

America's Forgotten Victory!

KOREA VETERANS

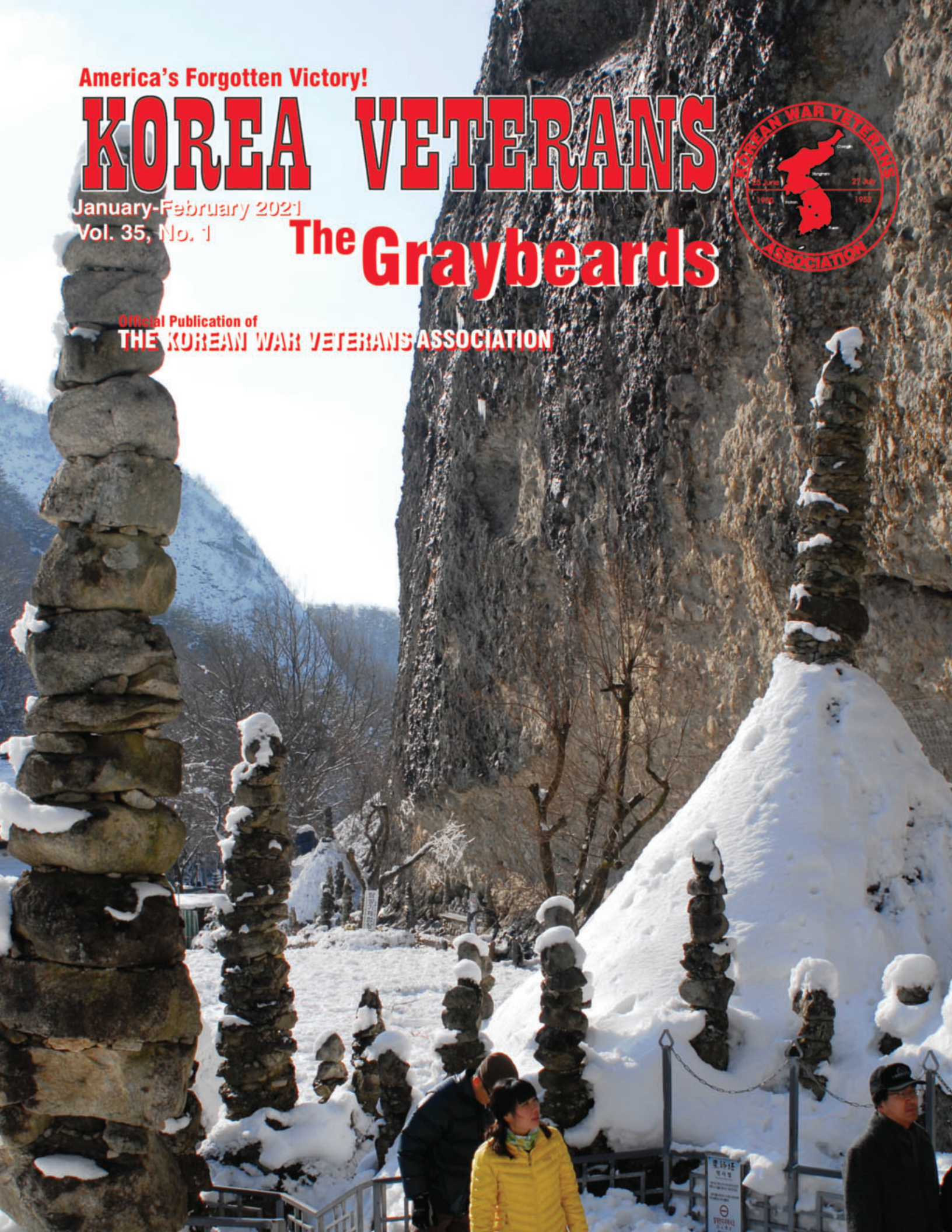
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The Graybeards

Official Publication of

THE KOREAN WAR VETERANS ASSOCIATION



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



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WWW.KWVA.US



From the President

Jeffrey J. Brodeur, M.A./C.A.G.S.

Several of our members participated in Wreaths Across America activities throughout America in December 2000, including me and KWVA National Secretary Harold Trieber. I and my family participated in ceremonies at Forest Meadows Cemetery in Gainesville, Florida with Chapter 267 Commander Rich Stalbaum. Harold participated at the Forest Hills Cemetery in Stuart, Florida with his wife Sondra. Several of us are going to Wreaths Across America next year to tag trees with the names of our deceased Korean War and Defense Veterans.

I attended events with Chapters 106 and 267 during the holiday season. We are going strong on our Facebook with over 53,700 likes. This page is updated daily. We get donations, members, and people buying our products off our page. I encourage the members to go to the page, invite your friends, and send me pictures of your chapter activities so we can put them on the page. We get thousands of hits on our articles.

Incidentally, do not be alarmed when you see the number of our passing members in The Graybeards. Many of those members listed as passed were inactive—some for over a decade. Every member is a recruiter.

I assessed our hotel for the October 25-28, 2021 KWVA National Membership

As of now, China owns 30 million acres of U.S. soil. I for one will not remain silent as this is a matter of national security. We have a duty as veterans...to challenge infringements on our soil by Communist nations.

Meeting in Orlando, Florida. The Avanti Palms Resort and Conference Center is on International Drive and around the corner from Universal Studios. The hotel rooms will be reasonably priced, as will be the meals for the banquet. The hotel has more than enough room for a board meeting and banquet. The American Legion Department of Florida uses it for many of its meetings, and it is highly recommended.

Speaking of meetings, I hope to set up a board meeting in late April or May in Boston. A lot depends on the pandemic.

I commemorate the 70th Anniversary of the Chosin Reservoir. Our National Director USMC Colonel Warren Wiedhahn served with the 5th Marines and my cousin USMC Sgt. George Brodeur served with the 7th Marines at the Chosin. George recently passed and Warren is presently the President of the Chosin Few. Their sacrifices should never be forgotten. Thousands of our Marines, Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen were killed and/or wounded at the Chosin by the Chinese Communists.

I have read in several media outlets

how the CCP has infiltrated many of our institutions, including purchasing 130,000 acres of land near two air bases in Texas. They say this land is for a wind farm. I find this incredulous and I am astounded that a Communist country can buy over 130,000 acres of strategic U.S. land in deals unchallenged by our politicians.

As of now, China owns 30 million acres of U.S. soil. I for one will not remain silent as this is a matter of national security. We have a duty as veterans, especially as veterans who served in Korea or during the Korean War, to challenge infringements on our soil by Communist nations. This is not only a slap in the face to our Korean War veterans and Gold Star Families but, as I said, a national security issue. "If not us, then who?"

Finally, thank you to our honorary lifetime member Byong Moon Kim, Ph.D of Minnesota, for an outstanding letter of input of the KWVA and his generous donation to the KWVA.

Freedom is not Free!

*KWVA National President
Jeffrey J. Brodeur M.A. / C.A.G.S.*

Did you know...

Since 1895, the Army & Air Force Exchange Service (Exchange) has gone where Soldiers, Airmen and their families go to improve the quality of their lives by providing valued goods and services at exclusive military pricing. The Exchange is the 61st-largest retailer in the United States. Its earnings provided \$2.2 billion in dividends to support military morale, welfare and recreation programs over the last 10 years.

The Exchange is a non-appropriated fund entity of the Department of Defense and is directed by a Board of Directors. The Exchange is a 50th Anniversary Vietnam War Commemorative Partner, planning and conducting events and activities that recognize the service, valor and sacrifice of Vietnam Veterans and their families in conjunction with the United States of America Vietnam War Commemoration.

To find out more about the Exchange history and mission or to view recent press releases please visit our website at <http://www.shopmyexchange.com> or follow us on Twitter at <https://twitter.com/ExchangePAO>.

COVER: Winter in Korea: National Parks of Korea: Deogyusan

Tapsa Temple, Mt. Maisan Provincial Park, in Jinan-gun, Jeollabuk-do, Republic of Korea. (U.S. Air Force photo/Staff Sgt. Eric Burks)



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*COVID-19 ended the Korea Revisits before they started in June last year.
Above: Enjoy the Korean Cultural Experience in 2021.*

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From the Secretary

Harold Trieber



As I look back on this most difficult and topsy-turvy year, it has been a very busy 2020 for me. Where do I start?

In December of 2019, I was reelected as Commander of Chapter 106 for my fifth term. I invited Jeff Brodeur to my January meeting to get some input on erecting a Defense Memorial in Port Saint Lucie, FL and to speak at our meeting. It has always been my aim to continue the legacy of the organization by recruiting Defense Veterans, and I felt that placing a Defense Memorial next to our Korean War Memorial, dedicated in 2006, would foster the chapter's recruiting of Defense Veterans and give these veterans a sense of camaraderie.

The membership agreed to erect the memorial at the Port Saint Lucie Veterans Memorial Park. Jeff Brodeur provided us with information relative to the defense memorials that had been dedicated in Massachusetts, New Jersey, and in Tampa, FL.

I guess I impressed Jeff with what our chapter was attempting to do to stop the bleeding of our membership due to the deaths of our members. Before he left the meeting, he said, "If I'm elected KWVA president, I would like you to be my Secretary."

My answer at that time was, "I have my hands full with being Commander of 106." Fast forward!

The Covid-19 pandemic took over the country and changed our lives for the foreseeable future. The chapter, however, continued with its fundraising campaign and raised enough funds to dedicate the Korea Defense Memorial on June 13, with an overwhelming crowd of over 250 people in attendance. As a result, our chapter garnered eight new Defense Veterans.

Jeffrey Brodeur was elected KWVA National President—and yours truly was appointed National Secretary on June 26. I was also appointed Chairman of the Awards Committee. The following are the Powers and Duties I assumed as KWVA National Secretary per the 2019 Bylaws.

- The Secretary shall be recommended by the President, and confirmed by Board.

He/she:

- is responsible for the management of the day-to-day business of the Association, and shall perform all administration duties required of him/her by the President.

- shall be responsible for recording the minutes of the meetings of the Association and shall keep records of the Association.

- shall maintain communications with the Membership and Annual Association Meeting Committees, offering assistance as required, to publicize their actions, and in making arrangements for Board and Annual Association Membership Meetings.

- A proposed agenda for the Annual Association

Membership Meeting shall be placed in the *Graybeards* for the Membership to be notified of business to be conducted. Thirty [30] days prior, he/she shall submit to each Officer and member of the Board an agenda for the Board meeting.

- In the performance of his/her duties, he/she may hire clerical or other assistance for the proper and expeditious conduct of the Association affairs, as authorized by the Board.

In July, I had the opportunity to visit Wreaths Across America (WAA) with President Brodeur in Columbia Falls, Maine. I was in Maine on my vacation, just north of WAA in Eastport, and Jeffrey was on Cape Cod at the time. (See my detailed Secretary's Report in the September-October *Graybeards*.)

On October 27 the Association held its first Board Meeting of 2020 under the New Administration. The meeting was held at the Naples Grande Beach Resort in Naples, FL. Due to COVID-19 the meeting was held in person and on Zoom. The meeting went on without a hitch, and all the duties of the Secretary were performed as required by the Bylaws.

I thank our President, Jeffrey Brodeur, and the Administration for all their help. The minutes of the Board meeting are included in this issue. (See page 16.)

Let's not forget the Mission of the KWVA/USA.

- DEFEND our Nation
- CARE for our Veterans
- PERPETUATE our Legacy
- REMEMBER our Missing and Fallen
- MAINTAIN our Memorials
- SUPPORT a free Korea.

Harold Trieber, KWVA National Secretary

National KWVA Fund Raiser Flower Rose of Sharon

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Dear Harry: Don't let the Russians fool you

Below is a "General" report from the U.S. Embassy Moscow, which the State Department presented to President Harry Truman. It is believed to have had an influence on the president entering the U.S. into the Korean War. It was made confidential, then the State Department approved it for release in March 1978.

EMBASSY MOSCOW'S VIEWS ON THE KOREAN CONFLICT

US Embassy Moscow, in assessing the implications of the present Korean Conflict, express the opinion that the North Korean offensive against the Republic of Korea constitutes a clear-cut Soviet challenge to the United States, which should be answered firmly and swiftly, because it constitutes a direct threat to U.S. leadership of the free world against Soviet Communist imperialism.

The Embassy points out that the defeat of the Republic of Korea would have grave and unfavorable repercussions for the U.S. position in Japan, Southeast Asia, and in other areas as well, and expresses the view that the U.S. is obligated to make clear to the world without delay that the U.S. is prepared to assist the Republic of Korea, to maintain its independence by all means at

the U.S. disposal, including military assistance and vigorous action in the UN Security Council.

The Embassy believes that any delay on the part of the U.S. "could suggest" to the USSR the possibility of precipitating with impunity immediate action against Indochina and other points along the boundary of the Soviet sphere. The Embassy also believes that the USSR probably calculated that the U.S. will be inclined to accept "neutralization" of the Korean Civil War, which would lead to eventual victory by North Korea, thus expanding the Soviet empire without the use of Soviet military forces.

The Embassy reiterates its belief that the USSR is not yet ready to risk full-scale war with the West, and comments that the present Korean situation thus offers the U.S. an opportunity to show firmness and determination, and, at the same time, to unmask important Soviet weaknesses to the eyes of the world, and particularly in Asia, where popular ideas of Soviet power have been grossly exaggerated as a result of recent Soviet political and propaganda successes.

Tom Moore, tm103ps@yahoo.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, 430 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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17 – 30 Apr VN War: Friends & Families

20 Apr – 4 May VN Tet Offensive/I-Corps

1 – 7 May Civil War "North To Gettysburg" Bull Run—Gettysburg—Antietam

22 – 28 May Civil War Bike Tour—Gettysburg—Antietam—Harper's Ferry

22 – 31 May WWI US Battlefields France Doughboys & Devil Dogs & Paris

HIGHLIGHTED TOUR: 27 May – 9 Jun
77th Anniv of D-Day & Battle of the Bulge

1 – 9 Jun 77th Anniv of D-Day: Normandy to Paris

12 – 25 Jun Cathedrals of Northern France

1 – 11 Jul Russia

31 Jul—5 Aug Tarawa

1 – 9 Aug Guadalcanal

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21 – 31 Aug VN I-Corps

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Welcome to The Graybeards' New World of Diversity[©]

The Graybeards Editorial Staff recently held a raucous meeting to discuss several controversial issues germane to the magazine's publication guidelines. Past meetings have been unruly to the extreme. This one was particularly so.

The first item on the agenda was whether we should publish photos of people not wearing masks inside or outside or failing to maintain social distancing, as one reader requested us to refrain from doing. One staff member suggested that publishing them posed a bad example for readers. Another stated that we could be held responsible for anyone contracting COVID19 from looking at such photos. The debate raged for several minutes before the staff moved on to other issues.

Item # 2 centered around whether we should adhere to new U.S. House of Representatives rules that would "honor all gender identities" by eliminating specific terms such as mother and father, son and daughter, and aunt and uncle. The new rules dictate that only gender-neutral terms such as "parent," "child," "sibling" and "parent's sibling" would be allowed in the text of congressional rules. The rules are considered "future-focused" and "the most inclusive in history." But, we asked, would they work in *The Graybeards*?

We started the discussion with the use of the words "brotherhood" and "sisterhood" as they apply to the spirit of commonality shared by the persons who bonded together to assure independence for millions of South Koreans. Should we henceforth simply eliminate the use of "brotherhood" and "sisterhood" and refer to them as siblinghood? Do we have to do away with the use of Mamasan and Papasan when speaking of Koreans in an historical context and just say Parentsans?

A staff member asked why we should specify South Koreans. Aren't all Koreans members of the same siblinghood regardless of geographical orientation? Shouldn't we refer to all Koreans simply as Koreans? But, does doing so then grant

freedom in theory at least to those in the half of the country that is above the 38th Parallel?

"Why not just say South Korea?" another member asked. "The South Koreans imply their southern orientation by calling their part of the country the Republic of Korea to differentiate themselves from the part of the country that isn't a republic, but just a democratic republic."

"South Korea, no matter how it is labeled, is geographically discriminatory," came the answer. "From now on we cannot discriminate on the basis of direction in *The Graybeards*. Henceforth, in the spirit of siblinghood, we shall simply refer to all people as persons of direction without regard to geographical orientation."

The staff moved on to the next subject: mailing issues with *The Graybeards*. It seems that many KWVA members received their November-December 2020 issue late. But we could not ask anyone at the post office what the problem was—or even if it was its problem.

"We cannot ask because such questions involve gender specificity," the moderator said.

There were a few puzzled looks from the members.

"Well, we cannot tell the postal officials that we have mail problems," the moderator said. "That would be sexist. Or, they might misconstrue our words and think we are seeking a referral to a urologist. Either way we cannot—or should not—be mentioning mail problems."

"That's correct," one staff member. "After all, postal workers, being quasi-government agency employees, are subject to House rules regarding gender identity. So they cannot discuss mail problems."

"That is inane," another attendee said. "The use of the word mail in a postal context is perfectly acceptable."

"But do you want to take a chance on violating the most inclusive gender activity rules in history and have Congress come down on the KWVA's head for

being non-gender neutral?" the moderator asked. "We are just going to have to deal with our mail problems until the House finalizes its rules."

The final topic on the agenda was whether to endorse "Kim's Convenience Store" as the official KWVA situation comedy. The introduction of that subject drew a few blank stares and an obvious need for an explanation.

"It's a Canadian television show," the moderator said. "It's the saga of a Korean family that moved from the section of the country that's not above the 38th parallel and opened a convenience store in Toronto. Parent Kim often references historical events in the native country, including the war between the two geographical entities composing the entire length and width."

"Why can't you just say he moved from South Korea?" one member asked. "And which parent?"

"Sorry, I can't be more specific," the moderator replied. "We cannot be directionally oriented. And the new house rules ban the use of mother and father in favor of simply parent. So you will have to just guess. But I will give you a hint. The person of whom I spoke would be of the gender related to our problem with the post office if I could ask them about our problem with members getting their issues late."

"Is this the type of wording with which we are going to have to put up in *The Graybeards* from now on?" one staffer asked.

"I am afraid we are moving in that direction," the moderator said. "KWVA members will just have to adapt to our inclusivity."

With that the meeting adjourned. One astute member commented "But we haven't resolved anything."

"That's true," the moderator said. "But neither have all these rules on use and/or non-use of certain words. They just confuse things more. Welcome to our new world."

Namgu newspaper published photographs of 370 of our comrades buried in Busan

The enterprising and UN veteran supporting Namgu newspaper in the Namgu district of Busan has published a wonderful tribute to our comrades who are buried in the United Nations Memorial Cemetery, which is located within the district. The editors have painstakingly located, set in place and published the photographs of 370 of our comrades from 11 nations, including 13 veterans who died years after the war but who had wished for their remains to be buried in Korea.

This tribute must gladden many hearts of comrades and family members of those whose photographs could be located. At one time, some years ago, the Cemetery staff had wanted to affix photographs of the veterans to grave markers, thereby giving them better identity to the younger generations who visit the graves. The initiative was not approved by the UNMCK Commission. This is a wonderful gesture of tribute from the

Namgu newspaper and the Mayor and citizens of Namgu.

For anyone wishing an original high resolution 2 mg photograph of the page, they can contact Mr. Kim Sunghan, (1225honey@korea.kr) editor of the Namgu newspaper, and request it. The photographs are arranged by nation in alphabetical order.

Australia 25
Canada 83
France 8
Belgium 11
New Zealand 10
Norway 1
South Korea 1
South Africa 9
Turkey 2
United Kingdom 203
United States (post Korean War 4)
Veterans (post Korean War) 13
Source: The Korean War Veteran, Internet journal for the world's Veterans of the Korean War, December 30, 2020.

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

Hotel 2/7, USMC Vietnam Reunion (1965-1970), June 24-27, 2021, Jacksonville, FL 32218, Crowne Plaza. Steve Cone; (843) 424-8279; scone1948@yahoo.com

SEPTEMBER

USS Hornet & USS Essex Joint Reunion (CV-8, CV/CVA/CVS-12) & (CV/CVA/CVS-9, LHD-2), Sept. 13-18, San Diego, CA, Crowne Plaza San Diego - Mission Valley, 2270 Hotel Circle North, San Diego, CA, 92108, (619) 297-1101. All Ship's Officers, Air Groups, Crew, Marines and Families Welcomed. Hornet Contact: Sandy Burket, PO Box 108, Roaring Spring, PA 16673, (814) 224-5063, cell: (814) 312-4976, hornetcva@aol.com, Hornet website: <https://usshornetassn.com/>. Essex Contact: Tom Ferelli, 19808 N43rd Ln., Glendale, AZ 85308, cell: (602) 882-0375, tferelli@gmail.com, Essex website: <https://ussessexassociation.com/>. *Must be a Member of Hornet or Essex to receive the room block rate*

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

25th Infantry Division Assn., Oct. 3-11, Honolulu, HI. Sarah Krause, PO Box 7, Flourtown, PA 19031. Fax: 215-366-5707; TropicLn@aol.com; website at www.25thida.org

KWVA, Oct. 25-29, Orlando, FL. The Avanti Palms Resort and Conference Center. Details to follow.

KWVA 2020 Fundraiser Winners!

The winning tickets for the 2020 Fundraiser were drawn by Alex Switzer from the KWVA Membership Office on November 18, 2020. Present at and witnessing the drawing were National Webmaster James Doppelhammer, National Administrative Assistant Sheila Fritts, and Chuck Wood.

■ **First prize is \$1,500 in cash... Victor A Sartoris, Jr. R038831, Garland, TX**

■ **Second prize is \$1,000 in cash... Matthew C Bridges LR33711, Middletown, MD**

■ **Third prize is \$1,000 in cash... Donald R Duffy R036065, New Castle, PA**

■ **Fourth prize is \$1,000 in cash... W. Roberts Richmond LR03650, Glen Mills, PA**

■ **Fifth prize is \$500 in cash... John O. Every R042297, Bloomville, NY**

■ **Sixth prize is \$500 in cash... William Norwood R038618, Santa Ana, CA**

As Fundraiser Chairman I thank every member who has donated to the fundraiser. The funds are utilized to help cover The Graybeards costs. It helps eliminate efforts to reduce the number of issues each year.

Please plan on supporting the 2021 Fund Raiser.

Thomas McHugh, Director
Fundraiser Chairman

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.

The joke's on Doakes

This is an excerpt from a letter I wrote to my mother from a bunker on Pork Chop Hill. It's been kicking around for about sixty years. At the time it seemed hilarious. At least the guys in Item Co. got a kick out of it.

June 24, 1953

Well, this time I really am at a loss for material. About the only thing worth relating is the confusion a sample address caused a simple but courageous soul. Most companies post on their bulletin boards envelopes bearing the correct addressing form to be followed by the men when writing home. Naturally, the names and addresses used on these samples are fictitious usually something like Pvt Joe Doakes RA12345678, etc.

Item Company uses Cpl. Blue Buffalo (Blue Buffalo means 17th Regt, 3rd Battalion) for its model envelope. As you've probably guessed, this simple lad copied the sample word for word, failing to substitute his own name for the imaginary one. So, in a few days a letter freshly arrived from the U.S. was posted on the bulletin board beneath a sign asking "Who is corporal Blue Buffalo?"

Not until the kid was back from hospital and waiting to be awarded the Bronze Star (for helping wounded KSC's while wounded himself) did he see the envelope and claim his letter. He straightened his girlfriend out on the matter, but his sister still uses "Corporal Blue Buffalo" beneath the fellow's right name and serial number.

Henry Tisdall, 307 Demong Dr., Syracuse, NY 13214

Holiday and continuing series stories wanted for 2021

Is it too early to say "Bah, humbug?"

We are soliciting holiday stories for the 2021 November/December issue of The Graybeards and for our standard ongoing series. Let's start building our holiday inventory now.

Please send your stories, photos, and art work describing anything memorable, special, or routine that occurred in Korea, Japan, stateside, en route or returning...anywhere you might have been...involving you, your unit, your friends...on the year-end holidays, e.g., Thanksgiving, Christmas, Hanukah, New Year's Day, Boxing Day, Kwanza... The material can relate to war time or peacetime. Hopefully we will get enough stories, photos, and art work to fill the issue.

Hey, it's never too early to get a start on our holiday issue. Send your stories and photos to Arthur G. Sharp, The Graybeards Holiday Editor, 2473 New Haven Circle, Sun City Center, FL 33573. Or, submit them electronically to sharp_arthur_g@sbc-global.net.

We are also looking for stories in our continuing "Where was I on July 27th?" and "Humor in Korea" series. You can use the same addresses as above.



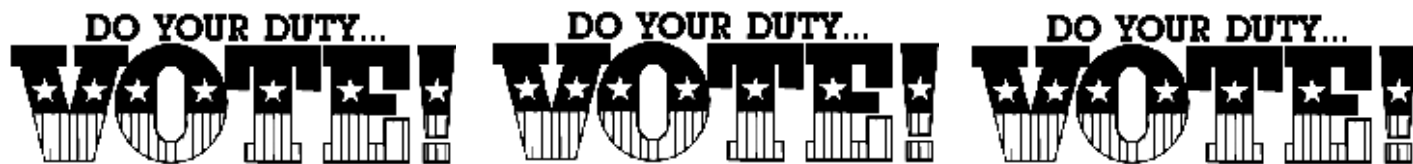
MIAs ID'd

Below is the up-to-date list of the remains of U.S. Korean War MIAs/KIAs identified by the DPAA as of 01/01/2021.

Name	Unit	Date	Place Missing
Cpl. Robert C. Agard, Jr.	2nd Plt., 24th Recon Co., 24th Inf. Div.	7/19/1950	Taejon, SK
Pfc. William J. Sharp	Co. C, 1st Bn., 27th Inf. Rgmt., 25th Inf. Div.	7/24/1950	Hwanggon, SK
Cpl. Roy H. Thomas	Co. M, 3rd Bn., 31st Inf. Rgmt., 7th Inf. Div.	12/12/1950	NK
Cpl. Paul W. Wilkins	B Co., 1st Bn., 21st Inf. Rgmt., 24th Inf. Div.	7/11/1950	Choch'iwan, SK

NOTE: All four warfighters listed were members of the U.S. Army

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



ALL MEMBERS

The following five candidates have been certified to seek the Director's positions available in the 2021 election

Effective upon the closing date of December 26, 2020, the members of the Election Committee have reviewed all letters, documents, etc. received from each candidate for office. It is our opinion that all of the requirements have been met as listed in the Association's By-Laws, Procedure Manual and as published in *The Graybeards*.

The names have been submitted to the Secretary, the Webmaster, and the editor of *The Graybeards* for the print-

ing of the ballots. The Committee has submitted the candidates' names in alphabetical order by office. Please pass the word to all members to VOTE. Candidates' resumes and pictures are posted below.

Respectfully submitted,

KWVA Elections Committee: Thomas E. Cacy, Chairman

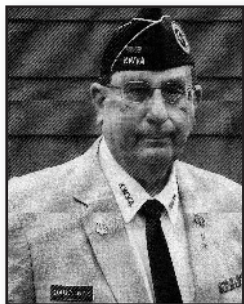
NOTE: The letters submitted by the candidates have been edited slightly to fit the format of *The Graybeards*. The contents of the letters were not affected by the editing process.

CANDIDATES FOR ELECTION TO NATIONAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS

- Richard J. Daucunas
- Bruce R. Harder
- Alves J. Key

- Fred C. Lash
- L. Timothy Whitmore

RICHARD J. DAUCUNAS



My name is Richard J. Daucunas and I would like to submit my name as a candidate for KWVA Director, to serve a three year term, 2021.-2023.

