

# TAROLEAF

24TH INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION

VOL. ~~7~~ AUGUST 1953 NO. 8



*And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace  
Of finer form, or lovelier face.*

The official magazine owned and published regularly by the 24th Infantry Division Association in the interests of all men who have served and who continue to serve her.

EDITORIAL

With our "Cover Girl" this month, we satisfy a two-year old ambition. We reproduce, on page one of this issue the best we could find of the best that we know—a strictly informal pose of Miss Rita Walsh, complete with authentic backdrop which will recall to the minds of many the Matsuyama days of '45 and '46. The reproduction itself leaves much to be desired—this is being written before we have actually seen the end result ourselves—but the inadequacies of the snapshot from which the plate was made seem to justify the advance apology. The picture doesn't do this fun-loving lady justice. Those of you who knew her face-to-face will agree. All others, please take our word that "here was something". The object of furious adoration during her days with us, we remember well how the boys dawdled endlessly about her. Her zest for life was contagious. We envied her the gift. We chance to know that she still possesses it. May she never lose it. In her capacity as a representative of the American Red Cross, she did much to help the early occupation days pass more quickly and pleasantly in that little bombed out city on the Inland Sea. We have often wondered if it was possible for us ever to succeed really in concealing the fact that we did then and do now look upon her as one of the most enjoyable companions and most admirable human beings it has been our good fortune to know.

Here's to Rita—than whom no one can have a warmer spot in our foolish heart.

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During the passionately evangelistic era of our life, we wrote a column for our college paper. Subsequent events have caused us to feel not too kindly toward columnists. During those college hey-days, however, we enjoyed the experience no end. We took to the work like Einstein latched onto long division. Similarly, when the Editorship of this paper presented itself, we were there. How well we have fulfilled our duties is not for us to say. We can only state modestly that we have done our best.

With this, our sixteenth issue, we lay down our pen, but not without a word of appreciation for your kind indulgence in bearing with us as you have. We have tried to make consistent good reading for the majority of the membership. Such has been far from easy. Some of our articles have not pleased all. We had no expectation that they would; no Editor dares hope for that; so we didn't try. What we did try to do, with a fairly steady outpouring of words, was to recall to the minds of those, who chanced to read us, memories of those momentous days, some pleasant, some otherwise, when we shared the common bond—affiliation with the 24th Infantry Division.

Parting, for us, is not "sweet sorrow". We leave the Editor's chair with a feeling of deep humility and great pride: humility for the fact that our efforts in behalf of the Association have not been more rewarding; pride for the fact that we have had a small part in creating here in the form of this Association an indicia of the love and affection for our beloved Division which we all share.

We who had the extreme good fortune to make the long "eastbound voyage" must never forget the memory of the brave fighting men of the Division whom we left behind—they who moved in to the kill and who gave their lives. That is the real justification for our Association—the real reason why we are dutybound to continue to support it. What we have endured together in the past has meant too much—cost too much—to allow it to be lightly set aside in today's afteryears. We must not abandon this Association or the principles for which it stands.

Again our thanks to you for putting up with us during these past two, hectic but enjoyable, years. And now, as a button said to the other button on the fat man's vest: "We must be popping off." Goodbye, good luck, and we'll meet you in St. Louis.

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# WHAT THEY ARE SAYING

The 11th FA Bn celebrated its 36th anniversary recently. The big day began with a review and parade by the troops for Brig. Gen. Carl I. Hutton, commanding general 24th Div. arty; Col. Edwin H. Johnson, deputy post commander; Lt. Col. David W. Way, Div. Arty. S-3; and Lt. Col. Charles S. Babcock, commanding officer 11th Field.

In his address to the troops, Gen. Hutton said, "You are celebrating the 36th birthday of one of the most famous of our regular army battalions. In a sense you are honoring those who have served in the 11th FA in three wars all over the world, as well as those who served in it during years of peace. Those people who served in the 11th passed on to you the history and traditions which make the 11th famous in our own army."

"In the recent 6-2 Able and Baker tests at Camp Fuji the 11th FA made the highest score of all of the battalions. The scores were superior. The scores prove that you who are in the 11th today are the same kind of people as those who served in before. You are ready and able to carry on the historic traditions of the battalion. Let me congratulate you upon your performance. It was worthy of the 11th FA Bn."

Col. Babcock spoke on the history of the battalion, giving a brief summary of its organization and many honors.

Following the review the battalion exhibited its equipment, displayed in county fair fashion. Each exhibit was explained as to its use and operation.

In a demonstration of a battery in a rapid occupation of position, the 11th showed why it came out with a superior in the recent army field test. The battery, made up of two howitzer sections from each of the three firing batteries, moved into position and was ready to fire in less than 10 minutes. When "March Order" was given in 2 minutes and 36 seconds the battery was ready to roll.



"It doesn't seem possible! Let me see you do that right-shoulder arms again."

An ex-GI filling out a form came to the question, "Are you a natural-born citizen?" He puzzled over it, then wrote, "No - Caesarean."

