America’s Forgotten Victory!

KOREA VETERANS
November-December 2020
Vol. 34, No. 6

The Graybeards

Official Publication of
THE KOREAN WAR VETERANS ASSOCIATION

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• 70th Anniversary Special ....26
The Graybeards
Official Publication of THE KOREAN WAR VETERANS ASSOCIATION

In loving memory of General Raymond Davis, our Life Honorary President, Deceased.

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November - December 2020

The Graybeards
The KWVA has been moving forward. Although many of our members have passed this year, our Facebook page has helped dramatically move the organization in a positive direction with almost 53,000 likes on the page.

We have received many donations, new members, and orders for our products off our Facebook page. These products get the KWVA name into the public sphere. We are closing in on 400 new members for the year, despite no one conducting meetings or fundraisers. Go and like our Facebook page and view our website at kwva.us. Both are updated daily.

The KWVA has been building a huge chapter out of the Yuma, Arizona area. I commend those members for their dedication to the KWVA. Our KWVA Raffle was extended to November 17, 2020.

The KWVA held a Board of Directors meeting in Naples, Florida on October 27, 2020. Many members did not attend because of the COVID-19. They joined the meeting by Zoom. This was the first time we had used Zoom.

KWVA Business was conducted in a thorough manner. I was happy to present KWVA Awards of Appreciation to Webmaster Jim Dopplehammer, Graybeards Editor Art Sharp, and KWVA Membership Secretary Sheila Fritts. In the almost 20 years I have been involved in the KWVA, no one had recognized their dedication to the organization.

The highlights of the meeting

The KWVA BOD voted on its 2021 National Membership Meeting to be conducted in Orlando, Florida on October 25-29, 2021. We are coordinating with the Chosin Few Association and 2nd Infantry Division Association about having them attend also.

The KWVA voted:
• to have Fred Lash volunteer as our KWVA Public Affairs Officer
• that all who are 80 years old or older can join the KWVA as a Life Member for $75.00

We have received many donations, new members, and orders for our products off our Facebook page. These products get the KWVA name into the public sphere. We are closing in on 400 new members for the year, despite no one conducting meetings or fundraisers.

• on a donation to the 2nd Infantry Division Association of $1,000.00 to their new Memorial in D.C.

Several members were recognized for their dedication to our organization.

A donation was made to the Naples Museum of History of a beautiful portrait of the Marines at the Chosin Reservoir donated by KWVA National Director and Chosin Few President Warren Wiedhahn. The KWVA was joined by many local veterans, including the Jewish War Veterans, Vietnam Veterans, Korean War Veterans, Museum Board of Directors, Docents and local media.

A unique story to come out of our previous magazine was the Bill Weber story. Colonel Robert Kies, who was wounded and captured at Unsan on November 3, 1950 with 8th Cavalry, 1st Cavalry Division, reunited with Bill. Bob and Bill were in the hospital together at Battle Creek, Michigan after being medevaced out of Korea. Bob contacted me and was part of the dedication. Bob was with MOH recipient Father Emil Kapaun when they were captured by the Chinese Communists. Father Kapaun died later in captivity.

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COVID-19 ended the Korea Revisits before they started in June this year. Above Veterans at a ceremony in front of the War Memorial of Korea.

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* - The Service Charge is $450 once you select an actual revisit date.
Veterans Day week was very busy. I attended the wreath laying ceremony at Arlington National cemetery on Veterans Day. President Trump, Vice President Pence, and VA Secretary Wilke were present to lay the wreath on a very rainy day. I visited our wounded warriors and staff at Walter Reed National Medical Center at Bethesda and passed out KWVA Challenge coins.

I also had the opportunity to speak to the Army Chief of Staff General James McConville and LTG Gary Brito and explain to them the role the Korean Defense Veterans are playing in the KWVA. They fully understood many of our Korean War veterans are passing away and we are carrying on the legacy of the Korean War and the aftermath.

I, along with KWVA DC Capitol Region Representatives KWVA National Director USMC Colonel Rocky Harder, KWVA National Director USMC Colonel Warren Wiedhahn, and KWVA National Public Affairs Officer USMC Colonel Fred Lash, conducted a business meeting at the National Museum of the Marine Corps.

Finally, the KWVA Leadership was not invited by the Korean War Veterans Memorial Foundation to the ceremony at the memorial on November 11. I was able to pay my respects to our Korean War veterans at the memorial on behalf of the KWVA the night before.

Freedom is not free!
The Graybeards

NOTE: At the October 26, 2020 Directors meeting, a motion was made to add a category to the Life membership dues. It states that such dues for people 80 years of age and older will be $75.00. All dues will be paid to the Membership Office and not to the Chapters. This was voted unanimously by the Board of Directors.

Salvatore Scarlato, an outstanding and dedicated KWVA member, recently received the Van Fleet Award at the Korea Society 2020 Gala and celebration of the U.S.-Korea Alliance that commemorated the 70th anniversary of the Korean War. The event was held October 7, 2020. The James A. Van Fleet Award, given annually since 1992 by the Korean Society, is awarded “to one or more distinguished Koreans or Americans in recognition of their outstanding contributions to the promotion of U.S.-Korea relations.”

Sal joined the Central Long Island chapter in September 1989. He began as a member, then was voted in as a Director, Event Chairman, and 1st Vice President. Today he is the President of both the chapter and the Department of New York, which he has been from 2009 to the present (11 years.)

On October 15, 1951, at the age of 18½ years old, Sal joined the U.S. Marine Corps. He arrived at Inchon Harbor in April 1952 and was assigned as a BARman to Baker Company, 1st Shore Party Bn., 1st Marine Division, attached to Kimpo Provisional Regiment (KPR) with the 7th Marine Regiment. Sal was combat wounded and spent five months at Camp Lejeune Naval Hospital, North Carolina. He received an honorable medical discharge from his military service.

Salvatore Scarlato is the recipient of the Purple Heart Medal, Combat Action Ribbon, Marine Corps Presidential Unit Citation, Navy Unit Commendation with one Bronze Star, Navy Reserve Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Korean Service Medal with three Bronze Stars, Republic of Korea Unit Citation with one Bronze Star, United Nations Medal, the Korean War Service Medal, the New York State Conspicuous Service Cross, and the New York State Conspicuous Service Star.

Sal comes from a military service family, as many of us do. His older brother Domenick served in WWII as a U.S. Navy Underwater Demolition Team Frogman, doing E.O.D. work clearing mines at Normandy. Domenick published a book series, The Brooklyn Kid. He passed away May 5, 2020. He had a great voice and sang the national anthem at many events. He was a member of the Elks Lodge #2658, VFW #10066, and was Past Commander of DAV #113 in Port Saint Lucie, FL.

Just a footnote. Your Secretary is a Member of DAV #113 and a frequent attendee of many functions at Elks Lodge #2658 in Port Saint Lucie.

Harold Triebi, 573 NW Montevina Dr., Port Saint Lucie, FL 34986, 561-368-9347, HaroldSki302@aol.com

Thanks for Supporting The Graybeards and the KWVA

Members are invited to help underwrite the publication costs of The Graybeards. All contributions in any amount are welcome. Mail your donations to KWVA Treasurer, 439 W. Lincoln Ave., Charleston, IL 61920. All contributions will be acknowledged, unless the donor specifically requests to remain anonymous. And, if you have an “In memory of” (IMO) request, include that as well. We thank you for your generous support.

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LEGEND: IMO = In Memory Of; NMS = Non Member Sales
Groundbreaking for a new Korean War Memorial took place in Fullerton, CA on August 14, 2020. U.S. Army Maj. Gen. Laura Yeager, commander of both the California Army National Guard and the 40th Infantry Division, spoke at the ceremony. The 40th Infantry Division was mobilized during the Korean War and saw more than 300 soldiers killed and over 1,000 injured.

The Memorial was the brainchild of Dongwoo Joseph Pak, founder of the Orange County Korean War Memorial Committee, who everyone knows as “Joe.” He told a reporter for the Fullerton, CA, Observer that he had visited the memorials to all the wars in Lincoln Park.

“I was shocked to see that not one name of any of the men who gave their all for the freedom of Korea was listed,” he said. “That was a stark contrast to the Vietnam War memorial. Where do the families of those Korean War soldiers go to remember their loved ones?”

“I approached Jin Oh Kim, 21st president of the Korean American Federation of Orange County. There are 350,000 Korean Americans in Orange County. I explained about the names. I had started researching to get all the names. Mr. Kim said it was a project he would work on as president of the Committee.” (Source: Fullerton Observer, “An Interview with Joseph Pak, Founder of the Orange County Korean War Memorial Committee,” By Judith Kaluzny, Aug. 24, 2020)

The memorial, which was organized by the Orange County Korean War Memorial Committee, is the result of that contact. It will be the first Korean War Memorial in the United States to commemorate all 36,492 United States Service members who died during the war. Of these losses, 2,611 were from California. Read the full story at https://voiceofoc.org/2020/08/mcdonald-korean-war-memorial-groundbreaking-in-fullerton/.
The eminent 19th-century poet and recluse Emily Dickinson wrote, “The bustle in a house the morning after death is solemnest of industries enacted upon Earth…” The same might be true of war. “The bustle in a house the morning after war…”

After the fighting is over and the soldiers have gone home there is a lot of cleaning up to do. It is solemn, to say the least. The soldiers may go away and take their armaments with them, but the scars and tangible and intangible detritus of warfare have to be cleaned up. That is not easy.

I remember making an amphibious landing at Anzio, Italy in 1959 prior to a seven-day field exercise. That was fifteen years after the allied forces landed there as a first step toward capturing Rome. The Germans put up a spirited defense. The battle lasted almost five months. Fifteen years later, when I landed with H&S 3/8, 2nd Marine Division the area was still littered with the scars of warfare. That was a real history lesson for me.

Detritus is part of war. It is not always easy to clean up the landscape or erase the horrors of combat from participants’ minds. Fans of the BBC drama “Call the Midwife” were reminded of that in a 2014 episode set in December 1958 when nurses and nuns had to deal with an expectant father who was suffering from PTSD related to the Korean War while an unexploded German bomb left over from WWII is discovered near the convent. The bomb ultimately explodes and creates extensive damage in the neighborhood. In this one episode viewers are exposed to the mental and physical leftovers of war during the Christmas season. What a juxtaposition. (Incidentally, I highly recommend that anyone who hasn’t seen “Call the Midwife” check it out.)

The lesson about the bustle in the “house,” in this case a theater of war, was brought home again when I read the DPAA Families/VSO Quarterly Call and Update referenced under MIAs ID’d on page 12. There were several items that related to cleaning up the war zone, some of which might not be considered in the context of cleaning up.

For example, the report revealed that the VFW has had an active campaign encouraging its membership to turn in foreign artifacts from past wars. Recently its Executive Director turned over several items to the DPAA, two of which were likely be of great interest to the Vietnamese. Apparently, the recovery of artifacts captured or “liberated” during a war has more value to the people who lose them than some people might think. That applies to MIAs as well.

Retrieving the remains of long-lost service members killed in battle or peacetime is not endemic to the U.S., which plans 85 partner and organic investigation, recovery, and disinterment missions in 40 countries during fiscal year 2021. People have asked me why our government spends so much money to look for and identify Americans buried overseas or unaccounted for after the fighting is over. It turns out that other governments do as well.

People have asked me why our government spends so much money to look for and identify Americans buried overseas or unaccounted for after the fighting is over. It turns out that other governments do as well.

DPAA’s influence and relationships over several years, Japan has reformed its 68-year policy and will not cremate remains they find until DNA testing is conducted; they also established a center to conduct scientific analysis of the remains and related research. This is ideal given the potential of collocated U.S. remains and inadvertent destruction.”

China is also interested in repatriating the remains of its missing soldiers from the Korean War. I recall reading a report of an exchange recently between South Korea and China in which the remains of thirteen Chinese soldiers killed in the Korean War were returned to their homeland. That is ironic in a way, since so many Chinese POWs refused to be repatriated to their homeland during the war, which prolonged the peace talks and probably resulted in KIAs and WIAs that could have been avoided if the POW issue hadn’t led to a negotiating impasse.

Anyway, it is obvious that a war is not over just because the fighting stops. There are myriad clean-up details to be addressed by a variety of government and private agencies and individuals as part of the “solemnest of industries enacted upon Earth.” Battlefields must be cleaned up, service members’ remains must be repatriated and identified, artifacts must be returned to their rightful owners, PTSD must be treated, left over bombs need to be defused…there is simply no end to such post-war activities.

Kind of makes us wonder why we go to war in the first place, doesn’t it? Imagine: if politicians from different countries could clean up all their differences before they ever resort to war they wouldn’t have to clean them up afterwards. That is but a Christmas dream. But what a gift it would be.
Chaplain Kim Finishes Long Walk

National KWVA Chaplain Paul Kim reached a milestone on October 24, 2020. He finished walking 200 miles for the 100 Miles for Hope Challenge. He started on August 7th and ended his mission on Veterans’ Day. He said, “I enjoy walking for my health, so I will keep walking by faith until I finish my mission.”

Rev. Dr. Paul Kim, 617-877-1930, paulkim.cpm@gmail.com

Photos Submitted for Publication in The Graybeards

Whenever possible, please identify the subjects in photos you submit. We realize that is not always possible, especially in group photos. But, when you can, identify them, use designations such as (R-L), (L-R), (Standing, L-R), (Seated, L-R), etc.

And, please write subjects’ names as legibly as possible. We can usually figure out who the KWVA members are, but we cannot guess at non-members’ identities.

Editor’s office hours

Editor Sharp’s office hours, such as they are, are 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. EST, Monday-Friday. He is not an employee of the KWVA, so his hours vary.

Reunion Calendar: 2021

Mail your info to Reunion Editor, The Graybeards, 2473 New Haven Circle, Sun City Center, FL 33573-7141 or email it to sharp.arthur.g@sbcglobal.net. Include Unit, Date(s), Place, and Contact’s name, address, phone #, email address. Entries are posted “first come, first served.” The Graybeards is not responsible for the accuracy of the information published. NOTE: Submissions may be edited for space considerations.

NOTE: Some people are submitting reunion notices barely a few days or weeks before the actual gatherings. Please allow at least four months—six or more is better—if you want your reunion notices printed in more than one issue and in enough time to give potential attendees adequate notice to make plans to be there.

NOTE #2: All dates are subject to change due to Coronavirus considerations. Check with contacts listed re changes, cancellations, postponements, etc. The Graybeards is not responsible for the content or accuracy of reunion notices.

JUNE

Marine Corps: Hotel 2/7, Vietnam Reunion (1965-1970), June 24-27, Jacksonville, FL 32218, Crowne Plaza. Steve Cone; (843) 424-8279; scone1948@yahoo.com

SEPTEMBER

USS Yellowstone (AD-27) Assn., Sept. 20-24, Branson, MO, Westgate Branson Woods Resort. Karen A. Bowen, 30 Briar Dr., Rochester, NH 03867, 603-948-2821, pkbowen@atlanticbb.net

OCTOBER

KWVA, October 25-29, Orlando, FL. Details to follow.
This is part III of a four-part chronology of those killed during the Korean War. When reading this article please keep in mind, as in Part I which ran in the Jan-Feb 2020 issue, that these numbers are only U.S. deaths during the war. UN and ROK deaths are not included as part of this series.

By Anthony Sobieski

September 1951 – 1,529

There were 1,529 deaths during September 1951 in Korea. The spike in combat deaths doubled the previous month’s deaths—and almost quadrupled July’s. Limited-size actions grew and nature played a role. There was a continuous ‘rolling’ of combat over the seemingly never-ending Korean hills and the late summer weather preferred by planners set in.

The vast majority of these limited-size attacks were to ‘straighten’ out the lines, deny the enemy the high ground, and acquire better ground to hold and defend. With this large increase of combat deaths, September was viewed by some as unfortunately signaling a potential return to the open warfare of the beginning of the year.

The struggle for Bloody Ridge continued into the first week of September. The 2nd Infantry Division’s 9th and 38th Infantry Regiments continued to lose blood on the ridge, hence the name. The 9th Infantry Regiment lost 55 KIAs in this struggle; the 38th Infantry Regiment suffered another 112 men killed, 27 on September 12th alone, before the enemy withdrew to new positions and the Bloody Ridge engagement was considered over.

The 7th Infantry Division’s limited attacks that had started in late August spilled into September as well. In straightening out their lines around the area of Chupa-ri, the 17th and 31st Infantry Regiments lost 61 men killed in the first two days of the month as they repulsed a severe counter-attack on Hill 851. September 5-6 was the 1st Cavalry Division’s turn to fight off an attack, with twenty members of the 5th Cavalry Regiment KIA around Yonchon and Chupa-ri. Another 12 men from Company ‘C’ of the 7th Cavalry Regiment were KIA as they fought a delaying action between Hills 321 and 339 in the Chorwon Valley.

While the main effort of the Punchbowl occurred back in June, there were a number of flare-ups. September was one of them, as the Marines returned to their old haunts. They were assigned to establish new phase line positions just north of the Punchbowl. The first was Line Hayes. Then they moved forward to their final positions, called Line Minnesota. With that their assault on the Punchbowl was renewed.

Since the area was considered an important staging area for the CCF and NKPA, it was decided that the Marines would attack and take the Punchbowl and these staging areas away from them. With the Army’s 2nd Infantry Division doing its part along Bloody and then Heartbreak Ridges, now was the time for the 1st Marine Division to make its mark.

The 7th Marine Regiment was the only Marine regiment to continue being engaged in the Punchbowl from the end of August going into September, losing 17 men killed in places like Yoke Ridge and Songnap-yong. The losses climaxed on September 11-12 with the 7th assaulting Heartbreak Ridge during the last two weeks of the month. Then it fell to the 1st Marine Regiment to continue being engaged in the Punchbowl. The 1st Marine Regiment lost 62 KIA while fighting for locales named Kajon-ni, Kudong, and Hwang-gi, and numerous hill masses such as Hills 673, 680, and 749, all of which were part of the Kannubong complex.

The 5th Marine Regiment’s main effort came against Luke’s Castle (Hill 812) and surrounding areas. It resulted in the loss of 59 Marines’ lives. From private to colonel, the fight for the Punchbowl was indiscriminate indeed, as on September 27th an enemy shell burst killed the 1st Marine Division’s G-1, the highest ranking Marine to die in Korea. The 1st Marine Division continued to lose men through the remainder of 1951 while holding its positions in this area.

On September 13th the Battle of Heartbreak Ridge began in earnest. The 2nd Infantry Division’s 9th and 23rd Infantry Regiments were assigned to assault a long, roughly seven-mile ridge mass consisting of a number of minor peaks, with Hills 894, 931, and 851 being the targets of most importance. This ridge-line, located to the immediate west of the Punchbowl and just north of the Bloody Ridge complex, was where the NKPA withdrew to after being pushed off Bloody Ridge. This battle consumed a large number of men and ended up being one of the main actions during the second half of 1951.

The 9th Infantry Regiment, after bearing the brunt of the Bloody Ridge engagement along with the 38th Infantry Regiment, was thrown back into the attack. It suffered 101 men killed on Heartbreak Ridge during the last two weeks of the month. Then it fell to the 23rd Infantry Regiment’s to ‘bear the brunt’ of the fighting and deaths. It sustained 237 KIAs in those last two weeks on the ridge.

While the regiments of the 2nd Infantry

Please turn to CHRONOLOGY on page 68

Since the area was considered an important staging area for the CCF and NKPA, it was decided that the Marines would attack and take the Punchbowl and these staging areas away from them.
A Word from the National Chaplain...

Waiting on Living Hope

The Bible says (John 14:3), “And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, that where I am you may be also.”

The historic Inchon Landing (September 15-26, 1950) under General Douglas MacArthur brought many U.S. troops, along with new hope to the helpless and hopeless South Korean soldiers and the nation. It was turning the tide of the Korean War in recapturing the capital city of Seoul.

Victory was in sight as our brave fighting soldiers marched onward into North Korea, but millions of Chinese soldiers crossed the frozen river in the cold winter weather under -30 F degrees …

The world has engaged in spiritual warfare from the beginning of human history and we have learned that man cannot fight alone. As soldiers need commanding officers to lead and fight the war, so is the world needs to have a commander of our soul to fight for us. In the Old Testament God was fighting for the nation of Israel when they obeyed God’s command. It is true that everyone ought to follow the command of Christ the Lord in the Bible.

Do you read the Bible daily to understand our duty, honor, the kingdom as the soldiers of Christ with daily prayer?

Below is the up-to-date list of the remains of U.S. Korean War MIAs/KIAs identified by the DPAA as of 11/01/2020.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Unit</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Place Missing</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cpl. Eldert J. Beek</td>
<td>USA HQ Co. 1st Bn., 32nd Inf. Rgmt., 7th Inf. Div.</td>
<td>12/1/1950</td>
<td>NK</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cpl. Billie Joe Hash</td>
<td>USA HQ Btry., 57th FAB, 7th Inf. Div.</td>
<td>12/6/1950</td>
<td>NK</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cpl. Richard L. Henderson, Jr.</td>
<td>USA HQ Btry., 57th FAB, 7th Inf. Div.</td>
<td>12/6/1950</td>
<td>NK</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MSGt. James L. Quong</td>
<td>USA Co. D, 1st Bn., 32nd Inf. Rgmt., 7th Inf. Div.</td>
<td>12/2/1950</td>
<td>NK</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Source: https://www.dpaa.mil/Our-Missing/Recently-Accounted-For/

K55 Project Update. We estimate there were originally about 250 individuals represented in 55 boxes turned over by the DPRK, consisting of 170 believed-to-be US and 80 believed-to-be foreign nationals. As of October 28th, 69 have been accounted for (2 in FY 2018, 38 in FY 2019, and 29 in FY 2020).

Of the approximately 100 remaining US service members, approximately 50 have identification potential, if further DNA analyses succeed. Approximately 20 individuals are represented by additional portions of previously accounted for individuals from the K208 and field recovery remains. The ID potential for the other 30 or so individuals is low due to the lack of FRS and/or laboratory testing not yielding results. We have an FRS for over 90% of the Korean War missing.

Here is another item of interest from that report:

Korean War Disinterment Project. This week, the Director officially notified the Office of the Secretary of Defense that we plan to proceed with Phase 3 of the project. This phase consists of disinterring 101 Korean War Unknowns recovered from both the Democratic Peoples’ Republic of Korea (DPRK) and the Republic of Korea (ROK), and interred at the National Memorial Ceremony of the Pacific (NMCP). We are in coordination with the cemetery and expect to commence disinterments this calendar year.

Will the names of the unaccounted for Korean War service members be listed on the Korean War Memorial Wall?

This question was asked during the DPAA Families/VSO Quarterly Call and Update on Thursday, October 29, 2020.

Korea-Cold War Families of the Missing: How are the names being included on the Korean War memorial wall?

Answer: The foundation building the wall have bounced the names off us and our lead analyst, Dan Baughman, ensured the exact names of all the unaccounted for are included.

LEGEND: NK = North Korea; SK = South Korea; SFC = Sgt. 1st Class; ANC = Arlington National Cemetery

November - December 2020
The morning after July 27, 1953

By Tom Moore

According to the Korean War Armistice Agreement, Volume 1, Article I, “(Military Demarcation Line) Demilitarized Zone (DMZ), shall be fixed and both sides shall withdraw two (2) kilometers from this line, so as to establish a Demilitarized Zone between the opposing forces. A Demilitarized Zone shall be established as a buffer zone to prevent the occurrence of incidents which might lead to a resumption of hostilities.”

In Article II - A - General, 13.a - “Within (72) hours after this Armistice becomes effective, withdraw all of their military forces, supplies, and equipment from the Demilitarized Zone, except as otherwise provided herein. All demolitions, minefields, wire entanglements, and other hazards to the safe movement of personnel of the Military Armistice Commission or its Joint Observer Teams, known to exist within the Demilitarized Zone after the withdrawal of military forces therefrom.”

What happened to UN troops who were in the DMZ when the Agreement was signed and the postwar transition was upon them? Terms of the Armistice Agreement required that Eighth U.S. Army Korea (EUSA) components carry out a number of major tasks following the end of active hostilities. As stipulated by the cease-fire, United Nations troops (UNC) all along the front were to withdraw to a new Main Battle Position (MBP) south of the Main Line of Resistance (MLR). A Military Demarcation Line (MDL) was established between enemy and friendly positions, corresponding to the end of the war battle lines. Each side pulled back 2,000 yards from this MDL, with the combined 4,000 yard buffer strip being known as the Demilitarized Zone (DMZ).

A continuous double-strand barbed wire fence, known as the No-Pass Fence, or No-Pass Line, was erected 200 yards below the southern boundary of the DMZ by infantry units manning the MLR. Appropriate marking signs in Chinese, Korean, and English were placed at regular intervals along the fence, prohibiting unauthorized entry.

Beginning late on 27 July 1953, the U.S. military modified mission became that of withdrawal to, and organization of, the post-armistice MBP, establishment of the No-Pass Line, and defense of the new position in readiness for any possible resumption of hostilities by the enemy. Most UN troops felt at the time the cease-fire was only a temporary peace. There was an attitude of skepticism and watchful waiting and little disposition or time for celebration. Their feeling was one of restlessness and expectancy.

Some of the infantry was assigned the mission of defending the forward general outpost line (GOP) across the front. The regiments, battalions, and companies began withdrawing from the DMZ to move to their new MBP early on the morning of 28 July. For the first 72 hours after the armistice, troops were engaged in a maximum effort to tear down installations, salvage fortification materials, and physically move out of the DMZ. Infantry units were responsible for this destruction and salvage work within assigned sectors, with Corps of Engineer assistance and supervision, as available.

The priorities for the first 72 hours were recovery of bodies, recovery of ordnance, and removal to company supply dumps, removal of all combat equipment to supply dumps, and destruction of field fortifications, and the salvage of all bunker timbers and other building materials from the old MLR sector. Remember, Article II -A. General 13.a stated that within 72 hours after the armistice was effective, “all military forces, supplies, and equipment must be removed from the DMZ.” This also applied to the destruction of all fortifications within the DMZ.

It became evident quickly that it would be impossible to complete the entire job of dismantling and salvaging MLR fortifications within a three-day period. With the maze of post-truce orders, there were sometimes breakdowns in communications to the “pick and shovel” level troops. In some areas bunkers were filled in with earth and later had to be excavated in order to salvage materials. The communists were having the same problems, so it was agreed to extend the original 72 hours to an additional 45-day period, or until 13 September 1953.

