

TARO LEAF

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BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD E. ROSENBLUM

Volume 28, Number 2, 1974-75, 30th Anniv Leyte Landing

Taro Leaf

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Association membership is open to anyone and everyone who ever wore the Taro Leaf. Dues are \$5.00 per annum inclusive of a subscription to the publication.

The Association is a strictly non-profit, non-military, non-rank, nonsense organization of men who once served together and desire only to keep alive the warm friendships formed in that service.

Promises! Promises!

Weeks ago, with the release of Vol. 1, we promised that #2 was floating right behind.

It was - only to be slowed down when our engine konked out - a boat with the medics - hospitalization - the works.

Alas - all's well - and we're back in business - and here's #2.

討と究事ぬ第決務伺す作

Do you remember playing Nipponoodles when we were the "Occupiers"? We'd take a Japanese word character, squint the eyes, and let the imagination soar. We'd always end up with something hardly germane to the Kanji translation, but so what. We thought we'd give you a few in this issue - for a bit of nostalgia - and fun.

閉

IS MY FATHER IN THERE?

Kanji: Tojiru, verb to close

Do you know the six little words that made your butcher wealthy?? "It's just a few ounces over".

Our local mortician just raised his prices. Even going down is going up.

Volume 28, Number 2, 1974-75, 30th Anniversary

飛

A-A-ACHOO!

Hiragana: De—phonetic character

There will be those among you - new members - who won't understand that 4 of us - Life Members all - ED HENRY, BILL SANDERSON, GERRY STEVENSON, and your EDITOR - made the return to Leyte last October to be there for the 30th anniversary of our landing there on Oct. 20, 1944. We four made it via Japan, Taiwan and Hong Kong. Another Life Member, Maj.Gen. AUBREY S. NEWMAN was going to make the Leyte portion of the trip with us, he coming directly from Florida to Manila.

Our plan was to meet RED at 6 p.m., Thursday, Oct. 17th, at the bar of the Manila Hotel. We proceeded into Manila from Hong Kong that noon, full of anticipation of our forthcoming reunion with this grand old soldier.

We were there - at the appointed hour - standing at the bar of a now abandoned hostelry. Unbeknownst to any of us, including Red, it had closed down 4 months earlier for a needed rehabilitation, or possibly, destruction.

No Red.

And for the next five hours, we turned Manila upside down - trying to locate our good friend.

For the story, from Red's azimuth, please see the attached just as Red wrote. See first, his memo to we 4 and then see what he attached to it - his story, "Unforgettable Is The Word For Him", written on the planes that carried him from Anchorage, Alaska back to Sarasota. His heart began acting up and he had to turn back.



It'll be welcome to the Peoria Hilton when you arrive on Wed., Aug. 13, Thurs., Aug. 14, Fri., Aug. 15 or Sat., Aug. 16. Most will arrive on Friday. But whenever - you'll discover a very special warm hospitality from the moment you arrive.

The RED NEWMAN memo and first draft of "Unforgettable Is The Word For Him" is here reproduced exactly as Red wrote them:

The Memo: 23 October 1974

Dear Ed, Ken, Bill, Gerry:

No words can express my disappointment and frustration at having to turn back at Anchorage and return home.

Out of frustration, and because I had to do something and not just sit there on the plane coming back, I reached in my travelling kit and took out the five (5) envelopes there - the long kind. After splitting them open, I had 10 sheets of paper nearly the size of this one.

I then pulled down the small "eating table" in the seat ahead of me and wrote the enclosed. It is written in the format of my ARMY Magazine articles, since that is the way I have been writing for years - though I do not think ARMY would use it, even after it had been edited.

It is typed here just as I wrote it on the plane - and you may feel the incident there at Pawing is best left unsaid. But you have just been there, so it seemed to me the realities of what happened there, this facet of it anyway, might be of interest. Also, I guess, I just wanted to get it off my mind - though I know I was right, that the dead had to be removed and the attack pushed immediately...which is another story in itself.

I had wanted to start at the beach where I landed, and follow along the way I travelled 30 years ago - and pay silent homage along the way for all those I saw fall...but that now is not to be.

It is my hope you found your room reservations O.K. in the Manila Hotel. I sent a cable from here. Then, in Anchorage, I entrusted a cable to the airport manager there - cancelling my reservation and confirming yours. Also asked that the Hotel Manager show the cable to "Henry And Ross" - so that you would know I had been turned back in Alaska by illness. (Have had another attack since my return - and one only about 8 days before leaving, else I might not have turned back. Doctors do not have it figured out, but am feeling O.K. now).

Will look forward to seeing you next August, and to hearing of the trip....

In friendship,

RED.



The Draft Of The Story:

UNFORGETTABLE

IS THE WORD

FOR HIM

by

Maj.Gen.Aubrey S. Newman

On 14 October 1974, I boarded a Northwest Orient plane in Tampa for Chicago-Anchorage-Tokyo-Manila, thence to Tacloban on Leyte in the central Philippine Islands.

*Initial Objective: As a member of the World War II 24th Infantry Division (Div Hq, 34th Inf) to join Bill Sanderson (19th Inf.) and Ed Henry, Ken Ross and Gerry Stevenson (all Div. Hq.) in Manila on 17 October.

*Assembly Point: The bar in the Manila Hotel at 6:00 p.m.

*Mission: To proceed to Tacloban and participate in ceremonies on 20 Oct. at the new Philippine National Memorial near Palo.

*The Occasion: The 30th anniversary of the day General MacArthur landed on D-Day on Red Beach in our 24th Division area to keep his famous "I shall return" promise to liberate the Philippines.

As I changed planes in Chicago, there was J. "Spike" O'Donnell (21st Inf) at the gate. We always meet in the bar at our annual 24th Division Reunion, even once in a distillery (ARMY, June 1973). So what do you know? There was just time for a quick one between planes, and a bar was right opposite my arrival and departure gate in the terminal. How Spike arranged for my planes to dock at the bar was not made clear. However, he was not only a combat infantryman in World War II; he was Sergeant Spike O'Donnell of the 21st Infantry - and, as I've said before, sergeants know how to get things done.

Unfortunately, his doctor ruled him out of going on the trip, so Spike deputized me to represent the 21st Infantry at the Manila Hotel and on Leyte. But two hours out of Anchorage, Alaska - where my plane refueled - the Fates that govern what happens to young soldiers in war and old soldiers on the way to reunions and anniversaries, caught up with me. Suddenly, there was trouble breathing, my face beaded with sweat, and the nice efficient stewardess lost no time in producing an oxygen tank and mask.

This was an old enemy, a type of ticker trouble that had been controlled by medication for years. But here it called for a decision - whether to go on, or return at the Anchorage fueling stop.

With an hour and a half to decide, I remembered my basic rule as a regimental commander on Leyte: To do what I thought was right, no matter what. But there I eventually pushed my luck past good judgment, and ended up a needless casualty, thus a burden for others to take care of.

Now, when I had to go back to oxygen, I resolved not to risk a repeat of my last visit to Leyte - thus end up again as a burden for friends to take care of. That is why, after an overnight sleep in Anchorage, I write this on the plane - headed home - with the hope that my baggage will find its way back from Tokyo.

My thoughts and heart are with friends now en route to the Manila Hotel, and will accompany them to Leyte at Palo, Jaro and elsewhere as they follow memory's trail of where and what happened there just thirty years ago. So I sit, and remember, and it all comes back.

From the violence of war, in a place I had never seen before, it is the people who come back in technicolor pictures from the past. Some succeeded magnificently, like the gallant commander of Company I, First Lieutenant Barrow, who fell on Red Beach as he led his company in the assault. A few failed, and the broken bodies of so many who did not fail were, all too often, names I never knew. But among them all, one name comes back again and again, and unforgettable is the word for him.

Soon after I assumed command of the 34th Infantry in New Guinea, the adjutant came in with a problem. We were preparing for the assault on Leyte so, in accordance with normal procedure, soldiers in the guardhouse were returned to us. The adjutant's problem was that the company commander of Private Harold Moon did not want him back.

"All right," I said. "At the company commanders meeting after lunch, see if any other company wants him. If not, his company must keep him."

Later, I learned that the commander of Company G had said, "O.K., I'll take him. He sounds like a man looking for trouble, and where we are going, there will be more trouble than he can handle."

That first night on Red Beach, there was hell to pay when the Japanese counterattacked our beachhead, on the far side of the swamp, at Pawing. So at first light, I got hold of an Alligator - that wonderful hybrid of an amphibious tank and a deep bed truck, with a .50 caliber machine gun mounted topside. This was ideal transportation to get across the swamp, and see what the situation was after all that shooting in the night.

But first I arranged for an air strike by Navy planes. Then, standing deep in the Alligator as we crossed the swamp, I witnessed the planes diving on visually-located remnants of the Japanese.

attackers - bombing, rocketing and strafing with .50 calibers.

