aroused the admiration and respect of the entire nation. We ask God's blessing upon you, and may He guide you to a speedy victory.

24TH DIVISION VETERANS
ASSOCIATION

MONEY - MONEY - MONEY (Cont.)

sidering the hard time the Post Office is having in meeting its bills from appropriations. So, what are we going to use for money to get these Taro Leafs in greater numbers, so that MORE people can have them for reading?

Many suggestions have been made. Some, no ALL, the suggestions made at the Conventions were very good. All that remains now is to carry them into ACTION. Here they are, what do YOU think of them?

PLAN 1. Why not use the pages of the Taro Leaf as your Christmas cards to the buddies of the 24th—cost approximately five dollars per ad, or whatever you want to spare? The author of this piece considers this a good idea and is willing to spend ten dollars, because his Christmas list is always a BIG one. Would YOU be willing to take a five or ten dollar ad in the Christmas issue of the Taro Leaf?

PLAN 2. Do you think that it would be a good idea for LOCAL Chapters, throughout the USA to sponsor at THEIR expense ONE issue of the Taro Leaf per year. If you do, why not let the 34th gang in the New York area, publish ONE issue, all costs to be borne by the gang there and widely distributed to the membership AND to any listings they may have? What do you say there in New York? Ye editor is eager to get a reply from YOU all!

PLAN 3. Do you know any eligible millionaires in the 24th Association who would be willing to sponsor the Association AND the Taro Leaf, just out of the goodness of their heart, and of course, deduct that \$10,000 contribution from the income tax? We would, of course, be willing to give THIS millionaire LIFE MEMBERSHIP in the Association not only for himself, but all his sons and daughters, to say nothing of our gratitude which will flow in his direction, without limit and without stint. All it would take to really make us RICH would be three such millionaires. Money comes to money, and \$30,000 would put the Association in position to canvas not only the veterans of World War II, but all the boys who are doing some HOT fighting in Korea, and future assignees to the 24th Division in being. As a matter of fact, this brings up another subject. It was suggested TOO that all the people in the 24th be automatically included in the membership of the Association and the name of the Association changed by eliminating the word "Veterans" in our title. I kind of like the idea and I am almost POSITIVE that when peace comes again to the 24th, the boys OVER THERE will be very happy to send in their \$3.00 a year for the privilege of membership in the Association. BUT, we are back to MONEY again, to put out over 15,000 copies of the Taro Leaf costs MONEY, and with the Division enjoying FULL membership, it means that we have to enlarge the Taro Leaf to provide for LOCAL news. The Taro Leaf costs too much as it is, what are we going to use for money? Three dollars per is NOT enough, although it COULD be done. It is a good thought, what do YOU guys think?

PLAN 4. Why limit ourselves to millionaires? Why not permit the regulars to subscribe to the Association at say \$10.00 to \$500.00 per year? Not being RICH and DEFINITELY not a millionaire, I could stand a \$25.00 a year sustaining membership fee against my thin purse. How about the rest of you?

PLAN 5. This is the cheap plan. Say some

A TRUE FRIEND (Cont.)

berger who was then Academy Superintendent. General Eichelberger's Commandant of Cadets was none other than our own General Irving. Among the students and faculty were many of the officers who in 1943 were serving as battalion commanders and executives with the 24th when it arrived in Australia.

General Byers felt at home in the 24th, had confidence in its leadership and praised that leadership highly. The old friendships led to informal conferences at which many things were straightened out without "fuss and feathers" and without the normal "mountain of paper work". The net result was a fighting team, from top to bottom, down to and including the occupation duties in Japan. The present 24th Division in action in "hot" Korea did not go unnoticed, inasmuch as General Byers was also acquainted with General Dean, the leader of leaders, in the United Nations police action.

The audience gave General Byers a standing ovation, which his talk merited, and it was the hope of most of the "officials" that some way may be found to include General Byers in "perpetual" membership of the Association, for he well deserves to be included as part of the 24th in combat.

General Byers received his second star on 28 June 1945 and the following combat decorations during World War II: Distinguished Service Cross, Distinguished Service Medal, Legion of Merit with Oak Leaf Cluster, Bronze Star Medal with two OLC's, an Air Medal and the Purple Heart. We wish him luck and greater success in the Army, and hope that he will come and talk to us again, now that his "first love" has made the "transition from a horse-mounted cavalryman to a gun-heavy, armored, tracked vehicle mounted by a crew"—Armor.