All salvage materials removed from the DMZ were placed in dumps, where they would be readily available for use in building the new battle positions. The troops worked around the clock. Dismantling bunkers was a huge problem of the salvage program. More than 500 bunkers were reclaimed from MLR materials and installed in the new positions.

As Korean War “bunker dwellers” know well, most of the bunkers were built of 12x12 timbers buried deep in the ground and fastened together with 10- to 16-inch spikes. Infantry organic tools and equipment were inadequate to dismember bunkers so constructed. Crowbars, picks, shovels, pinch-bars, and sledge-hammers were all in short supply. Engineer equipment and other tools were not stockpiled in sufficient quantity to buttress a demolition program of such magnitude.

In places where the terrain permitted operation of bulldozers their use drastically shortened time uncovering bunkers. Where these bunkers had been emplaced in reverse slope positions of steep hills, however, the timbers had to be removed by hand. The latter was generally the prevailing situation. Basic equipment usually consisted of the troops and their ingenuity. It took time to get any dozer tanks working. They could only be used after having their guns removed, as required by the armistice agreement.

Over 90 percent of the materials salvaged were usable in the new fortifications. What were some of the supplies salvaged by the troops?

• over 12 tons of T/E (Table of Equipment) material
• over 2,000 miles of signal-wire, barbed-wire, concertina 3 and 6-foot pickets and sand-bags

Please turn to JULY 27 on page 44
Earl Meyers needs witness to wound

A good friend of mine, Earl Meyers, was with the 7th Division, 31st Reg. 2nd Bn, King Co. at the Kumwha Valley, June 1951, when the Chinese hit them in overwhelming numbers. His battalion was left behind in a blocking position to give the basic unit time to get out of the very narrow valley on a very narrow “minimum maintenance” roadway barely able to accommodate tanks.

They were left ten tanks for support and for a means of hauling butt when the word was given to fight their way out, walking beside the tanks for protection from the mortar fire shredding the area. The Chinese had the high ground on both sides and really cut the unit to pieces. It is reported that only a small percentage of the unit got out, and all those who did were wounded.

This is my problem. Earl Meyers was hit with shrapnel in his thigh. A medic wrapped it up to stop the bleeding. The shrapnel is still in his leg because it is too close to a vital organ. Unfortunately, the medic was killed and no report of the wound was filed. Earl gave up trying to get a Purple Heart several years ago. But his granddaughters have decided to pursue the problem and get Grandpa a Purple Heart.

They are having a terrible time with their efforts. It is NOT an easy task. He needs a witness if one is available.

Can you help those granddaughters out? It would be most appreciated. If anyone has any information that would help please send it to me.

Pell Johnson, 709 N. 9th St.,
St. Peter, MN 56082, pelltheresa5@gmail.com

The route from Inchon to the Yalu?

Anthony Lalli, who served with the Thirteenth Combat Engineer Bn, 7th Inf. Div., U.S. Army, would like to know the exact route the Marines and Army units used to get from Inchon to the Chosin Reservoir. He landed at Inchon and traveled to the reservoir, but he is not sure of the route they took.

“I was only a nineteen-year-old PFC at the time,” he said. “I was just taking orders, so I didn’t pay a great deal of attention to where we were going or how we got there.”

He recalls going by ship from the Pusan area to the jumping-off point to the Yalu River, but he is looking for more specifics. He would be grateful for any help.

Mr. Lalli is writing a book about his experiences in the war and wants to fill in some blanks. You can reach him via mail at 132 Romero St., Unit 18, Santa Fe, NM 87501 or by phone at 505-984-0893.

Looking for…

Gordon Prevost

Please help me reconnect with a Korean War buddy, Gordon Prevost, who recently moved from Jonesborough, TN, to southern Utah.

R.D. Hall, 360-671-5516, rdhall925@yahoo.com
So why am I writing this? I would like some help from anyone who knew him in Korea. Your organization is big, and I hope there are some members who remember him from among your ranks who could tell us stories of his exploits during the war.

Any help will be greatly and gratefully appreciated. Email me at pbrobles1@yahoo.com or pbrobles1@gmail.com.

Thank you.

Phillip B. Robles

Looking for...

Harold L. Welch

I found your association through Facebook. I’m hoping you can help. My father-in-law passed away on 22 September 2018. He was in the U.S Army during the Korean War in the 5th Infantry (RCT?). His name was Harold L. (Leo) Welch, born on 1/15/1932. His service # was RA 16 408 875.

My father-in-law’s ex-wife supposedly threw out or destroyed his military memorabilia. The medals to which he was entitled have been replaced. However, some of his records were unfortunately destroyed in the 1973 St. Louis fire. His dad didn’t talk much about the war (understandable), so I have very little to go on.

I’ve tried the archive records building in St. Louis, but last I checked they are closed due to COVID-19 till further notice.

I am trying to surprise my husband Michael with a shadow box of his dad’s military medals that a very good friend of mine is making. The only thing that is missing and that would help make it complete would be a photo of his dad. Even if it’s a group photo with his dad in it that would be great!

No one else in my husband’s family has anything of his dad’s either. Thank you for your time.

Victoria Welch, greyhoundmommy@icloud.com

By George Bjotvedt

Early in the stalemate phase of the Korean War, it became abundantly clear to the Truman administration that the conflict needed experienced, preferably in combat, infantry officers. The initiated rotation system had caused critical shortages of officers in the infantry units manning the 155-mile main line of resistance (MLR).

By the spring and summer of 1952, newly commissioned infantry second lieutenant officers were making their presence felt in adequate numbers from the resources of West Point, ROTC, and Officers Candidate School. Many were green and in need of combat mentors who had their baptism of fire in the various theaters of engagements of WWII.

Politically, the call-up of additional National Guard units during the surging and prosperous post-war economy would be unpalatable. The Korean War was ignored by the majority of civilians. It was not high on their concern list, unless their loved ones were serving.

There was a solution to the personnel shortage which was not too distasteful. Reactivation of the inactive reserves could supply and fill the void. Many men who had served in WWII had, on their honorable discharge dates, as a patriotic gesture, signed up in the inactive reserves. These past warriors were recalled to active duty.

The men came from all over America. The removal of the men from their civilian careers and families got little notice by the public. In any case, they came forth, without protest, to the fighting again. The junior officers referred to these able and experienced combat individuals affectionately as “two time losers.”

I met my first “loser,” Captain Tom Lehe, when I was transferred to the Heavy Mortar Company. He was a successful Wall Street financier who left a wife and four young children in Bucks County, Pennsylvania to participate in the war.

Off the line, especially at night, he would expound on the virtues of investing in the stocks as an approach to building wealth. It was not gambling, he stressed. The secret was to buy and hold blue chip growth stocks. The interest paid on bank savings accounts was not to be relied on for adequate income, and social security would not be around to collect in retirement. Mutual funds with their inherent diversification was the way to go.

The drumming went on sufficiently, until I succumbed and signed the paperwork. I agreed to buy into one of his company’s growth mutual fund with a mere $125.00 down and a military allotment of $25.00 per month to purchase additional fund shares.

Maybe it was my youth that got the best of me. The buying of financial assets during a war? Not at all inane! In essence, the Korean conflict was between two opposing ideologies, communism and capitalism. There I was, clad in my dirty fatigues, as a champion of capitalism in the trenches of the MLR. I had swallowed the whole financial construct. I became a believer in the potential of wealth accumulation by investing in stocks.

George Bjotvedt, V.M.D., 7345 E Cozy Camp Dr., Prescott Valley, AZ 86314, viking8588@gmail.com

Humor in Korea

This is one of a continuing series. It can only continue if members contribute their stories. Please send your “Humor in Korea” submissions to Arthur G. Sharp, 2473 New Haven Circle, Sun City, FL 33573. We can all use a laugh once in a while, just as the troops in Korea did.

Taking stock of the war

By George Bjotvedt

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George Bjotvedt, V.M.D., 7345 E Cozy Camp Dr., Prescott Valley, AZ 86314, viking8588@gmail.com
The incident described in this poem occurred on Christmas Eve, 1952, during the final phases of the war. I was with “Love” Company, 179th Regiment, 45th Division, with the 57mm recoilless rifle section and we occupied a sector known as “Luke’s Castle.”

This so-called “castle” was a high rock cliff occupied by the enemy and overlooking our highpoint of “Hill 812,” occupied by our Company “K,” with a very narrow separation between us. Thus, it was a most vulnerable point of the MLR in this sector. While the fighting here was not of the magnitude of the earlier battles, nevertheless it was an incident that I am reminded of each year at Christmas time.

Alfred E. Schindler, 6 Davis Rd., Ellington, CT 06029, alschindlerls5731@yahoo.com

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Twas the night before Christmas, in the year ’52 “Luke’s Castle”- Korea, was to be our venue Snow on the mountains, reminded us of home But there the dreams ended, and the cold chilled our bones

We were the “Thunderbirds,” 3rd Battalion, 179th Dug in and waiting, expecting some strife Word had been obtained, from a prisoner of war They would be in our trenches, by the early hour of four

As the day turned to night, a full moon arose Its brilliance could light up, the tip of your nose Attack was not possible, till the moon waned away Putting hills back in darkness, for launching a foray

About ten in the evening, the propaganda began From speakers in hills, the enemy entertainment ran “Give yourselves up, your government doesn’t care Throw down your arms, come join us, your life we will spare!”

Then “Seoul City Sue,” the enemy’s propaganda Queen Played American pop tunes, but to her very chagrin Our hearts were not saddened, or dabbing the eye Rather we clapped and applauded, “encore” our reply

Their final selection played, our beating hearts jingled Being “White Christmas” sung, by the popular “Der Bingle” The bright moon was settling, the show had now ended Time to get serious again, the Spirit of Christmas had faded

About two in the morning, the rounds began coming 76’s and mortars, the CPs began counting “A round every five seconds,” was “L” Company’s reply Prepare for the worst, it’s “no pie in the sky”

I glanced at my watch, the hands pointed to three Time the enemy had chosen, to launch the melee The signal, a green flare, shot up from their line Along with a bugle call, that sent chills down my spine

Now their men already massed, in the valley below Climbed to our trenches, with massive outflow From the “Castle” they streamed, toward our Company “K” Breaching our lines there, causing much a dismay A counterattack was then made, led by Lt. McCann The enemy was routed, after fighting man to man McCann was a hero, before giving his life With five of his men, making the full sacrifice

The “L” sector to my front, was targeted as well Enemy troops had gained ground, were climbing like hell Our artillery responded, their shells screamed in low Barely skimming my ridge, and raising havoc below

Now the heavy 30s, got into the fray Making sure any survivors, went the other way The cries of the wounded, could be heard from our hill And then things grew quiet, and the action became still

About 4:30 or 5:00, a red flare to our right The signal to withdraw, and give up the fight Things quieted down a bit, in front of “Luke’s” position But attention remained focused, on “King’s” disposition.

Things quieted down at bit, in front of “Love’s” position but attention remained focused, on “King’s” disposition “King’s” position was important, in a very positive way Being so close to the enemy, put security at bay Some say it was 75 yards, separating us from the “Gooks” As it lay in the shadow of the great castle “Luke”

Finally it was over, all lost ground was secured Casualties were counted, battalion records procured Six soldiers gave their lives, twenty-five were wounded Holding their positions, till the fighting was ended Finally the sun began rising, a new day ahead No presents or tree, a lot of enemy dead This short battle is over, Battalion 3 held its ground
Some “shut-eye” is in order, please make not a sound
That friends was how, we spent Christmas Day
In a year to remember, as our thoughts pass away
We are still here, and able to recite:
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night”

SFC Alfred Schindler served in the 45th Div. with the 57 MM Recoilless Rifles on Luke’s Castle” and “Heartbreak Ridge”

Christmas aboard USS Naifeh (DE-352)

I enlisted in the U.S. Navy in May of 1951 during the Korean War. I spent from December 1951 to April 1954 of that enlistment on a destroyer escort, the Naifeh (DE-32), with the Pacific Fleet, making three tours to Korea. I served the last year of my enlistment on USS Manchester (CL-83). I was discharged in May 1955, having attained the rating of Personnelman 1st-Class.

My Christmas dinner aboard Naifeh in 1953 was memorable, as the nearby menu suggests. And, as a bonus the menu could be used as a postcard.

Robert F. Robb, 10113 Fawns Ford, Fort Wayne, IN 46825

![The Christmas menu for the crew of the USS Naifeh (DE-352)](image)

![Christmas message aboard USS Naifeh (DE-352)](image)

![Gillespie](image)

NOTE: (SFC) Bailey Gillespie, a member of the 27th Inf. Regt., (“Wolfhounds”), was captured by the Chinese on November 26, 1950. He spent the next 1,013 days as a prisoner of war. Here are two excerpts from his book, Korean War Remembered: Prisoner of War, 1013 Days In Hell. He has granted us permission to reprint parts of his book.

Christmas day, of 1950, was the worst Christmas any of us had ever experienced - very demoralizing - it came and went like it’d never happened, just another day—we probably didn’t even know for sure when it came and went, no one had a calendar or anything- every day was just another day, and there was no way of knowing the day of the month or the day of the week.

We never had meat or vegetables to eat, or even water to drink. We had to use the snow outside. Sometime around Christmas I looked outside and there was no guard, so I stepped outside and went down below to a hut. There was a barrel with a lid on it, and I looked inside and saw that it was full of kimchi, a sauce they used to put on their food. It was good for seasoning...
and gave the food more nutritional value, so I reached inside the barrel with both hands and took as much as I could. It was soft like a paste, even at 60 degrees below zero.

Then I pushed the lid back over the barrel and turned and hurried back up the hill to share the kimchi with the other prisoners. If a guard had seen me he could have shot me or made me stand at attention until I froze to death. Some who disobeyed, were beaten or made to stand until they had frozen hands and feet. Some were left so long in the cold that they died. (p. 35)

A Very Special Christmas 1951, Camp #5

Things did get a little better, and they let us have a Christmas service, my second year as a prisoner in 1951, at Camp 5. A black preacher conducted the services. They let us use a building, and all faiths attended the same service, Protestants, Catholics, Jews, maybe Muslims? Turks.

During our Christmas service we were singing the hymn, “Jerusalem,” when a British soldier, Sgt. Andrews, in a loud, clear tenor rose above us in the back. It hadn’t been planned, it just happened. It made the hair on your neck stand up. He was only able to sing it once because it hurt his throat too much to do it again. The starvation and lack of vitamins had taken their toll.

As he sang it was so beautiful that a lot of us wept. We knew that God was with us. (p. 48)

Flying frozen turkeys

I was in a heavy mortar company, 5th Marines, 1st Marine Division in the “Frozen Chosin” Reservoir of North Korea in November and December 1950. The temperature varied between 30 to 40 degrees “below” zero.

When the order came to evacuate the area, and fight our way to the sea, the decision was given to the engineers to blow all the remaining supplies in the Division supply dump. Among these supplies were hundreds of frozen turkeys that had been moved forward for a Thanksgiving treat.

As my company slowly trudged along the road a huge explosion resounded off to our left and through the air came these freezing frozen turkeys that landed in a nearby rice paddy. Marines, being the scroungers we are, rushed into the rice paddy. Within minutes most of us had a frozen turkey tucked under our arm as we continued our march to the sea.

As reality dawned upon us, we realized we had nothing to thaw the turkeys with. Consequently the road was soon covered with abandoned frozen turkeys!

(Col) Warren Wiedhahn, USMC (Ret). 8361 Queen Elizabeth Blvd., Annandale, VA 22002, 703-307-8959. JWiedhahn@aol.com

Aboard the Troopship USS General George M. Randall -December 1950

I was a crewmember on the troopship George M. Randall, AP-115, as an electronics technician in 1950. In early December we dropped off some troops in Yokohama, Japan. I had just paid for a wedding ring and asked them to send it to me, thinking that three weeks would be more than enough time for them to get it to me now that the war was winding down. My wife and I were hoping to be married on Christmas Eve.

From Yokohama we were sent to Pusan, where we loaded about 100 wounded on stretchers and some dead from the hospital ship, Repose, expecting to take them to San Francisco. After the wounded were aboard, however, we were instead suddenly diverted to Hungnam—a 40-hour cruise north in the Sea of Japan.

When the Chinese troops invaded Korea, everyone was taken by surprise. The Marines who were caught at the Chosin Reservoir fought their way out to Hungnam during one of the worst winter storms in Korean history, taking many casualties. No Marines in Korea had ever faced worse weather, mountainous terrain, or heavier odds than those who fought at Chosin Reservoir, a battle regarded as one of the most savage engagements in modern warfare - often fought hand-to-hand, short of food and ammunition, during blinding snowstorms and subzero temperatures in the hills surrounding a primitive road barely wide enough for a single modern vehicle to pass.

The Chosin Reservoir was an epic battle, yet it was immediately followed by another epic military event: the evacuation from Hungnam. In the greatest evacuation movement by sea in U.S. military history, a massive armada (about 200 ships) assembled at the port and evacuated not only the UN troops, but also their heavy equipment and tens of thousands of Korean refugees.

The Randall loaded as many of the troops as we could. They came directly out of the mountains and onto our ship before we dropped our anchor. Marines were sleeping in the passageways, under the ladders, and in the crew’s bunks.

Several of the Marines had been attached to the Randall when the war started, but transferred off in time to be in the first wave at Inchon, and they were among the troops we evacuated at Hungnam. According to my notes, they were with the 3rd Battalion, 5th Marine Regiment, 1st Marine Division. Although they were certainly glad to be aboard the General George again, this time in more difficult circumstances, they were all proud that they had made the transfer to a fighting unit.

On December 12, we left Hungnam with more than 5,000 Marines, British commandos, and Republic of Korea (ROK) troops. We even discovered a few North Korean and Chinese Communists aboard who had infiltrated the ROK forces. These, of course, wound up in the brig.

The Marines hadn’t left anything along their path that could be of use to the enemy, so most of them had several extra weapons that they’d packed out. A 45-automatic could be bought for $5 or $10 or traded for a carton of candy.

1. The Chinese invaded Korea in October of 1950, yet their intervention was pretty much denied by the military command for weeks; and they were still promising to have the troops “home by Christmas” as late as the end of November.
2. I traded a pack of cigarettes for a Thompson sub-machine gun. Within another couple of days, I traded it to one of my friends for a pack of cigarettes when I realized that I’d never have any use for an illegal machine gun.
We took these troops to Pusan, where they would soon return to combat in another area, and went back to Hungnam for more. About this time, I finally became reconciled that I wouldn’t be home for Christmas.

The Randall was anchored the closest to the beach of any ship during much of the loading operation. We loaded cargo in a hurry—sometimes merely getting the boom over the hold and dropping the cargo. We wanted to get anything valuable out so the enemy couldn’t get it. The crew was divided into shifts and I was billeted in a boat. We worked 8 hours on and 4 hours off for several days during the cargo loading process.

I spent many wet and cold hours in the M-boats (Landing Craft Mechanized or LCM) and LCVPs (Landing Craft Vehicle Personnel) that were pitching wildly alongside the Randall, and then going back to the beach for more soon-to-be worthless cargo. A couple of our M-boats actually sank and two LCVPs were abandoned during the worst weather. Salt water was beginning to freeze.

No one was exempt from cargo loading duty if they were physically able and not on a critical watch. Fortunately, we had the electronic equipment in pretty good shape before we got to Hungnam, so being diverted to cargo handling duty didn’t adversely affect communications and CIC operations.

Refugees were evacuated mostly on Victory ships (similar to the Lane Victory that’s now tied up in Long Beach), but several LSTs evacuated some also. One LST had approximately 12,000 Korean refugees, not counting the children who were carried in arms.

The Chinese troops advanced to the tops of the hills surrounding the port and, through binoculars, we could clearly see the soldiers standing shoulder-to-shoulder along the ridges. When some of them would start down the slope toward the port, the warships in the harbor would open fire with their big guns and the enemy would retreat to the ridge again. When the battleship Missouri would cut loose with their 16” cannons, it was fantastic.

Although I typically wrote long letters daily to my sweetheart, as you can imagine, I didn’t write 12-page letters every day to Joanne during this time. Nonetheless, I did write two or three pages every couple of days or so. On the evening of the 24th of December on the way back to Pusan, I wrote this:

“We didn’t leave the harbor until all the ships were ready for sea—that was at 1510. As usual, the General George was the flagship and leading the procession, because we have another Commandant aboard. There was a string of ships about 25 to 30 miles long behind us, and only one lone hospital ship ahead.

“The port was totally destroyed before we left. The actual evacuation was as spectacular as I had expected. Enormous explosions on the beach were a sight to behold. For about five hours, there were ammo dumps, oil tanks, and large dynamite charges going off, with an accompaniment of shelling from ships, bombs from planes, and rocket carriers. The sky was dark with smoke and the visibility was practically zero. I suppose the Koreans think we really believe in fireworks for Christmas. They aren’t capturing anything but acreage now.

“It certainly is a great feeling to be underway again—knowing there’s mail inside of 24 hours. There’s a possibility we won’t get any, but I’m about positive there’ll be some. It would break my spirit completely if there isn’t.

“I’m really getting a lot of ragging tonight. You’ll remember you wanted to be married Christmas Eve and I’ve been getting a lot of sly remarks from the rest of the crew. For instance – ‘a wedding night 5,500 miles from the bride’ or ‘a honeymoon in the Sea of Japan aboard an ocean liner all by myself.’”

“I had rigged up a phonograph to the PA system and played romantic music throughout the ship. I played Orin Tucker’s “Gotta Get Me Somebody To Love” more often than many might have appreciated.”

There were nine letters from Joanne waiting for me in Pusan. This was the first mail that I received with a response to letters I’d sent from Honolulu, six or eight weeks earlier. Boy, was I glad to get them.

We got to Pusan on Christmas Day, unloaded the troops and cargo over the next couple of days, and left for Yokohama on the 28th, my mother’s birthday. Mail was finally catching up with us, we were heading home, and I was feeling great.

The ship had smelled worse and worse every day during the past couple of weeks and fairly stank when we left Pusan. On the way back to Japan, all hands turned to for a well-needed field day
and gave the ship a good scrubbing. Someone coming aboard with fresh olfactory glands might have smelled an odor, but to the crew it smelled great after the thorough cleaning.

On January 1, I wrote to Joanne that we were leaving for San Francisco the next morning at dawn and that the Chaplain had agreed to marry us in the chapel on Treasure Island.

DonPayne@aol.com, 714/469-9768

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Mom missed us at Christmas

A Tribute to a Veteran’s Mother

On November 11th we celebrated Veteran’s Day. It reminded me of my mother and how good she was to me and my twin brother George while we were in the service during the Korean War.

I spent three tours of duty as a Navy Hospital Corpsman, two on the aircraft carrier U.S.S. Kearsarge (CVA-33) and one on the hospital ship U.S.S. Consolation (AH-15). George was in the First Marine Division and was severely wounded in an explosion on Bunker Hill while taking care of a wounded combat Marine.

George and I missed three Christmas seasons while serving in the Korean War. Yes, I missed being with my family, but I got to thinking of my mother and what she went through as a child and never complained. When people needed help she was the first one there. One of the highlights for me while I was away in the service was her loving letters and packages with all the goodies. Anyone who was away in the service knows how important mail call was.

My mother lost her mother and father by the age of three. Nobody wanted her so she was put in an orphanage. She was physically beaten and assaulted. Later, she got a job cleaning at a mental hospital in exchange for food and a place to sleep. At the age of eighteen she took a cosmetology course and became a beautician. She did well, met my father, and married him.

She later told me he was the only person to ever tell her he loved her and she found happiness for the first time in her life. I send a prayer that was sent to me while I was in Korea, called a Mother’s Prayer.

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A Mother’s Prayer

God, father of freedom, look after that boy of mine, wherever he might be. Walk in upon him. Talk with him during the silent watches of the night, and spur him to bravery when he faces the foe. Transfer my prayer to his heart.

Keep my boy inspired by the never-dying faith in God. Throughout all the long days and hopeful victory, wherever his duty takes him, keep his spirit high and his purpose unwavering.

Make him a loyal friend. Nourish him with love that I gave him at birth and satisfy the hunger of his soul with the knowledge of my daily prayers.

He is my choicest treasure. Take care of him, God. Keep him in health and sustain him under every possible circumstance. I once warmed him under my heart. You warm him up in his new shelter under the stars. Touch him with my smile of cheer and comfort, and my full confidence in his every brave pursuit.

Fail him not and may he not fail you, his country, nor the mother who bore him. This is my prayer for you, my son.

Mom: In closing, thank you for all your love, kindness, and caring in my lifetime. I pray that every veteran was and is blessed with a special mother. I hope to see you again in heaven.

A note to all veterans

I share this letter in hopes that veterans everywhere will tell and show their mothers how important they are to them. Call or write her and tell her how much you love her and thank her. If she has passed on, pray for her soul in heaven with love and kindness until you meet again.

Thanks to all our veterans and those currently serving our wonderful United States and the American flag. You are in my prayers every night.


Visit the Korean War Veterans Association
Website: WWW.KWVA.US
The Hungnam Evacuation
December, 1950

By John M. Border, MSG USA Retired

NOTE: This article appeared in the Nov/Dec 2000 issue of The Graybeards. However, the author noted that “Even though those horrible two months are still strong in my memory I thought it would be nice for my great grandchildren to have a memorial of something their Grampa went through long ago.”

He continued, “I went through two years in the Pacific Theater in WWII. Believe me, they were naught compared to Korea.”

Perhaps a short narrative would be appropriate at this time to apprise the reader of the circumstances leading to the events depicted. I was one of those who received a “greeting” from President Roosevelt in 1943, resulting in an Army Basic Training and two years in the South Pacific Theater. While on occupation duty in Japan, I decided to make the Army my career.

1949 found me on Guam, assigned to the Marbo Command Communication/Intelligence Section. On Sunday afternoon, June 25, 1950, I was summoned to the Com./Cntr. Crypto Room. An encoded message awaited. The decoded text read to the best of my recollection: “TOP SECRET. HEAVY NORTH KOREAN FORCES INTO SOUTH KOREA THIS DATE. RAPID ADVANCEMENT. PRIORITY ONE ALERT. WAIT. MACARTHUR. CINCFE.”

The ensuing months found me in Japan and Korea, where my unit was integrated into Tenth Corps (X Corps) G2/Communications. After the Inchon/Seoul engagements we were moved around the southern tip of Korea to Wonsan Harbor on the eastern coast of North Korea. The harbor was inundated with mines and sweeping was in progress.

Our ship “yo-yoed” back and forth outside the harbor, waiting for the mines to be cleared for our landing. I remember thinking, “My God, this is just like waiting to land on Saipan six years ago!” When we finally landed we found that Bob Hope and his USO Troupe had preceded us by coming northward via roadway that had been cleared by the ROK 3rd and Capital Divisions, which by now were marching miles up the coast clearing roadblocks.

