



## KOREAN PRESIDENTIAL CITATION

REPUBLIC OF KOREA

September 29, 1950

### PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION

The President of the Republic of Korea takes profound pleasure in citing for outstanding and heroic performance of duty on the field of battle during the period 2 July - 22 July 1950,

THE 24TH UNITED STATES INFANTRY DIVISION

for the award of

THE PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION

As the first United States Division in combat at Pyontack, Korea, it so distinguished itself by its tenacity, hard fighting and willingness to make extraordinary sacrifices against greater odds as not only to delay the advance of a numerically superior enemy, but in addition, gained valuable time to permit other United Nations Forces to arrive on the battlefield.

This marked and brilliant performance of duty by each individual member of the 24th INFANTRY DIVISION of the United States Army is in accord with the highest traditions of peace-seeking defenders of Liberty.

This citation carries with it the right to wear the Presidential Unit Citation Ribbon by each individual of the 24th United States Infantry Division which served in Korea in the stated period.

SYNGMAN RHEE



## WHY A 24TH DIVISION ASSOCIATION?

## A WORD OF THANKS

## CONTEST HUGE SUCCESS

THE TARO LEAF  
issued regularly by  
the 24th Infantry  
Division Association  
131 North Culver Street  
Baltimore, Maryland

Joseph I. Peyton, Editor

Subscription \$3.00 per year;  
free to members of the Association.

Published in the interest of  
all men who have served and who  
continue to serve in the 24th  
Infantry Division.

### To Each Member:-

I am grateful for the opportunity to serve as president of the 24th Infantry Division Association.

I have a particular affection and devotion for the division which nothing can make me lose. Like you, I am proud of its glorious record. Like you, when mention is made of the 24th in connection with its present mission, I thrill to refer to it as "my old outfit." I have a loyalty to it which I practice instead of preaching about.

Active membership in this Association provides an outlet for expressing the emotions which are mine. The presidency of this Association offers the opportunity to do double duty in expressing my devotion.

I look forward to a year of unbelievable growth. I promise you the best efforts of your officers to build our Association to an organization of 5000 by the time we meet in Columbus, Ohio in August of 1952. I promise you their best efforts to make "The Taro Leaf" a better and more frequent periodical. I promise you other surprises to make us continue to remember our beloved "outfit."

God willing, we will succeed.

Aloha,

Kenwood Ross

RICOCHETS

We have been getting mail back from the following:-

Henry S. Paison,  
Apopka, Fla.

James E. Fanning (34th)  
84 Raeburn Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

Kenneth L. Pelley (21st)  
11 N. Merriam Ave.,  
Miles City, Mont.

Martin M. Ferriter  
1958 Harrison Ave., Butte, Mont.

Wes Ferry (Div. Hq.)  
5814 N. Miss. Ave., Portland, Ore.

Raymond F. Fine  
LaGrande, Ore. 201-07-8488

Dr. Gordon P. Fisher  
1546 Stonewood Rd., Baltimore, Md.

Richard Fisher (34th)  
837 Ash St., Johnston, Pa.

Can anyone help us locate them at their new addresses?

John E. Fuller, formerly Capt. in G-3 office, Div. Hq. has just joined the Assoc. He's now a Major assigned to G-2 Sect., Hq. EUSAK - That's in Korea in case you don't recognize it.

The question arose in Detroit and ex-President O'Donnell did his level best to provide the answer thereto. Undoubtedly the question is not new. Ye Editor begs permission to inject his version of an answer.

The 24th Infantry Division Association is an organization of veterans, irrespective of wartime rank, who have worn the Taro Leaf at some time since 1941. It was born on the beach at Taloma, Mindanao, P.I. in 1945 before the movement to occupy Japan as the result of an indicated desire to bind together in after years the men who had served together in the 24th. The comradeships formed in the occupied areas of Japan and later in the battleground areas of Korea have given rise to the desire that all 24th men, regardless of the time of their service therein, be joined in this common bond.

It is solely for the interest of those who have at sometime served with the 24th.

Its objectives: to honor and perpetuate the memory of the men who distinguished themselves by their services and sacrifices while with the 24th; to unite and promote fellowship among their descendants; to perpetuate the memory of the achievements of the 24th and its members; to assist within reasonable limits in the relief and education of their children for the betterment of American patriotism and American citizenship; to encourage historical research in relation to the activities of the 24th; to acquire and preserve the records of the services of the members of the 24th as well as documents and relics; to mark the scenes of the activities of the 24th with appropriate memorials; to celebrate the anniversaries of prominent events in the history of the 24th; to promote the National Defense; to help to maintain and extend the institutions of American freedom; and at all times to defend and uphold the Constitution of the United States of America.

That is why we have a 24th Inf. Div. Assoc.

"HUP - TO - TREE - HAAR"

Hilbert E. Owen has just joined the Assoc. He's Principal of the Ervin Grade School in Kokomo, Ind. He writes, "I have often wondered what happened to many of my friend who went on to Leyte while I remained behind in Hollandia. Perhaps through the Association, I may learn." You're absolutely right, Bert. That's one of our jobs. As our lists grow, we are better and better qualified to help out in this way. 200-12-1860. The Directory is the desideratum. Only a low treasury prevents us from getting it out right away but it will be out within a few months, believe us.

### A NEW GAME

In each issue of "The Taro Leaf" we will publish five Social Security numbers. Check these numbers against your own. If yours appears and you notify the Secretary, you will receive a complimentary year membership in the Association

It's no longer Capt. K. V. Deans, if you please. He's sporting gold leaves today. Nice going, Ken! You'll find him at Apt. 2010 Florida Hall, Arlington 8, Va.

To All Members --

It is hardly in order for me to comment upon the success of the '51 Membership Drive.

It is appropriate, however, that I acknowledge my personal gratitude to all of those who assisted me. This I do with deepest sincerity.

We were not planning to economize this year (so as to spend your money to better advantage), I would be sending personal notes of thanks to the likes of Bill McKenna and Pappy Kaye, in Calif., Chaplain Berio in Colo., Joe DeMichele in D.C., Les Ingelson in Ill., Roger Richardson in Ind., "Senator" Claxton in Ky., Francis Poirier in Md., Walt Frederick in Mich., Doug Mentis in Minn., Carl Schank in "Joisey", Al Stewart in N. Mex., Lloyd Neff in Mo., Charlie Siebert in New York, Howie Piehl in N.D., Johnny Henly in Ohio, "Judge" Duncan in Okl., Dick Piefly out in the Keystone State, Vern Nelson in S.D., Jimmy Nims and Lloyd Price down in the Lone Star country, Gordon Page in Va., J.W. Riccardi in W. Va., and Bill Coey in Wis. All of them were especially willing to pitch in and help -- and to use their own hard earned pennies to do it, too. To them the thanks of all of us are due.

Before your time and mine, the Athenians, to avoid slighting some deity whom they may have forgotten, while giving homage to those gods whose names they remembered, invariably raised still another altar to the unknown god. Following their classic precedent, I close these words of appreciation by expressing thanks to those I may unwittingly have failed to name. Through the individual efforts of most all members, we have arrived at a "point of greatest strength" since the Association was formed. And it's "only the beginning."

Ken Ross

### TAKE TEN

After you have read this issue, you can help us to make future issues more nearly what you would like. Tell us about the articles you liked and those you didn't like. This is your magazine. Sound Off!