Gen. Collins and Admiral Sherman have been high in their praise of the 24th Infantry Division, which was thrown piecemeal into the fighting initially and of the South Koreans themselves. American troops, as they become battle-tested, are becoming more effective and Red infiltrations are no longer the dread maneuver they have been in the past, they reported. The Americans are learning how to cope with such situations.

FLASH! FLASH!

At the time of this writing Col. Max N. Cizon is on leave at Amarillo, Texas. Max is now the grandfather. The little granddaughter was born during the latter part of August. Weight 6 pounds 12 ounces. Congratulations grand-pappy.

of the boys, "The Association has been in business a long enough time, why not limit distribution of the Taro Leaf to members only?" I am again this, of course, but these boys have something there, because a lot of the boys are riding on the coat-tails of the paid membership and have been doing so from the very beginning. It even costs money to pin these guys down and get a "yes" or "no" answer out of them. I am still agin the plan, but I gotta be fair, editorially speaking that is, so I am including this—WITH PREJUDICE. What is the opinion of the readers of this piece?

There they are folks. There is plenty of choice. The problem is simple. We need money to EXIST. How shall we go about getting it? Use these columns to tell us. Thanks for listenin! (Ye Ed)

CHICAGO REUNION (Cont.)

rooms. Rumor has it that one of the "officers"—last year's, of course—said that it was "for sentiment, mostly". A psychologist delving into the reunion might find that to many the assignment to the 24th was the high point of their lives—that they come to the reunion for the uplift, they relive the days of "glory". THIS year they could make comparisons. Quote from the Chicago Daily News, 12 August: "They're also proud of the 'kids' now fighting for the 24th in Korea." "They're doing pretty well for green troops" said President-elect James (Spike) O'Donnell, raising his umptieth glass of beer to his mouth. "Are the vets ready to go back? I'll bet 50 of them would be ready to go tomorrow," said Martin Cavanaugh, 29, of 818 N. Leclair Avenue, Chicago.

The "military" experts had their say too. Judge for yourself, and we quote from John H. Thompson (an old Chicago Tribune hand at veteran's conventions): "A retrograde action is the most difficult of all military maneuvers. You're bound to lose men, altho you inflict heavy casualties on the enemy," said "he", with his feet on the bar-rail. "He" does NOT refer to Mr. Thompson; the latter knows better and besides he has never served with the Victory Division.

City honors 24th, past and present.

Mayor Kennelly proclaimed August 11, 1950 "24th Division Day in Chicago", and the Chicago Fair management asked for the privilege of holding memorial services in the open at the fair grounds on Sunday, August 13th.

All arrangements were made well in advance by the Chicago Committee (No resemblance to the "committee" referred to above) and no two harder workers ever participated in arrangements as did Spike O'Donnell and Tiny Maybaum. Those of us on hand wondered and wondered how Tiny could "take it", little as he is, in size that is. But he took it, and I will wager that he can take it some more if he has the job to do. You should have seen him in action with the hotel management when the "latecomers" came for help in getting that room they "forgot to reserve in advance".

First Day

Friday, the first day, was Registration Day. The greetings were earthy. "Hey, look who's here, the best damned sniper this side of Tokyo". Or "Hello, you ol' horse!" The ol' horse drew a big laugh by imitating the deep voice of command, "At ease, you men . . ." More backs were slapped than hands shaken; eyes strained for faces and memories for names (and ME too!)

The Chicago Committee chose its meeting place wisely. To the left of the registration desk was the "magic" dispenser of more dreams of days of long ago. The "boys" and their mates have still got that thirst, despite the thin purse. This bar had more attraction than the "free" shows which were available to all present. As a matter of fact, and despite Tom Compere's hard work in getting them, most of the tickets for radio give-away and entertainment programs went begging, and tickets for Friday's show were still there untouched early Sunday morning. Could it be that the boys preferred to shoot the breeze? Funny, too, the "girls" seemed to like to hang around. Could be they are envying the memories of our boys? Or, did they think that the conversation would lead to discovery of the real meaning of "nabub-

(Continued on Page 10)



SERVICE COMPANY CHICKS INVADE CHICAGO

The members of Service Company, 19th Infantry really invade Chicago during the 1950 convention. Chicks from far off places took over the Windy City for a great reunion. Those present included:

Bill Savell, Blountstown, Florida
(3d Convention)
Dick Wise, East Bangor, Penna.
(3d Convention)
Fred Gray, Watertown, N. Y.
(3d Convention)
Joe Peyton, Baltimore, Md.
(3d Convention)
Charles Stancil, Little Rock, Ark.
(2d Convention)
Chap. Chris Berlo, Denver, Colo.
(2d Convention)
Tom Schmitz, Wilmington, Calif.
(1st Convention)
Charlie Hogue, Edwardsville, Ill.
(1st Convention)

Also present were Mrs. Tomas Schmitz, Mrs. Charles Hogue, and Mr. Stuart Gray, brother of Fred. The Chicks feel as though they have had one of the best groups, if not the best, for any of the three conventions. And there is no stopping. Plans are under way to have a larger turnout at Detroit in 1951.

