

TAROLIA

24TH

INFANTRY

DIVISION

ASSOCIATION

VOL. V

DECEMBER 1951

NO. 3



TARO LEAF

Published regularly by the
24th Infantry Division Association

Nat'l. Hqs.: 131 N. Culver St.,
Baltimore, Md.

Subscription: \$3.00 per year;
free to Assoc. members.

Joseph I. Peyton, Editor

* All copy must be received two weeks prior
* to the issue for which intended. Address
* all communications to the Editor.

* Advertising rates will be furnished upon
* application.

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

LEON HOWARD

Anyone who ever drew pay from the "good Uncle" while with the Division in New Guinea and/or the Philippines, knows that Leon Howard was "the guy who made the eagle fly." Not as many know, unfortunately, that aside from being a money lender, Leon was and is a very talented artist.

With the greatest of pleasure and with deep gratitude to Leon for granting us permission to reproduce some of his work, we offer his "Courtyard of Cathedral at Palo, December, 1944" as this month's cover feature. It shows the 36th Evacuation Hospital set-up. Many of the Division's wounded were brought here. The less serious cases were stretched on litters under the tents; the more seriously wounded were cared for inside the church.

We wanted something special for the cover of this, our Christmas issue; something that smacked of Christmas and yet something that didn't fail to serve as a reminder that, while there may be a merry kind of Christmas for each of us here at home, somewhere "out there" there will be a different kind of Christmas for a plucky group of guys who wear the Taro Leaf. Come Christmas day, they will be slugging it out in a you-know-how fashion that you and I - and they - might look forward to other better Christmas Days yet to come.

Leon's drawing seems to catch that very idea for us.

So long as men of the 24th are "in the line," we consider it proper that we "soft pedal" the commercialized Christmas spirit which we all know too well and concentrate on the real significance of the Day. We've had enough of Christmas that was all for the glory of Wanamaker and Neiman-Marcus. We want a Christmas that is all for the glory of those of the 24th whose Christmas Days in the past, at the present, and, regrettably, probably for sometime in the future, are spent on a "business as usual" basis.

For we of the editorial staff, Leon's vivid sketch of another Christmas - 1944 - best puts us in the mood for that kind of deliberation we believe the boys of the 24th who face the enemy for their second Christmas in Korea are deserving of.

Gentlemen of the 24th in Korea -- We know something of your anguish and anxiety. We, too, have been with the 24th at Christmas time. May God be with you on this Day of days and on every day until a just and righteous peace is won.

Louis Tacchi in St. Louis writes us, "The revamped Taro Leaf is A-1. Keep up the swell work. P.S. The wife likes it, too." Thanks, Lou. It was because we found out that outsiders were reading our pages too that we decided to go easy on the jokes. Were we right or wrong? Let's hear from you.... Marvin E. Lumm is operating a hardware store in Stroud, Okla..... Good "Red" Newman writes us from Hq. Iceland Defense Force, APO 81, c/o P.M. New York, N.Y. Is it cold up there, Red? We hope to see you in Columbus in '52.... Bob Rentsehler is in the creamery business in Anniston, Ala. He married Christine McClellan of Anniston in 1946 and they now have a girl 4 and a boy 8 1/2 months. It looks like a growing family for Bob and Chris. Chris, incidentally, does the writing in the family. Thanx, Chris.... Doc Bates writes from the tall corn state (Albia, Iowa) and compliments us on the Taro Leaf. He liked the Mindanao pictures and adds, "Do you suppose we'd feel a little squeamish about lying naked in the sun on Taloma Beach with all of those Cooks around now?" No, we'd probably have to wear Bikini suits, at least, were we over there today, Doc. This modern civilization sometimes is H---, ain't it? He says Doc "Hot or Cold" Waller dropped in to see him last summer as did Dick "Curly" Reinke. He also advises that Albia is "littered with Taro Leafers." There's Irvin Mefford (19th) who got a leg wound near Davao, Bill Engstrom who joined the 24th Medics on Mindanao, and a Myers boy who manages to get around in a wheel chair now since his return from Korea. How about starting an Albia Chapter, Doc?

SWEEPERS MAN YOUR BROOMS

It's "full steam ahead for the '52 Membership Drive. New members are coming in at the rate of about three per day. As additional assistants are recruited from among the members who will aid in the tremendous administrative details involved, it is reasonably expected that this average will improve. Objection: 5000 members by August, 1952. We'll do it!

Our deepest thanks go out to the likes of Al Miller (A21), Ed Henry (Div.Hq.) and Claire, his able and very loyal secretary, Pappy Kaye (Div. Hq.), and Bill Daberbo (24 Sig.) and his lovely wife Lucy who writes that she "got the assignment." (Smart boy, Bill!)

Bill McKenna (34), Bill Byrd (D21), Julius Jozs (A19), Ray Dende (724 Ord.), Charlie Seibert (19th), and "Robin" Daniels (Div.Hq.) also are out in front as pencil pushers. And we've only mentioned a few who have their shoulders to the wheel in an effort to put this Assoc. over. 016-10-6502

ANYONE KNOW ABOUT "YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN"?

John J. Monzella (34th) writes, "Are there any more of Yesterday's Children around? The book, that is." As for yesterday's children, it isn't within the editor's province to hazard a guess, but as for the book, write Combat Forces Book Service, 1115 17th St., N.W., Washington, D.C., and they'll send you Jan Vaitin's "Children of Yesterday" for \$3.00. John is a special policeman for Bethlehem Steel in San Francisco.

WHAT, NO TARO LEAFLET?

We're getting inquiries as to what ever happened to the "Taro Leaflet." One fellow asked, "What did you do, go back on your word?"

The answer is NO! We've been concentrating on making "The Taro Leaf" a monthly paper.

We hope to have an issue of "The Taro Leaf" every month from here on out. That being so, the publication of the "Taro Leaflet" was obviously unnecessary. OK?

Carroll L. White (L-34) of R.R.3, Box 200 Noblesville, Ind. writes us as follows:

"I would like for you to send me all of the eligible members in Indiana and I will try to personally go see them and try getting them to join. I think it is a wonderful organization. If you have an opportunity I would like for you to write three fellows about the organization. They were all my buddies in training and overseas duty. I have written them informing them of the organization and they haven't responded. Why don't you see what you can do. And if you don't get any response, I will send in their dues for them. Just give them H---. Tell them I told you to. I would like for them to be members very much. (All L. Co., 34th):

Kermit Warner, Box 38, Potsdam, Ohio;
Carrol E. Vulgamot, 717 Lyons St.,
Columbia, Missouri;
George R. Waldrep, P. O. Box 1346,
Spartansburg, S. C.

"You wanted news. Well here it is: For the past five years my mother (Mrs. Bert White, Noblesville, Ind. R.R.3) has had a chicken dinner for servicemen she wrote to while they were in the service and fellows I was in the service with. There have been 13 men and their family out of the 24th Div. attending these dinners, all 34th men. They are: Kermit Warner (L.Co.); Carrol E. Vulgamot (L.Co.); George Waldrep (L.Co.); Homer Crank (L.Co.); Wayne Tame (L.Co.); Joe Lahey (2nd En. Motor Pool); Merrill Graham (K.Co.); Oscar Musselman (P.Co.); Alwin Wild (L.Co.); Paul Wisecup (L.Co.) and Pierce Shivers (C. Co.); Merlin Pierce (G.Co.); Leon Hesser (2nd En. Med.). It will be at my house next year and anybody within hollering distance is welcome. It is held on the 3rd Sunday in August."

That's a great spirit, Carroll. Thanks for the fine report. There is little we might add by way of comment on what Carroll has written. The letter speaks for itself.

FRIENDS OF ANDY JOHN (34th)

Mrs. Gertrude John, R & L, Box 46, Winlock, Wash., would like to hear from friends of Andy John, (A-34) KIA on Kilay Ridge on 11-20-44. Take care of this, will you fellows?

ARIGATO, RAY DENDE

Ray Dende (724 Ord.) is a co-owner of The Dende Press in Scranton, Penn. After printing our new stationery, he sent along a receipted bill with the notation "Here's my 2¢ worth." We are very grateful to you, Ray.

HIM BIG BUTTERFLY

Col. Walter C. Rathbone (Div. I.G.) has retired. His APO: Box 1642, Washington 13, D.C. What are you doing in retirement, Walter? God bless you.

T. P. QUINN, ESQ

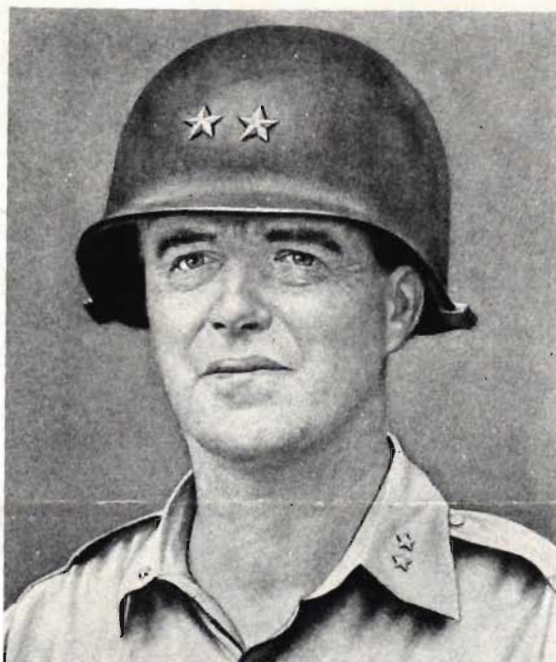
Timothy P. Quinn (19th) is practicing law in St. Paul, Minn.

ONE OF THE BOYS

Cpl. Edward Smigel, 18 Franklin St., Springfield, Mass., is with the Division in Korea. Recently he assisted in the rescue of six soldiers when their truck stalled in a swollen Korean stream. Six other soldiers were drowned.

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

Medal of Honor



Major General William F. Dean, of Berkeley, California—Medal of Honor. In the hard early days of the Korean War, when it was Red armor against American rifles, General Dean chose to fight in the most seriously threatened parts of the line with his men. At Taejon, just before his position was overrun, he was last seen hurling hand grenades defiantly at tanks.

General William Dean knew in his heart that it's every man's duty to defend America. You know it, too. The General's job was in Korea and he did it superbly well. Your defense job is here at home. And one of the best ways to do that job is to start right now buying your full share of United States Defense* Bonds. For remember, your Defense Bonds help keep America *strong*, just as soldiers like General Dean keep America safe. And only through America's strength can your nation . . . and your family . . . and you . . . have a life of security.

Defense is your job, too. For the sake of all our servicemen, for your own sake, help make this land so powerful that no American again may have to die in war. Buy United States Defense* Bonds now—for peace!

