

TAROLEAF

24th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

VOL. X JULY, 1957 NO. 5



Can't fit into your budget?

RIDICULOUS!

Stay with us and things
will straighten out

UNBEND — keep this crippled up, arthritic organization in being — the memories we share in common are too much with us to allow them to become extinguished through neglect and abandonment of the Association's cause.



24TH QM CO



24TH AVN CO



26TH AAA (AW) BN



6TH TANK BN

T A R O L E A F

The official publication of the 24th Infantry Division Association, published somewhat regularly in the interests of all men who have served and/or who continue to serve the United States 24th Infantry Division.

ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

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Stamping Ground, Ky.

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The President's Page

CHICAGO it is....The Hotel Bismarck....for three days if you can possibly make it; Friday, August 9th, Saturday, August 10th, and Sunday, August 11th. But if one day is all you can spare, make that day, Saturday, August 10th...

For reservations or other fill-in data for your last minute planning, drop a line to James "Spike" O'Donnell at 4531 W. Jackson Blvd. or Michael "Mike" Rafter at 3901 W. Belden Ave., both in Chicago. These are our convention co-chairmen.

After we've passed through Chi. this year, the old lady and the cow will be all but forgotten.

Please, friends, give this message to 24th people wherever you may find them...spread the gospel...proclaim the truth...educate the crowd...and help to make our '57 clambake the very largest ever.

They're saying that we're dead..only with the mighty pen can we prove it isn't so. Sad it is to relate however that we've been so very "broke" this year that we haven't been able to mail this old Taro Leaf as often as we would have liked.

But we can--we must--and we will--hold together and make this Association live.

Please do everything possible to make our get together in Chicago this August a living thing.

ROSCOE CLAXON, President

Looking for missing buddies?

Tell us who you want to find. If we haven't a reading on him, we'll post it in the Taro Leaf. You'd be surprised how many of these ads "pull".

If this issue sounds a little flat or dull, please charge it to the fact that we're running it through the presses along with the May and June issues in order to save a buck. It's a case of three for the price of two with our printer. By rushing this issue through and running it through the presses with the other two issues, it becomes possible for us to get this issue out to you for just about the cost of the mailing. We never thought we'd have to come to this kind of sheenanigans in this old outfit but we have.....Lt.Col.HOWARD G. LEDGERWOOD (Div.Hq.), our onetime Finance Officer, is now living on Old Columbia Pike, Annand, Washington, D.C.....A committee has advanced a proposal for pay in the military services. What is proposed is a modification of the pay scale to take account of the requirements of unusual skill in any given job, rather than merely length of service in grade. On the very face of it, this seems reasonable and praiseworthy. The solution of the problem is not simple, however. First, there is the question of how much can we afford to pay. The proposed modification of pay scales certainly will not reduce the sum total. Then there's the problem of morale. Any sort of differential in compensation always raises this question. All men in the services are human and are presumably equal in their devotion to their country. The presence of a special skill, or the lack of it, does not modify this emotional factor. We had best proceed slowly on this one.



"Hereafter, Jackson, you will refer to this as the 371st Poultry Storage Unit"—NOT "This Chicken Outfit."



3RD ENGR BN



724TH ORD BN



24TH MED BN



24TH RECON CO



"COUPLE" BUSINESS WITH PLEASURES...
BRING YOUR WIFE
TO THE CONVENTION!

The editor is a vital component of any magazine or paper. When it comes to appropriating material from other sources, and it often does, all he needs is a pair of shap scissors and a strong stomach. It is he who must continually go through a great pile of magazines and books and letters from well-intentioned members and clip the jokes that will be used. We used to do this same sort of thing during college days--yes we went--and at that time we found opportunity to speak of the so-called exchange editor thusly:

Ah, pity the poor exchange editor,
The man with the scissors and paste;
Oh, think of the man who must read all the jokes
And think of the hours he wastes.
He sits at his desk until midnight,
How worried and pallid he looks,
As he scans through the college comics
And reads all the funny books.
This joke he can't clip--it's too dirty.
That story's no good--it's too clean.
This woman won't do--she's too shapely.
This chorus girl's out--it's obscene.
The jokes are the same: full of co-eds
And guys who get drunk on their dates,
Bathtubs and sewers and freshmen,
And stories of unlawful mates.
Jokes about profs and the readers,
Jokes about overdue bills,
Jokes about girls in their boudoirs,
And each one as old as the hills.
The cracks must have fire and sparkle,
Sprinkled with damn, louse, and hell,
The blurbs must be pure--and yet filthy
Or the manager swears it won't sell.
Oh, pity the man with the clipper,
He's only a pawn and a tool.
In trying to keep his jokes dirty and clean
He's usually kicked out of school.