The 1950 get together got started early. A few of the boys arrived at the Morrison Hotel as early as August 10th, to get things scouted. The first day of the Convention August 11th, was started by greeting old buddies and the exchanging of stories about days overseas, and of the civilian age. The evening was spent at the cocktail lounge, and other such places. It was while at the Cocktail Lounge, that the Chicks met the great Jack Dempsey. Although Jack, ever popular, was in a big hurry, he could not refuse the boys his autograph. Especially after seeing the 24th Division badge decorating their coat lapels. The main phase of "the invasion" got under way on August 12th. After several get togethers during the day, (it's needless to describe them), it came time for the big banquet. The chicks heard their song "The Rock of Chickamauga" played quite a few times during the great feast, which was by far the best banquet of the three conventions to date. After the banquet and its great speeches, the gang had a group picture taken in the Mural Room, after which they gathered in the C. P. for a final blow-out. This is where the battle wounds were drenched with alcohol. Additional trips had to be made during the night to obtain more of the liquid refreshments to keep the wounds numbed. A grand time was had by all. A few of the Chicks that were not present were contacted on the long distance phone. They were sorry they could not make the Convention, and additional sorrow will come

when the telephone bills are received. Wisconsin and Connecticut are a long way from Chicago. The following day August 13th was spent in send offs. Every one wishing the other the best of luck, and in hopes of seeing one another again in Detroit in 1951. Yes the Chicks think their \$2.00 for dues (incidentally they will be \$3.00 next year) is worth spending, to belong to such a grand organization as the 24th Infantry Division's Veterans Association. Getting the Taro Leaf, and the opportunity to see each other yearly is all they expect from their dues. they want nothing else. Again I say a grand organization that 24th Division.

NOTICE

**FORWARD ALL DUES
& OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE
TO**

**JOSEPH I. PEYTON
131 N. CULVER ST.
BALTIMORE 29, MARYLAND,**

and NOT to

**TARO LEAF, as Taro Leaf
Hq. is now separate from Assn. Hq.**



Left to right: James M. (Spike) O'Donnell, Pres., 24th Div. Assn., Mrs. Little, Ross Pursifull, Mrs. Ross Purcifull, Maj. Gen. C. E. Byers, Maj. Gen. Kenneth F. Cramer, Dorothy Henry, Ed Henry, Louise J. Duff, Father Chris Berlo.

CHICAGO CONVENTION PERSONAL(itie)S

Where do you suppose Walter Cunningham, the LATE Walter Cunningham that is, thought the Convention was being held? Someone saw him come in very late on Saturday night when the festivities were all over, except, of course, for the drowning of sorrows pending that LONG wait until Detroit in 1951. Is it possible Walter that A GAL kept you from remembering that the Convention began on the 11th (Friday) and not on Sunday?

* * * *

Those of you who saw the Program probably wonder what happened to Colonel A. S. (Red) Newman, our former Chief of Staff and C. O. of the fighting Dragons? There is a very sad tale involved and here goes: Col. Newman was all set to come and act as Toastmaster at the convention, when up comes that demon "appendectomy" for Mrs. Newman: following the operation "complications" developed and the Colonel had to remain behind to look after his Missess; result—he was unhappy that illness AGAIN prevented him from "going places". For those of you who are still in the dark about the matter of "going places", let me tell you that when the Colonel was being considered for promotion to Brigadier General, following his brilliant leadership of the 34th Infantry in Leyte, he was flat on his back in a hospital severely wounded, and there went his promotion opportunity! General Byers and Colonel Newman are very good personal friends, dating

back to the days at the Military Academy; the General was happy to learn that Red Newman would introduce him at the banquet. And Mrs. Newman is in a hospital "with complications". How bad can one's luck get?

* * * *

Everybody wants to know how TINY Maybaum can do it? There is a BOY what IS a BOY! Could be he eats Wheaties for breakfast? Which reminds me, how about an ad from the makers of Breakfast for Champions?

* * * *

Missing but NOT forgotten:

"Snapper" Harry L. SNAVELY. Did you have that addition to your family yet Snapper? The boys of the 34th Company of yours certainly were lost without you!