That night we loaded on rail flatcars with Corps equipment and ammo by the tons. October was fast coming to an end, and the weather was turning extremely cold. Winter clothing had not been issued and fatigue and a field jacket weren’t going to do it. I was wearing my Guam khakis under my fatigue and they really helped. We later learned that ROK forces that had preceded us were still in tattered summer uniforms and worn footwear.

As the train pulled out I vividly recall the sky was filled with stars and the chill stillness, broken only by occasional locomotive exhaust, was eerie. My thoughts, as we headed north towards Hamhung, were of home, my wife, and the certainty that this “police action” was coming to an end. Home for Christmas! Could it be?

X Corps, first located in Hamhung, was where we set up all intelligence and communication functions. As our intelligence gathering groups returned from northern perimeter posts, all indications pointed to the total collapse of the NKPA. All intelligence gathered was immediately forwarded to Tokyo. Things were “lookin’ good.”

Thanksgiving Day dawned clear and cold. The mess tent was emitting some wonderful aromas. It was an excellent meal, even got a cigar, but a meal to this day I have guilt feelings about when I think back on the events soon to come. On the Sunday following, the Chinese Peoples Army hit our northern forces with 33 Divisions, over 300,000 men! And from a G2 estimate, this was a conservative figure. The face of this war was about to change dramatically.

As the days passed and the Intel/Reports drifted in, we could see the inevitable approaching. The X Corps, code name “Jade,” was now faced with the decision of what to do with its three Infantry Divisions: The 1st Marine “Western,” 3rd Infantry “Kaiser,” and 7th Infantry “Bayonet.” I recall X Corps Commander Major General Ed Almond standing in the doorway of the Crypto Room with his Aides; his face told it all. On November 29th Corps Operation Order #8 was issued, stopping all Corps advances and ordering withdrawal of all Corps forces to the Hamhung area. The Blue/White X was courting disaster.

In all of this confusion, we were constantly trying to orient positions on maps and encode same. For instance, we would receive a reference for the Changjin Reservoir and the Pujon Reservoir, which were the Korean names. Then we would receive reports from the Chosin and Fusen Reservoirs, which were the Japanese names for the Changjin and Pujon. On December 16, 1950, all Corps forces in Hamhung were ordered to withdraw to the port city of Hungnam, approximately five miles eastward. Not a big deal, just a short jeep ride through snow, mud, and thousands of refugees fleeing North Korea. Needless to say, it was an impossible task to know just who were the legitimate folks and who were the enemy.

On December 19th, the Corps Command Post moved into a cave along the Hungnam beach. We remained in the large Corps Headquarters Building to man the Crypto, teletype, and radio equipment. On December 21st, adding to Corps problems, our radio and cable sections were destroyed by fire and most of our communication equipment was ruined. Intelligence reports were rapidly coming in warning of an increased likelihood of a major enemy attack.

The harbor was fast filling with ships of all shapes and sizes. South Korean units were departing Hungnam as quickly as they could be shuttled out to waiting ships. The 7th Infantry Division was ordered to proceed to the dock area for loading on transport vessels. General Almond chose the 3rd Infantry Division to be the final defending force for the Hungnam Beachhead.

On December 22nd I climbed the hill behind the Corps Headquarters Building with my pitiful camera, not sure if the roll of film in it was still good. The weather was overcast and a “chilly” 16F. To my immediate front was the harbor. I could see a big two stacker, a troopship I later learned was the “General Mann,” that I rode home on after WWII. Small world, ain’t it?

To the back of me, I could hear and see the flash of “Divarty” weapons firing. Overhead I could actually see incoming projec-
tiles from the battleship “Mighty Mo.” She was out of sight, just over the horizon, but at night you could see the flash of her “Big Boys” and hear the shells on their way to some Divarty FO’s target. I just felt good knowing she was out there doing her part for our boys. God Bless the United States Navy.

On December 23rd the Outpost Line was abandoned and the 3rd Infantry withdrew to its final defensive parameter. On December 24th the last units of the 3rd left Hungnam. The United Nations Forces in Northeast Korea were completely evacuated from Hungnam by 1400 hours on December 24, 1950.

Engineers had blown most of the remaining munitions and fuel. What was left was wired to be detonated from far out in the harbor. The resulting explosions were horrendous and the shock waves literally knocked you over if you were standing on a ship’s deck watching. What didn’t detonate was taken care of by a couple destroyers. We didn’t leave them much.

As I wind this down, there is something that I have always wanted to say but have never had the proper setting to do so. Thousands of words have been written of the horrors that befell our troops in the closing weeks of this engagement. What I saw and went through was nothing in comparison to what these brave men endured. May a 96-year old Soldier express his heartfelt gratitude, admiration and pride for you who so unselfishly served the X Corps and your nation. I stand back and salute you.

In November of 1997, my wife and I were fortunate to make the Revisit Korea journey. As I looked at the skyline of Seoul all I could think of was the last time I had looked upon this city; fire, smoke, blood and rubble. I thought back some 47 years ago to a far distant harbor where so many of us were fortunate enough to be evacuated.

I looked upon this beautiful city: such a change, such a proud people. I am grateful for the minute part I may have had in this rebirth. Truly the “Land of the Morning Calm” has risen from the ashes. Well done, all.

John M. Border, 5675 N. Feland Ave. Fresno, CA 93711, 209-432-5675

Christmas at Kunsan, 1962

I was 18 years old and stationed at Kunsan Air Force Base (K8) from November 1962 to December 1963. At that time Kunsan was a joint base made up of elements of the 8th Army and ROK Air Force. I was assigned to the 6175th Air Police Squadron, B Flight Security.

We worked rotating twelve-hour shifts, fifteen days on and five days off. I spent the majority of my duty days guarding B-57 bombers and F-100 fighters. One AP was assigned to every two B-57s and one AP was assigned to every four F-100s inside the alert pads. In addition, we also manned the entry into the alert area.

We were also responsible for static posts and roving patrols along the perimeter and flight line.

I remember one advisory regarding off-limits places near Kunsan City:

314ADR 125-3/6175 AB Op Suppl 1

On Limits Area Of Kunsan City

The three clubs listed cater to American personnel only. All other Korean drinking establishments are off limits.

The area known as 50 WON HILL is Off Limits and is identified here so it can be avoided. It is also posted at all entrances. Beginning at the city limits both sides of the road entering Kunsan, except the POL Compound, are Off Limits until you have reached the first stop sign.

Remember, only OB Beer has been approved as safe to drink.

All personnel must be on base during the hours of curfew.

Weekdays: 2300 to 0900

Sunday & Holidays: 2400 to 0900

Larry Hattersley, 2575 Thatcher Ave Henderson, NV 89052, 702-434-2124, Lhattersley@cox.net

Entrance to Kunsan air Base, January 1963

HQ, 6175th Air Base Group, Kunsan, Nov. 1963

A $1 Military Payment Certificate circa 1962/63
On Christmas Eve 1951 I was on an outpost somewhere north of the 38th Parallel in Korea. I was a Combat Medic assigned to ‘B’ Company of the 19th Infantry Regiment, 24th Infantry Division. I did not have to stay up and outside my bunker that night because of being a medic. But, who could sleep?

We were on full alert due to the assurance that the Chinese would attack that night, because of it being Christmas Eve or Christmas Day. Somewhere around midnight the sound of Christmas carols caught everyone off guard. Where was it coming from?

To us on the outpost it was coming from the front of us, so it had to be the Chinese playing them. They were American artists like Bing Crosby and others. To this day I am sure that the Chinese played the carols. They lasted until about 2 a.m. They did not attack that night.

I belong to the 24th Division Association. There has been a debate about who played the carols. Some thought that the American’s played them. Others, like me, believe that the Chinese played them. The troops I was with on that outpost surely believed that it came from the Chinese. Our thoughts were that they were soldiers, like us, who did not want to be where they were and some of their officers decided to spread a little cheer.

On the other hand it could have been their way of agitating us on a very special day of the year. Who knows? However, on Christmas Day the mood of all of us was great. We were still almost freezing to death but the carols the night before had brightened our lives.

I must reflect on a time of my life that I did not want to be where I was, especially on Christmas. Today I feel like I am blessed. My wife and I live in our little paradise on earth. We have two daughters who live here, two grandchildren and their spouses and two great grandchildren who are the future of the USA. What more could you ask for? And may the Chinese continue to play Christmas carols for the whole world to hear. Merry Christmas to all!

Thomas J. Donaghy, atomtomd29@gmail.com
A bittersweet Thanksgiving in Holton, Kansas

My father—the late John S. “Steve” Dial—served in the U.S. Navy from 1950 to 1954, including two Korean War cruises aboard the aircraft carrier USS Valley Forge (CV-45). His rating was DK2 (Disbursing Clerk, Petty Officer 2nd Class).

When I was growing up, I knew my dad had been in the Navy during the “Korean Conflict” (as it was known then) and I was able to look through his two cruise books. But, like most veterans of that era, he didn’t talk much about it. And, like most kids, I wasn’t really interested in hearing about it at that time. Today I have much more interest. Unfortunately, my father is no longer here to discuss it, having passed away in 1990.

Anyway, I inherited his Navy photos and papers, and only fairly recently did I come to the realization that his date of entry into the service (listed on his DD-214) was November 24, 1950, which a quick Google search revealed to be the day after Thanksgiving in that year.

My dad was from the small town of Holton, Kansas, where he grew up with his mother, stepfather, brother and sister. I can only imagine the bittersweet Thanksgiving meal that took place in their small house the night before he shipped off to boot camp in San Diego. How I wish I could ask him about it now!

I also came across the attached photo of his boot camp class in San Diego (class 50-552). In looking through the names on the back of the photo I came to realize that another sailor in his class was Lyle Rudy, a classmate of his from Holton High School who I recall having heard my father speak about. So I can also imagine a similar bittersweet Thanksgiving meal occurring in the small town of Holton for the Rudy family.

Lyle Rudy is the sailor circled in the front left of this photo, and my father is the sailor circled in the center of the photo. Lyle Rudy is also now deceased. The photo is dated 28 December 1950, so just three days after Christmas.

Bob Dial, Glenville, NY, bobdial64@gmail.com

Gloria, me, and the tree

Just before Christmas 1951, while I was in my foxhole, I received a Christmas tree from my wife Gloria. What a surprise! It was even more of a surprise that it actually reached me.

I didn’t get to keep the tree long, as an outfit from Puerto Rico relieved us and we moved to a rear area. The tree would have been hard to carry with a pack, rifle, cartridge belt, and bandolier.

I had been with the 8th Regt, 1st Cav. Div. for eleven months. We were being relieved by the 45th Division and moved to Hokkaido, Japan.

The tree is long gone, but Gloria and I are still together after seventy years.

James, Haw, 11065 Colton Dr., Reno, NV 89521

Appreciate every day, holiday or not

As an 86-year-old Korean War veteran and a 16-year cancer patient I look forward to the arrival of each issue of The Graybeards. May you find this poem appropriate for the holiday issue.

IN PRAISE OF DAYS
Thank God for all our days gone by.
We’ve learned much from each one.
Enjoy this land, the sea, the sky
And warmth from good days’ sun.
Though loved ones we no longer see
As well as friends so dear,
Just greet each day most joyfully
In knowing we’re still here!
If dark days seem disastrous,
From some celestial place
Loved ones and friends can comfort us
Across all time and space.
When days on Earth end finally,
Life’s parting of the ways,
Pray God will heal our souls so we
May live eternal days.

Francis J. Manduca, P.O. Box 7354, Ocean Park, ME 04063
A great Thanksgiving meal, 1962

The troops at Kunsan air Base (K-8) enjoyed a sumptuous meal in 1962, if the nearby menu is any indication.

Larry Hattersley, 2575 Thatcher Ave. Henderson, NV 89052, 702-434-2124, Lhattersley@cox.net

Thanksgiving Message

The necessity for keeping the defenses of our nation strong and alert has placed you a long way from home on a holiday that is traditionally a family affair. Your family, along with millions of other Americans, will thank God this day that you protect our country.

Traditionally, Thanksgiving meals for your neighborhood church, friends and family, are filled with fall in the air, your favorite college football game, turkey and pumpkin pie. But it also stands for much more... a nation founded on the principles of a hard won freedom, a nation with equal opportunities for all. We think of this Thanksgiving that we have been in the war and that there are those now willing to die all that they may hold dear that might remain in. Thanksgiving is an American holiday and you are celebrating it in the best possible way.

Col. Charles E. Sullivan, Jr. CO of Kunsan Air Base, 1963

The Seasons

The season of Christmas time
Once again approaches
And from the depths
Of my memories
They encroach upon my being
Bringing forth unwanted times
In the service of my country
Fighting a war in Korea
Night sweats are frequent
Is all this because I will it
Or does it come
From the darkness of my mind
Considering all this
I dearly love my wife,
Children, grandchildren
But at this time in my life
Is it safe for me to be left alone?
Is it safe for me to be left alone?

The weight of Christmas

Carols playing noels
Bring forth sad memories
Of time remembered
When they weren’t
So bright and joyful
Cold, cold winters of
Korean weather
Frozen feet and hands
Were the order of the day
Peace on earth,
Where’s silent night,
Where’s I’ll be home for Christmas
When better times to come,
When a tear that was shed
Wiped away with emotions
Of friends lost
And memories of them
Etched, in my mind, forever.

Tailhook Jack (real name withheld upon request)
CONTINUING OUR 70TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

This edition of The Graybeards continues our commemoration of the 70th anniversary of the start of the Korean War. There will be more of this commemoration. So, if your contribution does not appear in this issue it will be in the next or the next.

When we invited folks to submit their memories and opinions of virtually all aspects of their Korean War experiences we did not know what kind of a response we would get. We should have known better. KWVA members—and nonmembers—have always responded well to such invitations. This time was no exception.

We received long stories, short stories, opinions about the war and how it was conducted, photos, sketches...all of which contributed to the advancement of our knowledge of the Korean War. Seventy years later, and we are still learning more about the history of the war.

This is one of the times when we wish we had more than eighty pages to fill. But, we don’t. So, we will continue our Anniversary Special with the next edition.

Thanks for your outpouring of stories, opinions, memories, etc. You make the editorial staff’s job easier. Enjoy the results of your collective contributions.

The Twin Medics

Tony & Tom Bezoukas

A short review of twin brothers’ total service on active duty

I am a former combat paratrooper who served with the 187th Airborne RCT in Korea as a combat infantryman (1952) and a combat “Line Company” medic in 1953, both while assigned to ‘L’ company. I had been awarded both the combat infantry badge (CIB) 1952 and combat medic badge (CMB) 1953. I have parachuted over 20 times, mostly from the rugged C-119 airplanes, using the old type T7 parachutes.

Amazingly, I served my entire military service time with my twin brother Thomas, except for a ten-day period in July 1953, which I will explain later. Serving with Tom was for me both good and bad, as we spent over 14 months side by side in combat during our 20 months overseas in Korea and Japan.

We both signed up in early 1952 to become paratroopers with the 11th Airborne while we were training to be infantrymen at Camp Breckenridge, KY. After this training, we expected to be sent to the 11th Airborne at Fort Campbell, KY. Instead, we were sent to Fort Benning, GA. Altogether we completed Infantry School, Airborne School, and medical training together, along with combat time.

After completing our paratrooper training orders, we were assigned to the 187th Airborne in Korea. We reported to the 187th in Korea. We were put into the Head and Head Co and eventually reassigned to ‘L’ company, then serving in combat in and around the 38th parallel, including Triangle Hill and Inchon areas.

We became 3rd platoon riflemen, serving side by side for ten months in and out of combat, but remaining always in the combat areas. Luckily, we survived, but it was all very stressful. Daily we witnessed shelling and human beings turned into mist. There was little left of them. It was horrible.

We also were sent along with other units to help quell a horrible uprising on Koje Do Island. The North Korean POWs were rioting and inhumanely killing their own less bold prisoners. It was awful, but eventually, we separated thousands of these prisoners. This, too, was a stressful and horrible experience to see, watching what these prisoners were doing to themselves.

I saw many dead bodies and body parts. I vividly recall seeing severed feet sticking in the barbed and razor wire around the compound. The smells are indescribable. After that, we were finally sent to our base camp in Beppu, Japan, to refit, clean up, and continue training. It was wonderful to do that at that time.

In December word went out that the 187th required more medics. Tom and I had first aid experience in the Boy Scouts, and this would probably get us into our rear area MASH unit, so we transferred to the Medical Co. We were sent to the medical training school on the island of Eta Jima for three weeks.

When we returned to Medical Company of the 187th we were reassigned immediately to ‘L’ Co. Tom was 3rd platoon Medic (the same platoon we left as riflemen); I was 2nd platoon. We were overjoyed to be reunited with our social and combat brothers. It was great—for a while.

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Our commander was Colonel William Westmoreland, later General. He had us organize sports teams in all various sports. It was mandatory that we all pick two sports and play competitively against all our other companies. It was fun, like being in high school again. It all came to an end in April.

We were sent back to the Kumwha Valley in Korea. We were told to hold at all cost a stretch of a line so a new territory line would not change. The rumor was that the war would end soon. It was a terrible situation. The enemy knew our positions, so we were shelled and fired upon continuously. The nights were the worst.

One almost deadly incident occurred there. We used plane markers so we didn’t get bombed or strafed by our own planes. On one occasion in 1953 Navy Corsairs attacked us in the valley—3 planes doing 3 sweeps. (See the nearby photo.) The pilots must not have seen our marker. Accidents do happen. They missed us by several yards, but we did get dirty. “Go Navy.” Incidentally, my son Mike was a 20-year officer in the Navy. Tom’s son served two terms as a Navy officer.

On 15 July 1953, I was sitting alone in our 2nd platoon command post bunker when our sound-powered phone rang. I answered it, and the person on the other end asked if our medic was there. I answered ‘yes,’ but did not say I was the medic. He replied, “Get his ass over here. Our medic just got killed.” That was my twin brother, Tom.

My mind exploded. We were on Hill 604, and our L Company 3rd platoon was on the east side of our hill; I was on the west side. Tom and I typically worked together as needed. This was different. Somehow my mind just went into shock. I immediately started running down the trench line for a couple hundred yards to Tom’s position. My mind was racing, and I kept praying this wasn’t happening and that Tom was still alive.
I couldn’t think straight. When I got to his position there was a single leg lying in the trench, but it had a different boot than Tom would be wearing. Shortly, I heard voices and saw Tom pulling Sergeant Halse up the hill. They were both covered in blood. Tom’s left side was partially paralyzed from the blast, and he was bleeding from his head, arms, and legs—but he was alive.

Halse and two others got the worst of it. I don’t know why, but I immediately went up to Tom and started cussing him out. I didn’t know why until much later in life. It was my mind reacting to “what has he done to me,” with the thought that he was dead.

Shortly after, Tom’s paralysis lessened. It was the concussion reaction. His wounds were not too bad. He had some shrapnel in his left leg and injuries from being blasted over the hill and bouncing on rocks. Halse, Flowers, and Moore were all wounded, but they were relatively all right.

As we looked around, we found Erv Wicklander very seriously wounded from another shell. At first we thought he was dead. His face was split open from the nose to under the chin. The skull was visible. He was bleeding profusely and suffocating. We had to do something. We gave him an emergency tracheotomy. I had never done one before. His arms and legs had arterial bleeding. We gave him blood in both arms and legs. His left arm was withered. He was concussion.

Tom and Erv were good friends before this. Our litter bearers took him immediately to our MASH unit. We did not think he would survive. About 40 years later he phoned Tom to let us know he made it. He spent over three years in hospitals. He was one of many we treated. Some died, some were seriously wounded, and some had minor injuries. This was quite hard on Tom and me, as these were our old buddies. I had friends die in my arms. All we could do was cry.

On 16 July 1953, as I was running to the call of another casualty, I heard the flutter of a mortar coming close on my left side. We learned to distinguish weapon sounds on the front line. If you hear it on your left side, you fall right and vice versa. I immediately fell to the right, but still caught shrapnel on my left leg. I carried on and helped the wounded soldier.

The next day I was answering another call. Somehow, I felt very strange. While running I began to feel like I couldn’t move and then slowed down to where I couldn’t walk anymore. I don’t remember passing out, but the next thing I remember I was being carried out on a litter. From that point on I was in and out of consciousness. I woke up, always momentarily, at the MASH, and I heard our BAS surgeon (Dr. Ferguson) say that I had a 105-degree temperature. I was to be laid in ice.

I also remember I used two cots with the blankets laid on them and was being changed back and forth from one to another because I could not control my bowels. I then awoke momentarily and realized I was on a hospital bed on a train. I awoke later in the 121st evacuation hospital in Yong Dong Po. I remember taking many white pills.

As I got better, I tried to get released from the hospital. I wanted to return to my outfit. I did not know what was going on and wanted to see my brother Tom again. I was finally released on 26 July 1953. I hitchhiked by truck, asking directions to the 187th. I had to stay overnight at a place where inbound soldiers stayed. I left the following morning and rejoined the outfit. That was 27 July 1953, the day of the armistice. It was all over.

Later, we moved back to a three-mile area to dig part of the trench line that went from coast to coast. I was not phys-
Jet plane marker missed by Navy Corsair pilots at the 187th RCT site in Kumwha Valley

"Duck:" more incoming on 187th RCT position in 1953

Tony Bezoukas's and radioman John Simon's "home" in Korea, 1953

Sniper Allen Cornelius keeping watch at 187th RCT position in Korea in 1953

Medic Tom Bezoukas walking the trench in Korea in 1953

Part of L Co., 187th RCT watching the trench line in Korea in 1953
Members of 187th RCT helping build bunkers and trench line after July 1953 armistice went into effect.

Communist POWs at Koje Island in 1952.

Smoke rises over Koje Island during prison riots in 1952.

Weaker North Korean POWs killed and mutilated by their own comrades at Koje Island in 1952.

Tony Bezoukas aboard USS Billy Mitchell en route home in 1953.

Cpls. Tony and Tom Bezoukas at Ft. Sheridan, IL waiting for military discharge in January 1954.
ically able to work, so I watched it. After a month, we went back to base camp in Japan. On 17 December 1953, our 22nd birthday, Tom and I boarded the USS Billy Mitchell to go back to the U.S. and get discharged.

It was a time of reflection for us. (See the photo of me aboard USS Billy Mitchell.) I spent time on the deck thinking about the past and the future. I felt lost and strange. We had both changed a lot during our time in Korea, but we were going home. We sailed under the Golden Gate Bridge at 8 a.m. on January 2, 1954. The ten-day separation in July had been the only time Tom and I were separated during our military experience.

We returned to our home in Illinois on January 8, 1954 for the first time in two years. Our parents had left the Christmas decorations up for us. It all seemed strange. Things had changed—and so had we. Still, it felt good to get home.

My few months in Japan were the only time during our deployment that we were not in combat. Our time in battle was stressful and nerve-shattering, to say the least. We witnessed and lived through combat that normal people should never have to witness and survive. I suffered from it all my life.

We both have always had a difficult time falling asleep after our service. I would normally lie down and stay awake for hours. I learned to read at night, watch TV, or just distract my brain from thinking about the past. This would help initiate sleep. Now, almost 70 years later, it is still the same.

I have tried many different things, including seeking help, but with no success. I have learned to live with it. When I do sleep, I have dreams every night after all these years that are very vivid. Most don’t make sense, but are usually negative. I have not contemplated suicide, but I was very stressed, especially when I returned. I have always wanted to live a normal life. Tom had similar problems.

In our pre-military service years we lived a mostly quiet life. We had never traveled 100 miles from home. Our parents were children of immigrants from central Europe. They had low education and were poor, but we had a happy home life. During WWII, we did a lot of war effort projects in the Boy Scouts and participated as First Aid helpers with the Red Cross at rallies, parades, etc.

Among other awards, Tom and I were both given the combat infantry badge in 1952 and the combat medic badge in 1953. I suspect that we are the only twin brothers to be awarded both, but also while serving together in the same outfit: the 187th Airborne RCT and the same companies, ‘L’ Co and Medical Co.

Tom and I and our wives were given the opportunity to return to visit free Korea. The Korean dignitaries and ordinary Korean people were so kind and sincere in thanking us for helping them in saving their country and themselves, and they still thank us 70 years later. We both felt very good about their feelings for us.

Tom and I have talked many times since then. It was very stressful to be together in combat. We never requested to remain together, but in retrospect secretly we would never have had it any different.

Unfortunately on January 3, 2020, Tom fell down the stairs at home and died, thus ending the Twin Medics story. It broke my heart.

Anthony J. Bezouska, 3231 Wisconsin Ave., Berwyn, IL 60402, 708-795-5257
The Lieutenant with a weed-whacker

By Larry Kinard

W
hen the war started in June, 1950 I was working at my first job out of college as an engineer at a power plant in the small west Texas town of Monahans. I was single and had just received my BS degree in Mechanical Engineering and a commission as an Artillery 2nd Lt. in the U.S. Army reserves from Texas A&M. I had been too young to participate in WWII, so being single with no prior service I was subject to call to active duty any time the Department of the Army deemed necessary.

As with most other graduates, I was in the inactive reserves, enjoying life, assigned to a reserve unit in Midland, Texas, about 70 miles from my home. Occasionally, I received letters from the headquarters, but I paid little attention to them because, after all, we had just finished WWII and I didn’t think we would ever have another war.

When I heard about the invasion it caught my attention, but the news did not bother me much since I was not in the active reserve and I figured they would be called first. Needless to say I continued with my carefree life until the end of August, when I received a telephone call and was told, “Lt. Kinard, you are in the Army now and must report to the Midland headquarters to begin a 24-month obligation of active duty.” We were to be at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas by October 13, 1950.

Since I was a very patriotic young man and loved the military, I had no other thought but to pack up, answer the call, do my duty, and serve my country. Actually, there was no other choice for me, since I had sworn to serve when receiving my commission. But, since there were no lower ranking officers there at the time, I was subject to call to active duty any time the Department of the Army deemed necessary.

The reserve unit consisted of about thirty officers from all branches of the Army. We were told that at Camp Chaffee we would set up an Infantry Replacement Training Center for the Korean War. Camp Chaffee, headquarters for the 5th Armored Division, had been closed since the end of WWII and was in terrible shape, with weeds all over the place and barracks that were badly in need of repair.