I was born in Worcester, Massachusetts. After High School Graduation, I attended the University of Rhode Island, school of Journalism. I joined Army ROTC and graduated on June 1973 receiving my commission as 2Lt Army Signal Corp. I attended the

Officer Basic course at FT. Gordon, GA and then the Telephone-Digital Communications Officer Course at FT Monmouth, NJ.

My military service started as a Second Lieutenant through Major in the U.S. Army Signal Corp. I served as a Multi channel microwave communications Officer through numerous platoon assignments, Battalion Staff Officer and Company Commander three times and Electronics Maintenance Officer.

I received my first assignment to the 1st Signal Brigade, Communications Operations Facility Teague Korea. I held the following positions, Battalion SI, Troop Commander (90 days-Temporary) and assigned as Platoon Leader/Property Book Officer for the 501st Signal Co, located in Pyeongtaek, Korea.

Accomplishments: I was a Platoon Leader, 50 1st Signal Company, Pyeongtaek for two platoons maintaining the unbroken communications link from the DMZ to Pusan and everything in between. An additional duty as Property Book Officer found me developing highly effective supply program with the help of a composite team of company members, each an expert in one or

more areas that helped the company re-introduce over \$500,000 dollars' worth of excess equipment into supply channels.

At the end of my tour, I transferred to Germany, 7th Signal Brigade, 26th Signal Battalion, HHC, located in Heilbronn, Germany. My first assignment was Equal Opportunity Staff Officer, Signal Operations Platoon Leader in B-Company providing Microwave communications, HF radio, switch board and TS Teletype communication. I then became Assistant Operations Officer (S3) for the battalion followed by assignment to B-Co as its' Commander.

As EOSO, I was instrumental in establishing the first tri-partnership program between our Signal battalion a German Parachute Battalion and a French Signal Regiment. This unique partnership, resulted in my participation at the request of the French Regiment to work on interoperability with the French Unit. Our small group paved the way for joint communications and which became an interoperability booklet for NATO.

Additional as EOSO I arranged for the battalion participants of our Race Relations seminar to attend a bus trip to Dachau Concentration Camp to better understand lessons covered in the seminar. We also made a side trip to McDonald's in Munich for a little treat. Our Race Relations program was the best in the 7th Signal Group for its commitment to training and unique programs that helped developed unit cohesiveness.

As Company Commander of B-Co, I took the worst company in the battalion and turned it into the most successful in mission accomplishment and the highest reenlistment rate in our battalion. Whether our unit operated as a company signal center or provided isolated microwave relay teams, we were the most professional, on time; in short the best.

After 4 ½ years in Germany, I was sent to the Signal Officer Advanced Course, and the Supply Management Officer Course followed by Assignment to the 124th Maintenance Battalion, FT Hood as Electronic Maintenance Officer. I became Commander of the HH& LT Company responsible for the 2nd Armored Divisions ASL and repair of Telecommunications devices. On completion of my tour with the 124th Maintenance Bn, I was assigned to the 169th Maintenance Bn as the Electronics Maintenance Officer for third Corp and FT Hood. I developed several innovative programs that reduced maintenance backlog from 90 days+ to under 30 days.

I left active duty in August of 1982 remaining in the Inactive Ready Reserve Component fielding assignments on temporary active duty and latter attached to the Massachusetts National Guard.

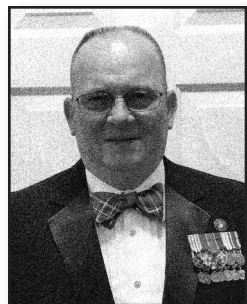
I discovered the existence of the KWVA through a newspaper advertisement in the local paper and joined Chapter 54, Cherry Hill, NJ in 2008. I am currently First vice Commander of our chapter. I have been active in fundraising and the Tell America Program. In 2017 I became the New Jersey State Commander for serving nine chapters and will serve another two year term. During this time we have deepened our relationship with the Korean Veterans Association a group of former veterans of the Korean Army of which many served in the Vietnam War. I have attended lunches, meetings and planned the observance of our Armistice Day events at our state KWV memorial.

My goals for the position of Director are to increase our membership through innovative social media, tell America program and renew/strengthen ties with our local Korean Veteran groups creating strong community bonds. I am a Defense Veteran and will continue to carry on the work of our Korean War Veterans to Tell America about the Forgotten War, to continue to advocate for a strong, democratic Republic of Korea. I ask for your support to become one of your directors for 2021-2023.

I have submitted my dues for lifetime member making my dues current through the term of office. A copy of my D0214 and KWVA application forms and picture are attached and I authorized they may be released by the Election Committee. I understand I must attend all called meetings of the Board of Directors and understand that two (2) unexcused absences may be cause for removal.

Richard J. Daucunas, R040815, 36 Buttonwood Rd. Voorhees, NJ 08043 Cell: 856-264-0960 Email address: ricdau@comcast.net

BRUCE R. HARDER



I hereby release this information for verification by the election committee.

I am proud to announce my candidacy for member of the KWVA Board of Directors.

I am a Life Member of KWVA and member of the Northern Virginia Chapter #100. In October 2016 I was

nominated by President Tom Stevens and approved by the KWVA Board of Directors to fill a vacant position on the Board of Directors. In 2018, I was elected to a three-year term on the Board of Directors. In 2021, I am running for a second three-year term on the Board of Directors. I want to continue serving during the KWVA during this next critical three-year period of transition.

I joined the staff of Defense POW/MIA Accounting Agency (DPAA) in August 2002 and was assigned to the personnel accounting directorate. I worked on the Korean War personnel accounting issue for 13 years. I was the senior policy & strategic planning analyst responsible for developing policy positions for the Director, DPAA, and team leader of the Northeast Asia personnel accounting policy team. I retired from federal civil service on July 31, 2015.

While working at DPAA, I visited the Korean Peninsula many times including two visits to North Korea (2002 and 2005) when DoD was conducting Korean War remains recovery operations in North Korea. I am a Korean Defense Veteran and have been awarded the Korea Defense Service Medal. KWVA members have a vast wealth of experience including those who have served in Korea during the Korean War and those who served in defense of the ROK after the armistice was signed. I feel very strongly that all KWVA members must work together to carry on the legacy of the Korean War veterans and build the KWVA into a fraternal veteran's organization that we can all be proud of.

From October 1997 until August 2002, I was the Director, National Security and Foreign Affairs for the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States. While working for the VFW, I traveled to Southeast Asia, Northeast Asia, Western Europe, Eastern Europe, the Middle East, and Russia, and worked on National Security and POW/MIA issues.

From 1969-70, I served a one-year tour in Vietnam, as an infantry platoon commander with the First Marine Division. My second Vietnam tour was from 1972-73. I was the intelligence officer for Marine Fighter/Attack Squadron 333, which was deployed to the Gulf of Tonkin aboard the *USS America*. Subsequent tours of duty took me to a variety of locations at home and abroad where I held command and staff positions and took part in planning many joint and combined military exercises and operations. While I was assigned to III Marine Expeditionary Force on Okinawa for 6 years, I deployed many times to the ROK to participate in contingency planning and to plan and execute amphibious field exercises and command post exercises for the defense of the ROK. I retired from active duty on December 31, 1997, as a Colonel with 27 years of active duty.

I hereby certify that I will attend all called meetings of the Board of Directors and that I understand that two (2) unexcused absences could be used for my removal from office.

Respectfully submitted,

Bruce R. Harder, KWVA Life Member# LR 46746, 1047 Portugal Drive, Stafford, VA 22554, 540-659-0252 (H), 540-729-2377 (C), harderbr@aol.com

ALVES J. KEY, JR.



I submit this letter announcing my candidacy for the office of Director of the Korean War Veterans Association Inc., Director to serve from June 25, 2021 to June 24, 2024.

I entered active service on August 1, 1965 with training at Lackland, AFB Texas and Lowry, AFB Colorado. My qualifying Defense Veteran military service was with the USAF 6 314th MMS Detachment 1, 6175th AB Group at Kunsan AB Korea, from April 1968 to April 1970. My primary duty was maintaining and transporting weapons to alert aircraft. I also served two tours at the 22nd Air Defense Missile Squadron at Langley AFB Virginia {04/1966 to 04/1968) and (04/1970 to 09/1972). After leaving active duty as a SSGT, I served in the United States Air Force Reserve from (02/1973 -08/1986) at the 301st Tactical Fighter Wing Carswell AFB TX serving as the Wing Safety Office Explosive Safety NCO and later in the 301st CAMS Munitions Section. I retired in August 1986 as a MSGT with seven active and thirteen years of reserve service.

I am a retired Law Enforcement chief officer with service at the agencies noted below:

- Tarrant County Sheriff's Office-Fort Worth, TX (12/2003 to 11/2008) Chief Deputy- Personnel/Training
- City of Longview Police PD- Longview, TX (09/1999 to 11/2003) Police Chief
- City of Arlington PD- Arlington, TX {10/ 1977 to 08/1999) Deputy Police Chief {Highest position held) Education:
Dallas Baptist University, Dallas, TX

Master of Arts in Professional Development-Criminal Justice Emphasis (12/2008) Bachelor of Career Arts - Applied Business Administration (05/1988)

I have served as a Director of General Walton H. Walker KWVA Chapter 215 located in DFW Texas, and currently serve as chapter immediate past president. I have also coordinated delivery of Tell America materials for KWVA national for approximately three years. My military and professional experience as a law enforcement chief officer and educator required the ability to communicate and collaborate with others to achieve organizational goals. I aspire to be an effective servant leader of the KWVA to achieve the KWVA mission of ensuring a "living legacy" for those who served in the Korean War and won the victory, and those who served after the armistice to maintain that victory.

I believe that the Board of Directors should be accountable to the membership by ensuring that activities and actions focus on the vision and mission objectives of the KWVA. The Board has a fiduciary duty to members, governing authorities, and donors to account for and properly use donated resources.

Meeting the KWVA mission in the coming decades requires the following:

1. Soliciting feedback from members using surveys in Graybeards, posted on the website, and/or email to Chapter commanders

2. Recruiting engaged Defense Era veterans to grow and maintain mission capacity

3. Maintaining positive and collaborative relationships with Congressional and Federal entities

4. Building and maintaining contacts with Korean Embassy, community, and business leadership

5. Ensuring completion of the Wall of Remembrance and inclusion of Defense Era KIA

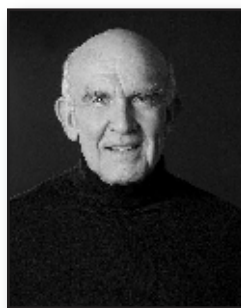
6. Supporting the education efforts of the Korean War Legacy Foundation

As testament of my commitment to serve, I will attend all called meetings of the- Board of Directors and understand that two (2) unexcused absences are reason for removal from office. I also authorize the Election Committee to use the application form for establishing eligibility for the office. I also certify that my dues as a Life Regular Member will be current through my term of office if elected.

With best regards,

Alves J. Key, Jr., Immediate Past President of KWVA Chapter 215 DFW, TX, 5506 Emerald Park Blvd., Arlington, TX 76107-4522, 1-817-504-6937, Kunsan68@sbcglobal.net

FRED C. LASH



To: Elections Committee, Korean War Veterans Association

Subject: Position of Director, KWVA

Date: December 1, 2020

Sirs:

I am writing this letter, because I am extremely interested in running for a position as a National Director with the Korean War Veterans Association.

Having worked for the KWVA in several communications and public relations positions for the past five years (currently serving as Public Affairs Coordinator), I have attended nearly all of the various national-level commemorative ceremonies and events that were KWVA-related, and I strongly feel that I am more than qualified to step into a National Director's position and perform an outstanding job of carrying out all of my related duties and responsibilities.

As a National Park Service volunteer, frequently assigned to the Korean War Veterans Memorial, I have spoken with hundreds of Korean War veterans who have come to Washington, DC with Honor Flight groups and I have come to understand and appreciate what they want their association to be and how it should be organized to assist them.

Thanks to the "Re-Visit Korea" program, sponsored by the Republic of Korea and facilitated by Military Historical Tours, Inc., I have visited Korea alongside our veterans and their families. During these trips, I have had many discussions about the role of KWVA is supporting our members and how we can increase the levels of interest, involvement, and enrollment. I have thoroughly researched one such veteran's life (George Lampman), written articles for The Graybeards that included his many Korea-related stories, and am currently facilitating a proj-

ect with an award-winning journalist that will lead to a full-length article in a major military-related publication, not only highlighting his life and experiences, but also focusing the readers' attention on both the Korean War and the KWVA.

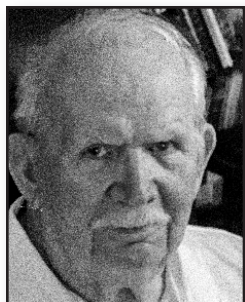
I agree to attend all called meetings of the Board of Directors and will respond to all Calls for Business Without a Meeting. Furthermore, I fully understand that two (2) unexcused absences could be the basis for my removal from office. I am fully available to serve a full three-year term (2021-2024) and my KWVA Member# is R046658.

On this date, I forwarded my check to the National Office for a Life Membership in the KWVA, so I will be a member throughout my three-year tenure on the Board of Directors.

Sincerely,

*Major Fred C. Lash, USMC (Retired), 7020 Maple Tree Lane
Springfield, VA 22152, 703-644-5132, fredanddonnalash@verizon.net*

L TIMOTHY WHITMORE



I, L Timothy Whitmore, herewith submit my declaration of intent to run for election as Director, Korean War Veterans Association.

I have previously served two terms in this capacity and had the honor and privilege of serving as Chairman of the Ceremonies Committee and was very involved with KWVA presence and participation in events and commemorations at Arlington National Cemetery and at the Korean War Memorial. I was the KWVA member-representative on the National Veterans Day Committee which plans and executes the Veterans Day Ceremonies. I worked closely with other VSOs in the years leading up to 2017 when the KWVA was the Veterans Day co-host for the November 11 commemoration. I was honored to carry the National Colors in the Parade of Colors at several such events, and to accompany the KWVA Commanders in the presentation of a wreath to the Tomb of the Unknown. I have also served as Chairman of the Election Committee.

I served as a two-term commander of the Virginia Commonwealth Department of the KWVA and as a two-term commander of Tidewater Chapter #191. I continue to serve as Adjutant/Quartermaster. I am completing my second term as a gubernatorial appointee to the Virginia Joint Leadership Council on Veterans Affairs.

I retired from the USAF in 1976 with the rank of Master Sergeant. During the early years of my military career, I was a medical and surgical technician serving in Korea and England as well as a number of stateside bases. In 1965, after attending the NCO academy, I retrained as a Military Training Instructor and was assigned as Senior MTI of a large Training Squadron at Shepard AFB, TX. In 1966 I was reassigned to Port Hueneme Naval Base where we formed a Squadron of airmen to be trained by the Navy Seabees in skills needed by the newly formed Red Horse. In 1968 I was assigned as First Sergeant of Security

Police with the 56th Special Operations Wing at Nakhon Phanom, Thailand. On rotation I was First Sergeant of the 750th Radar Station of the 26th Air Division

I returned to the medical field when I was selected as one of the first 100 candidates to enter a two-year training program to become Physician Assistants. I served as a Physician Assistant at Luke AFB, AZ until 31 July 1976 at which time I retired.

On 3 Aug 1976 I entered a large Family and Occupational Medicine practice in Richmond, VA. In 1986 I became the Clinical Director for a program treating physicians and nurses with alcohol and/or drug addictions. I continued to practice in psychiatry until I retired in 2019. I served two (2) terms as President of the Virginia Academy of Physician Assistants.

I earned an Associate Degree from Golden Gate University, Bachelor of Science from the University of Nebraska, and a Master of Science from Virginia Commonwealth University.

In addition to Life Membership in the KWVA, I am also a life member of the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Irish Veterans Association and the NCOA.

I have returned to Korea four (4) times and I enjoy a good relationship with the ROK Embassy. On my Last visit as a guest of the ROK, I was honored to enjoy lunch at the Blue House as a guest of President Moon Jae-in.

My life has been dedicated to serving others. I believe my background in administrative and personnel services and as a health care professional together with my experience in a variety of leadership capacities qualifies me to be of further service to the Korean War Veterans Association as a member of its Board of Directors'

I am a fully paid Life Member of the KWVA (LR40158). I will attend all meetings of the Board of Directors and respond to Business Without a Meeting requests. I understand that two (2) unexcused absences could result in my removal from office. The enclosed Application Form may be utilized by the Election Committee for verification.

*L TIMOTHY WHITMORE, LR49158, 5625 Canterbury Lane,
Suffolk, VA 23435. Te1: (757)483-9784 (Home), (757)619-8439
(Cell), email twhit35@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.

Minutes, KWVA Board of Directors Meeting, October 27, 2020

- Meeting was held at Naples Grand Beach Resort, Naples Florida
- Meeting was called to order by President Jeffrey Brodeur at 9 a.m.
- Salute to the Flag and Pledge of Allegiance was led by the Membership.
- Opening Prayer was said by Director Thomas Gacy.
- Roll Call of KWVA Directors and Staff was conducted by Secretary Harold Trieber.

● All Directors and Staff were present and accounted for, and a Declaration of a Quorum was achieved. As noted, this meeting was voluntary due to the CCP Virus.

● President Brodeur presented Awards and Certificates of Appreciation to our Directors in attendance. All other awards were sent by mail to those attending via Zoom. Jeff presented awards to Webmaster Jim Doppelhammer, Treasurer Joe Harman, Graybeards Editor Arthur Sharp, and Secretary Harold Trieber.

● The Drawing for the 2020 KWVA Annual Fundraiser winners will be drawn on November 17, 2020 and will be posted on the KWVA web site.

● Minutes of the last meeting on June 25, 2020 (Business Without A Meeting) were read by Secretary Harold Trieber and approved as read by unanimous vote.

● Guest Speaker David Hines, Director of the Naples Museum of Military History, welcomed the Korean War and Defense Veterans to the City of Naples and invited the group to visit the Museum on the 28th at 10:30 a.m.

He will present Director Rocky Harder, POW/MIA Coordinator, an award. In turn President Brodeur will present a framed lithograph of the “Frozen/Chosin” to the museum.

● Guest Speaker Graybeards Editor, Arthur Sharp was very eloquent in describing his many years of editing the Graybeards, from its humble beginnings to what it is today with the immense contributions of our publisher, Gerald Wadley and the many contributions of our Korean War veterans.

● Treasurer’s Report: Joseph L. Harman, CPA

Joe presented an executive summary as of October 27, 2020. He covered the Audited Financial Statement for the year ending December 31, 2019, audited by Franklin & Vaughn, LLC. They rendered an unqualified [“clean”] Opinion on our statements dated February 27, 2020. These statements were approved by our Board via BWAM on March 5, 2020.

He also reviewed the KWVA proposed budget for fiscal year ending June 30, 2021. This budget was approved by our Board via BWAM on June 25, 2020. Joe also reviewed Expense Reimbursement Procedures and Internet Security & Hackers

● Fund Raising Report: Tom McHugh, Chairman/Second Vice President

Due to Covid-19, the Association has not reached its goal of \$70,000. We agreed to move the National Drawing date up to November 8th in hopes of obtaining our goal. The winners will be announced in the *Graybeards*. (See p. 10)

Rocky Harder moved to accept the Fundraising Report, seconded by Tom Gacy. Discussion was held and vote to accept was unanimous.

● National Legislative Report: Michele Bretz, Director

After much discussion reference to the Native Americans Caregiving Bill that has been expanded and conflated with no resolution, and the KWVA’s involvement with the National Military & Veterans Alliance, a motion was made by John McWaters to “sever our relationship with the National Military & Veterans Alliance.”

The motion was seconded by Rocky Harder and approved unanimously by the Board.

● POW/MIA Coordinator: “Rocky” Harder, Director

Rocky presented a complete and detailed report of the Defense POW/MIA Accounting Agency. Korean War Personal Accounting as of September 14, 2020 that included:

- total Personnel Unaccounted-for [7,573]
- complete Republic of Korea [ROK] Joint Field Activities [JFAs], 1996- present [58]
- complete Democratic People’s Republic of Korea [DPRK] JFAs: 1996-2005 [33].

The Report included a multitude of different categories, e.g., Remains Identified and Accounted for 1982 - present of (588).

● National VAVS Director: Eddie Bell, Director

No Report due to Covid-19 that caused the inability of serving our veterans at VA Facilities.

● Korean Defense Veterans Memorial Committee: Thomas McHugh, 2nd Vice President

Several Defense Memorial projects are in process. Three are in the planning stages and two are in process in Texas. Covid-19 has prevented the completion of these Memorials.

● Bylaws Committee: Thomas McHugh, 2nd Vice President

Three items were on the agenda for discussion.

1. Elimination of the Executive Director Position and Job Description.

Motion was made to accept the motion as read by Tom McHugh, seconded by Al McCarthy, and approved by the Board with a unanimous vote.

2. Inspection of Records of the Korean War Veterans Association.

Motion was made by Tom McHugh to accept the motion as read, seconded by Eddie Bell, and approved by the Board with a unanimous vote.

3. Challenges to Election Results of the Korean War Veterans Association Inc.

Motion was made by Tom McHugh to accept the motion as read, seconded by Eddie Bell, and approved by the Board by a unanimous vote.

● Membership & Tell America Report: John McWaters/Director

John’s outline and presentation:

- contained a review of the current membership situation
- explored compelling reports and mapping data
- summarized the competitive environment
- presented a 5-point plan

The information for his outline was presented by two of his Chapter 169 members, Roger Ubaudi and Mark Cary. They presented a power point presentation and covered the information that John had outlined. There

was much discussion with the presenters from the Board on all subject material. The Board decided to review the materials of the presentation within 60 days.

A motion was made to make an addition to the Dues for life Membership. John McWaters made a motion for "Members 80 years or older." The fee would be \$75 for a Life Membership.'

The motion was seconded by Tom Cacy. The Motion passed by unanimous vote.

- Election Committee Report: Tom Cacy/Director

Tom sent a Call for Elections to the Graybeards to notify the Membership for openings of three positions for KWVA Directors to serve a 3-year term 2021-2024. Tom also sent a letter to The Graybeards referencing the importance of the Membership to participate in the Elections.

- Advertising Committee/Membership Committee: Tom Cacy/ Director

Tom discussed the mailing of The Graybeards to military installations to help in the recruiting of Active-Duty Military Personnel, who have served in Korea.

New Business:

- President Brodeur discussed the reasons to donate \$1,000 for modifying the 2nd ID Memorial that will include Korea Defense Veterans.

Motion was made by Warren Wiedhahn to donate \$1,000 to the 2nd ID, which was seconded by Bernard Smith. The vote was unanimous.

- Presidential Appointment of Fred Lash as 'KWVA Public Affairs Coordinator.

Warren Wiedhahn made the motion for approval, which was seconded by John McWaters. The appointment was confirmed by a unanimous vote.

- The Board of Directors decided to hold the KWVA National Convention in Orlando, Florida on October 25-28, 2021. Motion was made by Tom McHugh and seconded by Rocky Harder. Vote was taken and approved by unanimous decision

- Benediction: Thomas Cacy
- Final Salute to the Flag: Membership
- Meeting Adjourned: 3:40 p.m.

Harold Trieber, Secretary

Korean War Veterans Association

THE MISSION OF THE KWVA/USA is:

DEFEND our Nation — CARE for our Veterans — PERPETUATE our Legacy

REMEMBER our Missing and Fallen — MAINTAIN our Memorial

Support a free Korea



you can use... if you are in Korea

Army & Air Force Exchange Service's Move to New Distribution Center at Camp Humphreys Nears Completion

DALLAS – A milestone project is nearing completion as the Army & Air Force Exchange Service moves its Korea warehouse operations from Camp Market to Camp Humphreys to better deliver a taste of home to Warfighters and their families.

Relocating operations from Camp Market near Seoul to Camp Humphreys near Pyeongtaek, which is 60 miles farther south, is expected to save the Department of Defense retailer an estimated \$225,000 in transportation costs over five years as the Exchange supplies its Pacific Region stores and other facilities.

In addition, the Exchange expects to save about \$2 million in operational costs over five years once a new warehouse management system is put in place later this year at Camp Humphreys.

"Camp Humphreys offers modern facilities that will help the Exchange operate more effectively, efficiently and safely," said Exchange Director/CEO Tom Shull. "This move is in keeping with the Exchange's mission of providing unmatched service to our Warfighters and their families."

The move is part of the Yongsan Relocation Plan, which began in 2004 and involved moving most U.S. Forces and command activities formerly stationed in Seoul to Camp Humphreys. The project to move the distribution center began in 2012, and its successful completion will allow the returning of Camp Market to South Korea.

Every associate at Camp Market, which has served as the Exchange's Korea Distribution Center since 1975, was offered a place at Camp Humphreys. About 160 associates will staff the distribution center and a new, state-of-the-art bakery, which is expected to move to Camp Humphreys by the summer.

The move is a milestone for the Exchange, which has been operating the distribution center and bakery at Camp Market since 1975 from buildings constructed in the 1930s. An oven that dates to the 1970s, dubbed "Big Bertha," is still running at the bakery.

The 25,000 square-foot bakery will produce name-brand products—including Krispy Kreme pastries—bread, buns, cakes, chips and tortillas, and distribute them to U.S. schools in Korea, commissaries, exchanges and dining facilities to give Warfighters and their families a taste of home.

Over the past 10 years, the Camp Market bakery has produced more than 13 million products, including 5 million loaves of bread and about 6 million packs of buns. Products produced by the bakery arrive fresh where they are needed, unlike products that are frozen and shipped from the U.S.

Camp Humphreys is much closer to more than 200 facilities in the region. The average travel distance is expected to be about 229 miles, down from a 343-mile average from Camp Market.

The Korea Distribution Center supports Exchange restaurants by storing dry, chill and frozen items used in food concepts. It also ships water, frozen and chill retail foods and carries expense items such as paper towels, toilet paper, cash register tape, cleaning soaps, brooms and mops.

The project, a partnership between the Exchange and the Republic of Korea, includes the Exchange's new distribution center and a small structure for fleet operations, as well as the new bakery, a new racking system, interior fittings, furniture and transition costs.

Remembrances of my ten months in Korea

By Norman K. Maki

I arrived in Pusan, South Korea from Japan on a troopship on October 18, 1952. I went by train to the 7th Division for processing. I didn't know until later what unit I would be assigned to, which was USA 7th INFD 32ndRG 1st Bn B CO.

On October 21 they took a group of us up a dug road with traffic going both ways. I saw three Korean Service Corps (KSC) members coming down a hill. I looked back at the bottom of the hill. All of them were running. I didn't blame them. There was a serviceman at the bottom of the hill forcing them to carry supplies up it.

Our leaders gave each of us a tempered shovel, fence posts, and sandbags and told us to dig in. I teamed up with two other guys. We dug a bunker with a layer of sandbags. Five GIs never finished and were taken back down the hill. This was part of Operation Shakedown, a plan to take Hill 598's complex from the Chinese.

There was a battle during the night that lasted a long time. Shells were exchanged directly overhead. I prayed for no short rounds. I was scared plenty...so scared, in fact, that I urinated in my helmet to avoid sticking my head out.

We never said a word. I believe we were in a flanking position and we didn't take any ground fire like others did. We pulled out in the morning and the Chinese reinforced the position on October 25. The total engagements at Triangle Hill included Pike's Peak, Jane Russell, Sniper Ridge, and Sandy. Incidentally, Gabriel Matrisciano, who was drafted with me, was KIA on October 13.