Remember when you buy bonds for national defense, you also build personal cash savings. Remember, too, if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. Money you take home usually is

spent. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. For your country's security, and your own, buy United States Defense Bonds now!

****U.S. Savings Bonds are Defense Bonds - Buy them regularly!***



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God Saved My Life in Korea

By PVT. ROBERT L. SHARPE as told to BILL CURRIE

This is the fully documented first-person story of what happened to a boy from North Carolina who was taken prisoner by the Reds—a record of savagery almost without parallel in our times.



At Pyongyang, where Red Korean guards had amused themselves by tossing grenades among the prisoners, Pvt. Sharpe is helped aboard the transport plane which took him to Japan for hospitalization.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Pvt. Robert L. Sharpe, who has done so very much living in his eighteen years, gave up a promising baseball career when he enlisted in the United States Army. He was best known in his home town, High Point, North Carolina, for having pitched a no-hit, no-run game in the Red Shield League, sponsored by the Salvation Army and civic clubs of High Point. He also pitched for his high-school team and played basketball. Private Sharpe enlisted on July 27, 1949, after his sophomore year in high school, and he was sent to Japan in February, 1950. His father, mother and three younger brothers—one only eighteen months old—live in High Point. Robert aspires to be a professional soldier. Despite his experiences, he says he does not think the atom bomb should be used on the North Koreans.

WHAT happened to me while I was a prisoner of the North Koreans is no different from what happened to hundreds of others. Only I was spared to come back and tell about it. There has been a lot written about massacres and atrocities committed by the North Koreans. But I doubt that the whole horror of what it was really like has ever been recounted, or ever will be. As a matter of fact, in the time that I was a prisoner we experienced things for which there are no adequate words.

We landed in Korea on last Fourth of July for what we were told was to be a "police action." As we understood it at first, the South Korean army was to do the fighting and we were to do the mop-up behind. But the "police-action" business got to be a bum joke to us. In two weeks our whole battalion was torn apart, most of our men killed or wounded, and I was a prisoner in the hands of the communists. As a medical corpsman, I arrived in Korea with little equipment and of course I was unarmed. But we heard of the massacre of the medics in the first battalion of the Twenty-fourth Regiment of the 24th Division, so before we went into action we were issued an M-1 rifle and plenty of medical supplies. Men were so scarce that we medics threw away our arm bands, painted over the crosses on our helmets and helped fight—carrying ammunition, moving equipment and doing everything else that had to be done.

I was in G Company, second battalion, 19th Regiment, 24th Division. We had lost about a third of our men when we went on a volunteer mission to draw fire away from the surrounded first battalion. Our action enabled the first to fight back and rejoin the regiment. The rest of our battalion was in reserve and moved up to the line on the same day that we were coming back with the rescued first battalion. But because things were getting so hot, we were put off the trucks for the rear, and sent back into the line.

At that time we were sent along the bank of the Kum River. We didn't have an automatic weapon on our flanks, and we would have been wiped out if the North Koreans had tried to cross. But they didn't, and after one day they pulled us out and we started moving back. Our combat action had been sudden and tragic. The shock of violent death and suffering was too much, even in those early days, for some of us. Some of our men cracked up and were just crying shells of themselves before we reached our rest area five miles south of Tjeon.

We were scheduled for a four-day rest. But the North Koreans smashed across the Kum and after only two days we were sent back to the front to try to stop them. Morale was low and some of the men were drinking tank fluid. Others stole morphine from medical kits to bolster their nerves. Captain Bartz, our company commander, told us before we went in that the folks back home were counting on us and that we couldn't fail. When he got through, we were ready to fight to the last man. That's just about what happened. Captain Bartz and my platoon leader, Lieutenant Charles M. Matlock, of the Bronx, New York City, were the bravest men I ever saw. They had iron guts and knew how to make a man fight.

That we were fighting for the folks back home weighed heavily on our minds. The battle was fierce and bloody. In the confusion of fighting against heavy odds, our communications fell apart—even between the platoons of our company.

Communists were swarming all over the place and Captain Bartz ordered the company to fall back. But the runner didn't get to our platoon, so the rest of the company withdrew and left us surrounded—no way to get out. We finally got a message to abandon our position and it was every man for himself. We had to leave many of the wounded behind. I can still hear them screaming. I attended to all I could. But it wasn't much use, because the North Koreans came right along and bayoneted the wounded as they lay on the ground.

I found out the first day in battle that they had no mercy for the wounded. We had lots of casualties then, and when we were ordered back, one of our medics stayed with the wounded. Since he wouldn't leave, our chaplain wouldn't leave either. The medic got his—a bayonet through the neck—as he was trying to help a wounded man. The chaplain was bayoneted while he was on his knees praying beside a dying man.

Lieutenant Matlock led what was left of us into the hills. We thought we might circle back south and rejoin the American lines. It was a good twenty-five miles back to the American lines, and rough going because we were walking through rice paddies where the mud was sometimes knee-deep.

I think probably there were fifteen of us left. We kept going until we came to a ravine, where the communists in the rocks above us opened fire. It was murder. The fire came from all directions. Men fell and their shrieks could be heard even above the gunfire. I went face

down in the mud and lay still, pretending that I was dead. The shooting finally stopped, and the Koreans came down to see if any of us were left. To make sure, they ran their bayonets through some, they kicked others, and they bashed others with the butts of their rifles.

But they didn't do anything to me. I was covered with blood anyhow, because I had been working on the wounded. My arms were soaked to the elbows. I had bent my head to listen for heartbeats in wounded men until my hair was matted with blood and it was dried on my face. They figured I was dead, I guess, because they set me up and pulled my belt off. Then another Korean unlaced my boots and left me barefooted. I never had another pair of shoes—except some grass slippers which I stole—until I was liberated. I walked nearly 400 miles without my boots.

The M-1 rifle which I had taken into battle was too clumsy with all my medical equipment, so I had swapped it for a carbine. But that was too much, too, so just the day before I had traded off the carbine for a .45 pis.col. When the shooting started in the ravine, I junked the pistol and the aid kit. Luckily, the North Koreans didn't find either.

It was horrible lying there in the mud with all my buddies dead or dying around me. So I buried my face in the mud and lay there a couple of hours until the sun went down. I kept quiet until just before day, but then I crawled over to where I could get the pistol and the aid kit. I checked around to see if anybody else was alive. I found only three others. We drank some of the stummy rice-paddy water and got farther back into the hills to hide.

We didn't have anything to eat, so we tried grass, but that made us sick. We had to have food, and we decided to move at night, hoping to get back to the American lines. But I never could get the others to leave.

During the four days we hid out, we read the Bible a lot and prayed much of the time. I always believed in God, and I believed that He could do anything. I believed that He could and would save us. We prayed hard and felt better because of it. God was our only hope, and we tried to lay all our burdens on Him.

But we had trouble among ourselves. One of the fellows cried and carried on so that we were afraid he would give our position away. For a while we considered shooting him because we knew if he kept on we would be discovered. I'm glad, of course, that we didn't have to do it. We looked after him, and he got a little better, but we had to watch him every minute.

On the fourth day I was so hungry I didn't care if I got killed. The others wouldn't go, so I walked down alone. I went along a road and came on a farmer in a rice paddy, and asked him about some food. I think I just about scared him to death. He didn't want to have



In the hospital at Tokyo, Sharpe began to put back on some of the sixty-four pounds he'd lost between the time his outfit first landed in Korea and the day he was liberated.

anything to do with me. But finally he agreed to give me something to eat, and took me to his little shanty on the mountainside. He and his wife gave me some mush—it was delicious to me. I got full, then kind of sick, and I was feeling mighty bad. The farmer kept urging me to go. I didn't want to get him in any trouble, so I headed back for the hills. But just as I got outside about two squads of North Koreans came running up, screaming and jumping up and down. They were in civilian clothes, but they had bayonets fixed, and they had hand grenades hanging all over them.

I had read about what the North Koreans did to prisoners. I jerked my pistol from the holster and put it up to my temple. I intended to commit suicide. But I just couldn't pull the trigger to kill myself. So I dropped down on both knees and waited for them to hanoi me. But it didn't come. They danced around me and whooped like Indians. Then one jerked me to my feet, slapped me across the mouth and asked if I understood Japanese. I told him I did, a little. So, right off the bat, he asked me what I thought of General MacArthur. I thought I had better play along, so I said I didn't like the general. He asked about President Truman, and I said the same thing. Then he asked about Henry Wallace, and again I said I didn't like him. It was a mistake, because I got cuffed around for that. But they didn't hurt me much. I became a prisoner.

While they walked me into Taejon, I thought about all the fellows who had been killed, and whose last words had been gasped out to me. Battlefield deaths aren't so dramatic as you see in the movies. Most of the time the fellows say something easy, like: "Well, I guess I didn't dodge that one," or "Get one for me, will you, doc?" I had a lot of 'em die in my arms, and I thought about 'em—I'm still thinking about them. And I was thinking that for a guy who had been eighteen years old only a little over a month, I was getting near the end of a pretty short string myself.

One fellow I went to on the field had a bad chest wound. He was going; I could tell. But he kept pawing at his chest, thrashing around and crying, so I opened up his clothes. He had a big picture of a girl under his clothes next to his skin. She was a pretty girl, and the bullet that killed him had gone right through her chest too. I took the picture and rolled it up and put it in my kit. I was going to try to find her if I got back, to tell her about him, but the North Koreans took the picture away from me.

As a matter of fact, they took everything I had. My shoes were already gone, and so was my belt. But they took my watch and my wallet, even my underwear. I slipped most of my money into my mouth. I'm glad I did, because later I was able to buy a cigarette butt for ten dollars. Another fellow paid \$200 for a half slice of bread.

They marched me through the streets of Taejon and showed me a whole arsenal of captured American weapons. Then they took me to a command post, where I was questioned. Not just the intelligence officer questioned me, all the soldiers did, and civilians too. What they wanted to know was where they could find Gen. Bill Dean. Of course, I didn't know, but they thought I did. They had the general's helmet liner with the two stars painted on it, and they had the silver stars from his jacket too. But they didn't have the general. From that, we figured that General Dean threw away his insignia to keep from being identified, and kept on fighting with the men until the end.

They kept me around a couple of days, and then they sent me to a POW camp in Taejon. There were about seventy Americans there, about twenty-five of them wounded. They had had no medical attention, and there were no doctors or aid men in the prison until I arrived. There was nothing to work with, but I ripped up uniforms and made bandages and did the best I could to help the guys out—three rice balls a day. What we got was pretty hard to get down, and even harder to hold. The guards were rough, but their treatment seemed like Sunday school compared to what we got later.