## EVENTS IN THE MAKING

Taro Leaf decals are now available. BILL SAVELL has the supply. You can order them from him at 15¢ apiece. Order a half dozen today and decorate a set of drinking glasses with them.... Mrs. Melvena Kurtz whose son ARTHUR R. KURTZ (L-19th) has written to us. Arthur has been MIA since Jan. 3, 1951. She has signed Art up in the Assoc. nonetheless and writes, "I would appreciate it very much if anyone who served with him would get in touch with me." You can write her at 1524 Oneido St., Huntingdon, Pa. What do you say, Chicks? Let's give this wonderful little woman that news we can.... General "WOODY" WOODRUFF writes us: "Your last issue of the Taro Leaf was a good one, full of news of the many different categories of men who have passed through the old outfit. Of course, you'll have squawks always from somebody because his own unit, at the time he was in it, doesn't get any notice in the publication! It is just an occupational hazard you face... I wonder if the Division knows that GEORGE SMYTHE was an All American halfback while a cadet? I did not see him play until after he graduated but he was one of the shiftest runners I have ever seen. As a retired soldier, I am pretty much of a flop. I feel fine and keep busy without any trouble at all. The bass have not cooperated at all up to now. Time does not hang on my hands. My best to any of the old gang you see."

WE'LL MEET YOU IN ST. LOUIS

A tempest is brewing as we go to press over the courts-martial ordered for 16 officers by our old friend, Ken Cramer. We are, of course, without the facts, and such being so, we must and do reserve comment on the case per se. We have had, for many years now, a deep personal admiration for Ken, and in recent years as he has run into hot water off and on, as Chief of the National Guard Bureau, as CG of the 43rd, and more recently as commander of all troops in Southern Germany, our loyalty to him wavered not at all. It has never been quite possible for us to reconcile the reports which we have read with the memory of the MAN which we have retained so vividly in our minds over the years. Time Magazine and quite a few news columnists notwithstanding, we have managed to keep our powder dry on the "Cramer case". We continue as staunch rooters for "the dough boy's man". We knew him when the going was the toughest—in the mud and sweat of Hollandia, Leyte, and Mindanao—he was alright for our money then; he's aces in our book today. As Howard "Red" Ledgerwood, our onetime FO used to say: "This Army of ours works on a system of merits and demerits. It's not what you do but what you don't do that they sack you for." The wisdom of Red's words comes to mind as we sit by and watch the Pentagon boys settle the "Cramer case". Until we see proof otherwise, Ken Cramer, you're our boy.



"On the other hand, he's not in shape to be a civilian, either!"

Japan's latest craze is a gambling game called "Pachinko." If tax figures, the least unreliable of Japanese statistics, can be believed, there now is one pachinko machine for every ninety Japanese; almost 2 per cent of Japan's national income is spent to purchase little steel balls (at the yen equivalent of two for a penny) to drop into pachinko slots; and pachinko entrepreneurs have become the nation's largest buyers of cigarettes, given as pachinko prizes along with soap and caramels.

These weighty statistics may seem conservative if you wander any evening through the narrow, unpaved alleys that stem from Tokyo's traffic-jammed thoroughfares. In these crowded residential districts of board and paper sheds you'll find a pachinko parlor or two in every block. Through the sliding doors, removed on warm evenings, you'll see Japanese standing three deep waiting for a turn to drop marble-sized steel balls into the slots of the carnival-colored devices modeled after American pinball machines.

Whatever the name's origin, the fact is that the clink of the pachinko balls is becoming a sound as common in the streets of Japan as the clack of wooden sandals, geta, and the high-pitched eerie flute of the pushcart vendor of soba, a noodle favored by Tokyo night-owls. Moreover, it quickly becomes apparent that the sudden and amazing popularity of pachinko is a reflection of a good many of Japan's present-day attitudes.

For one thing, the majority of pachinko patrons are women. The frequently play while their babies sleep strapped to their kimonoed backs. The infants don't seem to mind the "body English" employed by their mothers to persuade the steel balls. This exercise by the ladies of the social license bestowed by the Occupation has come in for criticism in "Letters to the Editor" columns (another innovation of seven years of American Occupation). Indignant husbands' letters complain that their wives spend too much time and money at pachinko. Although there's no case on record of a husband divorcing his wife for her over-indulgence at pachinko, one major Japanese city recently did reveal that 90% of its divorce cases were initiated by wives -- an unheard-of feminine prerogative in pre-surrender Japan.

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For ROOM RESERVATIONS in St. Louis, write Bill Victor at the Hotel Lennox. He's the Resident Manager there and will be able to assure you of adequate space. A rate card is furnished elsewhere in this issue.



In the watches of the night, when old thoughts come to roost, some soaring, others hiding their faces in shame, one particularly pleasant memory comes to mind. The little fellow above in the middle of a buck-and-wing set us to thinking and a bright light of elation burns within us.

We shall always have a warm spot in our heart for Robin Daniels (Div. Hq. from 11-44 to 7-48) as he was the first man to shake our hand the day we joined the Division. A very solid friendship was born then and there that shall endure until the end of time. In that first evening, Robin and we took in a movie amongst the palms of Jaro. It was one of those nights when we were each steaming like an Indian pudding (with raisins). The feature of the evening was one of those vaudeville revivals in which Jack Carson played the part of a character identified as Ward Willoughby. From that moment forward, for some unexplainable reason, Robin was to be known to us as "Ward" and conversely, we were to be listed in Robin's book as "Ward". During our years of close association, the team of "Ward and Ward" did their level best at lining up a satisfactory set of routines of the two-a-day variety for the benefit of whosoever would lend us his ears. It goes without saying that few did twice at least.

Behind our racous slapstick and oafish cackles, we tried to establish ourselves as versatile buffoons. We were of the belief that buffoonery, despite its surface broadness, was an art. During our pixie moments, we were a couple of manic depressives in the downhill stage—two zanny, silly morons—or possibly two serious, deep thinking morons—we kn w not which. But our Katzenjammeries were fun for we, the actors, if for no one else. With what extreme of manly patience the rest of the Division listened, only the Lord knoweth.