Our job was to get it ready for the incoming trainees, so all the junior officers were assigned to the weed detail. That meant physically cutting weeds with a weed whacker, which was certainly not what I thought an officer’s duty should be. But, since there was no one of lower rank there at the time, for two weeks we were part of the clean-up crew and also spent time brushing up on infantry tactics and weapons.

Our first complement of recruits arrived in mid-November to start the sixteen-week basic training program. Almost immediately our company commander decided we needed to go on bivouac in the Arkansas mountains to help toughen up the new recruits. No sooner had we gotten the camp set up then a very cold “norther” blew in.

We had no gloves or coats and very little else in the way of winter gear. In fact, the majority of the recruits were still in low-quarter shoes. I was asked, along with 2 or 3 others, to go into Ft. Smith in the early evening to purchase what we could find to make it through the night. We bought all the brown canvas gloves and as many coats as we could find. It was a very memorable time for all, and a fitting introduction to the kind of weather in Korea.

During the days in camp we did close order drill with wooden rifles, but felt fortunate to have M-1 rifles to use on the rifle range. That was just a small indication of early training and how woefully unprepared we were. I am afraid that the first replacements sent to Korea were not very well trained for combat.

I thought I would be shipping out to Korea any time, because many of the reservists who were called up stayed at Camp Chaffee only a month or so, then went directly to Far East Command (FECOM). Primarily, these were company commanders and platoon leaders who had stayed in the reserves from WWII. I felt bad about those guys, because they did not have time to get physically or mentally prepared to go to war.

I had two good friends at Camp Chaffee who had been platoon leaders in WWII. They were sent to Korea after having been called back, then stayed at Camp Chaffee a couple of months. They went to Korea; both were killed within two months of arrival there.

I missed several shipments of officers to Korea and continued training recruits until January 1952, except for a four-month Artillery Basic Officers Course at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. I married in December 1950 because I thought I had missed having to go to Korea. However, in January 1952, shortly after I was promoted to 1st Lt., I received orders for the FECOM “due to a shortage of Artillery Observers,” as highlighted on the piece of paper handed to me.

In Korea I served as a Forward Observer with the 39th FA, 15th Regiment, 3d ID, attached to both the 1st ROK Division and Item Company 15th Regiment. We spent most of the time in the mountains where we lived in sand-bagged bunkers and trenches along the Imjin River fighting off assaults by the Chinese while the peace talks took place. I had several close calls; fortunately, I was never wounded.

I left Korea in September 1952 and returned home on the
General A. W. Brewster, landing in San Francisco. I was told to report to Fort Hood, Texas to receive my separation papers. Few friends knew that I had been in Korea.

The general feeling among those people I told about Korea was that we did not need to be trying to save Korea, so we should get out of there as soon as possible. Truman’s decision to defend Korea was not popular at all with most American citizens. Even though communism was our bitter enemy, Americans generally thought it was a useless waste of money and lives to send troops across the world to Korea. Many of the troops in Korea felt the same way.

After my discharge, I returned to the job I had at the power plant in Monahans, Texas and worked at various jobs for Texas Utilities Company for the next 40 years. We moved to the Fort Worth and Dallas area in 1981, where I became head of the company’s Human Resources Department. I retired in 1992, never really thinking much about Korea.

I think back today and wonder why it took me 40 years (all my working life) to remember much about the Korean War and what took place there. It was probably because all that time most of the people in the United States thought the Korean War was not worth the cost.

The first I heard about the Korean War Veterans Association was in 1995, when I received a note asking me to join the Houston Chapter of the KWVA. I joined in 1995 and took part in one of the Revisit trips in 1997 with my oldest son. It was on this trip that I discovered that we had saved a country and its people and saw how grateful they were to all the UN nations for the sacrifices that had been made.

I became very active in the KWVA, serving as Tell America Chairman 2004-2012 and helping chapters tell our story to the public. I served as KWVA National President 2013-2016 and was very proud to have the opportunity to represent our organization in five return trips to Korea and many locations around the U.S., mainly talking with Korean vets.

Larry Kinard, KWVA National President 2013-2016

Please turn to 70th ANNIVERSARY on page 48
Chapter 332 reinstated

I have reinstated Louisiana chapter 332 this year and would like to introduce it in The Graybeards. I am not a veteran, but I have been the event chair for the annual Korean War memorial service in New Orleans. I have information on most of our Louisiana veterans and keep track and take care of them. Since I have incorporated the Louisiana chapter with our state, and introduced over 30 members to KWVA, it’s time to introduce them.

The officers of the newly established Louisiana Chapter #332 are: **President** - Ray Liss, USMC; **Vice-President** - Les Cromwell, U.S. Air Force; **Treasurer** - Jenny Hampton; **Secretary** - Sun Kim; **Board of Director** - Sam Kleindorf, U.S. Army

Ms. Sun Kim, 504-231-3109, summkim@aol.com

I have adopted Allister Barker’s grave since he has no relatives here in the USA. His grave is shown in this picture. His story was published in The Graybeards earlier this year. (See...
Greater Chicago [IL]

Several months ago we lost a dedicated, diligent past Commander, Neils Larsen. Due to the raging, horrific effects of the pandemic little was published or known of Neil’s passing. He was buried with full military honors in the Abraham Lincoln Military Cemetery.

Recently a belated obituary appeared in that section of the Chicago Tribune. Finally, Mr. Larsen will be remembered. (Incidentally, he trained with the 424th Field Artillery Battalion and served in Korea in 1951 and 1952.)

Charles Simokaitis, 1211 Potter Rd., Park Ridge, IL 60068, 847-698-7372

Cpl Alfred Lopes, Jr./Lt. Ronald R. Ferris [MA]

We held a fundraiser at the Star Market during the Veterans Day Weekend on November 7 and 8, 2020.

People can follow our activities via Facebook at https://www.facebook.com/Korean-War-Vet-of-Marshfield-Ma-1964179390462563/?modal=composer
kvvmashfield@yahoo.com

Missouri #1 [MO]

We held a meeting recently at American Legion Post 400 in Fenton, MO. We thank them for their hospitality.

On July 23 we presented Don Gutmann a plaque of appreciation for his 22 years as our commander. The group includes commanders of other chapters there to honor Don. Because of the COVID 19 virus, St. Louis County required face masks and social distancing. We complied.

Terry Bryant, 832 Woodside Trails Dr., Ballwin, MO 63021, 314-394-0217, tb2095484@gmail.com

Richland County [OH]

Members visited the National Veterans Memorial and Museum in Columbus, OH on May 23, 2020.
Dale Walker, 2430 Whitney Ave., Ontario, OH 44906

Adirondack [NY]

On November 16, 2019, the Korean Association of the Capitol District held its 16th Annual Festival and Banquet. We were invited and participated.

Carol Waldron, cwald36709@aol.com

Joe Schneider, Ed Dandarow, Paul Nolan, Dr. Park, State Chaplain Paul O’Keefe, Glen Gentry, Ralph Grasso, and Commander Bob Garland of Ch. 60 (L-R) at Korean Association of the Capitol District banquet
106 TREASURE COAST [FL]

We held a medal presentation ceremony attended by Congressman Brian Mast.

Louis DeBlasio, 352 NW Shoreview Dr., Port St. Lucie, FL 34986, 772-344-8628, LouDi@bellsouth.net

116 CENTRAL OHIO [OH]

Chapter member 1Lt June Lownie Radcliff, a nurse during the Korean War, stationed at Fitzsimmons Army Hospital in Colorado, was featured at the Korean War Memorial in a virtual reality video of the Memorial which was released earlier this year. In the video, June talks about the importance of the Memorial and reflects on her experiences during the Korean War.

The video is part of a series of virtual reality videos for veterans no longer able to travel to personally visit the Memorials. For a two-dimensional video clip of June at the Korean War Memorial, copy the following address into your web browser: https://youtu.be/qMNCVTj1HCA.

Joe Machado, 703-405-8776, Jamachado0@gmail.com

1st Lt. June Radcliff of Ch. 116
Hyannis, MA - On October 19, 2020 a ceremony was held at the Korean War Memorial, located at Veteran’s Park Beach, to recognize the Town of Barnstable for its longstanding support of Cape Cod’s Korean War Veterans.

Chapter 141 Commander Roy Thomas stated that the KWVA nominated the town for the award “because of the critical support of Korean War veterans on Cape Cod rendered by the town in giving choice waterfront real estate for the location of the Korean War Memorial and for doubling the value of a fund in its custody for the perpetual upkeep of the monument.”
Presenting the Presidential Citation on behalf of the President of the Republic of Korea, Consul General Yonghyon Kim conveyed his warmest greetings to the people of Barnstable and noted that this year marks the 70th anniversary since the outbreak of the Korean War. He shared that “the Presidential Citation was being awarded to the Town of Barnstable to recognize its outstanding endeavors to honor Korean War veterans by providing a space for the memorial, for their excellent association with the KWVA, and for the immaculate management of the memorial. By doing so the town has greatly contributed to the public education of the Korean War, the importance of freedom and peace, and to remembering the war heroes.”

In accepting the Presidential Citation from Consul General Kim, Town Council President Paul Hebert shared that it was a tremendous honor for the town to receive such a prestigious award and expressed his hope “that deep in our hearts someday there will be absolute peace between the two countries of Korea.”

Larry Cole, coleslawone@yahoo.com

142 COL. WILLIAM E. WEBER [MD]

Each year we award two scholarships for higher education to descendants of Korean War veterans. The 2020/2021 school year scholarships went to brothers Maxwell and Philip Donaldson, who both sent heartfelt “thank you” letters (see nearby) recognizing the chapter’s commitment to education.

Representatives of the Council of Korean Churches of Greater Washington presented gifts to chapter members. Reverend Stephen J. Kim, President of the Council of Korean Churches of Greater Washington, and two assistants visited our Executive Meeting on October 6, 2020 outside VFW AMVETS Post #2. The representatives thanked members for their service during the Korean War and presented each veteran with an honorary vest, a memorial wall hanging thanking all UN member countries who participated in defending Korea, and three high tech COVID 19 protective masks.

Linda Crilly, Ch. Webmaster, CID142Webmaster@gmail.com, or Glenn Wienhoff, cid142kwva@gmail.com

The Korean War Memorial at Barnstable, MA

Guests practice proper social distancing and mask techniques at Barnstable, MA presentation

Reverend, Bob Mount, Bill Fox, Wendell Murphy, Commander Becker, Chip Chipley, Gene Rinehart, Rodney Hall, Council representative, Hi Sook Park, Council representative, and Glenn Wienhoff (L-R) at Ch. 142 ceremony

189 CENTRAL FLORIDA EAST COAST [FL]

Commander Joseph G. Sicinski presented an award to Mrs. Carla Howe, Director of Daytona Beach Vet Center Readjustment Counseling Services. Ms. Howe detailed the services available to our veterans in need at our 15 September 2020 meeting.

Similarly, he presented an award to Brigadier General (U.S. Army ret.) Ernest C. Audino, who was our
guest speaker on 18 August 2002. General Audino is Florida District 6 Director for U.S. Congressman Michael Waltz. He presented a detailed overview of China’s activities around the world.

Joseph Sicinski, sicinskij@aol.com

251 SAGINAW-FRANKENMUTH [MI]

We held our annual Veterans Day Rose of Sharon Fund Drive at Pat’s Food Center, Freeland, MI, on November 6 and 7. We did very well in raising funds. This was our only sales location this year due to the pandemic.

Richard Carpenter, 4915 N. River Rd., Freeland, MI 48623

258 NORTHERN RHODE ISLAND [RI]

“They Came In Peace”

On a beautiful October day members and secretary/photographer Margaret Walsh attended a private showing of the new Beirut Memorial Monument in Providence, Rhode Island. Ed Kane, one of our members, has been working tirelessly with others to bring this monument to fruition. This monument is dedicated to the nine Rhode Island Marines who lost their lives in the Beirut barracks bombing in 1983.

Have a Mini-Reunion?
Send your photos and a short write-up to The Graybeards editor for publication!
These Marines were part of the multinational peacekeeping forces who were housed in the barracks. The Beirut bombing killed 241 U.S. servicemen and wounded another 128 Americans. The images of the Marines face the walkway and out to the Providence River. It was an honor to view this very special memorial monument. We thank Ed Kane for the invitation.

Margaret Walsh, Secretary/Photographer, 311 Hardig Rd., B205, Warwick, RI 02886

The nearby photograph was taken to acknowledge and thank The National Unification Advisory Council and the Republic of Korea government for its generosity. Three shipments of various items were received by our members. The first shipment contained disposable masks that were distributed to all members and immediate family (household members).

The next shipment contained snacks, Ginseng tea, a Korean War veteran’s magazine, and a card/note from a Korean National expressing her thanks for our veterans’ services in Korea. The third box came from the ROK Navy (CAPT Kim) containing forty disposable masks and 5 reusable masks.

Harold Kametani, halkam31@gmail.com

Considering the COVID situation, plus the fact we now have new leadership, we are proceeding with the same vigor as always!

Dick Malsack, PIO, 931-707-7292, kaslam2001@yahoo.com

Part of the audience at a recent Ch. 297 meeting, with the social distancing illustrated

Newly elected Ch. 297 Commander Gene Ferris makes a point while Treasurer Pete Staab and Secretary Robin Piacini wait to present their reports

Secretary Robin Piacini of Ch. 297 reads the minutes of the previous meeting while Cmdr. Gene Ferris and Treasurer Pete Staab look on

Robert “Sam” Fevellla, President; George Okamoto, Treasurer; Mike Takamatsu, 1st VP; Warren Nishida, Secretary; Young Shshido, Past President, Maui Korean Community Association; Bobby Luuwai, Sgt.-at-Arms; Royal Vista, 2nd VP; (seated); and Harold Kametani, Historian (L-R) of Ch. 282 gathered to thank the National Unification Advisory Council and the Republic of Korea government for its generosity.
We distributed 4,500 masks to hospitals, nursing homes, veterans centers, churches, and the Military Welcome Center at the local airport.

Each year we donate funds to provide meals for up to 100 individuals who would not otherwise have a Thanksgiving meal. Horace Whetstone, 1516 SW 69th St., Lawton, OK 73505, 580-713-1373, stonlo@att.net

On behalf of the chapter we to thank the following individuals and businesses for their generous contributions for the Wall of Remembrance for the 36,574 men and women who lost their lives in the Korean War:

Ellie Kassab, SHE America, Jean Jacobson, Jan and Steve Oliva, John and Michele Rudi, and Handy Andy’s, for a total of $4,770 in memory of the 39 veterans from Vancouver, WA USA:


To show their families that 67 years later, they still matter to us all. God bless them and their sacrifices that they made on the behalf of the South Korean people.

The money raised so far is $81,074. The total raised in 2020 is $13,647.00.
Edward L Barnes, 13816 NE Laurin Rd., Vancouver, WA 98662, 360-695-2180, MelLoyd59@yahoo.com

William McDonald, Treasurer Marilyn Janosko, President Aaron Boone, Salvation Army Station Commander Major Robbins, Director Jerry Houghton, and VP Horace Whetstone (L-R) of Ch. 319 at Thanksgiving meal fund distribution event

President Eddie Bell of the Department of Texas presents medal to Willie D. Grove of Pharr, Texas. President Bell drove over six hours each way to make the presentation.
Maureen Jouett, Secretary/Treasurer, mjouett1953@gmail.com

Department of Texas President Eddie Bell Sr. presented a Korean Appreciation medallion to Willie D. Grove of Pharr, Texas. President Bell drove over six hours each way to make the presentation.
My father, Kyungjin Choi, was born in Pyongyang, Korea in 1928. He was a university student in Seoul when the Korean War broke out on 25 June 1950. When the DPRK captured Seoul he successfully evaded detection and capture while hiding within the city. He was recruited by the U.S. Army to infiltrate behind enemy lines and gather intelligence because he understood and could speak English and he had a mastery of the North Korean dialect and intimate knowledge of Pyongyang and the surrounding area.

Although we do not know for sure, we believe he joined the Korean Liaison Office (KLO) before the outbreak of the war. He told me he was counseled by one of his professors to sign up. This indicates that he joined before the war. He would later serve with 8240 Army Unit, United Nations Partisan Forces Korea, from January 1951, from when it was formed, until 1954, when the unit was integrated into the ROK Army.

A review of published histories indicates the 308th CIC Detachment and KMAG G-2 recruited Koreans to cross into North Korea to gather intelligence in the period prior to the war’s outbreak and in the initial phases of the war in the form of the KLO. The 8th Army later took on the intelligence collection mission.

It would appear from the timing of my father’s enlistment that he may have been recruited either by the 308th CIC Detachment or the 442nd CIC Detachment once it was tasked with the intelligence gathering mission by Far East Command. The 442nd was formed from personnel of the 441st CIC Detachment who had been deployed from Japan in the early weeks of the war.

My father went on to serve with AU 8240 from its inception in January 1951, the 442nd CIC DET being subsumed by that unit once Far East Command Liaison Group (FEC-LG) took on the mission. It later grew into the Combined Command for Reconnaissance Activities, Korea (CCRAK).

I believe my father was with the KLO because he recounted to me viewing vast numbers of Chinese troops crossing the Yalu River into northern Korea in October 1950. He could only have been that far north on a KLO mission at that time and must have had training and preparation from the Americans before being trusted on such a mission. Unfortunately, he did not remember which U.S. unit he may have been working with/for, only that he worked for the Americans.

In January 1951, before the formation of AU 8240, he was
on the outskirts of Pyongyang with his unit when the Chinese launched their offensive driving UN forces south of Seoul. While there he coincidentally encountered his older brother, who informed him the communists had taken over their family home in Pyongyang and his family had told them he had been killed in the early stages of the war. His brother told him to stay there and he would bring his father to see him in the morning, but his unit received orders to withdraw that night and he never saw any of his family members again.

He remembered being sent to infiltrate communist guerilla forces sometime in 1951 in the Jiri Mountain area of Cheolla Province as part of a four-man team and being apprehended by South Korean forces. He was fortunate to survive. The ROKs were not gentle with suspected North Korean guerrillas. One of the men on his team was killed by South Korean security forces. The Jiri Mountain area was heavily infested with North Korean stay-behind personnel and South Korean communists and was a serious thorn in the side of the UN forces.

He also had a photo of himself labeled Haeju Operation 20 October. No year given. It may have been 1951, as UN forces had already moved north and taken Pyongyang before 20 October 1950. So far we have found no information on such an operation. Perhaps someone reading this can help.

My father was highly complimentary of his U.S. handlers and greatly impressed by their professionalism and dedication. Unfortunately, he remembered no names. He was a company commander in AU 8240 due to his education, his family’s aristocratic background in Pyongyang, and his take-no-prisoners attitude towards the mission.

My father survived the war, became a successful small business owner in Seoul, and emigrated to the United States with my family in 1973. He died in February 2009. He did not tell me about his AU 8240 service until the year before his death. Unfortunately, he could not give me much detail beyond the experiences he remembered.

The Korean partisan veterans I am in contact with in Korea are all younger than my father and joined the unit later in the war, so they have no information on the early days of the war. I hope someone reading this may have been involved in the early days of the KLO program in Korea with the 308th or 441st/442nd CIC Detachments.

My father was one of the few Korean partisans who succeeded in keeping photos from his time with the partisans in the war. I am including several of them with this article in the hope someone may recognize themselves or a comrade. I also hope someone may have knowledge of the KLO recruiting campaign and the screening and vetting process for prospec-
tive Korean line crossers.

The KLO program and AU 8240 are lesser known aspects of the Korean War. The partisans were all northern Koreans, with no roots in the ROK, so their integration in South Korea after the war was challenging. Due to their noticeable North Korean dialects many South Koreans treated them with suspicion. The ROK government did not recognize them as veterans until only recently. Many eventually came to the United States, like my father.

Partisan veterans still living in South Korea have found their way together and there is an AU 8240 veterans’ association which conducts a ceremony each September at a monument they erected 1 September 2001 on Kyodongdo Island, one of the main bases for the partisans. The monument looks across the bay to the Ongjin Peninsula, now in North Korea, where many of the partisans came from.

In U.S. histories of the Korean War, the partisans are mentioned mostly in connection with the first groups of U.S. Special Forces soldiers who took over as advisors in AU 8240 in 1953, well after the heyday of line crossing and partisans operations. Rarely is the role of the CIC detachments in the formation of the KLO mentioned.

I recently purchased a unit stone honoring Army Unit 8240 at the National Museum of the United States Army. In June 2012 we dedicated a unit stone honoring the unit at the Airborne and Special Operations Museum in Fayetteville, North Carolina.

I can be contacted at timmoni15@yahoo.com or phone 571 419 8915. I hope to hear from some of you. Thank you!
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3/10
The Korean War Veterans Association (KWVA) was very well represented in the Washington, D.C. area during Veterans’ Day week as President Jeff Brodeur paid several calls and attended numerous events and meetings in the National Capital Region.

On Monday, he visited the National Museum of the Marine Corps (NMMC) at Quantico, VA. After touring the museum with docent and National Director Col. Rocky Harder, USMC (Ret.) as his guide, Jeff and Rocky were joined by National Director Col. Warren Wiedhahn, USMC (Ret.) and new Public Affairs Coordinator Major Fred (“Flash”) Lash, USMC (Ret.) for lunch at Tun Tavern, the museum’s premiere restaurant.

While having lunch, Jeff was introduced to the President of the Marine Corps Heritage Foundation, MajGen James A. Kessler, USMC (Ret.), the museum’s Public Affairs Chief, Gwenn Adams, and the deputy director of the NMMC, Dave Vickers.

The following day, Brodeur visited our wounded warriors and staff at Walter Reed Military Hospital in Bethesda, MD and presented several KWVA challenge coins to those veterans. He also met with Gen. Jim McConville and LtGen Gary Brito, explaining to them the structure of the KWVA and the role that the Korean War veterans play in carrying on many of our proud military traditions and actively supporting our active duty wounded warriors.

During the evening prior to Veterans’ Day, Brodeur visited the Korean War Veterans’ Memorial in Washington, paying his respects to all the members of the Armed Forces of the United States who paid the ultimate sacrifice during their service in the Korean War.

On Veterans’ Day, Brodeur attended the Wreath-Laying Ceremony at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arlington National Cemetery, representing the KWVA. President and Commander-in-Chief Donald Trump, Vice President Mike Pence, and Secretary Wilke were present to lay the wreath, along with other representatives of numerous Veterans Service Organizations (VSO).

Brodeur reported that “It was raining throughout most of the ceremony and security was very tight.”

Fred Lash, fredanddonnalash@verizon.net
“Rocky” Harder (L) and Warren Wiedhahn (R) with KWVA President Jeff Brodeur in front of an F-4U Corsair (Korean War era) at the National Museum of the Marine Corps on Monday, November 9, 2020.

U.S. President Trump (R), Vice President Pence (C), and unidentified dignitary at Arlington National Cemetery on Veterans Day 2020.

Dignitaries and guests gather at Arlington National Cemetery on Veterans Day 2020.

Streamers galore mark Veterans Day 2020 at Arlington National Cemetery.
Flying High

Stanley Grogan was assigned initially to the 581st Air Squadron at Clark Air Base in the Philippines, a CIA affiliate. He also served with the 91st Strategic Reconnaissance Wing and the 68th Fighter Interceptor Squadron. He served in several capacities with those units as the nearby photos show.

“I checked out in both the F-82 G and the F-94 B,” he said. “Later, on my second combat tour I served as radar navigator in the RB-29A. Its top speed was about 190 mph. The first two RB-29As were destroyed. Mine survived.

“An F-82G was the first plane to shoot down an enemy aircraft in Korea. The pilot flew the aircraft from the left cockpit, while the radar intercept officer occupied the right cockpit with its radar equipment.

“The spot between the cockpits housed both radar units. The wing areas contained 50 caliber machine guns and unguided rockets.”

“It was notably effective against troop trains and a variety of other targets. The last of these ‘Blackbirds,’ as they were called, was flown from Itzakawa Air Base to Alaska, and it sent reconnaissance information along the route.
He was able to do some flying after he retired, courtesy of the various services, although not in a combat role.

“Any retired military person of any branch of the service may fly on USAF, U.S. Navy, or U.S. Marine Corps aircraft at no charge,” he explained. “I have flown from Travis Air Force Base in California to Hawaii on many occasions. On one flight the crew let me sit in the cockpit on the flight across the Pacific. It was quite an honor.”

Stanley Grogan, 2585 Moraga Dr., Pinole, CA 94564

A Hawaiian beach hotel at which Stanley Grogan spent some time. It was the same hotel at which Mark Twain wrote many of his stories.

HOORAH for Engineers

From Charley Co., 8th Combat Eng Reunion, Colorado Springs, CO, 2000

Greetings from a Korean War veteran born March 30, 1930 in a small coal mining town in Pennsylvania called Mahonoy City, founded in the 1800s by immigrants from Europe. All became citizens and spoke English in the streets and stores. They spoke their own language in their homes. All worked in the mines. There were few exceptions, except for those who worked in the town.
Although they were exempt from the service during WWII, those who were eligible joined. All flew the flag on their front porches, and when not working in the mines on weekends they sat on their front porches relaxing. One further note: all the towns around were populated by coal miners.

My mom’s family came from Poland. My dad’s hailed from Hungary. Dad’s family name when they came was Horauch. After immigration it was changed to Horas for some reason. Why? Who knows? So be it. Anyway, I call myself a Hungarian-American with a name that means hours in Spanish.

My family comprised Jack and Bob, my two brothers. Dad worked in the Pollock mines. Mom was a housemaid. We left Mahanoy City to live in the country, in a place called Hosensock. I was five when I started school. It was a one-room building with one teacher, Miss Dowling, who taught all eight grades. I was pretty smart. I finished 2nd in my class. There were only two of us in it.

In high school I took commercial courses, such as shorthand and typing. Mom worked for a lawyer who was head of the local Coal Miners Union. He told Mom he could get me into West Point—if I wanted to go. I wasn’t prepared, so I declined the offer. Instead, I went to California to work for mom’s brother, who owned Ace Transfer Co. A year later, in 1948, I joined the Army. I took basic training at Fort Ord, California and underwent Engineer Training at Ft. Lewis, Washington. Then I moved on to Camp Drake, Osaka, Japan with Charlie Co., 8th Engineers Combat Battalion. I was still in Japan when the Korean War broke out in June 1950.

A month later, in July, we were sent to Korea. I was there until November 2, 1950. During that time we were involved in combat, front line, and engineering duties. We would take up mine fields and plant mines and remove and plant booby traps.

My squad’s first job was to detonate a bridge on the main road coming from North Korea. We succeeded in blowing the bridge just when we heard the noise of approaching tanks and infantry. We got out of there as fast as we could. A job well done. Later I found out the officer who was with us got a medal for sitting on his butt with the detonator while we did all the work.