On our left flank, Japanese bodies literally carpeted the roadway and along the shoulders of that raised road, in front of the position held by Company G. The attacking Japanese had approached incautiously down the road before splitting into attack formations, and the alert battalion commander correctly decided that the nebulous moving mass in the darkness could only be enemy. So machine guns blazed a deadly fire that mowed them down. But the fanatical enemy continued to attack in the darkness, and all but overran Company G before daylight, though at terrible cost to themselves.

Then the air attack at daylight put the finishing touches on the Japanese, for the remaining enemy were hidden in the high grass, invisible to ground observation - but were sitting ducks from above.

As I write this, the great jet liner plows through the air at high speed and great height over Canada, taking me home, but memory of that scene thirty years ago flashes and reflashes through my mind. And the name of Private Harold Moon, that truly unforgettable soldier, is remembered again and again with respect, awe and admiration.

When I arrived in Pawing that day and saw the tremendous havoc our fire had visited on the attacking enemy, I did not think of Private Moon. Nor was there jubilation among the officers and men there. The reason was plain to see, for a long row of our own silent dead were lined up neatly where all could see them.

However, this was no time for us as soldiers to stand and grieve for lost buddies, some of whose names I did not know, others whom I knew so well. It was a time for action, a time to attack and gain the high ground to our front, thus exploit the opportunity brave men had paid with their lives to give us, before the disorganized enemy survivors could organize the high ground for defense.

So I turned to the battalion executive officer, indicated the silent row on the ground and said, "Get them out of here, to the rear, immediately."

"But, Colonel," he replied, "we have no transportation."

"Use the Alligator I came in, because I am not going back."

"Sir," he replied, looking at the line of dead but thinking only of the floor space in the Alligator and not its depth, "the Alligator is not enough."

"They are dead, aren't they?" I said. "Take them back - now!" And I started toward the battalion commander to insure that an attack for the high ground was launched at once.

At that moment thirty years ago, it did not enter my mind that Private Harold

Moon might be in the line of dead forms (for I had never seen him), or that his tremendous battle performance that night would bring him our nation's highest accolade, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

But now, as I pause to use the oxygen mask again, I know and remember.

Six months after that day on Leyte, and following recuperation from a taste of Japanese steel myself, I rejoined our Division in the southern Philippines. There I read the magnificent citation for the posthumous award of the Medal of Honor to Private Moon.

Nearly 200 dead Japanese were found within 100 yards of Moon's foxhole. In a signed affidavit, Staff Sergeant Verdum C. Myers said, "By 0545, Private Moon was running out of ammunition. His position had been the focal point of the enemy attack for over four hours. They were determined to take it; he was determined to hold it. The Japanese had worked men around on all sides of Private Moon's position.

"At dawn an entire platoon of the enemy arose and rushed the position in a desperate bayonet assault. Private Moon calmly steadied his tommy gun between his knees, and calling to the Japanese to come and get him, he emptied the entire magazine into them, killing eighteen (18) before they overwhelmed and killed him."

As other men in nearby positions were killed or wounded, (the record shows) Private Harold Moon not only held fast but inspired all within hearing distance as he simultaneously carried on a running battle of oral insults with the enemy across the raised road, especially with an English speaking officer - whom he eventually killed. For more details of his almost incredible battle actions, you will have to read the record.

As my plane drones on its way, this and many other memories from thirty years ago, crowd forward. As always, Private Harold Moon is there - unforgettable! And always, too, there is the unanswerable question: Where was he in the Alligator... in the bottom layer?...in the top layer?... when he and others with him should have gone back in state, with a guard of honor and a band of clashing cymbals and proud trumpets.

While Private Harold Moon and those with him would understand, and want it that way under the circumstances, still I can not forget - and never want to forget.

Every combat veteran has memories of the realities of battle, and there is no limit to the variations. This is one of the things that forges a special bond that others who "were not there, Charlie" can never understand.

In peace and in war, in every rank at all levels, the one great principle that overrides all others is: Do what you think is right, no matter what - and you

will seldom be wrong. The problem then is reduced to what you decide is right, not what you want to do.

An officer is not worthy of the rank he holds unless he honors and respects his subordinates - especially soldiers in ranks. Without them, he is an empty futile figurehead - and nowhere is this more true than in command in battle.

Command on the battlefield of the 34th Infantry on Leyte was the high point of my life. No one can ever understand - except another combat soldier - the depth of my disappointment in turning back from my pilgrimage, for that is what it was. Now I will never be able to stand on the same ground again, thirty years later, to pay my respect and homage to Private Harold Moon, Lieutenant Barrow and the others who made the success of our regiment possible. But, like all who have exercised authority in battle - from corporals to generals - I'll continue to pay them homage in my heart until I hear that Last Bugle Call.



The "Newman story" appeared in a slightly different form in the January issue of Army magazine. One admirer of the Newman column, "The Forward Edge", which appears monthly in that magazine was especially touched by this particular story. We chanced upon a memo which was directed Red's way. It read, in part: "Your tribute expresses what every man who has ever fought in battle must have felt and it expresses what we who live with men who fight sometimes forget: that you are a very exclusive fraternity - a blessed one, I think, in that you are compelled to feel so deeply a pain in life that surely touches on God - in your common experiences and one that must be revered and understood. I wish this article could be reprinted on the front page of every newspaper in the United States....Your contributions to the Army and to the United States have been innumerable, I am sure; but just in Army, your humor, insight, and wisdom have meant a great deal to all of us who have been privileged to read 'The Forward Edge.'" That letter expresses our own thoughts - but more beautifully. Only a lady could put it into such glowing words.

In our last issue, we reported on our hurried trip through Japan, Taiwan and Hong Kong. Now on to Leyte.

It was an hour and one half flight across from Hong Kong to Manila's International Airport and a one minute cab ride from the Airport to the brand new Philippine Village Hotel, an architectural dream, a creation of something uniquely Filipino, an attractive blend of Muslim, Tagalog, Ilocano, Visayan, Chinese and Spanish motifs.

It was from our hotel that we made our way late in the afternoon of our arrival for that jointure with Red Newman which regretfully was not to be. Suffice to say that it wasn't until many hours later that we learned the terrible truth. Red had signalled to us but his signals never reached us.

We spent the next day in making the Manila rounds including the American Memorial Cemetery, a beautiful sacred spot where we paid our respects for ourselves and for you.

We'll not dwell on the Manila chapter but only for reasons of space.

We were back at long last among the 7000 islands of the Philippines discovered by Magellan for the Western World some 453 years earlier and named by him for his king, Philip II of Portugal. We throw that in just to prove that we'd done our homework.

In truth, Leyte was the real target and we had told our friends on Leyte that our ETA was Saturday, Oct. 20th.

With one flight a day from Manila to Tacloban, we boarded the morning PAL plane, with its beautiful stewardesses. A little over an hour later, we were on the Tacloban strip, that elongated strip that juts out from the extension of Red and White Beaches which the 1st Cav. had fought for 30 years earlier.



The welcome ceremonies at the airport upon our arrival simply cannot be adequately described. We were overwhelmed.



Red Beach. The landing craft are on their way in. Miyak's "dummies" are already wading ashore. Great show.



Our plan was to meet RED NEWMAN at the bar of the Manila Hotel at 6 p.m. on the evening of Oct. 17th. When those plans were made, little did anyone know that that hostelry had been closed about 2 months - "for rehabilitation, possibly destruction". We were there at the appointed hour as we were yet without news of Red's plight. The place was not a happy sight. Small wonder that they had finally decided to close the doors. Newer hotels in and around Manila have given this one a bad time.



And the Jeep parade from Red Beach into Palo - along a roadway lined on both sides with all the good citizens and the school kids - hundreds of them - with everyone showering us with flower petals along the way - is a memory no one of us shall ever forget. Regretfully, our cameraman who so taken by surprise that we didn't get any pictures of that memorable ride into town. And as we crossed the new bridge, circled the square and drove up to the Municipal Bldg., the Church Bells Rang in Palo once again.



The Palo Church as it looks today. Taken from the 2nd floor balcony of the Municipal Building.



The old bridge, or such of it as remains, the southern face of 522 in the background. Ceferio Montejo, Editor of "The Courier", Palo's news sheet, did a radio interview with us. Two items seemed to interest him most: the 522 story and the question, "Did Mac land at Red Beach, Palo, or at Blue Beach, Dalag, with the 96th?" He knows now.

SPECIAL LIBERATION DAY ISSUE

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Before a church that is being used as an evacuation hospital a civil affairs officer confers with the mayor of Palo and the presiding bishop of the district on the paramount civilian needs.

Free Philippines, January 1st, 1945

REPRODUCTION OF AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH TREASURED THROUGH THE YEARS

ED HENRY went up to visit the man who was Mayor of Palo in '44. He was ailing in bed and Ed had to go up to the man's bedroom. Regretfully, we don't have the name. Alert mentally, he and his daughter produced for Ed's examination a 1944 picture showing him standing (in the center) with a priest (on the right) and who else but our own beloved ALVA C. CARPENTER. Ed was ecstatic, that picture was reproduced in the mimeographed daily "DPI Features" which gives Palo folks their daily news. Happily do we give you the cover page of the Oct. 20, 1974 issue.