Mrs. "Moneybags" Davidson of Swedesboro: We missed you honey, and would have preferred to have the smile from Down Under in exchange for that "growl" we got from that husband of yours. Start saving for Detroit, or we will come and get you.

Lt. Col. "Dick" Lawson: Sorry you could not make it Dick. That film you prepared was swell, and we are all sorry our HISTORIAN could not be on hand to alibi for some of those faked scenes in that scenario. Thanks too for that "extra" film you sent.

During the business meeting, the discussion regarding where 1951 Convention was to be held. Tom Schmitz, Sv Co, 19th stood and remarked. "I'm from Wilmington, California, and wherever you have it next year, I'll be

there". Good boy Tom! Our organization needs fellows like you. See you in Detroit in 1951.

* * * *

Bob Duff, our ex-secretary and present publisher of the Taro Leaf, loved his job so well that he ate his banquet meal at the Registration Desk and thus caught up on some new memberships that might have been missed had he not been there. Could it be that you missed the Misses up there with the gods at the front table, and couldn't stand seeing her eat all by herself? Incidentally Mrs. Duff deserves special thanks, not only for accepting a seat at the guest table, but for her secretarial activities at the Registration Desk.

* * * *

Let's not forget those three young ladies who came to the aid of the General Chairman and who so ably handled the registrations all day Friday. One of them was Spike O'Donnell's sister, and I wish I knew the correct spelling of the names of the others; but many thanks girls! You are hereby automatically made honorary members of the non-existent auxiliary of the 24th Division Assn.

* * * *

Tom Compere, who is not exactly famed for promptness, has been reported as the most active participant in this convention. It's a lie the things they said about you, Tom; I can prove it!

(Continued on Page 7)

OFFICERS ELECTED AT CHICAGO CONVENTION

PRESIDENT—James M. O'Donnell, 21st Infantry, 4531 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

VICE-PRESIDENTS—William A. Savell, 19th Infantry, Blountstown, Fla.
Edward Wiegmann, 19th Infantry, 2210 Oliver Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Sam Snyder, 34th Infantry, 1356 Walton Ave., New York City.
Arthur Maybaum, 21st Infantry, 1018 W. 65th St., Chicago 21, Ill.
William Muldoon, 19th Infantry, 122 Englewood Ave., Brookline 46, Mass.
Leland Leatherman, 21st Infantry, 843 Park, Hot Springs, Ark.
Kenwood Ross, Division Headquarters, 1387 Main St., Springfield, Mass.
Capt. John F. Leddy, 24th Medical, Atlanta Distribution Depot, Atlanta, Georgia.
William E. Vickers, 34th Infantry, 4642 Malden Street, Chicago 40, Ill.
Lt. Col. Max Pitney, 52d Field Artillery, Fort Sill, Okla.
Thomas P. Madden, Division Headquarters.

SECRETARY—Joseph I. Peyton, 19th Infantry, 131 N. Culver Street, Baltimore 29, Md.

TREASURER—William V. Davidson, Division Headquarters, 540 Park Avenue, Swedesboro, N. J.

CHAPLAIN—Capt. Chris J. Berlo, 19th Infantry, Staff, Fitzsimons Army Hosp., Denver 8, Colorado.

HISTORIAN—Lt. Col. Richard H. Lawson, Division Headquarters, The Pentagon, Washington 25, D. C.

PERSONALITIES (Cont.)

Who is this Korean expert you get your military and recruiting dope from Cavanaugh?

* * * *

The most ACTIVE Company present at the Convention, under the able and dual leadership of Veep Savell and Secretary-elect Peyton, was "Service Company" of the Chicks. This is the third convention at which at least eight members of the Company were present and ready for anything. It is this table that caused all that raucous at the Convention with that little-heard-of song, they tell me, is called "The Rock of Chickamauga". Incidentally the Service Company boys come from Florida, California and Maryland, just to mention three members.

* * * *

The medical profession was well represented by:

Dr. S. B. Daubenhayer and the Misses (pretty as a picture, too!) from Gary, Indiana.

Capt. (or is it Major, Doc?) Urban Throm, who stopped on the way to either a conference of a permanent change of station. By the way Doc, they tell me that if you did not get a recent promotion, you are due for one, almost any minute now. Better get the dope to the Secretary right away, cause there are a lot of the boys who smoke cigars.

AND a lot more from the Medical Battalion, to say nothing of the gang which came up from the medical detachments.

* * * *

The Signal boys are madder than blazes at Jim Purcell for not being on hand, as usual. What's the matter Jim? Were you afraid that we would not have a projector you could foul up, again? Or were you afraid to show up with that photogenic wife of yours? We knew she's purty; we have last year's picture to prove it!