### NEW STYLE OF "THE TARO LEAF"

This issue, as you may have guessed, has not been printed. We grew tired of supporting our printers and all their in-laws. We have used the photo-offset process for this issue as a trial balloon. We aren't in a position to compare prices just yet but we'll give you all the facts in the next issue. You can then judge for yourself. The paper may not look as good. Admittedly, the process has its limitations. However, we felt that you would be willing to sacrifice a bit on the quality side if you could receive more frequent issues of "The Taro Leaf." Let us have your ideas. Are we on the right track? We aren't promising a monthly just yet. We hope to go to press that regularly, however.

Clarence Ford (F-21st) who was living in Richmond, Va., was recalled to duty as a Lt. last May. He's presently stationed at Sampson Air Force Base, N. Y. So you're going to be a "fly-boy", eh Clarence? New address: 103 Sharwill Court, Ithaca, New York.

Lack of space prevents us from going into details concerning the Membership Drive "Contest". Suffice to say, it was a tremendous success.

163 members sent in names of approximately 5000 prospects (i.e. potential Assoc. members). Effort has been and will continue to be made to induce them to join the Assoc. 293-28-2148.

At Detroit, the Contest winners (the ten sending in the greatest number of names) were announced.

Prizes were distributed as follows: 1st, Al Miller; 2nd, Bob Redmond; 3rd, Les Ingelson; 4th, Mike Kochak; 5th, Walt Dismukus; 6th, Ray Wedeking; 7th, Bill Byrd; 8th, John Thornbury; 9th, Al Allen; 10th, Bob Malone and R. A. Doyle, tie.

STANLEY T. ADAMS, MH

Recent winner of the Medal of Honor, Master Sergeant Stanley T. Adams, has been awarded a direct Army promotion to the grade of Second Lieutenant. Adams won the nation's highest military honor for his action while he was assigned to Company A, 19th Infantry Regiment, 24th Infantry Division when, although outnumbered twenty to one, he led a night bayonet charge against the enemy, and routed them after an hour of fierce fighting. A native of Olathe, Kansas, Lt. Adams is a veteran of nine years active and Reserve service. Besides the Medal of Honor, he holds the Combat Infantryman's Badge with Silver Star, and the Purple Heart with one Oak Leaf Cluster.

### LATERAL SUPPORT

We are maintaining liaison with our brother division associations all in an effort to obtain their ideas and to give them some of ours.

If you know anyone in the 1st Inf. Division who doesn't belong to that very up and coming "Society of the First Division," have him contact C. M. Eymen, Box 188, Ocean Beach Station, San Diego 7, Calif.

The 106th Inf. Div. Assoc. has done right well by us and has given us a very fine plug in their publication "The Cub." We want to return the favor. Among your buddies do you know any "Golden Lion" men? If you do, would you pass along the word that there is a Div. Assoc. for them? Contact them by writing Arvo O. Paananen, Editor of "The Cub" at 236 N. Genesee St., Waukegan, Ill.

The Second Div. Assoc. is also plugging us. So here's one for the "Indian Heads" in return. Remarkable in World Wars I and II and our brothers in Korea, the Second Division Association, like ourselves is currently seeking to complete its roster of veterans who served with any of its units in war or in peacetime. 720-01-1468. If you know anyone who used to wear the "Indian Head" please have him contact Charles A. Fabian, Sec'y Treas. of The Second Division Association, 116 North 3rd St., Camden 2, N.J.

By helping others, we're bound to help ourselves and we're pleased to be able to pass this information along to you. We hope you can put it to good use.

Are You moving? Have you moved? Please notify the Secy. of any change of address, as it costs the Association five cents, (\$5) for each copy forwarded or returned.





The little fellow's name is Ego. He wears an American helmet and a cut-down set of Army fatigues. His souvenir is a Russian-made machine gun.



Mike is the Korean-orphan mascot of an artillery spotting unit. He's being buckled in his seat by Lt. James R. Johnston, before going on a flight.

# Our Softhearted Warriors in Korea

By NORA WALN

The most moving thing about our fighting men, whose business is killing, is the tender way they care for pathetic war orphans. The great tragedy comes for many a proud little mascot when he must be left behind, because there's a battle up ahead.

SEOUL, KOREA.

**O**N the brow of a hill near Inchon our survivors had made a burial ground. Cleaned after combat, then cleared of scrub and tangled grass, the new graveyard on this hard-fought route to Seoul was visible from far down the road, a square of raw red clay over which floated the blue flag of the United Nations, flown at half mast. White crosses, the Star of David and markers of plain wood were on the narrow mounds under which lay the torn bodies of our men and the Koreans who fell fighting at their sides.

The group gathered for the memorial service was small. They numbered fewer than the graves. The officers and enlisted men who came by truck and jeep were dressed in battle green. There was a band with shining instruments, guns to fire a salute to the courage of the dead, reporters and cameramen, wreaths of flowers and the chaplains—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. The service was short and reverent. Maj. Gen. Edward Almond, commander of the 10th Corps, who lost his only son and his son-in-law in Europe during World War II, spoke at the close of the service in words of simple faith in God.

"There comes a time when free men can no longer give way to the enemies of freedom," he was saying, when I noticed a little Korean boy over beyond him.

The child stood aloof from the villagers crowding the eastern edge of the graveyard. Very erect, a tiny figure in well-fitted field green and high boots, his cap in his hand, he was looking intently at the general, listening as if trying to understand. On his collar and cap were the insignia of the 24th Division, over his heart was a bright band of service ribbons.

When the assembly began to break formation, the little boy slipped out of sight behind the mud walls and thatched roof of a native house. I had stood back because I was the only American woman present and I did not want to be conspicuous. After waiting until nearly all the men were gone, I walked along paths between the graves. This was the hundred and third day of war.

The child in uniform came slowly into the cemetery with dahlias in his hands, but my thoughts were with our own soldiers. I remembered high-school boys drafted into our Army whom I had met on the perimeter of the Taegu-Pusan beachhead during July and August. Boys who had never been far from

home, sent to meet an unknown communist enemy in a wild area of rock-strewn valleys and steep, barren mountain ridges. They fought and many of them died without knowing why more help was not sent them from home. I never could forget their integrity, their honest questioning of the purpose of their being sent to Korea, which had not been made plain to them. As I walked along with these thoughts for company, there came a shadow on the path. Looking up, I saw a corporal of the 24th Division coming toward me.

"Ma'am," he said, "could you help me with the little fellow? He's bawlin' and I can't seem to get'm stopped."

The child knelt by a Jew's grave. His dahlias were crimson and yellow. He had made a five-pointed star by sticking them into the freshly dug earth. The palms of his hands were pressed on the grave. He cried without sound, tears flowing from his closed eyes. The corporal and I got down beside him and put our arms around him. We wiped his face with our handkerchiefs.

"Come, Kim, you're our mascot," the corporal kept talking. "You belong to the Twenty-fourth.



We mustn't grieve long. Soldiers have to go on. Sarge fought his fight and gave his life. We have to go up that road to Pyongyang, battling communists."