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One of the "fun" luncheons at Mayor Montejo's house. Never shall we forget the warm hospitality of these gracious people.



Those precious ladies of Palo wouldn't have it any other way - wherever we went, they were there extending to us their very best. They had but little but whatever they had was ours. No people anywhere could have tried harder to shower us with their hospitality, friendship and love.



We laid a wreath at the Red Beach marker "to the Unknown Filipino Soldier of World War II". Ricardo Potente, who gave his whole weekend to meeting our every wish, was right proud as were all the citizens of Palo - pronounced as in "Pal-o" or as in "Palo Alto" - not as in "Pay-low".



Looking due east from the Bishop's residence behind 522. Astride the Palo-Jaro highway on your left as you stand here, that's the southern end of 522 on the left hand edge of the frame. In the center, you can see the spires of Palo Cathedral. And Leyte Gulf can just be seen in the far background, about 4 kilometres away. Note use of "kilometres". Jealousy will get you nowhere.



Host and hostess for Ross and Sanderson were Pablo and Teresita Dolina and their wonderful kids - Percival, Res'l, Mapet, Marsha, Paul and baby Patrick. We spent 2 happy nights in this home only to be awakened at 4 AM when the Palo churchbells would ring out loud and clear to signal the end of the night's luncheon.

To perpetuate that momentous day when Gen. Douglas MacArthur "returned" to liberate the Philippines, a monument marking the spot of his landing on Leyte at Red Beach, Palo, has been set up. This has since become the object of an annual pilgrimage known as "Liberation Day".

The Landing Marker includes the MacArthur footprint which was "stamped" on January 8, 1960 during his sentimental journey to Leyte.

Plans are afoot to convert the Landing Marker into a national shrine and war memorial as a salute and a symbol of the spirit and the sacrifice of the men who fought at Leyte.

The wonderful people of Palo are justly proud of their "shrine".



Greeted elegantly were we as our caravan arrived at the memorials adjacent Red Beach. These were the school teachers of Palo who turned out with orchid leis upon leis which they insisted in heaping, layer on layer, around our necks.

Jeremias G. Aclbedo was one of our happy Palo hosts. A widower, he is the father of Edboy 24, Lynde 23, Marilee 20, Leah 18, Gigi 16, Aura 13, Eva 12 and Diana 10. There you are Miyak; got them all in. Told you we would. But we wanted to say that Miyak is an "artist" in every sense. He made the life size dummies which were placed off shore on Red Beach before the big events of Oct. 20th. Who else? Mac, President Osmena, Sutherland and all the rest.

Thank you's for our postcards which were dropped along our way came from far and wide but none was appreciated more than the one from Maj.Gen. ROSCOE B. WOODRUFF who said: "Many thanks for remembering me. Took me back a long time ago. Wish I had a recording of some of your better bull sessions....RBW". General Woody, by the way, reports that he is getting a bit better on the walker. Don't give up, General.



Mrs. Marcos was Miss Manila 20 years ago. When we were there in '44, she was about 10 - probably did laundry for some of us. All of that aside, she still looks like a beauty queen. Only she is more a queenly beauty. She had globetrotted over to Peking to see Chairman Mao just a couple of weeks before we met her on Leyte. And in November, she was globetrotting to New York and then Mexico. Sometimes called "The Iron Butterfly", she triumphs mainly on the strength of her looks coupled with steely determination to reshape the Philippines into a more glamorous image. The one with the white hair in the center is the very handsome U.S. Ambassador, BILL H. SULLIVAN.





Meet Palo Municipal Mayor Cornelio Montejo and the very lovely First Lady, Wilhna, and their wonderful family. We were hosted three times in this house which sits right beside the old bridge, on your right as you enter the town from Pawing, 522 being directly to your rear. They tell us that on that spot, 30 years ago, a Standard Oil gas station stood. We can't recall that. Can you?

And everywhere we turned, there were the lovely ladies of Palo. One of the very loveliest we were privileged to meet was Eufrosino Torreros, a first grade teacher. We've since managed to gift her 30 kids with some toys and more are on the way.



What is it - it's the back side of Hill 522, taken from the west. Palo is to the right of the picture. Leyte Gulf is in the background. 522 is where Fred Zierath's 1st Bn., 19th made its stand. Dallas Dick's Charley Company was on the opposite side when Fred gave the order, "Go around and hit it from the north flank." Dallas and his men did, going up 522 from the northeast (just out of range in the left hand side of this view). The Nips were going up the side you're looking at. Both made it to the top. Twice wounded, Dallas refused evacuation. They were cut off on top of the hill for 2 days.



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Republic of the Philippines
MUNICIPALITY OF PALO
LEYTE
OFFICE OF THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL

EXCERPT FROM THE MINUTES OF THE SPECIAL SESSION HELD BY THE PALO
MUNICIPAL COUNCIL AT THE SESSION HALL ON OCTOBER 19, 1974

PRESENT:

Hon. Cornelio P. Montejo	Mun. Mayor - Presiding
Hon. Lion B. Budlong	Mun. Councilor
Hon. Filomeno D. Plimaco	-do-
Hon. Adriano V. Nogar	-do-
Hon. Urbano M. Peneda	-do-
Hon. Catalino C. Canaleja	-do-

ABSENT:

Hon. Gemeniano P. Portillo	Vice-Mayor
Hon. Norma C. Ricafort	Mun. Councilor
Hon. Basilio G. Magno	-do-
Hon. Soledad P. Mendiola	-do-

RESOLUTION NO. 57-A

WHEREAS, the 24th Infantry Division had landed at Red Beach, Barrio Candahug, Palo, Leyte, on October 20, 1944 in order to free the people of Leyte, particularly the people of Palo, at the cost of life and blood;

WHEREAS, the people of Palo, has not and will never forget the heroic deeds and unfettered courage of the members of the 24th Infantry Division which saw action at the historic Leyte Landing;

WHEREAS, there are some members of the 24th Infantry Division, who were at Red Beach, Palo, Leyte, on October 20, 1944, who are present today in the session hall for a sentimental journey after thirty (30) years of absence;

NOW THEREFORE, on motion of Councilor Lino B. Budlong, Vice-Chairman, Committee on Social Affairs, duly seconded by Councilor Nogar, be it,

RESOLVED, as it is hereby resolved, by the Palo Municipal Council in session assembled, to adopt, as it hereby adopts, Messrs. Kenwood Ross, Edmund F. Henry, William Sanderson, Gerald Stevenson, Louis C. Duhamel, and Henry Gosztyla, all members of the 24th Infantry Division, as sons of the municipality of Palo, Province of Leyte, Republic of the Philippines, in honor of their heroic deeds shown during the liberation of the people of Palo from the wrath and iron rule of the Japanese Imperial Forces;


RESOLVED FURTHER, that their adoption as sons of Palo, Leyte, Republic of the Philippines, be given equal rights and privileges as those of the citizens of Palo, Leyte, as long as they will be within the territorial limits of the municipality of Palo, Leyte.

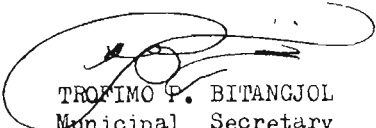
RESOLVED FINALLY, that copies of this resolution be furnished the above-named nationals, all members of the 24th Infantry Division, the Provincial Governor and the Bureau of Immigration, Tacloban City, and the Chief of Police, Palo, Leyte, for their information and guidance.

APPROVED UNANIMOUSLY.

I HEREBY CERTIFY to the correctness of the foregoing resolution.

ATTESTED:


CORNELIO P. MONTEJO
Municipal Mayor


TROFIMO P. BITANGJOL
Municipal Secretary



It's the "vault" - just off the road from Palo south to Tanuan - about 2 kilometres south of Palo. This is where Finance first hid the money they brought in with them. B.A.Reposar was mighty proud that this fortress still stands as was Maj.Jorge Sevilla, who with his lovely wife, hosted Henry and Stevenson for 2 nights.



That's Stevenson getting a closeup of those dummies. He remembers the day 30 years earlier when that same Leyte Gulf was dotted with ships - and a few Kamikaze's.



You bet. Taken from Red Beach looking south.



Stevenson, at Jaro, was as happy as clam at high tide. He found the precise spot where he had set up a Div.Hq. kitchen.