(Continued on Page 9)

POLICY FOR PAYING DUES

At the 1950 Convention in Chicago, it was learned that many of our members misunderstood the policy of paying the yearly dues. As every one knows, any organization must have certain rules and regulations which governs the group, in order that it will be successful. The policy of the 24th Infantry Division Veterans Association pertaining to paying dues is as follows. The fiscal year starts September 1st (or for the benefit of those attending conventions, during such conventions) and ends on August 31st the following year. Members joining the Association prior to August get in at a bad time. They, according to the rules, must pay dues twice in one year, but exceptions will be made when it is thought the individual and organization will benefit by so doing. At present the 1950 dues are due. Any one paying his dues of \$2.00 at this time will be a member for one year ending August 31, 1951. Membership cards will be sent out upon receipt of payment. The money received from dues for membership goes to publishing the Taro Leaf. Every one realizes that it takes money to publish our paper. So let's all of us get on the ball and send in our dues. The success of the organization depends upon them. When sending in your dues, please forward them to the secretary (who's address you will find somewhere in this issue) and he in turn will forward you your membership card, and giving you proper credit. He will see that your money is sent to the Treasurer. Let's get those dues in as soon as possible. Remember too, it was voted on at the 1950 Convention, that the dues be increased starting next August to \$3.00. Yes, everything is going up, and although we hated to do it, necessity required the raise. Don't feel too bad about it though, your organization was the last of the Veterans Organizations to come out with the raise. It is a necessity, as stated before, so give your dues in cheerfully. It is believed that you will not re-

NEWS ITEM

Extract of a letter from Chaplain (Father) Walter to Col. Cizon:
(see also YAP NEWS LETTER NO. 6)
(elsewhere in this issue)

4 July 1950

"Your letter of March 27th with two enclosures was waiting for me when I returned from my last field trip toward the end of May. But I was in a terrific rush to get to Guam and buy a little furniture to speed around to my islands. I bought some folding arm chairs (Army type) and some second-hand tables plus cases of canned goods, etc. to make life livable out here.

"I got out of Guam about four days before the Korean war broke out on the ship for Ulithi. So here I am trying to catch up on my correspondence. What a life! I just can't do everything the way I plan it. (Neither can we, Bucky! Ye Ed).

"This Korean war is causing quite a disruption of shipping out of Guam. I don't know yet how much it will affect my traveling around the islands. I don't even know if I'll be able to get back to Yap this month or not. That means I am certain to miss the Convention deadline with my pictures. If I can't make up a batch of shots for you in the next six months I'll send you the negatives." (We hope they will be ready for the Convention in Detroit—10-12 August 1951.—Editor).

THE END

get it. Let's make the 24th Infantry Division Veterans Association the best veterans organization in the country. First in War, first in Peace, and first in the cooperation with our buddies.

Send your dues to Secy.

Joe I. Peyton
131 Culver St.
Baltimore 29, Md.







WITH THE 24TH DIV. IN KOREA

When it comes to rough, close-in, mountain fighting, the doughboys of the 19th Infantry Regiment give the Reds a hard time. This was proved during a recent attack on "PURPLE HEART HILL," behind the Nakdong River. Corporal Woodrow Rasnick, Richmond, Va., led his squad in the initial attack. They were making steady progress when they ran into two Red machine guns. Without hesitation, Rasnick charged the enemy positions with his M-1 rifle and hand grenades. Total score: One prisoner, two Reds bayoneted and six killed while trying to escape. Rasnick has been recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross by his unit commander.

Corporal Larry Holder, Winslow, Arizona advanced in the face of four machine guns, firing his automatic rifle from the hip, (Hop-along Cassidy style). The next morning a number of dead Reds were found in his path.

Sgt. Alfred Amacker, Orange, Texas overran an enemy position and turned their own machine gun on them. "The Reds thought Sgt. Amacker was one of them, and signaled for him to stop firing. The Sgt. got a lot of them before they knew the difference.

Pfc. Bernard Witherspoon, Rocksboro, N. C., a company cook used an automatic rifle for the first time and got a lot of the enemy. He cockily remarked to his buddies; "As long as I have my rifle and spoons, you guys have nothing to worry about."

—0—

The Army Times Reports: Pfc. Alfred Brown, Lancaster, Texas came to the com-

pany commander and reported a Korean House moving down a village street. The CO thought Brown was cracking up, and sent others to investigate. They discovered the same being true. After pumping a few rounds from their rifles, into the house, the Reds started to leave the house in its tracks. The boys got them.