We were moved to a position to the left on a railroad track, but still in sight of Triangle Hill and Hill 1072. We barely knew where we were. One night we were ordered to assault some hill at the foot of 1062 and hold it as long as possible. We called it "Ant Hill" due to all the Chinese fortifications. I joined a platoon-sized force.

While were going out a guy asked me to stop because he had lost sight of the soldier he was following. I told him to follow the wire I found troops stringing. We were

Hickman stuttered out, "American GIs." They asked if we were ambushed. Again Hickman stuttered, "No, lost." It was almost comical. They offered us cigarettes. Hickman took one—and he didn't even smoke.

advancing fast and it must have been ten minutes before we caught up to the rest of the patrol. They never missed us.

We formed a skirmish line. Our artillery started pounding the hill and grenades started rolling down on us. I buried my face in the dirt and hid behind my helmet. The grenades never reached us.

I heard my sergeant yell from the bottom of the hill, "Second platoon, over the hill." I asked the guy to my right if there was anyone to his right. He said no. Word had come down the line to pull back down the hill, but a soldier never passed the word along. There were only three of us left on the line. I said, "Let's get out of here." The hill was covered by loose dirt and I nearly fell, revealing my long johns. Thankfully we weren't killed by our own men.

One guy had been hit by shrapnel and was limping along. I carried his BAR for him. We got back to the OP and were told to go back to the hill as we had no orders to abort. Our platoon leader, Lt. Walsing, stopped us. He said it was suicide to go back. He told us to claim we had run into the enemy. We fired our weapons and received some return fire, but no one was hurt. One sergeant refused to go back and was charged. The charges were dropped.

We were relieved by another division. Some other guys showed them to their positions. We were always relieved at night. Sometime during the night a thud sounded. A guy asked what it was. My buddy told him it was a mortar round landing. It was actually a spaghetti can exploding. Someone had forgotten to open it before cooking the contents.

One night I was pulling guard duty. I was sitting in a sleeping bag with my BAR when our pet Rottweiler jumped on my lap. I don't know which of us was more scared.

We went to Corps reserve after a while for rest and training. We trained to go to

Koje-do Island prison camp to deal with the riots there. The 17th Regiment went instead. My memory of our reserve activity is fuzzy. I know we had Thanksgiving there, but I don't remember if we were still there at Christmas.

We left reserve to go to Old Baldy. I was a squad leader by then, and we got orders to make Old Baldy green again. We cut down evergreens and then strung them across the top. That was some major's idea. It was pure madness.

We went on a five-man clearance patrol around the base of Old Baldy one morning to see if anyone had moved in overnight. We got lost and our radio failed. My buddy knew where to go, but we were overruled by Sergeant Hickman. We ended up in Ethiopian territory. They shot over our heads.

Hickman stuttered out, "American GIs." They asked if we were ambushed. Again Hickman stuttered, "No, lost." It was almost comical. They offered us cigarettes. Hickman took one—and he didn't even smoke. He was moved to supply a short while later.

One day we received incoming artillery rounds. I was in the medical bunker on the hill's reverse slope. They were zeroing in on our position. Ed Powers was hit in the butt with shrapnel as he ran from one bunker to another. Fortunately his injuries were not serious.

Our position was next to Pork Chop Hill. I was put on a flamethrower with a 75" hose. One night a patrol got ambushed in front of our position. We put a team together to recover casualties. We stopped at the ambush site to look for bodies. One of our guys yelled, "Shoot, shoot."

A few guys let loose with their weapons. The man next to me opened up on full automatic. I never fired because I thought I might hit our own guys, I told the guy next to me to quit firing before he hit

someone. He said he was firing into the air. I gave him credit for that. We found one KIA. I helped carry him after we got a stretcher.

On another party to get a prisoner in front of Pork Chop I was carrying a backboard, two doughnuts of com wire, and a sound power phone. We couldn't find any Chinese. One soldier kept calling out, "Here 'chinkie,'" raising his voice each time he said it. He was a bit crazy!

We received some artillery fire. A fire direction officer asked me where it was coming from, but I couldn't hear the guns or see the flashes. He must have thought I was a patrol leader. I gave him the general position. He sent a salvo. I told him the position was good and to send more fire. He did. There were no more shells after that. The enemy probably didn't want a firefight.

The patrol leader told me to drop the board and keep the phone. But my hands were too cold to find the alligator clips. We were waiting for a truck to take us back. I was leaning against a road embankment. Markham came by with his grease gun, hollering about how the Chinese were afraid of him. His gun went off accidentally, showering my feet with gravel. A while later a patrol leader had his M2 do the same thing. After that we weren't allowed to chamber a round.

I was placing aiming stakes for our machine guns. I was outside my bunker and another soldier was inside telling me where to place it. We had to move the weapon. I grabbed the barrel while he grabbed the handle. The gun clicked; the trigger had been pulled. MISFIRE! Fortunately, no one was hurt.

My luck was holding up. One night I had to go to the latrine. I tried to find some paper, but there didn't seem to be any available. When I found some I lit a match, which caught the paper on fire. I was concerned the flames would spread and light something else on fire. They didn't, and the fire felt quite comfortable.

I went to radio school in Chun Chon to learn Morse code operation. Easy duty. While I was gone we were replaced by Colombian troops and we lost Old Baldy. My company tried to retake the hill. My platoon leaders was killed during the attempt. I never heard how many casualties were taken, but I knew no one when I

returned from school. Some had rotated.

I was assigned to Coms squad. We ended up at Alligator Jaws and established an outpost a few hundred yards in front of us. We had to run coms wire every night because the Chinese would cut it. One of our guys got the bright idea of running the wire during the day and wanted me to come along.

We worked along the supply road until a shell landed by us. We moved a little faster after that. By the time we got back to our bunker we were at a dead sprint. Needless to say the wire was cut and we didn't get back until dark.

A Korean spy who said he had been captured returned. He claimed he had escaped by jumping a trench and rolling down a hill. Right out of James Bond.

We ended up in reserve again for R&R, but not for long. The Chinese attacked Pork Chop. I believe every one of our regiments counterattacked. Our company was scheduled to take the base of the hill on July 10. We received word later that the assault was canceled. We simply gave up the hill. Everyone was filled with relief. Sadly, there were 1,280 casualties at Pork Chop: 232 KIA, 865 WIA, and 43 MIA.

I was selected to be the new CO's radio operator. He was "gung ho." We moved to Hill 347, which was behind and between Old Baldy and Pork Chop. One night another guy and I had to run a com line between Old Baldy and Pork Chop. We wondered where the old one had been cut. We found it with no problem.

One morning the Chinese put three of our guys outside Pork Chop with a white flag. We were asked for volunteers to pick them up. Some replacements went out. They got sick. Lesson learned.

On July 27th the truce went into effect at 10 p.m. I had my 36 points. I left that afternoon for home. The artillery fired on Alligator Jaws to get rid of their shells. I don't think there was much left because of the battle for Pork Chop.

At some point I got to go to Tokyo for a seven-day R&R. I visited the Ernie Pyle Theater. I bought a pearl necklace for Dolores and some China tea sets. Some Turkish troops were buying "Turkish" towels and sending them home.

Norman K. Maki, 3610 State Route 193, Kingsville, OH 44048, 440-224-0985

Korea Sends Masks to Vets

Korea's Veterans Affairs Ministry sends 2 million face masks to veterans all around the world

Great news for 2021, to offset the ongoing intrusion and ravages of the worldwide Covid-19 pandemic. Honorable Park Sam-Duck, Minister of Patriots and Veterans Affairs, some weeks ago, authorized his Ministry to ship 2 million face masks to Korean War veterans in all of the nations of the UN Allies. That is double the number that were shipped, and so greatly appreciated by veterans all over the world, last May.

The latest shipments began in mid-December, and in many cases the Korean embassies and consulates in many nations are getting ready to begin distribution to the veterans.

Of the huge shipments, 1 million of the masks are destined for veterans in the United States, which provided more than 90 percent of all service personnel throughout the Korean War.

(Please do not contact KWVA administrative staff regarding the masks. They are not involved in any distribution plan and the above information is all that we can provide on this subject.)

KOREAN SUFFIXES

We frequently use suffixes in the magazine to designate certain places in Korea. Here is what some of them mean.

CHON — Small River or Tributary of a Larger River

DAN/TAN — Point

DO/TO — Island

GANG — River

PONG — Hill or Mountain

NAE — Dam

NI/RI — Township or Several Villages Together

RYONG — Mountain Pass



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.

Life with an LCU

By Philip M. Campbell

In 1950 I was a student at the University of Minnesota and I was in the ROTC program. In the summer the cadets went to Fort Eustis, VA for a six-week training program for the Army Transportation Corps. On June 25 we heard about the invasion by North Korea into South Korea. We did not have much news on the base about the war and its effect on us. Would we soon be fighting in that war in which our troops were being overrun? One of our classmates who had been in the Army at the end of World War II kept saying "We will never see our home again." He thought the Army would put us on active duty and send us off to Korea. That didn't happen—at least not immediately.

At the end of our training I went back to Minnesota and completed my fourth year in college. I was commissioned as a 2nd Lt. I was planning on getting married on September 22, 1950 and spending my honeymoon canoeing in the Minnesota Boundary waters.

I was expecting to get orders to go on active duty. They came and I was supposed to report on September 10th! What to do? Reverend Youngdahl, the minister who was going to perform the wedding service, contacted his brother, who was the governor of Minnesota. I do not know who he called, but my orders were changed to report to Fort Eustis in October.

My wife and I drove to Virginia and I reported to the post, where I joined forty other very green 2nd Lieutenants in a six-week class about the Transportation Corps sections: trucks, trains, harbor craft, and supervising the unloading of ships.

During the class one of my fellow students said there was a course on Deck Officers for which he had signed up. I thought it sounded a lot better than trucks or trains. I was accepted into the class of nine people. There were two instructors: it was the best training that I ever had in the Army.

In addition to class instruction, we went out to sea in a tug

boat and in a larger vessel on which we learned to steer the boat and the skills of navigation. I did not finish the class, because I received my orders to go to Korea as a truck officer!

I talked to a senior officer in the school and said the Army had just spent a lot of money on training me for being a Deck Officer, but here I was going to Korea to deal with trucks, about which I had very little knowledge. He sympathized with me and put his arm around my shoulders as he walked me out of his office, saying, "That is just the way it happens in the Army."

My wife and I packed our belongings to drive back to Minnesota to our family. I would move on to the state of Washington to fly to Korea. Since we were going to drive through Washington D.C. I stopped in at the Transportation Corps personnel office to talk about my assignment.

We were supposed to serve for 90 days in our MOS before going overseas. I told my story to a Lt. Colonel. He made a few notes and told me to enjoy my leave and go on to Korea.

I flew from Minneapolis to the west coast, from where I would fly to Japan and continue to Korea. As we were waiting for our assignment to a flight, a corporal came out and asked if there was a Lt. Campbell present. I raised my hand. He said I was going on a ship to Japan and a flight to Okinawa, where I would be assigned to a harbor craft unit for 90 days.

There wasn't much to do there. I had to inspect the weapons cage every day, inventory a PX once, and sit through two typhoons. The two tug boats were sent out to sea to ride out the storm. Then I got my orders to Korea.

I took a flight to Japan and a ship to Inchon. When I got off



LCU 1627

the ship I was greeted by two of my classmates from the Deck Officer class at Eustis. One was assigned to a truck company and spent quite a lot of time up near the MLR. The other was involved with the rail system. I was put on a train, and went all the way down to Pusan. The train turned around and I headed back to Inchon.

There I was assigned to the 339th Transportation Harbor Craft & Marine Maintenance Co. I worked in the Harbor Master office supervising the operation of the landing craft boats that were the 'taxis' taking soldiers out to ships that were unloading cargo and putting them on barges. Hundreds of trucks were off-loaded and moved up to the front.

And then I got to be a skipper of an LCU, a 115-foot long vessel. I had a sergeant as a mate, a corporal as an engineer, and a crew of ten Japanese sailors. (They were later replaced by

Koreans.) Our principal mission was to carry arriving or departing soldiers from troopships. One time we carried a tank and many bags of rice to an island where soldiers were performing an undercover operation.

In 1953, as the war was coming to an end, cages were built on an LCU and North Korean soldiers who had been captured were being returned to their homeland. They were showing their defiance by banging their mess gear on the cage walls and the sides of the trucks that carried them to the 38th parallel.

I went home on a troopship that was carrying home U.S. former POWs. To give them better freedom they each received space that normally held three people.

Philip M. Campbell, 1512 Chateaufort Pl., Detroit, MI 48207, phil1512@sbcglobal.net

The Korean War: A Summary

By Frank D. Praytor

July 27, 2012, marked the 59th anniversary of the armistice ending open hostilities of a costly war that preserved South Korea's freedom and foreclosed communist ambitions to control the entire North Asian Pacific Realm. It has been referred to as "the forgotten war," having occurred as the U.S. was still trying to get over World War II. People were weary of even the thought of yet another war.

Most Americans had only a vague idea where the Korean Peninsula was; fewer knew it had been divided into two separate entities by a compromise agreement. What really has been forgotten is that both South Korea and Japan — yes, Japan — were rescued from the vortex of Soviet dictator Josef Stalin's expansionist vacuum.

At the end of World War II, the USSR quickly moved to occupy northern Japanese territory. In Tokyo, communists agitated openly, intending to take over labor unions, thence the country. The Korean War, specifically the heavy Allied military presence it created, literally hushed them up and the people of Japan were given the opportunity to vote themselves a representative democracy.

Astounding describes the difference between South Korea and North Korea today. Veterans who helped achieve that difference are justifiably proud of their accomplishment. What disturbs them is that history taught in schools rarely, if never, includes "their" war (1950-1953). It may rate a few passages in some textbooks, but little else.

Younger Americans are abjectly ignorant of what media call "the Korean conflict," an alliterative euphemism that tends to position the Korean War as a heated confrontation worthy of little more than a footnote. It is so labeled because the war was not declared by act of Congress, but ordered by President Harry S. Truman. To circumvent the constitutional mandate (Article 1, Section 8) that gives Congress exclusive authority to declare war, he avoided the word "war," calling it a "police action."

Had he waited for Congress to act, the entire Korean peninsula could have been lost and Japan would have been next on the list. Circumvention of the Constitution's mandate thus was

rationalized, although an ominous precedent, because it was subsequently circumvented by President Johnson (Vietnam) and more recently by President Obama (Libya). Whatever you want to call it, the Korean War remains unresolved today. The North periodically violates terms of the ceasefire agreement to get attention and create mischief. In the process, they kill South Koreans and their allies.

Albuquerque Chapter One of the nationally chartered Korean War Veterans Association is small in number and getting smaller, but it is endeavoring to compensate by being visible. When there is a military themed public event, Korean War vets attend and talk to people.

"To our pleasant surprise," says Korean War veteran Larry Fenimore of Albuquerque, a Purple Heart recipient, "young people reveal curiosity and interest. They study the map we have on display; they gather up our information pieces and ask questions. Some even express appreciation for our teaching them something they never learned in school.

"We use a map of the Korean peninsula bisected by a line delineating the 38th Parallel that separates South Korea and North Korea," explains Fenimore. His and his colleagues' endeavors impart this account of history:

Korea was occupied by imperialist Japan until World War II ended in 1945. U.S. and Great Britain agreed (unwisely many say with the advantage of hindsight) to split the country in half so that our communist "allies," suddenly our adversaries, would occupy the northern half.

Thick barriers of barbed wire went up and a "demilitarized zone" 2.5 miles wide was created.

Peace was tenuous until June 25, 1950, almost five years after the Big War. The North Korean army swarmed into South Korea in a shock invasion spearheaded by tanks from the Soviet Union. The intent was to "unify" the entire Korean peninsula. They slaughtered defending soldiers, murdered civilians, and took untold numbers of captives.

There were only a few thousand U.S. Army personnel stationed in South Korea at that time. They put up a fight, but the invasion was overwhelming. The Republic of Korea Army,

“ROKs” they’re called, and their American supporters were driven to the southeastern sector of the peninsula. With reinforcements from northern Japan they formed a semi-circular line of defense. They held off the northern hordes until more reinforcements arrived from Okinawa and the U.S.

The American military had some surprises of its own for the North Koreans. A brigade of Marines landed and captured the port of Inchon on South Korea’s west coast. Army infantry joined them to retake the capital city of Seoul in fiercely contested assaults. Before it fell back into Allied hands permanently, Seoul was in contention a total of four times, each encounter compounding horrific destruction.

Pro-democracy members of the United Nations began to send support in varying degrees of manpower, ranging from token to division-size, British Commonwealth (England, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Canada) comprising the largest contingent. Turkey and Greece each contributed a brigade of infantry.

The push continued northward, past the 38th Parallel. General Douglas MacArthur, commanding the “police action” from Tokyo, ordered forces to the Chosin Reservoir and the Yalu River bordering China. He intended to rid the peninsula of communism, ignoring, or disbelieving, intelligence reports that Chinese troops already were in North Korea and ready to intervene.

China intervened, massively. It sent thousands of troops into the war on October 10, 1950, with an offensive operation to engage ROK Army units as they reached the Yalu. During the next two weeks more Chinese troops poured into North Korea, overrunning and stopping MacArthur’s strung-out, summer-equipped, under-manned forces. Winter was becoming the cold-est in a century, historians said.

South Korean and American forces found themselves surrounded and fighting in every direction. Those who escaped had to fight their way to the east coast port of Hungnam to be hurriedly evacuated.

Beginning in the first quarter of 1951, offensive drives were initiated. North Korean and Chinese forces were pushed northward beyond the 38th Parallel. Both sides dug in, a scenario reminiscent of World War I trench warfare. Land engagements consisted of intense fighting over key hilltop positions and night probes. The sky over North Korea became deadly in daylight as American Saberjets engaged Russian MiGs piloted by Soviet airmen, who were careful not to cross the earthly demarcation line lest they be captured and Soviet Russia’s active involvement exposed.

As the stalemate wore on, Dictator Stalin died and the USSR called for armistice talks. The first of such commenced at Kaesong on July 10, 1951, only to be broken off on August 23rd by the communists as both sides continued to battle for high ground and air dominance. In late October, truce dialogs turned into negotiations at the new meeting site, Panmunjom. They eventually resulted in two prisoner exchanges, preceding a signed armistice on July 27, 1953.

Net loss of real estate by North Korea: about 1,200 square miles. The cost in American lives was 36,516, not including non-combatants. There were 103,248 Americans wounded and 3,746 captured.

Albuquerque’s Korean War veterans resent it being called a “conflict, and, particularly, “forgotten.” It was a bloody war in every ghastly aspect.

NOTE: COC Subscriber Frank Praytor served two wartime tours in Korea as a U.S. Marine Combat Correspondent. He went to “Guard the gates of Heaven” on January 10, 2018. Frank was a member of chapter NM #82 - Hiroshi “Hershey” Miyamura (MOH).

He joined the Marine Corps in 1950 and was assigned as a combat correspondent with the 1st Marine Division, reporting on the division’s combat engagements on the Korean peninsula. In 1952, a photo of Frank holding and feeding a tiny kitten lost on a battlefield ran in newspapers around the world.

Some Recollections from the Inchon Invasion

By Don Payne

I was an electronics technician on the crew of the troopship *USS General George M. Randall* (APA-115) at the end of August 1950. We had returned to Yokohama after we’d taken a load of troops to Pusan. From activity in the harbor and scuttlebutt we knew something big was going to happen and that we would be near the center of whatever it was. The Commandant was setting up headquarters on the *Randall* and our radio room would be alive with messages for the next few weeks.

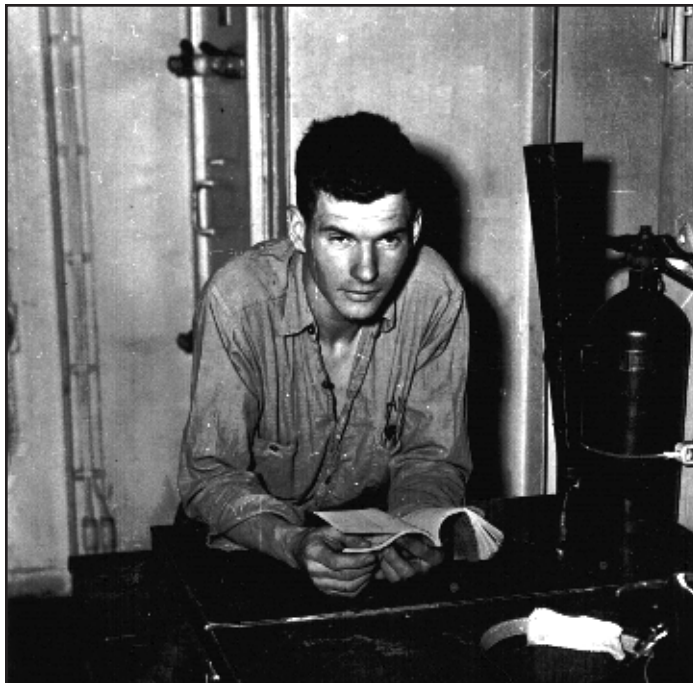
My buddy and fellow electronics technician, Elmer Oliverson (he was usually known by his initials, EMO), and I were assigned responsibility for setting up radio communications among the troops on all of the troopships in the harbor. We took turns going to each of the other, smaller, troopships, outfitting them with a bunch of new, but outdated, transmitter/receivers (i.e., unused, but not newly made), setting up the communication system, and instructing their signalmen about the procedures for adjusting the

finicky equipment.

These T/R systems were uncommonly fragile and needed a lot of delicate tuning. We did a lot of calling each other on them as a test. “Easy Mike Oboe, Easy Mike Oboe. This is Dog William Peter. Do you read me? Over.”

We didn’t have much time and there was a lot to do, so we worked 16-hour days. There was scuttlebutt about what was about to happen, but EMO and I had little time for speculation. Most people thought we knew what was up because we got around so much and were so close-lipped, but we didn’t know any more than anybody else. It was pretty clear that a major invasion was imminent, but nobody knew where or exactly when. The mission was nicknamed Operation Common Knowledge.

We got underway about the 9th of September and proceeded to our rendezvous with other ships that would join the convoy south of Shikoku. Shortly after we cleared the harbor the Captain explained to the ship’s crew that our mission was to invade



Don Payne aboard USS General George M Randall (APA-115) early in the Korean War.

Inchon. The word was passed on to the troops through their chain of command. We had troops aboard from a couple regiments of the Army's 7th Infantry Division, the ROK, England, and Turkey. EMO and I caught up on some much-needed sleep.

On the 10th word got out that it was my 21st birthday, and Merritt, the 1st Class Quartermaster, "requisitioned" some compass fluid, some of the cooks provided orange juice, and they prepared my very first Screwdriver. Actually it was my first legal drink, if you overlook the fact that we were on a navy vessel, on an important mission, and drinking contraband alcohol. But, at least I wasn't underage anymore.

As the convoy was rendezvousing, a typhoon was bearing down on us. It was the first typhoon at sea that I'd ever experienced and it caught up with us in the China Sea. The convoy temporarily split up to ride it out, and it was awesome to be at sea in such a storm. At one point during the height of the storm I was on the bridge when the Captain noticed a hatch with loose hatch-dogs near the bow.

The ship was pitching wildly. The bow would sometimes be under water and the props were churning air. He told the quartermaster to have somebody do something about the hatch that was banging open and shut. I said that I wasn't doing anything and that I'd go dog the hatch.

I went down and started walking across the heaving main deck, leaning into the driving rain and spray. Knowing that all eyes on the bridge were on me, I stopped midway across the deck, struck a match, cuffed my hands around my pipe and lit it. Then, I continued and closed the dog. It was uncharacteristic of me to be such a show-off. But, the quartermaster told me afterwards that everyone on the bridge was impressed at how cool I seemed.

When the convoy reassembled we entered the Yellow Sea with Korea on one side and China on the other. I was thrilled to

be going into battle. The tales told by returning veterans at the end of World War II had made me envious of their experiences. However, as we sailed up the Korean peninsula, I watched the young ROK soldiers silently watching the coast.

The southwest coastline of the Korean peninsula appears very similar to the southern coastline in California. This caused me to wonder what it would be like to be approaching my country if it had been occupied by enemy forces. It was a sobering experience. I never again had that immature exuberance about going into battle.

On the way, we learned that Inchon has the highest tides of any place in the Orient. When the tide's out, the harbor is a flat bed of mud. We'd have a couple of hours at dawn for any landing operation, and another couple of hours at dusk each day. Also, we learned that Inchon harbor was completely outlined by a high stone seawall, very much like the breakwater at the Newport Beach wedge. We knew it would be tough, but nobody told us that never in U.S. military history had there been an invasion at seawalls.

We would have to invent methods as we went along. For example, the landing crafts (LCVPs and LCMs) had bow ramps for lowering after beaching so that the troops could run off onto the shore. Anticipating that this wouldn't be possible, our ship's carpenters made wooden ladders so that they could keep the landing craft's ramps up when they went in. The troops could scramble up the ladders and hopefully be near the top of the seawall. I'm confident the invasion would have been much less successful without this innovation.

On the evening of the 15th, the Marines landed on the island of Wolmi Do, which protected the harbor, at dawn, and took possession of it later that day. The island had been heavily fortified, but most of the North Korean troops escaped by a causeway that connects the island to the shore. Troops from the Randall went ashore onto Inchon's breakwater the next day at high tide on LCVPs and LCMs, using the wooden ladders our carpenters had constructed.

Because the transmitter-receivers were so fragile and hard to keep in proper order, EMO and I took turns staying with the soldiers as they went ashore and advanced. We would go from unit to unit and check out the gear, just as we had done in port. (As I recall, we were with the 7th Division's 32nd Infantry Regiment.)

Also, as I recall, we didn't have a specific routine for how long we'd each be ashore. We'd just work our way back to the ship when we were ready and the other would go ashore and follow the soldiers. Nobody told us to do that. We just decided that was what needed doing and we told Ensign Thyberg, our communications officer, what we were going to do. As long as we called him "Sir" and didn't get him into trouble, he gave us a lot of latitude. I remember getting away with telling him, "You're full of crap, Sir."

A few days after the invasion, our ship's radar picked up an aircraft approaching and our IFF equipment (Identification Friend or Foe) identified it as enemy. When it came into view we could tell that it was a lone Yak fighter. Since the guns on the Randall hadn't been fired for years and no one knew if they'd work properly, we went to battle stations but didn't fire at it,

expecting the warships (a battleship, cruisers, and destroyers) that were in the harbor to do the shooting. However, the only activity that we saw was the cruiser near us (as I remember it, the USS Toledo) started making smoke, raising its anchor, and getting underway. The Yak flew away without incident.

When EMO or I traveled with the troops trying to get the good-for-nothing transmitter-receivers operating, we'd travel with one platoon until we got their radio equipment as good as we could and then move to another platoon and repeat the process, all while the troops were advancing. Usually we traveled in a personnel carrier, yet sometimes on foot.

Once, when I was with a platoon walking through a small village, we began taking sniper fire from the second floor or attic of a building. Everyone dove for cover, of course, and I hid behind some sort of obstacle in the street. The platoon leader asked if anyone could see the sniper and I said that I could. He asked me if I could get a bead on him, and I said I thought I could if I had a rifle. Actually, I couldn't see the sniper, but I could see the tip of his rifle barrel.