The crying ceased. I rubbed the clay stains from the mascot's hands and trousers while the corporal explained that Kim had come to them on the hill above Masan. Crawling out of the scrub, he might have been shot. But the sergeant opened his blanket and took the unknown boy in. The nights were cold up there, even in summer, and the days were hot under glaring sun. Ragged and dirty, Kim was no filthier than his hosts. They shared their scanty rations. Thirst was tormenting them. Water containers dropped by air had burst on the rocks. Kim knew the location of the nearest good mountain spring and the position of the Korean communists, who had the spring covered with their rifles. Kim acted as spotter. Before noon the company had the spring.

"Sarge didn't know Korean," remarked the corporal. "Kim didn't know our language. We couldn't cipher how they communicated."

The boy and the sergeant didn't have any difficulty . . . even before Kim learned our language, which he did quickly. The little Korean could locate a communist as easily as an American boy can a polecat. From a group of refugees let pass through our lines or farmers working in a rice paddy, Kim could pick out the people who were not safe to trust—man, woman or child. He could climb to any lookout, up a tree or over boulders. He became the company's mascot. Now he believed that if he had been allowed to go with the sergeant into the Inchon battle, the sergeant would be alive.

#### A Homeless Boy "Belongs" in the Army

WHILE ago the company had made a pool of their clothing and got Kim dressed in a uniform that fitted him. A native tailor had cut down the clothes and a native shoemaker had remade G. I. shoes to his size. His service ribbons had been given him by the sergeant, who had sixteen years in our Army. The insignia on his collar and cap were a present from the company. On a chain around his neck he wore dog tags in exact replica of the sergeant's tags—even to name and blood type. This was so that Kim could feel that he belonged. He had told them about the murder of his family by members of the communist cell in their village, which happened on the afternoon before the night he climbed up to them.

Others of the 24th Division were waiting in a truck. I went with the corporal and Kim to meet them and waved good-bye when they drove off. I had come from the camp of the 6146th Air Base Unit in the commanding colonel's jeep, driven by Sgt. D. J. Lyon, of Olympia, Washington. We started back. At the foot of the hill two naval chaplains flagged us. They were attached to the marines and were hitchhiking to a town not far away. We took them to the crossroads, talking of mascots and comparing notes about the Korean boys we had met with units of our armed forces. The chaplains were concerned about the heartbreaks that would come when our men and their wards must separate.

Beyond the crossroads, young Sergeant Lyon, who is twenty, wanted to examine the skeletons of communist motorized power scattered along the highway. Korean families were stripping the wrecks. Soon there would be nothing left to study. So, frequently we parked by something interesting. There were burned-out trucks and broken jeeps, Russian 37-mm. guns mounted on wheels were plentiful, and several still had their thick rubber tires. Huge Russian-built tanks, with the mark of the makers molded in their steel, lay upturned in ditches and toppled over in rice paddies.

Between the communist wrecks flowed a mightier display of our armed power than I had seen since 1945 in Germany. Our men and equipment were being sent north and our men and equipment were moving south—maybe for regrouping.

Patton tanks and Sherman tanks, wreckers, half-tracks, weapons carriers, ambulances—some with bullet holes—radio jeeps, armored cars, six-by-sixes, DUKW's—called "ducks"—water trailers, fueling tanks, tractors, scrapers, graders, bridge builders, ammunition trucks,

(Continued on Page 66)



Sgt. Joe Delazzard, of Elizabeth, N. J., lands a piece of human flotsam on the Nakdong River bank. If the child is lucky, he'll become a mascot and be quickly transformed by good food and affection.

Sam has become Number One Boy for a group of amtrack drivers. They found him at Inchon, took him along to the Han River. He polices the bivouac, gets village women to do laundry for the men.

LARRY KEIGHLEY





laundry and shower units, ration trucks, flat beds, water-purification units, bomb-service trucks, jeeps and more jeeps, and every imaginable kind of mounted gun moved in double-columned traffic going two ways. Every vehicle carried a full load of people—our soldiers, ROK soldiers in G. I. clothes, Korean refugees with their bundles and babies, and bright-eyed mascots sat beside many of the drivers.

Korean families were traveling on both lines of traffic. Men, women and children had fled on foot from the communists and now they were riding back toward their native places with the Americans. They sat wherever they could on tank and vehicle. At various places along the road some got off after signaling that they had come as far as they wished to go. The happiest faces were those of the little Korean boys who wore the insignia of the United States armed forces on their collars and caps. They did not appear to be bothered by dust or dirt, fatigue or the uncertainty of their future.

When we reached camp, the first to greet us was Mike, the small mascot belonging to the air section of the 48th Artillery Battalion. He gave us a stiff military salute, a lively "hello" and warm hugs.

This air section has twelve L-4's, twelve pilots and Mike, who rides behind Lt. James R. Johnston, of 1628 E. Roosevelt Street, Phoenix, Arizona. The section's duty is to serve the battalion in every way that L-4's can help. Mike occupies his back seat as quietly as if he always had wings. He makes no stir when they dive, rise and swoop through valleys. They picked him up at Anyong-ni.

He was a waif in a field where they landed. A wizened creature of skin and bone, wearing a pair of G. I. undershorts and a G. I. sweater held at the waist by a cut-off leather belt, approached them. By motions he let them know that he needed to eat and sleep. When they fed him, he offered to pay. He had a G. I. purse with some money and a letter from a tank crew.

The tank crew were sorry to abandon him. They had orders to move and they knew that they were going into battle. They couldn't take him. They hoped that others would look after him. The tank crew wrote that they were giving him a package of rations and what Korean money they had. The letter wasn't dated. The child couldn't speak enough English to tell how long he had been alone or where his home and family were. By motions he showed that he had seen their plane in the sky and said a prayer for them to come down.

The pilots washed and fed him, cut his hair and put him to bed in a clean pajama coat. Their food was too rich for a starving child and he was sick. They had their work to do and they had to move around. For some time they thought they would lose him. Then he began to thrive. The first time I saw Mike the L-4's flew down to Seoul City airfield and he got out of Lieutenant Johnston's plane—a charming little boy with the shining look that healthy children have when well cared for.

His sponsors are strict with him. He is lovable and loving. He likes to play, but he has regular lessons. He has a miniature pilot's complete wardrobe, including a sleeping bag. He has to keep his gear tidy. He wears their insignia, including wings. Every day he has lessons to increase his spoken vocabulary, arithmetic and reading. He knows our alphabet and is beginning to read sentences. He counts to 100 and adds sums. He washes his own mess kit and usually remembers the manners taught him. So much is given him by other men as they travel that the pilots help him give things to less fortunate children.

Mike never seems to worry when awake, but he has bad dreams in which he thinks everything is burning and he is left alone. Lieutenant Johnston can comfort him after these nightmares most quickly. If the law allowed and his wife were willing, the lieutenant would take Mike home to Phoenix. Mike started calling Johnston "daddy" when he learned the word, but when they are romping Mike calls him "Hop-along." Hopalong Cassidy is Mike's hero. They don't know how he learned about Cassidy.

Although the child does not confide easily through interpreters, the pilots have learned something of his background. He comes from a Christian family. He says Catholic prayers. He knows about God the Father. He wanted a cross to wear on the chain they put round his neck—not dog tags, please—and they got him a silver crucifix. He knows about Christmas and going to Mass. He sings Christmas carols with Korean words to our tunes.