At Pawing, we tried to identify the spot where HAROLD H. MOON, JR. had made his stand as a member of George Company of the 34th. There is much of Leyte that has changed and the Pawing area is no exception. Mindful were we however of the tenacity of Harold Moon. Conscious were we of his magnificent heroism as he fought the overwhelming odds. Now did we know his stand had contributed in large measure to the breakup of a mean and nasty Jap threat. His Medal of Honor citation would say of it: "He fought with conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity when powerful Japanese counterblows were being struck in a desperate effort to annihilate a newly won beachhead. In a forward position, armed with a sub-machine gun, he met the brunt of a strong, well-supported night attack which quickly enveloped his platoon's flanks. Many men in nearby positions were killed or injured, and Private Moon was wounded as his fox hole became the immediate object of a concentration of mortar and machine-gun fire. Nevertheless, he maintained his stand, poured deadly fire into the enemy, daringly exposed himself to hostile fire time after time to exhort and inspire what American troops were left in the immediate area. A Japanese officer, covered by machine-gun fire and hidden by an embankment, attempted to knock out his position with grenades, but Private Moon, after protracted and skillful maneuvering, killed him. When the enemy advanced a light machine gun to within 20 yards of the shattered perimeter and fired with telling effects on the remnants of the platoon, he stood up to locate the gun and remained exposed while calling back range corrections to friendly mortars which knocked out the weapon. A little later he killed two Japanese as they charged an aid man. By dawn his position, the focal point of the attack for more than 4 hours, was virtually surrounded. In a fanatical effort to reduce it and kill its defender, an entire platoon charged with fixed bayonets. Firing from a sitting position, Private Moon calmly emptied his magazine into the advancing horde, killing 18 and repulsing the attack. In a final display of bravery, he stood up to throw a grenade at a machine gun which had opened fire on the right flank. He was hit and instantly killed, falling in the position from which he had not been driven by the fiercest enemy action. Nearly 200 dead,

Japanese were found within 100 yards of his fox hole."

We remembered the spot with the pileup of dead Japs - a rice paddy astride the main Tacloban - Palo road. We approximated as to where Harold Moon gave his all. In behalf of each of you, each of us paid our respects with a bit of respectful silence.



Here we are, almost at the top of Breakneck Ridge. You can see it in the background. We are astride the road - that damnable road up from Pinamapoan. Hosting us for that nostalgic ride from Palo to Jaro to Carigara to the Ridge and return were Big Giant Elpidio Monje, standing, Filemar Villar, kneeling on the left, who drove in 1½ hours what it took us 3 weeks to do before, and #2 Giant Ampelo Villacofte who just couldn't seem to do enough to make our visit a happy one. Trofimo Bitangjol, the Palo Municipal Sec'y, took the picture. He was really the one who invited us over, starting a good year before the fact.



Leyte is the home province of the First Lady, Mrs. Imelda Romualdez Marcos. Her home today is located in Olot in the Town of Tolosa, 13 km from Palo. She is indeed just about the most beautiful woman any of we four had ever seen. The busters on either side of the First Lady and the Ambassador are likely bodyguards 'tho tis said that Mrs. Marcos is quite capable of holding her own. When she was attacked by some nut a year or so ago - receiving a slashed wrist in the bargain - the story has it that she neatly flipped him over on his bottom in time for her escorts to finish him off. Cheers for the First Lady.



Big Giant Elpidio O. Monje, former Mayor of Palo, his two beloved sisters, son Tanny and us at Red Beach. We were their guests for a delightful brunch when we returned Monday noon from Breakneck Ridge.



This picture is especially treasured by us as it's inscribed "The Historic Hill 522 and the old Palo bridge signed Elpidio Monje, the former Mayor of Palo, and one of our delightful hosts."

Retired Admiral Jackson R. Tate of Orange Park, Fla., has recently discovered that the Soviet actress to whom he made love while in Moscow back in '45 bore him a daughter, herself now a Soviet actress. Proves the Navy used different sex films than the ones they served up to us.



As you stand on that Mainit River bridge looking north, or downstream, this is what you'd see today. Remember getting up to that bridge - the 34th leap frogged its way through Sante Fe and Alangalang. Will you ever forget those names? Those places are still there. But 30 years after the fact, we could only think of those heroes who made it all possible - Albert Nichols (Pauls Valley, Okla.), Capt. Paul Austin (Burles Tex.), Homer McClure (Chattanooga, Tenn. who gave his life in the assault there, James Schmidt (North Muskegon, Mich.), and dozens of others. Space won't let us acknowledge them all.





"It's simple. . . . Officers are 'Sir', warrant officers are 'Mr.' and enlisted men are 'Hey, you'."



At Red Beach - 30 years later to the day -
DUHAMEL, SANDERSON, ROSS, STEVENSON, HENRY and GOSZTYLA.



We were getting pretty close to the top of Breakneck Ridge when this was taken. No, we didn't get to the very top - time wouldn't permit - and besides the memory of the bitterness of it all was too much with us. What a terrain for a defense - rough, rocky hills covered with kunai grass. It was not a single ridge, remember - it was a series of ridges, all of which were broken into knobs with countless pockets whose defensive potentialities the Nips thoroughly exploited. The road from Pinamapoan was nothing but up, twisting through the hills. Here Bill Verbeck and his Gimlets made the famous assault against the elements of 5 Nip divisions, veterans of Bataan, Manchuria, and Singapore. We didn't forget you, Bill.



Taken from the Mainit River bridge looking south, or upstream. The 34th took it on Oct. 28, 1944 with Red Newman's coordinated two-battalion attack - the 1st and 2nd. It was Sgt. Roy Floyd, of Eubank, Ky., who first reached the bridge. It was left intact, but not by choice. The Nips had mined it with 200# bombs and a few cases of artillery ammo. The wiring led to a banana grove on the west bank. But the 3 by the detonation station were no more - 1 had a bashed in head, 1 had a neck broken by a rifle butt, 1 had blown out his guts with a grenade. So sorry. Now a little dip toward the south west -

30th Anniversary of the Battle of Iloilo Jaro.



Mrs. Marcos was aloof and stately in a frosty lavender gown overlaid with white embroidery covered in the front with a beautiful floral design. Her dark hair was pulled back from her sensuous, but somewhat blank, face, lightly touched with makeup and false eyelashes. As for the fellow with her, why it's her brother, Benjamin Romualdez, the Provincial Governor of Leyte.



If our traveling team was a musical comedy, we would have folded in New Haven on the morning following opening night. Here we are offering salutes at Red Beach - Stevenson, Ross, Henry, and Sanderson. We leave it to you dear reader, to make comment on the results.



Red Beach: That's the USS Fresno in the background, elements thereof coming ashore via small landing craft and amphib tractors. Bloody good show. That's "Doug and party" already wading ashore, in the foreground.



It was a trio that rivaled the French Connection, Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance, and that singing group from Kingston in national acclaim - at least acclaim in the Philippines. The outpouring of love and affection was overwhelming.



"RED BEACH"

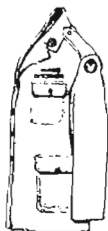
(Excerpts from a letter to Engr. Vicente H. Sydiongco, Lions Director, Tacloban Lions, dated 12 March, 1970, from Capt. Williams D. Gordon, Jr., USA. Capt. Gordon was Asst. Intelligence Officer, 34th Infantry Regiment, 24th Division, U.S. Army, when he and Engr. Sydiongco were together with the Intelligence & Reconnaissance Platoon of the Regiment, 23 Oct. 1944 — 15 September 1945.)

"Red Beach? I believe I could, right now, identify every grain of sand there . . . if there's any trace of the tank-ditch left, or if Pawing village is still there. I was in the 3rd wave of the 1st element to land; the first wave went in at 10:05, my wave at 10:22 — with the 2nd wave sometime between "K" Company, I think, was the 1st wave, "I" the second, "M" the 3rd and finally "L": referring to 3rd Battalion, since that's the one I landed with (2nd Battalion went in on the left — and then pushed through to Pawing).

As it happened, I was Beach Control Officer, directing traffic as it came ashore and maintaining liaison with the support ships standing off shore — and was the officer who greeted MacArthur when he waded in, having guided his launch ashore. . . . It was, as I remember, almost straight-up 12:00 o'clock noon — and we were meeting very heavy resistance: much heavier than expected (also, we'd been put ashore too far north). There was a big gap between the 34th and regiment on our left, which met very light resistance going on, in the vicinity of Palo — and a big gap on our right because the 1st Cav Division met virtually no resistance going into Tacloban. So — whether by design or accident, MacArthur landed in the one place where there was very real danger! . . . I warned him, but he ignored the warning.

At 1:30 on the morning of the 21st, the Japanese counter-attacked in heavy force. They'd discovered the gap on our right, between us and the 1st Cavalry Division (the one on our left had been closed up pretty well). It proved to be one of the bloodiest pitched battles of its kind in the whole Pacific War; they almost wiped out "G" Company at Pawing — and gave "L" Company fits. They came within an ace pushing through to the beach, between us and 1st Cav — and would have raised bloody thunder with the whole campaign if they had succeeded."

(Ed. Note. - we have reproduced a page out of the booklet which the Tacloban Lions Club published in observance of the 30th anniversary. VICENTE SYDIONGCO, an Association member you can bet, was one of our thoughtful hosts during our 3 days on Leyte.)



On the evening of October 20th, we were brought to the Palo Library for a meeting of the Giants Club. GIANTS - it's the acronym for "Glory Is Achieved Nobly Through Sacrifice". It is made up of a group of conscientious citizens of the too-dedicated to making the town a better one - a Chamber of Commerce if you will. We are at that stage in the meeting where we have pledged that if elected, we'll be good and faithful Giants and will attend all meetings - every other Sunday evening. Having so pledged, we are allowed to don the hats of a Giant. That's HENRY GOSZTYLA on the left with his lovely lady. Then there's ROSS, SANDERSON, LOUIS C. DUHAMEL and HENRY. Recorder Bernardino D. Ortega is at the far right, back to us. Even at this angle, we can detect a bit of a smile on his face as we sweat out the rigors of examination.