Someone tossed me an M1 carbine. Naturally, I didn't want to expose myself, so I would momentarily peek out occasionally on the left side of the obstruction. I presumed the sniper had spotted me and, if I stayed out there long enough to squeeze off a round, he'd get me instead. So, I kept peeking out for just an instant every once in a while to assess the situation, and then quickly rolled over to the right and aim the M1 more or less towards the target, stopping just short of being exposed.

I repeated this process a few times until I thought I had accurately judged the distance on the right well enough, then I rolled over to the right and stopped in the usual place. Except, this time I leaned out an extra inch or so more so that the sniper was in my sights. Rather, I aimed just above the rifle barrel. I fired one shot and quickly rolled back behind the barrier. Someone called out, "You got him!" A couple soldiers got up and ran inside the building to check. The rest of us moved on.

During bull sessions there was a lot of discussion about whether or not the UN troops should go north across the 38th par-

allel. Even though there was plenty of disagreement, the discussions were still civil. Because I was so involved in radio communications, I had ready access to Seoul City Sue, the Korean War equivalent of Tokyo Rose.

Some of the crew tried to discourage me from listening to her, because they said it was all propaganda. However, I felt that the propaganda was transparent, amusing, and interesting. Yet, the actual news portion was often more reliable than the Armed Forces Radio. For example, the Armed Forces Radio was reporting that Seoul had been recaptured while Seoul City Sue was reporting that the North Korean troops were still there fighting. We had firsthand knowledge that fierce door-to-door fighting was still going on. Plus, I liked Seoul City Sue's music and her sexy voice.

Throughout this invasion process, I distinctly remember having a clear sense of doing something important. Because I really believed in the institution of the United Nations (which was new then) and this was its first real test, I felt that this particular mission was a critical test of the UN's effectiveness. A few years earlier I had learned in high school how the League of Nations had been ineffective because it didn't have the broad support that was necessary. Now the U.S. was taking a leadership role in making the UN become a legitimate factor in international affairs, and the participation of many troops from various countries was dramatic evidence that the UN was here to stay.

At a personal level, I was keenly aware that the moral of the poem "For Want of a Horseshoe Nail" was especially true in this instance. I felt that the mission might fail if radio communications broke down between units on key occasions. No one is sure of the outcome during any battle. Despite this feeling of the importance of my own personal role, I didn't have any feeling of superiority. I always felt that the infantry troops had the really important roles, and that I was there to support them.

They were the horseshoe and I was merely a nail.

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Keep on truckin'

By Narce Caliva

"I read it from cover to cover!" is a comment frequently heard. I do, too, and particularly enjoy the Graybeards articles that eloquently stir memories of similar experiences I had in Korea. The individual perspectives and detailed accounts shared are not only informative, but because of our differing backgrounds are very often fascinating.

Many Americans claim immigrant origins, as I do. My father left the Philippines in his early 20s to work on a plantation on a remote Hawaiian island. Industrious, he saved his earnings for several years, taught himself to read and write English, and then moved on to California to work in the fields. Within a few years, he had become a labor contractor and married the ranch owner's daughter, whose parents had come from Yugoslavia.

I was born in Salinas, California a month before the 1929 Wall Street Crash. We lived in a labor camp in the "Valley" at first, but

when I was four we moved into town so I could start my education in a better school. The day after turning five, I was enrolled in kindergarten but I was so well "preschooled" that I was placed in the first grade, which enabled me to finish high school at 16 and junior college at 18.

Discrimination was an issue early on. My mother, pregnant and married to a brown man, was forced to walk with him in the street in town when white folks were on the sidewalk. And, as soon as I could read I saw the despicable signs myself: "No Filipinos or Dogs!" posted on many establishments. You don't forget things like that when innocent people of any color are affected.

After my parents divorced when I was seven my two younger sisters and I were raised by my father as a single parent. Growing up, I did the usual. I was a Boy Scout, had a newspaper delivery route, peddled papers on the streets, and enjoyed sports, especial-



"Wonju: Lt. Caliva's corner of the 60th Truck Company officers' tent at Wonju, Korea, summer and fall 1951



Modified vehicles of the 54th Heavy Truck Co. at Wonju, 1951

"Korea Club:" Entrance to the 60th Truck Company Orderly Room, Wonju: Lt. Caliva with Sgt. Franklin, Administrative NCO, and Cpl. Miller, Mail Clerk, 1951



ly basketball, on the Filipino Youth team. But, in my neighborhood, I ran with a bunch of multi-ethnic pals.

There were Billy the White, Bonnie the Mexican, Chris the Chinese, George the Black, me, and, until he and his family were abruptly spirited away, March the Japanese. People identified us racially, but we were all just hyphenated American boys having fun together and sometimes wondering what life was like for people who lived on the other side of the tracks. World War II and the Army would begin providing the answers for me.

In 1941 my father and two friends were busy running a dry-cleaning business, literally "on the wrong side of the tracks," on the edge of Chinatown, when Pearl Harbor was attacked. His two single partners were quickly drafted into the Army. Dad yearned to go, too, but was exempted to run an essential business and to raise my two sisters and me.

When the First and Second Filipino Regiments of the U.S. Army were training in California, our business became a check-in place. Many soldiers and a few officers stopped by. I wished I was old enough to be in the service and join an outfit like that, perhaps even as an officer. I'd missed my chance, or so I thought.

In 1948 when I graduated from junior college, 19- to 25-year-

olds were being drafted. When I turned nineteen several months later, I enlisted as a Recruit E-1 in the Regular Army for three years and took Basic Training at nearby Fort Ord. As our training cycle ended, I was informed that my test scores were high enough to apply for OCS or other schools. I'd decided, though, that I wanted to "soldier" some first and earn some stripes before considering OCS. So, I chose the Personnel Classification course at The Adjutant General's School at Camp Lee, VA.

Loaded with passengers at Fort Ord, the troop train was ready to head east. Right after boarding, some of us had been pulled aside and told "You recruits, you're on KP today." As we passed through Salinas, I was sitting on a box peeling potatoes. I glanced out and caught a glimpse of my old house. I felt good, knew then for sure that I was off on my great adventure.

I'd never been anywhere except California and Arizona, so when the train pulled away from a stop in Phoenix, everything was utterly new for me. After clicking along for days, stopping here and there, we finally reached our first stop in Virginia. Stepping off the train for a stretch, I was stunned to see glaring black and white signs that said "Colored" over the restrooms and drinking fountain. As I was standing there transfixed, an old man came up to me and said kindly, "You go over there, sonny," and pointed elsewhere.

"Wow, this is the Deep South!" I thought.

My class at Camp Lee was much bigger than I'd expected, with 81 students. Studying very, very hard, I graduated #1 with a promotion to Private and a vision of matching soldiers to their perfect jobs. Given a choice of vacancies, I picked close-by Fort Eustis, Virginia, which was the Army's Transportation Corps Center & School. Upon arrival I joined Headquarters Company with duty at the Enlisted Personnel Branch.

When I reported in, my new boss said, "Glad you're here, but sorry the position's been filled. We got tired of waiting for so long." He asked that I "help out" while waiting for a new assignment from DA (Department of the Army), so I learned and performed many of the functions in the office. I was promoted to PFC, and was offered a transfer to the MP Detachment as its Personnel Clerk. It sounded interesting and was a Corporal's position, so I accepted.

I underwent on-the-job training as an MP and met my best enlisted friend ever, the Detachment Clerk. Frankie and I shared quarters in the barracks and similar priorities to set, whether to get a car, a commission, or a girlfriend. Around the post I began to see dozens of new second lieutenants there in training or units and came to believe I could do at least as well. So, in May 1950 I applied for Officer Candidate School and was selected for Class #27, starting in August at Fort Riley, Kansas. In the meantime, they sent me to Fort Knox, Kentucky, to take the Leadership Course.

Surprises awaited me in Kentucky. First, my childhood pal, George the Black, was there in Basic Training, so we met for a reunion. I suggested we go to the Service Club but he shook his head, "Nope, can't do that, Blacks aren't permitted there, we have our own Club."

I said, "What? Okay, let's go to yours then." A dance was going on when we arrived, with plenty of girls from Louisville there. Some were looking eager to get out on the floor, so George and I obliged. As I escorted my partner back to her seat, a Club worker angrily shouted at me, saying I didn't belong there, and making some other unkind remarks. George and I never saw each other again, but I'm sure we'll never forget the incident.

The second surprise was that North Korea suddenly invaded South Korea, and U.S. troops were fighting in a serious United Nations police action. There was speculation that the six-month OCS course would be shortened, since a lot of lieutenants would be needed over there. But, it didn't happen.

We started with a class of 200, experienced the normal attrition rate, and graduated 101 candidates, including me with my class ranking of #50. Asked for two Branch preferences, I named Armor and the Quartermaster Corps. I wasn't overly surprised to head the list of seven to be commissioned in the Transportation Corps. Guess what, I'd be going back to Fort Eustis!

A startling event upon OCS graduation was to discover that in addition to becoming "an officer and a gentleman" I also became a "Caucasian." As an enlistee, my race had been listed as "Filipino," but I was not aware that the classification did not exist for officers at that time. The mere relabeling prompted me to seriously reevaluate some of my feelings and attitudes.

After climbing the stairs to my old office at Fort Eustis, now sporting gold bars instead of two stripes on my Ike jacket, I looked in on my former boss, a first lieutenant. He stood up in delight when he saw me and said, "Welcome back, lieutenant... hey, call me Bob!"

In our conversation, I finally asked him whether they'd ever received a reassignment for me from DA as an available school-trained specialist. He laughed and said no, explaining they'd recognized that I had good skills, so they had just kept putting me off until the corporal vacancy surfaced. All was good and after completing my Transportation training and enjoying a leave at home I arrived at Fort Lawton, at Seattle, Washington, for transportation to the Far East.

There have been some great stories in *The Graybeards*, very descriptive and some very graphic, about traveling aboard troop ships to and from the Korean War. As a brand-new second lieutenant, I felt flattered to be named the "commanding officer of



"Korea Quarters:" The 60th Truck Company officers' quarters, with Lt. Young, Motor Officer, 1951

compartment 5C," deep in the bowels of the troop ship General Howze. The bunks were crowded, uncomfortable, stacked up to five deep, seasickness was common, and many disliked the voyage.

I regretted that there was little I could do to eliminate the unpleasantness. However, we eventually arrived safely at Yokohama and then processed through Camp Drake. One of my classmates was assigned to the Port of Yokohama and the rest of us bound for Korea traveled by train past majestic Mount Fuji down to Sasebo and over to Pusan. In late July 1951, I entered an exciting new world of strange sights, sounds, smells, weather, people, customs, and war. I was ready and eager to face what lay ahead.

At Taegu, I was detailed to take 100 replacements aboard a train headed north to the end of the rail line at Wonju, where we would be met and taken to our new units. The train did not have regular seating, but wooden shelves along the sides of the aisles. There were exactly 100 spaces, which the soldiers filled. I was the only officer aboard, but a first sergeant kindly shared his space with me now and then.

I'd been advised that there conceivably could be some sniper fire along the way, but that we were not to engage in any manner and targets would be difficult to spot anyway. As the hours passed uneventfully and daylight faded, it turned pitch black. There was silence among the troops, and finally the conductor announced "We're here."

Looking out I saw two dim lights on a building in the darkness and nothing else. Then the headlights of a number of vehicles, mainly trucks, all came on as if to greet us. As the troops debarked, names and units were called out until every last soldier was accounted for and aboard a vehicle. One by one they departed. Suddenly I was standing there alone with two Koreans, one of whom turned off one of the lights. Had I been overlooked? Should I begin worrying?

The Koreans didn't speak English. What to do? Was I in pos-



Lt. Caliva as Board of Inquiry Member at UNPOW Camp, Kojedo, early 1952

Lt. Caliva, Special Court Martial Trial Counsel, Pusan, 1952-1953

sible danger? As these questions crept into my mind, down the road raising a cloud of dust came a jeep which screeched dramatically to a halt with a lieutenant shouting out “Are you Caliva?”

“Yeah,” I said, in relief. “I was beginning to think you guys had forgotten all about me!”

Laughing, he said, “Not a chance...you’re my replacement! Get in, we’re going to Group headquarters and they’ll give you your assignment in the morning.”



The Transportation headquarters was reportedly a reserve outfit on active duty from Louisiana. When the moment came, the question was direct and straightforward, “Would you mind being assigned to a colored truck battalion?”

Instantly my mind flashed back to the Filipino Regiments, and to my friend George, and with total honesty I quickly responded, “No sir, not at all, I’d very much welcome the opportunity.”

With that, I became a platoon leader in the 60th Transportation Truck Company of the 52nd Truck Battalion of the 351st Transportation Group of Eighth Army. The 60th, commanded by Captain Jerome Livingston, was located separately at Wonju, with the mission of delivering essential supplies, from the railroad station at Wonju, to combat units located in various locations north. Several other truck companies in the vicinity had similar missions.

Through the summer and fall, I continuously led convoys of 2 ½ ton trucks laden with necessities, usually diesel fuel, up and back over dangerous mountain roads. When the weather was bad, way below zero, the trips were especially hard. It wasn’t unusual to be given only map coordinates, which made me happy to have

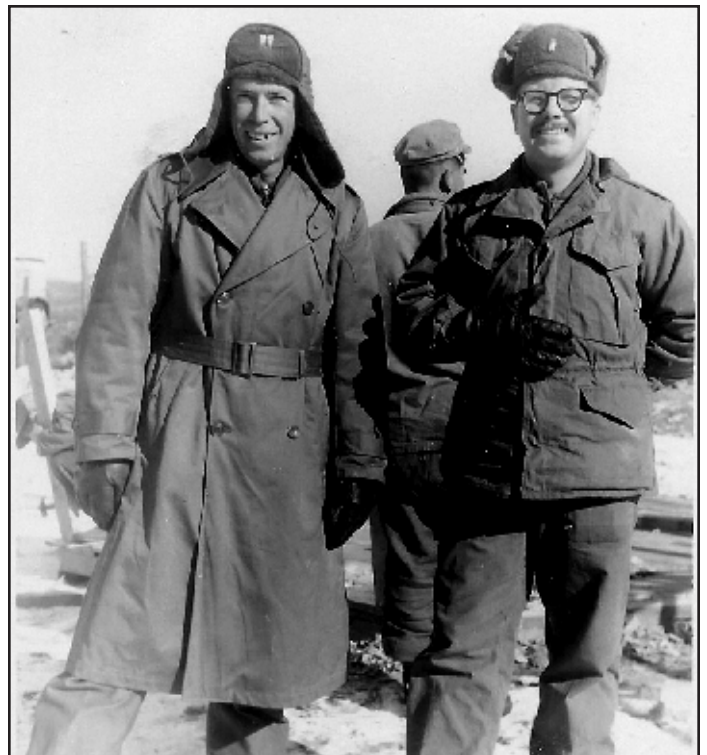
learned map reading at OCS so well.

Once, with only map coordinates, we arrived to find a major in a jeep who had stayed behind to lead us to their changed location. Our unit and our men worked diligently and effectively and I enjoyed my duties. I would have served anywhere in any branch, but I was thankful that our situation wasn’t as hazardous as those who were required to regularly cope with battle conditions.

In early December 1951, I was promoted to first lieutenant and transferred to the nearby 54th T. Heavy Truck Co. It had the same mission but with two important changes. First, it was a newly desegregated unit, which presented the challenges of developing an effective integrated work force. The second change involved experimenting with the use of nonstandard equipment.

The unit had long trailers on hand, but not the tractors, so the 2 1/2s were modified to pull them. That made for even more treacherous driving conditions as the weeks wore on during the coldest winter of my life. But, under Captain Charles Kepley, the 54th performed well as we worked into the new year. We lost no men and only a couple of vehicles (which uncontrollably slid over the edge of icy roads into ravines below...the drivers leaping to safety at the last moment).

No racial problems of note surfaced and, to the contrary, broadened diversity brought unexpected pleasures. For example, our Mess Sergeant had worked in a Bourbon Street restaurant before being drafted. He proposed that if certain spices and ingredients could be obtained he’d prepare us some very special meals. Needless to say, we scrounged far and wide for what was needed and the reputation of our food service soared, increasing-



CO Capt. Charles Kepley and XO Lt. Lawrence Baker led the 54th Heavy Truck Co. through the winter of 1951 and the transfer to Pusan in the new year

ly attracting military on the road who just happened to be near us at meal times.

We had no Officers' Club, but the MASH unit down the road invited us to join theirs. It was like the one in the TV series *M*A*S*H*, complete with a guy who wore a red wig and dress and didn't have to do a lot of acting. On the wall behind the bar a collection of feathers was on display from successful pheasant hunters...who then were privileged to buy the room a drink.

I ordinarily carried a .45 and on convoys also a carbine. Once, on a rare day off, I went pheasant hunting but there weren't enough guns for everyone in the group, so as junior man I was to use my carbine. Ever try to down a pheasant with a carbine? Regrettably, I never got a feather, but didn't have to buy any drinks.

After a brutal winter, and the experiment was over, the 54th was transferred early in 1952 to the 296th Truck Battalion, providing transportation for the Pusan area. But, life in the city was something else. Three days after arrival my driver came to tell me that our jeep had been stolen. And before I could settle in I was sent away on TDY to join a HQ Eighth Army Board of Inquiry into allegations of mistreatment of prisoners of war at the UN POW Camp on the nearby island of Koje-do.

Seventeen officers comprised the Board, with three sections, for one of which I was the member-recorder. For some weeks we investigated the allegations, which had been identified by the International Committee of the Red Cross, found no fault on the part of the detaining power, and dutifully prepared our reports, which were distributed to the Camp Command, the 2nd Logistical Command, Eighth Army HQ, Far East Command, Department of the Army, and the Red Cross in Geneva, Switzerland. (This fortuitous acquaintance with the work of the Red Cross influenced my future career choice of joining the American Red Cross Service to the Armed Forces program.) We finished our work and departed Koje-do just a few weeks before

the spectacular international incident involving the capture of the Camp Commandant by the prisoners occurred.

Upon return to Pusan, I became Executive Officer of the 48th Truck Co. under Captain Lawrence Wallace, a Black Infantry officer specifically selected to command this desegregated unit. Our operations were routine, but vehicle accidents causing damage to people and property were increasing, and I was given the additional duty of Battalion Legal Officer to handle such cases. At the same time, with a shortage of JAG officers in the Logistical Command, I began serving as Trial Counsel in Special Court Martials, and occasionally as Assistant Trial Counsel in General Court Martials, all of which grew to occupy much of my time during the final year of my 20-month tour.

In March 1953, I headed home, processed through Japan, and crossed the Pacific again in a troop ship, the *Marine Phoenix*, which also has been mentioned in *The Graybeards*. I served as an Assistant Mess Officer, learned to play chess, analyzed handwriting, and contemplated my future. On leave at home, few people seemed to know or care about the Korean War.

My final Army assignment was as Post Motor Pool Officer at Fort McPherson, Atlanta, Georgia, where, thanks to a new regulation, I was released early from active duty to reenter college. I looked forward to getting prepared for a rewarding career, marriage and family life. It's all happened, some wishes having been fulfilled unexpectedly more than once, but maybe I'll write another installment someday with "the rest of the story."

I am forever proud to be a Korean War veteran and a life member of the KWVA. Thanks to everyone who's ever answered the call and worn the uniform.

(Narce Caliva has been a member of the KWVA National Board of Directors since 2016 and currently serves as the Resolutions Committee Chairman. He is a Past Commander of the Shenandoah Valley Chapter #313 in Winchester, Virginia.)

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My Dangerous Visit to the Turkish Brigade

Source: Adapted from *Too Young for a Forgettable War: Second Edition*; Copyrighted 2012 by William Edward Alli; Published by Amazon (CreateSpace/Kindle).

It started out so innocently at Mail Call on an August day in 1951. There was no hint of an impending adventure for me, much less the likelihood of being mistakenly executed as an enemy infiltrator, before my 20th birthday.

We were now getting mail regularly, since our First Marine Division had been pulled off line to go in to X Corps reserve, starting July 17. I had survived four and a-half months of combat since arriving in Korea and becoming a "beast of burden," alias Machine Gun Ammo Carrier.

A portentous indicator arrived in the form of a package sent to me from the Republic of Turkey, my immigrant father's ancestral home. Inside was a book and a letter from my dad's eldest nephew, Sıtkı Samancıoğlu, a primary school teacher. He must have gotten my mail address from one of my father's letters to his family in Turkey.

Sıtkı wrote about how proud he was that I was performing military service against the Communists and was glad that Turks and Americans were allies, serving side by side in the Korean War. He urged me to visit the Turkish Brigade and, because I did not understand much Turkish, he was enclosing a book for me to learn it.

I was moved by his words and appreciated the gift of the book. I had never visited Turkey and it would be great to visit the Turkish troops and get to know them. They would be glad to see me, after all, my father (Baba) was Turkish. Thanks to the book from cousin Sıtkı, I would have speedily acquired a basic knowledge of the language, more than the few Turkish words I had learned from my father while I was growing up.

I would have no trouble finding them. From recent copies of the Army newspaper *Stars and Stripes* and the *Detroit Times* (sent by my mother), I knew that the Turkish Brigade was on the Western front, attached to the Army's 25th Infantry Division, "Tropic Lightning." The Korean Peninsula was only about 175 miles wide and I would be able to easily hitchhike over to them.



25th Inf. Div. "Tropic Lightning" shoulder patch

If ignorance and naivete protect nineteen-year-olds, then I must have been the safest person in the world. Actually I was immature and not well-educated.

Experienced language teachers advise: "Never try to learn two foreign languages at the same time!" I would add, "Even if you have the wrong book for one of the languages and no book at all for the other." A consequence could be that you would get into a lot of trouble. You could even lose your life."

Consider the book itself. It was a language-instruction book. But it was not written for Americans to learn Turkish; it was written for Turks to learn English. It was probably the only "relevant" book Sıtkı could find in his town's bookstores.

Consider my surroundings. I was getting acquainted with Korean villagers and with some Korean Service Corps (KSC) laborers assigned to our regiment to carry supplies, do construction, etc. From them I was trying to learn some Korean words. Years later I learned that Korean and Turkish (plus Japanese, Mongolian, Tatar, and others, including some American Indian tongues) are all relatives, stemming from a common ancestral language: Altaic.

I told Corporal Eugene Punte, my Machine Gun Unit Leader, that I wanted to visit the Turkish Brigade and I showed him Sıtkı's letter and the book. Punte took me to the Platoon Leader and I made the request to him. In doing so, I mentioned that it was good for our United Nations forces to have friendship visits by personnel who had some ties with allied countries.

After some discussion, the officer ordered the Company Clerk to type the order giving me three days leave. I could not foresee that the document might save my life.

I decided that I didn't want to lug my heavy M1 rifle with me. So, I went to Tex to temporarily swap his .45 caliber pistol for it. I explained that I was going to hitchhike over to visit the Turkish Brigade and a pistol would be much more convenient for me to carry around. He agreed and handed me his pistol and its holster.

The holster was different from the standard Marine Corps issue (the 1916 model) that our officers wore. It did not have the grommated hole at the bottom for a lace to be passed through and tied to the leg. Instead, the holster was connected at its top



The Turkish North Star Brigade patch

by a brass swivel to a belt hanger, a short, wide leather strap with the hooks for attaching to the cartridge belt that we wore around our waist.

Tex said it was a cavalry holster. It had a brass hanger swivel allowing it to always hang straight down, "Whether you're standing up or sitting on a horse." Not until 56-years later would I learn that the holster was the 1912 model USMC cavalry holster. And it was shown in a November 2007 *Leatherneck* magazine advertisement (p. 93).

Still thinking in stereotypes about people from Texas, I wasn't too surprised that he had some kind of connection with horses and cowboys who carry guns (but not M1 rifles). So I wasn't all that mystified that he would have this kind of item. He said, "It's probably the only one in Korea."

Tex also lent me a canvas-web magazine pouch to hold two extra magazines of pistol ammo. I put on the holster belt. I liked it, but I could not imagine that the brass hanger swivel was really needed. The era of horse-riding was long-gone and it wasn't needed in a vehicle, no matter what its horsepower was.

Soon after morning chow the next day, I walked over to the nearby road to hitchhike, westward, to where I thought the Turks were. On my belt I had the pistol in its holster. In the top left pocket of my dungaree jacket was my typewritten official orders for three-days' leave. In my backpack I carried some C-rations. Also inside my backpack were the letter from Sıtkı and that book for Turks to learn English. Who knows, I might want to leave it with the Turkish Brigade to help some Turk who wanted to learn my language.

I stuck out my thumb as a jeep with two Marines approached. They asked me where I was going. They said they could drop me off at some crossroads, where I should be able to hitch a ride west. They dropped me off and I started walking away. One of them called out, "Hey! Your pistol fell out of the holster."

I walked back and looked at the floor by the backseat and saw the .45 on the floor. It must've made a noise as I was getting out of the jeep and I had not noticed it but one of them had heard it. I thanked him and put it back into the holster, wondering what would have happened if they had driven away with the weapon. I would be unarmed and catch hell from Tex when I got back to my unit. From then on I was more careful when moving about, often keeping my hand pressed against the flap of the holster.

Soon, a U.S. Army transport truck approached and I stuck out my thumb. The driver stopped. He was alone in the cab; I had no idea what was in the back of the truck. He looked like an African-American, wearing the standard U.S. Army fatigues. They were quite different from our Marine Corps dungarees in fabric weave, color and type of pockets. I could not tell which army unit he was with, because I was sitting on his right side and army unit insignias are customarily worn near the top of the left sleeve.

I tried to start a conversation with him, but he seemed too attentive to the road to respond to me. That made sense to me; we were on a narrow gravel-covered road. At least we seemed to be driving west. I chattered on but he didn't acknowledge anything I said; he acted like he didn't understand a word of it. So I decided to ask him a question, no response. Finally, he stuck out



Tex in an amphibious truck

I failed to size-up the situation. I was an armed stranger approaching a group of armed soldiers. I wanted to be viewed as their friend, but I was wearing the Marine Corps combat uniform: dungarees. The Turks were not familiar with it.

his right arm and pointed with his index finger at the lower-right corner of the windshield, right in front of me. There was a decal of a flag with three horizontal stripes.

He said, “eet-yohp-yah, eet-yohp yah, eet-yohp-yah.” Then I understood; he was not an American. He was an Ethiopian soldier. They wore U.S. Army uniforms. I smiled, nodded my head up and down, and stopped talking.

The terrain was hilly; the road was steep and winding. As we were going over a range of high hills, I looked down upon a narrow river with a bridge. I spied a convoy of jeeps that had come from the right and were waiting to allow our truck to complete its crossing of the bridge. As we got near the far end of the bridge, I saw that the front fenders of the jeeps bore little red flags on short posts; they were Turkish.

I asked the driver to stop and let me off. I wish I could’ve expressed my thanks to him by giving him a language book — one written for Ethiopians to learn English or maybe for English speakers to learn Amharic.

I walked the short distance to the front jeep, smiled, and said, hello in Turkish: merhaba. The occupants seemed startled. In retrospect, I think of a Shakespeare quote: “And thereby hangs a tale,” adding only, “of danger.”

I failed to size-up the situation. I was an armed stranger approaching a group of armed soldiers. I wanted to be viewed as their friend, but I was wearing the Marine Corps combat uniform: dungarees. The Turks were not familiar with it. Being part of the Army’s 25th Infantry Division, they were wearing U.S. Army-type uniforms, which I was familiar with.

In pronouncing Turkish words, I do not have an American accent. I speak like my father. Also, the Turkish dialect of his region, eastern Anadolu, has sounds in common with Azeri Turkish, which is spoken in what was then part of the Soviet Union: Azerbaijan.