"You speak marry next year, why you no speak okane now?"



APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

Ed Henry
21 Park St.,
Attleboro, Mass.

Dear Ed:

Here's \$3.00. Please sign me up for my year's dues in the Association.

I was in _____ unit from _____ date to _____ date

_____ Name

_____ Address

THE GREAT CROSSING OF THE HAN

(Ed. note: Your Secretary and your Editor go slightly nuts whenever they get near one of those New York bookshops. Recently, they hit upon one that was featuring a book titled "Studio Asia" by the artist-correspondent John Groth. He wrote and drew his way through Korea in '51 and when he got back, The World Publishing Company of Cleveland, Ohio published his book. He speaks well of the old Division throughout the book. In one particular chapter, titled "The Great Crossing of the Han", he writes so glowingly that we have obtained the permission of the copyright owners to use the story in full. Here it is:



This was H hour on the Han. This would be the final opposed crossing of the river.

I had climbed into my jeep at four that especially black morning. As we crossed the last row of hills separating us from the Han, a blast of artillery fire from a battery of 105's to the right of us momentarily lit the scene. To our left, a British battery flashed livid green. The flash of another battery down the road revealed a part of ambulances. Our jeep rocked to the steady pounding of artillery. This was the greatest concentration of artillery yet used in the Korean War. The British had joined their guns with those of the American 24th and 25th Divisions for a spectacular fire show that rivaled that I had seen at Saint-Lo in World War II.

From a hilltop back of the regiment CP at Punwon-ni, I had a dress-circle view of the fiery panorama on the opposite bank. I watched for a half hour. As the sky lightened, the planes arrived. Their bomb loads, dropping on the fire below, caused the flames to leap even higher.

Pershing tanks rumbled onto the wide stretch of snow-covered sand beach between the hills and the river. They added their own fire. Through the glasses I could see engineers--under the protecting fire of tanks--dart to the river's edge to unload sections of footbridges and rubber boats from trucks. Ducks waddled down to the river. As files of tiny figures crossed the beach to board the ducks and rubber boats, the curtain of fire moved slowly up the enemy slopes opposite.

The boats, resembling beetles from a distance, moved out into the river. Enemy shells geysered the water about them. A duck, set on fire, drifted down the stream. As the shells screeched onto the beach, the rifles of soldiers flattened to the ground. When they resumed their march, some of them did not rise. Litter jeeps darted to the wounded and brought them back.

A footbridge which had nearly been completed was torn loose by the Han's angry current. Its loose end flapped against the shore. Some of the soldiers had already gained the other bank and had dug in along a crest, firing at the enemy in front of them.

I joined an infantry company that waited its turn to cross the beach. They waited, squatting

in little gullies between the dunes, eyes squinted against the flame and the reflection of the rising sun on the snow. They silently watched the file of soldiers approaching the boats. When they moved out into the river, my company moved across the snow-covered sand. That is, all but one soldier who crouched near a clump of bushes that marked the border between dunes and beach.

He turned his pale face towards me and said, "My legs just won't move." After a pause, he added, "I guess I'm scared."

A shell burst blindingly near the row of tanks. I said, "You've got company, bud."

I dropped to my knees beside him as another shell screeched overhead and showered sand on us.

"What should I do, sir?" he appealed to me. "Do you think it's safe?"

I watched a litter jeep pick up two wounded men. Obviously the beach was not safe--no area under shellfire ever is. I could hardly tell him there was no danger.

He was waiting for an answer or reassurance of some sort. I could not help thinking his reaction was like that of Henry Fleming in The Red Badge of Courage. As Fleming had fled from the battle in his first shock of fear, he had suddenly thought of what his buddies would say to him that night about his loss of nerve. Briefly, I told the story to the boy.

"The rest of your outfit is out there." I said. "If you don't go, they'll know you weren't with them. When night comes, you'll have to face them. They are the men you will have to live with. What will they think of you when they find you didn't obey your orders?"

He said "Thanks a lot, sir" and ran onto the beach at the same moment a flight of dusty swallows burst from the nearby poplars.

His company was halfway across as he caught up with them. A shell burst sent them all flat against the ground. He was the last to regain his feet. When he rose, I breathed deep in relief. A moment later the company piled into boats and pushed off from shore.

I had not originally planned to cross the river under shellfire. I meant to wait until the opposite bank had been secured, and then cover the final phases of the action. I was a reporter, not a combatant. Because the scared

soldier had drawn me into his problem and I had been responsible for sending him across the dangerous beach, I felt I should follow him.