Before taking the oath of a Giant, we had to swear, in answer to the question, "Were you forced in any way into joining this organization?". We all raised our voices together with an "Oh No-o-o-o!!!" It was all part of a fun evening - for from here we were escorted back to the Town Hall.



At another point, there was the presentation of the symbolic wooden heartshaped lockets mounted on chains which were each in turn placed around our necks. Within each locket there was a representation of the island of Leyte formed of sand which we ourselves had been asked to pick up the day before when we were at Red Beach. We did not know then the significance of it all when they asked each of us to scoop up a handful of that precious sand.

We did not know at first that Jeremias Acebedo was the artist who had painted the mural which hangs in the Municipal Hall. It is a copy of the "Follow Me" painting. We indicated that we had to have a picture of ourselves in front of that simply marvelous reproduction. That's Red beckoning his men forward on the left of the picture, between Bill and Ed.



Sitting around the Mayor's dining table at one of the several meals he and Linda hosted for us were, l. to r., Elpidio Monje, Mayor Cornelio Montejo, artist Jeremias Acebedo and #2 Giant Amping Villocarte. (That's Ed on the far right).





We tried vainly to identify this Palo street 30 years later. It appeared on the cover of the first issue of Yank featuring our return to Leyte. Remember it?



Following the meeting of the Giants at the Library, we were hustled across the square to the Mayor's home for another wonderful meal - our 6th of that Sunday and then back to the Municipal Building for the town's party for us.

The rear wall was covered with a welcome banner.



The music was wonderful - together we sang the oldies together - "You'll Never Know", "You Are My Sunshine" and all the rest we knew 30 years ago - and they sang to us their own favorites. And then we danced. Oh the ladies were there, in numbers - sweet, charming, lovely - and we danced.

There were the serious parts of the late evening program. There was a massing of the colors - where the Mayor walked in with our flag, we walked in with the Philippines flag, and Elpidio Monje walked in with the flag of Palo. The anthems were sung and then there was the symbolic tying together of the flag staffs with the sacred cord.



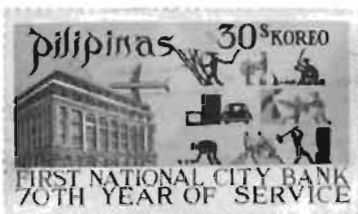
Juan Perez, now Publisher of The Philippines Daily Express in Manila came down for the festivities and made a moving speech about his '44 days in Palo when we worked with the 24th. Glowingly did he speak of his friendship with Oscar W. Murphy, that Cannon Co. Gimlet. There wasn't a dry eye in the place when he was through. We followed Johnny to the rostrum and promised him that we'd put Oscar in touch with him as soon as we returned. Which we did. When we reported it all out to Oscar (now at 300# from 390# - going down another 100), he told us the tale of meeting Johnny when he first went into Palo. Johnny vowed as how he knew where there was a houseful of Nip beer. So a truck was found and loaded with the beer - at a house "a little outside the perimeter" - and returned to the campsite. Oscar has never forgotten Johnny - not because of this beer story alone - and Johnny has never forgotten Oscar. We're thrilled that we were able to give each the address of the other.





Here is Miss Aruba by the Red Beach Monument. Miss Aruba was one of the 1974 Miss Universe entrants. That contest was held last June in Manila, we recall very well, having watched it on TV. We give you this closeup so that you can read the marker. We said "Read the marker!!!!"

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The old Palo bridge shot from the Palo side and looking toward Hill 522. They call it Mt. Guinhangdang.



The Palo Cathedral in modern dress. Those are basketball courts in the foreground. This view was shot from the Town Hall balcony.



The old bridge leading into Palo, on the far side in this view. The roof of the Town Hall can be seen in the left center.





This was taken along the new road leading past Red Beach and along which an Air Force Band marched for the Oct. 20th parade. This year's Charles O. Finley Award for Championship Gall goes to - the envelope please - the guy in the center, Maj. Gaetano Faillace, who claimed to be Gen. MacArthur's official photographer. Maybe so; but he also laid claim to having the only colored photos of the General.

While we were doing the honors on Leyte, Bulletin Today, one of Manila's newspapers, was editorializing with the story that General Yamashita had said "If I had known that MacArthur had been foolish enough, for the sake of a propaganda gesture, to land and sit under palm trees on Leyte, I would have loosed the whole Japanese Air Force on him." TS, Yamashita!!



No, things were pretty much the same.





**SAN JUANICO BRIDGE:
LONGEST IN SOUTHEAST ASIA**

With a breadth of 10.62 meters and an over-all length of 2.162 kilometers, Marcos Bridge over San Juanico Strait is the longest in the Philippines and Southeast Asia.

The bridge connects the islands of Samar and Leyte, the third and eight biggest in the archipelago, and provides a major link in the 3,000-kilometer Pan Philippine Highway which stretches from Cagayan to Zamboanga Del Sur.

To orient you, you are about 4 miles northwest of Tacloban. You see a little piece of Leyte on your left; Samar is on your right.

Upon our return, we found a wonderful letter from ADRIANO R. VILLAMOR, the Mayor of Jaro. The other group he speaks of was a group from the 96th plus our own LOU DUHAMEL who made the junket with them. The Mayor wrote:



"Thank you more for taking me in as a member of the 24th Division Assn. I had been looking up to the day when I could keep up a line with 24th

Divisioners especially with my favorite Battery "A" of the 11th Field.

"I am glad to know you were pleased with your brief sentimental journey back to Leyte. I only regret you did not have much time to spare.

"Not like the second group which you overtook in the house. As a matter of fact we relived old memories. We went to the same river they used to bathe in 30 years ago.

"And to make it more authentic, one or two dipped naked. Kind of streaking. Yes but we were not prepared for this. We just decided to wade in at the spur of the moment.

"The more compelling reason was it was softly cool in the river and the guys were sweating all over as they walked around the town scouting for familiar faces perhaps; or taking pictures of men, women, and children still responding with the V-sign of 1944.

"Not only that. The ice-cold San Miguel beer and the very sweet fresh bananas seem to mix in the river. The ex-GI's seemed not to care for the usual chicken and bread.

"And while they first agreed to stay in the river only up to 12:30 p.m., they overstayed until 2:30. In the river bed I pointed out to them a relic of the Leyte campaign....I guess it was the usual casing for the three rounds of 105's ammunition. Incredible but there it was after 30 years. Yes the men (no longer boys) enjoyed the day.

"My special guest was Louis Duhamel who accepted my invitation to return the following day. We traced the route of their cannon company during the campaign. He did not stop until he found the very spot where his company was overrun by the Nips. They were almost annihilated. I believe it was already at Breakneck ridge.

"He did find the very spot. Between two creeks and two ridges. He took still and moving pictures of the spot which

would easily have been his undug grave if God did not forbid. Even then he still sports a bum knee because of that enemy action. Altogether Louis said it was worth all the trouble of coming back to Leyte.

"After the surrender of Japan, schools opened up for the regular classes. In 1946 I continued my studies and earned my LL.B. in Manila in 1952; I passed the bar the same year and began my private practice in 1953.

I got hitched to politics in 1955 when I was made to run for municipal councilor. I got elected for a 4-year term. Then I was re-elected in 1959. In 1963 I ran for municipal mayor of Jaro, Leyte, my hometown and got elected. I was re-elected for another 4-year term in 1967; re-elected for another four years in 1971.

"Under the martial law (Philippine style) and the new constitution of the Philippines and as decided in a case before our Supreme Court, our terms have become indefinite.

"I like my job as an executive of my own town in the same way that I like my constituents. But I love most my eight wonderful children of four boys and four girls. The oldest is 18 years old and the youngest four, second year college and kindergarten respectively. These are my jewels (family planning notwithstanding).

"I am still listing Filipino 24th divisioners which I will include in my next letter. How about sounding out my fellow 11th Fieldmen of battery "A". I do hope there are still a lot of them to whom I could say 'Hello'.

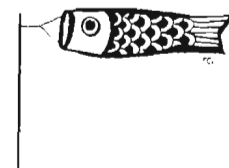
"And to you so long and regards -

"Always 24th -

"Adriano"



We've stopped off at Jaro. That's the Municipal Hall in the background. l. to r. you'll see Trofimo P. Bitanjol, Municipal Secretary of Palo who was largely responsible for our going out there in the first place, ROSS, Adriano R. Villamor, Mayor of Jaro, STEVENSON, Elpidio O. Monje, who did so much to make our Palo sojourn so thoroughly enjoyable,



The family of Municipal Sec'y. Trofimo Bitongjol played host for our final memorable meal with the precious people of Palo. As we drove away, this was the scene in one of the windows - wonderful memories were about to become just that - "memories" - but some hard and fast friendships had been made. The Palo folks had had a joyous weekend - as certainly had we.