During the five days I stayed there a lot of the men died, but their dying was easy beside the deaths of a lot of those who had to go later. It hurt me awful. I wanted to cry and hide myself, but I couldn't. I couldn't let down for a minute. My nerves, while still controllable, were almost to the breaking point.

While we were there, I met Pvt. Edward Slayden, of Quincy, Illinois. We became good friends and we swore never to leave each other. That promise cost me several chances to escape, for Slayden was later wounded. But I knew that had the situation been reversed he would not have left me.

After the five days we were told that we were being shipped to Seoul by train, where we would be placed aboard airplanes bound for the United States. I knew it wasn't true, but some of the men believed it. I tried to encourage it, because it meant hope. That's one way the communists have of breaking a man. They beat you, starve you and have you just about ready to die. Then they put out something hopeful. They put you on the back, and then they drop the bottom out, and you're more hopeless than ever.

The train never showed up, so we started out to walk to Seoul. Between fifty and sixty men were able to walk; the rest were left behind. We moved at night, because the American planes were active against troops in the daytime, and while the guards were happy to have us strafed, they didn't take to it themselves. We walked only about ten miles when we were picked up in trucks and carried to Chochiwon. We got there in the morning. But by this time I had lost track of what day it was.

They placed us in one of the few buildings left standing. Every day American planes came over and strafed. It was terrifying, and many of our men lost their minds as the bullets kicked up about us. We all tried to burrow into the concrete floor of the building. Some of the men tore the flesh from their hands trying to scratch their way to safety. But, miraculously, our building was never hit.

The march had barely begun, but already death was everywhere. Rations had been cut to one rice ball a day. It was about the size of a golf ball, and just about as good to eat. Once somebody brought in some green peaches. Oh, they were good, but they turned out the insides of our men wrong side out.

Dysentery hit and the men were mighty sick, passing blood nearly all the time. We were filthy and the place stank horribly. We were also crawling with lice, and though I must have picked a million off my own body, for every one I picked off there were a hundred I missed. It was all bad, but the dysentery was the worst part. One man had several feet of his entrails on the outside of him, and he lived for a while with his insides tied to his leg, and they wouldn't swing when he walked.

We left Chochiwon on foot, and walked the round-about route to Chonan in about four days. It was forced march all the way. We had almost nothing to eat. The wounded and sick were left to die alongside the road—or if they escaped being shot or bayoneted. The guards beat us, too, only not too much. They knew we had to walk. Too much beating meant we wouldn't be able to. The dysentery got worse all the time, of course, but they kept us marching.

The names of many of the men on the death march I remember very well, but most of them are still classified as missing in action. I have had lots of letters and visitors wanting information since I got back to the States. But I still think it wise not to circulate those names.

When we left Chonan, we all were getting much weaker. Sickness was getting worse. We walked about twenty miles. Then just outside of Ouan they loaded us aboard a train and moved us to Suwon. There we stayed for two days, and of about sixty who had started from Taejon, I doubt if forty survived. Finally we got to Seoul, the South Korean capital.

At Seoul we were joined by more than 300 other prisoners who had been sent back from all parts of the front. Among them was Capt. William Locke, who had married a girl from my home town, High Point, North Carolina. I talked with Captain Locke as much as we dared. I could have escaped with him later on the march but for my promise to Slayden.

The death march started winding its way northward from Seoul almost at once. The destination was Pyongyang, the North Korean capital. It was a peculiar route which we followed, carrying us many miles out of the way. There were 386 who left Seoul, but fewer than 100 ever reached Pyongyang. In a couple of days we were mighty hungry. After a while you used to being hungry and it isn't so bad, but when you're just beginning to starve it's the toughest.

What made it really hard was marching through the farmlands where there was good food in the fields and apples and other fruit on the trees. They wouldn't let us have any. American planes strafed us daily and killed a lot of our men. But they didn't know they were doing it—and for those of us who lived, it helped a lot. When the planes came to strafe our column, the guards would run. That gave us a chance to steal food from the fields and eat it while they were rounding us up again. I remember once I stole two pumpkins and ate them raw—I don't believe it took me more than five minutes. The guards fired over our heads a good deal to keep us in line. But by then most of us had lost any fear of death itself. We were more afraid of living another day like that.

The planes were terrible. The guards always cried, "Hongo," when the planes came over. "Hongo," means "Get down." The guards followed their own orders better than we did.

During our breaks, which came only when the guards got too tired to go on, those of us who were able tried to bury our dead. Most of the men who died went during the breaks. It seemed that fellow could keep going as long as he was moving, but once he sat down his will couldn't keep him alive. We made little crosses out of sticks and said prayers over the graves. But the Koreans would laugh at us and kick the crosses down. God! How I hated their guts!

We finally got so it was almost too much effort to hit the dirt when the planes came over. We just stood in the middle of the road and waved. After a while the pilots figured out that we were American prisoners and didn't shoot, but it took a lot of lives before they recognized us. At Sariwon, on the way to Pyongyang, some of the sick were loaded into ox carts because they couldn't walk any more.

As I walked along I had plenty of time to think. I thought and prayed mostly about my mother and father and three kid brothers back home in High Point. I thought some, too, about our chances. I always remembered the Korean officer in Seoul who asked me what I thought of General MacArthur. By that time I was fed up with them, so I told him the general was just fine. He spit right between my eyes for that. I'll never forget it or him.

About fifty miles before we got to Pyongyang, Ed Slayden slipped into a field for some food. The guards shot him and he was badly wounded. But he made it back to the column and practically carried him the last fifty miles.

That sounds like quite a job, and it was, but not a bit more miraculous than our escape in the end. The Koreans did everything they could to have us killed without actually doing it themselves. Still, we managed to stay alive. It was no accident. There is only One Power big enough for that. I still know that God alone brought us through. God gave me strength to walk and half-carry Ed, and kept Ed alive even after he spit up blood with every breath.

Even after we got to Pyongyang, the Koreans tried ways of killing us. They starved us, beat us and they threw hand grenades into the building where we were quartered. We threw them out again before they could explode. They took our Bibles and tore them up. But we kept on praying, and they kept on laughing.

Though weaker every day, I was still in much better shape than most of the men. Being younger and in good shape when it all started, I was able to stand the march better than the older fellows. Those of us who could, tried to bury the dead, but it was a hard job. Those North Koreans still kicked the crosses off the graves almost as soon as we put them up, but we put them up anyhow. We finally tried to find a hole in the bottle neck, but his name and serial number, so, if the grave-registry men ever find them, they'll know who they are.

It is a little hard for me to remember just when we left Pyongyang, but one day we were told we were being moved to a permanent camp near the Manchurian border. Few of us could have walked any distance at all. Without mercy, the North Koreans beat the sick ones to get them on their feet, and clubbed them with the butts of their rifles—Russian rifles.

They loaded us aboard a train. It was getting cold then, and we had nothing but our fatigues clothes. Nobody had any real shoes and the grass slippers which some of us had stolen were not much help, so everybody had foot trouble. The train was made up of coal cars. It was night, and pouring

down rain. We had a new set of guards—a bunch of South Koreans who had been "converted"—and they were just as mean as the North Koreans had been. They beat us and kicked us around. The surest way to get a lick was to show fear. You had a better chance if you could look 'em in the eye. Sometimes I could, sometimes I couldn't.

One of the guards was a pretty good guy—we called him John. He was American-educated, and he would have nothing to do with beating any of the prisoners. He even tried to slip us food. He was later shot because he wouldn't beat us or help shoot us in the massacre which was to follow.

They took us off the train in the morning. We walked to a ravine, where we stood and rested all day. That night they put us back on the train, and then they made us get off again. This sounds like a simple order. But to some of our men, getting on and off a train was a great effort. The next day they put us back on the train and started shifting around again. When we got back on the train the third time we were in a regular passenger car—they picked it up after bumping into a deserted train which had been left standing idle on the tracks. The shifting forward and back continued. I don't think we moved over twenty-five miles in two nights. On the third day I left Ed Slayden in the rear of the car and crawled under the seats to the forward part to talk with Allen J. Gifford, from New Jersey. Allen was an old friend, my roommate in Japan before we went to Korea. We had a reputation as prisoners.

We talked for quite a while about old times in Japan and about the march. We talked about how hard it was to walk by the fields and orchards full of crops and fruit without being allowed to eat. We shared broken hearts over having seen pilots in planes who were within hollering distance of us, and yet couldn't help us.

Suddenly we went into a tunnel which ran through a mountain. The train stopped. We paid little attention—we had been stopping and starting for three days. The guards said something about food. That brought me up from under the seats in a hurry. They said we were going to near-by farmhouses to eat. Not taking a chance on missing food, I was the fourth man in line off that train. Some of our fellows had little bowls or pieces of cups they had picked up, so they brought them along. They marched us along the railroad track out of the tunnel the same way we had gone in. We walked through the brush to a little ravine. There they let us sit down. Those who had little dishes were clearing them out and getting ready to eat. Then I heard a rifle bolt slide home again, a minute later, another one.

The guy next to me pitched over on his face. He was dead. I screamed something in the way of warning, and bit the ground. Then all hell broke loose. They opened up on us with rifles, machine guns, hurp guns and everything else that would shoot. The men were screaming and begging for mercy, and calling on God to spare their lives. But the Koreans kept on shooting. They raked the ground up and down with fire, cutting the screaming men to pieces.

I was on the ground almost at the first shot. Another fellow piled on top of me. He lived a few minutes at the cost of his. They shot him all to pieces and his blood ran all over me. It was warm and sickening. I wanted to jump up and cry, but I kept still. The shooting continued. It seemed a very long time. In reality it was all over in about fifteen minutes.

I had been hit in the right arm and the right leg, and I was losing a good deal of blood. But I lay still. The Koreans then made the rounds of the bodies. They stuck some with bayonets, and they broke the heads of others with their rifle butts. I could see the detail coming toward me. But they didn't hit me in the head—only in the chest. Though I had the print of the rifle butt for several weeks, there was nothing serious done to me then.

I was praying. Not out loud, but praying anyhow. I prayed that it would come quickly, that I would be dead without any more suffering. It hurt me more than I can ever tell, to think about those poor, helpless men who had walked and suffered all those miles, only to be shot down without a chance. I can hardly bear to think of it now.

Gifford was lying beside me. He was moaning that he was dying, whispered for him to be quiet. He, too, lived through it all. He cried, "Don't

leave me," over and over again. I tried to reassure him in whispers. Finally, all the Koreans left but one. Then he, too, left, and we were alone among all the bodies of our friends. I was the second time for me, but it fact that I had been through something like it before didn't make it any easier.

We waited quite a while, and the we found that there were four able to walk. Some of the others were alive, but we had to leave them behind because we were too weak ourselves to carry anyone along. It hurts me yet to think of leaving those fellows. But we had to try to save ourselves then.