Once when they were in Seoul to get Mike shoes, he showed them where his home was. The block is a ruin. It is in the section where the best houses were. Mike didn't want to look at the place and pulled the pilots away. It's queer, but he can't remember his family name.

He had a grandmother who played a little organ, a mother smelling like roses and a kind father who took them on trains. There were two brothers, one older than Mike and one younger. He believes the little one is alive, because an uncle, the mother's brother, took him to Pusan for a visit before the "accident." The pilots plan to try to find this uncle if they can get to Pusan. Together the twelve fliers have made up a fund of \$200 for their mascot.

Mascots are called Jeb and George, Lee and Son, Tom and Bill. They get names easy to say. I met Dickie and the major in the Imperial Palace grounds. The ancient buildings, which date from the Yi dynasty, are used as a museum. I had been in the library, which has valuable Chinese books. On coming out, I noticed a tall American major and a Korean boy dressed just like him. The boy had only one arm. They were poking around a heap of wooden boxes.

"This is a collection of material left by the communists," answered the major when I asked.

Here in Seoul, dumped by Korean communists, were odd lots of machinery made in our factories in the United States. The major was selecting useful items. Up and down over the American lettering, naming the contents and giving shipping instructions, ran Chinese writing showing that these cases had passed customs at Shanghai and were sent by rail through Tientsin to Mukden. The major hoped to be able to set up an electric-power plant to light his camp. He marked what he needed with his fountain pen so other scroungers wouldn't carry it off. He posted Dickie and me to keep guard while he went for his soldiers and a truck.

Later I learned Dickie's story. The boy came into their bivouac up beyond a bend of the Nakdong River, bringing twenty fresh eggs. He refused pay. He wished to stay. The major disapproved of it, but the boy stayed around. His arm was in a bandage when he came. It had been amputated above the elbow and thrust into hot pitch, which is the native way of cauterizing. He continued to bring in more than he ate. The mess encouraged it, though taking food from the population is forbidden by Army regulations. The boy could speak considerable English. He went directly to the major, who was in command, with a warning that infiltrating communists were surrounding them, saying that women up in the mountain crags would direct the gunners. The attack would be in broad daylight and the women would use mirrors. Our

scouts found him a liar, so they thought, and the major banished him.

The major started calling the boy "Dickie" during the attack. Dickie led them out. They had to leave their dead and seriously wounded. After he got ammunition and volunteers, the major went back to rid that gully of communists. He took Dickie as his scout. They've been together ever since.

"What am I going to do with Dickie after the war's over?" the major barked at me a week after the march through Pyongyang, formerly the communist capital. "I'm taking him home to Texas. I'm a lawyer. Dickie is going to live in Texas if it takes a special act of Congress to get him in."

The major is a forty-year-old bachelor used to having his own way, but Dickie is his equal in will power.

"Korea is my country," said Dickie, looking his sponsor straight in the eye. "I intend to be president of Korea. President of an independent Korea."

The major gazed on Dickie with pride. "He's fifteen years old. Wait until I get him on a horse. I'd match him against any boy in the world."

The relationships between mascots and sponsors differ in minor details, but are alike in the main. A mascot is never spoken of as a "gook"—the uncomplicated slang generally used by our soldiers when speaking of Koreans. Sponsors and mascots have respect for each other. Those units that have had mascots have an understanding of the native people that others do not have. It is as if the child were a bridge.

The position of mascot is very different from that of the native help that gathers where Americans are. Mascots are not servants. They are more like sons. Special treatment is given them and special attributes are expected of them. Korean servants are often forgiven for petty theft. Mascots have to be free of the sleight-of-hand habits, which some Koreans practice in picking up our property, or get out. Mascots are taught our ethics and often are given lessons in English and other school subjects. The mascots with our armed forces have been estimated at probably 2000. They are a favored few, lifted out of the multitude of Korean war orphans.

I have gone by jeep into valley after valley, on roads north and south of the 38th parallel, traveling to look at the condition of the people. I lived in England under bombing during World War II. I went to Germany for six months after V-E Day. I arrived in Japan before the war damage was all repaired. I have never seen such devastation nor so many children fending for themselves as I am seeing in Korea.

Liberty has been bought for these children at a heavy price in housing and parents. Our United Nations power to destroy is a mighty force, and our men used it with selfless courage. From the sea, the air and with ground forces, our warriors pounded the communists relentlessly. Round-the-clock bombing from bases in Japan and within the beachhead was slammed down on the die-hard enemy wherever they set up headquarters or took shelter. The communists set up offices in the schoolhouses, the churches and the community buildings of every farm village they captured. Some villages were fought over, taken and retaken. We burned the communists out with napalm—jellied gasoline dropped from airplanes.

We hit at the villages to get the communists. Some of the people got out, roaming the country as refugees. Other families stayed, not knowing which way to turn. Under bombing, children are quicker than adults in their natural responses. They seldom "freeze," as many older people do. Children run. More little ones have survived than mothers and fathers.

There are many little groups of orphans trying to make a family by sticking together. I remember a little girl of three, with five bigger boys and girls, living in a cave house they had made. They got their food by foraging and stealing. There were eight children who had set up house in the hulk of a wrecked airplane, and three under a truck. Five lived under the lee of boulders on a ridge that I climbed with my interpreter. They had a cache of our Army rations, Army blankets, two helmets and a carbine. I tried to trade with them for the gun. But they said they needed it to get rabbits for meat. I left them everything I had in my pockets.

For some reason, our men and high-school boys who do the country's fighting are still short of rations, but they give destitute children all they can—often depriving themselves of meals. For all the killing they have done, our warriors still have dreams and ideals. They don't want orphans to be hungry or cold or sick. Everywhere I met them, our infantry asked me such questions as these: "Where is the child-care section of the United Nations? Are they sitting at conferences in comfortable places? Weren't they prepared? Why doesn't the United Nations bring shelter, medical care, food and women to mother these little ones? Don't they know what happens in all-out war?"

Our infantrymen, marines and airmen manage somehow to take care of their orphan mascots. There will be heartbreak when men and boys have to part, but the child will not be abandoned and forgotten. Many have already been parted. Japan's marine guard was strengthened at the start of the Korean war to keep out Koreans fleeing from communism who might seek sanctuary on the four islands. Our men who are withdrawn to bases in Japan cannot take their Korean wards with them.

Our own laws do not permit sending the mascots to homes in the United States. In Korea, as some of our men went into barracks for the winter, higher commands issued orders that mascots could not be taken into barracks. Fifth Air Force Headquarters in Seoul recently discovered that pilots had taken eight mascots into their quarters. It was the job of the chaplains to get the boys placed elsewhere. Arrangements were made to put them in an orphanage belonging to Korean Presbyterians, and money is being raised to sponsor this home as a place where others can go. There is a sense of responsibility in our warriors which gives me confidence that their mascots will not be carelessly dropped to wander uncared for and lonely.

The United Nations has been the real warrior in this fight for the rights of the individual. It would comfort many of us who have been in Korea if the war orphans were adopted as the United Nations' mascots. Help, if coming, should come before the homeless and unwanted become haters of the society we represent.

THE END

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# Truman Says Enemy Losses Total 909,000

WASHINGTON, May 19.—President Truman disclosed today that a total of 909,000 casualties have been inflicted on the Communist forces in Korea, making the announcement as he conferred the nation's highest military award on a soldier credited with killing 250 of the enemy single-handed. The largest previous estimate of enemy losses, issued earlier this week by the Defense Department, was 904,788 men killed, wounded or captured.