MOMENTS MEMORIES & MEN



Every wonderful party has to end - as did this one. By the end of the 3rd day, with some 25 or 26 amazing and bountiful breakfasts, brunches, lunches, afternoon teas, suppers, dinners, buffets, et al, under our ever expanding belts, we were given a rousing sendoff at Tacloban Airport. In the kneeling or sitting positions, you'll note Elpidio Monje, Filemon Villar, Trofimo Bitongjol, Miyak Acebede, Ampelo "The Hat" Villacorte, Elpidio Pongos, and Mayor Cornelio Montejio. Parting is such sweet sorrow.



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Just as we were going to press, we received a call from Lou CIANGI to tell us of the passing of Life Member ADOLPH MILLER (E 19th 12/40-11/44). Lou's thoughtfulness, while appreciated deeply, came a little too late to do anything more than to forward condolences to his widow, Margaret, at 2658 West Grand Ave., Chicago, Ill. There was a grand man, he shall be dearly missed.



We can't see why people say her legs look like matchsticks. They may look like sticks - but they certainly don't match.



With pleasure do we use this one. It's our own Past Prexy and Life Member JAMES "SPIKE" O'DONNELL and the darlin of me eye", daughter Michele taken on Christmas Day in Philly. Since then, Michele has been to Hawaii for what she describes as "the finest time of my life." She's a beauty, Spike - and for the first time we see a strong resemblance. Can you see it too? If we were 40 years younger, Michele, we'd be on your doorstep on our knees.

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Brigadier General DONALD E. ROSENBLUM assumed command of Fort Stewart/Hunter Army Airfield complex and the First Brigade of the 24th Infantry Division on January 13, 1975 in ceremonies at Fort Stewart.

The 45 year old general is a '51 graduate of The Citadel. He is married to the former Laura Maree of Charleston, S.C. They have five girls and two boys.

During the Korean War, Brig.Gen. Rosenblum served in the 224th Infantry Regiment, 40th Division, as rifle platoon leader, company executive officer, and as a staff officer in G-3.

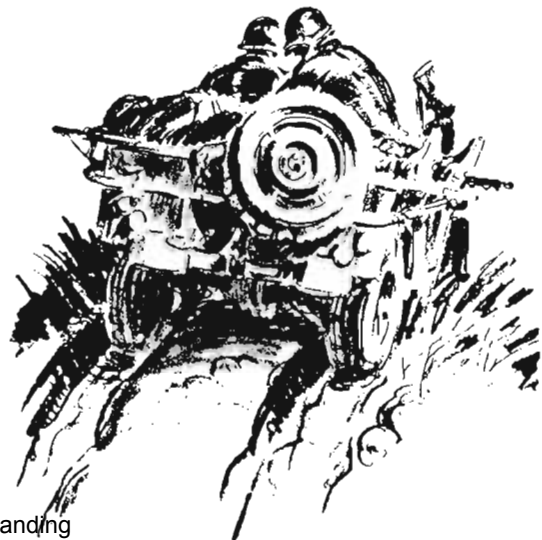
Brig.Gen. Rosenblum served two tours in Vietnam. In 1966-67 he was operations officer of the First Brigade, 101st Airborne Division, and later Commander of the 2d Battalion, 327th Infantry, of the same division. During his second tour of duty, from May of 1970 to May of 1971, he was senior liaison officer and advisor to the 9th Republic of Korea (ROK) Infantry Division and later Support Command Commander, 101st Airborne (Airmobile) Division.

The general is a graduate of the Infantry School, Basic and Advanced Courses, the Command and General Staff College, and the Army War College.

Before coming to Fort Stewart, Brig. Gen. Rosenblum was assigned to Headquarters Department of the Army, The Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations and Plans.

Brig. Gen. Rosenblum has been awarded the Combat Infantryman's Badge twice, is a Senior Parachutist, and has been awarded the Legion of Merit twice. He has also been awarded the Bronze Star Medal with V Device (two awards), the Air Medal with V Device (nine awards), the Meritorious Service Medal, the Joint Service Commendation Medal and the Army Commendation Medal with V Device with five Oak Leaf Clusters.

Proudly do we say, at this distance in time and space, "Welcome, General Rosenblum, to our 24th Division. May your tenure be long and happy".





AFZP-CG

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
HEADQUARTERS, 1ST BRIGADE, 24TH INFANTRY DIVISION AND FORT STEWART
FORT STEWART, GEORGIA 31313

5 February 1975

Major General Frederick A. Irving, USA Retired
President
24th Infantry Division Association

Dear General Irving:

I have recently taken command of Fort Stewart and the 1st Brigade, 24th Infantry Division. Members of the Brigade have informed me of the fine relationship that has developed between the unit and the Association in the short three months since the Brigade's reactivation. I was pleased to join the 24th Infantry Division Association and hope I can make a positive contribution to continuing the rapport that has been established between the Division and its Association.

I would like to take this opportunity to announce to you and other members of the Association that we will formally activate the 1st Brigade, 24th Infantry Division, on 14 June 1975. We have planned a ceremony with a threefold purpose: (1) to activate the 1st Brigade, 24th Infantry Division; (2) to celebrate the Army's 200th birthday; and (3) to inaugurate the Bicentennial Year. The ceremony will take place at 10 a.m. on Cotrell Field at Fort Stewart.

This is going to be a great day for the Division; and it will also commemorate another great day, that of the birth of our Army. I invite you and all other members of the 24th Infantry Division Association to join us for the celebration when we activate battalions of the 19th, 21st, and 34th Infantry; the 35th Artillery; and the 24th Support Battalion.

Sincerely

Donald E. Rosenblum
DONALD E. ROSENBLUM
Brigadier General, USA
Commanding

(Ed. note: Please refer to our cover page once again and see if you don't see a strong resemblance between Brig. Gen. ROSENBLUM and Maj. Gen. LESTER Div. CG 1/46 to 3/48).

Deep thanks to 1st Sgt. CHARLES SIZEMORE, (B 2/19th, 1st Bde '75 - that means NOW - sounds good doesn't it?), we are receiving clips from the Savannah (Ga.) Morning News. "Is Charley a member?", you ask. Of course. Here are a few of his clips taken at random.

Gen. Rosenblum To Address Citadel Club

Brig. Gen. Donald E. Rosenblum, commander, 1st Brigade, 24th Infantry Division, Ft. Stewart, will be the guest speaker at the March 12 meeting of the Savannah Area Citadel Club.

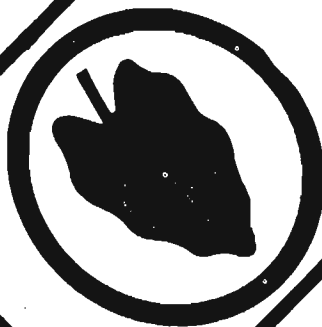
The dinner meeting will be held at the Hunter Army Airfield Officers' Club beginning at 7:45 p.m. Cocktail hour is to begin at 7 p.m.

The election of officers and committee chairmen for 1975 is the major item of business.

All Citadel alumni and their guests are invited. More information may be obtained from M. Sgt. Gilbert Berg, telephone 767-4317 or 767-3198.

8C—Savannah Morning News,
Thursday, March 6, 1975

Ft. Stewart- Hunter News



The 24th Ordnance Company held off a furious attack by the 24th Infantry Division to win in basketball action 70-69 recently.

The 24th Ord., behind the scoring of Timothy Montague and Robert DuBose who combined for 32 points in the first half, led 49-30 at the half. The 24th Inf. Div. rallied in the second half to tie the score, 60-60.

With one basket and three foul shots, the 24th Ord., once again took the lead. The 24th Inf. Div. team tied the score once more at 68-68. Milton Walker of the 24th Ord. hit the winning basket putting the ordnance company on top 70-69 for the final score.

'Victory,' 'First To Fight' Mottos of 24th Division

"Victory," said the private. "First to fight," the captain responded, returning the salute.

This is the new motto for the 1st Brigade, 24th Infantry Division and all elements of the division approved by Brig. Gen. Donald E. Rosenblum, commanding general.

The 24th Division became famous as the "Victory Division" in the 77-day battle for Leyte in the Philippines during World War II.