Some of the lines we shall never forget are sampled herein in the hope that when and if you ever are tempted to start lining up your own advance releases and to hit the road, some of our material might prove useful. Be of good cheer, Judy Garland dit it, didn't she? Why can't you? And should your own ridiculous efforts produce nothing quite good enough for the "Palace", there is always the consolation that what you compose might prove acceptable to some fourth-rate comedian in a house of careless reputation for a cringing posterity.

Of those we worked to death and obviously liked the most, here are a few:

What comes after 75, Ward?  
76.  
That's the spirit!

There'll be a circus when those two get here.  
What two, Ward?  
Barnum and Bailey.

Will you join me in a bottle of beer, Ward?  
Do you think there's room for the both of us?

I just bought a dog, Ward.  
Spitz?  
No, but he growls a little.

I hear they're going to draft fathers, Ward.  
That's too bad, I don't think my father wants to go.

Say, Ward, I just heard about a smart fellow who has learned how to get milk from a peanut.  
Is that so? Gosh, he must have an awful low stool.

Word has just been received that BILL REYLER, JR., of 46 Lincoln Ave., Sayville, N.Y. is confined to a T.B. sanitarium. We're all pulling for you, Bill.... BILL SAVELL has a supply of 24th Div. lapel pins at \$1.00 each in case you're interested.

THE loud speaker over which reveille is sounded at Vancouver Barracks in Washington has been taken over by robins as a nesting place.

This surprises none of the enlisted men there. They've always known reveille is strictly for the birds.

FROM HAROLD HENRICKSON, at the U. S. Embassy in Buenos Aires, Argentina, come these words:

"I've always enjoyed reading of the exploits of the members of the 24th, past and present; and I'm sorry that, as yet, my duties elsewhere have prevented my taking part in any of the conventions of the association, or in carrying any of the burden of holding the association together.

"You have my best wishes for the future of the association, and, of course, my appreciation for the time and effort given by the officers of the association in the performance of what is bound to be rather a thankless task.

"You can be sure I'll be looking forward to receiving the next issue of the Taro Leaf."

IT HAPPENED AT Forrest Hills.

Long Island. The international tennis matches were in full swing. Two little kittens were perched on the fence watching the competition. One turned proudly to the other and said:

"My pop's in that racket."

FROM ED PLOWMAN (19th 1945-46) comes the word: "Enclosed is a check for \$3 for my belated 1952-53 Assn. dues. Please keep the above address as my mailing address. Hope to make the convention in St. Louis this Aug. At the present I'm completing my internship at Kansas City General Hospital, K.C., Mo." We'll see you in St. Louis, Ed.

### Strike Up the Band

Maj. Gen. GEO. W. SMYTHE, former Div. Commander and until recently CG 3rd Div. has been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. We're right proud of you, George..... Introducing, in this corner, wearing purple trunks, Lt. Col. WILLIAM W. CAVE who commands Div. Special Troops. Bill has been with the Div. since Aug. of '51. He entered the army in '40 and served with the 9th and 89th Divisions and with AFESPAC (Remember that outfit in Manila days?). Bill was with the 19th Inf. in Korea from Aug. '51 to Jan. '52. He graduated from VMI in 1934. We're happy to salute you, Bill.

BILL CRUMP (Div. Hq. 10-44 to 12-45) has moved from Armed Forces Staff College to OAC of S, G-1, Pentagon

JOHN A. WILSON (13th F), formerly of Park Forest, Ill. is now at Sea Breeze, N.Y. Sounds like a nice cool place, Johnnie.

In your house, do you have an upstairs and a downstairs?  
No, Ward, we use the same stairs for both ways.

Say, Ward, did you hear about the fellow who said to the girl, "How much does it take to make you dizzy?" and she said "It takes \$3 and my name ain't Dizzy, it's Daisy".

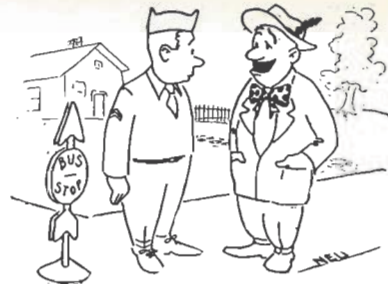
Oh, Ward, did you hear about the quadruplets that were born and their father named them Eenie, Meenie, Minnie, and Charlie because he didn't want no "Moe".

Do you like big weddings or little ones?  
Well, Ward, you've got to have a big wedding before you can have any little ones.

Did you hear about the girl who was born with a silver spoon in her mouth?  
No, Ward.  
Yes, and now she's got two plates to go with it.

And on and on, ad infinitum, as Senator Tobey would say.

It probably wasn't the best variety of corn ever produced, but in those tropical isles, it seemed to work. Ours was a peculiar kind of bloom, resulting from some cross-pollination between Joe Miller and Bob Hope on the one hand and Leon Howard, Paul Slavik and Walter Cunningham on the other—which latter three incidentally usually formed the nucleus of our sometimes polite-sometimes impolite audience.



"What I miss most about the Army was those three squares—the major, the captain, and the lieutenant."

Rumor has it that DWIGHT BEACH (Div. Art.) recently got his star and is now artillery C.O. of the 11th A/B at Campbell. We haven't had this confirmed as yet but we'll offer sincere congratulations anyway, Dwight.

### Outposts

JOE & MARGARET PEYTON (19th) on July 24th celebrated their 10th wedding anniv. Here's luck to a couple of swell kids. Joe proudly reports that membership is up to 1793 as we go to press. It's not all that Joe had hoped for but none can say, Joe, that you didn't try to break 2000.