We made for the hills, but we couldn't go far. I ripped out a piece of my fatigue jacket and made a tourniquet for my arm. I managed to stop the bleeding in both my wounds. But we was so weak that I fell down, and it started again. Then I couldn't stop it, and I got weaker and weaker.

When the sun came up I was spitting up blood, and I was sure that I couldn't live through the day. We were all just about dead. I prayed hard most all day, for myself and for the folks back home. About four o'clock that afternoon we heard voices and people walking around, and we thought the Koreans had us again. The folks we heard were shouting for us to come on out—that we were free, and saved. But we had been lied to and tricked too many times. We were afraid to answer at all for a while. Then when they kept calling, I yelled down, "Who is Betty Grable's husband?"

Somebody hollered back, "Harry James."

I was pretty well convinced that the folks we heard were Americans. But we were still cautious. I got up on my feet, feeling pretty dizzy, and hollered, "If you guys are Americans, come up here!"

We didn't have long to wait. In just a few seconds a big sergeant came up the path. I ran, fell, crawled to him, and dropped into his arms. Yes, I even kissed him. My prayers had been answered.

We were taken to an aid station where our wounds were tended, and then evacuated to Japan. After a term in the hospital there, I was flown to the United States, and I spent a short time in a hospital on the Pacific coast.

When I landed in Korea I weighed 162. When I was liberated I weighed 98. I'm back up to 140 now, and feeling fine. I hope to make the Regular Army my career. But the entire muscle in my right arm is gone, and my right leg will never be exactly normal again. So I may not be fit for military duty, but I hope to be.

As I said before, we prayed a lot in Korea. But I had been taught to pray all my life, so it was nothing new to me. The fact that our prayers were answered, while wonderful, was no great surprise. God brought us out of there, and I want to tell the world that I know He did it.

THE END

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MESS . . . LINE

"In time of trial, what brings the greatest comfort?" asked the preacher.

"Aquila," answered a voice from the back.

Doc: "I can't quite diagnose your case, but I think it's due to drinking."

Patient: "Okay, doc. I'll come back later when you're sober."

Then there was the veteran, who'd had a few too many, feeling his way around a lamp post murmuring, "Sno use! I'm walked in."

A Scotsman, out for a big evening, had to pass through a cow pasture to get home. While passing through the pasture in the wee, small hours his tam-o-shanter blew off.

After trying on six, he finally found his own.

Preacher: My sermon this morning will be "All Liquor Should Be Thrown in the River." Then the choir will sing "Shall We Gather at the River?"

TheSchmerz Plan For Natty Gls

By Pvt. HANK LEVINSON
Camp Polk, La.

Pvt. Leffingwell Schmerz was behaving strangely. At his ringside table in the PX he muttered to himself and occasionally held a swatch of material up to the smoke-filled, mally air to examine it in the dim light.

"What goes, Schmerz? You finally cracking up?" I asked. "It looks like you're a bottle fatigue case at last."

"Park it, Buster, and set up the suit," said the sometime military scribe. "I'm working on the uniform problem and I have some startling ideas to communicate to my breathless public."

"Does this business with the material have anything to do with it?" Leffingwell said. "The switch to winter uniform has set me thinking. The Wacs had special uniforms designed for them by Katie Carnegie. How come the Army hasn't had some fancy styling? I've decided to fill the gap. 'Styling by Schmerz' will make the most significant advance in military modes since the Ike jacket."

"Just what is this 'Styling by Schmerz,' if I may be so bold as to ask?" I asked.

"I'm merely going to add a little flair, a little touch of this and that to the present uniform," said the Elmer of the pliers. "For example, I'm toying with the idea of a ruffled apron in herringbone twill for the KP to wear around the kitchen. Sort of add class to the mess."

"I'm afraid I do," I said.

"If Katie can get the girls squared away," Schmerz continued, "we can do the same for the men. Another example—for those who, evenings out under the stars on bivouacs, I've lengthened the lapels on the field jacket and converted it to a two-button roll. With a dicker and a shade 51 bow tie—zip!—you're formal for dances under the stars. Another item for the outdoor type which the Army seems to attract—"

"The Schmerz open-toed combat boot with air-cushioned sole."

"On road marches, it merely cuts down the time involved for the mud to soak through your shoes. With the open toe, the mud just squishes right in. Eliminates that unbearable suspense, waiting for that 'feeling to creep around the heel. Reduces tension. A great improvement in morale will result."

"Anything else you have in mind?" I inquired.

"Well, though haven't reached the drawing board stage as yet, I'm working on a little seersucker lounging pajama, OD, naturally. For those lazy evenings in the barracks, another item for the hot air blower."

The proper garb for the occasion, that's my motto.

"He slipped his beer pensively. The girls were the cute gimmicks the Schmerz was working on. Like a pocket for mud on the long Johns. Might come in handy when you're out in the field haggling with an armadillo. . . . There's one item, though, I'm really anxious to go over with the troops. I'm trying to work out a scheme to adapt it myself one day."

"What's that, Schmerz?"

"Civilian clothes, Jocko," the part-time genius said wistfully. "Roll out the barrel. It's long time between drinks."

MESS . . . LINE

SHE was a gorgeous figure. He was a gorgeous man. He admired her figure in English. And wanted to prove it in Braille.

A honeymoon is the thrill that comes once in a wife-time.

To get along in the big city a girl must cross the streets cautiously, and the less restlessly.

A shoulder strap is a piece of ribbon worn to keep an attraction from becoming a sensation.

The judge finished his lecture to the defendant in a divorce action suit. "You decided to give your wife \$40 a month."

"That's swell, judge," said the ex-husband. "I'll try to slip her a couple of bucks now and then myself."



The Bulletin Board

HOLD BASKET

As we go to press, word has just been received that Brig. Gen. Guy Stanley Meloy, Jr., our Assoc. Historian, has been transferred from his position as Chief, Civil Relations Office, D/A to Assistant Commandant, Ft. Benning, Ga. Good wishes to you, Stan. 438-21-2421

DRAGONS ARE "DRAGGING"

Bob Solomon (34th), editor of the 34th Inf. Assoc. "Informer" and one of our own loyal Vice Presidents, sends us these tidbits.... Dom Monto, Prexy of the 34th Assoc. is distributing cigarettes, candy and gum to the veterans of Lyons Hospital in New Jersey. That's a fine spirit, Dom.... Axel Poland is going to night school.... Johnny Sheehan (Fox Company) is back in New York City.... Sam Snyder was in an auto accident the other day. Sam got a couple of shiners out of it. Hope you get well in a hurry, Sam.... George Rieger and his wife visited Clarence Rinker (Ser. Co.) at Easton, Pa., Joe Hoffman (Service Co.) at Philadelphia, and John Riley (M Co.) at Littletown, Pa. recently.... Those 34th'ers are pretty loyal to their old outfit. More power to you, boys!

DON'T FORGET S.S. NUMBERS

You'll recall that in the Sept. issue, we announced a new contest. In each issue of "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 Assoc.

Walter Rogers (AT 21 from 1-43 to 11-45) is a powerhouse. We asked him to address 200 cards for us and he writes back asking for 400. Walt wants to hear from any of his buddies in AT 21. He's at 1508 Del Vista, Modesto, Calif. Walt tells us that he never served in any outfit except the 24th Div. He was shipped to Hawaii and took his basic training with the 21st. Walt adds: "Are there any other divisions in the U. S. Army?" We don't know, Walt, but we saw a couple of fellows in New York the other day who were talking about a 1st Cavalry Division. Guess they were Britishers.

LOCATOR FILE

Dan Wegley (Cannon Co., 19th from 1-43 to 11-45) writes us asking for the address of Harold H. Lee (also of Cannon Co.). It's 386 Mammoth Rd., Lowell, Mass. This is one of the most gratifying parts of our job -- helping people locate friends.

STUFF IT IN YOUR BARRACKS BAG

Capt. Lloyd O. Borgen (flier w/11th F) seeks his fortune in this "post-war world" at N.Y.-N.J. Mil. Dist., Ft. Totten, N.Y. as can W.O. Ed Renak (Div. Hq.) where he is with the Special Service Sect.

OPINION POLL

We've thought this one over very carefully and we can't see that we're leading with our chin. So hold onto your hats. Here we go again!

This is an opinion poll. Answer only if you want to. Send in your answer, signed or unsigned, as you desire, to Ken Ross, 1387 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

Remember we're not inquiring as to individual beliefs; we are only interested in the Association cross-section. And remember too, if you think it's too personal, don't send it in.

But if you are broad-minded to the extent that you're willing to stand up and be counted, please let us hear from you.

We'll give the results in our January issue.

Here are the questions:

- Which political party do you favor?
(a) Republican (c) Dixiecrat
(b) Democrat (d) Other
- Will you support President Truman if he seeks re-election? Yes ☐ No ☐
- Which candidate in either political party would you like most to become the next President of the U. S.?

- Which of the following candidates would you prefer to see win the Republican nomination?
(1) Senator Taft
(2) General Eisenhower
(3) General MacArthur
(4) Harold Stassen
(5) Governor Warren of California
(6) Governor Dewey
(7) Other _____
- Which of the following candidates would you prefer to see win the Democratic nomination?
(1) President Truman
(2) General Eisenhower
(3) Chief Justice Vinson
(4) Sen. Paul Douglas
(5) Justice William O. Douglas
(6) Senator Kefauver
- What is your honest opinion of Sen. Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin?
(a) Do you believe his campaign against communism in government has benefited or harmed the country? Benefited ☐ Harmed ☐
(b) Do you believe the charges he has made against Acheson, Jessup, Lattimore, et al? Yes ☐ No ☐
(c) Do you believe that in Senator McCarthy's case "the end justifies the means?" Yes ☐ No ☐
(d) Do you believe Senator McCarthy should be expelled from the Senate? Yes ☐ No ☐
(e) If Senator McCarthy lived in your State would you vote for him? Yes ☐ No ☐
(f) Do you think the Senator would make a good candidate for President? Yes ☐ No ☐
- What is your honest opinion about the decline of morality in government?
(1) Do you believe President Truman is responsible for the low state of public morals evidenced by the recent Congressional investigations?
(2) Do you believe the Democratic Party is responsible?
(3) Do you think the Republican Party has an equal—or any—responsibility for the present low state of political morals?
(4) Do you think President Truman should fire any and all members of his official family who are shown to have indulged in questionable practices?
(5) Do you think government morals would be improved by a change of Administration?
- Which party and which candidate do you think will win the 1952 Presidential election?
(a) Republican ☐ Who _____?
(b) Democratic ☐ Who _____?