Turning with a smile to reporters and other spectators at a White House Armed Forces Day ceremony after listening to the citation of Master Sgt. Ernest R. Kouma, a 2d Infantry Division tank commander, of Dwight, Neb., and hanging the Medal of Honor around his neck, the President said:

"Now you gentlemen can understand why there are 909,000 casualties among the enemy."

**Lieutenant Honored**  
Medals of Honor were awarded by the President at the same ceremony to Sgt. John A. Pittman, of Tallula, Miss., and 1st Lt. Carl H. Dodd, of Kenner, Ky., the only other living Army men to receive this decoration in the Korean conflict. It previously had been awarded posthumously to nine soldiers, and the President some time ago conferred it on a Navy airman.

**Lt. Dodd, a member of the 5th Infantry Regiment, won his award for leading his platoon against heavily fortified Hill 256 near Subuk, on Jan. 30 and 31 and going ahead alone to wipe out a machine gun nest after his men faltered under its withering fire.**

"I am satisfied that when the whole story of Korea is written it will be an epic of American courage unexcelled in American military history. From the first day, when two companies of the 24th Division stood all day in the rice paddies north of Taejon and fought off eight times their number in North Koreans until their ammunition was exhausted, to the dramatic defense of Taejon in which General Dean was lost, and back to the Nakdong River with the great defense line established there by General Walker, our soldiers performed magnificently against every disadvantage. Then the Inchon landing with its superb coordination of sea, air, and ground forces, and the rout of the North Koreans all the way to the Yalu River . . . the inspiring leadership of General Ridgway—all this has put us in a position where American courage and leadership sustain American prestige throughout the world."

—SECRETARY OF THE ARMY  
FRANK PACE, JR., in an address at Miami, Fla.

## Present Medals of Honor

General of the Army Omar N. Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, presented Medals of Honor to the families of 11 Army heroes of the Korean conflict at ceremonies 21 June at the Pentagon.

The recipients of the Nation's highest military honor are either missing in action or have been killed in action.

Presentation of the awards brought to 23 the number of Army officers and men who have received the Medal in recognition of conspicuous gallantry in action in Korea.

Soldiers honored, and members of their families who received Medals of Honor in their behalf, were:

M/Sgt. Melvin O. Handrich, Inf., a member of Company C, 5th Infantry Regiment, whose award will be presented to his father, Walter Handrich, Route 1, Manawa, Wis.

Sgt. George D. Libby, Combat Engineer, from Company C, 3d Engineer Combat Battalion, 24th Infantry Division, whose Medal of Honor was presented to his sister, Mrs. Gladys Hillert, 114th Walter St., Linden, N. J.

## Col. Moore Awarded DSC

Col. Ned D. Moore was presented the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism and an Oak Leaf Cluster to the Legion of Merit for exceptionally meritorious service as commander of the 19th Infantry Regiment in Korea, at ceremonies in the Pentagon on 7 Aug.

Presentation of the awards was made by General John E. Hull, Vice Chief of Staff. The two decorations were the eighteenth and nineteenth awards for outstanding combat performance that Colonel Moore has received since he was graduated from the U.S. Military Academy in 1930. Previously he was awarded the Oak Leaf Cluster to the Silver Star, the second cluster to the Distinguished Unit Citation, the Korean Presidential Citation and the star to the Combat Infantry Badge for action in Korea. His World War II decorations include the Silver Star, Legion of Merit, Bronze Star with oak leaf cluster, Purple Heart, plus awards for valor from the governments of France, Belgium, and the Netherlands.

Colonel Moore won the Distinguished Service Cross for acts of heroism that inspired his decimated regiment to defeat the spearhead of the 6th North Korean division at the battle of Haman Notch and save the west flank of the Pusan perimeter early in the Korean conflict. At a critical point in this action, Colonel Moore went forward under heavy fire to a point less than 100 yards behind frontline riflemen and personally rallied his out-numbered troops. A few minutes later he reorganized a retreating company and launched a counter-attack that won back key terrain.

Colonel Moore won the Oak Leaf Cluster to the Legion of Merit for his outstanding performance as commander of the 19th Infantry Regiment from 20 July 1950 to 24 Jan. 1951. Assuming command of the regiment in the early days of bitter fighting at Taejon, he molded the unit into an efficient combat force despite loss of personnel, supplies and equipment.

## MEDAL HONORS DEAD HERO

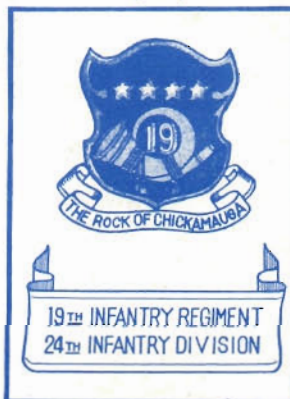
Mother of Lieut. Ryan Receives  
His Silver Star Decoration

Silver Star medal for gallantry in Korea was awarded posthumously yesterday to First Lieut. James J. Ryan of 3075 Heath Avenue, the Bronx, who was mortally wounded last September. The medal was received by his mother, Mrs. Catherine Ryan, in a ceremony at First Army Headquarters, Governors Island.

Lieutenant Ryan, who was commanding officer of Company H of the Nineteenth Infantry Regiment, Twenty-fourth Division, was hit in the course of the establishment of the Nakdong River bridgehead near Waegwan when carrying a wounded soldier under heavy artillery barrage. The soldier was killed by the barrage.

Lieutenant Ryan won the Bronze Star and a Purple Heart in the Battle of the Bulge in World War II. He re-enlisted in the Army in 1948.

Reprinted from  
Life Magazine,  
February 5, 1951



## A CARD FROM KOREA

The card was from Korea, and it was late in arriving. On the outside was the regimental shield and identification pictured above. A simple legend inside conveyed "best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—From the Officers and Men of the Nineteenth Infantry." In reply we cannot very well wish the officers and men of the 19th Regiment a happy 1951, for we know they are not going to have a happy year. Not a happy start of the year, anyhow. They are going to have more fighting, and killing and dying for their country. And they are going to have it without much thanks from their country or notice in the press. There is the kind of Regular Army outfit which gets the mean jobs, and little else besides. Just a so-so outfit with a homespun sort of fellow (Colonel Ned Moore of Guthrie Center, Iowa) for a commander. The 19th has been getting mean jobs since the first week of the war, and not many of the men and officers who first went into battle are left now. No, there isn't much to say about or to the 19th Regiment. Except this, from the heart—God bless you and keep you. Others may win the laurels. You win the wars.

## Colonel Stratton Awarded DSC

Colonel Charles W. Stratton, who commanded the 51st FA Battalion, 6th Division, from Fort Leonard Wood through to Sansapor, New Guinea, in World War II, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism against the enemy in Korea, July 16, 1950.