Three shells dropped on the beach simultaneously. I felt there would be no more for a few moments at least so I sprinted to the edge of the river.

A group of men waited in the protective lee of trucks for their turn to board the boats. A boat had just capsized in the foaming water. A duck had rescued the soldiers in it. They huddled, shivering, about a small fire, waiting to be evacuated.

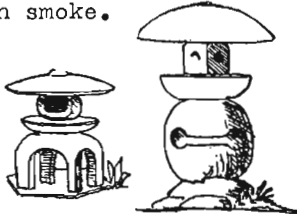
Calm engineers directed the ferrying operation. I asked one of them if he could get me across.

"You're damn right," was his terse answer. "I'm here to see that no one is left on this beach. Get in."

About midstream, a shell splashed fountains of water on us. I was already wet from the frantic paddling. We scrambled ashore. The steep bank of a hill fronted the river. We walked along, hugging it. We claimed the bank. Some of the men dropped into abandoned enemy rifle pits. One private leapt out as quickly as if he had bounced on rubber. I looked into the hole. It held a decapitated corpse. Other enemy dead, their bodies still smoking, were scattered crazily everywhere.

Here was none of the litter of paper and possessions I had seen hear dead bodies among the hedgerows and on other battlefields of World War II. In Normandy, the bodies of dead Germans and Americans had lain among scattered bits of paper, letters, newspapers, empty ration and cigarette packages, cartons, snapshots, twists of toilet paper--scraps that told, in fragments, the biographies of the dead. Here I saw nothing but an occasional rice bowl or a pair of sandals, or leaflets that had been used as toilet tissue.

There was action ahead of us somewhere to the right. We could hear the staccato of small-arms fire in the din of the barrage now shrouding the farther hills in smoke.



Companies as they landed deployed to left or right along the shore. Scrambling down the bank, I joined a platoon. Staying well below the brow of the bank, we moved silently along the river. "Return traffic" was already passing us--wounded men borne soundlessly past on litters.

I dropped into step with a lieutenant who was leading the platoon. We went several hundred yards, then turned into a small gully that mounted the dunes. Suddenly we were under attack. Heated whisperings overhead dropped us to the ground. Men fanned out and jumped into empty rifle pits.

Machine-gun fire found us out. There was a cry of "Medics, medics!" A mortar burst near me hit two men. One was hidden by bushes. All I could see were his legs scissoring the air. A boy next to me was holding his right leg and moaning. "I've been hit, I've been hit!"

All up and down the line was the cry for "Medics." Corpsmen crawled to the screaming man in the bushes and dragged him back into the draw. He had been struck in the chest and stomach. Blood bubbled from his lips. The corpsmen placed him on a stretcher and called



for clothes, jackets, blankets, anything to cover him. The jackets of the infantrymen were girded and held by belts and bandoliers. My own trenchcoat and jacket came off easily. I handed them to the corpsmen who covered the wounded man with them.

Sergeant Fred Tiedemann of Union City, N.J., cut away the pants leg and tied the thigh of the boy next to me. The boy was calm as he lay on his stomach in the snow. I smoked a cigarette with him as Tiedemann expertly bound his leg. He told me he was Private Joe Henderson, Harrisburg, Ark.

The lieutenant called for artillery support by walkie-talkie. We waited while mortar fire silenced the enemy ahead of us.

The platoon was ready to move to its next objective. Corpsmen carried away the man with the stomach and chest wounds who was now obviously dying. The lieutenant asked me if I would mind taking Private Henderson back to the beach. I agreed readily. I was not eager to go on. I was very conscious that I was of little use to the platoon. I was not adding any fire power. Besides, the ride was getting rough.

Supporting Henderson's weight on my shoulder, I served as a crutch on the slow, limping trip along the river. We were loaded onto a duck with other wounded, including the dying man from Henderson's platoon.

I rode in the jeep with Henderson to the battalion aid station which had been set up in a farmhouse on the south bank. The courtyard was jammed with wounded men still on their stretchers. Frantically busy doctors ministered to them. They were giving blood plasma to a number of soldiers. A Korean farmer and his wife stood by, obviously confused by the activity that was interrupting their accustomed pattern of life.

A doctor treated Henderson's leg on the open porch. We had become friends in our short but vital relationship. I assisted him to the jeep that was evacuating him and we said good-bye reluctantly. On the way to the jeep, we passed a pile of bloody, discarded blankets and clothing. On top were my trench coat and jacket, which I identified by my correspondent's insignia. The soldier they had covered was dead.

It was very cold. After Henderson left, I went back and put them on again.