Victory was the radio code word for the division's vehicles and it was chalked on the soldier's helmets. But it wasn't

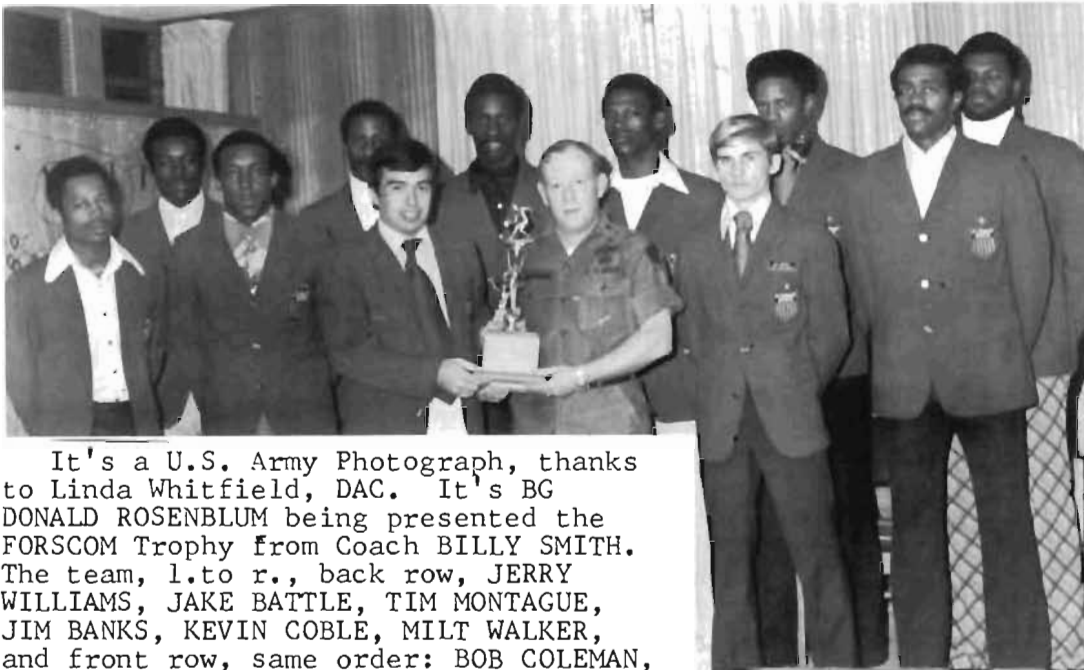
until the Filipinos greeted the troops who "returned" MacArthur to the islands, with the famous Churchill two-fingered "V", screaming "VEEKTOREE" that the nickname stuck.

"First to Fight," became the watchword of the 24th Division at Schofield Barracks in Hawaii as the Japanese began

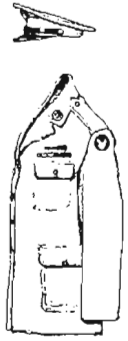
to attack Pearl Harbor. The division, only a few months old received its "baptism by fire" in the attack.

The new motto will serve to remind the men of the history of the division, and the need to prepare for the day when they will be called upon once again to be the first to fight.





It's a U.S. Army Photograph, thanks to Linda Whitfield, DAC. It's BG DONALD ROSENBLUM being presented the FORSCOM Trophy from Coach BILLY SMITH. The team, l.to r., back row, JERRY WILLIAMS, JAKE BATTLE, TIM MONTAGUE, JIM BANKS, KEVIN COBLE, MILT WALKER, and front row, same order: BOB COLEMAN, WILL SHEPHERD, Coach BILLY SMITH, Gen. ROSENBLUM, GUY MERRITT and CLARENCE GRAY.



CLARENCE GRAY (22) of the Ft. Stewart-Hunter basketball team attempts to block a shot by a member of the Ft. McPherson, Ga. team. Ft. Stewart won the game 79-77 and placed second in the U.S. Army Forces Command Basketball Championship.

Maj.Gen. FREDERICK A. IRVING, former commander of the 24th Infantry Division ('42-'44) pulled a ceremonial tank lanyard to fire the first round on Stewart's new tank gunnery firing range complex, last Sept. 30th.

The eight table range complex was named for CORPORAL MITCHELL RED CLOUD, JR., a Winnebago Indian from Black River Falls, Wisconsin.

A member of the 19th Infantry, Corporal Red Cloud was first to spot a Chinese enemy force approaching Company E's bridgehead in Korea. He sprang to his feet and fired his BAR until enemy fire felled him. Pulling himself to his feet, he wrapped an arm around a tree and continued firing until fatally wounded by enemy fire on his unprotected position.

Murray Whiterabbit, a cousin, represented Corporal Red Cloud's mother, Mrs. Nellie Red Cloud, at the unveiling of the marker erected on the range.

In his remarks, Mr. Whiterabbit expressed the hope that the facility will help maintain peace. "Only might through strength will deter aggression", said the World War II Ranger who had been paralyzed for four years by enemy fire at St. Lo. He is holder of the Silver Star Medal for gallantry while evacuating wounded under fire. Fully recovered, Mr. Whiterabbit is employed by the Great Lakes Bureau of Indian Affairs.

The tank firing range complex was termed by Post Commander Frank L. Dietrich "a badly needed facility" for training in tank gunnery firing. It was constructed in two years by the 92d Engineer Battalion at an estimated total cost of \$900,000, using 62,000 man hours and moving some 780,000 loose cubic yards of earth.

General Irving, in addressing the gathering, remarked that Corporal Red Cloud would be pleased to know the facility had been named in his honor.

Other members of the Association met with General Irving and VIC BACKER while they were at Stewart, including: Col. HARRY RUBIN (Division Headquarters); CSM ROBERT NIARHOS (21st), EDWIN L. CHAPMAN (19th), LARRY KERR (Div. Hq.), LTC (Ret) KENT GILLENWATER (Div. Hq.), JIM GREEN (19th), and JIM MORRISON (Div. Hq.). MAJOR TROY YOUNG, of Headquarters, 1st Brigade, 24th Division, which will be activated at Fort Stewart this fall, was also in attendance, as were Maj. Horace McCaskill, 260th QM Battalion executive officer, Major Louis T. Cox, DPTS Aviation Division, Master Sergeant Samuel Walthour, 260th QM Battalion, and Colonel Arthur D. Tyson (USA Ret.) Hinesville.

Beloved President FRED IRVING speaks at the ceremonies.
How very well represented were we at this one.
US Army photograph.





MG FRED IRVING fires the first round and Col. Frank L. Dietrich observes at the Sept. 30th opening of the Red Cloud Range. US Army photograph.

MITCHELL RED CLOUD's Medal of Honor citation is a must. It goes:

Rank and organization: Corporal, United States Army, Company E, 19th Infantry Regiment. Place and date: Near Chonghyon, Korea, 5 November 1950. Entered service at: Wisconsin. Birth: Hatfield, Wis. G.O. No.: 26, 25 April 1951. Citation: Corporal Mitchell Red Cloud, Jr., Company E, 19th Infantry Regiment, distinguished himself by conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty in action against the enemy near Chonghyon, Korea, on 5 November 1950. From his position on the point of a ridge immediately in front of the company command post he was the first to detect the approach of the Chinese Communist forces and give the alarm as the enemy charged from a brush-covered area less than 100 feet from him. Springing up he delivered devastating pointblank automatic rifle fire into the advancing enemy. His accurate and intense fire checked this assault and gained time for the company to consolidate its defense. With utter fearlessness he maintained his firing position until severely wounded by enemy fire. Refusing assistance he pulled himself to his feet and wrapping his arm around a tree continued his deadly fire until again, and fatally, wounded. This heroic act stopped the enemy from overrunning his company's position and gained time for reorganization and evacuation of the wounded. Corporal Red Cloud's dauntless courage and gallant self-sacrifice reflects the highest credit upon himself and upholds the esteemed traditions of the Army of the United States.





Murray Whiterabbit officially dedicates the range with the removal of a tarp from the sign. Lt.Col. David Wheeler, 92nd EBC CO and Col. Frank L. Dietrich, Post Commander look on. It's a US Army photograph.



L. to r.: Col. A.W. Tyson, VIC BACKER, MC FRED IRVING, Col. Frank L. Dietrich, and Col. HARRY RUBIN. US Army photograph.



Gen. Daniel Stewart

Patriot

Vol. II, No. 5

Friday, March 7, 1975

Serving Personnel of Ft. Stewart - Hunter Army Airfield, Ga.



1/24 Div. has new motto

"Victory," said the private.

"First to fight," the captain responded, returning the salute.

This is the new motto for the 1st Brigade, 24th Infantry Division, and all elements of the division. It has been approved by Brigadier General Donald E. Rosenblum, commanding general.

The 24th Division became famous as the "Victory Division" in the 77-day battle for Leyte in the Philippines during World War II.

Victory was the radio code word for the division's vehicles and it was chalked on the men's helmets. But it wasn't until the Filipinos greeted the troops who "returned" MacArthur to the islands with the famous Churchill two-fingered "V", screaming "VEEKTOREE," that the nickname stuck.

"First to Fight" became the watchword of the 24th Division at Schofield Barracks in Hawaii as the Japanese began to attack Pearl Harbor. The division, only a few months old, received its baptism by fire in the attack.

The new motto will serve to remind the men of the honorable and victorious history of the division, and the need to prepare for the day when they may be called upon once again to be the first to fight.



Post gets 3 brigades

Howard H. Callaway, Secretary of the Army, announced July 31, 1974, that the Army planned to activate a brigade of the 24th Infantry Division at Ft. Stewart and that the new brigade would form the nucleus of a new division to be established at Ft. Stewart.

The 1st Brigade of the 24th Infantry Division was activated at Ft. Stewart Oct. 21 and, if Congress approves the Army program, the 24th Infantry Division will be activated at Ft. Stewart at a future date.