—0—

Recently a group of 24th GI's were forced to retreat, leaving the base plate to their weapon behind. "After digging in on the next hill they used a steel helmet for the base plate. The setup worked as good as a new mortar. The commies thought the GI can heater was a new 'secret weapon'."

—0—

While evacuating an ambulance load of wounded men from a flaming city on the Korean battle front, Cpl. Glen Banker and Pfc. Don Bailey were wounded slightly when an enemy mortar shell disabled their ambulance. Bailey, undaunted, located a friendly tank nearby and discovering it was not manned, loaded the wounded aboard. Altho' he had never been in a tank before, he started the motor and began moving toward the aid station. The tank had a broken tread and swerved into a ditch. Bailey leaped out, and flagged a passing jeep upon which the wounded were loaded. With Bailey directing the driver, they ran a gauntlet of savage fire to safety.

"For six weeks you were shipwrecked on a desert island with a beautiful girl. What did you do for food?"

"Darned if I remember."

PERSONALITIES (Cont.)

Col. William J. Verbeck—Mr. Gimlet, himself! Sorry you could not see for yourself how your scrapbook was fingered, Bill. Let us hope that you will be here for the Detroit show next year! Don't worry, Spike and Tiny took care that no one at the Convention forgot the Gimlets were still in business.

* * * *

Messages of good wishes were received from, and read as follows:

"Sorry I could not make Chicago Convention, but all good wishes for your success",—John O. Strong, formerly Lt. Co. G, 34th Inf.

"Sorry I could not make Convention in Chicago, dues enclosed for 1950-51",—Elvin E. Green, formerly Co. K, 21st Inf.

NOTICE!

SEND

ALL DUES and

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE

TO

Your New Secy.

JOSEPH I. PEYTON

131 N. CULVER ST.

BALTIMORE 29, MARYLAND

YAP, WESTERN CAROLINES

c/o CAU, Navy 3014

F. P. O. San Francisco, Calif.

June 5, 1950.

Dear Friends and Co-Missionaries,

The Pacific can sometimes be nasty. The recent trip was really quite rough. The ship took a pounding in the heavy seas. Some cargo shifted and damaged the anchor engine. The searchlight on the bridge was shaken loose and came crashing down on the deck. A few hull plates buckled and we sprung a leak. Finally the seams on the main oil tank split and we barely had enough fuel left to make port. Every time the ship bucked into a wave it seemed like we had run onto a reef. The terrific jarring lifted our feet right off the deck. The skipper was a little worried but we never were in actual distress. Two other ships about a thousand miles to the north of us were not so fortunate. They had to send out SOS signals. We could hear them over our ship's radio, Navy tugs from Guam had to go to the rescue. So the Pacific is not always so calm as its name would seem to imply.

Each time I return to Yap after a journey the mechanical inventions of civilization keep me extremely busy. My typewriter, mimeograph, camera, sewing machine and carpenter's tools occupy all the time that is left over from pastoral and spiritual duties. My little ten-foot sailboat is ready for launching; an altar is completed and others are under construction; timbers are being cut into proper lengths for a prefabricated church.

The completed altars will be taken with me on the next trip to be left on islands that have nothing at all. The altars are rather rustic as they are to be used outdoors until such time as enough chapels are erected. At least I'll have something better than boxes and oil drums on which to celebrate Mass. Later as the proposed chapels are built, I'll make better altars and use the present ones for vesting tables and beds. Yes, beds! If the copra ship arrives late in the afternoon and the loading isn't completed by sundown the ship lays off shore overnight and I stay on the "beach" in the "boondocks". It's not feasible to carry a bed with me wherever I go so it's necessary to sleep native fashion on the ground in a hut. A table is better than the ground. Not so many ants and other tiny pests can crawl over you.

The prefabricated church will, I hope, be a model for succeeding ones. The natives are not carpenters and their only tools are adzes. They can do wonders with an adze. But they have never seen our type of building so they have queer notions on how to build one. On most islands I can never stay long enough to supervise the construction. Prefabrication is my only solution. With the timbers ready cut the natives will only have to learn how to assemble the pieces together. If this works out satisfactorily and I can find the finances for it, I'll go into mass production and take a church with me on every trip. Even at that rate it'll be five years before we have all our churches built.