"This is the only banjo I could find."

The New York Central announces big savings on its new family travel plan to get you and yours into St. Louis in August. Make inquiry of your local passenger agent if you live along the NYC and ask him what he'll move the family into St. Louis for... Col. FREDERICK B. ALEXANDER, JR., has taken over command of the 21st relieving Col. JOHN D. CONE who has returned to the U.S. Fred went from "Pvt" to "Col" in 10 years. During WWII he served with the 42nd Div. in ETO.... Asst. Div. Commander EDWIN J. MESSINGER has been made a Brig. General.

## 1953 DIVISION REUNION

St. Louis, Mo.

Aug.

14

15

16

Make Your  
Reservations  
NOW!

Meet  
the  
Gang  
Again!

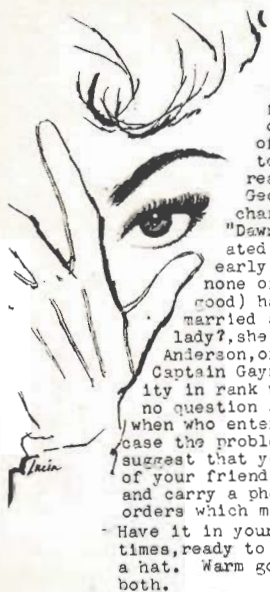
Bring The  
WIFE!  
Fun for All

1600 ROOMS  
AVAILABLE

SINGLE  
4.50 and up

DOUBLE  
8.95 and up

MEETING ROOMS  
are Air Conditioned



Reporting the trials and tribulations, the adventures and misadventures, and yes, let's face it, the loves, of our members is part of the job that falls to your Editor. Word reaches us that Lt. Col. George Gaynor (Div. Hq.), charter member of the "Dawn Patrol" that operated out of Kokura in the early occupation days (when none of us ever had it so good) has stepped off and married an Army Nurse. The lady, she's Captain Eleanor Anderson, or rather, was. She's Captain Gaynor now. The disparity in rank would seem to leave no question as to who stands up when who enters the room, but in case the problem arises, George, we suggest that you follow the custom of your friend, IVO OTEY (Div. Hq.) and carry a photostatic copy of the orders which made you what you are. Have it in your possession at all times, ready to flash at the drop of a hat. Warm good wishes to you both.



"You don't mean THAT's little Mary Lou from next door!"

Word has just been received that the Philippine Government has awarded Maj. Gen. ROSSOE S. (WOODY) WOODRUFF the Philippine Legion of Honor. The citation reads: "For exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding service while holding a position of major responsibility as Commanding General, 24th Infantry Division, US Army, from 17 April 1945 to 30 June 1945. During the early part of the Leyte Campaign and later of Mindoro where elements had already been landed as part of the Western Visayan Task Force, Major General Woodruff, with brilliant and outstanding leadership combined with a comprehensive grasp of tactics, directed many hard fought operations which resulted in the liberation of the Philippines and final victory over Japan. Under his personal direction and superior tactical ability, he was responsible for the successful overcoming of the bitter enemy resistance in the Davao region of Mindanao a drive of over 100 miles in nine days after the initial landing at Parang. In his major command position, Major General Woodruff was most outstanding in directing efforts in behalf of the liberation of the Philippines, the relief of war torn regions, the reorganization of civil affairs, and the achievement of operational success by the guerilla units."

We wrote to the General for a confirmation and his reply, just received, reads in part as follows:

"I feel that this citation is more of a pat on the back for all the men of the Division during the period covered, than it is for me as an individual. I was most fortunate in having a lot of enthusiastic and courageous people in the command who wanted to get the job done well and quickly. I just gave them the opportunity and they grabbed it! I always take the greatest pride in the fact that I was associated with them in the important undertakings in the far places. My best wishes now, as always, to all of them!"

We are happy for "woody" as he sits in his retirement in San Antonio waiting for the fish to bite, happy indeed that this recognition has come to the man and to the Division from the government which, in our opinion, owed us this much. The memories of those Mindanao days of 8 years ago (seems like yesterday) are too much with us ever to be forgotten.

We say "Thank you" to the "Flips" who have bestowed the honor and to General Woodruff who accepted it. We feel, as does he, that this is an honor to the Division and not just to the man. He having been "the old man" during the period in question, it's only logical that he be the one to be singled out.

We're happy for him. We're happy for ourselves. We're happy for everybody. In fact, we never felt better in our lives.



"Okay, men, take ten—Smoke if you got 'em."

Col. MAX GIZON (Div. Hq.) has just sent in his dues for the next 3 years. Thank you, Max. When are you coming home?..... JOE SADRAROCO (Div. Hq.) our Convention Chairman reports that he has arranged for an evening boat excursion down the Mississippi on the evening of Aug. 14th. The price will be somewhere between \$1.10 and \$1.50 per person depending on the number who go. Departure time is 9:00 P.M. We'll see you aboard, mates. The S.S. Admiral is equipped with orchestra and all the fixings. It's the world's finest and largest inland river passenger liner.

During the last week in May, copies of the Division History were mailed to the first of nearly 6500 people who had already subscribed to it, sight-unseen. The book, titled "24th Forward," is the story in pictures of a combat division in the Korean war. Its subscribers to date are the families, friends and the men themselves who are its subjects. But this big, black-bound volume is of interest to all Americans.

The action in Korea will rank as singular in world history. Never before has the attention, the resources and the manpower of so much of the civilized world been focused on so small an area so bitterly contested. Out of the blood-bath that washed the rice fields and jagged mountains of that tiny peninsula from the first days in June of 1950 a saga of battle long to be remembered has come.