CALL THE ROLL

The following with the Division in Korea have taken time out from their busy days to send us the names and stateside addresses of some Korean veterans who have returned home from the "hell-hole":

Vernley F. Thomas, 724th Ord. Co.
Bernard V. Porter, Hvy. Mortar Co., 21st
Frank W. Spencer, Hq., 6th Tank Bn.
Jack L. Schram, Co. B, 6th Tank Bn.
Wm. C. Hadley, Co. G, 19th Inf.
Ralph Potter, Co. E, 21st Inf.
Kenneth W. Hyatt, 24 Q.M. Co.
Robert L. Herbert, Co. H, 19th Inf.

Many many thanks, fellows. We appreciate your giving us a thought back here in the 21.

COME AND GET IT

Lt. Col. T.A. Marsden (Div. G-2) has returned from the Division and is PMS & T at the University of Rhode Island. Hope it's a little quieter for you down in "Little Rhody," Colonel.

CALLING SHORTY SHERER

We've had three inquiries asking for the whereabouts of Shorty Sherer, ye olde Div. Hq. Co. mess sergeant. Can anyone offer any information as to where he's resting his war-racked bones?

ABOUT ONE OF THE REST

Will someone in a position to do so, take a look at the Army Film Service movie entitled "Appointment in Tokyo" and see if the colonel shown in one of the scenes on the ship heading for Leyte isn't our own "Jock" Clifford. There was a real man!!

LAWSY! LAWSY!

Tom Compere (Div. G-1) wants Col. F. R. Zierath's present APO. It's 5000 N. 17th St., Arlington, Va., Tom.

DRESS RIGHT

Joe Daigle, (24 Sig.) 419 La. Ave., Port Allen, La. wants "the name and address of the dentist who was with Special Troops Headquarters in Mindoro. Try Dr. James J. Eates, of Albia, Iowa, Joe. We think he's your man.

BOTTLED ESPECIALLY FOR THE OCCUPATION FORCES

Les Clark, 123 S. Magnolia, Fullerton, Calif. (F-19 from 6-42 to 10-44) was unable to help us out on our present membership drive but he did send in a mighty fine monetary contribution to help us put the drive over. We thank you indeed, Les.



Mindinao in 1951--Riverside--
Was you effer dere, Charlie?

(Ed. note to Ed Henry and all other sharpies--We spelled Mindinao correctly this month. Apologies and ignorance all ours.)

THE STACKING SWIVEL

Bill Blanchard (724 Ord. from 4-43 to 11-45) is in Denver. He worked for a year on the lines at Fitzsimmons without even knowing that Fr. Chris Perlo was the Chaplain there. He's also happy to learn that Roscoe Claxon drives around in a Cadillac. Bill is pitting himself against the economic odds as a steamfitter.

J. A. Snyder (19th from Jan. '43 to Sept. '45) is a Supervising Psychiatric Technician at Napa State Hospital at Imola, Calif.... Bill Wilmot (M-21 from Jan. '44 to Dec. '45) is busy in Avenal, N.J. with his two hobbies: amateur radio (his call, W2PQS) and gunsmithing. He is starting a gun repair shop. If any of you fellows have no use for any old guns, Bill could use them. He'll pay all mailing or shipping charges. He's trying to build up a supply of spare parts. We'll see what the boys can do, Bill.J. N. Proome Jr. (21st from Mar. '43 to Nov. '45) is Asst. Mgr. of the Anglo California National Bank at Red Bluff, Calif. He just heard from Major Wes Owens (Hq. Co. 21st). Wes was with the 2nd Div. in Korea and has just returned to the States. He expects orders to Ft. Riley.

TAKE TEN

Rudy Frueholz (Su.-19) who will be best remembered as Personnel Sergeant Major of the 19th, announces the arrival into this vale of tears of Robert Paul Frueholz. Congratulations! The family lives in Alhambra, Calif., and Rudy works for The Bank of America. He reports seeing Lee Howard (Div. Pin. Off.) who works for the same crowd.

LOAD AND LOCK

With 24th Div. in Korea -- "The outfit was really in a hole. We couldn't have gotten support of any kind in time. Then we spotted the four American jet fighters going overhead and a radio call and five minutes later we were out of trouble." That was the way William Tucker, Brownsville, Minn., summed up the way that four jets prevented annihilation of elements of the 19th.

"The forward CP was following the advance of our companies closely. But before we knew it we had our heads stuck out too far."

"I didn't think we'd get out of that one," said Charles Gallup, Genoa, O. "We had no artillery. Things couldn't have looked worse until those jets flew by. I saw them drop an egg into a house where a North Korean machine-gunner had been raising the devil with us," continued Gallup. "Anyway, they scattered the enemy all over and after we got in a few parting licks, we moved to a tenable area."

"That was the quickest support fire I ever saw anybody get," continued Gallup.

"IN" AND "OUT" BASKETS

Mrs. Sam J. Sardella, 815 N. Keystone Ave., Chicago, wife of Sam J. Sardella (21st) just sent in her husband's dues saying, "Sam may forget but I won't. Nevertheless, he always grabs the 'Taro Leaf' when it comes." She says Sam owns his own barber shop. He and the Mrs. have two children. Sam wants to hear from any of his old buddies. Sam, we want you to close the little ole barber shop for a day or so next August. Come down to Columbus and be with the gang for a few hours.

TOM HARDAWAY, KIA

Mrs. Eleanor S. Hardaway, of 5006 Columbia Pike, Arlington, Va., widow of Lt. Thomas G. Hardaway (I-21st) received his Silver Star recently. Tom was killed on September 8, 1950, near Kyong-Ju, Korea, while helping to repulse an attack by heavily armed enemy troops. Moving ahead of his men for repeated grenade attacks, he succeeded in beating back the hostile force. We're proud of Tom, Mrs. Hardaway, as we know you are. We only wish he might have come back to you.



DOES GIMBEL TELL MACY?

We understand that he doesn't. Put we're proud of our record in exchanging ideas with the other division associations. Much good is coming out of our effort.... Harry Cedar of the Society of the Third Infantry Division gave us a fine plug in the August issue of "The Watch on the Rhine", the 3rd's very newsway paper. Harry dropped in on Willard Willman in Walter Reed one day recently. Willard is a 24th'er and is recuperating from some Korean wounds there. We appreciate your thoughtfulness, Harry. If you know of any 3rd Div. men, have them contact Harry at P.O. Box 74, Benjamin Franklin Station, Washington 4, D. C.... The Ivy Leafers (4th Div.) gave us a flattering build-up in the October issue of their "Ivy Leaves." Pete Hainer is the Editor of their clean-cut, attractive magazine. It's the same story for Pete as it is for us. The 4th wants members. If you have a friend who wore the Ivy Leaf instead of the Taro Leaf would you ask him to write Lee M. Hainer at 4 E. 28th St., N.Y. City.... The Society of the 28th Division of which Walt Haugherty 1444 S. Vodge St., Philadelphia, is Vice Commander, wrote us up in the September issue. They also broadcasted the 24th via radio. Thanks friends. To reciprocate, would you ask any 28th man you may know to get in touch with Walt.... Carl Trimble, Secretary of the 101st AIB Div. Assoc. writes us: "In General 'Tony' McAuliffe, our two groups have a common bond. I know that he didn't relish having to give up the command of the 24th in Japan and that he was shocked and sorrowed when General Dean was lost." To that we answer that we're proud that General McAuliffe served in the 24th if only for a short time. We share with all paratroopers, 101st and otherwise, the conviction that "Nuts" McAuliffe is one of the best. Ask your leather-coated buddies of the 101st to write Carl about their Assoc. He's at 716 Dupont Circle Building, Washington, 6, D. C.... Paul "Wrong Way" Corrigan is Sec'y. of the 3rd Armored Division Association at 80 Federal St. in Boston. Paul tells us that they met in Columbus, Ohio last July. He assures us of a wonderful reception there next August. The 3rd Assoc. gave us a hefty boost in their August issue. We do likewise here.

V FOR VICTORY -- AND VOLLEY BALL

Joe Nee (Div. G-2 July '45 - July '46) is with the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Inc., 120 Broadway, N.Y.C. Joe's very lovely wife, Marion, has done considerable pencil pushing for us in our present membership drive. We asked Joe to give us a hand. Joe very graciously obliged. He gave us a hand all right - it was Marion's. Our thanks to you, Marion, and thanks to you, Joe, for having married such a wonderful gal.

We appreciate that so long as you're in the service, you'll be on the move. Help out your little ole secretary, will you please? Upon transfer, will you please send along one of those AG forms designed for the purpose of keeping people like ourselves informed? Please get the word in to Sec'y Joe Peyton. You know the address!

ARAYGATO, MARINES

With 24th Div. in Korea -- "I knew that the 24th Infantry Division was a tough outfit from what I read in the papers, but I didn't know just how tough they really were, until we saw what they were holding back here on this sector of the Nakdong River."

With these words a grizzled Marine sergeant on the Nakdong River front expressed his opinion of the battered battalions of the 24th Infantry Division. The opinion and the feeling was mutual.

Robert Jones, Boston, (34th) said, "Boy, it really gave us a terrific pickup to see those Marines pull into the line beside us."

"That outfit really has a lot of steam. No wonder the North Koreans are slowing down," he added. "Sure feels good to know that we have outfits like that in there plugging with us."

"I know that those Marines had a big name to live up to," said Alex J. Miller, Bay City, Mich. "But believe me they deserve all the credit in the world. With guys like that in there fighting with us, there can never be any doubt about this war!"

THE CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

Chaplain Chris J. Berlo, our beloved Assoc. Chaplain, who, incidentally, is doing a terrific job for us in contacting prospects for membership, writes in and says:

"Would like to express myself about the TARO LEAF. I realize the necessity of cutting down on printing expense and therefore the need for the photo-reproduction. Our Hospital paper at Battle Creek was also done in this manner and with a little experience it became very neat and legible. Experience proves that solid black color is much better and more legible for this process than any of the colored printing inks. I would therefore suggest that considerable care and attention be given to the 'make-up' of the paper and the typing, and then solid black be used in printing. A neat and attractive paper is an asset, the importance of which should not be underestimated."

After 3 more issues, Father, we'll probably be right out there at Fitzsimmons Gen. Hosp. with our TS card in hand asking you to punch it for us. Thanks for all the wonderful help you're giving us.

SLEEP FAST, BOYS, THE NIGHT IS SHORT

Colonel Harold E. Liebe (13 FA) writes us from Sill: "Still turning out replacements for overseas work - 220 every week. Most go to FECOM, some to EUCOM, some to ZI. Major Dave Wright (63FA during WW II) recently joined us as S-3 after a year in Korea." It was good to hear from you, Hal. Do you remember the night the Japs set fire to your plane just outside of Davao?