I do not look like most Turks. Most of them are like my father, short to medium height, brown-eyed and dark-haired, having the typical Mediterranean “olive” complexion. I am average height, blue-eyed, light brown-haired, and have a pale-olive, complexion. My merhaba didn’t comport with my appearance.

Adding to my jeopardy was a rumor circulating among UN forces (it may have appeared in U.S. newspapers) that the Communists were planning to infiltrate UN lines using English-speaking “white” Eastern European soldiers wearing captured American uniforms. I knew nothing of this rumor as I approached the people in the jeeps.

I tried to speak some Turkish to them and say I was there for

a visit. I was vaguely aware that I was mixing up some Korean and English with my poor Turkish. None of them smiled and they didn’t seem too friendly. Nevertheless, they invited me into one of the jeeps and we drove back to their camp.

During the drive they were talking to each other in a rather suspicious way. At their camp one of the Jeep-riding Turkish officers got out and started talking to another officer who looked just like an American Army officer. That officer asked me, in perfect American English, “Who are you?”

He was an American, the U.S. 8th Army’s official interpreter for the Turkish Brigade. I replied: “I’m PFC William Alli, Dog Company, 2nd Battalion, 1st Marines. I’ve come to visit the Turks.”

He looked puzzled and began talking Turkish with the other Turkish officers who had been in the Jeep convoy. They all kept glancing at me and I started feeling apprehensive. In a slightly sterner voice, but with a forced half-smile, the interpreter pointed to a large tent nearby and told me to go inside. He was right behind me as I entered the tent and ordered, “Hands up!” He had drawn his pistol and was aiming it at me. So I raised both hands over my head.

He lifted up the flap of my pistol holster and took my pistol away. He asked what kind of a pistol holster it was. I told him it was an old cavalry holster that I had borrowed from Tex, probably the only one like it in Korea.

“It doesn’t look right. It’s not standard issue for American forces.”

“I know. Because it’s a cavalry holster, this brass-hanger swivel pin allows it to always hang straight down, whether you’re standing up or sitting on the saddle of a horse.”

He did not react to my statements and he made me hand it over to him. Again he demanded to know who I was and what I was doing there.

I repeated my answers. My arms were still raised high and I added, “I’ve got a letter from my Turkish cousin, and the book he sent. It’s in my backpack.”

I was bending my right wrist to point my index finger down toward my jacket’s left breast pocket, “I have official orders from my outfit to be on three-day’s leave to come here.”

He unbuttoned my pocket and took out the orders. He also searched the rest of my pockets and backpack. Then he sternly said, “Go face the corner of the tent and squat down.” I did so. Before he went out, he raised his voice and angrily said, “I don’t know who you are, but we’re going to nail your ass.” I got scared; I knew what had happened to Jesus.

In the painful position of squatting, I waited. I sensed that some Turkish soldiers were outside the tent guarding me. Frightful thoughts went through my head: are they going to shoot me because of some misunderstanding? Is this the way my life is going to end? I won’t be twenty years old until January 3. Is my mother going to get a telegram from the Defense Department saying that I was accidentally killed, arrested for desertion, etc.? Maybe the best thing for me would be if they packed me into a jeep and took me back to my outfit immediately.

My knees were really starting to hurt. In fact, most of my legs felt the muscle strain. I was afraid I would keel over. What a mistake I had made! And to think, I had started out with the best of intentions: to be an international goodwill ambassador. But then I recalled one of my high school literature courses and a famous verse by Bobbie Burns: “The best laid plans of mice and men, aft gang agley.” Now I realized that “aft gang agley” could mean getting oneself killed.

After at least an hour, I heard some sounds outside the tent. It sounded like several people walking. I hoped it wasn’t a firing squad.

In came the interpreter and some Turkish officers; all were smiling. “You’re clean. We checked on you. Here’s your stuff,” and he handed back my backpack, my official orders, and the pistol belt with the pistol in it.

“This is an interesting holster,” he added.

I thought, when I get back, I’m going to tell Tex that his goddamn cavalry holster almost got me killed.

We walked out of the tent, my wobbly legs still aching from the squatting, and they had me climb a few steps onto a wooden platform at one end of an open area surrounded by tents. Turkish soldiers, in formation, were facing the platform. Most of them seemed to be about my age, nineteen years old.

Later I learned that nineteen-year-old Turkish males, with very few exceptions, must enter their army for two-year’s service. Looking at them, I got an idea of what my father must have looked like when he first came to America in 1913, as a deserter from the Ottoman Imperial Army.

“Say something to them,” a Turkish officer said in English. Obviously I was a special guest. I smiled, looked out at the troops and said, “Merhaba.” They all roared back in unison, “Sağ ol,” startling me into jumping back a step or two and putting all the Turkish soldiers into a fit of laughter. Sağ ol means “be strong.” It’s a standard response of a military unit to a greeting or some orders from their commander. We had a similar custom in the Marines; ours was “Aye, aye, sir.”

Then I said a few words about my Marine division, where we were, and why I was visiting the Turkish Brigade. Without mentioning my father’s army desertion, I explained when he had come to America and expressed my hope to visit their country someday. As the American officer interpreted my words, the soldiers were smiling and nodding their heads.

For the next two days I was hosted as a long-lost brother. It was a hospitality that would warm the coldest heart. Food was a glorious part of it because the Turkish Brigade had wonderful cooks. I had great meals, good solid Anadoluan food, the kind my father used to cook: plenty of casseroles with chunks of meat and vegetables, with plenty of garlic and no lack of oil or salt. And there was lots of bread, the yummy Turkish style, with thick crispy crust and tender textures inside.

It was the kind that you ate chunk by chunk, holding it in your left hand to push the food onto the fork or spoon in your right hand. And, of course, the chunks of bread were used like little sponges to sop up the last bit of broth or microchunks of solid matter at the bottom of the bowl or around its sides, after spoons and forks had finished their functions.

What an improvement over the canned C-rations. It tasted better than the best food I ever got from the Marine Corps’ mess kitchens. When will the rest of America learn that a meal without garlic is like a day without sunshine?

I soon learned how modest Turkish soldiers are in performing their toilet functions. They require a full partition between individuals using urinals and commodes. I don’t know what they would do if they had to use one of our “four-holers” to defecate (what they call doing “kah-kah” instead of our “puu-puu”). Any Turkish soldier seeing one of our four-holers would probably restrain himself as long as he could, before suffering the indignity of using it. He might even attempt to wait until dark.

Because these troops were in reserve, they were housed in squad tents that hold about ten men. They did not have individual air mattresses, and they slept in parallel on a raised wooden platform. I slept quite comfortably on it.

On my second day with the brigade I was treated to a musical performance by their folk music ensemble. They had the common Turkish musical instruments: saz, darbuka, etc., and they were really great players.

There’s nothing quite like the folk music of Anadolu, where most of Turkiye’s people live. I especially like the catchy dance tunes. Of course they have their laments, but the authentic village music of Anadolu is pleasant to my prejudiced ear. Most of it is mercifully free of the nasal wailing that characterizes much of the music in other Near Eastern countries.

The soldier-musicians were entertaining us, as did bards through the ages. They sang about clashes with the enemy, emphasizing their first, and bloodiest, encounter in Korea: Kunu-ri. They played on native instruments, yielding musical sounds that their ancestors had developed centuries ago. The sounds captivated me too; the resonant plucking and strumming of strings and the beat of the drums lured me into smiling, rocking my head side to side, snapping my fingers and rhythmically tapping out the rhythm with my foot.

Soon after breakfast on my final day I got ready to leave and a few of my new friends gave me fotografs as souvenirs. They gave me their addresses and asked me to come to Turkiye and be their guest.

I accepted their invitation but had no idea when I would ever visit them. But two years later during my summer vacation from Wayne State University in Detroit, I spent a week in Ankara as the guest of one of these soldiers: Erdoğan Başaran.

The Brigade gave me a special gift, their circular shoulder patch, a white star and crescent moon a field of red, indicating the nationality of their army. Later I learned that the Brigade also had a unit patch that reflected their name: the North Star Brigade. It displays Polaris with its neighbors. I had not seen them wearing that unit patch in Korea. I wish they had given me that patch too.

Years later, when I got their Brigade patch, I mulled over its resemblance to my 1st Marine Division patch; both featured constellations. We were the “Guadalcanal Division.” Our patch displayed the Southern Cross, which our Marines were able to view only after nearing and then crossing the equator in World War II, bound for the 7 August 1942 invasion of Guadalcanal.

Two soldiers had a special gift for me: slender, sharp daggers, one with a ruby-red plastic handle, hiltless, and a blade having a tip like the end of a carpenter's nail. The other dagger had a yellow, all-metal handle, inlaid with polished, colored stones; it had a slightly curved blade tip and a small hilt. Both were easily concealable.

As one soldier reached forward to offer his dagger to me, I instinctively reached out for it and he stopped me by pulling it away from my reach, disapprovingly clicking his tongue once and tipping his head back once. He was telling me the equivalent of, "Just a minute. Never reach out to accept a dagger as a gift from someone who is still holding it!" Then he went through the motion of holding the dagger by its handle and showing me how a malicious person could thrust it into me as I reached for it.

Finally, he picked up the knife to show me the proper motions. He placed it down on a blanket between us (we were in a tent) with the axis of the knife at right angles to each of us. "Böyle (like this)," he told me, smiling with the satisfaction of having taught a younger brother some special etiquette. I recognized it as a safety lesson and was grateful. I picked it up by its handle, and thanked him, "Teşekkür ederim," trying to imagine what ancient experiences had precipitated this etiquette with knives.

The final gifts were presented to me with obvious reverence. Both embodied Koranic prayers for God's protection (they were in Arabic, not Turkish). One was handwritten on a small piece of paper which could be carried in my shirt pocket. The other was a necklace that seemed to be made of brass. The chain was thin; its pendant was a thin, rectangular tablet on which a prayer had been engraved.

I was quite touched by their gifts. They had not inquired about my religion and were merely wishing safety for my future. I said, "Çok teşekkür ederim (thank you very much)," and they smiled. All I had to offer was my language book. It might help one of them learn English in the future.

The interpreter told me that a jeep would take me back to the main road where I could hitch a ride back to Hongch'ön. I thanked him and the other Turks for their hospitality. I said, "I hope to visit all of you in Türkiye someday." I was presuming that I (and they) would survive the war and that I would be able to afford the expense of the long sea journey from America to Türkiye. I could not have foreseen low-cost commercial flights starting in the late 1950s.

Why do trees leave?

By (MSgt) Tolbert Young, Jr. (Ret)

On June 25th 1950, I was stationed at Ft. Lewis, Washington. I had just completed 2 years of a 3-year enlistment. I was planning to get out of the Army in May of 1951 and go to college. President Truman changed my plans when he ordered everybody on active duty to be extended one year.

Within a few days most of the privates in my company were transferred to the 9th Regt. of the 2nd Infantry Div. By the grace of God I, along with 2 or 3 other privates, was not

It was time for goodbye, Turkish style. I climbed into the jeep and said: "Allaha ısmarladık (We entrust you to God)." They replied, "Güle güle (Go smilingly)." Then the jeep pulled away, they waved goodbye, and I waved back, being sure to use the Turkish gesture, a side-to-side wig-wag (semaphore) motion, instead of the wrist-hinged up-and-down hand flutter that we Americans use.

It had been a remarkable visit and I promised myself to visit their country and learn a lot more about the Turks and their Korean War experiences. I vowed to study Turkish and contribute to better understanding between Americans and Turks. How well would I be able to learn Turkish? I couldn't be sure.



Bill Alli

The American interpreter was the first non-Turk I could remember who spoke Turkish. He had an enormous vocabulary. But his heavy American accent pained my ear as he mangled nearly every one of the thousands of Turkish words he seemed to know, and the few I had learned from my father. If there is such a thing as a language crime, then that American was a mass murderer. Nevertheless, the Turks seemed to understand him, proving that

native speakers can tune their ear to a foreigner's accent and get the correct meaning of his speech, regardless of how unusual it might be.

Yet I can't help but wonder what went through the minds of the Turks when they first heard him speaking their language. Did they think he was drunk or that it was some kind of a practical joke by the U.S. military? I doubt that they suspected him of being an enemy infiltrator.

On a trip to Turkey in 1974, I was made an Honorary Member of the Turkish Korean War Veterans Association (Kore'de Savaşanlar Derneği—KorSavaş). If they had demanded to see my identification first, it would be no problem because then I was an employee of the U.S. Agency for International Development. I was traveling with an Official U.S. passport on an inspection visit of our agency's programs in their country. Also, I was carrying no pistol or holster. The Turkish veterans' hospitality was most gracious.

William Edward Alli, 2803 Baker Ln.,
Bowie MD 20715, billalli39@gmail.com

transferred. The 2nd Inf. Div. left Ft. Lewis a week later for Korea.

About the 20th of July, my unit, the 573rd Engineer Float Bridge Co., received transferees from all over the USA to build it back up to strength. Around the 1st of August we shipped out to Yokohama, Japan.

We sat around the Yokohama Engineer Depot for about a month, not knowing what to expect. Finally, the word came down that "we were to load all of our bridge (about 1,000 feet) and all of the rest of our company equipment" onto

Flying Boxcars and fly into Korea as part of the Korean invasion.

As soon as a beachhead was established between Seoul and Yongdonpo, we constructed a bridge across the Han River between those two cities. The bridge could accommodate one-way traffic only, so about a month later another company constructed a second bridge next to ours. Now there was two-way traffic in both directions.

My company maintained both bridges until sometime in January 1951, after the Chinese entered the war and their forces pushed down close to Seoul. We were scheduled to dismantle both bridges. The Han River was frozen over, so the floating bridges could not be removed. Therefore, we had to blow the bridges in place, so the enemy could not use them to bring their equipment south across the river.

At this point, we had no bridge and over 100 trucks and other equipment, so for all practical purposes we were turned into a trucking company. We hauled engineer equipment and supplies all over Korea, depending where the front lines were at the time. At one time we maintained and operated an "Engineer Depot," from which we also delivered supplies to

other units.

The one thing that bothered me and no one could explain to me is that there were no trees anywhere I went in Korea, and I went all over South Korea. Needless to say I never wanted to go back to Korea. During the rest of my twenty years in the Army, I never did go back!!!

In 2010, I got the chance to visit Korea. Now, I understand we saved South Korea!!! Incheon International Airport is as good and as beautiful as any other that I've passed through. There are trees all over the place and I found out why there were no trees back in 1950, 1951 and 1952. (The Japanese cut down all of the trees and shipped them to Japan during their Occupation 1905-1945).

High-rise buildings are all over the place. The population of Seoul is about twenty million, there are about 6 or 7 permanent bridges over the Hahn River, and the Seoul Metropolitan population is about forty million. The only place where I saw Koreans dressed like they did in the 1950s was in the museum!!!

(MSgt) Tolbert Young, Jr. (ret), 9199 Fircrest Ln.,
Apt 337, San Ramon, CA 94583

Brothers in One Tank

By John Mixon

When I first heard of the North Korean invasion of South Korea on June 25, 1950 I was somewhat naïve about its effect on my life. After the UN resolution was passed it got my full attention.

Barely two months earlier my brother Don and I had joined a newly formed U.S. Marine Corps reserve unit in Bakersfield, California. Both of us were former Marines with active duty status. We were recalled on August 4, 1950 and reported to Camp Pendleton, where we were assigned to the newly formed Company B of the First Tank Battalion.

At this time I became aware of the dismal state of the military in general and the Marine Corps in particular. In the entire Marine Corps there was only one combat infantry regiment, the 5th Marines, available for immediate duty. It was fleshed out with other units, including a single company of tanks (Able). The regiment, referred to as the "Brigade," was sent to Korea in July 1950.

I thought to myself "This is disgraceful. These damn politicians have done it again." In one sense it was fortunate that it had been only five years since the end of WWII, in which a good number of veterans had made a career of the Marine Corps. This benefit, coupled with the fact that reserve units were well populated with those same WWII veterans, enabled the First Marine Division to perform in a most extraordinary way.

I knew that brothers have served in the Marine Corps, some in close proximity to one another. I did not know of any who served as closely as Don and me. Since the only tank company being formed at the time was B Company, 1st Tank Battalion, we were told that we would be separated after we reached Korea. Somehow the fact that we were brothers was never mentioned again, except at a local level.

Our argument against separation prevailed and the Mixon brothers climbed into "B-12" as driver and assistant driver. We participated in the assault on Wolmi-do at Inchon, the recapture of Kimpo Airfield, and the battle for Seoul.

We took a trip around the peninsula with an amphibious landing at Wonsan, participated in the Battle of the Chosin Reservoir, and reached Hungnam. After that it was Pusan and Masan for Christmas. In January 1951 we moved out to Pohang and commenced the Spring Offensive.

As a married, recalled reservist with two children I became one of the first to be returned home by priority. Tearfully I left my brother and comrades and flew home. I was discharged at Treasure Island Marine Barracks in San Francisco.

In retrospect I was perhaps foolish in making the decisions that I did, but I just couldn't let my brother go it alone—and I cannot deny that I felt an allegiance to the Corps.

John Mixon, 6311 Barcelona Dr., Bakersfield, CA 93306



John (standing) and Don Mixon in Seoul on October 1950 test the adage, "He ain't heavy; he's my brother."

Please turn to 70th Anniversary on page 54

Chapter & Department News

40 MINNESOTA #1 [MN]

Even with the sun shining down and a slight breeze blowing it was a cold day as we put chapter member John King to rest at Fort Snelling National Cemetery. It was a well-attended service with friends, former colleagues, relatives and a contingent of Korean War veterans from Chapter 41 joining us.

A finer man we could not have known.

Blair C. Rumble, 969 Lombard Ave., Saint Paul, MN 55105

72 OREGON TRAIL [OR]

On September 30, 2020 we held a special donation event at the Korean War Memorial in Wilsonville in honor of Rami Mi Hyun, a photographer and friend of the Korean veterans, who has taken wonderful photographs of our Korean War veteran members. Rami's mission is to record Korean War veterans, note their history and pass it on to the next generation.

At this event chapter President Chuck Lusardi and Sarah received beautiful photographs from Rami taken when he interviewed them at their home. Our members showed their support and appreciation by donating \$1,000 to Project Soldier.



Left, Rami Mi Hyun displays the \$1,000 check he received from Ch. 72 for Project Soldier. Right, President Chuck Lusardi of Ch. 72 shows a picture and thank you drawn by school children in South Korea.

In attendance were Greg Caldwell, Honorary Consulate of the Republic of Korea, David Penaflor, 2nd VP, and member Dennis Penaflor. The small gathering ended with Rami presenting a Korean flag to Chuck Lusardi in thanks to our members for their

service and sacrifice during the Korean War. The South Korean people have not forgotten them.

*Mary Gifford, 521 Charman St;
Oregon City, Oregon 503-655-2778*

106 TREASURE COAST [FL]

We have engaged in several activities recently.

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



Attendees at Ch. 106's 2020 Christmas party



KWVA National President Jeff Brodeur (C) accepts award from Ch. 106 as Chapter President and National Secretary Harold Trieber (R) and Bobbie Williams look on.



Ch. 106's Gold Star Family Memorial at Port St. Lucie Veterans Memorial Park



Wreaths placed at Ch. 106's Memorial

111 CPL. RICHARD A. BELL [WI]

We participated in the Wreaths Across America Program.

*James A. Maersch, James A., 1829 Park Ave.,
West Bend, WI 53090, 262-338-0991*

Commander Norb Carter of Ch. 111 places a wreath at the gravesite of a friend



133 THE QUIET WARRIORS [IN]

We have members who do not attend any functions because they are not willing to accept any risk, thus they stay home. Our membership agrees that those individuals certainly have every right to take that option, thus we do not punish them with fines, etc. for not attending our meetings.

We thought about taking the option where we meet by getting an assigned number and calling in, but all those who attend in person feel that we and our host the Eagles Lodge in Waynedale, Indiana, have demonstrated the ability to host in-person meetings in a way that successfully has managed the risk posed by that option.

To date, no one in our Chapter has contracted the COVID-19 as a result of any contact made at our meetings. Our Chapter frankly not only prefers the monthly in-person meeting but members are generally old enough that the option of calling in is not easily within their grasp.

The Eagles Lodge also provides us with a very economical breakfast and hot drinks before the official meeting begins. In addition, they set up the tables, chairs, and our official flags to provide good social distancing. They require that we follow the state's statutes and the governor's executive orders in regard to social distancing and mask wearing, but we do have to occasionally lower the masks during the meetings because the muffled sound is hard for some of the members to hear and understand what is being said.

We used to set up a complete POW/MIA table and chair, but now we only put the covering on the chair for our POW/MIA ceremony. This reduces the amount of disinfecting that we have to do following our meeting. Hand sanitizers are readily available and most members carry their own small bottle.

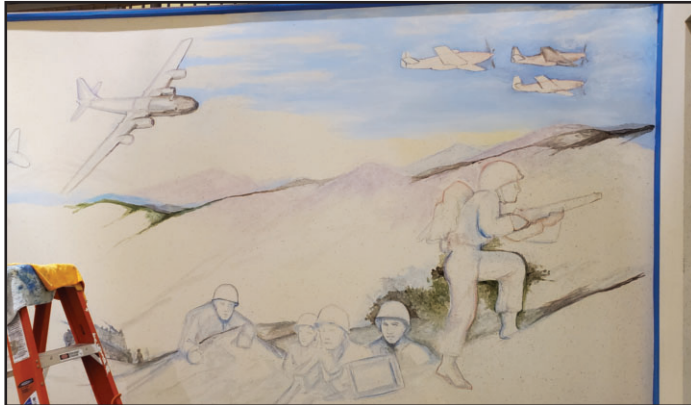
Last December we accommodated a need by the lodge to move our meeting one week. Their cook had a personal COVID-19 contact and they had to rearrange to meet the need of that incident. We still follow the protocols used in the pre-pandemic days. We open with the pledge to the flag and the POW/MIA prayer. We close with a salute to the flag and a prayer from our chaplain. We use Roberts Rules of Order in between.

We welcome guests but don't encourage them, because it can throw a wrench into setting up for social distancing. We sent this in to *The Greybeards* just to let everyone know we are still alive and kicking. We hope you are too!

Dick Loney, 260-447-5296, deltadick2@gmail.com

136 MARION OHIO [OH]

Members are working with area artist William Obenour to produce a mural depicting the Korean War on a wall in the county office building. We are heading the project with support from



Four views of the Marion, Ohio Korean War mural

the State Chapter of KWVA and help from the Marion Veterans Council and other veterans organizations around the Marion area.

The wall will contain the names of 11 Marion soldiers killed in action during the war. It will also pay honors to all the veterans past and present who have served and are still serving in the Korean countryside.

John R. Coats, jrcoats65@gmail.com

170 TAEJON [NJ]

We honored Veterans Day by placing a wreath at the chapter's Korean War monument, which was erected in 2000. Commander Fosco Oliveti contacted members who were available. Many were concerned and did not attend due to the surge in Coronavirus cases statewide, especially since a large number of veterans fall into vulnerable groups because of their age and health conditions. Throughout the U.S. many events and gatherings were canceled, but we honored those who served. We simply wore masks and maintained proper social distancing.



Robert Verhasselt, Louis Quagliero, Fosco Oliveti, Walter Amos, and Alexander Atheras of Ch. 170 (L-R) at Veterans Day event



Commander Fosco Oliveti of Ch. 170 stands next to wreath presented at Veterans Day commemoration

Past Chapter Commander George Bruzgis was gracious enough to take time away from his family obligations to purchase a wreath and place it at the monument for us when we arrived. Louis Quagliero brought his granddaughter, Samantha, to take the nearby photos of those members who attended the event. Attending were Commander Fosco Oliveti, Chaplain Robert Verhasselt, Sergeant-at-Arms Alexander Atheras, Hospitality Chairman Walter Amos, and Historian Louis Quagliero.



Alexander Atheras (L) and Louis Quagliero of Ch. 170 flank Korean War Memorial



Chaplain Robert Verhasselt of Ch. 170 after delivering prayer at Veterans Day observation

Walter Amos at Ch. 170's Memorial



Commander Oliveti gave a short tribute to the men and women who have served in the U.S. armed forces, in addition to those who have fought and died for our country. Chaplain Verhasselt said a prayer at the event, while Sergeant-at-Arms Atheras produced the U.S. and South Korean flags. The ceremony ended with attendees singing "God Bless America."

Louis Quagliero, 142 Illinois Ave., Paterson, NJ 07503

202 ORANGE COUNTY [NY]

John Stellingwerf, past chapter commander, passed away on January 5, 2021. According to his obituary, the KWVA was "an organization he held in the highest regard."

John Stellingwerf went to Korea five times with chapter VP Dr. Hubert Lee. The Korean government helped him revisit the battlefield in the front line near the 38th Parallel, during which he acted as a CIA agent to protect then President Seungman Rhee.

Dr. Lee took John to the Blue House to meet Prime Minister Hyun Seung Jong, Opposition Party leader Hon. Lee Kitaek, Ho. Lee Chul Seung, and General Park Sejik, president of the Korean Veterans Association. He also attended many scholarship delivery ceremonies the Korean American Foundation held at many different regions.

Dr. Lee made every effort to make him honored at every meeting with high ranking officials and the president of Korea University, from which Dr. Lee graduated. Many chairmen of sub-committees of Korean National Assembly welcomed him with honor, thanks to Dr. Lee's escort. Dr. Lee remembered him fondly:

"My wife and I are deeply saddened with your sudden death. I cannot forget those meaningful meetings with members of the Korean American Foundation here in Fort Lee, Flushing, Palisades Park, NJ and New York City, even at your 300-acre beautiful farm in Neversink Lake, Delphi, NY and our trip to Korea for the past 20 years covering a visit to your battlefield on which you served 68 years ago and dinner parties with many high-ranking government officials in Korea, including memorable visits to old palaces such as Changduck and Ducksoo.

You made good friendships with so many Koreans living in Korea, who are all shocked at the news of your closing your life in this world. I need a whole book to describe our memories. Remember, we spent the whole day to find the village at which you were stationed in 1952 because you pronounced it Bangam-ri, rather than Bongam-ri. There was no Bangam-ri.

I will remember how much you touched us with your warm and honest heart. Every Wednesday morning in our regular chapter meeting we departed remembering the prayer, "Let us be ever mindful of our departed comrades and their families and may the souls of our departed comrades rest in eternal peace. Amen."

Hubert Lee, drhojaelee@gmail.com

258 NORTHERN RHODE ISLAND [RI]

The weather was so good for us in early December that we continued our meetings in the parking lot at the Elks Lodge. That won't be the case for much longer.

Charles Compton shared a very special story about our turkey dinner purchase for the Nickerson House. The day he and Dick Mende were in line with their turkeys, a customer behind them paid for their entire purchase. It just goes to show you that during these difficult times the giving spirit is still alive!

We gave Christmas gifts to the 47 Korean veterans at the Rhode Island Veterans Home in Bristol, RI. Gift bags were put together that contained a shaver, socks, two packages of the masks donated from South Korea, a copy of our national magazine, *The Graybeards*, and a hat for those who did not previously receive one.



Members of Ch. 258 at December 1, 2020 outdoor meeting



Right, Items placed in Ch. 258's gift bags for Bristol, RI, Veterans Home



Jr. Vice Bob Jaworski and I delivered the gifts to the home, much to the surprise of the staff. The staff asked if they could give everything out the next day to cheer up the patients.

The Nickerson House, which provides transitional housing for our homeless vets, was also discussed at our meeting.