No one knows that story better than the men of the 24th. These were the men who fought, company against regiment, regiment against corps, alone and almost bareheaded, to slow the advance of the invading armies. From five days after the outbreak of the Korean conflict (when 406 men of "Task Force Smith" was all there was of the Eighth US Army in Korea) to the day nearly two years later when they embarked at last for a rest in Japan, the story of Korea was theirs, perhaps more than that of any of the many units that joined them later in the fight.

"24th Forward" is worthwhile reading for anyone interested in a graphic, over-the-shoulder view of warfare in Korea. It will be both a monument and a memento to the men who knew the bitter laughter and the seamless agony of those months in battle, for it is truly their own book. Little space is given to VIPs, commanders and organizational glory. It is left for the men to tell their story. The traditional unit crests, colors and emblems have been omitted....that is, all but one. Toward the book's close is included a full-page portrait of a muddy pair of combat boots -- mute symbol of the chief occupation of the combat infantryman.



"Wow! Ava Gardner!"

A battalion returned its appreciation on May 18th for a man who gave his life for theirs. On that day the 3rd bn of the 21st Infantry named its new athletic field at Camp Youngmans in honor of PFC MACK A. JORDAN a Congressional Medal of Honor winner, who made the supreme sacrifice on Nov. 15, 1951 near Kunsong, Korea.

Private Jordan, a Collins, Miss., youth, was a squad leader in the 3d platoon of King Co. when the night attack in which his unit was engaged met with heavy enemy resistance and was ordered to withdraw and reorganize. Private Jordan voluntarily remained behind. Rushing one machine gun emplacement, he silenced it with three grenades, killing several of the enemy and forcing the rest to fall back. He attempted to move forward against another machine gun, but a charge of enemy explosives nearly severed both his legs. Although he was rapidly dying, he kept up a devastating hail of fire, holding the enemy until his platoon returned.

To Camp Youngmans from their normal duties came four generals. From Sendai came the XVI Corps commander, Maj. Gen. B. M. Bryan, who in Nov. 1951, was the 24th Div. commander. From Camp Schimm came the present division commander, Maj. Gen. Charles L. Dasher, Jr., and the ADC, Brig. Gen. Edwin J. Messinger. From the south came Brig. Gen. Carl L. Hutton, Div. Arty. commander, to be present at the Youngmans ceremony.

Chaplain (Capt.) Charles P. Bennett Jr. gave the invocation. The battalion commander Lt. Col. Edward F. Baker, spoke. Gen. Bryan quoted, "Greater love hath no man than to lay down his life for his friend."

Word reaches us that Mr. & Mrs. WILBERT SCORCE have a little addition in the person

of Susan Leigh Scorce who arrived in town last Jan. 19th. Congratulations, kids, and Will, you'd better hurry home from Germany and get acquainted. They grow up fast, these days, you know.



Mr. & Mrs. Cecil Beal of Mason City, Io. have sent us the tragic news that son, DUANE BEAL (L-21st) was killed in an auto accident near his home last May 19th. We offer you our sincere condolences, Mr. & Mrs. Beal, and wish that there was something we might do to relieve your aching hearts.

## BEHIND THE SCENES

DICK MILLER (E-34 from 7-44 to 1-46) is a plumber in Phoenix Ariz., is married and has 4 children. You can reach him at 06-A Alzona Park in Phoenix..... ALBERT and AMELIA DEMELLO (E-21 from '44 to '45) have made it three. On April 16th, Allen Joseph joined his brotner and sister in this vale of tears. The family is growing. Al. Congratulations. Al's address is 1742 Grove St., San Francisco, Calif.



"Aren't you carrying this 'aide' business a little to far, Lt. Lemont?"

ROBIN DANIELS (Div. Hq. from 10-44 to 7-48) is winding up a year's study at Leavenworth. Then he's off to the ETO. He reports that JOE SOHNAK, OAKLEY LAMB AND JOHNNIE SAHR (all of Div. Hq. during the plusn 1947 days between the wars) are each enrolled for Leavenworth commencing in the fall. Robin further reports that TOM BALL and JIM STRAIN are also winding up at Leavenworth and both are due to report to FEGOM.

GILMAN HUFF (19th) is with the 5th Div. at Jackson and took a short course at Leavenworth this spring. Again we are indebted to ROBIN DANIELS for the gossip who also dropped the report that GEORGE GAYNOR (Div. Hq.) who was with the 1st Cav. in Korea is on his way to ETO.

"Worth Thinking About"

(Ed. Note: In this, our last issue, we wish to make, "for the record", an acknowledgement of our feeling of gratitude to Fr. Chris Berlo who has contributed his pearls of wisdom so faithfully for our consumption in issue after issue. Of love and affection for the Division and the Association, no one could have more than Chaplain Berlo. Nor is there anyone who has done more among us to prove it. May God bless you, Fr. Berlo, for staying with us so patiently to the end.)

There is nothing so good for the education of character as having something to put up with. It brings out all that is good in us. If I have all I desire and no cares or anxieties, what is there to try my mettle? What is there to admire if I am amiable and cheerful under these circumstances?

We admire those who bear their burdens cheerfully and unselfishly in spite of difficulties, thinking of others rather than of themselves. How then shall we bring out what is great and noble in our characters?

We must have a harder ideal and profit by the difficulties of life. Let us act upon what we consider in theory to be excellent. The good God desires us to have happiness in his service. Often you will find that the heavier the cross, the lighter the step and the more cheerful the countenance with which it is borne. What are you worrying about? You are not living with angels and saints - you are not one yourself. God allows natural laws to create difficulties, and then helps us to overcome them. Confide in God!