FALL IN

Varian M. Hoover (34th) just sent us a check for the membership of Harry Brant (24 M.P.) Varian writes: "I'm bringing a carload of members to the Columbus Convention next August." 011-09-5124 That's the spirit, Varian. Many thanks!

FIRST IN KOREA

Early on a Sunday morning, the 25th day of June, 1950 -- hours before the hot oriental sun flashed over the hills and paddies crack, well equipped troops of the North Korean army slammed southward across the 38th parallel.

Spearheaded by Russian-made tanks, the Russian-trained Red Army from the North sent the heavily outnumbered South Koreans reeling back in defeat.

Once again, the forces of freedom appeared helpless before the forces of aggression and once again the world was shocked by unprovoked and undeclared war.

Shock gave way rapidly to action, however as the President of the United States directed American military and naval units to help check the rolling Communist tide.

Ordered to combat from Japanese occupation duty on the first of July, the 24th mustered its understrengthened and under-equipped forces to race by plane and ship to the battle field. Transportation difficulties forced the division to go into the fight piecemeal.

Two rifle companies and a single battery of artillery -- less than 500 men -- of the 21st Regiment arrived first by air. They fought bitterly at Osan, Korea on July 5, 1950 as the first United States troops thrown as a breaking force against the onslaught of the Communist invasion.

A year later the battle-wise 24th Infantry stands formidable and sure in the solid United Nations line, ready to use its hard won lessons of the Korean campaign to quell the hordes of Red China.

Overwhelming odds have faced the 24th in most of the fighting of Korea from the first days as the line US force, in the desperate action to delay the advance of the North Korean Army.

The original tiny force at Osan was completely surrounded and had to fight its way out of the first in a series of five bitter delaying actions. The Osan task force joined the 34th Infantry which had prepared a defense line at Chonan. Again the meager US forces were surrounded and had to carve a route of withdrawal through the enemy.

The 21st Infantry arrived and dug in farther south, near Chochiwon. There they withstood all Communist attacks for six days until ordered to fall back to the Kum River. The 3d engineers and the 19th Infantry joined the division at the river for the fourth stand. Engineers blasted all bridges and joined the infantrymen on the line to throw back wave after wave of assault troops trying to cross the Kum. For three days and nights the men of the 24th swept the wide river bed with intense fire from protected hill positions on the southern bank.

The bloody road of withdrawal led from the Kum to Taejon, the last of the valiant delaying actions which won the Korean Presidential Unit Citation for the 24th Infantry Division.

Taejon was stifling hot and ominously quiet when the 24th collected there, gathering its shattered forces for another stand. Many of the 11,000 men of the division had been lost. Few M-24 light tanks were left after dueling with Russian-made T-34 tanks. There was a severe shortage of ammunition.

The city burst into flames as the North Koreans pounded it with artillery and swept into the outskirts. Street fighting raged as all UN forces evacuated the burning city. The 34th Regiment held the enemy from Taejon as its last action before being reduced to a paper unit and sent to Japan where it has been rebuilt.

Sgt George Dolton Libby, Linden, N.J., was posthumously awarded the CMH for his action in bloody Taejon. An engineer, Sgt Libby fought with the infantry until he died. He loaded wounded men on a tractor and shielded the only man who could drive it, as the lumbering vehicle crashed thru an enemy road block. Although wounded several times, Sgt Libby refused any aid, but continued to shield the vital driver and return enemy fire until he fell consciousness from loss of blood.

After Taejon the battered 24th expected to be relieved and given opportunity to

regroup and resupply, but a Communist attack in the southwest forced the division into continued action. On the Nakdong River the division had its first sweet taste of victory in Korea. Under the new Commanding General, Maj Gen John H Church the 24th held at the river. They not only held, but annihilated the 4th North Korean Division which had pushed them down the peninsula.

On August 26, 1950 the 24th was at last taken off the line for a rest. The 34th Infantry was replaced by the 5th Regimental Combat Team which had served as occupation troops in Korea in 1949 and came directly from duty in Hawaii.

Shuttling from battle to battle, the 24th tempered the iron ring of the Pusan Perimeter with blazing fights in almost every part of southeast Korea. From September 3 to September 17, 1950 the division fought from Masan to the Nakdong, to Pohang-Dong, to Kyong-Dong on the East Coast.

Enemy infiltration and flank attacks called every soldier into direct fire fights as the division fought for time against overwhelming odds. Service troops filled gaps in widely extended lines. Medics fought their way to bring out the wounded. Quartermaster trucks ran roadblocks to get supplies to the uncertain front. Engineers shouldered rifles instead of shovels. Artillerymen fought off rear attacks to keep their guns in action.

New energy surged into the veins of the "Victory" Division when it plunged out of the Pusan Perimeter and attacked up the Waegwan-Kumohon Road. The 24th was no longer alone and the northward advance was rapid. With quickening steps the tired men of the division retraced the bloody trail of their fighting withdrawal.

Sweeping northward, pausing only to mop up what North Korean troops could be found, the division passed beneath the cedar-decked welcoming arches of town after town of South Korea. Hand-clapping natives lined the streets when the 5th RCT liberated Yonam where it had been on occupation duty.

In mid-October the 24th crossed the 38th Parallel for the first time and carried their fight against the North Koreans to their home soil. Hugging the west coast of the peninsula, the division raced toward Sinuiju, the Communist capital after the fall of Pyongyang. Hell bent on reaching the Yalu River by Christmas, the 24th spearheaded far ahead of other UN Forces in the sector.

Scattered remnants of the dying North Korean Army swarmed about the northward plunging finger of the 24th. The announced intention of the remaining Korean Communist forces was the annihilation of the 24th, their oldest and bitterest enemy.

The Communist trap of revenge sprang shut on emptiness. The 24th had withdrawn from its over-extended position and was slamming northward again in a solid line.

Falling in their final slash at the 24th the North Koreans fell back toward the Yalu River. The 24th was within a few miles of the fateful Manchurian border when the Chinese Communists threw their forces into the conflict.

Faced once more with fanatic troops in overwhelming numbers the division withdrew to the vicinity of Seoul. As in the early days against the North Koreans the men of the division had to kill and pull back.

New Year's Day of 1951 the division began the squeeze play withdrawal from Seoul before a renewed Chinese offensive. At a Bridgehead Defense Line the 24th funneled all UN Forces in the sector across the three Han River bridges before leaving the flaming city. Endless convoys of trucks and tanks streamed through the city, across the bridges and onto the sand flats under direction of the 24th Military Police Company. The last elements of the division left the city on the railroad bridge after pontoon bridges had been blown.

Firmly entrenched at Changhawn-ni, the division caught its breath and on January 6th sent tank patrols jabbing into Communist build-up areas. Crouched on tanks of the 6th Tank Battalion, 24th Infantrymen in com-

pany and battalion strength raided troop and supply concentrations.

Bundled in the heaviest winter clothing, the troops on the Changhawn-ni defense line waited out the coldest weather the division had yet encountered. The defenders burned button-like heat tablets to warm their waiting feet. From their frozen outpost the first men from the division went to Japan on the Rest and Recuperation program.

Maj Gen B M Bryan took command of the division on January 26, 1951 and the former commander, General Church, returned to the US to be commandant of The Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia.

"Operation Killer" was the first action led by General Bryan as the new commander. Extended on a wide front and faced by rough terrain the "Victory" Division moved out to kill the off-balance enemy.

Steadily and methodically the infantrymen advanced through tortuous hills, killing the fleeing Chinese. Marching all day and sleeping in the snow at night, the infantrymen pursued the enemy relentlessly. Chow-laden jeeps drove over miles of narrow trails to reach the infantrymen with a hot breakfast before each day's jumpoff.

Swarming engineers gouged roads out of trackless hills to get supplies to the riflemen. Artillery pounded ahead of the Infantry to disrupt die-hard Chinese forces. No pockets were by-passed; every hill was cleaned of enemy forces.

Crossing the Han River slowed the advance and resistance stiffened as the division pushed north. Rear guard Chinese fought desperately for each hill. All high ground was pitted with dungeon-like emplacements. Chinese defensive tactics were no match for determined division fighters who added bayonets to the old Communist banzai charge and out them from the hills.

Tank patrols of the 24th were again across the 38th Parallel and punching into North Korea by the first of April. Foot patrols crossed the parallel on April 2d.

Hard fighting for every ridge line cost the enemy heavily as the division met the main line of defense above the parallel. The Chinese renewed artillery and mortar fire, which had been almost entirely absent for several weeks.

Overrunning the most determined enemy resistance in Korea, 24th infantrymen continued to climb the Chinese infested hills of North Korea. After artillery and air strikes softened each fortress hill the doughboys stood up in the face of enemy automatic weapons and advanced in a walking wall of fire to the top. Grenade battles raged on every ridge line as the Communists were forced back.

The division was still slugging and pushing doggedly northward when the Chinese launched their long-expected Spring Offensive. On the night of April 22d, the division was hit and withstood the onslaught for 24 hours. Flank attacks due to the withdrawal of allied forces on both sides forced the 24th to pull back.



Reminder of Another War-
Another Country-----

Lot's House in Davao,
Mindanao-July, 1951

THE 21ST INFANTRY REGIMENT

Bill Manotta, formerly of 714 Frost Ave., Rochester, N. Y., is now living at 60 Hazelwood Terr., same city. Thanks for thinking of us, Bill. We need the dope whenever a member moves.... It was M/Sgt. Charles R. Connor (3rd Eng.) but no more. Now he's "Mister" and is living at 409 Cathedral St., Baltimore.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

You may ask "Where do I write?", "Where do I send my dues?", "How can I send news for the Taro Leaf?", etc., etc. The answer is a simple one. Address all communications to:

Joseph I. Peyton, Secretary and Editor
24th Infantry Division Association
131 N. Culver St.
Baltimore, Md.

There now, that didn't hurt, did it?

OHIO GAZAUKUS

M/Sgt. Ralph Potter (presently 1st Sgt. of Easy Co., 21st in Korea) has just sent in a fine list of men of Easy Company who have rotated back to the '48s. Thank you very much, Ralph.... Mrs. Frances L. Clark, the widowed mother of Forest E. Clark (Able Co., 34th Inf.) who was killed on Leyte on Nov. 20, 1944, has written to us asking if we will ask any of his buddies who read this to write to her. She is anxious to hear from them. Mrs. Clark may be reached at Webster, Ky.... Mr. A. C. Curran, 111 South Aurora St., West Chicago, Ill., writes us that his son, Lt. Oliver A. Curran (11th Field) was flown out of Leyte and died in Percy Jones Hospital on Nov. 28, 1945. These are not such items as we like to print but we would be remiss in our duties if we did not. We are taking the liberty of sending copies of our publication as each issue is released to the parents and/or wife of our deceased comrades in order that they might feel a certain closeness to we more fortunate who came through. It is our belief that those who have given their all would wish it to be this way.