Normally, gifts are collected during our annual Christmas party. Due to COVID we arranged to collect or buy them through donations. Some gifts were collected that day. The rest were dropped off—again in the parking lot!! Once all gifts were gathered they were delivered to the Nickerson House by Charles Compton, Bob Jaworski, and me.

This is the last of our activities for 2020. Hopefully, the new year will bring us all happiness and good health.

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



The array of gifts at the Bristol, RI, Veterans Home



An exterior view of the Rhode Island Veterans Home



Bob Jaworski of Ch. 258 delivers gifts to Rhode Island Veterans Home



Surprised staff at Rhode Island Veterans Home

Have a Mini-Reunion?

Send your photos and a short write-up to
The Graybeards editor for publication!



Charles Compton and Bob Jaworski of Ch. 258 dropping off gifts



Col Bob Germani, Bob Charles, and crew of Nickerson House as Ch. 58 gifts are dropped off

267 GENERAL JAMES A. VAN FLEET [FL]

The Alachua County Veterans Community honors its volunteers once a year with an Awards Night to recognize their contributions to our community. This year we held our Veterans Awards Night and Christmas Party on Saturday, December 19, 2020 at the Wyndham Hotel. The winners of the Alachua County Awards Plaque are:

- Veteran of the Year: (a tie) Duane Romine and Richard Stalbaum
 - Veteran Supporter of the Year: Frank Jones, Asst. Mgr., Wal-Mart Dist. Ctr.
 - VA Employee of the Year: Dr. Rattana Mount
- The runner-up winners of the local awards are:
- Veteran of the Year: Forest Hope
 - Veteran Supporter of the Year: Todd Martin, Asst. Mgr., Clay Electric Coop., Jim Yacobsin, Albert Linden, Major Stroupe, and Carlos Gosnell
 - VA Employee of the Year: Ingrid Rincon

The Korean War veterans welcomed special guests, Mr. Jeff Brodeur and his wife, Maura. Jeff is the National President of the Korean War and Service Veterans Assoc. He was presented with a plaque for his dedicated service to the KWVA for over 20 years.

The event sponsors were Exit Realty Corp, Burkhardt Distributors, Forest Meadows Funeral Home, Disabled American Veterans Chapter 90, Vietnam Veterans Chapter 1092, American Legion Post 16, and KWVA chapter 267.



TOGETHER AT LAST!!
VETERANS AWARDS NIGHT/ALL VETERANS CHRISTMAS PARTY BANQUET
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 2020
6:00PM

WYNDHAM HOTEL, 2900 SW 13TH ST., Gainesville, FL

FEATURING: Dave Snyder MC, Christmas Buffet, Decadent Desserts, Cheese and Fruit Trays, Dancing to DJ Doug Carbaugh Imagination Entertainment, Cash Bar and Free Bud Lite Beer.

TICKETS ARE \$35.00- ONLINE SALES: \$37.50

TICKET SALES:

CHECKS: CALL GARRY GILES (352)213-7880 EMAIL: NOTAGATOR@GMAIL.COM
MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO: "VANFLEET CHAPTER 267, KWVA" AND MAIL TO:
KOREAN WAR VETS, C/O AL POST 16, 4701 NW 6TH ST., GAINESVILLE, FL, 32609
ONLINE CREDIT CARDS: <https://www.eventbrite.com/e/125190142085>
OR CALL: (352)213-7880

DRESS: CASUAL TO SUITS AND TIES TO FORMAL. UNIFORMS WELCOME.



Invitation to Ch. 267 Awards Ceremony



Jim Ramos (Past State Cmdr. American Legion), Carl Covey, Terry Fitzpatrick, Ron Carbaugh, Maura Brodeur, Jeff Brodeur, Ch. 267 Cdr Rich Stalbaum, Wayne Woodin, and Don Sherry (L-R) at awards event (All in picture are officers of Ch. 267, except Ramos and the Brodeurs.)

All 80 attendees enjoyed an excellent Christmas buffet provided by the Wyndham Hotel and Christmas gingerbread cookies from Santa Claus.

Don Sherry, Adjutant, (352) 375-8355, dpskwva@yahoo.com

313 SHENANDOAH [VA]

Founded in 2008, the Chapter held its 12th Annual Meeting on December 8 in Winchester, conducted by outgoing Commander David E. Clark, who was completing his second term. Currently the third largest KWVA chapter in number of active members, with just over 100, we pursue an aggressive, innovative campaign to recruit new members, especially Korean Defense Veterans.

At this point, the changing membership is about 75% War and 25% Defense Veterans, with an average of around 30 attendees at pre-COVID-19 meetings. Despite the pandemic, a group of 26 assembled for the Annual Meeting.

The newly elected 2021 officers, including both War and Defense era veterans, are Lewis M. Ewing, Commander; Ronald L. Wenger, 1st Vice Commander; R. Robert Shirley, 2nd Vice Commander; and Douglass R. Hall, Secretary; plus Associate Member Dave D. Stegmaier, Treasurer. They were installed by National Director Narce Caliva.



2021 Officers of Ch. 313 are sworn in: Commander Lew Ewing, 1st Vice Commander Ron Wenger, 2nd Vice Commander Rob Shirley, Secretary Doug Hall, and Treasurer Dave Stegmaier, by National Director Narce Caliva (L-R).



Incoming Ch 313 Commander Lew Ewing (R) presents a Certificate of Service on behalf of the membership to Commander Dave Clark for leading the chapter through two terms, including the challenges of COVID-19

For the completion of outstanding service as chapter Secretary for 6 years, Paul Bombardier (R) is presented a Certificate of Appreciation by Commander Dave Clark. Bombardier will stay on the Board as a Director.



Narce Caliva (L), a past Ch. 313 Commander, is honored to be the recipient of the 2020 Member of the Year award from Commander Dave Clark. Caliva will complete his service as a National Director in 2021.

Our new Board also has five voting Directors: Paul E. Bombardier, Richard L. Boxwell, Stephen T. Culbert, Alan C. Greene, and John W. Keep (National Chaplain Emeritus), drawn from both war and defense veterans.

A wide variety of activities is normally planned annually for members and families, both locally and in the Washington Metropolitan Area, where we are often invited to participate in KWVA, KWVMF, U.S. government, Republic of Korea Embassy, and other functions. We also support activities for veterans held at our VA Medical Center at Martinsburg, West Virginia.

We believe in service beyond the chapter and members have compiled a history of leadership experience at KWVA Department and National levels, which has proven invaluable for

local operations and growth. Members have served as National and Department Officers and Directors, National Officials such as Judge Advocate and National Chaplain, and on various National Committees.

While the Chapter's focus is on meeting Association requirements and pursuing the interests of our membership, our efforts and resources are committed to help achieve the KWVA Mission and preserve our Legacy.

Narce Caliva, Ncaliva29@gmail.com

318 INDIAN RIVER COUNTY [FL]

We have new officers for 2021. (See photo below)

*Joseph Gomez, PO Box 650094,
Vero Beach, FL 32965, 772-473-2313
jgome32960@outlook.com*



New officers of Ch. 318: Cmdr. Joseph Gomez, 1st VP Jeff A. Lee, 2nd VP Robert N. Boob, Secretary Thomas J. Deshler, Treasurer Roger D. Stoffer, Judge Advocate Genaro J. Pisano, Membership Franklin T. Imado (L-R)

321 RICHARD L. QUATIER [WA]

As of December 2020, members have raised \$109,140.12 for The Wall of Remembrance for the 36,574 men and women who lost their lives fighting against the North Korean and Chinese communists between 1950 and 1953 for the freedom of the South Korean people and the world as a whole. From January 2017 through December of 2020 many individuals, labor groups, busi-



nesses and trusts donated to this cause to insure their names and the Korean War will never be forgotten.

From September of 2020 to December 2020 the following individuals, trusts, and foundations have stepped up to say thank you to those families who lost their loved ones:

- David and Patricia Nereneerg, \$19,000
- The Keller Foundation \$3,000
- Michael and Monica Lynch \$2,500
- Dean Kirkland Development \$2,500
- John and Michelle Rudy \$1,000
- Steven and Jan Oliva \$1,000
- Royce Pollard Trust \$1,000
- Kyle Green Signs and More for their in-kind donations.

We can't thank all who shared their time and money to make this happen. There are too many to thank. Construction is set to begin in 2021 and be completed in July 27, 2022 if all goes as planned.

*Commander Edward L Barnes, 13816 NE Laurin Rd.,
Vancouver, WA 98662, 360-695-2180*

For further information go online to <https://koreanwarvetsmemorial.org/wall-of-remembrance/>

DEPARTMENTS

HAWAII

Consul General Kim, Choongoo of Honolulu Consul, along with Park, Jieum and Vincent Martinez, visited Hawaii Island for a Floral Bouquet Laying Ceremony at the Korean War Veterans site at Hilo on November 20, 2020. Consul staff, KWVA Big Island Chapter 231 members, spouses and widows attended this solemn and heart-warming ceremony.

Chapter members in attendance included President Emile Wery, Robert Karp, Hiroshi Shima, Zack and Lucia Abregano, Daniel and Loretta Kawaiaea, Chunsook Park, KWV widow Corliss Hirae, KWV widow Hannah Kim, and the Hilo Korean Community Choir, with director Ed Kim.

Stan Fujii, stan_fujii@hotmail



The floral wreath at the Korean War Veterans site in Hilo, HI



Guests await ceremonies at Hilo, HI presentation

Presentation of wreath in Hilo, HI by Consul General Kim, Choongoo



Assemblage at Hilo, HI floral wreath presentation site: Ch. 231 President Emile Wery, Daniel Kawaiaea, Hilo Korean Community Choir led by Director Hannah Kim and Ed Kim

FLORAL BOUQUET LAYING CEREMONY WITH REPUBLIC OF KOREA CONSUL GENERAL KIM, CHOONGOO NOVEMBER 20, 2020 --11:00 A.M. KOREAN WAR MEMORIAL

GREETINGS:	EMILE WERY
FLAG PLEDGE	EMILE WERY
NATIONAL ANTHEM	HANNAH KIM
KOREAN NATIONAL ANTHEM	ED KIM
MESSAGE	CONSUL GENERAL KIM, CHOONGOO
FLORAL PRESENTATION	
KOREAN CONSULATE	C.G. KIM, CHOONGOO
KWVA B.I. CHAPTER	EMILE WERY
HILO KOREAN COMMUNITY	HANNAH, ED KIM
CHOIR	
CLOSING REMARKS	EMILE WERY

The program at the Hawaii presentation

Korean War Army Unit 8240 Unit Tribute Dedicated

The museum does an excellent job of telling the story of the American soldier. It follows the most up-to-date museum philosophy of not overwhelming visitors with artifacts.

By Tim and Monika Stoy

The recently completed National Museum of the United States Army at Fort Belvoir was officially opened on 11 November 2020, Veterans Day, through a virtual ceremony presided over by the U.S. Army Chief of Staff, General James McConville. The original opening date had been in June, but COVID 19 mitigation measures in Northern Virginia prevented the ceremony from being held.

Along with the exhibits inside the museum, there is a long promenade along the side of the parade field where individual donors have their commemorative bricks displayed and a wall for unit tributes. Throughout the outside complex there are numerous trees sponsored by donors, as well as varying sizes of benches, also available for sponsorship.

On 15 November Monika and Tim Stoy, Monika's mother, Mrs. Haesook Choi, and a small group of supporters conducted a short dedication ceremony for the Army Unit 8240 Unit Tribute they sponsored honoring the Korean partisans of the Korean War and their U.S. Army trainers and handlers. These partisans conducted dangerous deep penetration strategic intelligence gathering missions, relying on their wits, their U.S. provided survival and intelligence training, and their northern Korean heritage and language dialects which would enable them to blend into the population as necessary.

They also conducted tactical intelligence gathering in support of U.S. divisions and corps and attacked specific targets in the enemy rear in support of UN operations. The trainers initially were WWII veterans from the Office of Strategic Service, airborne units, and

other units which had engaged in non-conventional warfare in the Pacific. In 1953, graduates from the initial classes of Special Forces training moved into AU 8240.

The Stoy's also purchased a unit tree honoring the 1st ROK Special Forces Brigade. The ROK Special Forces trace their lineage to Army Unit 8240, and they continue to honor Korean partisan veterans, including them, in many of their ceremonies. They assist the partisan veterans in conducting their annual ceremony on Kyodongdo Island at the AU 8240 Monument.

The Stoy's were joined by Mr. Paul McIlvaine, tenor, who sang the U.S. and South Korean national anthems and whose wife, COL Kathleen McHale, MD, U.S. Army (Ret), was the Chief of Orthopedics at Walter Reed Army Medical Center, and Mr. Jeff Geraci, West Point graduate and former infantry officer. His father, COL John Geraci, served with the 7th INF Regiment, 3rd ID. Col. Geraci, who was awarded two Silver Stars in Korea, commanded a battalion of the 101st Airborne Division in Vietnam and later was Chief of the Ranger Department and then Commander of the 1st Special Forces Group on Okinawa.

Also in attendance were LTC, ret. Al Goshi, West Point graduate, former Cavalry officer, and highly experienced Special Operations lawyer; and LTC, ret. Ray Oden, West Point graduate, retired, a highly experienced Special Forces officer, whose father, Delk Oden, received the Distinguished Service Cross in WWII and rose to the rank of Major General and commanded the Aviation Center at Fort Rucker, AL, and whose grandfather had been the Chief of the Chemical



Corps! In short, there was a lot of Army history present at this little ceremony!

The simple ceremony consisted of placing a wreath at the unit tribute, a short speech by Monika Stoy, and the singing of the national anthems. The group then moved to a unit tribute for the 442nd Infantry Regiment of WWII and honored the memory of that gallant unit and its brave soldiers, placing a wreath.

Paul McIlvaine again performed the U.S. national anthem. The 442nd Infantry comprised Japanese Americans, many of them enlisting from the internment camps in the American west. LTC Goshi is immediate past president of the

National Museum of the United States Army



Entrance Foyer at the National Museum of the United States Army

ing, with the foyer brightly lit with the Army's campaigns represented by large versions of each of its campaign ribbons along the ceiling, the campaigns listed in engraved marble on the far wall, numerous brushed steel plinths with stories of American soldiers, and a donor wall displaying the names of significant donors – the Circles of Distinction. The group had two hours to enjoy a self-guided tour of the full facility.

The museum does an excellent job of telling the story of the American soldier. It follows the most up-to-date museum philosophy of not overwhelming visitors with artifacts. Instead, important artifacts are placed into context within any given battle, period, or in connection with a particular soldier. For greater detail on the layout of the museum, please check out its website.

The Stoys concentrated on the Korean War exhibits, which are in the Cold War section of the museum. Going into any of the exhibit areas one must remember the museum is targeting the general American public, so its coverage of any given war, campaign, or battle is quite general. Historians of a covered period will most likely find the discussion too general and non-academic, specifically targeting visitors with little to no connection to, or knowledge of, the Army's long, proud service to the nation in peace and war.

The Korean War section

The Korean War section succeeds in providing the visitor with the basic background to the war and its progression. The major battles and campaigns are covered. We were pleased to see the unique and critically important KATUSA (Korean Augmentation to the U.S. Army) program was covered. These were Korean soldiers serving in American units, filling slots which would otherwise have gone empty due to U.S. Army manpower shortages.

In the case of the 3rd Infantry Division, it would land at Wonsan in

Japanese American Veterans Association.

The 442nd had a Counterintelligence Corps Detachment, the 442nd CIC Det., which later served in Japan during the occupation after the war. At the beginning of the Korean War, personnel from that detachment were sent to Korea and recruited Korean partisans to participate in the Korean Liaison Organization, which consisted of northern Koreans who would cross into North Korea to gather intelligence. The initial recruits to the KLO were university students and other educated northern Koreans who were studying or working in South Korea.

The KLO's best known action was the infiltration of Wolmi-do Island under the leadership of LT, US Navy, Eugene F. Clark prior to the Incheon landing in September 1950. Although Monika's father, Kyung Jin Choi, was a member of the KLO at the time, he was not one of the limited number of partisans on this mission. After Eighth Army established Army Unit 8240 in January 1951, the KLO was merged into AU 8240. Commander Choi served in that unit until it was inactivated in 1954.

An overview of the museum

After the ceremonies, the group visited the museum. It is an impressive build-



AU 8240 Unit Tribute NMUSA



Above, 1st ROK SF Unit Tree Stone. Right, 1st ROK SF Unit Tree



November 1950 with fully half of its infantry regiments consisting of Korean soldiers, with some squads consisting of an American Squad and Team Leader, and 9 Koreans!

There is also at least one attention to detail mistake: the North Korean National Flag displayed has a small placard explaining its provenance: it came from Koje-do POW camp. The placard states Koje-do is an island off the northern coast of South Korea. This is clearly incorrect; Koje-do is located off the southern coast of South Korea.

As 3rd Infantry Division historians, it seemed to us that every photo of the 3rd ID in Korea was of the 65th Infantry Regiment, with one photo of the 3rd Ranger Company. There were two other infantry regiments in the division in the war (7th and 15th), as well as the famous 64th Tank Battalion, and outstanding artillery, engineer, and other specialty battalions.

Outside the exhibit area there is a large photo of a soldier with a jeep in a photo display of American soldiers. At first glance he could be taken as an Asian-American, but a closer look reveals he is wearing ROK Army rank insignia. These points are most likely lost on the visitor population at large, but it is such little mistakes and omissions which frustrate historians—especially from such a highly respected organization such as the U.S. Army and the Center of Military History, which is responsible for the historical content of the museum.

It is great the National Museum of the United States Army has finally been built, after its first congressional authorization in 1814! Being built does not end the challenge, however. Less than 10% of the Army's historical artifact collection is displayed in the current exhibits. A 75-thousand square foot expansion is already planned and the fundraising is beginning.

Additionally, the Army Historical Foundation runs the concessions in the museum as it continues to raise funds to maintain the museum. Admission is free, and will remain so, so the museum continues to rely on the generosity of donors. Please support the museum as best you can!

Tim and Monika Stoy,

KWVA Online Store

Pins, Patches, Coins, Decals & Clothing for Sale...

Now you can Order and Pay Online! kwva.us
 You can also order by phone at 217-345-4414

Shirts 100 % Polyester



SHIRTS
 M - XL \$30
 XXL \$35



Hats \$15 each Black or White



Pins \$5 each Postage \$7.90 any order

60th Annv Hats
 White Only \$10
 Limited Supply

60th Annv Coins
 \$5 each plus
 postage

Freedom Is Not Free
 Commemorative Coins

Patches
 \$5 Each
 Plus S & H



Front



Back

New



Front



Back

\$15 each plus postage



Service



Defense

Window Klings Stick on
 Inside \$3 each 2/\$5

Items not shown actual size



Decals \$5
 3/10



New Oval Shape

VETERANS DAY

Some members found ways to commemorate Veterans Day despite the pervasive COVID-19. Here are a few examples.

Barre, VT

The Barre Veterans Council once again recognized Veterans Day at the city park to honor veterans of wars. A group of 40 plus showed up to show support, despite the problems of the pandemic, politics, and their own problems of aging.

Taps and laying of wreath seemed more emotional as our thoughts were "Vets will still be here next year to honor their departed brothers while we may be included in the ringing of taps."

Having just lost my wife of 61 years, the playing of the Star Spangled Banner found my gaze and tears on the church steeples in the background.

Peace and God Bless for continued patriotism.

Wayne Pelkey (Mud Dog), wppelkey@charter.net



Wayne Pelkey, age 89 (infantry Korea), Tim Hoyt, age 93 (WWII Navy), and Perry Grange, age 70 (Vietnam Navy), L-R, at Barre, VT Veterans Day observance



Chuck and Sarah Lusardi and Dennis Penaflor (L-R) flank Ch. 72's Veterans Day wreath



Four of Ch. 72's faithful motorcycle veterans at Veterans Day ceremony

72 – OREGON TRAIL [OR]



Ch. 72's Veterans Day wreath

Chuck and Sarah Lusardi, Greg Caldwell, Dennis Penaflor, Bill Angel, Mary Gifford, and four of our faithful motorcycle veterans were at the Oregon Memorial to honor veterans. Ron Phillips was in attendance to play "Taps."

*Mary Gifford,
521 Charman St;
Oregon City, Oregon
503-655-2778*



Chuck Lusardi (L) and Ron Phillips at Oregon Memorial for Veterans Day observance

313 – SHENANDOAH [VA]

Veterans Day Trip to Korean War Veterans Memorial In Washington, D.C.

On Veterans Day, November 11, 2020, members traveled to the Korean War Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. for commemoration ceremonies. The trip included a presentation of plaques to the Korean War veterans and dinner at the Mission Barbeque Restaurant in Gainesville, VA.



Ch. 313 members and their guests at Mission BBQ. (Missing was Robin Hall, who was taking the photos)



Commander David Clark of Ch. 313, his wife Beverly, Doug Hall, his wife Robin, and ROK Lt. Col Park(L-R) at Veterans Day observance



The Color Guard at the Veterans Day event attended by Ch. 313 members



The Veterans Day wreath at the Korean War Memorial in Washington D.C.

Making the trip from Winchester were David and Beverly Clark, Donald and Dot Everhart, Albert and Claire Ullman, Doug and Robin Hall, Steve Culbert, Lew Ewing, Don Netschke, Gerald Lunt, Robert Shirley, Ronald Wenger, Andrew Hunter, Josh Morimoto, and Rod Yonkers. Several members had the opportunity to meet the Ambassador from the Republic of South Korea, as well as Lt. Col Park.

We were picked up at the Walmart parking lot off Hwy 522 by a charter bus provided by the ROK Embassy in Washington D.C. Even though it rained the entire trip into Washington D.C., the rain seem to stop on cue as the service was about to begin. However, because of the threat of rain, the ceremony was short-



Korean War veterans receiving plaques at Sheraton Hotel Pentagon City
ened.

The ceremony started with the Presentation of the Colors by a color guard comprising members of the U.S. Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marine Corps. The national anthems of the Republic of Korea and the United States were played, as was Taps. There were twelve stand-up floral wreaths presented by the KWVA; Korean War Veteran Memorial Foundation; Embassy of the Republic of Korea; Defense Attaché, Embassy of Korea; Defense POW/MIA Accounting Agency; Korean Defense Veterans Association; Korean American Korean War Veterans Association; Korean Veterans of Association of Washington D.C.; State of Maryland; National Park Service; American Legion; and Paralyzed Veterans of America.

We then traveled to the Sheraton Hotel Pentagon City for the ceremony at which plaques were presented to the Korean War veterans who attended the activities. Jim Fisher and his assistant presented plaques to Chapter 313 members Commander David Clark, Steve Culbert, Lew Ewing, Donald Everhart, Al Ullman, Don Netschke, and other Korean War veterans from other KWVA chapters. We brought back another 28 Korean War plaques that were distributed to chapter Korean War veterans who didn't make the trip.

We coordinated this distribution with members of the Area Social Groups (Rod Yonkers; Alan Greene; Charles Savary, Jr.; Josh Morimoto; Ron Wenger; and Andrew Hunter). Marshall DeHaven also volunteered to distribute some of the plaques.

Our last stop of the day was at the Mission BBQ in Gainesville, VA. They welcomed us with reserved tables and thanked all for our service to the country. Although they only publicize providing "Free" sandwich meals to all veterans, they gave our members and guests a complete meal, including sandwiches, drinks, and desserts.

The chartered bus returned us to the Walmart in Winchester, VA after a long, but satisfying, day of commemoration, remembrance and camaraderie.

Josh Morimoto and Doug Hall, dhallkwva@gmail.com

Where was I on July 27, 1953?

I was a member of Company A, 32nd Inf. Regt., 7th Inf. Div. on Hill 347, North Korea. Pork Chop Hill was directly to our front.

On the night of 27 July, three of us were sent out on "Out Guard," which normally would be out in "No Man's Land," from sunset to sunrise. We had a sound power telephone connected to headquarters on top of Hill 347. Our sergeant told me to just go to the bottom of the hill, and "Don't start anything."

Things had been quiet that day, until we heard bombs exploding way up north. Then we received some incoming. On the morning of the 28th we looked out and the top of Pork Chop Hill was lined with flags and banners of male and female Chinese infantry troops. It was a welcome sight, but hard to believe after two years of talks.

We realized we were still in a war zone.

Charles Hertz, 13 Broad Wing Dr., Denver, PA 17517

If you didn't have time to read the paper that day...

U. S. Planes Blasting Red Korean Targets Far North of Parallel

By Associated Press

TOKYO, Oct. 2.—United States B-29s today hit at North Korean troop concentrations, highways, and rail lines far north of the 38th parallel.

They struck at Nanam, an important staging area on the east coast 200 miles north of Wonsan, where the Reds were reported ready to resist.

Reconnaissance planes had reported large troop concentrations in the Nanam area. The attack was made in clear weather, with no enemy opposition.

Other B-29s lashed highways and rail lines leading from the Red capital of Pyongyang north to Sinanju and east to coastal rail and shipping centers.

Fighter planes fanned along rail networks north of Seoul and northeast to the Wonsan area. Intensified anti-aircraft was encountered around Pyongyang. Other flak was reported near Singosan, to the south of Wonsan.

Fighter bombers also hammered at targets north of the artificial border in 60 sorties.

The day's sorties totaled 225.

Fifth Air Force headquarters in Korea reported two tanks, seven trucks, 25 vehicles, one field gun, three locomotives and three tractors were destroyed. It said one tank, two locomotives, a railroad tunnel and a locomotive repair shop were damaged.

Carrier-based Skyraider attack bombers and Corsair fighters struck yesterday at a power station in Pyongyang. They also hit a transformer station and a number of anti-aircraft batteries near the edge of the capital.

Navy spokesmen said the target was destroyed and the area left in flames.

Source: Washington D.C. Evening Star, October 2, 1950, Pg A-3

Reflections on One of the Last Big Battles of the Korean War

By Corporal Edgar W. May

I am not a skilled professional writer, nor can I relate a minute-by-minute account of what transpired on those two horrific days, May 28 and 29 1953, but it could be of some relief to me if I try to describe on paper some of the events that were burned into my mind on those two days over 68 years ago.

As a corporal I was the squad leader of the fourth squad, second platoon, Baker Company, First Battalion, 14th Infantry Regiment, 25th Infantry Division. Early in May 1953, the 25th Infantry Division relieved the 1st Marine Division at the battlefield on what was considered the invasion route to Seoul. We were in a blocking position about a mile south of the MLR (Main Line of Resistance) on what I would later learn was called the Jamestown Line. Forward there of the MLR were five outpost hills called the Nevada Complex, including Carson, Elko, Vegas East and West Berlin. Attached to the 25th ID at the time was a Turkish brigade with troops manning two of those hills, Carson and Elko.

On May 28, 1953 we were returning from dinner and heading back to our squad tent when we started receiving incoming Chinese artillery rounds. My squad of 16 men, 3 of whom were South Koreans integrated into the U.S. Army, jumped into a trench we had dug for cover just north of our tent. Sometime during the night, we were ordered to begin marching north with just our combat gear.