Next week we'll have a launching. My little sailboat is about ready for the water. Last Saturday morning I bent pieces of iron rod into hooks. Three hooks fastened together made an anchor somewhat resembling a grappling hook. The hull, rudder, mast and sail are all finished. A shoemaker's awl was used to sew the sail. Our Lord's trade of carpenter was not one of my accomplish-

ments until I came out here, but much can be learned from books. The name of the boat is "Ueluo!" or "Queen" in honor of Our Lady. I wanted to call it 'Morning Star' but that name is too long in Yapeese - 'Tufan e kakadebul'. The boat is a flat-bottomed dinghy so it can go anywhere inside the reef. Pagel, our aged catechist at Yap, calls it 'Kahol' or 'box'. He thinks it will capsize in a light breeze but he doesn't know anything about centerboards. The launching will cause a sensation. All the sceptics will be there for a laugh. I'm sure they'll be surprised.

The boat has four means of locomotion—bamboo poles, oars, sail and outboard motor. Now we should be able to get ten miles up and down the coast in a hurry and cut a half day off the time necessary for a sick-call trip. Two or three calls come in every week. So we need the boat. It'll help us give glory to God and consolation to the sick.

The prayers and sacrifices you are offering to God for the Missions are bringing abundant graces to the people on these isolated islands. There is no other way to explain the Faith of these Christians, ESPECIALLY when you consider the utter lack of visible signs and helps. On most islands there are no churches, crucifixes, stations or statues to see, no prayerbooks or other literature to read and no priest to give advice or instruction. Their shepherd visits them only a few hours at a time, a few times a year. He cannot speak their language fluently and they cannot speak his. Even in Confession his stumbling speech can offer no more than a dozen words of advice and encouragement. Despite all these handicaps the Faith truly lives where it has taken root, in their hearts. Their prayers are most fervent, their reverence for God is sublime. And on each visit of the priest they bring not only their babies, but one or more aged pagans and present them for baptism. Of the very aged, some of whom are in their dotage, only the barest knowledge of the rudiments of the Faith is required for they are very slow to learn and may not be in the world of the living when the priest returns again three months later. During my last trip, on Holy Saturday, the oldest couple on the Island of Lotho was baptized and on Easter Sunday an old woman of seventy-two years, the oldest on the Island of Mogmog, was received into the Church. On Ngulu, an island with only twelve Christians, six pagans asked for baptism but their reception into the Church was delayed for further instruction. These conversions were certainly not due to the efforts of their shepherd. They were accomplished by God's Grace working through the efficacy of your prayers. Your continued prayers will continue to bring about more conversions of these pagans living on the edge of the map.

The term "edge of the map" is often loosely used. But our Mission Field is literally that. Probably no islands in all the world are more greatly removed from every contact with civilized man. They have no commerce and produce no manufactures. Because they have no material resources they have become a lost remnant of the human race. Our civilization has cut them off and abandoned them. So they live in a world by themselves. It is true they are under the protection of America but America is six thousand miles away. They are a thousand miles off the nearest trade route and there is hardly any way to get to them.

Four times a year, once every three months, a ship, a very small ship, departs from Guam and sails south into our Stone Age territory

passing no other ships on the way. The ship pauses for a few hours at each island to buy copra and sell trade goods. During that short time I go ashore and bring the Mass and Sacraments to the Christians. For the remaining three hundred and sixty-one days of the year the natives live behind the Iron Curtain of the Stone Age subsisting on a diet of coconuts and fish. Far out numbered by the unbelievers, the Christians live alone surrounded by the traditions and customs of the past centuries of paganism. Yet, regardless of their isolation from the ministrations of the Church, they remain faithful in the observance of the Commandments, say their prayers daily and instruct their children in the knowledge of God. How could they be so steadfast in the Faith without the special grace of God brought to them through your prayers? Don't forget them in your daily Rosary and the Novena of the Sacred Heart!

Prayers! Prayers! Prayers! They are so extremely important! Nothing could be accomplished without them. And after prayers, there is the need for financial assistance. With a little cash each island could have its little church surmounted by a cross; with a little cash we could furnish stations, statues and crucifixes. The native is anxious to learn and willing to listen. Each article of Christianity brought to his island will arouse his curiosity and cause him to ask questions. The Christians would be encouraged in the practice of their Faith. Any offering at all will win you Our Lady's smile and blessing. Place it in an envelope and send it by registered mail. There is no other way of receiving cash here. Because our Stone Age parish has no bank or post office checks, money orders and postal notes cannot be turned into cash. My world is at least two thousand years behind your world.

God bless you all!

Sincerely and devotedly
yours in Christ,

William J. Walter, S.J.

CHICAGO REUNION (Cont.)

chai" which the old man is always shouting about in his sleep?

By one o'clock the registration number had reached 67, or was it 76? Anyway, the "formula" boys began working with pencils to determine how many would be there for the banquet on Saturday night. By 8 PM things really looked like success, and the "formula boys" were jubilant. The bar was NOW hard to get to. I don't know if the hotel made money on this bar, but I do know the Association did not get any of the profits.