If you have any pictures which you want included in the Division Picture History, work on which is underway, send them to Ken Ross, 1387 Main St., Springfield, Mass. Label them on the rear sides thereof so that they may be returned to you after they have served their purpose. This book is fast becoming a reality. More details in the next issue.

Lt Robert D Vaughn (21st) mailed in \$5.00 for two years dues. Bob is at present in the European Command, and request that we ask his former buddies to drop him a line. His address; Lt Robt D Vaughn, F-930th QM Sales & Issue Com Det, APO #55, % FM, NYC

It is now Col Almon W Manlove (Div Hq). Al recently received his eagles. Congratulations on the promotion. The good Colonel is currently stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Lt Richard E Fenstermaker presently asgd to Btry C, 52d FA sends his membership dues in from Korea. Dick's home address is Reading, Pa. He informs us that the Assn is making a big hit with the boys overseas and not to be surprised if our membership swells in a few months. We hope so Dick. Keep up the good work.

M/Sgt. Dick Senker (19th from 8-30-50 to 4-1-51) is now with 9710 T.S.U., at the Army Chemical Center, Md. He has just returned from Korea. Glad you're back, Dick.

HIT THE SACK

Lewis K. "Woody" Woodward (Cannon Co., 2nd Bn. S-3 and Regt'l. S-3 of 19th from 9-44 to 12-45) is securing his niche in the millennium in the advertising firm of Hixson & Jorgensen in Los Angeles.

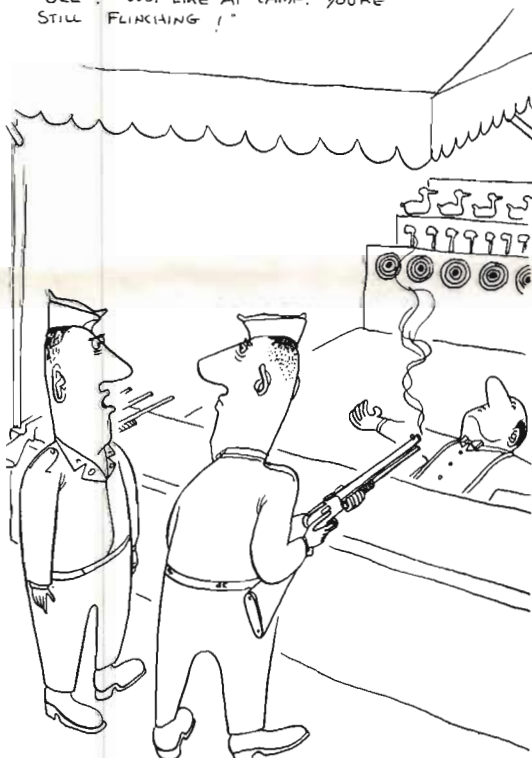
Paul McConnell (21st, 19th and Div. Hq.) writes us that he is located in Monticello, Ill. where he is associated with Kap Chevrolet Co. dealers in "America's finest low-priced car" (Ed. note: Plug ours). He liked the Mindanao pictures in the November issue. In fact, he recognized the tree in the picture of Taloma Beach on page 4 as being one by which he stood for some picture taking himself during our days there in '45. Paul was Ken Cramer's aide at the time. We're glad you liked the issue, Paul.

Incidentally, our faces are very red! Ed Henry had the issue in his hands but five minutes when he called to kid us for our misspelling of Mindanao. The "a" before the "o", boys, and don't forget it because we won't again.

DON'T BOTHER WITH THIS!

Some of these issues doubtlessly are used to light fires, to paper shelves, or to carry home fish from the market. We hope, however, that in addition to the above, they are first used as a means for finding out "who is doing what and to whom" in the case of Taro Leafers. In a few words, we hope you're reading it.

SEE ? JUST LIKE AT CAMP, YOU'RE STILL FLIRTING !



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Duty

VANGUARD OF FREE WORLD

The first American fighters to reach Korea and strike back at the communist invaders were members of the 21st Regiment. As the vanguard of the free world, less than 500 men of the "Gimlet" Regiment landed by plane at Fusan and sped northward to blunt the slashing knife of aggression plunged into the heart of South Korea.

Following the regimental watchword, "Duty", the 21st rushed north to meet the crack, Russian-trained North Koreans just as they jumped from one Pacific isle to another in World War II to attack the enemies of the free world.

In the sizzling heat of Korean summer Baker and Charlie Companies with meager supporting forces landed on the air field at Fusan. Led by Lt Col David Smith, the tiny Task Force boarded trains for Taejon. The orders read, "On reaching Taejon, move north."

Advancing to Osan, scene of the first battle by American forces in Korea, the small part of the 21st dug in positions overlooking the excellent tank approaches afforded by the main road and rail tracks leading south.

The 2.36 bazooka was the only weapon the "Gimlets" had to fend off monstrous, Russian-made tanks used as spearheads for enemy drives. Using this old-type rocket-launcher, 2d Lt Ollie D Conner, Tubelo, Miss, knocked out the first huge enemy tank to be destroyed in Korea. He had to use an entire box of 2.36 ammo, 25 rounds, to penetrate the tank which stalled directly in front of his position.

Enemy foot soldiers skirted the flanks of the tiny holding force, rendering ineffective the heavy weapons set up to slow their advance. Snored, the elements of the 21st fought their way out through enemy forces which greatly outnumbered them.

Of the five desperate delaying actions fought by the "Victory" Division in the first month of the Korean fighting, the 21st Regiment struggled alone to stem the flood tide of Communist forces in two major engagements. After the bitter fighting withdrawal from Osan, the 21st made its next tenacious stand at the vital road junction of Chochiwon.

"We piled up their bodies in hedge rows there," said one company commander. "Of course, we had the support of the 52d Field Artillery Battalion," he added, "probably

the world's best close support artillery. I'd just as soon pick a fight with the division's Third Engineers as the 52d, and those pick and shovel boys will pound sand up your rear end."

Heavy frontal attacks beat against the 21st at Chochiwon for several days, but the "gimlets" threw back the waves of enemy. Unable to penetrate the line, the enemy reverted to encirclement tactics with tanks driving around the flanks of the defense.

Intense street fighting broke out in Chochiwon. The regiment was forced to withdraw to south of the town. Soon that position, too, was only an island of battle in a sea of surrounding Communist forces.

The order to withdraw from Chochiwon took the regiment to south of the Kum River where it was relieved by the 19th Regiment.

The 21st next saw action in the furious battle of Taejon. Spearheaded by a platoon of tanks, a task force from the regiment thrust its force against an enemy roadblock holding other elements of the 24th trapped in the city. Blasting through an entire night the "Gimlets" proved too small a force to gouge the Communists from a fortified tunnel which formed the roadblock.

Defending the Nakdong River Line, the 21st tasted sweet revenge with the rest of the "Victory" Division for the first time in Korea. Two under-strength infantry companies destroyed a force of 200 North Koreans who attempted to drive a wedge into the scanty line of defense.

Once out of the vise-like Pusan Perimeter, the 21st rolled northward in pursuit of the fleeing North Koreans. "Crossing the 38th Parallel the first time was nothing," according to a regimental officer. "Each company was simply trying to outdo the others in taking prisoners."

Chinese intervention in Korea was the signal for a bloody battle with the 21st. "The first battalion of Chinese who hit us, we promptly buried," is the way the "Gimlets" explain it.

Forced to withdraw before the overwhelming numbers of Chinese, the 21st refused to settle in defensive positions. Raiding patrols on Chinese supply points kept the 21st out looking for fights and winning them. One platoon-sized patrol was cut off by the Chinese. They killed the enemy around them and then robbed the dead bodies for ammo to kill more.

When survivors of the original "Gimlet" force to come to Korea came up for Army rotation back to the states, the division commander, Maj Gen B M Bryan said. "To those of you who return to the states for further Army duty; tell the new men what you have learned here, and how you have fought here. To those of you who go back to civilian life; you will always be able to say with the deepest pride, that you were members of one of the toughest and one of the greatest Infantry outfits ever to walk on its own two feet."

C. R. Jameson of Bridgewater, Va., writes "November Issue of Taro Leaf is a very informative paper. Every article was enjoyed by yours truly, and can foresee nothing but success, if this trend continues." Jamie is still working the mails between Washington, D.C., and Hinton, W. Va.

Please accept the enclosed check (\$6.00) in payment of my dues to Aug 52, and apply the balance to a years membership for some ex-24th GI who deserves it.--Francis J. (Moose) Muccio, (Div Hq). I missed the Sept "Taro Leaf", but thought the Nov issue was "TERRIFIC". (Extra Sept issue put in mail for you "Moose".--The Editor).

Willis L Chilcote of Gibsonia, Penna is in the construction business in his home town. He recently finished a home for himself and little wife.

Earl J O'Grady (Hq Btry Div Arty) recently released from the Army, after a hitch with the reserves. Earl states he enjoys The Taro Leaf, especially reading of some of his old buddies of Hawaii Days. His home address; 605 Lawrence Drive, San Luis Obispo California.

More Old Faces Join Assn.--Leonard B Richardson (19th) of Vienna, Ga. John G Smith (3d Engrs) of Tacoma, Wash. Joseph Rutzky (21st) of Chicago, Ill. Frank H Dumphroff (19th) of Lake Ronkonkoma, N.Y. WELCOME to the fold gang.

On Monday, November 5, 1951, a group of ex-24thers gathered at the Officers Club, Fort Myer, Virginia, to keep alive friendships of yester-year. Those in attendance included:

Col William W Jenna (34th Inf)
CO, 3d Inf, Ft Myer, Virginia
Col Hugh Cort (Div Arty)
Office of G-3, AGS, The Pentagon
Col W. J. Verbeck (21st Inf)
Joint Chiefs of Staff, The Pentagon
Lt Col Jack B Matthews (34th)
Office of G-3, AGS, The Pentagon
Maj Kenneth Deans (Div Arty)
Mil Dis of Washington, The Pentagon
Maj John Leahy (21st Inf)
The Pentagon
Capt Patrick A Teel (Korean Vet)
3d Inf, Ft Myer, Virginia
1st Lt Thomas F Dreisonstok (Korean Vet)
3d Inf, Ft Myer, Virginia
Mr James (Spike) O'Donnell (21st Inf)
Chicago, Illinois
Mr Joseph I. Peyton (19th Inf)
Baltimore, Maryland

Although the attendance was small, many memories were brought back before the table. The WW II boys gave out with their actions, the the boys from Korea gave out with some very interesting views. Major Deans and your secretary had Capt Dreisonstok and Lt Teel going through the Korean campaign all during the luncheon. Membership in the 24th Inf Div Assn took up some of the time also, and it is believed that many new members will be forth-coming.