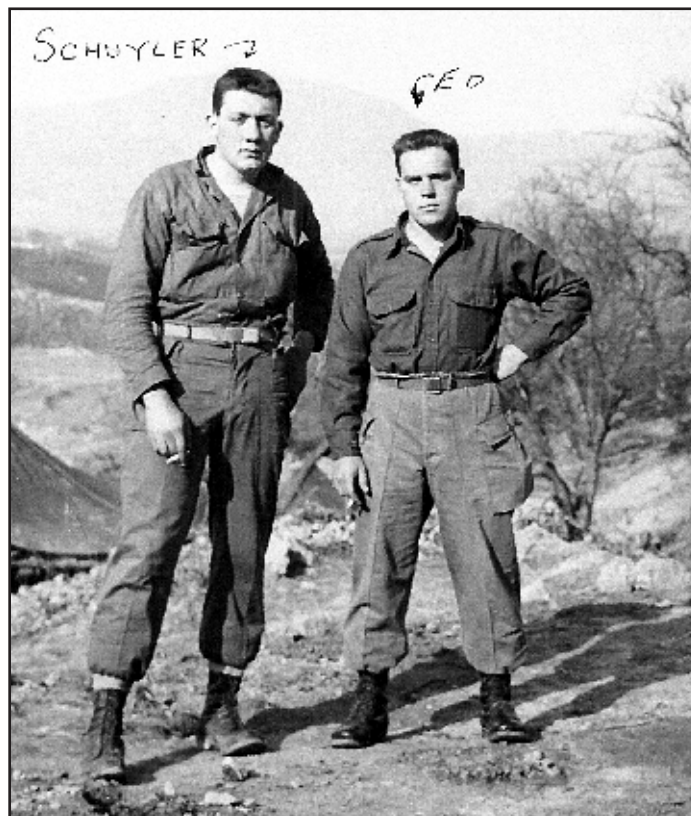
My three South Koreans had received several update vaccination shots the day before and their arms were sore. Two were carrying two boxes each of 30 caliber machine gun ammunition, which weighed 22 pounds apiece. A soldier did not have to march very far before that became a real burden. I had my M1919 A1 machine gun slung over my shoulder. One other soldier was carrying the tripod for my machine gun.

When we reached the MLR at about daybreak on the 29th, we were ordered to continue heading north on the trail to outpost Elko. Along the trail we began to see bodies of dead Turkish soldiers. It somehow struck me that they were not real, but mannequins. When we reached the south side of Hill Elko, we were shocked at the many bodies lying both in and out of the trenches, Turkish and Chinese.

One of my ammo bearers, Pak Sung Yeul, two or three men ahead of me, was just about to turn a corner in a deep trench leading to the north side of Hill Elko when he suddenly recoiled because he saw a Chinese soldier in the trench holding a sub-machine gun, called a "Burp Gun" because of the high cyclic rate of fire, 900 rounds per minute. The guns were acquired by the Chinese from the Russians, who had used them extensively during World War II.

Pak Sung Yeul had the presence of mind to throw a hand grenade over the trench at him. That began a day-long battle for total control of Hill Elko. The CCF (Chinese Communist Forces) were throwing percussion grenades over the top of the hill at us while we were throwing fragmentation grenades at them. (The following events are not necessarily in chronological order. They are random events that happened that day.)

At one point, I saw two Turkish soldiers marching in front them a Chinese soldier they had captured. They had his hands tied behind him with communication wire. As he saw all the dead bodies on the south side of the hill, he began to laugh. That so enraged one of the



Ed May (R) and Schuyler B. Cole

Turks carrying a 45 caliber sub-machine gun that he fired a burst into the back of the Chinese soldier, who became one more dead body on the hill.

During the day Marine pilots flying vintage World War II F4U Corsairs strafed with their 50 caliber machine guns on the north side of Elko, Hill Carson, and the valley between Elko and Carson. The planes were so low and close that we could see the faces of the pilots. Woe to the CCF, but what a spectacular sight for us.

Once two Chinese soldiers got in behind us and were firing their burp guns at us. A team with a 57mm recoilless rifle turned around, fired one shot, and killed them both. Following this incident another tragic event occurred. Two South Korean laborers carrying ammunition for us were mistaken for Chinese soldiers and were gunned down by someone.

In Baker Company there were an American Indian and his younger brother. The older brother had elected to stay for a second tour in Korea so he could be with his younger brother. Horrifyingly, the younger brother was ripped in half at the waist by an exploding artillery round. The older brother was so grief stricken that the medics had to take him away from the fighting.

Three times during the day Baker Company was ordered to retake Outpost Carson. Each time the assaults were bogged down by automatic weapons, artillery, and mortars. Our second platoon was the third to make the attempt. My M1919 A1 machine gun was brand new. Just a few days before I had cleaned off the heavy grease it had

Please turn to **BATTLE** on page 78

Memories of South Korea

By Ellie E. Price Jr., 1999

I recall seeing an unusual thing when our outfit, the 841st Engineering Aviation Battalion, was stationed near Kunsan, South Korea, in the summer of 1954. We were part of the famous SCARWAF organization (Special Category of Army with Air Force). It was summer and we were busy building the North/South runway extension across the rice paddies. Our unit was stationed at K8 Air Base, very close to the Yellow Sea.

One morning one of our D8 Caterpillar bulldozers was buried to the exhaust after being left overnight in the runway extension area. I don't remember how we recovered it except that a 12-ton tank retriever vehicle, winches, and much help from other large equipment was used. Large pumps were operated continually during this time for drainage. I suppose that centuries of rice production had occurred in this area. Being so close to the sea it's a minor miracle that the extension itself didn't sink.

***Note:** From Kalani O'Sullivan, author of "How It Was" web site and historian of Korean Air Bases during the Korean War period. "Actually Kunsan (K8) Airbase was built on a reclaimed island back about 1932. The base itself was built in 1938 after the polders (rice field areas) had been filled in. Thus those rice fields were only about 20 years old.*

The 841st EAB area was self-contained with their own mess hall and billets. Their housing area was located south of the Officers' Club and east of the athletic field...in what is now part of the Golf Course. This location would place them at the north end of the present runway...near the present End-of-Runway (EOR) arm/de-arm area. Their motto was: "Build, Maintain, Defend." Along the lines of defense, the 841st was assigned to the perimeter defense of the base."

OUR MISSION

When I arrived in January, 1954 as a private with the U.S. Army, I was assigned as light vehicle mechanic to Co. A. 841st Engineering Aviation Battalion motor pool. However, changes were made and I actually worked as a job-site dispatcher for heavy earth moving machinery. Our small office contained a large map of the work area with stick pins to locate equipment.



Ellie Price in his U.S. Army limo

We issued hand written trip tickets daily to our crane, bulldozer, and grader operators and tried to keep up with which machines were operable and which were dead-lined for need of parts.

Part of my job was to requisition and pick up those parts from the nearby parts depot. As third echelon mechanics we performed mostly preventive maintenance, such as packing or replacing wheel bearings, changing oil and air filters, replacing spark plugs and ignition points, grease jobs, adjusting brakes and replacing brake linings as needed.

The primary airstrip was already built and our heavy equipment was used to build parking pads and maintain the runway and roads in the area. As mostly draftees, we had only the basic needs supplied, but had a great time anyway; at least I did. I still remember how impressed I was at the tremendous amount of work done every day by hard working men, mostly Privates and Corporals, led by Sergeants, all receiving the same low army pay, depending on rank, plus clothing allowance.

The incentive was a sense of duty to the assigned job and a strong American working ethic. I saw difficult tasks accomplished that I previously would have thought impossible. I once saw a large, shattered flywheel that had been pieced together, jigsaw style, expertly brazed with bronze, then remachined to serviceable condition. One could feel a strong sense of pride in jobs well done and on schedule. I recall seeing a hand painted sign near second echelon motor pool that stated "The difficult jobs we do immediately, the impossible takes a little longer."

Watching men work with heavy equipment was a new experience for me. Korean winters are cold, and heavy diesel equipment had to be warmed up slowly. Small two-cylinder pony engines, instead of electric or air starters, were used to start the big 'dozers back then. Sometimes, on very cold mornings, this could take quite a while, but we didn't have to contend with battery or compressor problems or burned-out electric starters.

The procedure was to hand crank the gasoline powered pony engine with a vertical crank and let it warm up for a few minutes. We'd then release the main engine compression and slowly engage a hand clutch to cranking speed to start the big Cat engine moving. The main engine oil pressure gauge needed to register safe pressure before the compression lever was engaged. A few seconds later a low-pitched guttural rumble



Allan St. Mary (L) and Ellie Price in Korea



Korean children at play



Who wants to mess with the Korean kid on the left?

was heard, with lots of white exhaust puffing from the vertical exhaust stack. Another hard day's work was beginning.

GUARD DUTY

One night I was walking guard duty near our company's asphalt plant. It was bitter cold and for some reason political tension was high. We were given one live 30 cal. clip for our carbines, but were told not to insert it.

That night while walking my post, I could hear Korean voices all around me but couldn't tell where they were coming from. A Korean man would shout something from the top of a mountain on my right and another would answer him from my left. I was scared and eventually joined another guard, Lonnie H. Grigsby, at the asphalt plant.

We lit what we thought would be a small fire in an open drum of diesel fuel to warm our hands. There was more fuel in that container than we realized and when it got to going it lit up the whole area. Several Jeep loads of Military Police soon came, thinking some North Koreans had started an incident. By the time they arrived we were back walking our posts, live clips inserted.

STEAM TRAIN

I left San Francisco in late December, 1953 on the USNS Gen. Nelson M. Walker to Yokohama, Japan, then flew from Tachikawa Air Base to Taegu, South Korea. We then took a steam train up to Taejon, spent the night at an Army base and on down to Kunsan Air Base (K8) the next day. It was quite a ride, puffing all day across the rice paddies, with much evidence of war destruction everywhere.

In thinking back, the scene seems straight out of a western movie of 100 years ago. We could see the Korean engineers and fireman up ahead, working hard to keep the old steamer going. A little Korean girl, about eight years old, cute as a button, was on the train making her living shining shoes. She had a big smile and a bright personality and would come up and ask, "Woan booes polish, GI?" "Yeah." "Hokay", then out came her shoe polish and rag, chika, chika, chika, another big smile, and the job was done: on to the next G.I. Who could resist her?

The war had been over for six months and we lived a pretty uneventful life for the most part. One thing happened that was never explained to us. One day our men were issued weapons rather quickly (about May or June, '54) and deployed in a prone position near a rice paddy some distance from camp. After several hours with live ammunition we returned to camp without seeing or hearing anything unusual. I have always wondered if we had a training exercise or something more serious.

I was 21 at the time and everything was new and exciting to me. I really think that young men today miss a lot by not being required to serve our nation in the armed forces. The Korean countryside was rather barren and brown at the time with heavily rutted, pot-holed roads and mostly unpaved streets in the port city of Kunsan."

THE RADIO



Giovanna Carmella Babbo (Joni James) in 1962

During the summer of 1954 a friend and I purchased a radio together at the Base PX. We both missed hearing the current hit songs, and the armed forces network sometimes broadcast pretty good music late at night. We loved Tony Bennett, Perry Como, Eddie Fisher, and Frank Sinatra, but our favorite was Joni James. She often signed off, late at night, with the song, "I'll Be Seeing You." That song, and the soft, intimate way she sang it, brought tears to our eyes.

I still remember the refrain; "I'll see you in the morning sun.....and when the night is blue. I'll be looking at the moon..... but I'll be seeing you." It made us think of home and more. Janet Leigh, Marilyn Monroe, Jane Russell, Tony Curtis, and Gary Cooper were current hit movie stars, and I had never heard of, or tasted, pizza or ravioli.

NOTE: To hear a recording of "I'll be seeing you" by Joni James go to https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5gwtBDw_oQ4

MYSTERY GAME

After the war was over supervised visits to Kunsan City were allowed. One summer day, on a trip into Kunsan City, we stopped to watch some type of game being played beside the

road. From a distance it looked really strange. Teen-aged Korean girls were somehow springing high into the air, first one, then the other. As we got closer, I was surprised to see it was the same game that my sisters played at home. We called it “spring-board” or “jump-board,” and these girls were experts at it.

A stout plank about ten feet long and ten inches wide was placed on a center pivot. At home it was usually a log a few inches above the ground. To start the action, a girl would stand on one end of the plank while a second girl jumped very hard on the raised end. The impact would send the first girl flying high into the air, eventually coming down hard to send her companion soaring.

These young jumpers were highly skilled and each would be hurled eight to ten feet into the air, coming down at precisely the right spot to keep the action going indefinitely. I have often wondered what this game is officially called and if it is even played anymore.”

NOTE: from Kalani O’Sullivan, Kunsan historian) “This is a traditional game for girls called “Naltwigi.” It was supposedly started in ancient times when upper-class women were confined to the house and courtyards during the day, and could only go out at night during certain hours. In order to see over the walls during the day, they invented this game.

Nowadays this is done by both men and women during traditional holidays like Chusok. Like many other things, the skill of jumping high has been lost as more sophisticated games have attracted the attention of the children.”

BASE LIFE

I remember a little of the base life in the more relaxed times after the cease fire. There was a nice service club near our unit, across the helicopter landing area from where we were. Also a large PX and other smaller clubs where the Australian airmen from the local British Meteor Squadron liked to have parties. The friendly Aussies invited us to some of them and we had a lot of fun.

We were at the extreme exit end of the strip with 841st, not far from the 808th EAB and close to the Yellow Sea. We lived in 8-man squad tents and rode in a 3/4 or 2 1/2 ton truck each morning to the motor pool. To get there we had to go completely around the take-off (south) end of the strip. There were a squadron of B-26 bombers and some F-84 and F-86 Sabre Jets on the base, as well as the fighters the Australians flew.

In the summer of 1954 there were still many anti-aircraft guns, trenches, and foxholes in the area. I wonder if much fighting actually went on near Kunsan. The Australian pilots and crews of Meteor jets were nice, fun loving guys and the twin engine planes were beautiful. From our Co. A motor pool I could watch them take off and land.

OFF DUTY

The airman’s club to the lower right of the 841st was where the Aussies had one of their memorable parties. Being 20 years old and from a Southern Bible belt area, I’d had almost no experience with alcohol of any kind. Though my folks were

not Baptist, we were definitely influenced by that strict culture. I was taught, like many others, that “beer leads to likker, likker leads to irresponsibility, and irresponsibility leads to broken families. “Better not mess with that stuff, it’s best to leave it alone!” Big glasses of sweet iced tea, lemonade, orange Nehis, Pepsis, RC’s and Cokes, called “dopes” in those days, were about all I had tried at that time.

So.....when those fun loving Australian airmen invited us to a big party to show their appreciation for our work, I definitely wasn’t prepared for the higher alcohol Japanese beer in huge quantities. The first beer didn’t taste so good, but the second, third, and fourth were much better.

I still remember the sound of those steel cans popping as fast as we could empty them, and the queer feeling of my buddies supporting me on that crazy, crooked path back to my tent. With the support of, and much laughter from, my more experienced buddies, I eventually made it back, with the whole tent slowly revolving above my head. The next morning, on the way to breakfast, I saw that many of the men came up a little short, and had peacefully finished the night in various roads and ditches. Luckily the weather was warm that night, not as cold as it often was.

GOING HOME

After the threat from North Korea diminished, the 841st Engineers left Kunsan, Korea in the fall of 1954, some for further duty in Japan and others due to be rotated home. I left “The Land of the Morning Calm” in July 1954 on a twin engine Martin 404 aircraft for Okinawa, Japan to join Co. C, 808th E.A.B., then on to Iwo Jima later that year to repair roads, runways and parking pads on the island.

After eleven months overseas I returned home during February 1955 on the USS Gen. A.E. Anderson (AP-111) troop ship. A fellow soldier and good friend, Lonnie Grigsby, got a job for us on the ship during our two-week voyage to San Francisco. He’d purchased a special wrist watch in Tokyo with a tiny alarm set to buzz at 3 a.m. Our assignment was to report to cooks in the ship’s gallery to help with minor jobs for breakfast.

Each morning we would slice about 200 loaves of freshly baked bread on a machine with multiple sharp wavy blades. The loaves were first placed on an angled tray at the rear, released to feed through by gravity, and returned to the cooks on large carts. It was fascinating to watch large masses of white dough being prepared in huge stainless steel Hobart mixing machines and placed on trays in hot ovens for baking.

One morning the cook rolled out long strips of dough on a stainless table



Ellie Price today

and gave us each a wide paint brush, gallon can of Wesson oil, and a container of sugar, cocoa and cinnamon mixture. We were told to “paint” each strip of dough with oil, sprinkle the full length with the mixture and cut it into multiple pieces about 3 inches wide. Each piece was then folded over, back to front and front to back, and loaded on carts to be baked into breakfast rolls.

As soon as we finished one strip of dough the cook would roll out another. We must have made several thousand rolls that morning, since there were at least 2,500 hungry men on the ship and each one had to be fed. (Are those delicious pastries “Dainish” or “Danish”? I can never remember the correct pronunciation.) After a wonderful U.S. Navy breakfast we were free for the rest of the day. All of this work, with slightly

different recipes each morning, had to be prepared, cooked, and served in the ship’s mess area by 7 a.m. It was an interesting and pleasant job that we enjoyed very much.

When we docked in San Francisco, after passing under the famous Golden Gate, we disembarked with our duffel bags down the ship’s long gangplank for the next step of our long trip home. After I returned to my home town of Bishopville, S.C. and a 30-day leave, I was assigned to the 20th A.F. at Ft. Bragg, N.C. and discharged from the U.S. Army June 20, 1955.

I then attended eight months of machine shop training at South Carolina Area Trade School in Columbia, S.C. before leaving home for my first permanent job at Wilson Machinery Co. in Charlotte, NC.

Weekend Warriors

They call them weekend warriors, they’re just a bunch of guys
Who learn to march and to salute, just like the real GIs.
They get together once a week to practice all that stuff.
They do their calisthenics and it really makes ‘em tough.

They get to wear the uniform and boy, that’s really cool.
When they’re marching down the street the ladies stand and drool.
Then comes a time our land’s at war and they are called to fight.
The training all begins again. They practice day and night.

And now they ship them overseas and send them to the front.
It’s there they learn the reason why some people call them grunts.
They’re thrown into the battle and it’s there they learn of war.
The wounded and the dead lay ‘round amid the blood and gore.

The heroes step out to the fore; the boys are turned to men.
They wonder if they’ll ever see the folks back home again.
For some, a lesson learned of life; for some, life’s final call.
Great praises due to every man and love to one and all.

Those weekend warriors came to fight; with honor they held fast.
The final battle’s over now and peace has come at last.
Let’s show them our respect and call them soldiers, brave.
The title “Weekend Warrior” should not defile their graves.

*By Dillon W. Staas Jr.
Company Clerk 8055 MASH
Korea, Aug 1950 to Aug 1951*



Welcome Aboard!

New Members of the Korean War Veterans Association

ALASKA

A049817

JAYDEN J. HONG

ARIZONA

R049815

DAVE E. WILTON

FLORIDA

LR49810

ROBERT E. DANNERMAN

R049814

ENRICO DEFELICI

R049800

FRANCIS E. GORSKI

R049798

BRUCE C. HAYHOE SR.

R049799

WILLIAM E. JAKES

A049795

DANIEL A. OLIVER

GEORGIA

LR49805

JAMES E. KALLINEN

ILLINOIS

LR49809

DALE W. BALLINGER

INDIANA

LR49807

RONALD L. JOHNSON

MISSISSIPPI

LR49801

RICHARD D. NORRIS

MISSOURI

R049818

ROBERT L. MCCORKENDALE

NEW JERSEY

R049797

GEORGE L. MICHAELS

NEW YORK

R049803

SANG K. PARK

OHIO
R049802
LR49793

JOSEPH J. FELDKAMP
EDDIE J. STAGE

OKLAHOMA

R049806

AUBREY R. WOOD

PENNSYLVANIA

R049796

CHARLES R. BEWLEY

R049813

DONALD E. MARSTELLER

SOUTH CAROLINA

R049816

HERBERT G. WALTON

R049804

HOWARD E. WEITZELL JR.

TEXAS

LR49808

RAYMOND MARTINEZ JR.

VIRGINIA

R049794

CHRISTOPHER A. LARGENT

A049812
A049811

CHARLOTTE M. WELLS
CLINTON D. WELLS

From guard post to honor guard

By Thomas G. Wyatt

Do I remember where I was on Sunday, June 25, 1950? Of course I do! I was sitting in the Byrd Theater in Richmond, Virginia, watching Gregory Peck in *The Gunfighter*. A lovely young lady was sitting beside me.

When we exited the theater, I heard people talking about a war. I turned on the radio when I got home and heard that North Korea had invaded South Korea. What was my reaction? It was probably about the same as it was when I heard that Pearl Harbor had been bombed.

I think I said to myself then, "Where in the world is Pearl Harbor?" I feel sure I said the same thing to myself this time: "Where in the world is Korea?"

As a 20 year old I don't think I thought about it very much, as I had a good job, was dating the ladies, and was young and care-free. That all changed when I received my "greetings" in the mail in the latter part of December. I was told to report to the nearest draft board on January 25, 1951 at 10 a.m.

I, along with about two dozen other men, boarded a bus for a trip to Ft. Meade, Maryland. There, I was formerly inducted into the armed forces of the United States of America, receiving about a half dozen inoculations (my arms were sore for a week) and told where I would be going for my basic training. After about a week at Meade, I was on a train to Camp Polk, Louisiana.

After I arrived at Polk I was processed, given uniforms (both work and dress), a rifle, etc. I trained at Polk with the 45th Infantry Division until the middle of May, when I was granted a two-week furlough. Near the end of May, I flew to San Francisco and was sent over to Treasure Island Naval Base. Later I boarded the ship USNS Marine Adder for a thirteen-day voyage across the Pacific to Otaru, Japan on the island of Hokkaido.

From there, I was transported to the city of Sapporo. For about a month I lived in a nice wooden barracks at Camp Crawford. Then I moved to a tent in Chitose. Finally, I wound up in a Quonset hut until the end of December, when it came time to ship out for Korea.

I landed at Inchon on Christmas Day 1951. I spent the next six months "up front," "on the lines," or whatever it was called. One day in June



Thomas Wyatt up front in Korea, 1952



Honor Guard member Thomas Wyatt in Seoul in 1952



Tom Wyatt, Keiko, and rickshaw driver Youngman, a wonderful five days of R&R, September 1952

1952 I heard that they needed a few good men at Eighth Army Headquarters in Seoul. How I was chosen to be one of the twelve I will never know. Thankfully, I was. It probably saved my life, as things got a bit rough where I had been.

Life took on new meaning. I served as a member of General James Van Fleet's Honor Guard for my remaining six months in Korea. During my time in Seoul. I enjoyed a five-day R&R to Fukuoka, Japan on the island of Kyushu, as rest or a time away from standing guard and drill practice with the Honor Guard. I didn't rest much.

Seventy Years Later

By Birney Dibble

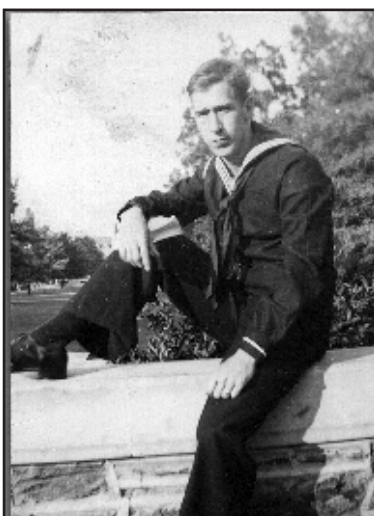
On June 25, 1950, I was five days from the end of the first year of a two-year rotating internship at the internationally known, 2,500-bed, Cook County Hospital in Chicago. When I heard the news, I naturally thought immediately, "I'll have to go back in." And I got orders to report for active duty in October 1950. I still had nine months to go in my internship with several key specialties not yet served.



Intern, Cook County Hospital, Chicago, 1950

I had been an enlisted sailor for 2½ years during WWII, most of that in the Navy V-12 College Training Program. I have tried unsuccessfully to determine how many of us there were, but it had to be in the tens of thousands, because there were 143 colleges involved, 2500 of us sailors and 600 Marines at Duke alone.

The Navy was desperate for junior grade commissioned officers, namely ensigns, to captain small ships like PT boats and to serve as junior officers on bigger ships. Two years of col-



Birney Dibble, Apprentice Seaman, Duke U., Navy V-12 College Training Program, 1943

A high point occurred in late November that year when I participated in a ceremony welcoming President-elect Dwight D. Eisenhower to Seoul. I shipped out of Korea on Christmas Day 1952, arrived in San Francisco, took the train to Fort Breckinridge, KY, and was discharged on January 15, 1953.

I arrived back home in Richmond, Virginia in late January to a loving family. THANK GOD and HOORAY!

Thomas G. Wyatt, 16207 Dragonnade Tr., Midlothian, VA 23113



Birney Dibble, Midshipman, U. of IL medical school, Chicago, 1945

lege was a prerequisite to be a Navy officer, so that's what we were scheduled to get: four three-month semesters in one year.

To name a few other famous men beside myself in the program: Samuel Gravely, first black Navy admiral; "Crazylegs" Hirsch, football great; Robert Kennedy; Melvin Laird, Secretary of

Defense; Daniel Moynihan; Pierre Salinger; and Roger Williams.

As the end of that 12-month schooling rolled around, friends all around me started getting their orders to "join the Fleet." I got nothing. None of us with a pre-med major got anything until about ten days before final exams. Thirty of us – out of three hundred – were notified that we had been selected to remain in school to finish our pre-med education and go on to medical school.

My disappointment came close to anger. I wanted to get into the fleet. All my friends back home were serving in the real war, not as college boys. Half a dozen had been killed. I didn't know it then, but it was my first taste of survivor guilt.

My major "attack" of that occurred when I revisited Korea years after I had served there with the First Marine Division. I was sitting in my hotel room when all of a sudden it hit me that I was alive in Korea and my corpsman JJ wasn't. He had been working with me on a WIA, three feet away, when he was hit and I wasn't. My wife described in her memoirs how "Birney just sobbed and he sobbed and he sobbed and couldn't stop. Poor man!"

I talked to my platoon leader, a bos'n's mate from the fleet, a week away from becoming a "mustang." He suggested going right to our C.O. I did. He was an avuncular white-haired commander and a veteran of WWI. His response was this, "Son, this war is going to last ten years. You're going to be far more valuable to the Naval Service as a doctor than you would be now as an ensign of the line. Now go back to your books and thank God that you're not one of those 270 pre-med sailors who are going into the fleet."



Wooden barracks for V-12 sailors at Naval Hospital, Camp Lejeune Marine Base, Jacksonville, NC



Birney Dibble, 3rd from right (clowning), Ward 34, CCH; doctors, nurse nursing assistants, ward clerks, house-keeping, 1950

So I watched glumly when on June 30, 1944, the dorms emptied and the next day filled with 17-year-old civilian kids who turned overnight into sloppy sailors! We thirty-year-old salts, with crushed white hats and bell bottom trousers and snappy salutes, gave them as hard a time as we could!

All thirty of us dug in for the next year. At the rate we were collecting semester hours we would be eligible for medical school in a calendar year. But when that year was up, the Axis Powers had surrendered and the Japanese were on the ropes, but they very clearly weren't giving up.

In May, 1945, we thirty were ordered to active duty stations, most of us to the Navy Hospital aboard Camp Lejeune Marine Base at Jacksonville, NC, and assigned as "assistant" corpsmen on wards. I went to a ward for infected wounds. Most of the men were from the battles of Iwo Jima and Okinawa, with deeply embedded shrapnel fragments in all parts of the body, draining pus. That's another story, not apropos to this one.

We expected to be discharged soon when the Japanese surrendered in August, but not only were we kept on duty but were instructed to apply to medical schools for entry in October. I applied to Northwestern and Illinois, was accepted by both, and chose Illinois. So I was sent to medical school as a midshipman, but was discharged to the active reserve on 12/31/45. I continued as a civilian and graduated in 1949. So we return to my orders back to active duty in October 1950.