After more combat engineering duties, sleeping on the ground, and eating C-rations we were given R & R in a schoolhouse in the rear. Some R&R! While there we were shelled by mortars hitting outside the building. One night two Koreans got into the kitchen area and killed a cook before being killed themselves.

One morning I went outside and saw the ground sloping away from the building. I did not know why, but I thought about how when I was a kid my friends and I would slide down similar slopes on pieces of cardboard.

Yup! I got one and reached the top of the slope. I started sliding down. About halfway down a bullet hit the ground on my right. Two more hit and I stopped. Below I could hear and see some men firing their guns. I yelled at them to let them know who I was. They yelled back that it wasn’t them doing the firing.

As it turned out, it was a sniper in the trees doing the firing. The soldiers below quickly killed him. I got down the hill as fast as I could. So much for R & R, although it wasn’t all that bad. I got to sleep in a clean bed, ate cooked meals, and relaxed for a while. I also got to see Bob Hope on tour.

After R&R ended we went to Pusan to assist in a breakout, as the engineers were to be a front group taking up mines, booby traps, etc. In order to move out we had to cross the Nakteong River. There were no bridges for tanks or trucks, so the night before Charlie Co. (that was us) spent all night filling sandbags to make a sandbag bridge so vehicles could cross.

From Pusan we fought our way to Unsan. (Just a footnote from a friend: he told me the bridge was still there with a memorial stone.) As we were attacking and taking a mountain, we were walking near the top past some dead folks. I heard a noise on my left side. I turned in that directions and saw a “body” turning on its side with a gun pointing at me. Luckily, another soldier saw and shot him before he could fire. Lucky me.
By Chuck Rickett

You included my article in the November/December 2016 Graybeards about the 176th AFAB that I served with in Korea. After reading all of the information in the recent May/June Graybeards, I realized that I had never communicated “How I ended up in Korea.” Here is the story.

I spent part of 1949/1950 in Florida. When I returned home I contacted the U.S. Coast Guard and passed the Testing and Physical and was scheduled to go to the Coast Guard Academy in New London CT in the fall. During the summer I was offered a job opportunity, so I contacted the Coast Guard.

I received a notice to come down and make arrangements for induction and assignment. I called them and said I was working and did not want to move forward. They were not pleased with my decision. So, here is the rest of the story on how I ended up in Korea.

I had spent most of the summer with my friends from Wayne University and my fraternity brothers in TARA. Because I had not yet turned twenty, I hadn’t planned on getting involved in the Korean Conflict, as all of the military services were operating on a volunteer basis. By the first of August the President and Congress had authorized a peacetime draft.

Before my birthday on August 14th, I received my draft notice to report for induction into the Army in early September. I am convinced that the Coast Guard had something to do with the whole thing after I backed out of going to the Coast Guard Academy.

I was inducted at Ft. Wayne in Detroit on September 11, 1950, and was sent to Ft. Knox, KY. From there I was sent to Camp Custer in Battle Creek, MI, where I was assigned to an Anti-aircraft Battalion for basic training that was only eight weeks long. After basic training I was reassigned to the same AA unit at Camp Custer as a Company Clerk, because I could type and I had some office experience.

On my first weekend pass I returned home to pick up my car. I kept it in a parking garage in Battle Creek. That way I could use it on weekends for going to Romeo. Sometimes I went to MSC to visit friends. After being assigned to the AA Battalion at Camp Custer, I applied for Officers Candidate School at the OCS school at Ft. Bliss, TX, but first I had to attend a Leadership Training School.

Before I could be sent there the AA Unit I was in received orders to go to the European Theater of Operations. We were ordered to report to Camp Kilmer, NJ. When I arrived at Camp Kilmer, I went to the Adjutant General Office and pointed out that Army Regulations prevented the reassignment of any personnel out of the country once you have been accepted in Officers Candidate School.

At this time I was removed from the shipping orders to Germany and put on temporary duty as a prison chaser. Camp Kilmer, located just outside New Brunswick, NJ, was about a 45-minute train ride to New York City. A prison chaser is a person who is sent to escort military personnel who had been picked up by local authorities back to a military base.

Most of the personnel were AWOL as they did not want to leave the country so they simply did not report for duty on time.

Thomas Horas, Apt. 605, 205 Highway A1A, Satellite Beach, FL 32937
When not “chasing,” I was free to go into New York City to see baseball games or go to TV shows, because the base would have a supply of tickets or free passes.

I was subsequently assigned to Leadership School at Ft. Dix NJ, just outside Trenton, NJ, only about thirty minutes from Sea Side Heights, NJ, where there is a famous boardwalk, an amusement park, and great beaches. I was at Camp Kilmer in the spring and at Ft. Dix during the summer of 1951. I finished leadership school and was waiting for assignment to Ft. Bliss, TX for OCS. The army changed the assignment, and I was sent to the Artillery OCS at Ft. Sill, OK, which is just outside Lawton, OK.

I reported to Ft. Sill in early October and was assigned to class number ten. I started OCS, but because of the strenuous physical exercise programs and an old high school back injury, I reinjured my back and missed a week of classes. Subsequently I became disillusioned with the program. I was also not pleased with the way candidates were treated by the upper classmates and full-time training personnel.

The Army allowed a candidate to resign from OCS after six weeks. I resigned, along with another candidate from Detroit who I had met at Ft. Dix. We were given a two-week leave at Thanksgiving and told to report to Ft. Lewis, WA, which is near the Port of Embarkation in Seattle, WA. In Leadership School I was a Corporal; upon completion I was awarded the rank of Sergeant.

I was sent to Camp Drake in Tokyo and my friend was sent to Alaska. I arrived in Japan the day before Christmas, after having been on the troopship General Buckner for four days. I spent a week at Camp Drake and then went to Korea, arriving at Inchon on December 30, 1951. I was assigned to the 176th Field Artillery Battalion, part of I Corps, which was camped north of Seoul near Panmunjom and the Imjin River, where the peace talks were just getting started.

The 176th was a self-propelled 105 MM Field Artillery Battalion that, along with the 11th ROK, was supporting the peace talks. There were four forward batteries that fired their guns every night over Panmunjom to keep the North Koreans from advancing or causing problems for the South Korean and American personnel who were conducting negotiations. I was assigned to the Headquarters Battery as a Sgt., and was in charge of the administrative recordkeeping of the Battalion.

This unit was from the Pennsylvania National Guard. It was federalized in the latter part of 1950 and sent to Korea in early 1951. They had been on duty for almost a year when we arrived on January 1, 1952. The batteries were from Lewistown, Danville, Sunbury, and Waynesboro, in central Pennsylvania. Most of the personnel were related, close friends, or members of the same families.

We were among the first replacement troops this unit had received since they had arrived in Korea, and there were about fifty of us. We were treated like kings, with a very special New Year’s Day meal that included turkey and ham with all of the trimmings and freshly made ice cream.

The Headquarters and Service Batteries were encamped in a large Korean park that had been used by the local people for picnics. It had a stream running through it and a lot of stone animal and religious sculptures and stone benches. It took about a week to get familiar with our camp and make all the assignments and changes of personnel.

We were paid in military script, and we had monthly alcohol and tobacco rations that I used for trading with other military personnel. In the eight months I spent in Korea, I was able to save almost $2,000 dollars by selling my rations.

We had portable showers a few miles away that we could use. However, because of the cold nighttime temperatures most of us took sponge baths. The daytime temperatures were in the 40s to 50s, but we had to clean up after dark, and it was always below freezing then. We had a large metal Quonset-type building that was used as the kitchen and dining facility. It also served as a recreation hall for movies and card games in the evening.

I had the opportunity to go to Seoul on almost a weekly basis to secure supplies and payrolls. We were paid in military script, and we had monthly alcohol and tobacco rations that I used for trading with other military personnel. In the eight months I spent in Korea, I was able to save almost $2,000 dollars by selling my rations. I used this money to buy a new car when I was discharged in September of 1952.

We had cabin boys for each tent. They were Korean boys who were too young to be in their Army and did not have an opportunity to go to school. The cabin boys would take care of the clean-up and keeping the area policed. We provided them with room and board and some spending money that they sent home to their families. Our cabin boy was Moon Suk.

The framed tents we lived in housed twelve men each. They had wooden floor pallets that were made from ammo cases. We had some teenage Korean girls who would come each day and pick up laundry that needed washing. They would return the next day with it washed, ironed, and folded. We stayed at this location for three months and then received orders to strike our camp.

We moved to central Korea, which was still engaged in more traditional types of warfare than we had been involved in up to that point. It took us an entire day to get to our new area that was only 65 miles away. It was located in North Korea on the Pukhan River. The river was about 300 yards wide, and there were North Korean troops on the other side of it.

Again, we would only fire our guns during the night hours, as that was when the North Koreans would try to advance under the cover of night. During the days we would attend to all of the other things that had to be done to maintain the battalion. This location was north of Chunchon, as we were north of the 38th parallel. We were between the Iron Triangle and Heartbreak Ridge, which were famous battle areas in the early part of the war.

The area was very mountainous and we used to go exploring in the hills behind our camp. We found all kinds of things left over from the retreating troops. Occasionally we would find the
remains of a North or South Korean or Chinese soldier. The Master Sergeant of our Headquarters Battery was sent back to the states on an emergency leave, and was gone for almost two months. During his leave I held the temporary rank of Master Sergeant, and was responsible for all of the administrative activities of our unit.

Shortly after his return I received orders to go to Japan for the trip back to the United States. I spent a week in Sasebo, Japan before going to Yokohama to board a troopship home. The trip back took seven days, and there were over 5,000 personnel on the ship. When we arrived in Seattle, we went directly to Camp Carson in Colorado Springs, CO, where I was discharged on September 2, 1952.

Chuck Rickett, 224-343-6163, ccandplr55@comcast.net

FROM CHOSIN TO ETERNITY

Chosin Reservoir, Korea

2 December 1950, Korea: Pvt. Ed Reeves wakes and listens to a whisper from a sleeping bag: "That's smoke!"

Ed calls, "Hey, Driver; where's the smoke coming from?"

Driver replies, "ChiCom [Chinese Communists] are burning trucks at the front of the column. They're throwing gas and grenades in. Burning trucks and everything. Some guys are trying to climb out of the fire. They shoot them."

Driver gives a running description of burnings and executions. Vehicle by vehicle screaming men enter eternity.

Private Reeves is prepared for death by bullet, exploding shell, bayonet thrust. He's been a partner to death for some time, but now he squirms in his sleeping bag at the thought of burning alive. At 36 below zero he's sweating! He prays, "God. I don't have a right to ask you anything. Just take this fear from me and let me die like a man. I'll be seeing you soon. In Jesus' name, Amen."

"It's our turn," Driver calls, "HERE THEY COME!" Driver shouts insults as the enemy approaches: "ChiCom are the most rotten examples of manhood ever produced," when, POW-THWACK. A rifle shot gives Driver what he wants—he doesn't die burning.

ChiCom fuss around the fuel tanks but find no gas. Bullet holes leaked the fuel along the road. Two walk to the rear of the truck. Tailgate holds out an offering of cigarettes to the enemy, saying, "Maybe we can still make friends with these jokers." A shot slams ChiCom off the tailgate. His peace offerings flip through the air.

Ed's halfway out of his sleeping bag, watching. One walks around the truck shooting the wounded sheltered below. Another shoots into the truck from the tailgate—one shot in each head. Conscious GIs calmy watch their executioner. No plea. No show of fear. Ed thinks, I got to serve with these men. Honored to be among them. No one will ever know how brave they are.

The ChiCom up on the truck's side leans over the bench-back to make sure of each shot. Starts with a GI in the middle of the truck bed, works forward; one shot between each pair of eyes. Gonna die now and I'm not frightened.

Ed's amazed at the peace God gives. Now I go to Jesus. The head of the GI to his left slams against the truck bed, bounces, then down, relaxing in death. Ed's flesh from the last GI has been blown into his open mouth.

Why bother—it's my turn. Ed's eyes follow the rifle's movement for the shot to his head. Looks up the rifle barrel at the unblinking eyes of his executioner. Sees the trigger squeeze. Expecting to instantly see his Lord, he says, "Jesus, here I come." The shot, muzzle blast, and thunk of the round hitting truck metal all come as one. He's knocked flat. "I'M NOT DEAD!" he thinks in amazement. "YOU CAN'T MISS THIS CLOSE!" Opens his eyes, expecting another shot. The man with the rifle pauses, climbs off the truck. Ed hears their voices fade, joining others on the ridge.

We breathe the heritage Ed Reeves and his fellow soldiers determine. Ed enters Korea with a regulation body. In short order he's blown eight feet in the air. In the longer order, he'll lose all fingers and thumbs and his feet and legs below the knees to freezing Korea.

The Korean War is a victory, every battle a victory, but each victory carries its loss. Important? Read the news: Korea may be a sticky step in our world's do-si-do, but a night satellite photo shows South Korea lit up, North Korea a blackout. North Korean people are the most oppressed, misled people on earth; South Korea is an energized free democracy, leading the world in two important exports:

- Ship tonnage for the world's oceans
- Christian missionaries abroad

When Pvt. Reeves looks up that barrel, where's me? I turn four in 1950. We got no stinkin' TV. For ten cents, I get my life at the movies. The Braumart Theatre hands me Hopalong Cassidy. The Braumart Theatre hands me my career in THE NEWS OF THE DAY: Sabre jet pilot! Who can forget the circus music and swirling images and war clips of jet fighters fightin'. That's for me! Rootin', tootin', shootin' down evil MIGs. No idle hanker! For ten years I build plastic model airplanes and hang em' from the ceiling. Cover my walls with plane spotter charts, friendly & enemy.

Graduate high school in 1964. Off to college at seventeen. Vietnam grabbin' headlines, and I think, Good! When I graduate college in '68, join the Air Force, knock down MIGs. Living I neglect takin' the '66 "Draft Deferment Test," and I'm off to roll Army cai: sons: Basic at Fort Polk, AIT at Fort Knox, and, in March '67, I fly to Korea: sixteen months with the 2/72nd Armor.

Two weeks after the jet touches me down at Kimpo, I'm drivin'...
my dream-machine—an M-48-AC tank—over Liberty Bridge, into the DMZ. DMZ is a scene change. Denuded mountains surround our 2nd/72nd compound. DMZ is a thick forest. Even in daylight, can't see 100 yards in any direction. I’m a new guy, so just before my night guard duty, TC whispers, “Siberian Tigers still roam this DMZ.” No moon. Solid pitch. One hand vise-grips the M-14, the other fumbles down each tank I pass. If I don't breathe, tigers won't track.

Genuine war clouds roll over Korea ten months later: January 1968, North Korea’s Kim Il Sung orders 31 commandos south to the presidential Blue House in Seoul. Their mission: “Cut off President Park's head and bring it back to me in North Korea.” Old Testament stuff!

A few hundred yards shy of President Park's palace, a South Korean colonel dies stopping the commandos, and Seoul becomes a sub-machine gun shooting gallery. For the next two sub-zero-weeks, we stand guard in trenches atop snow covered mountains, stopping the intruders on their home run north. Twenty-nine commandos die. Two live. One gets through us, back north. One is captured and decides he's happier in the south. One GI killed in our battalion.

Two days after the assassination attempt, we're still standing commando watch atop mountains when the North Korean navy—in international waters—captures “The Pueblo,” a U.S. Navy Intelligence ship. Only General Bonesteel and Cyrus Vance keep President Park from “GOING NORTH” and starting Korean War Number Two.

I've been promoted from tanker to legal clerk of the 2/72nd., so I'm in and out of the field command center, Colonel M. muttering, “This is it. It is going to happen!” It doesn't. But, seventeen years back, it happens for Pvt. Ed Reeves.

PFC Ed Reeves dies in 2010. In 2019 Korea vet Dave hands me Ed's book, Beautiful Feet & Real Peace. Looks like a real sleeping pill—I open it late at night and read. On page 18 Pvt. Reeves observes, “Nothin' seen movin' don't mean nothin's out there,” and the bear trap clamps my throat—like Platoon's night jungle scene as the Cong creep incrementally toward the sleepy GI on guard. Each nod gains the Cong a bush. Reading Reeves—“don't mean nothin's out there”—I can't catch a breath for fifty pages!

Finish the book next day, exhausted and exhilarated. Got a new career: find a way to crush his words into celluloid! I love Unbroken, the recent WWII movie, and Reeves’ experience is every bit as intense.

Dave takes me to Ed's widow, Beverly. I say, “It is my intention to do what I can—with God's help—to see Ed's book become a movie.” Beverly surprises me: “Back around 2007, some men shot videos of Ed discussing his life. A year after Ed passed, one called, offering me $70,000 for the movie rights to Ed's life. He wasn't a Christian, so I turned him down.” Beverly gives me a copy of Ed's book, signs it, “May the Lord’s will be done.”

I fire the book off to the Kendrick Brothers, Georgia's makers of fine Christian movies. They fire it back, graciously explaining they don't take unsolicited material, but: “Know we do not want to discourage your vision and heart for the Lord. Trust Him to open the right doors because He can do what we cannot.”

Encouragement. Disappointment. If at first you don’t slide onto easy street, then try the avenue of prayer, patience and trust.

Half a year blinks before a fresh glow arrives: who would love a new Korean War movie? The men who were there! And their families!

I get out my entrenching tool and dig into Ed’s book: expedite this, summarize that, paint it with a present-tense-edge. May this be a step to usher the Reeve movie into your theater. Now, back to the Book of Ed!
FLASHBACK:

Hello Korea

Late summer, 1950: Boarding the ship for Inchon, Korea, Pvt. Ed Reeves gazes back at Japan's peaceful mountains while an American civilian at the gangplank speaks to the soldiers boarding up ahead. Ed will walk this plank and get an upgrade for eternity. He shuffles up, takes the small Gideon New Testament, slips it in his shirt pocket with a quiet, "Thank you." For Ed this plank is also an assembly line to a surgical lathe's world-of-pain. The little Book will be ready for Ed when he needs it the most. Because this fallen world's way is to give us trouble, Ed will come to cherish the Book every page of his life.

As a boy he prayed and asked Jesus into his life, but now he'll keep faith a secret, talking the crude army slang so buddies won't laugh and tag him Deacon or Preacher.

Inchon turns the Korean War around, and Ed turns nineteen on a Navy ship heading up the east coast of Korea to be unloaded and marched up the rugged Hamgyong Mountains and help close out this war. Be home by Christmas.

Daytime, 27 NOV 1950, Korea: Ed hears plenty about what commies do to our POWs, and tells his ROK [Republic of Korea] buddy, "Hey, Ho! If we get cornered in a bad fight, they'll never take me alive!"


"But," the ROK officer replies, "that would kill your family!"

She pleads, "It's all very bad now. Kill everything."

A new anger smolders inside Ed—no more doubts why he's fighting—the paddies below these barren mountains may not be worth one life, but if he dies fighting an anti-God system that turns human beings into slaves, it is worth it.

That night in 1950: Ed and Ho dig in at the Chosin Reservoir, soon to be the site of the most savage engagement for the U.S. military in the 20th century.

Ed joins Ho standing in the foxhole taking first watch. Head just above ground, he listens, squints into the bitter Siberian breeze: 36 degrees-below-zero. In short supply: arctic sleeping bags, gloves, and winter clothing. Miles back: tanks, supplies and support units.

Why worry? War's almost over! Tomorrow, with all units in place, the clincher starts as they push for the Yalu River.

In the pitch black Ed and Ho hear off-key bugles echoing between the ridges. Out of sight, a giant ChiCom choir begins their war chant. Troops in white camouflage charge their ridge. Ed hesitates—his unit wears white camouflage parkas. Shouts mix with whistles and horns. That ain't GI noise, and Ed identifies the Soviet burp-guns. Wide-eyed Ho shouts, "EH-DEE!!! CHI-NEE!!! EH-DEE, CHI-NEE!!"

"I know, I know," Eddie mumbles, firing from the foxhole. Bunches of ChiCom fall at their feet, but others, Eddie groans, "Already behind us."

Ed yells at Ho, "Ki-yah-ko, tiki eemah!" ["Hurry; we're walkin' right now!"] Rolling over the back of the hole, they run right through the surging enemy. Ed hears GI shouts from a mini-perimeter.

Ed and Ho hit the dirt. From behind a mound Ed hullers "GIs comin' in!" Ahead an order barks, "Hold your fire. GI's coming in." Machine-gun fire stops. Ed and Ho sprint forward, joining the M-Company farmhouse command post.

An officer points Ed and Ho to the end of a wood fence: "Get those rifles working. The whole Chinese army's trying to come through here." Only thing not receiving enemy fire is the farmer's manure pile, higher than the fence. Ed climbs the manure and sits. The open cold takes a vicious bite, but view of flanks better. Ho stands by the pile, poking and pointing with his rifle, directing Ed to enemy closing in.

Late in the night Ed looks down. Ho's gone! Wounded? Dead? Out of ammo, Ed sees a bloody M2-carbine on the side of the manure pile. Soldiers claim this carbine will not stop an enemy, will malfunction in the cold. No choice. Find out. Two full magazines, 60 rounds! Enough to last till dawn? Night can't last forever, he assures himself.

28 November 1950: Dawn behind the mountains brings air support, attacking enemy on the perimeter. Snowy battleground's littered with enemy bodies. Surrendering ChiCom put in farmer's shed.

Officer comes out of CP and points at Ed: "Soldier, come here." Ed takes two steps—WHANG—an exploding shell blows Ed higher than the CP roof. Wham, back on earth, sits up, fighting for breath. Tries to get up, but legs won't work. Sits and watches the blood run out of his legs and feet. How much can I lose before my heart quits?

Officer and sergeant drag Ed through shellfire into the Command Post. Medical supplies run out. Soon, no water, no food. Enemy shells hit the roof, knocking dirt in Ed's mouth, choking him. Ed struggles with consciousness.

With high ranking officers badly wounded, Lt. Col. Don Faith
takes command. The 31st RCT at Pungnyuri Inlet is now TASK FORCE FAITH. Task? Survive! The Inlet force numbers 1,800. Surrounding ChiCom, 20,000.

29 & 30 November: Repeat of night attacks and day air cover. Passing out from pain, Ed misses most.

1st December 1950: Troops move in a daze—huddle around small fires—fear of enemy gunfire gone. With ammo & supplies near exhaustion, no relief possible, Lt. Col. Faith decides to attack south through the encirclement. “We will not abandon our wounded,” Faith says. “If you can walk and fire a weapon, you fight!” Severely wounded slip in sleeping bags on back of trucks. It will be a non-stop attack for eleven miles down the twisting dirt road to the Hagaru-ri perimeter.

Ed’s sleeping bag is on a truck open to the thirty-some-below weather.

At noon, vehicles crammed with 600 wounded move from their perimeter onto the East Shore Road. Marine and Navy Corsairs hit enemy ridges as ChiCom attack the column from all sides. Pilot reports his support mission difficult—GIs and enemy in hand-to-hand combat!

Column fights its way through the enemy, fresh blood turning the road’s snow dirty-pink. ChiCom concentrate fire on drivers. Every few hundred yards Ed’s truck wanders into the ditch. Shotgun calls, “We need a driver.” Wounded man from in back volunteers for almost certain death.

Ed’s truck is last in the column. Tailgate, a GI with a shattered leg, shoots enemy charging from the rear. Up front, Shotgun’s rifle keeps enemy out of truck cab. When an enemy gains the road and runs between trucks to fire at the cab, driver guns motor, sandwiching enemy between trucks.

Front column moves out of sight. If they don’t pick up speed, they’ll never catch up. In back, conscious men silently urge the truck on. Top of a rise, motor quits. Stuck.

Sgt. Ben Dryden ambles back along halted vehicles. “Column ain’t going to move again. Ammo’s gone. Half the vehicles won’t run or the driver’s dead. Everybody who can better move it out, NOW! Cross that ice, head south. Got a perimeter of Marines down there.” Ed tries to crawl from his sleeping bag. Movement brings stabbing pain, unconsciousness. Ed wakes, watches others leave. Happy some can go.

In the evening moonlight shadows move on the distant reservoir ice. Dark lumps scattered in near snowy fields mark last efforts by those never getting closer to home.

Driver’s warning, “We’ve got company!” wakes Ed. ChiCom cautiously approach, climb aboard, poking with sharp bayonets.

These GIs are now POWs. Ed’s heart aches. Now all choices are the enemy’s.

Early December, Wilmington, Illinois: Back in America, a seventeen-year-old girl in her senior year of high school sits in speech class and listens to a young Marine describing the Chinese communists trapping the Marines and Army next to the Chosin Reservoir. He says, “Our men are outnumbered 10 to 1, and the Chinese communists are burning the trucks with wounded GIs aboard.”

After class, Beverly goes to her study hall and settles into a desk. A young Christian burdened in her soul by this news, she puts her head down on her arms, and prays for these young men. No idea her future husband is on a truck, fighting for his life.

1 & 2 December 1950, Chosin Reservoir, East Shore Road: Still on the truck after facing up that barrel, Ed has one chance—get five miles across the reservoir’s ice to allies. But he can’t get himself off the truck! Ed prays.

Fresh ChiCom walk up, removing boots and personal items from dead GIs. Ed plays possum. Rifling Ed’s body for small treasure, the Chinese soldier screams and jumps back. Warm body! Others swarm in, poke Ed with bayonets, beat him with fists, and throw him off the truck.

He’s off the truck!

The prayers of Ed and Beverly are answered. ChiComs don’t shoot Ed. Walk off cussing.

Ed tries to stand and walk—can’t stand and can’t walk! Hands &
feet frozen. Angry, Ed prays aloud: “God, I can't walk! How do I get out'a here?”

In Ed's mind, God says, “You have to crawl before you walk.”

Ed rolls, then crawls on elbows and knees. An up and down struggle for hours, finally reaching the ice.

His face smacks the ice hard. Doesn't hurt. Consciousness dimming. Five miles of ice! How to fight this? I want sleep! Ed looks up at the mountainous horizon; the highest peak becomes a compass.

Please, Lord. Help me keep going. Gotta' try something.

“What?” he says aloud. Sing! “Sing what?”

Sunday School floods across the years:

“Je/sus/loves/me/this/I/know/for/the/Bi/ble/tells/me/so. Lit/tle/ones/to/Him/be/long/They/are/weak/but/He/is/strong.”

Building steam, moving knees and elbows. Forward progress.

Singing softly, he slowly crawls across ice in cadence to childhood songs of faith: “All/the/chil/dren/of/the/world/red/and/yel/low/black/and/white/they/are/pre/cious/in/his/sight/Jesus/loves/the/little/children/of/the/world.”