Division Film a Success.

Thanks to the hard work of General Woodruff and Dick Lawson, the World War II official 24th Division Combat film was a success, not only in subject content but in attendance. After the "usual" mechanical delays in getting "the machine" in working order, the film was shown over and over again, and no one seemed to tire of seeing the real and faked scenes of WWII. Believing that this official film would not be enough fare for the reunion, the boys in The Pentagon arranged for a special film showing the presently-constituted Division in action in Korea. The scenes showing General Dean received an ovation at each showing.

(Continued on Page 11)



ANNUAL REUNION
24th INFANTRY DIVISION
VETERANS ASS'N.
MORRISON HOTEL CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
AUGUST 12th, 1950

ALAN WYNG CO.
CHICAGO

CHICAGO REUNION (Cont.)

the connivance of Ed Postlethwait who managed to get assigned to Fifth Army just in time to "volunteer" for the job of Chairman of Banquet Hall Decoration and Music. A good job he did, as the Chicks—those who remember what they themselves did—can tell you. It seems that the 19th was under the impression that the only music worth having at the Convention was the "Rock of Chickamauga". The band was "permitted" to play Hawaiian tunes too! Just a suggestion boys: You Gimlets and Dragons had better think up some of YOUR OWN music before Detroit is next the scene of festivities. Even the Artillery got its oar in, especially BEFORE and after General Lester's message was given to the banqueters. After hearing those caissons rolling along one would think that all of Fort Sill was there and no one else. Just to keep the record straight, the Fort Sill gang did not forget us, but their one representative did all right for them. Thanks Sgt. Little! Mrs. Little and the Junior Littles took care of the Artillery participation, in great style, and more power to them! I hope that they can all make it next year too, and if some of our Fort Sill boys make it TOO, look out you Chicks!

The Master of Ceremonies was none other than our genial General Cramer, and as stated above, he ain't changed much since his JOB at Baltimore. He can really sling those adjectives, as witness his success in getting the people on their feet with each reading of messages from the Commanding Generals of days gone by. The saddest moment of General Cramer's chore came with his reading of the message from General Dean's aide, who wrote on behalf of Mrs. Dean. I won't attempt to tell you what that message was, but I hope that the editors of this sheet have room to include it in this issue. It is worth while reading, as is the resolution the New England boys framed to The Supreme Commander in the Far East.

General Byer's off-the-cuff remarks, which I am told are reported elsewhere closed the banquet. No mention has been made of the color-guard and the memorial services held under the able direction of Chaplain (Father) Chris Berlo. I somehow avoid any reference to "Taps" when I write a piece, so ask someone if you really want to know about this subject. It was impressive and that bugler was good—too good, when you remember that I hate "Taps"!

And that my dear reader is one guy's "bird-eye-view" of the Chicago Convention. If you don't like the way this has been written up, try doing it yourself from memory, some time. I didn't take notes, cause I didn't know I would be "volunteered" for this job. Soo, so long until I see you in Detroit, where I don't intend to take notes, again.

THE END

A worried young girl went to a doctor's office for a thorough examination. When he had finished, he looked at the girl and said, "What is your husband's name?"

"I don't have a husband," she answered. The doctor looked stern. "What is your boyfriend's name?"

"I don't have a boyfriend," the girl replied. The doctor went to the office window and raised the shade. The young girl asked why he did that and he replied, "The last time this happened a star rose in the east, and I don't want to miss it this time."

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CITY OF CHICAGO

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

MARTIN H. KENNELLY
MAYOR

PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, the 24th Infantry Division Veterans Association is holding its third annual Convention in Chicago on August 11, 12 and 13, 1950; and

WHEREAS, members of this Division served with distinction during World War II, seeing active duty during the attack on Pearl Harbor in December 1941, followed by service in Australia, New Guinea and the Philippines, and until recently on occupation duty in Japan; and

WHEREAS, the 24th Division is again in action in the Korean situation, fighting for the American principles of freedom and justice with the determined courage which has aroused the admiration and respect of the entire nation;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Martin H. Kennelly, Mayor of the City of Chicago, do hereby proclaim August 11, 1950, as 24th DIVISION DAY IN CHICAGO, and call to the attention of all our citizens the observances arranged for this day.

Dated this 27th day of July, A.D., 1950.

Martin H. Kennelly
Mayor

THE TARO LEAF

24th Inf. (Victory) Division Veterans' Assn.
Box 447
Danville, Ill.

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