The citation is as follows:

"Colonel Charles W. Stratton, 016661, (then lieutenant colonel), Artillery, United States Army, while a member of the 24th Infantry Division Artillery, distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism against an armed enemy on 16 July 1950 along the Kum river north of Taejon, Korea. On this date, Colonel Stratton was serving as Provisional Artillery Commander of the 13th Field Artillery Battalion; the 52nd Field Artillery Battalion, and elements of the 11th Field Artillery Battalion during the strategic withdrawal of the 24th Infantry Division from the Kum river. While at the Command Post of the 19th Infantry Regiment, Colonel Stratton received a message from the Commanding Officer of the 52nd Field Artillery Battalion that their positions were surrounded by enemy infantry. Colonel Stratton left the Regimental Command Post immediately to effect relief and withdrawal of the Artillery units which were surrounded. Commanding a tank Colonel Stratton worked his way through to the forward position area of Battery A, 52nd Field Artillery Battalion which he found well organized, and the unit was effectively beating off the enemy attack with artillery and small arms fire. He then proceeded to the position area of Battery B, 52nd Field Artillery where he attempted to clear fire blocks which prevented withdrawal of the Battery. During this action his tank was knocked out by enemy fire, killing the tank driver and seriously wounding the tank Commander. Colonel Stratton dismounted from the knocked out tank and proceeded on foot. Upon arrival at the B Battery area, he took personal command of the area, since the Battery Commander had been killed by enemy fire. He fearlessly directed the howitzers in direct fire against enemy infantry and three enemy fire blocks of an estimated two machineguns each. The Battery at this time was under intense enemy mortar, automatic weapons and rifle fire. Colonel Stratton remained in the area for six hours fighting off infiltrating enemy infantry and attempting to reduce enemy fire blocks in order to effectively withdraw friendly infantry and artillery units. Later taking complete command and effecting complete coordination, Colonel Stratton organized the remaining personnel of the 19th Infantry Regiment and the 52nd Field Artillery Battalion in this area and led them in fighting through enemy installations and through the hills to friendly forces. By these actions Colonel Stratton saved numerous lives. His fearless behavior and devotion to duty reflects great credit on himself and the military service. Entered the military service from California."

His present address is: Col. Charles W. Stratton, 016661, APO 27, c/o CASA CADRE, c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif.





## DETROIT CONVENTION TERRIFIC

## THEY WERE THERE

## OVER THERE!

## JEEP TRACKS OUT OF DETROIT

Either the days were very long or the nights were very short but whichever it was, the Detroit Convention was a terrific success.

Even the most blasé convention goers -- and there were present at least a dozen who had been to our three previous Conventions, stood a little more erect and swelled a bit more with pride when President James (Spike) O'Donnell announced that our strength is higher than it has been in our Association's history.

Columbus, Ohio was chosen as the 1952 Convention site after Secretary Joseph Peyton proved that the preponderance of strength of 24th'ers (both Association members and non-members) is in the New York - Pennsylvania - Ohio - Michigan area. A number of California cities were seriously considered as the feeling has been felt by no small number that the West Coast was entitled to a Convention.

Woodward Ross was elected President for the new year and succeeds O'Donnell after a busy year as a Vice-President during which he headed up the successful 1951 Membership Drive.

Ph Peyton was re-elected Secretary and William Davidson was re-elected Treasurer. Both officers were returned to office unhesitatingly, a tribute to their records of unselfish devotion to the Association.

Rev. Chris Berio was re-elected as Chaplain and Brig. Gen. Guy Stanley Meloy, Jr. was the unanimous choice for Association Historian.

Gen. Meloy flew from Washington and into the hearts of all who attended the Saturday night banquet where he held forth as main speaker of the evening. Bill Verbeck was toastmaster and introduced the former 19th commander.

Gen. Meloy's speech will be carried in full in next month's issue of "The Taro Leaf." It was so thought provoking in every way that we felt that anything short of a complete transcript of the speech would be a slight not only to Gen. Meloy but to all Association members as well.

Outstanding among the many unusual and interesting things that took place during that busy weekend night doing my ironing!.... in Detroit was the arrival by plane of a load of Ft. Benning troopers who thought enough of the event to show up. Our thanks to Gen. Church, who would not be present in person (but who was there in spirit) through these good-will ambassadors.

Maj. Kermit B. Blaney was ranking member of the group and accordingly rode in the plush seat. Others with him were Lt. Robert N. Campbell (who spoke a few impromptu but impressive words at the Banquet) and Lt. Jack A. Mote. Also in the group were some battle hardened Korean veterans including Jessie P. Davis, John Easterling, Gerald Elam (who was elected a Vice-President of the Association), Eugene Krawczak, Hugh McChesney, Richard McClure, John Reichard, Jack Small and Thaddeus Ziemba. The very sight of those "younger" men warmed the cockles of everyone's heart.

All in all, it was a terrific Convention.

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It's now Lt. Col. James B. Green (13thF). He's now a student at C. & G.S. College, Leavenworth, after a tour at the Artillery School, Ft. Sill.

Space won't permit our mentioning the names of all the faithful who made the trek to Detroit for the 4th annual Convention..... Be assured that there were

"Maybuhai's" aplenty as the crowds converged upon The Tuller Hotel.... And as the "Jungle Juice" boys mixed it up with "Tuba Men of Distinction", the partying improved... Bob Schlatter (21st) flew all the way in from Farmington, Conn., leaving the worries of his farm and grain business back with the nutmegs at home.... Walt Van Sickle (21st) left his pick and shovel construction crew down in Salem, Ohio and worked in a vacation for himself before returning to Cornell for his junior year.... Henry Marinello (19th) drove over from Chicago in a new Plymouth and brought his lovely wife, Toni, along to keep him in line. We want you at every Convention, Toni, and you too, Henry.... 121-14-4582. Walter Cunningham, our one-time Adjutant General, and now a big wheel at Eisenhower's Columbia, was on hand, smooth talking the ladies and completely ignoring demands that his marital status be clarified.... Roscoe Claxon (724 Ord) who won international fame for his management of Libby Strip in the abaca fields of Mindanao (which strip was privately and affectionately dedicated as "Claxon Drome" by all who had the privilege of sliding along its corrugated runway) drove up to the front door of The Tuller in a buff-colored Cadillac convertible and took over the business meeting by storm when he sponsored his beloved Lexington, Ky. as the 52 Convention Site. Roscoe offered Lexington as being "not something good - but THE BEST". To the sincere regret of many, Lexington was an "also ran" but not before Roscoe had given the city of the mint juleps "his all".....

## DANGER CALLING DOUGHBODY

Jack Mote (21st) flew all the way up from Ft. Benning to tell his Swedish stories. They improve with age, Jack.... We met Spike in the Tuller lobby at about 10 Sunday morning. Spike complained, "You know I feel as though I'd been up too late last night doing my ironing!.... Spike says that the "biscuits" the boys brought with them to the Convention this year were prettier than ever.... Bill Verbeck is with the Senior Staff of the National Security Council. Hugh Cort (Div. Arty.) is with him there. The conventioners revived the story of how the monkey stole Hugh's teeth at Tuoloma beach. Bill says that all 24th'ers who happen to be in Washington, D.C. next July 4th are invited to a beer party. Every 4th of July is 24th Div. Day at the Verbecks. Bill says, "I buy three barrels of beer, show people where the bathrooms are, and from then on you're on your own.".... Tom Comper delighted some of the Korean veterans with his story of what happened to Libby Taylor, Fred Zerath and himself the time they crossed the equator on the SS Mt. Vernon. Tom claims that he still carries the marks from King Neptune's electrified pitch fork.... Walter Cunningham was busy telling all comers his latest story: the difference between dismay and panic. Anyone interested in the answer is urged to write Walter at Columbia.... All in all, it was a terrific Convention.