I returned to the north bank. During my absence, American units had moved hundreds of yards forward. They had cleared the area behind them of enemy. Only an occasional Communist shell fell now.

I crossed open fields beyond the river dunes. A long American soldier lay sprawled stiffly across the frozen ruts of a beanfield. His outstretched hands held a pair of thick-lense glasses. I stopped to sketch him.

On the protecting slope of a railway embankment, I found a company aid station. I joined corpsmen at lunch. We sat on bloody litters and bandages to eat cold C rations.

I followed the embankment into a small town which had been taken an hour before. As I entered it, a severe explosion shook its center. I asked a passing sergeant if it was enemy shell-fire.

"Naw," he drawled. "Some of the guys are tryin' to crack the safe in the town bank."

I looked into some of the houses of the captured village. On the wall of one hung an

incongruous pair of pictures--a chromo of the Virgin and Child next to a portrait of Mao Tse-tung.

Just beyond the town, my progress toward the action, which now flared higher in the hills, was halted. A ROK private, escorting two prisoners, mistook me for an officer. With a smart salute, he surrendered his prisoners to me and left. The North Koreans, dressed in dirty quilted uniforms, kept their hands high in the air. One seemed to be having difficulty holding his up. I saw that his hand was bleeding and that the fingernails hung by bits of cuticle. Blood from his wounded hand had spotted his uniform.

For the first time since I had acquired it, I drew my .45 from its holster. I motioned my prisoners riverward on the road. I took a position to the rear of my tiny column.

The day had grown warm. It was midafternoon by now. I could hardly believe that I had stood watching the great fire show only that morning--it seemed days ago. I thought of the frightened boy on the beach, of Henderson and the other wounded man who had died, of the GI's looting the village bank. I must have been dreaming wide-awake for when I looked at my prisoners again, I discovered there were now three of them!

The newcomer was the grimmest-looking Chinese soldier I had yet seen. He was wretchedly dressed and barefoot. I tried to think of where he had joined us. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw we had passed several houses. Apparently he had been hiding in one of them. He had evidently preferred to give himself up to a bearded, unmartial-looking person like me than to a nervous-fingered GI carrying automatic weapons.

I now kept my gun leveled at the prisoners' backs, in the approved fashion. I kept it that way as we crossed the river and until I delivered them to the POW cage on the other side.

I found Red back at the press camp. We exchanged brief notes on our day's experiences before we sat down to hammer out stories on our typewriters as the other correspondents were doing.

Incoming reports told us that all objectives had been taken. The attack had been a smashing success. Casualties had been comparatively light. The Turks, on the right flank, had captured what was considered an almost impregnable hill fortress. I was gratified. I was sure Yazici's men would deliver.

The smiling, victorious soldiers of today's successful attack were a far cry from the grim, half-frozen snowmen I had met four months earlier. Their morale and their heads were higher now. They were confident that this was the beginning of a triumphant campaign which would force the enemy to beg for a truce.

As for me, my assignment in Korea was now finished. In a few days I would leave for Formosa and Southeast Asia. I congratulated myself that I had participated in today's attack. It was a good way to end an assignment.

ESPECIALLY FOR YOU...

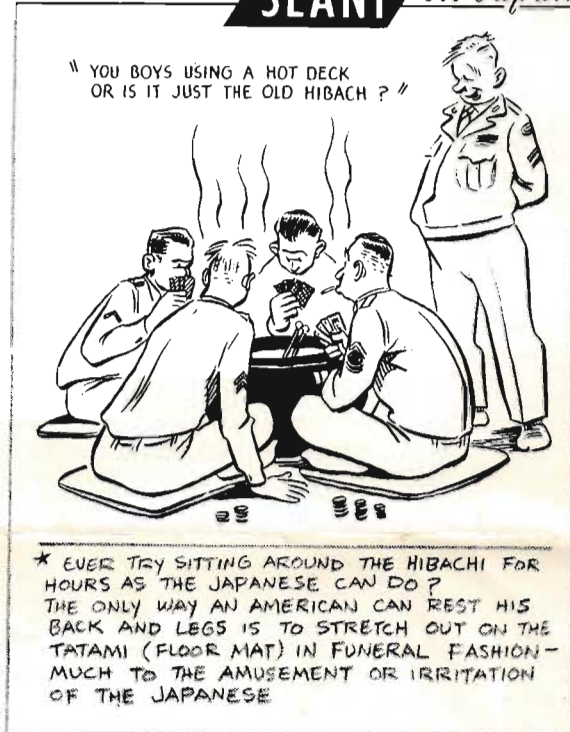
What would you choose as the 10 most beautiful-sounding words in the English language? A British novelist nominated "Carnation, azure, peril, moon, forlorn, heart, silence, shadow, April and apricot."