Plane noise? Gull-winged F4U Corsair fighters roar over ice, firing at enemy on mountainsides.

Ed raises an elbow, waves it at pilot. Pilot swoops down, gives “OK” signal.

Jeep approaches. Colonel squats beside Ed, eye-to-eye. “Tell me where you hurt most, son, so we don't hurt you more.” Ed whispers, “Please watch the legs, sir.” He gently lifts Ed, sits him in the front seat. Colonel takes off his fur parka, wraps it around Ed.

Five days pass between first attack and Ed arriving inside the Hagura-ri Marine perimeter. A C-47 warms up on the emergency runway scraped from frozen earth by men under fire.

Colonel takes Ed by jeep down the middle of the runway, blinking headlights, stopping the plane's takeoff. Crew insists they're overloaded, but Colonel Beall orders them to “Make room!” Motors roar as the overloaded C-47 bounces, lurching into the air before the enemy's position. Ed knows the sounds—ChiCom weapons firin’—as the plane passes over the enemy.

This trial ends. A new trial begins. From pain-jostling stretcher bearers, to a crazed Japanese ambulance driver, to appetite stealing pain killers, to doctors dismissing Ed's life, shoving his gurney toward the dying room.

After island hopping back to the USA, Ed endures a long series of amputations in Michigan. Each operation might end his life. To fight his pain induced addiction, Ed chews holes in his pillow, delaying the next shot. He eats when he doesn't feel like eating, clawing his way back to life with God's help and his own unbridled sense of humor.

First digit to go is the right thumb, but Ed orders the doctor to pull it from the trash, and “Give it back!” Doctor laughs, complies, placing it in Ed's bedside drawer. His visiting aunt says she's sorry Ed's “lost a thumb.” Ed smiles and says, “No I haven't!”

She muses, Ed is in shock or addled by drugs, and then attempts to force the reality: “I'm sorry Ed, but your thumb is gone.” Firmly Ed counters, “Nope. My thumb's not lost,” and reaching underneath with his bandaged hand, laughs as he slides the drawer out: “See! It's right here!”

Late December 1950—Wilmington, Illinois: Beverly works in a confectionery shop, sees a Chicago Tribune article about a young man from Joliet. The photo shows his head wrapped in bandages. The article relates his remarkable escape from the Chosin Reservoir, and
how he still suffers grievous wounds and extreme frostbite. In the article, Ed says how God answers his prayers and saves him. Tribune adds, Ed’s life still hangs by a thread. Finishing the article, Beverly prays for this specific young man.

May 1951—Joliet, Illinois: God gets Ed out of Korea alive, and he doesn’t stop there. God’s got a helper meet in mind.

Joliet’s VFW asks the military hospital in Battle Creek, Michigan to loan their home-town-hero for the Armed Forces Day parade. Medical rules are broken—overlook Ed’s open wounds—and the town welcomes him back on his very short leave. Beverly reads about the upcoming event and writes a letter thanking Ed “for your service to your country, and myself as a citizen.” Not knowing Ed’s address, she puts only a stamp, Pvt. Ed Reeves, and Joliet, Illinois on the outside of the envelope.

Ed gets Beverly’s letter at his parent’s house, reads it, says to his brother, “This sounds like a nice girl!” Ed becomes Bulldog Brummel, calling all the Hall residences in the county to ask, “Is Beverly there?” Finally a Beverly comes to the phone. Beverly is polite and firm: “I said everything in the letter. Thank you again for serving our country. Goodbye.”

Bulldog Ed keeps her on the phone, and, now, weighing only 70 lbs, has his brother carry him to the back seat, driving 17 miles so Beverly can feed Ed hot dogs and ice cream.

Ed’s foot is in the door. A mature, thoughtful girl, Beverly believes an individual’s content trumps his form, and the courtship is on. Trips to hospitals in Michigan and Pennsylvania—always with family chaperones—culminate in Ed asking what she thinks of his last name Reeves. Beverly says she’ll let him know, goes back home, and prays for God’s direction. In a few days she gets God’s peace, and sends Ed a letter to “Make plans. Yes!”

Although Ed is only halfway through multiple amputations and surgeries, they are married in September 1951. Old cruds say they shouldn’t “have children—be born without legs and fingers!” So, Beverly and Ed shock all at the reception with this toast: “Here’s to our future and our eighteen children.” Beverly raises seven children—five her own and two orphan boys adopted from Korea!

From childhood, “Take My Life, and Let It Be” is a favorite hymn of Beverly’s:

“Take my life and let it be, Consecrated Lord to Thee
Take my hands and let them move, At the impulse of Thy love.
ake my feet, and let them be, Swift and beautiful for Thee.
Take my voice and let me sing, Always only for my King.”

This 19th Century hymn poignantly lines out Ed surrender of his hands and his feet to the Lord.

1960-1990, The Americas: According to the hymn, “Take My Life and Let It Be,” Ed gives his “voice” to the Lord the rest of his life. Whether in the stretcher, hospital bed, wheelchair, or standing before youth groups, Ed carefully informs how and why God brings him through the vicissitudes of the past, and how he handles the present.

Early on Ed makes radio broadcasts, and later video recordings, some still going over the airwaves, and the others now on YouTube.

Ed travels extensively with his pastor’s crusade from 1960-to-1990, throughout Central and South America, often in primitive environments that challenge his physical abilities. As their children mature, Beverly gets by Ed’s side, globetrotting for the Lord, often tempering Ed’s penchant to leap beyond his body’s limitations.

1990’s Russia: When the Iron Curtain falls, Ed goes to Russia, sharing the love of God with the Russian people, the Russian soldiers, and groups visiting from China. He faces the enemies of the Korean War—and—loves them. After verbally witnessing to individuals and groups in Russia, he passes out the ED REEVES STORY booklet.

When Ed testifies outside of buildings, he wears his Combat Infantry Badge hat that indicates he actively fought an enemy of the USA. There are interesting reactions to the hat in Moscow—always ending well. This time, Ed is a Soldier in the Army of the Lord!

One last gem from the Chosin Reservoir. Pvt. Reeves is back in the truck, just prior to Ed’s stare up eternity’s barrel. Imagine Paul Harvey’s voice, “And now, the rest of the story.”

Korea Flash-Back:

Ed in sleeping bag on truck

2 December 1950—Late night and early morning—East Shore Road, Chosin Reservoir, Korea:


“He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.” Green Pastures?

“He leadeth me beside the still waters.” Thick reservoir ice is mighty still; friends on the far side, out of reach. They wait for him to continue.

“He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name’s sake.” Righteousness? What sin can I do here? While Ed thinks of immediate physical needs, God speaks to his spirit.

“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and staff they comfort me.” Shadow of death? Seen hundreds die in a few hours. Death and dying all around.

“You preparlest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.” No table, nothing to eat. How many days has it been? Four? Five?

Ed thinks back to the farmhouse command post, medics carry a wooden bucket, dip tepid black tea, help him sit up and drink. As Ed lies on the floor, a medic places a little box of bran flakes on his chest.

Ed remembers, Flakes on my tongue, one at a time, dissolving. Ed thinks back to the farmhouse command post, medics carry a wooden bucket, dip tepid black tea, help him sit up and drink. As Ed lies on the floor, a medic places a little box of bran flakes on his chest.

Ed remembers, Flakes on my tongue, one at a time, dissolving. Back to the present. Well, sure got a lot a presence of one thing: enemies.

My cup runneth over? Pastors say that’s joy inside, bubbling over. No joy in this truck.

“Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.” Now that fits! Dwellin’ in the Lord’s house is movin’ up! Somebody better come get us outa here—and soon—or we’ll all be dead.

Ed remembers the Bible in 2 Corinthians 5:8, when a believer goes to be with Jesus when the body dies: “absent from the body and present with the Lord.”
Memories of family, friends and GI buddies come into Ed’s mind. Dozing, his thoughts go back to the Bible...absent from the body and present with the Lord.

Day breaks and Driver’s words pull him from a half sleep. “ChiCom officer coming up the road all by his lonesome. Stopping at each truck to talk to the men. If he’s got the authority to run around alone he must be a wheel: a BIG wheel! Must have somethin’ important to say or he wouldn’t be with a bunch’a shot up POWs. Looks like a Russian general with a Chinese face.”

“Good morning, men.” His clipped, educated British accent astonishes them. Tailgate takes charge. “Sir, you can see we’re dyin’ here. Can we be moved ta a place where we won’t freeze?”

The ChiCom officer takes a step forward and raises mittened hands out before him, palms up. His soft voice is another surprise. “I am sorry, I can give you none of these things you ask for. If I were to be heard speaking to you like this, I would be shot. I have stopped to tell you, God bless you, and may the Lord be with you.” They stare at this enemy officer in shocked silence.

God’s blessings are the last thing expected from the mouth of a communist officer. This ChiCom turns and walks up the body-littered road. Not a word is spoken till the figure in the great coat fades from view. Then Ed’s voice explodes in a freezing puff of breath, “Boy, that was somethin’!”

The man next to Ed spits out angrily, “Somethin’?” He pulls his bag around him and yanks the zipper higher. “It ain’t somethin’! He gives us nothin’!”

Ed pulls the bag closed till he just can peek out. He’s been given something even if no one else feels the same. A communist officer actually says, “God bless you.” He’s given Ed hope, and God confirms His Word: “Ed, I know where you are and what’s happening.”

The aching in his chest is almost gone. Tense alertness eases into a blessed awareness. Loud and clear, Ed says, “God knows right where I am.”

In our culture, it is hard letting go of; “I got this! I can handle this!” No doubt the King Corona pandemic brings some to Ed’s surrender. Others without faith try to remove God from the American matrix, but God takes care of Himself. And He takes care of us.

That God and human institutions do work hand in hand is evident in “God was at the Helm” from Korea Reborn: A Grateful Nation Honors War Veterans for 60 Years of Growth. This incident occurs at the conclusion of the Chosin Reservoir engagement:

“The SS Meredith Victory, a cargo freighter, was designed to carry only 12 passengers. The ship evacuated more than 14,000 refugees during this single mission, earning it the title ‘Ship of Miracles.’ While U.N. Troops were being evacuated on ships, tens of thousands of war-weary civilians had also gathered at Hungnam, hoping to flee from the approaching enemy. Captain LaRue couldn’t say no, and unloaded nearly all the weapons and supplies to transport as many refugees as possible.

“Koreans crammed into the five cargo holds, most standing up, shoulder-to-shoulder, in freezing weather conditions and with very little food or water during the entire voyage to Pusan on 23 December 1950. LaRue said later, ‘I think of how such a small vessel was able to hold so many persons and surmount endless perils without harm to a soul. The clear, unmistakable message comes to me that on that Christmastide, in the bleak and bitter waters off the shores of Korea, God’s own hand was at the helm of my ship.’”

Before this Christmastide, Pvt. Reeves makes it to Japan, and, after the island hops, he is in the USA. As his spiritual life expands, he learns to deal with myriads of physical and bureaucratic restrictions, so that—through God’s mighty hand—Ed might touch lives around the globe. Including mine!

We all get the odd incident in life. Might hangs useless on a long line of time. Then one day, the one odd finds the other odd, and the circle completes.

In September 1967, I wait for a mid-term hop back to the states at Kimpo’s airport outside Seoul. Long line of ROK soldiers stand behind two young brothers, peering between a pipe barrier. I snap a photo. The older boy, about seven, is crying; the younger boy peers pensive. Their ROK soldier father is behind me, boarding the plane for Vietnam.

In 2016 my wife Dinah and I, and our three children, hike the Camino de Santiago for six weeks across northern Spain. For centuries the Camino is a path for Christian pilgrims, most sick or dying. In the last twenty-five years it’s become a trendy hike for the heathen. Shouldn’t judge lest I be judged, but I tire of former hikers, loving the Camino so much, come back, sit down with a drum to beat, and finance themselves through the offerings cast into a bucket from the passing parade. I pray for them, but after ten drummers in a row one day, I wince and find a deserted stretch to vent my frustration to God: “God! Please send me one bona fide believer!”

Yes, my wife is bona fide, but I seek a stranger in a strange land, one who knows the Creator of the Universe. My wife and I walk in a light rain through a tall, sparse forest on the soft earth. No one before or behind for a half-mile. At times I glance back. Finally, I see an unusual silhouette closing in on us. Closer, looks like Frankenstein’s monster. With a laugh, I start singing “Great is Thy Faithfulness,” and Dinah joins in. Before we finish the last verse, the monster pulls alongside.

The monster is a small young fellow with a super-tall backpack. He’s tossed a big box upside down on the backpack, covering it with a jungle tarp. As we stare, he laughs and spins a 360, jangling the 2 metal signs hanging front and back: JOHN 3:16. He’s Korean, I know it. I give him “Ahn-yee-hosh-a-meeka!” and he doubles his laughter.
His Korean outdistances mine, so we lapse into English. He’s “Harry” from Seoul, eighteen-years-old. “Once I get my stamp in Santiago,” he tells us, “I’m flying to Vietnam as a missionary. I will introduce them to Jesus!” For ten minutes, we three exult in God’s serendipity before Harry blazes off over the horizon.

I remember the picture of the Korean boys watching their ROK father boarding the jet for Vietnam in 1967. Fifty-three years have passed. The boys are old enough to be Harry's grandfather. Those tough ROKS in the picture are going to Vietnam to kill and be killed.


In the “Dedication & Forward” of his 1997 book, Ed writes, “Why print this book today? The U.S. has been shaken from complacency by attacks in a new kind of war, international terrorism. Many ask, 'Can't we find peace somehow, somewhere?' There is a here, now, and a future of safety and peace, right in the center of the darkest storm.”

In shock, we laugh at the irony. Printed in 1997?!? That year was peaceful doldrums compared to the present. Ed, what a prophet you are! The new “Pearl Harbor” of 9/11/2001 brings a ferocious gust still we throw wide the welcome mat. Beverly attends meetings, adding decorum and love! She will tell you, as Ed does, “God knows right where we are!” Remember that toast at their wedding, Ed and Beverly now have 18 grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren!

If this is of interest—Ed Reeves book becoming a Korean War movie—then forward practical thoughts, and/or encourage those you know to write a note or give a jingle. Turn the key. Absolutely no money! If you pray, pray that God's will is done in this endeavor. I reiterate the Kendrick Brothers message: we will “Trust Him to open the right doors because He can do what we cannot.”


By Clive Toye

I am not a veteran of U.S. military service, but my contacts seem without parallel; so different, so endless.

The start of it all was in Plymouth, England, departure port for the Mayflower, where we had our house, indeed the whole street, blown to pieces in one of the early WWII air raids, though they missed the Mayflower steps. The Pilgrim Fathers had walked down those steps.

Our steps took us to that different day in Exeter, an ancient city in Devon, blown to pieces by another of Hitler’s blitz bombings, then suddenly full of these young American men in uniform. They sounded different, looked different, handed out unbelievable and unseen (for years) oranges and chocolate and chewing gum and filled the spaces left by our own men, now long overseas or dead. Not quite a return of the Mayflower descendants, but welcome.

They even started a free show for kids every Saturday morning in the one cinema still standing. Plainly there was attention paid to young ladies, one of whom married and then contributed three of our nephews, Americans, successful busi-

A Long Life of Contact

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out lads sitting by one of the trenches they had been digging. He ordered them to get to work.

“Don’t you realize there’s a war on?” he asked of the bunch who’d been there months and in one case was in WWII as well.

“No sir,” he replied. ‘Tell us about it.”

We had plenty of different folk in the Commonwealth Division, from Britain, from Canada, Australia, India, and New Zealand, known widely as Kiwis. They, like the rest of us, had their stores sent from home to the American supply base in Sasebo.

One day, when they were running low, they called Sasebo and asked what was happening. They had word from HQ in New Zealand that the stuff was there, “So why have you not sent it on to us?”

“The place is empty,” was the reply. “I have nothing here now except for a pile of boxes marked Kay One W One, bare-assed chickens.”

Kiwi indeed and pictures of their native bird; amazing and may well have helped us learn the Maori language (well, some of the Maori bad language, tatake teke).

We got a regular supply of Lucky Strike cigarettes from the Marines on our left and, Lord knows how, once or twice they got some ice cream and we had some Asahi beer to exchange for a few spoonsful.

We also got word one day in late 1952 that a truly massive assault was being launched against the Marines holding The Hook and could we send over some serious help.

“Delighted to accept your kind invitation,” was the immediate reply, in clear, before details were worked out and the encrypted word went back that it was the 1st Bn Black Watch who would join the party now.

I came across a small party of the Jocks taking off their plain brown headgear and putting on the huge bonnets with their silver regimental badge shining to the front.

“So’s the Chinks will see who’s coming at them,” was the explanation.

It ended as a tough but less deadly event than a previous verbal exchange between U.S. commanders and Colonel

I jumped at the chance to serve in Korea

When I heard about the North Korean invasion of South Korea I told myself there is a war and I am going to be in it.

I had recently graduated from Statesboro High School in Statesboro, Georgia. When the announcement came I was at an island in Georgia with a group of classmates. Our group of twenty, plus four mothers who cooked for us and kept their eyes on us, were at a rented house near a place known as Savannah Beach.

We returned on Friday of the following week. I worked at a grocery store the next day. On the following Monday I went to the Army recruiter’s office and volunteered for the paratroopers. I left Statesboro on July 8, 1950 for Ft. McPherson in Atlanta.

After we completed our physicals (I had to take an extra one to see if I qualified for the paratroopers) I was sworn in and sent to Ft. Knox, Kentucky for fourteen weeks of basic training.

There was the smart-ass young 2nd Lt who called a U.S. base on the field telephone one day.

“Uijonbu, Uijonbu,” was the answer.

“Don’t you say ‘sir’ when you speak to an officer?” said the 2nd Lt.

“Not when I can’t see him. Uijonbu. Uijonbu,” came the reply, which made everyone happy.

Carne of the Gloucestershire regiment in April 1951.

Col Carne was asked, “How are things?”

“Getting a bit sticky,” he replied, which was a good enough sign to an Englishman that things were tough, really tough.

But such words do not always ‘translate,” so the “Glorious Glosters” were told to hold...650 of them against 10,000 Chinese. They held, the enemy were repulsed, and about 40 of them finally made it back behind the line.

In the spring of 1953 it was back home again and the end of contact with the U.S. military.....almost. A son born in England, growing up in the USA, wanted a military career, so there he was one day, being commissioned into the United States Marine Corps with us present in Quantico.

Surely his grandfathers were looking down and passing on their thoughts...with one grandfather, Chief Petty Officer Toye, in the Royal Navy all his life and one grandfather, Sgt Major Bussell, all his life in the Devonshire Regiment, raised in 1685 with the motto “Semper Fidelis.”

(Postscript) As a gift for his commission in the Marines, I took my son to Edinburgh Castle in Scotland to see the annual magnificent military tattoo and went to take a look at the list of Scottish regimental dead in Korea. There was one name which is with me always: Turner. That was my mother’s family name.

This Private Turner was born in Devonport, Plymouth on November 23, 1932; so was I. We must have been close to each other in this small area of Plymouth. He was killed in the third week of November in 1952. We must have been close.

Clive Toye, 7510 SW 102nd St., Apt. 105, Pinecrest, FL 33156, clivetoye@gmail.com
The Korean Defense Service Medal/Ribbon for Alaskan service?

This is to all veterans who served in support of the Korean War, June 27, 1950 - July 28, 1954, outside the land area of Korea and/or its surrounding waters but never were recognized by being awarded a Korean War Service Medal or a Korean War Defense Medal, July 28, 1954 to the present. Adding to this claim is that the Korean War is sandwiched between WWII and Vietnam, which led to its being labeled a “forgotten war,” i.e., those stationed in Japan, Alaska, the Philippines, Okinawa, Hawaii, were bypassed for the above mentioned awards.

I was (am) one of those veterans. I boarded the troopship USS William Black in the staging area in San Francisco in January 1954, en route to the 5001st Air Defense Group [5001st Hospital-Ladd AFB]. After five days in cramped quarters, questionable food, and miserable weather, we landed in the territory of Alaska and boarded a wood-burning train to Fairbanks. (As a medic, I was asked by a Master Sergeant to help sort medical records for those on board. After some conversation, I discovered he was a survivor of the Bataan Death March... end of discussion.)

A few details relative to this assignment: no sleeping areas for lower ranked personnel, so we slept in the cellar; underwent several air raid warnings (we were not far from Russia); had USO shows from the states; many days of forty below weather - limited places for R&R; awarded an overseas hash mark, and received an extra stipend for such service.

But regardless of this difficult and sometimes hazardous duty in this command [119 miles from the Arctic Circle], it was learned that even though active service in the territory was designated an overseas assignment during a wartime period, no award was granted.

Having said the above, is it possible that the framers of Executive Order 19179 of November 8, 1950, later amended, via Executive Order 10429, in their haste to award veterans an active medal or ribbon did not consider those veterans who served in other areas of support, i.e., Japan, Hawaii, Alaska, the Philippines, or Okinawa, as they did in some parts of the United States during WWII?

Additionally, General Matthew Ridgway stated that, “Alaska was the shortest distance of several routes that could be utilized for Korean War air support.” In 1935, General Billy Mitchell testified that “Alaska is the most strategic place in the world, and who holds (Alaska) will hold the world.”

The April 1998 VFW Magazine supported the investigation that service in Alaska is considered an “overseas theater” and the onset of the Korean War, specifically, the 11th Air Division and the surrounding area, had to be very alert in that Alaska is only 570 miles from Siberia. (I know that. I was as a dental surgery medic serving Wales, Tin City and Nome during that time period.)

Should not those veterans who served in the same areas, sites, or territories be awarded the Korean Defense Service Medal/Ribbon as were those who served in Korea and in support of any “conflict” after July 28, 1954? Additionally, the armed forces of the United States are charged with the major burden of military defense protecting this country from the northwest.

I visited the Department of Defense in October 2015 to discuss the awards issue. It was stated that a congressman/woman or a senator could take the initial step to correct the inaction of awarding a Korean War Service or the later medal [after July 28, 1954]. As of November 2020 I have not had success with my congressman or senators [MA]. Perhaps they feel it is too difficult to undertake an old military issue...is there someone else in government who could begin to take some measures to correct this long forgotten (70 years) directive?

Richard Aronson, USAF (1952-55),
Prof. Emeritus, marbrinic@aol.com

M*A*S*H* brought back memories

I spent 13 months in 8th Army HQ in Seoul, Korea from January 1959 to January 1960. I enjoy reading The Graybeards magazine each month. This time I enjoyed reading the article on M*A*S*H*.

I have been watching on TV the M*A*S*H* program for the last few years. I realize it is fiction, as it is was on for nine years and the Korean War was on for just about three years. One time when I watched it, I saw something that was not fiction. That was K-14, Kimpo Air Base.

When I was on orders to go to Korea, I left Ft Leonard Wood, MO and came back to Huntington, Indiana and then hitchhiked to Indianapolis. I caught one ride from there to Los Angeles, CA. Then I got on a bus to San Francisco, CA. From there I flew to Hawaii and then on to Wake Island for dinner.

When we got to Japan, I spent a week there and then went on to Korea. Our plane took us to Korea and we landed at Kimpo Air Base—K-14. So when I saw this on TV while watching the M*A*S*H* program, it brought back memories.

Lowell Tillman, P. O. Box 71, Ossian, IN 46777
Ammo Shortage

Ammo shortages in the Korean War have been discussed in past issues. It went like this for me in October or November 1951, when I was with “B” Battery, 26th AAA, 24th Inf. Div. A 6 x 6 pulled up to our position on the MLR. It had a load of ammo: 30 cal. .50 cal., and boxes of grenades. The truck driver had a list. We got one box of grenades, 17 cans of .50s, and some 30 carbine ammo because we had no M1s. The driver hollered at the infantry to come and get their rations.

Then the driver told us not to waste what he had delivered. It might be a month before we got any more. The enemy cooperated with us. Me and my crew never fired a round. The temperatures at night and during the day ranged from zero to below zero. That was not conducive for either side to fire weapons. I truly believe the Lord was on our side.

In January 1952 we were moved back to the 105s. What a relief that was. We were at a lower elevation and we had a mountain between us and the MLR. I believe it was a bit warmer. In the second week of February we were relieved by a unit from the 40th Infantry Division and told that we were going to Japan. What a change that was.

Marvin Reed, 2900 Right Hand Canyon Rd., Palomino Valley, NV 89510, 775-475-0290, 775-560-1669 (Cell)

Royal N. (King) Baker

Note the five stars on the aircraft in the nearby photo. There was also a crown painted on the side of the plane to denote “King.” It was the plane of U.S. Air Force pilot Royal N. Baker, a Korean War ace.

Hopefully you will provide some info about Co. Baker in a future issue.

William Myers, 2137 McQuillan Ct. SE, Rochester, MN 55904

NOTE: Mr. Myers is correct. Col. Baker has not received much notice in The Graybeards, even though he flew combat missions in WWII, Korea, and Vietnam. Here is a snapshot of his service just prior to, during, and after the Korean War:

In July 1947 Baker reentered active duty and was named commander of the 115th Army Air Forces Base Unit at Stewart Field, N.Y. In December 1947 he was transferred to Mitchell Air Force Base, N.Y., as commander of the 2nd Fighter Squadron, 52d Fighter Group, and became group operations officer. He next attended the Air Command and Staff School, Maxwell Air Force Base, Ala. In October 1950 he was transferred to McGuire Air Force Base, N.J., as director of operations and training for the 52nd All-Weather Wing and later was commander of the 52nd Fighter Interceptor Group. When the 52nd Wing was reorganized, he was appointed director of operations of the 4709th Air Defense Wing.

He went to Korea in April 1952 and assumed command of the 4th Fighter Interceptor Group, Far East Air Forces. During the Korean War, he flew 127 missions and accumulated 199 combat hours in F-86 Sabre jet aircraft and was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and Legion of Merit. He was the leading jet ace when he returned home and is the 21st jet ace of the Korean War, with 13 enemy aircraft destroyed.