First to be remembered, by we in convention assembled, were the men of the 24th at that moment sweating out cease-fire talk in defensive front line positions.

Little there was that we could do to ease their discomfort. We did try, however, with a cable addressed to General Bryan and reading: "We salute you. As we struggled against the barbaric enemy, so do you our successors in the 24th in Korea today. We are filled with pride as we learn of your courageous deeds while fighting for the American principles. Your determined courage has aroused the admiration and respect of the entire nation. We ask God's blessings upon you and may He guide you to speedy victory." It was signed by Membership of the 24th Infantry Division Assoc.

## A WORD ON GENERAL IRVING

At the very moment we were meeting in Detroit, the press of the country was giving wide and noisy coverage to a matter at West Point. For good and obvious reasons, Maj. Gen. Frederick A. Irving could not be with us in Detroit, much as he had planned to be. Yet in the best Irving manner, he took time out from his busy days on the Hudson to remember us with a heartwarming wireless message. We in kind called "time out" during our meeting to vote him a vote of complete confidence and a pledge of whole hearted support. A message to that effect went forward to Gen. Irving on behalf of the members of the 24th Div. Assn. In troublesome times, loyalty goes great distances and eases many pains.

## NEW ENGLANDERS GET READY

No sooner had the vote been counted on making Columbus, Ohio the '52 Convention site when a group of New Englanders gathered themselves together into a corner in The Tuller Hotel. There and then they initiated plans for a "Convention Special" which the New York Central will make up at Boston picking up '52 conventioners at stops along the way.

A few days later a couple of New Yorkers announced their intentions of making up a separate section at Grand Central.

The Boston and New York sections will be joined at Albany and proceed on to Columbus as one train with stops at Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo en route to fill up a train load of 24th'ers.

The reduced rates which the N. Y.C. is offering make the plans very exciting. Here's a gang that is going to have a convention before the Convention. Keep up the enthusiasm, you Yanks!

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Nathan J. Stark (34) -- Sonny Stark to all of us -- a long time member and an old faithful at Conventions, missed the Detroit affair this year. Why? He was married on July 27th to Miss Coronet Veronica May. Our best wishes to you both. See you in Columbus in '52.

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"Waiter," said a diner in a restaurant, "theseveal chops are tough."  
"I assure you," said the waiter with dignity, "less than a month ago those chops were chasing after a cow."  
"Maybe," said the customer, "but not for milk."

Low neckline--something you can look down on and still approve of.

Bob and Louise Duff (Div. Hq.) left 17 month old Junior back in Danville and had for themselves a real time. Louise grows prettier with each Convention.... Walt and Gertrude Frederick (34th) were much in evidence at all sessions. Walt got time off from the Detroit police force to maintain law and order around the Tuller. Lovely Gertrude did a bang-up job at the reception desk along with charming Phyllis Seck, Johnny's better half. John Seck (19) chaired the entire Convention proceedings in grand fashion but Phyl and Gert handled the money and were faithful to their duties through the long hours of the two-day session. The thanks of all of us for a job beautifully done, ladies... And hats off to you, too, John.... Mike Markov (A21st), now a tool maker in Detroit, left the wife and three young girls at home and dropped in on the festivities.... Harry Nirvansky (63FA) now on defense work in Curtisville in the Keystone State finally made it. His car broke down en route. We were glad when he finally arrived.. Angelo Strada (21) drove over from Chicago proudly announcing that Florence had to stay behind to have a conference with a stork. There it is -- when we started this we vowed we wouldn't do this in the Winchell manner.... Bill Davidson (Div. Hq.) flew in from Swedesboro, N.J., kept a sharp eye on the cash registers and flew back Sunday -- we hope with pockets loaded.... Walter Pesnak (21st) was present from Cleveland with lovely Betty (wife) and Jane (daughter).... Tom Birchbiehler (Reen) brought his charming first lady Virginia over from Butler, Pa., but left the three boys (4, 3, and 6 months) at home.... Stan Meloy (Brig. Gen. in the Pentagon but "Stan" to us) confided in an off-the-record that he was a farmer in his pre-West Point days; gave it up as being too hard work. What d'ya mean "hard work", Stan, after your description of those early days in Korea?

## CARLISLE BARRACKS REMEMBERS

During the business session of the Detroit Convention, a Tuller bellboy came rushing in to Spike O'Donnell and handed him a Western Union message which read, "Greetings to the 24th Division assembly from six ex-members now at Army War College, Carlisle Barracks, Pa." Dick Lawson, Chet Dahlen, Tom O'Connor, M. O. Perry, Ben Turnage and Les Wheeler had signed the friendly message, which was only one of many received. We like the idea of being so well represented at that higher echelon of military learning. If we had three more Taro-leaders over there, we'd have 'em outnumbered. Get that "college" well started in its new location, boys; other 24th'ers will be following you.

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Elmer E. Gaston, of Topeka, Kans., is State Department Commander of the DAV. Nice going, Elmer!

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Alfred D. Wade writes us from Brazil. His mail address is I.A.G.S., Brazil Project, APO 676, c/o P.M., New York, N.Y. What are you doing way down there, Al?

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"Two girls eyed a third in furs.  
"Some girls will do anything for a mink coat," said one.  
"Yeh--and now it won't button," said the other.



We of the 24th have long enjoyed the cartoons of Virgil Franklin Partch II. He was ever able to evoke a smile and a laugh whenever any of his work was close by, which wasn't often enough. His many-fingered and many-toed people were always lovable even though monstrous.

With trouble clouds in the air again, Partch has gone back to cartooning army life once again. His latest publication is "Here We Go Again" and it is another salute to the doughboy. One of the cartoons in that book is reprinted in this issue thanks to the generosity of Mr. Partch and his publishers, Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc.

May you draw many, many more, Mr. Partch, and may you, Messrs. Duell, Sloan and Pearce (all three of you) publish them.

By the by, for good reading, try your teeth on one or more of these books offered by the same publishers:

"General Kenney Reports"  
by Gen. Geo. C. Kenney

"The MacArthur I Knew"  
also by Gen. Kenney

"We of Nagasaki"  
by Takashi Nagai  
(the account of 8 survivors of  
the 2nd blast -- don't miss  
it for powerful reading)

"No Music for Generals"  
by Frederick Howard  
(a fascinating novel, the  
story of a struggle for  
authority -- Terrific!)

We have a few notes more on the Detroit affair,.... Irval Fulmer (H2L) and wife Sarah were on hand with friends from W. Brownsville, Pa. .... Bill Muldoon brought his gracious wife along with him all the way from the Bay State. .... Suburban Urban Throm (34 & Div. Hq.) en route from his recent assignment as P M S & T at Cornell Med. in NYC to his new station at Army & Navy Hospital, Hot Springs, Ark. with a carload of baggage, trophies etc. And we must mention that Urb's fascinating wife (former Army nurse) was introduced around as a new bride. Wonderful gal! She had knitted an afghan in the form of a Taro Leaf which was displayed to the enthusiasm of all. It was a lovely piece of work. Urb is taking orders for duplicate copies at \$200 each. .... Clarence Gleeson (K19) and beautiful wife Joyce took over at the banquet to show pictures of Maureen (age 10 weeks). Congratulations, Clarence and Joyce. .... Tom Compere (Div. Hq.) was busy in the bar exchanging notes with Julius Jose (A19) concerning the Sunday morning when Jack Clifford was killed. Tom and Julius were drawing their maps on the tablecloth. Julius was present with pretty wife Stefanie who expressed surprise that the "officers and men go to Conventions together." Of course we do, Stefanie. We wear no hardware at these affairs. ....