A distinguished American poet preferred, "Dawn, hush, lullaby, murmuring, tranquil, mist, luminous, chimes, golden and melody."



LST Beach at Mitsuhamma, Saikoku, Japan--site of our '45 "Invasion" into Nippon as she looks today. Photo by courtesy of Lt. Col. JAMES B. JONES (19th and Div. Hq. who was there then and who has been back again since.

the HUME'N SLANT on Japan



APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

Edmund F. Henry, Sec'y.-Treas.
21 Park Street
Attleboro, Mass.

I desire to /renew/start/(strike out inappropriate word) my membership in the 24th Infantry Division Association and thereby enjoy the many benefits of continuing to be associated with others connected with that Great Combat Division. I enclose \$3 for my yearly dues.

Name _____

Street _____

City and State _____

Former Organization _____

From _____ to _____

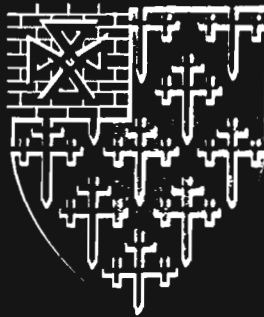
Remarks: (Please give all information that your friends in the Association would like to hear about you).



19TH INF REGT



21ST INF REGT



34TH INF REGT



24TH DIV ARTY

The 101st A/B Div has a museum at Ft. Campbell; just thought you'd like to know what outfits can do for themselves.....Are you keeping up with other Taro Leafers? At least 500 one time Taro Leafers who read this issue are not. They have straggled and now add nothing to the Association strength. Have they intentionally deserted? We don't think so. \$3.00 in an envelope to Ed Henry, 21 Park St., Attleboro, Mass. will reinstate you if you are one of those in arrears.... '57 is the year of dedication for the 1st Inf. Div. They are constructing a World War II Memorial in Washington, D.C. to complement their WWI Memorial.....Are your dues paid?....And as Noah said when he ushered the last pair of animals into the Ark: "Now I herd everything"... Well we've got something here that money can't buy--POVERTY.....And just remember: when things look black--send them to the laundry.

Then there's the one about the English bulldog that bit Churchill on the ankle and then went around bragging: "Winston tastes good like a Prime Minister should!".....It's like the fellow who took heart in the slogan: "Smile, things could be worse." So he smiled and sure enough, things were worse.....Do you know what "illegal" is? It's a sick bird!..... See you in Chi!



"Sir, Henry Jones requests the Commanding Officer's permission to go outside and play."



Secretary EDMUND F. HENRY (Div.Hq.) has about 100 copies of "Children of Yesterday" left. As this book is now out of print, here is your last chance to pick up a copy. \$2.00 will do it. Send it to Ed at 21 Park Street, Attleboro, Mass.

You won't be court-martialed for not paying your dues; we know of no article of war that covers this negligence. But by not paying up, you're making our jobs a helluva lot rougher. We can't put out issues without money. Won't you put this coupon to good use TODAY!

Ed Henry
21 Park St.,
Attleboro, Mass.

Here's \$3. Keep my name on the Association roster and keep sending me the Taro Leaf.



11TH FA BN



13TH FA BN



52ND FA BN



63RD FA BN

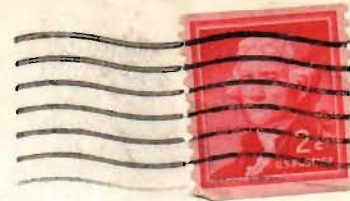
They say that the Audubon Society is strictly for the birds.....We started out with these sillygisms some years ago, figuring to have done with them after a round or two. But no, they were such a success we found ourselves bound with invisible wires, like the guy who seeks the freedom of a mistress only to find she is more demanding than any wife ever was. By now, we don't even struggle. We sit down to a typewriter and let it go.

The juxtaposition of the letters o,u,g and h, and the various pronunciations thereof in the English language have long given foreigners conniption fits. One Frenchman worked out this sentence to emphasize the difficulties: "A rough-coated,dough-faced ploughman strode through the streets of Scarborough, coughing and hiccoughing thoughtfully."



"Apple polishing won't get you anywhere with a man as sharp as the Colonel"

THE TARO LEAF
24th Infantry Division Assoc.
E. Henry, Sec'y.
21 Park Street
Attleboro, Mass.



Form 3547 Requested

Elvin E. Greek,
2520 Coles St.,
Richmond 24,
Va.

WE
INVITE
YOU TO
THE 24TH
INFANTRY DIVISION
REUNION