Chaplain Chris J. Berlo



"CAN YOU MAKE ME A STAMP THAT SAYS 'GENERAL OF THE ARMY MARVIN DUDDY' IN JAPANESE?"

New members are coming in -- SLOWLY. We're nappy to welcome these aboard:

KLUGH, THARIE (21st)  
Route 2 - Box 146  
Abbeville, South Carolina

LANGFELDT, CHARLES J. (19th)  
325 - 77th Street  
North Bergen, New Jersey

LEWSKY, BERNARD (52d FA)  
591 Watkins Street  
Brooklyn, 12, New York

MOSS, EDWARD A. (21st)  
10806 S. Avenue "G"  
Chicago, Illinois

OTEY, Col IVO (Div Hq)  
2616 NW 25th Street  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

PAITI, Capt JOSEPH A. (21st)  
Hqqs - 11th Armd Cav Regt  
Camp Carson, Colorado

FIESLAK, JOSEPH (21st)  
26 S. Norman Avenue  
Penns Grove, New Jersey

R YAN, EDWIN J. (19th)  
70 Quincy Street  
Providence, 8, Rhode Island

SALMON, DONALD W. (21st)  
532 Academy Street  
Maplewood, New Jersey

SAUNDERS, LeROY B. (34th)  
37 Roosevelt Avenue  
Clifton, New Jersey



J. Kiernan

"... And I got this ribbon for getting this ribbon over here!"

In the April issue of the "Combat Forces Journal" appears this "letter to the editor" from an unnamed "Chick":

"I would like to comment on Corporal Gordon L. Scheopp's letter in the February issue.

"What he wrote about service troops not being qualified for the Combat Infantryman's Badge is true in most cases. Still, I would like to point out that during the early part of the Korean War, all personnel assigned to divisional units (as well as units of corps and sometimes army) were serving for the most part as riflemen. Since this was the case, I see no reason why the men assigned to infantry units should not have been awarded the CIB if they had seen action in the lines.

"If anyone needs proof of the fact that some service personnel did fight as infantrymen, I would like to quote from the official wording of the citation awarding the DUC to the 24th Infantry Division:

"Throughout the entire period of this heroic action, officers and men distinguished themselves by conspicuous gallantry and courage. Service troops fought side by side with riflemen... in fact every man in the division was engaged in battle."

"Because of the facts, I believe those men in infantry units, no matter what their jobs may be, should be awarded the CIE when, and if, they earn it as riflemen earn theirs. I disagree with the Corporal who says: 'Any time the Badge is used or worn by a driver or cook or clerk it is being disgraced,' but I will go a little further and say the Badge should be awarded to any member of an infantry unit in combat who earns it as it was meant to be earned. A man's MOS or job doesn't matter when the chips are down."  
"Ex-19th Infantry"



"Yes, it's a nice day. I'm going to Norwalk, I'm not a model--and you're sitting in my husband's seat."

Chairman BADARACCO of our Convention Committee tells us a round trip train fare between Detroit and St. Louis will cost you \$30.82, and a round trip train fare between Kansas City and St. Louis will be \$14.74. "Meet me in St. Louis, Louis, meet me at the Fair"..... If it's good reading you want, try "Five Gentlemen of Japan" by Frank Gibney. It's a story of the new Japan in terms of some representative citizens and for anyone interested in an exceptionally well-balanced, thorough and readable study on the post-war period over there, this is it..... DICK GOGAS (Div.Hq.) has reported that he has moved from Lanikai back into the big city of Honolulu. He's at 1425 Kapiolani Blvd. now. How goes the battle, Richard?



The other evening the conversation got around to "jungle juice", the name loosely applied to any of the spirituous beverages that were concocted in the Southwest Pacific area, you may recall.

The recipes were numerous, you may remember, and in the interest of recording some of them for posterity, it seems advisable to mention one or two in these columns.

The simplest and probably the earliest form of drink was made by merely punching in the three little dark eyes at one end of a coconut and inserting plugs in the holes. Thus spiked, the milk fermented so rapidly that after about a week one or two of the plugs would pop out, at which point the brew was deemed ready to drink. It tasted not unlike Mexican pulque, and more than a very moderate amount of the stuff would induce an appalling hangover. An added disadvantage was that there is so little milk in a coconut that it was impossible to conduct large-scale manufacture in secrecy, and every man who liked the product practically had to become his own brewmaster. However, for outfits that did not have the time or the patience to set up any more elaborate paraphernalia, the method sufficed.

The second form of juice with which I became familiar was a distillate produced in much the same manner, I imagine, as any homemade whiskey. A mash of corn meal (potatoes would do if no meal was available), sugar, and yeast was placed in an empty gasoline drum and left to ferment. At the end of five or six days the mash usually stopped bubbling. The drum was then hoisted up onto four stones, a fire was built beneath it, and the fermented mash was brought to a boil. The vapors entered a coiled copper pipe, or "worm", stuck in the top of the drum, where they liquefied, and the fluid dribbled into a waiting receptacle. The resulting product, which was considered aged by the time it had cooled, was a colorless, oily liqueur that tasted like creosote and, soon after consumption, made you feel as if the top of your head had suddenly been jerked up several inches, or even yards.