COL A.S. NEWMAN (CO 34th Inf) writes from his new command in Iceland. "Am enclosing double the usual fee (\$10.00). Put the extra into "The Fund". Was greatly disappointed to miss the last two reunions--hope to make the one in 1952".--Thanks for the cash donation Colonel, and here is hoping we see you in Columbus, Ohio next August.

MARVIN E LUMM (21st Inf) now managing a Hardware Store in Stroud, Okla. Marv recently sent his 1951-52 dues into Hdqs.

Remember LYMAN? -- TANAHMERAH?

You GIMLETS who remember Colonel Lil Lyman (Now a retired Brigadier General) in New Guinea back in 1944 may know this already, -- but it was a surprise to Colonel Dick Lawson to learn that the General now is living in Baltimore and annually enters horses in the big Harrisburg, Pennsylvania Horse Show. From Carlisle Barracks, Dick went to the horse show recently hoping to see General Lyman but missed him in the crowd. In the show ring at the time, however, a horse named TANAHMERAH was showing, so Dick, being an old G-2, figured he was probably on the right trail.

That name TANAHMERAH should bring back a flood of memories of other far away places such as TABLASOEFA, DEPAFRE, and a long muddy track up to the "Colonel" Lyman's 21st Infantry headquarters at HOLLANDIA AIRFIELD near LAKE SENTANI at the foot of the slope of CYCLOPS MOUNTAIN---. There were also unforgettable scenes of hundreds of wrecked Jap planes and dead Japs, -- and a situation completely dominated by that fast moving, hard fighting GIMLET regiment.

This sort of reminiscing could go on indefinitely, but let's hope a lot of you GIMLETS get as big a kick out of reading about it as Dick Lawson did in seeing that TANAHMERAH horse.

INFORMATION WANTED:--I see in the latest "Legion" Magazine (Comrades in Distress Column) that Lawrence Brennan, 12 Ashmun St, Springfield, Mass., wants someone who served with him in Company "A", 21st Inf, 1942-44 to contact him. Apparently he needs some substantiating statements. How about you ex-Gimlets of Company "A", writing Larry?

Your recent issue and article on the 34th was a masterpiece. Made us feel rather bad though. Lt Jack A Mote, Ft Benning, Ga

Bob Luther of Athens, Penna sends in his current dues and states. "Have little business selling Blue Ribbon Cake. Proud to have served in Blue Ribbon Outfit, 2d Bn, Med Det, 34th Inf Regt."

W. J. STOPA (19th Inf) is presently an Optometrist in Thompsonville, Conn.

ANTHONY J TIRRI (34th Inf) is working with the Credit Department of Motor & Equipment Manufacturers Assn, New York City. He is now married and the father of a year old baby girl.

MILLARD L BARNES (52d FA) is back in the service. Is now a Lieutenant, and again with the good old 24th. His current address is: Btry C, 52d FA Bn, APO 24, 5 P.M., San Francisco, Calif. Good luck Millard, and keep up the good work over there in Korea.

HARRY L SNAVELY (34th Inf) is back in the service. He is now at Camp Campbell, Ky, and only recently was promoted to the Divisional Staff of the 11th Air Borne Div.

THE O. P.

We're growing. Here's the membership record. Frankly, "I like it,"

As of 2-1-51 - 491
As of 8-14-51 - 987
As of 11-29-51 - 1176



Postwar Bridge over Davao R., Mindanao--1951. Notice, in the foreground, the same gal still washing the same clothes.

Jack Mote (21st) Virgil Maxson (19th) Joe Peyton (19th) John McGeary (34th) Johnnie Watson (34th) Johnnie Kurek (34th)
 Tom Compere (DivHq) Charlie Connell (19th) Leo Davignon (21st) Les Wedyke (21st) Earl Lewis (34th)
 S.P. Allen (21st) Marc L. Chouinard (DivHq) Bill Daberko (24th Sig) Sam Snyder (34th) C.G. Hanlin (34th)
 Spike O'Donnell (21st) Frank Dudzik (19th) Matt D'Alessandro (34th) A.B. Koenig (24th Q.M.)
 Kermit B. Blaney (21st) Roscoe Claxon (724 Ord) Lee Howard (DivHq)
 Vernon Schenkel (34th) Lawrence Nathan (21st) Bill Davidson (Div Hq) Bob Duff (DivHq)



Ken Ross (DivHq)
 Virgil Easterday (21st)
 Paul Najarian (34th)
 Angelo Strada (21st)
 Tony Scatchell (19th)
 Bob Nolan (21st)
 Jerry Peet (21st)
 John Talkowski (34th)
 Doc Urban Throm (34th)
 Stan Meloy (19th)

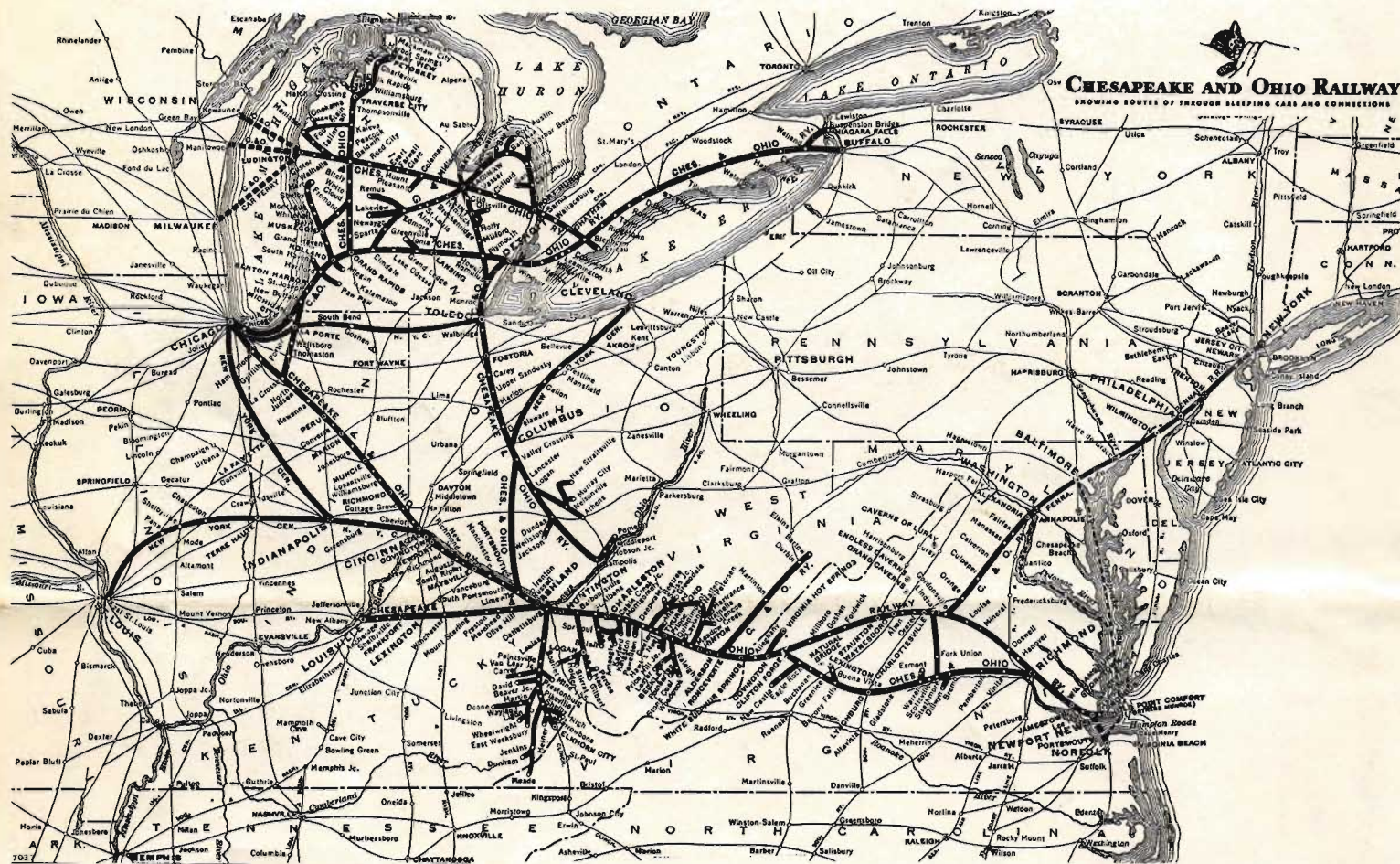
Clarence Gleason (21st)
 Henry Marinello (19th)
 Ed Henry (DivHq)
 Walt Peters (19th)
 Bill Savell (19th)
 Paul Wiscup (34th)
 Carroll White (34th)
 F.R. Williamson (19th)
 Tom VanDerslice (21st)
 Bill Verbeck (21st)

TAKE THIS WAY TO WISH YOU AND YOURS
 A PEACEFUL CHRISTMAS
 AND A HAPPY, HAPPY NEW YEAR

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

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CHESSIE AWAITS 24TH'ERS

Chessie, the famous feline of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, is a member of the "Advance Party" meeting in Columbus, Ohio early in January to make the preliminary plans for our operations there next August. The C&O, fully aware of the auspicious contingencies of the event--and also with a mean eye for business--found it difficult to couch its comment any longer. The result: the above map. We are in a tizzie of joy as we reflect that if not all roads, at least many of them lead to Columbus. We can't escape the conviction that the '52 show is going to be the biggest and best yet.

A GREAT PARTY

The 34th Infantry Regiment Association held their fifth annual dance at Pop Joe's Rainbow Room at Secaucus, N.J. on Nov. 10th. It was a grand get-together with over 200 turning out, including Ken Ross and Joe Peyton, who represented our own association. The spirit displayed by those 34th'ers when they get out for a meeting is something to warm the cockles of your heart.

The sketch used in the "Christmas Card" on page 11 is Leon Howard's "Street Scene" in Carigara, Christmas Day, 1944. We've about decided that we can't thank you enough, Leon, so we shan't even try.

DO YOU WANT TO TALK PRICES AGAIN?

Some of our members are interested in our expenses. We like that. We only wish that we could include a complete financial report in this issue. Bill Davidson has been up in the clouds, however, for a few weeks. His lovely wife had to make an emergency trip back to her home in Australia (as we go to press she has just come back) and Bill has been working in North Carolina. Bill will have a detailed report for the January issue.

Meanwhile, hear this. The September issue cost \$154.00 as we told you before. The November issue cost \$69.00. With that kind of financing, we fully expect to be able to publish an issue every month.