In March 1953 Baker was assigned to Air Defense Command with duty station at Edwards Air Force Base, Calif., where he served as liaison project officer, Directorate of Plans and Requirements; in July 1955 became ADC project officer for the Directorate of Operations and Training; and in May 1957 became director of testing for the Air Force Flight Test Center of the Air Research and Development Command. He graduated from the National War College in June 1961. (Source: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Royal_N._Baker)

Snubbed again re the 2021 USO calendar

Here are a few events the USO considers important in its 2021 calendar. I point out some, but not all:

January—MLK Day, Inauguration Day
February—USO incorporated, Desert Storm ends after 100 days
March—Passover begins, National Vietnam War Vets Day
April—Passover ends, Ramadan begins in USA
May—Ramadan ends, National Maritime Day
June—U.S. Army established, First day of summer
July—Eid-Al-Adha begins at sundown
August—U.S. Coast Guard established
September—Rosh Hashanah begins, Air Force established
October—Columbus Day, U.S. Navy established
November—U.S. Marine Corps established
December—Christmas

KWVA members: did anything jump out at you? We are ignored and irrelevant to the USO and other organizations. As an organization we should do something. This injustice and snubbing must end. It is up to us to speak for those left behind.

For years I have called or written to editors, reporters—anyone who forgets “our war.” We must speak up for the thousands who can’t. We owe it to them.

One last thing: I would like to see a “Snubbed Again” section in The Graybeards. Let’s hear your “snubbed again” stories.

Albert J. Prisco, Jr., 319 Western Ave., Henniker, NH, H-3-5, 1st MarDiv

A bitter disappointment

My father, Gerald (Jerry) Simonar, was an avid reader of the
Graybeards magazine. He passed away on 04-13-2020. He was selected to go on the revisit flight to Korea. It was scheduled for May, but it was cancelled due to the COVID outbreak. It was a major disappointment for him.

I remember one of your articles that stood out was about the Polar Bear to Russia that was great. It touched my father dearly because his father was one of the polar bears. Dad still had Grandpa’s uniform, which we are giving to the National Museum in Missouri.

Dad participated in an Honor Flight on September 11, 2014. He was the president of a family-owned auto service business in Luxemburg, WI, which opened in 1931. He was very proud of his Army service.

Dale Simonar, Simonar2@centurytel.link

Memories of Korea Defense days

Tom Crean shared a couple photos of his Army days in Korea in 1960.

Tom Crean, chrysedawn@gmail.com

It wasn’t the USS Mitchell

Thomas Murray, the contributor of “A Sad Farewell to USS General William Mitchell,” May-June 2020, p. 70, was undoubtedly right about traveling to Korea on the USS Mitchell and returning to the U.S. on the USS Breckenridge. These two vessels, along with the USS Mann, were still hauling troops between our west coast and Korea, along with other Far East countries, when I reported aboard the USS Mitchell in 1958. She was to be my home for the next 27 months. Incidentally, these ships were designated as T-APs, not APAs.

I believe he was wrong in thinking he saw Mitchell under tow off Palm Beach, Florida 30-40 years later. He said she was going to Louisiana to be scrapped. Your editor’s note is more accurate. Mitchell entered the National Defense Reserve Fleet at Suisan Bay, California (San Francisco Bay area) in 1966. She remained there till towed across the Pacific in 1987 to be scrapped in Taiwan in 1988. Your note also lists the salvage price of $1,270,000.

During the last year of her time in the U.S. I was corresponding with Walter Jaffee, superintendent of that reserve fleet, and Vernon Humber, an attorney representing the Taiwan salvage company that purchased the vessel.

Both offered to let me board Mitchell to reminisce and look for
souvenirs before she was towed overseas. I was unable to make a California trip at the time. Later, I received a copy of the bill of sale for the transfer. It agrees with the amount you listed when commenting on the transaction in The Graybeards.

There were a half-dozen of these P-2, R-2, S-2 transports built during WWII. Their appearances were nearly identical. I'm guessing that Mr. Murray saw the USS Randall, USS Anderson, or some other East Coast-based trooper being towed off the shores of Palm Beach, Florida.

The bill of sale for USS Mitchell

Dean Varner, 4417 Pine View Drive N.E., Cedar Rapids, IA 52402

The importance of the Ambassador for Peace Medal

I am enclosing a piece I wrote for our local newspaper about the Ambassador For Peace Medal that the South Korean government is awarding to those who served in Korea during that war. I have received my medal, which is great looking—and will be handed down to the next generations.

After reading my piece in the newspaper many Korean veterans in New Jersey sent for their medals and were very pleased. They thanked me for letting them know this medal was available.

It wouldn’t hurt to remind our Korean War veterans about the availability of this medal. We Korean War veterans are getting on in years, so this medal would be a wonderful thing for the families to have and be proud to display.

Carl J. Asszony, 401 Baldwin St., Piscataway, NJ 08854, njveteran30@gmail.com

The article
An Expression of Appreciation Aug. 28, 2020

As an expression of gratitude, the South Korean government is issuing the Ambassador For Peace Medal to the U.S. military personnel who served in country during the Korean War. Previously this medal was only given to those who revisited Korea after the war. That honor has now been expanded to those who could not make a return trip.

To be eligible for this medal, the veteran must have served in Korea during the period June 25, 1950 to July 27, 1953. It is also available to those veterans who participated in UN peacekeeping operations until the end of 1955. The medal can be awarded posthumously, but priority will go to currently surviving veterans in the U.S.

It should be noted that women who served in Korea during the dates mentioned, such as nurses and other support personnel, men or women, are also eligible to receive the medal.

To apply for this medal, veterans or family members must fill out an application form, available online via the Korean War Veterans Association at kwва.us or by contacting the Korean Consulate nearest the veterans’ home. It is important that a DD214 (discharge paper), be provided with the application form.

Navy service members aboard an American naval vessel assigned to Korean waters during the time frame noted previously are eligible for the medal. There are no costs or fees to the family or the veteran to receive this medal. Due to the expected high demand for this medal, it could take 4-8 weeks from the date the application is received and accepted by the Embassy.

Lasting only three years, (June 25, 1950-July 27, 1953), the Korean War was one of the bloodiest conflicts in U.S. military history. According to the files of the U.S. Defense Dept. Casualty Analysis System, over 36,000 American military personnel were killed in action or died from wounds received in combat. Over 100,000 were wounded and approximately 8,000 went missing in action.

In addition, over 7,000 American military personnel were captured by North Korean or Chinese forces and approximately 2,800 died in captivity. Seventeen nurses were killed during the war. There are now fewer than 40% of the Korean War veterans still alive today.

Sixty-seven years ago a truce was declared between North and South Korea. The war was never declared over, and tensions between North and South Korea remain today. But, South Korea grew from a war-ravaged country to become a vibrant and economically strong democracy with a firm continuing alliance with the United States.

The Korean War has often been called ‘the forgotten war,’ but we should never forget the thousands of American brave men and women who fought, bled, died, went missing, or suffered brutal treatment as prisoners of war. Nor should we forget the families who endured unimaginable pain and loss during those three fierce years of conflict.

The inscription on the dedication stone at the Korean War Memorial in Washington, D.C. states, “Our nation honors her son and daughters who answered the call to defend a country they never knew and a people they never met.”

We should never forget the uncommon valor and sacrifice of Americans who fought to defend freedom. The issuance of the Ambassador For Peace Medal by the South Korean government is an indication they haven’t forgotten.
All of us in the Korean War Veterans Association extend our sincere sympathy to the families and friends of those listed below. May they rest in peace.

ALABAMA
KELVY O. HELTON
LESTER J. JACK* STANBERY JR.
JAMES K. THOMPSON
MAX A. VAUGHAN
EARL S. WALLACE JR.
JAMES D. WOOLVERTON

ARIZONA
E. DEAN COON
DOROTHY K. ROGGEVEEN
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STEVEN E. GILL
LARRY GRANOWITZ
THOMAS G. HORNGREN

NEVADA
JOHN B. NEUHARDT
ROY W. MILLINGER
WILLIAM V. MALCOM JR.

OHIO
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RONALD J. SERTICH
JAMES A. ROCHEFORD
LAVERN W. PADGET

PENNSYLVANIA
DAVID M. VALENZUELA
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RAYMUNDO CARDENAS
RAYMOND S. CARLSON
ROBERT L. CHERRY
ALFRED J. COLLET
WILLIAM E. COMBS
PAUL C. CONRAD JR.
JERRY J. COUILLARD
ROGER H. COVERT

TEXAS
HARRY L. RICHARDS
ANTHONY J. MIRABELLI
STANLEY L. LARKINS
ROBERT B. KNOX
ROBERT E. KIPPLER
LEO V. HENDERSON
HAROLD M. HAL POWERS
ROBERT T. PURDY
CHARLIE E. PYRON JR.
GLENN B. RAGER
CHARLES E. SEXTON
DOUGLAS F. STEWART
IRVING M. STORMARK
STANLEY H. STRICKLAND

THE GRAYBEARDS

November - December 2020

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MACK L. WELKER
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JOHN A. WHITMAN

FLORIDA
THOMAS M. BARRY
RICHARD L. WEISS
MARVIN J. REZAC
RALPH E. REXROAT
THOMAS E. PATMORE
JACK D. PARSONS
JOHN B. NEUHARDT
ROY W. MILLINGER
WILLIAM V. MALCOM JR.
LAWRENCE L. LYDON
ROBERT E. LAMBERTSON
JOHN P. JOYCE
ROBERT R. JENKINSON
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THE GRAYBEARDS

November - December 2020

The Graybeards
November - December 2020
Division fought and died on this forsaken ridge during this time, other units were engaged elsewhere. During the last ten days of September, the 7th Cavalry Regiment continued defending its positions in the Chorwon Valley, and the regiment’s death toll increased by another 47 men as they fought and died around small towns and hamlets like Kolgok, Sonbyok, and Sokkogae.

Air losses for September accounted for another 34 aircraft of various types, matching the number lost the previous month. These losses included multiple manned bombers such as the B-26 and the B-29, driving losses up substantially—and doubling Augusts’ losses.

Two B-29s were lost during the month, killing 28 men. The first B-29 crashed into a mountain near Taem-dong while on a combat mission. The second ditched in the Sea of Japan due to engine trouble while on a leaflet dropping mission. Nine B-26’s and 27 of their crew were lost, this aircraft type leading the way for the entire month, with losses occurring in a combination of night interdiction, bombing, and reconnaissance missions.

September was a rough month for those pilots performing fighter/bomber duties. No less than thirteen aircraft, from U.S. Navy F4U Corsairs and A-4 Skyraiders to USAF F-80 Shooting Stars, were brought down by enemy anti-aircraft fire. These types of incidents accounted for the bulk of pilot deaths so far in Korea. Two F-86s, an F-80, and an F-51, along with their pilots, all came under the guns of the recently introduced MiG-15.

Three aircraft-related tragedies during the month stood out. On September 16th the USN suffered a tragedy when a F2H Banshee with a damaged tail attempted to land on the USS Essex. With no tail hook extended, the aircraft crashed into a number of parked planes on the deck and exploded, killing the pilot and 7 crewmen. On September 27th a C-46D, on a flight from K-9 Air Field in Korea to Tachikawa Air Base crashed into Mount Tanazawa, Japan, killing 18 servicemen. Two days later, in bad weather, a C-47A crashed into a hill northeast of Taegu-Maedong, killing all 7 onboard.

**October 1951 – 1,775**

On October 2nd 1951 the last 4 men from the USS Magpie, which hit a mine and sunk a year before on October 1st 1950, were finally declared to be KIA, one year and one day later. October 3rd with 152 dead, and October 4th with 138 dead, were the last days of 1951 that daily death tolls exceeded 100. This coincided with the start of the last major UN operations of the year. The slow continual grind, or ‘slog’ continued in October, as the majority of deaths per day averaged 30-60 a day, and at times much higher.

There were 1,775 deaths on the Korean peninsula and surrounding waters in October 1951, continuing the marked increase of combat actions, mostly to solidify positions to be ready for the onset of the brutal Korean winter. Two major operations dominated this month, both with secondary follow-on operations, fulfilling the roll of getting ready for the approaching cold weather.

The first of these, Operation Commando, started on October 3rd to capture, establish, and solidify Line Jamestown. Launched on the heels of Operation Minden, which was solely a British and Canadian forces operation to extend their portions of Line Wyoming. Operation Commando was designed to push the NKPA farther away from the UN supply lines north of Seoul. The 15th Infantry Regiment’s 2nd Battalion took the brunt of deaths at the start of the operation, losing 36 of the regiment’s 53 men killed in the first two days of Commando. During this timeframe, a number of units suffered a volume of losses that had not been seen since the year’s CCF Spring Offensives.

The participation of each of the divisions was evident during Commando. The 3rd Infantry Division fulfilled its role in the beginning phase, as it secured the assigned areas in a relatively quick fashion. But, the 1st Cavalry Division objectives (along with its participation in immediate follow-on operations) necessitated a long-drawn out fight that forced KIA rates to a point where the division was pulled off the line the following month.

As part of Commando, the division’s regiments took more casualties than they cared to. The 5th Cavalry Regiment lost 137 men while fighting around the Magos-ri and Chorwon areas. The 7th Cavalry Regiment incurred 191 KIAs, starting with fighting around Hills 418 and 313 in the Chebokkal area. And, the 8th Cavalry Regiment added another 90 men to the death toll.

Small attached units paid their price too. The 16th Armored Reconnaissance Company lost 11 men killed fighting around Huksok-Dong on the operation’s opening day. Operation Commando certainly hit the 1st Cavalry Division very hard, but it was not done yet. The follow-up secondary operation, Polecharge, a 5th Cavalry Regiment offensive running from October 15-19, was designed to secure a portion of Line Jamestown and a succession of hills that provided the high ground to the northeast of the phase line.

Attacking and securing this high ground, the 5th Cavalry Regiment, supported by elements of the 8th Cavalry Regiment, paid heavily; losing 79 men killed in the four days of Polecharge. It started with Hill 346 and continued in succession with Hills 230, 418, 313, 334, 287, 347, and 272. The fighting around Hill 272 was quoted as some of the deadliest of the year.

Operation Touchdown, started on October 5th, right on the tail end of the Heartbreak Ridge battle. It was an armored thrust up the Mundung-ni and Satae-ri valleys. A 2nd Infantry Division operation, the goal of Touchdown was for the 9th and 23rd Infantry Regiments to secure a successive row of hills extending out northeastward and northwestward...
from the Heartbreak Ridgeline.

The 38th Infantry Regiment, originally held in reserve during Touchdown, was committed eventually to the battle. All three of the 2nd Infantry Division’s regiments shared equally in the ensuing combat deaths. Fortunately, Operation Touchdown was the division’s last action for the remainder of the year.

Ironically, some of the heaviest fighting, which resulted in the operation’s largest death toll, occurred with the 38th Infantry Regiment, the unit that was originally held in reserve. It lost 75 men from October 7-10 as they attacked the Kim-Il-Sung Ridgeline and Hills 800 and 905. The 38th Infantry Regiment eventually sustained 106 men killed during the operation. The 23rd and 9th Infantry Regiments lost 74 and 62 KIAs respectively by the time the operation concluded on October 16th.

The second major operation with follow-on supporting actions was the dual-objective Operation Nomad-Polar. The last major UN action of the year, it was designed to take back the city of Kumsong by the 24th Infantry Division and to secure Line Missouri. A culmination of what was sometimes referred to as the ‘Big Fall Push,’ Line Nomad was the first objective. Line Polar was launched after Line Nomad was secured.

Jumping off on October 13th, the 24th Infantry Division and attached units fought hard for the next nine days to secure its objectives. The road to Line Nomad started with the 19th Infantry Regiment having to go through Hill 770, called ‘the Pearl’ in the Kumwha sector, and the CCF who were digging in for the fall there.

Driving deep into the CCF lines, the 19th Infantry Regiment lost 130 KIAs, while the 21st Infantry Regiment, fighting along the left side of its sister regiment, lost 78. Meanwhile, the 5th Regimental Combat Team, jumping off from its positions on Line Wyoming, did its part on the central and eastern front sections. The 5th RCT lost 73 men in these same ten days of combat. They died in 5, 10 and sometimes 15-man groups as they fought around little hamlets and areas with names like Sangyang-ni, Hudong-ni, Chinyon-ni, Pandandong-ni, Sam-Hyon, Tusok-Tong, Wonnam-Myon, Muto, Chuktae-ri, Inam-

ni, Kokiae-ri, Yongon-ri, and Takpau.

Along the waters surrounding the Korean Peninsula, other than the 4 men from the USS Mappe being declared KIA at the beginning of October, and 4 pilots being shot down during the month, naval operations continued unabated. Losses were light, but noteworthy just the same. On October 2nd, 1 sailor fell overboard while preparing F4Us for launch on the USS Bon Homme Richard. On October 7th, 9 men were killed when their destroyer, USS Ernest G. Small, struck a mine with her bow while shelling the Hungnam Harbor. Lastly, 1 sailor was killed by shore battery fire while the USS Samuel N. Moore was also in Hungnam Harbor on October 17th.

Overall air losses for the month stood at 45 different aircraft, resulting in 98 Air Force, Navy and Marine airmen killed. The month of October marked the largest loss of life for the B-29 Super Fortress and its air crews for the entire year.

Six B-29s and 52 of their airmen were killed this month, most of them during the third week of October, which started with what eventually was called ‘Black Tuesday.’ On that particular Tuesday, October 23rd, three B-29’s were lost to Mig-15’s over Namsi Airfield in North Korea, with the loss of 29 air crew.

As for single engine type planes, USAF F-80 and USN/USMC F4U pilots tied for the most of any type aircraft to be shot down and pilots killed, with 8 each respectively. Of note, as in so many previous months, the vast majority of these airmen were brought down by various forms of anti-aircraft fire. Almost all of them are still considered KIA-Remains Not Recovered.

As with ground combat and deaths, some pilot deaths stand out as well. On October 25th a Marine F4U Corsair pilot from Marine Fighter Squadron 312 was on his last mission before rotating home. He was strafing railway bridges near Yonghung when his right wing was hit by AAA and exploded. A decorated WWII veteran, he never made it home from Korea.

Even though Operation Polecharge was officially over by October 19th, the operation gave one final desperate gasp of life during the last week of the month. The 5th Cavalry Regiment, still working on strengthening its positions along Line Jamestown, completed its assignment while losing an additional 78 KIAs in little villages and hamlets such as Mago-ri, Chong-Dong, and Mango-ri (all of these were in the Chorwon area)/ Its mission culminated with fighting around Hill 200, just across the Yokkak-chon River and Line Jamestown. The 7th Cavalry Regiment lost another 28 KIAs in support of this last, final push.

With a few minor exceptions that occurred in November, the daily death rates slowly dwindled during the tail end of October from the hectic 50 to 90+ men killed per day. October 22nd marked the first day since October 3rd that there were under 30 deaths a day. By the end of the month, the ‘slog’ finally—and mercifully—petered out, with combat deaths winding down as both sides start to settle in for a long cold winter in the foothills of Korea.

Even with this drastic slow-down of operations, death still occurred on a daily basis. Twenty-three men were killed on the last day of October, making this day no different than the rest of the month. What stands out from this day were two events that led to ‘group burials’ of men.

A B-29 flying out of Kadana Airbase crashed after its #3 engine caught fire and the wing exploded. All 10 of the crew were killed, 8 of whom were buried in a co-mingled grave. Lastly, 7 men, 5 from the 70th Tank Battalion and 2 from 8th Engineer Combat Battalion, were buried in a co-mingled grave after they were killed in a quick burst of combat.

November 1951 – 626

With winter settling in on the Korean peninsula, combat actions and the subsequent deaths from that drastically declined. Peace talks continued in earnest, adding to the slowed-down pace of combat between the UN and the CCF/NKPA. With this slowing of combat deaths, those that occurred were from mostly isolated incidents, patrols, and short, sharp clashes, sometimes not even intentional.

A total of 626 men died in Korea during November, ranking it on the lower end of the ‘death’ scale for the year, as the Korean winter started to settle in. The 7th, 24th, and 1st Cavalry Divisions sustained
A total of 626 men died in Korea during November, ranking it on the lower end of the ‘death’ scale for the year, as the Korean winter started to settle in.

the vast majority of these deaths as they were still reeling from October’s brutal fighting. The type of short clashes that U.S. troops were involved with were evident from the beginning of the month. On November 2nd, 11 men from the 8th Cavalry Regiment’s 2nd Battalion were killed while fighting around Unsan.

One private, a recent replacement, had only been on the front lines for a few hours and was killed by a mortar round. Other tragedies occurred in November, just like all the other months, as on November 4th an F9F Panther from the VF-837 Fighter Squadron jumped the barriers and crashed while landing, killing the pilot and 2 crewmen on the USS Antietam.

During the first week of November, the 1st Battalion of the 7th Cavalry Regiment, still recovering from its losses the previous month, gave a good example of what was to come in the ensuing months and years. Assigned to a section of the front astride Line Jamestown in the Chorwon area, the 1st Battalion manned positions that included Hills 266 (Old Baldy) 200, and 199 near the Imjin River.

Assigning its companies to each of these posts, the 1st Battalion, while attempting to settle into an ‘active defense’ mode, had to deal with company-and, sometimes, battalion-sized probing attacks. These attacks on small localized points caused loss of life to be concentrated, not just by regiment, but battalion and sometimes company or lower. Between November 5-7, 1st Battalion’s ‘A’ Company lost 21 men killed; ‘B’ Company 25 men killed; ‘C’ Company 24 men killed; ‘D’ Company 7 men dead, and 12 other men killed from various sections of the battalion. That was 89 men from one battalion killed in total, in three days, just to defend a few hill masses along a line on a map in the winter of 1951.

Korea certainly was an odd place to be for the American serviceman. Sometimes combat deaths were caused by third-party aggressors, and they weren’t limited to just Korea and off its coast. On November 6th, a P2V-3 Neptune from Patrol Squadron 6 (VP-6) at Naval Air Station Atsugi was flying an intelligence gathering mission over the Sea of Japan. The ten Navy air crew became KIA when they were shot down by Soviet fighters near Vladivostok, USSR.

More small fights and hilltop clashes continued to erupt throughout the month. One, on November 8-10 in the small hill outposts of the Kumsong area, killed 18 men, 16 of them from the 1st Battalion of the 19th Infantry Regiment fighting around Kumwha.

Another clash, November 20-22, saw 30 men KIA, almost all from ‘F’ Company 2nd Battalion, 8th Cavalry Regiment, as they defended their outpost on Hill 255 (later infamously referred to as Pork Chop Hill). Not only was this the last combat action of the 8th Cavalry Regiment for the year, but also for the entire 1st Cavalry Division, as it was pulled off the line en masse soon afterward.

Of note, 33 men died in Korea on Thursday, November 22nd. It was the second Thanksgiving on which U.S. troops were in country.

November saw the 2nd lowest aircraft losses of the year: 24 aircraft of 13 different types. The total of pilots and crewmembers killed was 43. The low numbers were second only to February for the year, when 23 aircraft were lost.

The Air Force led the way in November, with four F-80 and four F-84 aircraft and their pilots being shot down. One of these was the commander of the 136th Fighter Bomber Wing, whose damaged F-84 Thunderjet crashed on the way to K-9 Airbase after bombing runs on North Korean positions.

Back on January 9th of this year, a B-29 was shot down while on a leaflet dropping mission over Chongju. The entire crew bailed out and survived. However, one crewman was captured. He died at a POW camp on November 9th. Another unit commander killed on November 18th, the commander of Marine Attack Squadron 121 (VMA-121), died when his AD-2 Skyraider engine caught fire and crashed after taking off from K-6 Airfield.

As the month closed, there were two last gasps of combat that the enemy attempted on the front. The 3rd Infantry Division’s 7th Infantry Regiment engaged in a struggle for control of Hill 355 (Little Gibraltar) and the Kowang-San area, losing 67 KIAs, mostly from the 2nd Battalion, in four days of hard fighting from November 22-25. In a supporting role, the 15th Infantry Regiment’s 2nd Battalion added another 27 men dead to the total.

Finally, from November 21st through the end of the month, the 17th Infantry Regiment lost 58 men killed as they defended their positions along Line Minnesota in the Punchbowl area. This action along Line Minnesota continued into the first week of December.

Another example of ‘groupings’ of men killed was provided by ‘I’ Company, 3rd Battalion of the regiment. While on a night ambush patrol, ‘I’ Company lost 12 men, all listed to this day as MIA. This fighting by the 17th Infantry Regiment was the last of the month across the entire MLR. But the killing continued.

The USS Hyman was hit by an enemy shore battery off Wonsan on November 29th, with 3 men killed. All were blown overboard and not recovered. The last day of November was an eclectic day for deaths in Korea. Of the 9 men who were killed, 4 men were DOC, 2 died from an aircraft crash, and 3 were killed in combat.

December 1951 - 297

December was interesting from the view of deaths to U.S. servicemen in Korea at the close of 1951. Ground combat was almost non-existent, except for small patrolling actions across the front. Nevertheless, 297 men died, making December the lowest monthly total for the year. But, among those 297 men, there were some striking numbers and percentages to give an interesting understanding of what it was like to be in Korea during the war’s second winter.

The first percentage was those men who ‘Died Other Causes’ (DOC) that happen not just in a war zone but anywhere that military personnel serve. Granted, being in a combat zone caused some deaths that traditionally would not occur elsewhere. There were a total of 71 DOCs in December, 24% of all deaths in-theater.

One out of every 4 men who died in...
Korea during the month was not involved in combat. Of them there were 20 men who are generically recorded simply as 'DOC,' 18 died in various vehicle accidents (mostly truck roll-overs), 10 died in aircraft crashes (9 in one crash), 6 of hemorrhagic fever, and 2 each from heart attack and electrocution. Individuals died by drowning, polio, a brain fire, a tent fire, an accidental self-inflicted gunshot, an accidental stepping on a land mine, an artillery barrel recoil blow to the head, a jump from a tank, and getting hit in the head by a falling rock.

The next percentage was those Missing In Action (MIA). Remarkably, 55 men are still listed today as MIA from December, roughly 16% of the total men killed during the month. Over half of these MIAs were air crewmen who were either shot down behind enemy lines or crashed into the sea. Regarding USAF, USN, and USMC pilots and air crew, there were 46 men who died in 34 aircraft in December. Aircraft and air crew losses were the one thing that stayed constant during this month.

Even though ground combat was almost non-existent, the air war remained active due to interdiction requirements to prevent the enemy from using its supply chain. Air Force F-80, F-84 and F-51 pilots, along with Navy F4U Corsair pilots, accounted for 24 men killed. Almost all of them died from ground fire as they were attacking or bombing enemy positions and supply routes.

On December 18th all 4 deaths were air crewmen of various sorts, 2 pilots who were KIA (1 shot down behind enemy lines and 1 who had to ditch his aircraft into the sea) and 2 aircraft maintainers who were DOC (both vehicle accidents).