"Worms" were hard to get, since they were not a part of standard Army equipment. They could, however, be made from the gasoline feed lines of planes, and for this reason, if for no other, guards were always placed over planes that had crash-landed or were otherwise disabled, and anyone found wandering about service-squadron snops where damaged planes were being repaired was told to state his business or get the hell out of there. The distilled juice was highly remunerative to the owner of the still. The stuff sold for from two to four pounds a fifth (\$6.40 to \$13), but it was generally frowned upon as a steady beverage by all but the hardest drinkers, because it made its consumers run completely amok after a few belts.

By far the best of the local brews, and the one with which I became most thoroughly acquainted, was an opalescent, golden-green drink made from dried peaches or apricots mixed with raisins. So great was the fame of this juice that whenever word was carried by the grapevine that a new batch of it had "come in," our camp had a sudden visitation of men from other areas, who would slip in after dark, bringing bottles, jugs, or anything else that would hold liquid.

As long as Americans are forced to live in uncivilized lands the making of jungle juice will flourish. Even the news that beer for enlisted men is now being shipped to the Pacific doesn't shake my faith in our wretched broth. It is hard to imagine G.I.s who have experienced the rapturous exhilaration produced by juice becoming excited over anything as insipid as 3.2.

I don't suppose I'll ever taste jungle juice again. Nobody in this country would have the patience to make it -- or the conscience, probably -- and even if anyone tried I'm sure the water here would be different or something else would go wrong. I imagine the flavor could be achieved artificially, but it seems blasphemous even to suggest such a thing. If you could combine the bite of vodka the mellowness of musty port, the potency of grain alcohol, the tang of fresh lemon juice -- but then, to appreciate its true worth, you'd probably have to be in New Guinea, God forbid!

A village blacksmith at last found a building apprentice who would work long hours at low pay. He explained to the boy, "When I lay this hot shov on the anvil and nod my head, you hit it with this hammer." The apprentice did just as he was told. Now he is the village blacksmith.

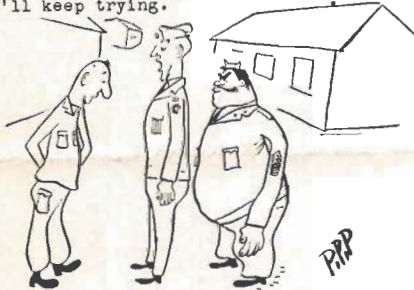
A high school grad applying for a job with a manufacturing firm was stumped by the application form he had to fill out. Finally he beamed as he saw a question he could answer. To the query "What machines can you operate?" he wrote confidently, "Slot and Pin Ball."

A letter like the one below from JOE BURNS (19th, 34th, Div. Arty. & Div.Hq. - Joe tried them all apparently) burns us up. We're not peeved with Joe; we're peeved at ourselves for still not getting our message out. Read what Joe writes:

"After two days of calling veterans organizations, the Army Base, recruiting stations, information at Springfield and Baltimore, I finally found Mr. Henry's name from a library. This afternoon I called Mr. Henry's office and he gave me your address and now after two days of searching I have reached my goal.

"Being an ex-member of the 19th, 34th, Div.Arty. and Div. Hqs., I would like to join the Assn. Would you be kind enough to send by return mail an application for membership. Also I would like to know when and where the Convention will be this year. Any help you can give me will be greatly appreciated. Sincerely, Joseph W. Burns, c/o Majestic Fabrics, 112 Beach St., Boston."

We dispatched a reply to Joe 5 minutes after receipt of his letter, you can bet. What hurts is that we've tried so d--- hard to tell the world who, and what, and when and where, and why we are, and it still seems to remain such a mystery. On well, we'll keep trying.



"Really, Aene, you must have some good reason for continually asking for a transfer!"

CHARLEY LOCKE, of 365 Sheridan Court, Elmira, N.Y., is trying to locate a Taro Leaf buddy by the name of ROBERT WILLINGHAM, last known to live in Peoria, Ill. Can anyone help? What outfit were you fellows in, Charley?



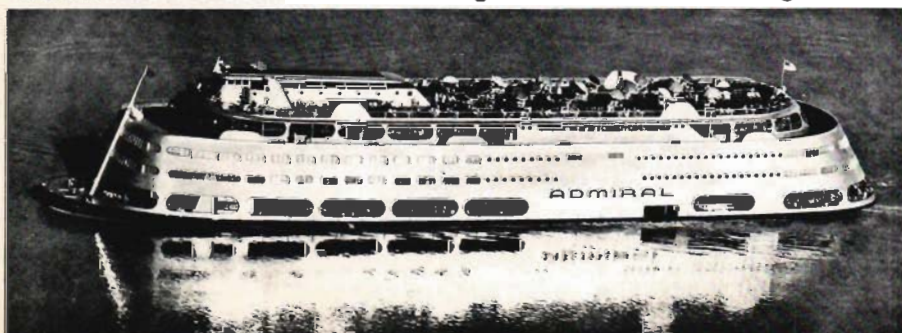
**HAVE YOU BROUGHT IN A NEW MEMBER THIS YEAR?**

Plane fare from Chicago to St. Louis is \$16.55 (Round trip for \$31.55) in case you are planning to fly down to the Convention. Round trip fare via railroad is \$15.41 and via bus is \$9.83. You can walk down from the windy City free of charge. Whatever you do, let's see you Chicagoans there come Aug.

## Headliner

CHET DAHLEN (21st and 34th), now a bird Colonel, has left to go back to the Far East. Good luck to you, Chet.