Maj. George G. Gaynor writes from Hq. First Cavalry Division (ever hear of 'em?) where he is Div. I.G. George has been over-powered with a "big snow job." He advises that it IS a darn good outfit. Maybe George just goes for that yellow patch. It's only "by courtesy of the 24th Inf. Div. Assoc.", George, that you're even a member of this here organization.

More items on the Detroit meeting. .... Bill Verbeck (21st) brought his pipe with him all the way from the Pentagon (he's back after two years in Brazil) and clouded all up when it came time to say "thank you" for the handsome trophy which some of his worshipers presented him. The inscription: "To Col. William Verbeck, the Peerless Regimental Commander, Commanding Officer of the 21st Infantry from 7 November 1944 to 3 July 1945, Philippine Islands. Presented by a group of admiring Gimlets". .... Lt. Robert Campbell (wearing the Distinguished Service Cross, two Silver Stars, three Bronze Stars, and four Purple Hearts) when introduced at the banquet blushed and then said modestly "We're all proud of the 24th and its wonderful record. I'm proud to be here". .... Tom Schmitz (Sv19) telephoned from Wilmington, Calif. at 3 A.M. and assured the boys that he was with them "in spirit". .... Elton Evans (Rec'n) at the bar asked Ross Pursifull (34th) if beautiful Lois was a Hawaiian. Lois enjoyed the error more than anyone and assured us she wouldn't mind our telling this story. We trust Elton won't mind either. .... Proof of unification within the 24th: Gimlet Bill Verbeck leading the 16th rendition of "The Rock of Chickamauga". .... Spike O'Donnell (21st) kept Stan Meloy up until 5 A.M. one morning reciting his trials and tribulations with his point man, Junior Harris. Spike's favorite story is about the day in Hollandia when he was sent over to guard Gen'l Eichelberger's plane. The refrigerator in the plane was found to contain ice cold Coca Cola. The rest of the story can only be told by Spike. Only he can possibly do it justice. Let us merely add that Private O'Donnell worked himself back up the rank ladder again in due time. ....

In response to many inquiries from our members about the tank battalion assigned as an organic part of the Division, Capt. Ben L. Tufts, PIO of the 24th writes us as follows:

"On 10 July 50, 6th Med. Tk. Bn. at Ft. Hood, Texas was alerted for overseas movement. Departed Ft. Hood 17 July 50. Arrived at Cp. Stoneman, Calif. 19 July 50. Departed POE 23 July 50. Arrived Pusan, Korea 8 Aug 50. Arrived Kyongsan, Korea and attached 24th Inf. Div. 27 Aug 50.

"6th Med. Tk. Bn. commanded by Lt. Col. John S. Growden, subsequently by Lt. Col. Henry Byorum in Spring of '51.

"Bn. equipped with M-46 (Patton) tanks carrying 90mm guns.

"Its first action was vigorous road reconnaissance in all directions from Kyongsan.

"It then supported Task Force Jackson at Kyongju to meet an enemy thrust south of Yongdong.

"On 17-20 Sept 50, it was to reinforce fires of Div. Arty. "On 22 Sept. 50, it attacked across the Naktong River.

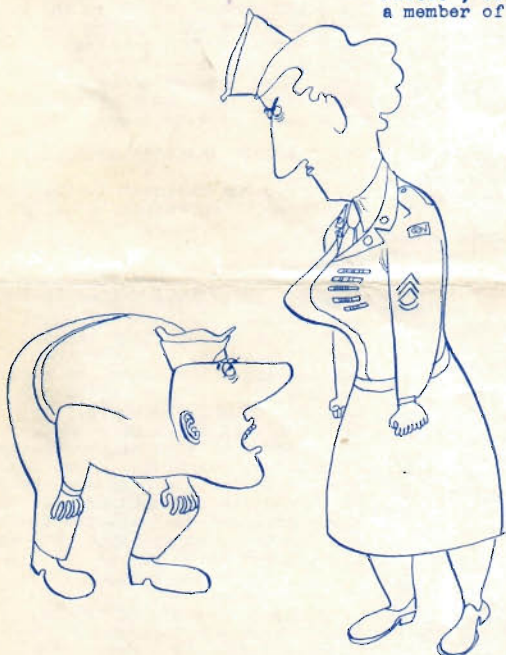
"On 28 Sept 50, Co. A w/19th Inf. attacked to the NW to capture Taejon."

We of the Assoc. are proud to welcome the men of the 6th into the common bond! God bless you fellows!

#### GEN. IRVING'S REPLY

Elsewhere in this issue we mentioned our telegram to Maj. Gen. F. A. Irving expressing our confidence in him.

Here is his reply: "It was most thoughtful of the members of the Assoc. to send me the telegram and I deeply appreciate the vote of confidence and expression of whole-hearted support particularly at this time. Thanks again and I extend my sincere best wishes to everyone. signed Fred Irving"



GEE, THE EUROPEAN THEATER TOO!

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Reprinted from the book "Here We Go Again"  
by V. F. Partch with the kind permission of  
the publishers, Duell, Sloan and Pearce,  
New York, N. Y.

.....  
A discharged WAC telephoned the veteran's center and asked if the GI Bill of Rights covered hospitalization for maternity. The cautious clerk thought a moment, then replied: "That depends. Is this a service-incurred disability?"  
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.....  
It had been a busy day at the studio and the star changed into a strapless evening gown for a party. She said, "I am so tired I don't feel like going." "Okay," agreed the helpful husband, "put on something and let's go to bed."  
.....

.....  
She wore a neckline so low it would make a baby cry.

.....  
Two reformed lobbyists in Washington were comparing notes. Said one, "How's business these days?" "Well," was the reply, "Business is like sex. When it's good it's wonderful. When it's bad -- it's pretty good."  
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.....  
Wife: "How many fish did you catch on your outing, dear?"  
Husband: "Six, darling."  
Wife: "Well -- the market charged you for eight!"  
.....

.....  
Historical novel -- a book with a shapely wench on the jacket, and no jacket on the shapely wench.  
.....

.....  
"How come you have had seventeen children?" asked the judge. "That's a lot of children."  
"I was hard of hearing," replied the woman on the witness stand.  
The puzzled judge asked, "What has that to do with having children?"  
"Your honor, it's this way," she explained. "We go to bed an' my husband says, 'Do you want to go to sleep -- or what?' An' 'bein' hard of hearin', I vells 'WHAT?'"  
.....

.....  
Bill: "My girl looks swell in candle light!"  
Joe: "Yeh! Mine don't look so good in daylight, either."  
.....

.....  
**THE TARO LEAF**  
24th Inf. (Victory) Division Assn.  
131 N. Culver Street  
Baltimore 29, Maryland

Form 3547 Requested

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