December began with a DOC, as on December 1st, a lieutenant from the newly activated 180th Infantry Regiment died at sea en route to Korea. The regiment suffered its first casualty in the Korean conflict and it hadn’t even landed yet. It would be another ten days (December 11th) until the 180th would experience its first KIA.

December 4th experienced the highest daily death total for the month with 21 men killed. Nine of them composed a B-29 air crew. The plane crashed after take-off from Kadena Airbase, Okinawa.

One out of every 4 men who died in Korea during the month was not involved in combat. Of them there were 20 men

During the first two weeks of the month, small patrols and raiding parties were the only offensive actions taken by those on the MLR. These small patrolling actions sometimes resulted in short, sharp clashes that left men dead, usually from a singular unit.

Some raiding parties were designed specifically to capture prisoners. Case in point, the 2nd Battalion of the 65th Infantry Regiment lost six men killed on December 11th. Another six members were killed on the 23rd while conducting patrols along Line Jamestown near the small village of Toyon-ni and Hill 168.

The 17th Infantry Regiment lost 25 men KIA and the 5th Regimental Combat Team lost 13 men KIA during these two weeks as they continued small patrols along their sector of Line Missouri. And the 7th Marine Regiment lost 10 men during this time as they manned positions along Line Hays, which ran through the Punchbowl, before they were pulled off the line and put into reserve.

The last two weeks of December were a tense time, as combat actions were very light, and no one wanted to die in a far off land during what should be the most peaceful time of the year. For those who died during this time, there would not be any peace and comfort with their families. It took over an entire year for this type of day to occur, but on December 27th there were no deaths of any kind in Korea. This would only be the second time that happened since Task Force Smith hit the ground in the first week of July 1950, and the first time in all of 1951.

On December 30th, 2 men from the 179th Infantry Regiment were the first from that regiment to die in the war. On the last day of 1951 nine men died in Korea. One of them was a young captain leading a patrol on New Year’s Eve when he was killed by a mortar round near Hill 1062 (Papa-san Mountain). He earned the Silver Star at the cost of his life. He and his soldiers’ deaths’ closed out the second year of combat in the Land of the Morning Calm.

Author Notes: This article concentrates on the United States involvement in the Korean War and does not include the number of United Nations (UN) and Republic of Korea (ROK) forces killed. There are many ways to review, interpret, and present statistical data such as this, and there have already been a number of books written with tallies of KIA for either battles, dates of battles or units that fought those battles. This article takes a different approach.

The main source for the numbers quoted in this article is the Korean War Project, which maintains a digital file of all deaths that occurred associated with Korea by date, unit, and location. This digital file is the most comprehensive source available, compiled from numerous sources, namely the TAGOKOR, DIOR, PMKOR, NARA, and respective service documentation.

TAGOKOR File - The Army Adjutant General’s Office Korean War Casualty File
DIOR File - The Directorate for Information Operations and Reports File
PMKOR - The Defense Prisoner of War/Missing Personnel Office (DPMO) Personnel Missing- Korea File
NARA RG 330 - National Archives and Records administration Records Group 330, Records of the Office of the Secretary of Defense
Various Command Reports and Unit Daily Journals
Korean War Project www.koreanwar.org
Internet sources such as Wikipedia and various search engines to verify proper spellings and locations of towns, cities and geographical areas of importance, aircraft and ship identifications, and the cross-referencing of units and dates throughout the year
Numerous disparities have been found in documentation from different sources, and this is to be expected. There is no definitive Korean War death list. This article is based on the reported and recorded deaths per day per unit.

Other Reference:
Korean War Educator www.koreanwar-educator.org
Welcome Aboard!

New Members of the Korean War Veterans Association

ARIZONA
R049762 JAMES D. BATEMAN
A049722 ANN M. BRADY
A049733 PATRICIA E. CLARK
A049726 JERRY L. DAVIS
A049727 ROSEMARY DAVIS
A049731 FRANK DEGELE
A049761 MARY A. FEIST
A049770 JOSEPH H. FREDERICKSON
A049755 JIM T. GRAY
A049754 NORAH GRAY
A049769 KATHERINE A. GUERRERA
A049758 MICHAEL J. HARE
A049771 DIANA HILL
A049729 FERRIS A. JAMES
A049760 RICHARD M. LAPA
A049753 MICHAEL J. LUMAN
A049757 GORDON O. McMILLAN
A049756 WILLIAM V. MINER
R049720 DELBERT A. ‘DEL’ MOORE
A049721 PATRICIA L. MOORE
A049719 LOU PANGANIBAN
A049728 CHARLES H. PLOTZ
A049768 ALAN P. RAY
R049737 JAMES J. SHANLEY
A049759 CAROL J. SHAW
A049724 LINDA M. SHEWCRAFT
A049723 ROBERT L. SHEWCRAFT
R049725 DARRELL D. STALNAKER
ARKANSAS
R049782 CHARLES W. WERT
CALIFORNIA
R049777 MERLE JOHNSON
R049742 WILFRED I. LEWIS
R049774 SAMUEL C. SUGARMAN
CONNECTICUT
R049787 RICHARD L. KRAUSE
FLORIDA
R049736 JOEL BANOW
R049765 JOHN M. DANKO JR.
R049746 YANisel GARCIA
R049744 ANDRES D. GONZALEZ
R049745 LEMARZE J. SMITH
R049773 EDWARD TORRES
R049741 FREDERIC J. WATKINS
GEORGIA
R049739 ROBERT H. TAYLOR
ILLINOIS
R049750 EUGENE A. LEE JR.
INDIANA
R049735 DONALD L. DICKEY
IR049764 JOHN H. PLUMMER
MASSACHUSETTS
LR49772 RICHARD M. HUSSEY
MICHIGAN
A049783 CHRISTOPHER JONES
R049791 JAY B. KOOL
MISSOURI
A049767 JULIE A. FERGUSON
NEBRASKA
R049775 ROBERT H. VALLQUIST
NEW JERSEY
R049738 ROBERT HENNAULT
R049732 JOSEPH A. ILLUZZI
R049766 FREDERICK L. KOCH
R049734 JAMES L. MCKENNA
NORTH CAROLINA
R049763 ERIC GRAHAM
OHIO
A049776 RAYMOND M. BISHOP
R049788 JOSEPH M. PETRILLI
OREGON
R049730 ROBERT W. HOSACK
PAENNSYLVANIA
R049790 THOMAS E. BITNER JR.
A049792 MIRAN SURH
RHODE ISLAND
R049752 ANTHONY J. SMITH
TEXAS
R049786 CORY L. CANNON
R049780 YASHUND R. GILMORE
R049781 WALTER L. PHELPS
VIRGINIA
A049784 BARBARA P. BEACH
R049749 LEONARD M. COWHERD
LR49740 CODY D. GRUNDY
R049785 JOHN L. INSIAN
A049751 RICHARD T. OAKLEY
WASHINGTON
A049778 MICHAEL L. BURTON
R049743 RONALD C. FRYER
R049779 RICHARD I. WOODS
WEST VIRGINIA
R049748 GLENVILLE P. COLINS SR.
R049718 ANDREW D. HUNTER
R049747 WAYNE D. WHITTINGTON
WISCONSIN
R049789 MARVIN J. KOSTKA

November - December 2020

The Graybeards
Official Membership Application Form
The Korean War Veterans Association, Inc.
PO Box 407, Charleston, IL 61920-0407 (Telephone: 217-345-4414)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE Assigned Membership Number: _______________________

KWVA Regular Annual Dues - $25.00 | Associate Membership - $25.00 | MOH, Ex-POW, Gold Star Parent or Spouse & Honorary - $0.00
Regular Life Membership: (May be paid in lump sum or 6 equal payments by check over a 12 month period.)
Ages up to and through 35 years of age: $600
Ages 36 through 50 years of age: $450
Ages 51 through 65 years of age: $300
Ages 66 years of age and older: $150

Please Check One: □ New Member □ Renewal Member # ____________

□ Ex-POW □ Regular Member (☐ KATUSA?) □ Regular Life Member (☐ KATUSA?) □ Associate Member □ Medal Of Honor
□ Gold Star Spouse/Parent □ Honorary

(Please Print)
Last Name: ___________________________ First Name: ___________________________ Middle Initial: ___________________________
Street ___________________________ City ___________________________ State ____ Zip ______
Apartment or Unit # (if any) ___________ Phone ___-___-_______ Year of Birth __________
Email ___________________________
Chapter Number/Name (if applicable) # __________

—All applicants for Regular Membership please provide the following information—

Unit(s) to which Assigned
Division ___________________________
Regiment ___________________________
Battalion ___________________________
Company ___________________________
Other ___________________________

Service Branch
□ Army □ Air Force □ Navy □ Marines □ Coast Guard

Dates of service:
WithIN Korea were: (See criteria below)
From: ___________ To: ___________

Without Korea were: (See criteria below)
From: ___________ To: ___________

How did you hear about the KWVA? □ KWVA member, □ Internet, □ Google, □ KWVA Website, □ Facebook,
□ Email, □ Magazine, □ Newspaper, □ YouTube, □ Twitter, □ Other: ___________________________

“I certify, under penalty of law, that the above information provided by me is true and correct.”

[If you are applying for membership in a category other than Section 1, par A.1., of the “Criteria for Membership” listed below, complete the “Certification of Eligibility for KWVA Membership” Form on page 2.]

Applicant Signature: ___________________________ Date: ___________

Make checks payable to: KWVA — Mail to: KWVA Membership Office – PO Box 407 – Charleston, IL 61920-0407.

(Or you may pay by Credit Card)
Credit Card # ___________________________ □ VISA □ MASTER CARD □ Discover □ AMEX
Expiration Date _____/______ V-Code _______ Signature ___________________________

Adopted 3/13/2019, RO Approved 3/19/2019 __________________________________________

[KWVA Membership Application Form Page 1]
CERTIFICATION OF ELIGIBILITY FOR KWVA MEMBERSHIP

In addition to completing the KWVA Membership Application Form on page 1 above, persons applying for, and qualifying for, membership under one of the categories listed below, are also required to fill in the appropriate blanks, sign in the space provided below and attach this page to the completed Membership Application Form on page 1.

Check Only
One Category

☐ KATUSA: I served in the Korean War as a member of the Korean Augmentation to the United States Army Forces. I have since relocated to the United States and became a United States Citizen on:
   Month _____ Day _____ Year_____.
   (Verification will be required)

☐ Medal of Honor: I am a Medal of Honor recipient and the date on which it was awarded was:
   Month _____ Day _____ Year_____.

☐ Ex-POW: I was held as a Prisoner of War by the North Koreans, Chinese, or Russian forces at some time during the period June 25, 1950 to the present,
   From: Month ____ Day ____ Year ____ To: Month ____ Day ____ Year ____.

☐ Gold Star Parent: I am the parent of: Name [print] ______________________, who was
   ( ) killed in action, ( ) missing in action or ( ) died as a Prisoner of War during the Korean War
   on: Month ____ Day ____ Year _____.

☐ Gold Star Spouse: I am the spouse of: Name [print] ______________________, who was
   ( ) killed in action, ( ) missing in action or ( ) died as a Prisoner of War during the Korean War
   on: Month ____ Day ____ Year _____.

☐ Associate: I have a legitimate interest in the affairs of the Korean War Veterans Association and agree to accept the terms and conditions set forth in its charter and bylaws. I do not qualify to be a Regular member.

☐ Honorary: I was elected as an Honorary Member of the KWVA by a vote of the NATIONAL Board of Directors on: Month ____ Day ____ Year _____.

"I certify, under penalty of law, that the above information provided by me for the purposes indicated is true and correct."

Applicant Signature: ___________________________ Month ____ Day ____ Year _____

Check HERE If
GIFT Membership

☐ GIFT Membership: I certify, under penalty of law, that to the best of my knowledge, ALL of the information I have provided about the Applicant is true and correct. I have included the required payment with this application.

Signature: ___________________________ Month ____ Day ____ Year _____

Relationship to Applicant: ___________________________

Adopted 3/13/2019, RO Approved 3/13/2019

[KWVA Membership Application Form Page 2]
The Graybeards Submission Guidelines

Ongoing Series
Remember that we have ongoing series for which we are always looking for submissions. Among them are:

- Where I was on July 27, 1953
- Humor in Korea
- How I joined the KWVA

We will continue the series as long as we receive your stories. Please send your submissions to Arthur G. Sharp, 2473 New Haven Circle, Sun City Center, FL 33573.

Editor’s Office Hours
Bear in mind that the editor is not a full-time employee of the KWVA. He maintains approximate office hours. They are 9 a.m. – 5 p.m. eastern standard time, Monday through Friday.

Photo Captions
Whenever possible, please identify the subjects in photos you submit. We realize that is not always possible, especially in group photos. But, when you can, identify them, use designations such as (R-L), (L-R), (Standing, L-R), (Seated, L-R), etc. And, please write subjects’ names as legibly as possible. We can usually figure out who the KWVA members are, but we cannot guess at non-members’ identities.

Photo Limits
From time to time we have to limit the number of photos we include with Chapter or Tell America news. We receive a lot of submissions in both categories, and we have a limited number of pages. So, in the interest of fairness, we try to spread the coverage.
APPLICATION FOR KOREA REVISIT & PCFY TOURS

(UPDATE 01/05/16)

Last Name ___________________________ First ___________________ MI ______

KWVA Member, # ___________________ Expiration Date (Exp date) ____________

NOTE: If you have not yet received your membership # from KWVA please insert “applied for.”

List all your addresses, (seasonal/if more than one per year) and dates of residence, no P.O. Boxes

1. ___________________________ City __________________ State __ Zip _______ Dates ______

2. ___________________________ City __________________ State __ Zip _______ Dates ______

Phone # ___________________________ Fax ___________________ E-Mail* ___________________

* CRUCIAL FOR IMMEDIATE TOUR UPDATES

Korea Revisit Only

Veterans Passport# ___________________ Exp Date __________________ Date of Birth (DOB) ____________

Companion Name/Relationship ___________________ DOB ______________

Companion’s Passport# ___________________ Exp Date __________________

NOTE: If you do not have a passport with 6 months validity after last date of return to USA and have applied for a new one, please insert “Applied for” in the space provided and contact MHT when you receive it.

Veteran’s Korean Service Information

Branch of Service ___________________ Unit __________________________

Period of Service in the Korean Theater (month/year) from _______________ thru ______________

Veterans / Family Member Signature __________________ Date ______

Complete and mail this form along with the nonrefundable $50.00 deposit per person (check, money order or Credit Card) to Military Historical Tours. Payment of the remaining $400 service fee is required for participants once a tour departure date is selected and submitted. The remaining $400 service fee will be nonrefundable but a continuation into the following year is allowed if an emergency precludes the participants from attending the revisit that they have selected and been scheduled for.

Credit Card Authorization

I authorize Military Historical Tours by my signature above to charge my Visa, Discover, Master Card or Amex a $50.00 Deposit Per Person,

The nonrefundable amount of $50.00 Per Person Credit Card # __________________________

Expiration Date: _____________ please include the 3-Digit code on back of card _____________

Name as it appears on the Credit Card __________________________

Korea Revisit related material please send to:

KWVA Revisit Korea Program Phone: 703-590-1295 or 800-722-9501
C/O MILITARY HISTORICAL TOURS Fax: 703-590-1292
13198 CENTERPOINTE WAY STE #202 e-mail: mhtours@miltours.com
WOODBRIDGE, VA 22193-5285 Website: www.miltours.com

SUSPENDED
Typical Korea Visit Itinerary

Day 1: Fly to Korea.
Day 2: Arrival day Incheon Airport, ROK check into Seoul Hotel.
Day 3 - Tribute Ceremony at the "Korean National Cemetery", visit to the Korean War Memorial.
Day 4 - Visit Panmunjom, DMZ, Joint Security Area, Camp Bonifas & wreath laying.
Day 5 - Ceremony for Korean War Veterans & Display/Show.
Day 6 - Visit tour of “Korean Folk Village” and shopping op-portunity. Banquet hosted by MPVA and KVA.
Day 7 - Depart Korea or begin post-tour extensions.

Sundry Tour Requirements

1. The MPVA Revisit Program privileges are provided for scheduled groups only.
2. Participants are required to have a valid passport that does not expire until 6 months after return to the USA.
3. Neither MPVA Seoul nor MHT Virginia U.S.A is responsible for any loss of or damage to personal or other items; medical expenses, injuries or loss of life due to any accident of whatever nature during the Revisit tours.
4. Medical and Evacuation Insurance is required by MPVA for all veterans, companions or veteran representatives. Insurance costs are included in the admin service charge for Korea only.
5. Roundtrip transportation costs to Korea are not included and will be borne by each person who participates in the program. The participants must purchase roundtrip airfare, the ROK government will subsidize air costs (approximately 50% Veterans and 30% Companions.) The refunded airfare reimbursement will be calculated by the ROK after all the revisits. The reimbursement will be sent in a lump sum to be distributed by MHT for the entire year’s groups.
6. Applications will be received/accepted on a “First-come, first-served” basis.
7. Use of frequent flyer miles or other “free” transportation is allowed, but the administrative nonrefundable service fee of $450.00 per person is still required for the insurance, tour leaders and administration costs.
8. The initial $50 per person registration fee that is required for postage, printing, phone charges, file maintenance and personnel staffing to manage the Korea Revisit Programs is not refundable. The remainder of the nonrefundable Service Fee ($400) will not be charged until the participant has selected his Korea Revisit (KR) dates on the KR Preference Sheet that will be mailed in March-April as part of the KR Handbook.

Benefits & Schedule

1. Free hotel accommodations for the veteran their companion or veteran representatives, meals for 5 nights and 6 days in Seoul for 2 people. If you want to bring more people you may at your own expense.
2. Accommodations are based on (2) persons per room, if you want a single hotel room you may at your own expense. All of the above items need to be requested in writing.
3. Tours of Seoul and its vicinity, banquet hosted by the MPVA and KVA with presentation of the “Ambassador for Peace” medal, tours of the DMZ, Pan-Mun-Jom, War Memorial Museum, and National Cemetery.

Expanded Eligibility

1. For the 65th anniversaries (2015-19) there will be more quotas available. In addition, those who have been on a Revisit prior to 2011 can apply to return again. (Call MHT for more details)
2. Widows and family members of deceased veterans or those unable to travel are also eligible for the Revisit as Veteran Representatives.
3. Korea Defense Veterans who served in Korea during these periods (1945 – Jun 24, 1950 and Oct 16, 1954 – present) are eligible to return on a space available basis TBD by the MPVA and the ROK criteria.

Background

The Korea Revisit program was begun by the Ministry of Patriots and Veterans Affairs (MPVA/Seoul) in 1975 for the 25th anniversary of the outbreak of the Korean War to express the Republic of Korea (ROK’s) government’s gratitude to Korean War veterans and their families also to show them the bountiful results of their sacrifices and devotion.

MPVA’s Eligibility Requirements

Korean War Veterans who served in or supported ground, naval, or air operations in the Korean Theater between June 25, 1950 and October 15, 1954. Family members of deceased or disabled Veterans are eligible to participate in the "Korea Revisit Program." An eligible applicant is allowed to bring a family member or friend as a "travel companion,” Korea Defense Veterans (1945 – Jun 24, 1950 and Oct 16, 1954 – present) are eligible to go when Korean War Veterans are not available.

Death Notice of a Member of KWVA

The following notice is submitted for publication:

Name of deceased ____________________________
Date of death __________________Year of Birth__________________________
Member # __________________ Chapter __________________
Address ____________________________________________________________
☐ Army ☐ Navy ☐ Marine Corps ☐ Air Force ☐ Coast Guard
Primary Unit of service during Korean War ____________________________
Submitted by ________________________________________________________
Relationship to deceased ____________________________________________
Send to: Membership, P.O. Box 407, Charleston, IL 61920-0407

Now Hear This:

All comments concerning, or contributions for publication in The Graybeards should be sent to:

Art Sharp, Editor
2473 New Haven Circle
Sun City Center, FL 33573-7141
or emailed to: sharp_artthur_g@sbcglobal.net
Writing letters paid off

By Charles Marwood

When you were a young boy, did you ever play soldier, dreaming of becoming a Soldier, Sailor, Marine, or Air Force pilot? Maybe you grew up during World War II, making a military scrapbook, keeping track of the battles, or seeing your older friends and relatives off to war. Well, I have done all of that.

My name is Chuck Marwood. I am a Korean War veteran who served in the United States Navy from 1948 to 1952. My tour of duty in Korea was on the escort carrier USS Sicily (CVE-118) and the aviation supply ship USS Jupiter (AVS-8). Now, back to my story.

It was always my dream to become a sailor and, as the saying goes, “Join the Navy and see the world.” Upon graduation from high school I enlisted in the Navy and rode the high seas for four years, traveling through the Atlantic Ocean, Mediterranean Sea, Caribbean Sea, Panama Canal crossing, Pacific Ocean, Sea of East, and Yellow Sea (off the coast of Korea). Thanks to my mother and my dear friend MiRan Surh, I have been able to relive those four years of my life as a sailor.

I told my mother and dad that I would write home as often as I could and I kept my promise. Many, many years ago, my mother gave me a box and said, “Here are the letters you wrote home.” I did nothing with that box of letters until two years ago. I opened the box and only then did I realize what a treasure I had. Every letter, all in order, day by day and year by year. Still, I did nothing with those letters.

I had met MiRan, who is a strong supporter of our Korean War Veterans Association. One day I showed her the box of letters. She said, “You have a story to tell. Let me do something with these letters.” That was the beginning.

My handwritten letters were transcribed, then those letters were turned into a word document. There were over 400 letters to convert and it took months before I received the printed documents for proofreading. We did this for many months. It was during the COVID-19 lockdown that I proofread those pages and relived my four years in the Navy.

MiRan said, “Now we will turn those letters into a book.” Finally, on July 31, 2020 there was MiRan with the Book, “TOUR OF DUTY, Told Through Letters to Home.” What a wonderful moment it was for both of us! Because my dear mother kept all of my letters during my four years of Navy service, and because of my dear friend MiRan’s devotion to this project, many good things have happened. MiRan contacted the Embassy of the Republic of Korea in Washington, D.C. to share what was happening in Pittsburgh, PA. Then Mr. Byung-Gun Park of the office of the Defense Attaché reached out to learn more about the projects related to the Korean War veterans, including my story.

Mr. Park shared the story with JiBok Ryoo, a Korean reporter for Yonhap News Agency, stationed in Washington D.C., who then reached out to MiRan to learn more about my story and the book. I later learned that Yonhap News Agency is similar to the US’s Reuters or Associated Press and that their coverage of news is often shared and distributed through other agencies and media as well. After a few interviews with him, I was on the news everywhere in Korea and in the United States.

With the marking of the 70th Anniversary of the Korean War, the news of the publication of this book hit all the Korean communities in the United States. Even though the coverage on TV, newspapers, and online news were in Korean, I received a translation of the report.

Since the book was published during COVID-19, social distancing created social isolation for many of the veterans. While transcribing my letters, MiRan organized high school students to send handwritten letters to the Korean War veterans. A number of North Allegheny School District students started writing letters to the Korean War veterans, then SoMyung Girls High School in Bucheon, Korea was invited to join the effort. The principal of SoMyung Girls High School, Sr. NaRyung Kim, was excited about the opportunity.

The teachers and students got together and wrote letters to the Korean War veteran “grandpas” in Pittsburgh. The first 19 letters arrived from Korea last week. I am excited that we are not forgotten and the young Korean students are remembering us and thanking us for what we have done 70 years ago!

Thanks to my mother, at my golden age of 90, I have more friends than I ever have had.
Shin Mong Orphanage, Korea, 1959

By Dr. Coy Quesenbury

Located in the northern part of South Korea was a small orphanage called The Shin Mong Orphanage. (The English translation is “Faith Hope.”) Under the leadership of Chaplains Nybro and Taylor the 23rd Transportation Battalion of the First Cavalry Division “adopted” the children who lived in that orphanage. Arriving in Korea in 1959 it was my privilege to assist the Army chaplain in this worthy outreach.

Pay Day! We all looked forward to that. A table was prepared and each man stood in line to receive his pay. Even though we were paid in cash it was not in American dollars. Instead, we received Military Payment Certificates, MPCs. The smallest denomination was five cents, progressing up to $20 bills.

Some of the guys liked to call Korea “the land of the paper nickel.” Our Battery Commander sat at a table with a .45 caliber pistol and an armed soldier stood on each side of him. We reported in alphabetical order, stating our name. For example, I would say, “Sir, Specialist Quesenbury reporting for pay, sir.” He had all of our papers, read the amount due, and counted it out to us. We were to double check the accuracy before walking away from the table because there was no going back later.

As Chaplain’s Assistant I sat at the end of the payment table with an offering plate and a sign encouraging contributions from all who wanted to help the orphanage. It was heartwarming to watch most of the men respond. Each month we would receive approximately $200; a welcome assistance for this little orphanage.

Once a month Mr. Lee, manager of the orphanage, and I took a ¾-ton truck to Seoul, the capital city of South Korea. Lee Tae Hyung, a Korean soldier who worked with me in the chapel office, accompanied us and served as our interpreter. Mr. Lee didn’t speak much English, and I spoke even less Korean.

Our first stop was at the American Korean Foundation to transfer the money into Korean currency. There, we received a very favorable exchange rate. Then came the fun! Throngs of people, including us, pushed through the East Gate Market as crowds searched for and claimed their select items. It was loud and crowded.

Even though some of the larger stores in Seoul were rigid in their pricing, most prices at the village markets were negotiable. Often, when you asked the cost of an item, the clerk would respond with “You say...” Mr. Lee would counter and the bargaining began until an acceptable amount was agreed upon.

Even though we were paid in cash it was not in American dollars. Instead, we received Military Payment Certificates...

Some of the guys liked to call Korea “the land of the paper nickel.”

I looked forward to this big shopping adventure. Mr. Lee spent most of the money on food, but also purchased clothing, school supplies, and other needed items. When he could, he bought in bulk to save money. I remember once when he bought a 200-pound bag of rice. It took three of us to load it into the truck!

I was told that before our battalion began helping the orphanage, they only had a little beef or pork once or twice a month. Sharing with these children was a privilege which definitely provided a better variety of healthy food as well as other basic needs. They were grateful and I was blessed.

At the end of each visit the children lined up in front of the orphanage waving goodbye as I climbed into my jeep. It’s been more than 60 years since I stood with the children outside the Shin Mong Orphanage for the nearby picture. I wonder if they remember the American G. I. who looked forward to our visit each month.

For me, it’s a picture frozen in time—a beautiful memory I will never forget.

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Sailors wave to children while marching in the annual Jinhae Gunhangje military port festival parade in South Korea, April 5, 2019.