Initially, the division will contain two active Army brigades and a round-out brigade from one of the Army's reserve components.

The two active Army brigades will be the 1st Brigade, already at Ft. Stewart, and the 197th Infantry Brigade, which will probably be redesignated. There are no current plans to transfer the 197th Brigade from Ft. Benning to Ft. Stewart.

It has not been decided which brigade of the reserve components will round out the division.

The date the division will be activated is not known yet since this will depend on Congressional approval of the Army's program.

It is unlikely that the division could be activated prior to June 30.

Museum target date is July 4, 1976

Ft. Stewart hopes to participate in next year's big national birthday celebration by building a Bicentennial Museum.

The idea to put a permanent memorial here, probably just inside the main gate, was suggested by the Bicentennial Committee last spring. Plans for making the museum a reality are still tentative, depending on receipt of funds.

After an OK for the project is given and designs for a building approved, it would take about three months to build the museum and three months to set up the displays. Thus if building begins next January, the museum could open appropriately on the Fourth of July 1976.

The 92nd Engineer Battalion is working on designs for a 40- by 120-foot, one-story building. Plans call for a rustic appearance outside — maybe using real logs. Wood paneling or sheet rock would cover the walls inside.

Relics scattered throughout buildings on post would be collected in this new building. The memorabilia of General Daniel Stewart, now in a display case in the entryway of the Headquarters Building, would surely be housed in the Bicentennial Museum.

The museum in future years would become the 24th Infantry Division Museum.

BG activates new units

Two battalions and one company were activated at Ft. Stewart-Hunter Army Airfield on Tuesday. The 2nd Battalion, 19th Infantry (Provisional) of the 24th Infantry Division was administratively activated. The Headquarters and Headquarters Company of the 24th Support Battalion and the 984th Engineer Company were activated in a ceremony at Hunter.

Brigadier General Donald E. Rosenblum officially activated the 24th and the 984th at 2:30 p.m. in front of 1st Brigade, 24th Infantry Division Headquarters, Hunter Army Airfield.

The 2nd Battalion of the 19th Infantry will be commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Robert C. Rice and will have a Headquarters and Headquarters Company, Company A, Company B and a Combat Support Company.

The 24th Support Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant Thomas A. Settle, will have attached to it a Support and Transportation Company and a Maintenance Company located at Hunter. Its attached Administrative Company and Medical Company will be at Ft. Stewart.

The 984th Engineer Company will consist of three Engineer Platoons, one Bridge Platoon, an Equipment and Maintenance section and a Combat Engineer Vehicle section.

19th Infantry formed during Civil War

The 19th Infantry was formed at the beginning of the Civil War. At the battle of Chickamauga it saved what had been a disastrous day for the Union from becoming a hopeless rout and thereby earned its nickname of the "Rock of Chickamauga."

The unit had been baptised in fire and blood earlier at Shiloh where General Sherman said, "It moved in splendid order, steadily to the front, sweeping everything before it."

Captain A. S. Rowan of the 19th carried President William McKinley's famed "Message to Garcia" in the Spanish-American War of 1898.

The 19th Infantry served overseas as part of the Hawaiian Division from 1922 until 1941 when that Division became the base of the 24th Infantry and 25th Infantry Divisions and later earned the Presidential Unit Citation for its actions on Leyte and Mindanao in the Philippine campaign in World War II.

Here the 2nd Battalion should attain full strength of some 725 military personnel prior to the end of FY '75 in June. The battalion will be located at Ft. Stewart in the 10100 Block of the National Guard area.

24th Support Battalion

The 24th Support Battalion will be furnishing administrative, logistical, maintenance and medical support to the maneuver elements of the 1st Brigade, 24th Infantry Division.

Authorized strength of the 24th Support Battalion is 612. The unit now has approximately 175 military personnel.

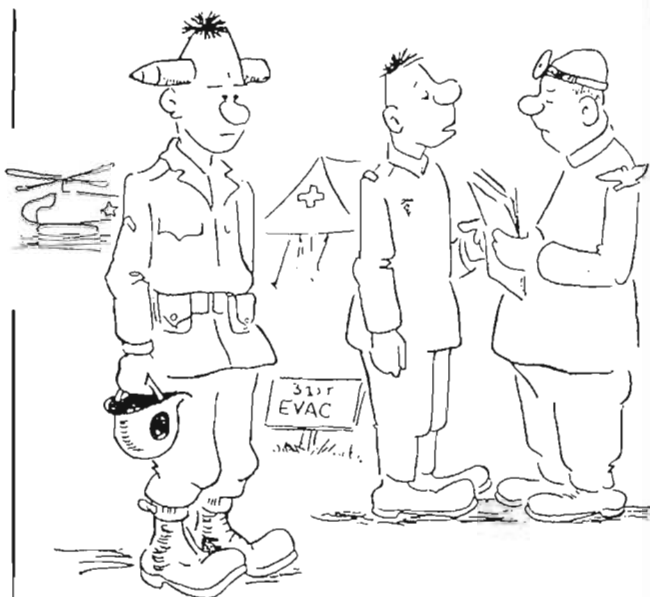
98th Engineer Company

The total authorized strength of the 984th Engineer Company is 279 military. Its present strength is approximately 50.

The mission of the 984th is to provide combat engineer support to the 1st Brigade, 24th Infantry Division. This includes demolitions, rough construction and water purification.

Commanding the company will be Captain Thomas D. McIver, and the first sergeant is Sergeant Freddie R. Navarra.

The unit will be relocated from Hunter to Evans Army Heliport some time in February.



"Most amazing case, colonel. What stumps us is how he removed his helmet."



There'll be a circus when those two get together. No, not Barnum and Bailey - Sailor Leon Louie and Soupy Sales. Louie was courtmartialed for smacking a warrant officer with a pie (chocolate cream). Soupie came in as Louie's expert witness - Sales testified that he'd been hit with 19,000 pies since 1950. Hardly enough, we say. Louie took a rank reduction, \$400, and base confinement. Circus? Indeed!



The Thrower: Leon Louie

Quoting: "Reflect on the fact that we have expended at least \$260 billion on foreign aid since its inception. It seems to me that this kind of business, in terms of the condition of this country, is beyond all reason and is, in fact, financial insanity". So spoke retiring Rep. H.R. Gross, R-Iowa, as he was leaving the Congress. Yes but where were you while it was being spent, Congressman? Why didn't we hear you loud and clear then? You were put there to represent the people. We can't stand the death knells of the Fulbrights, Ervins, Cottons and all the others who suddenly get so righteous as they leave Congress for the last time.

Something we'd like to see the end of - matches 'tween Evert and Goolagong - anything by Curt Gowdy.

In - and out - on a repair job(hernia) is CY HOUSER, (21st), of Volume 28, Number 2, 1974-75, 30th Anniv Leyte Landing Curwensville, Pa.



The Throwee: Chief Warrant Officer, Timothy Curtin.

Nostalgia swept EUGENE B. LEW, (13th F 7/40 - 9/44), off his feet. He and Elizabeth left Cheektowaga, N.Y. for a week on Wahoo last summer, Gene's first visit since '43. He says that the original barracks of the 13th was being remodeled and that the 13th (now a part of the 25th Div.) is across the street. Much new housing on the post; the old Post Hospital is now a Child Care Clinic. They took a trip around the island, saw the Polynesian Center, the Mormon Temple and the Punchbowl where he read the headstone of "many men of the 19th, 21st, 34th, 3rd Eng., and 13th Field - can't express how I felt". Gene noted many changes in the '74 Hawaii - "the only things that haven't changed are the contours of the mountains." Good report, Gene and Elizabeth.

NED and Irene SCOTT, (52 F 6/42-11/45), of 3333 N.W. 21st, Gainesville, Fla., joined us at Clearwater. Ned's a CPA. They have 4: Michael, Robert, Diane, and Steven.



Life member LEON D. SWEM and wife Alice, gave their last child in marriage August 3, '74 in a large traditional, double ring ceremony, at the First Baptist Church, Black River, New York. Escorted by her father, the bride, Deanna Mae Swem, wore a bouffant gown of cascading tiers of Chantilly lace ruffles, with a fitted bodice; a square scalloped neckline, long tapered sleeves coming to points over the wrists, and a lined Chantilly lace Chapel train. A cap of lace petals held her cathedral length mantilla, and three tier elbow length veils. She carried a cascade of pink and white sweetheart roses with white streamers. The new matron, and her husband, Robert A. Babcock, son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Babcock, Black River, entertained over 250 guests at Johnny's Inn, Deferiet, N.Y. with live music for dancing. Out of town guests included 24th Infantry members, Art and Esther McCaulley from Fountain, Minn. and Marge and Shorty Scherer from Warren, Pa. who were guests of the Swem's after the wedding. Deanna attended conventions in Louisville, Ky. in '71 and Chicago in '72. There will be those among us who will remember her at those happy gatherings. By the way, there will likely be those of you who didn't think your Editor could write a "social" item. How'd we do?

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