### s. s. ADMIRAL-World's Finest and Largest Inland River Passenger Liner



# CONVENTION

## Commentary



His Honor, the Mayor of St. Louis knows we're coming. Here's what he wrote:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT  
MAYOR'S OFFICE  
ST. LOUIS

**A PROCLAMATION**

WHEREAS, the 4th Infantry Division has served our country with great honor during World War II - at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941; at New Guinea, the Philippines Islands, and Japan;

WHEREAS, this valiant organization was the first American unit to combat in Korea where it is still in active duty; and

WHEREAS, its unexcelled record of courage and service, exemplified by the heroic leadership of Major General William F. Dean, presently a prisoner of the North Koreans, has justified its being designated as the Victory Division;

WHEREAS, the 4th Infantry Division Association has chosen the City of St. Louis as the site of its Annual Convention, to be held on August 14th, 15th, and 16th of this year;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Raymond B. Tucker, Mayor of the City of St. Louis, do hereby proclaim August 13 through August 21, 1951, as

**"4TH INFANTRY DIVISION WEEK"**

In the City of Saint Louis, in grateful tribute to the fighting men of this famous military organization, particularly those who have given their lives in the cause of freedom.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the Seal of the City of Saint Louis, this seventh day of July, A. D. 1951.

*Raymond B. Tucker*  
MAYOR

ATTEST:  
*Carroll G. Schaefer*  
CITY CLERK

If you're down New Orleans way, you can hop up to St. Louis on a round trip rail ticket that will cost you only \$36.51. See you in August in St. Louis..... Lt. Col. C. C. HOLBROOK has assumed command of the 3rd Eng. Bn. Holbrook was with the 5th Eng. Bn. during WWII and commanded it in the ETO throughout the French and Central Europe campaigns. He was integrated into the RA in '46..... Brig. Gen. CHARLIE LYMAN (21st) tells us he has moved to RFD 5, West Chester, Pa. We're wishing you well, General..... And word comes in that ALVA CARTMETER (Div.Hq.) can now be reached at 1707 N. St., N.W., Washington, D.C. Sounds as though you're getting close to big things, Alva..... Lt. Col. EUGENE J. WHITE is the present C.O. of the 6th Tank Bn. During WWII, he served with the 6th Armored Div. in ETO.....



"Did you bellow, sir?"

In response to the critics who claim that "the gang in the east" is running this Association, we respectfully call your attention to the fact that we are meeting west of the Mississippi River this year. We have received several letters full of deprecatory remarks about the "clique" within the past few months. All we can say is what we sang out at Columbus a year ago: If ED HENRY, JOE PEYTON, BILL SAVELL, BILL DAVIDSON, BOB DUFF, SPIKE O'DONNELL and KEN ROSS comprise a "clique", then we're proud to be among them. Our own name has been pretty close to the affairs of state in this Association during the past several years. Without the ceaseless and untiring efforts of these few, there would be no Association today. To the man "on the outside looking in" who represents us, we gladly and willingly step aside. That man had better be prepared to roll up his sleeves and work, nowever, because we of the "clique" are not going to allow this organization to die by default..

### Don't Be a "Wish I Had"

A sergeant was waiting in line at the PX when an Army wife elbowed her way ahead of him in line.

"Beg pardon, madam, I was here first."  
The woman drew herself up and declared:  
"My husband is an officer."  
"What rank?"  
"Lieutenant."  
"Sorry," said the soldier, stepping ahead, "My wife's a Captain!"

Betty: "I played strip poker last night."  
Co-ed: "High stakes?"  
Betty: "No, just pants-antle."

For your convenience, here's a rate card which you can clip and send in to the Hotel Lennox, St. Louis in case you want to make a reservation:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (PLEASE PRINT)

DATE OF ARRIVAL \_\_\_\_\_ TIME \_\_\_\_\_ AM \_\_\_\_\_ PM \_\_\_\_\_

DATE OF DEPARTURE \_\_\_\_\_

RATE PREFERRED \_\_\_\_\_

For 1: \$5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 6.75, 7.00, 7.50, 9.00  
For 2: \$6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00  
Twin: \$9.00, 10.00, 11.00  
2 room Suites from \$16.50  
Rooms for 3 or 4 from \$13.00

CHECK BY:  REGULAR MAIL  AIR MAIL  COLLECT WIRE

7th STREET \_\_\_\_\_ CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

The PFC arrived home at 0300. "Well, home is the best place after all, isn't it?" roared his wife. "I wouldn't know about that," he answered "but it's the only place open!"

## APPLAUD

A member of the first group of American troops to engage the enemy in Korea in 1950, Cpl. EDGAR ESPLIN, has received a Special Certificate of Valor from the Adjutant General in Washington.

Corp. Esplin, now with the 19th Regt., is proudly displaying the certificate honoring his participation in "Task Force Smith," the now-famous operation that ordered a small group of American troops into Korea from Japan to delay the large horde of Communists that was overflowing Southern Korea.

Four hundred and six men of the 2nd Bn, 21st Inf. Regt., were named the supernumerary task. Joining up with 134 artillerymen of Battery A, 52nd FA Bn, the group made contact with 20,000 enemy troops near Osan on July 5, 1950. The certificate states that the force exhibited valor on the battlefield worthy of the highest tradition of the combat soldier.

Corp. Esplin was trapped in a rice paddy by four machine guns that killed three of his buddies directly in front of him. He hid behind an embankment for ten minutes, then got up and walked away. For some unaccountable reason, no shot was fired at him.

He returned to Japan in August 1950 to enter a hospital for treatment of injuries. While convalescing, the corporal happened to hear a Communist radio program, "Seoul City Sue." The feminine voice proclaimed that Corp. Edgar Esplin had been killed because the Communists had found his dog tags and other identification on the battlefield.