It was an impossible situation for both the hospital and the interns involved. There were 60 interns in each of the two years, most of them men, and many of them former V-12 sailors. Removing them from the hospital wards would result in incredibly increased duty

schedules for the already overloaded interns left behind. For the doctors themselves, like me, we would leave without having rotated through all the pertinent specialties.



Birney Dibble with wife, Edna, Chicago, 1950

I, for example, would miss having hands-on experience in obstetrics, female medicine, male surgery, and several others. We would be drastically undertrained doctors, unfit for most billets in the Navy. But this would not likely affect where we were sent!

We all wrote letters to the Navy officer who had signed our orders – the same man, surprisingly – explaining the situation. Weeks went by without response, our reporting date coming dangerously closer.

Long-time friend Frank Folk and I took the problem to Dr. Ole Nelson, the right-hand man of CCH chief administrator and Chief of Surgery, Karl Meyer. He was furious.

"They can't do that to us!" he shouted.

Then he grinned. "Where did those orders come from? Great Lakes?" He sat behind his desk, pulled out a rotary address-cum-phone-book, dialed a number, and sat back in his padded chair with a Cheshire cat grin.

A few minutes later, he was talking to someone.

"Alphabet, Ole Nelson from Cook County. How the hell are you...?"

Ten minutes later, he hung up. "All settled. All orders will be canceled."

He explained what had happened. Admiral A.A. ("Alphabet") Agnew, Commanding Officer at Great Lakes Naval Station, was an old friend of Nelson's. When he heard what the problem was, he immediately agreed that it was an intolerable situation and he would remedy it.

"So just get me a Xerox copy of each order and I'll send them to the admiral's yeoman and he'll do the rest."

"Thanks, Dr. Nelson, we'll get right on it," I said. "A classic example of 'Not what you know, but who you know!'"

We did, he did, and we finished out our internship and then went back to the Navy. In one of those incredible coincidences that so often happen, after six months as a battalion surgeon in a front-line Marine outfit, then nine months as Commanding Officer of a near-the-front tent hospital, I was relieved of my command by Lt. (Dr.) Frank Folk!

Birney Dibble, jbirneydibble5@gmail.com

RA to ER

By Joseph R. LaPalm

June 25, 1950, North Korea invades South Korea. RA status - 21st engineer combat battalion. Camp Carson, Colorado.

July 15, 1950 discharged into enlisted reserve.

Sept. 20, 1950 recalled to active duty. Sent to Fort Lewis for two weeks combat training. Shipped out to sea aboard the *General M.C. Meigs*, arriving in Tokyo, Japan, then to Camp Drake, Yokohama. Rifles and ammo were issued, along with summer fatigues, wool pants and shirt, army summer field jackets, entrenching tools, ponchos etc. Then back at sea aboard *USNS David C. Shanks*, arriving at Inchon, cargo netting onto landing crafts to shore.

Next move was to Yongdongpo. Kimpo Air Field was under attack. We trucked across the Han River into Seoul. The capitol building showed signs of smoke damage. We were rushed to the 38th Parallel area to support the 24th Inf. Division. As it turned out, the 38th Parallel was breached by 500,000 Chinese and North Korean forces.

The division suffered many KIA and MIA and was pulling back south to regroup and establish new defensive positions. The weather turned brutally cold. Heading south was a U.S. tank. When it stopped the crew let us board over the exhaust vents, thawing us out as we moved back to a small Korean village.

In January we stayed at the village about two weeks. Security outposts were set up while replacements arrived. We were now officially assigned to the 24th Div., 19th Inf., Charlie Co. Night patrols were sent out to locate the enemy's positions. They were just north of our village. We were now ready to make our first offensive move north.

We assembled at the base of a steep hill to align our formation. Just as we moved out a sniper picked off our field radioman with a through and through lung shot, also destroying the field radio on his back. Our medic prepped him for evacuation.

By dark we moved to the hill's crest line for a morning strike. I was now teamed up with an old partner, Robert Lalonde, another enlisted reserve from Michigan. At midnight all quiet exploded with the sound of bugles, horns, whistles and gunfire, the typical sound of our enemy's attack.

The night was so dark we could only return gunfire and hold our position. After a short time we were ordered to pull back to regroup at the base of the hill. On my way down, I flipped off a drop-off and did a 180-degree landing on my back. Finding no injuries I moved back to regroup at the hill base.

The next morning, in full assault, we headed back up the hill. At the defensive spot where my partner Bob and I set up the night before was a dead North Korean we identified by his uniform. In his shirt pocket was a picture of what looked like a wife and three children and a rosary. That put a human face on the war.

While we were clearing out the village, I booted a door in and found what appeared to be a woman aiding another in a child birth. In front of another hut, I found three male civilians who were sitting and pointing to their feet. All their toes were missing. Nothing remained but black stubs. These civilians were used by

In front of another hut, I found three male civilians who were sitting and pointing to their feet. All their toes were missing. Nothing remained but black stubs. These civilians were used by the enemy to carry arms and supplies in sub-zero weather. Frostbite and gangrene ended their usefulness and their captors abandoned them.

the enemy to carry arms and supplies in sub-zero weather. Frostbite and gangrene ended their usefulness and their captors abandoned them.

After clearing the village we moved north and set up a defensive position. The weather turned to a minus 35 degrees. We had to chop through about a foot of frozen ground to dig our foxholes. From all indications advancements came to a standstill. Our clothing was still summer issue. Fatigues, field jackets, winter wool hats, gloves, and rubber boots were issued. All we carried were rifles, entrenching tools, ammo, canteens, and ponchos.

We had no sleeping bags, heaters, or blankets. Our foxholes had no roofs and were only large enough for two men. At night we rotated three-hour shifts, one man upright on guard, the other crouched down for a rest. The first part of the night was painful until your feet got so numb you lost feeling in them. In the morning we exited our hole and stomped around till circulation returned. The war ended for many with frozen feet.

Earlier, back at the village, we got infested with body lice. The cold did not bother them. At night they crawled across your back from one arm pit to the other to keep warm.

January 1951

January was a time of self-preservation. Our food consisted of C-rations, heated on small Bunsen burner cans that we also used to melt snow for coffee and hot chocolate. During January we got the time to know other men in Charlie Company, including Lieutenant Whitey Byers. Our Captain's name escapes me.

Our reserves included a mix of people. Among them were Sgt. Bruzek, a WWII vet, who served in the European Theater in Germany; Tiny Galvin, a bar owner from Fort Wayne, IN; Medic Johnson; and Bob Lalonde, ER, a Great Lakes seaman from Detour Village, Upper Peninsula, Michigan.

February 1951

We were back on the offensive, moving north. The sounds of battle could be heard. As we moved up a group of walking wounded passed by. One had chest wounds, another had incurred a facial hit. The weather was so cold that the blood flow coagulated, stopping the loss of blood. They were from George Co., 2nd Bat. 19th Inf.

We made our way to the base of Hill 584 at dusk and dug in.

At dawn we prepared to assault the hill. The order was to fix bayonets. As I was lying in the snow a 2nd Lieutenant hit the ground next to me. He looked very young. He tried to light a cigarette that was too wet, so I offered him a dry one.

His name was Jason R King. He appeared right out of ROTC. His winter hat displayed a bright gold bar. I advised him to cover the bar or it would be the first target for the enemy. As soon as the signal was given to move out the enemy let loose with heavy fire power; we got up like screaming dogs.

I moved up, zigzagging left and right to avoid being a set target. A short distance up, four enemy troops popped up out of a camouflaged bunker and tossed out about six potato-masher type hand grenades,. I hit the ground and rolled over about six times to my left in a tucked-in position.

After a few seconds I tossed a grenade, aiming for the back side of their bunker. I thought that since we were on a hillside it would roll into their bunker. After the impact I checked the hole. They all looked like they went through a meat grinder. Their war was over.

Moving up I saw Lt. Whitey Byers heading for the rear. His left arm was in a sling, indicating that he was wounded. I almost joined him shortly. As we moved up Hill 584, a bullet hit my left shoulder, leaving a hole in and out through my field jacket and shirt. The bullet didn't leave a scratch on my skin. Talk about luck.

As we continued to move up I ran into my buddy Bob. A large blast from an artillery round hit to our front. We both hit the ground. All I remember is that it created the purest white flash I ever witnessed in combat. We both got up and reached the crest of 584. Prisoners were taken and the hill was secured.

After a short time the enemy counter-attacked and we pulled back to regroup. We were short on ammo. At the base of the hill a sergeant took a look at Bob and me and ordered us onto a medical vehicle headed for the rear. All I recall is bouncing around on my back in the dark.

The truck came to a stop and we were unloaded into what may have been a forward med tent. The last I knew we were lying on a dirt floor and I must have conked out. I awoke to see a light over a long table and people at work. Then I blacked out again.

The next time I awoke I was lying on my back looking up at the sky. The building was a church with four walls but no ceiling. Till this day I can't remember how long they kept me there, but every day they sent in a medical person to check my hearing and physical condition. My stay ended when they asked if I was ready to go back up on the line and I answered yes. My trip back was in a jeep driven by an Army chaplain.

To my surprise my unit was back at the defensive location we held prior to our assault of Hill 584. I was met by a sergeant who appeared to be the same guy who sent Bob and me back to medical. When I gave him my name, he replied, "We had you listed as missing in action."

I was issued a BAR (Browning automatic rifle) and sent back to C Co. I found out later that my partner Bob had been sent back to Japan to have a piece of shrapnel removed from his left jaw. We got back together again in April. Toward the end of February or early March we moved out and headed back to Hill 584. To my surprise the hill was vacated. From the amount of artillery used to

A young replacement came into our platoon and I put him out about 50 yards on a hill to secure the area. About 30 minutes later, I heard a gunshot. I ran up and found the new replacement with a leg wound, yelling "I shot myself."...For his own good I advised him to say he tripped and fell and the gun went off.

secure it, the hill was left bare. Not a tree or any vegetation remained.

March 1951

During the month of March we were on the move north. One early morning we engaged in a firefight. Our Captain got hit; his runner carried him out piggy-back. The firefight stopped abruptly. We had run into another friendly unit. By the sound of the gun fire, they knew it was American. Hey, things happen in wars.

As we moved north enemy contact decreased. Their supply lines probably were deterred by our air power and artillery units. The infantrymen will always be grateful for the support we received from our Air Force, the Sabrejets, the B-29 and B-26 Bombers, and the Navy Corsairs. Our artillery support was our backbone that gave us the edge in many assaults. Thanks also goes to the units that lit up many dark nights with flares and the spotlights that reflected their beams off clouds, giving us light on the battlefield.

April 1951

In early April we moved into an assembly area to regroup. This was the first time in five months that we had a break off the line. A portable shower was set up in the area and it was the first time since December that I had my clothes off. They put them in a pile to dispose of.

My body showed the signs of the lice that I housed for five months, along with being covered with scabies. After being dusted with powder, taking a shower, and donning new fatigues, I felt ten pounds lighter. My next surprise was my buddy Lalonde was back from Japan and back in our company.

During our stay in April, a First Lieutenant joined our company, along with a Sergeant named Gant. A young replacement came into our platoon and I put him out about 50 yards on a hill to secure the area. About 30 minutes later, I heard a gunshot. I ran up and found the new replacement with a leg wound, yelling "I shot myself."

My buddy Bob came up and I sent him back for a medic. I asked the soldier how it happened. He just kept saying, "I shot myself." To me it was evident what he did. For his own good I advised him to say he tripped and fell and the gun went off.

At that point the medic came up with the new First Lieutenant. The Lieutenant carried what looked like a .38 revolver on his right hip, pulled it out, handed it to the soldier, and said, "If you did this to yourself, here. Do a good job of it."

The kid stuck with what I told him and the Lieutenant told the medic, "Patch him up and get him out of here." Years later at a post-war 24th Div. reunion a friend advised me that the Lieutenant's name was Diaz.

In late April we moved farther north to a defensive position. The Chinese and North Koreans were preparing to start a spring offensive. Artillery units were set up along with a tank that had dug into the hillside in a defensive position. A lot of "Brass" was present also. Back in early April I was appointed as a squad leader. My only request was that I could keep the BAR. They agreed.

There was a one-star General who spotted me in the area still wearing the winter rubber boots with holes in them. He asked why I was not in summer combat boots. I explained that in early April they could not find a size 13 to fit me. The general yelled at his jeep driver to take me back to the rear supply area for boots. The trip back was the only comical thing I can recall about war.

The jeep had a red flag with a gold star mounted on its front. As we neared supply we got many salutes. It now reminds me about the part Donald Sutherland played in the movie "Dirty Dozen" when they made him a fraudulent Colonel. Digging through a six-foot high pile of boots I came up with a size 13 boot. Then it was back to the line as a foot soldier.

One night they assigned my squad to go up about 50 yards, dig in, and watch for any enemy patrols approaching our unit's main body. I set the squad on a ridge in two-man foxholes about fifteen feet apart. They were advised to stay in their holes after dark; all were given a password for any movement above ground.

In about an hour a rainstorm hit. Shortly thereafter three rifle shots were fired from our squad. One of my men ran by screaming. He was on a dead run to the rear, yelling he shot one of our men. The soldier who lost his life had gotten out of his hole to go the hole next to his to find out what time it was. He did not use the password, and was shot by our own men when they mistook him for an enemy.

Sometime after a squad of our Army Rangers showed up and relieved my squad so we could get our deceased comrade back to the rear. The soldier involved was not returned to my squad. Years later the deceased soldier's family asked the 24th Div. Assoc. magazine for information as to their son's death. I submitted an article regarding the tragic death of Topel Fox, their son. His name is listed on page 24 of Joe Sweeney's Pamphlet 24th Div., 19th Inf., C Co.

Late April 1951

The Chinese spring offensive started in late April. Our units assembled in defense. Bob Lalonde was assigned to a 30 caliber cooled machine gun and I was his assistant. We were set up forward on the line. Before we moved out a large pink banner was put on my back. If air support was called in the banner would allow them to identify our frontal position. My first thought was I could be a target for our foe.

The command to advance was given. Within minutes the first enemy fire was aimed at Bob and me. We hit the ground and set up the machine gun and spread out a field of fire that halted the enemy fire. They were just a forward position set up to know of our advance. Bob looked at me and said my face was bleeding. From all indications their rounds had hit gravel spraying stone or

lead splinters into my face. There was no major damage.

The rest of our troops got the command to move forward from 2nd Lieutenant Gant. The last time I had seen him he was a sergeant. Years later a friend advised me that he had retired from the Army as a Major.

We met no resistance as we moved up the slope. The path we moved up on narrowed and I led my squad as point man. As I looked down I spotted a three-prong anti-personnel mine. During WWII they called them Bouncing Betties. I stopped the squad with a warning. Within seconds one was tripped to my rear. As I looked back I saw the affected soldier was elevated about 2 or 3 feet into the air. The medic was called from the rear.

After the area was cleared we moved ahead. At dusk we dug in for the night. My partner Bob still had the 30 caliber machine gun and we were assigned to defend the company rear. We found an indentation in the ground that looked to have been caused by an artillery hit. It made a good position to set up the gun.

With my entrenching tool I dug down about a foot and encountered a buried enemy body. We re-covered him and set up over him for the night. The following day we reached the top of the ridge and set up in defense. Around midnight the Chinese Communist forces made their attack.

Our artillery opened up with large salvos, along with air support from our F-86 Sabrejets that hit them hard with napalm drops. A few of the enemy got close to our ground defense and were repelled. The napalm was dropped so close to our front line that you could feel the heat from it.

At daylight the communist forces' spring offense was halted. This was the first and only time in Korea that I observed a helicopter pick up some of our wounded. They dropped in on the rocky top of our position. They were known to have made many such rescues.

The following day we moved north and ran into a firefight. Bob and I set up the machine gun and cleared our advance moving up.

May 1951

In the middle of May the Chinese established a second spring offensive. In preparation we set up our defense. This was the first time Bob and I dug in and built a roof over our hole.

The 24th Division wiremen came up with barbed wire and we spread out aprons about 25 feet to the front of our foxhole. We attached hand grenades with straight pins to the wire; any wire movement would set them off. We also were given a box of a dozen hand grenades for defense.

To our left a 75 MM recoilless rifle team and machine gun were positioned. To the back side of the hill we were on, a mortar crew was set up also. Just about dusk an artillery round exploded to our rear. Chunks of dirt rained down on top of our hole. We checked the mortar position in the morning. All that was left was bare ground.

The following day in the late afternoon to our left side another incoming artillery round of white phosphorus hit. The crew manning the 75 MM recoilless rifle and machine gun got sprayed by phosphorus. They threw water on the ground and packed mud on their burns. The following morning a replacement crew was on the position.

I've heard of short rounds from the rear. The Chinese Communist forces opened up their assault after dark on the third night. They had a machine gun spraying our position. The mistake they made was using an ammo belt with red tracers. My partner and I refrained from using rifle fire to prevent barrel flashes exposing our position. When the barbed wire rattled our grenades were put to good use.

To our left I heard the crew on the 75 MM rifle say, "Let them fire one more machine gun round with the red tracers." When they did the 75 MM gun fired and all incoming fire came to a halt. The rest of the night was quiet.

At daybreak we moved down the slope north. At about 50 yards down a squad of CCF lay dead in a single file. They all wore blue neckerchiefs denoting an elite unit. Our machine gun crew with the 75 MM put that squad to their demise.

The Yoyo War

Action in May and June was given the name The Yoyo War. In June, Bob Lalonde was away on R&R (rest and recuperation). The word also was out that rotation of troops out of Korea was taking place and I was on a list of seven to leave. The first week of June the CCF were being forced back. As we moved north we passed a river about 25 feet in diameter. My squad all rushed in to fill their canteens with all caution aside.

I kept a lookout. I checked up stream and found about six dead enemies piled up in the middle. I advised our men to use their purifications pills or refill further upstream. The rush to refill was 100%.

Moving north we crossed over the Hwaehon Reservoir. The area had already been cleared. One family of Koreans was in the village on the north side. They remained there as caretakers of the dam. During the evening we shared dinner with the father, mother, and 2 or 3 young children. We exchanged food with them, which relieved the children—at least temporarily—of their fear of war.

The first week in June we were back in contact on the line. The battle raged at our front. We dug in to support our lead unit. Incoming artillery and small arms fire were heavy. As I was sitting on the edge of my hole a flying piece of artillery over a foot long came in, landing inches away from my right thigh. It came in spinning and saw-toothed on both sides.

I tried to pick it up, not knowing how hot it was. Bad idea! A foot more to my left and it would have cut me in half. My third fatal miss. A few minutes later I was pulled off line and assigned three Koreans to help me carry a wounded soldier off the high ground and back to a medical unit.

I used my poncho as a litter. The soldier's wounds were frontal hits across both thighs. He looked pale and was in shock. We got him down to the forward medical unit. I heard years later that he never recovered from his wounds. I returned to my unit.

The battle had ceased and the CCF was in retreat, moving farther north. I noted in my records that it was June 9th. I was promoted to the rank of Corporal. Late one night in early June our unit was assembled in a wide valley. Our Air Force came and dropped supplies using parachutes. We rushed out to recover ammo, rations, and motor fuel. Silence was crucial to avoid enemy intrusion.

Enemy resistance was at a low. At the time our move north was

rapid. Not having time to prepare a ration on the move, I opened a C-ration can of hamburger patties in brown gravy, eating it cold while on the move. Big mistake!

I dug in late that night when the assault took place. All I could do was drop my drawers and refill the bottom of my hole to a degree. All I could do to recover was to put my entrenching tool back in use and lower the hole about 6 inches. Most of the night I stayed on alert, fearing the odor would expose my position to the enemy.

At daylight I again was on the move. Within 100 yards to my front five Chinese soldiers moved toward me, threw down their weapons, and raised their arms to surrender. The only other person there was First Lieutenant Diaz. At my right the CCF had dug a large hole in the side of a ridge. Lt. Diaz had a .38 caliber pistol out. He demanded that anyone in the hole exit or die in there. No one came out; our prisoners were taken to the rear.

The last few weeks of June, the Chinese and North Koreans were pushed back to the triangle area. Charlie Co. assembled to make their next move. Bob Lalonde was back from R&R and assigned as company runner. A patrol of two or three squads was assigned to move out at night in search of the enemy. About one mile out we arrived at an elevated ridge in question. Our first squad was assigned to check it out.

Within minutes heavy fire power burst out and our first squad suffered a big loss. Killed were Lt. Jason King, Cpl. George Campbell, Cpl. Harry Machnicki, Cpl. James Pineda, and Sgt. Charles Woodall. My 3rd squad was sent in, not knowing about the first squad's fatal loss. That group of enlisted men in the first squad that died on this patrol were on the rotation list. They are all listed on Joe Sweeney's pamphlet on page 24 of KIA, MIA's 24th Div., 19th Inf.

I formed the squad into a diamond formation and moved in. At the top of the ridge 4 or 5 enemy appeared, hands raised in surrender. As we moved in they reached behind their backs and threw out a volley of potato mashers. We hit the ground and opened fire power in return.

At the time we carried a 60 mm mortar tube. I yelled back to fire a round up at them. The mortar was just aimed manually. The gunner must have gotten a direct hit. When we reached the crest two or three prisoners were taken. All that remained were dead.

One enemy sat there alive with the whole top of his skull missing. The prisoners were taken away by our South Korean supply men. Just out of sight, a volley of shots rang out. Those in charge came back alone, stating the prisoners had tried to escape. I have no knowledge as to the disposition.

My squad suffered no loss. One man I knew only by his first name, "Tim," had a wound. A bullet pierced his helmet and nipped the top of his ear, leaving a few blood drops down on his cheek. He pulled his helmet and liner apart and found the slug. He was amused by his luck.

When we first hit the ground in our assault a bullet knocked off the right heel of my combat boot. My fourth bit of luck. We moved back to the assembly point and I was told that I was leaving Korea for home on rotation.

Prior to leaving the company I bid farewell to Bob Lalonde. I was driven back to Chunchon, then by rail to Inchon. After a body

dusting, shower, and change into clean clothing I departed Korea, arriving at Sasebo, Japan. We were issued new clothing and enjoyed our return to freedom, including the luxury of a bed to sleep on, great chow, milk to drink, lots of desserts, and ice cream.

After about a week stay, we boarded General M.C. Meigs, arriving back in the Seattle area. The ship was met at the dock with a fire hose reception and greeting by the then Miss America. After a short stay I left by rail, arriving at Colorado Springs, Colorado, and then Fort Carson Army Base. After all my dis-

charge paperwork was completed I was sent by rail back home to Michigan.

My final orders mustering out were to report to the Veterans Administration Hospital in Detroit for an examination of my hearing. After about two months I received a check in payment covering the total time of my recall into the Army.

(Cpl) Joseph R. LaPalm, 24th Div. 19th Inf. C. Co., 437 Grant St., Dunedin, FL 34698, ajlapalm@verizon.net

Bank Robbers

By David J. Valley

During our rapid advance into North Korea the 24th Infantry Division was routed through the capital city of Pyongyang. By the time our 19th Regiment arrived there was very little fighting going on and we were in temporary reserve.

A couple buddies and I were scouting around on the outskirts of the city and found a bank. We broke through the front doors with little effort. To our dismay we found little of interest. It had been cleaned out. However, there was a vault! The best I can recall it looked something like the picture shown nearby.

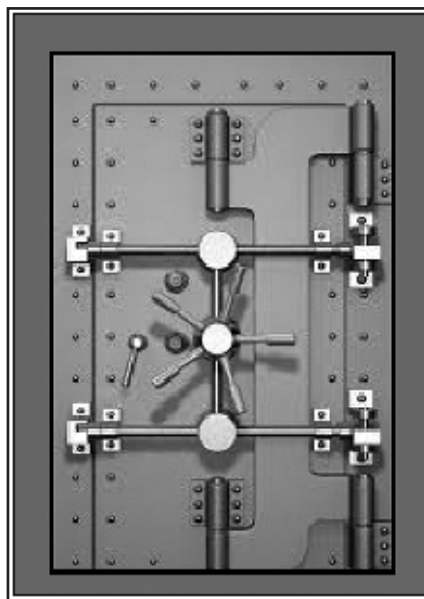
We tugged and turned the spoked wheel on the door but it was secure. As we sat outside on the steps of the bank pondering our failure to find what the bank held, we watched a ROK Army unit marching north. It was a common sight as more units moved up to the front.

After most of the infantry passed there were some stragglers among whom we spotted a soldier carrying a 3.5 bazooka. We immediately came up with the idea of blowing open the bank vault. We grabbed the startled bazooka man and his ammo bearer.

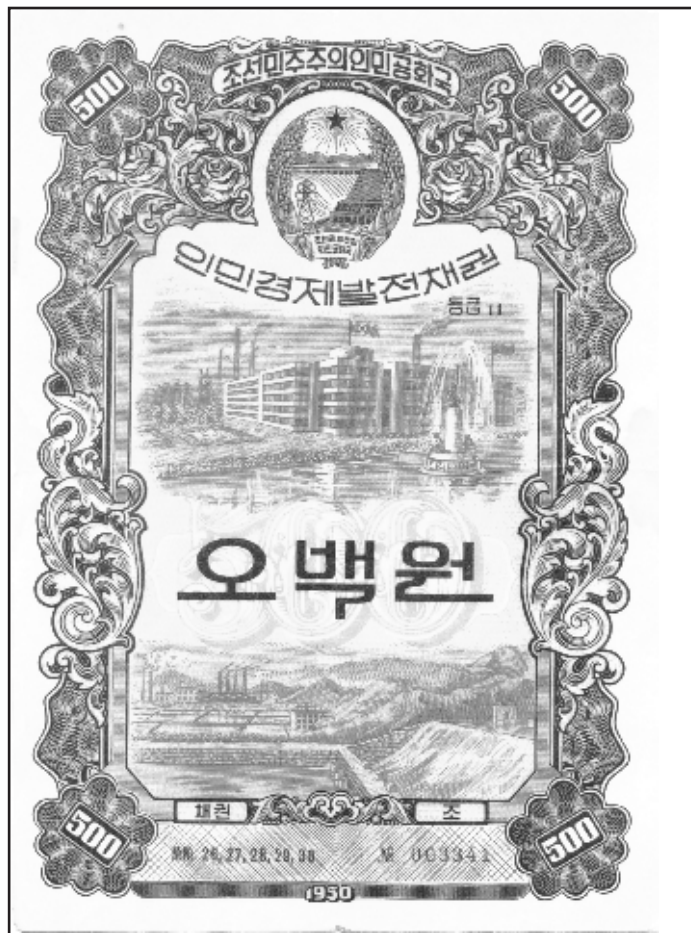
We showed them the bank vault and with gestures indicated we would blow it open with the bazooka. The ROK soldier and his ammo bearer were obviously objecting in loud Korean while in English we told them it was okay. They were frightened but had to submit to the three American soldiers.

The bazooka has a powerful back blast, so we had to fire it through the opened front doors. I loaded and my buddy aimed at the vault hinges. With everyone away from the back, he fired. Kaboom!

After the smoke cleared we looked at the vault. Some damage had been done, but the door was still intact. It took



A bank vault door similar to the one David Valley "cracked"



Korean war bond

two more shots before the door was hanging open on one twisted hinge.

Some small fires were put out as we excitedly searched the interior of the vault. We soon discovered there was no gold, no silver, no valuables, just a bunch of what looked like paper war bonds. We hauled them out to the street and made a bonfire of them. I kept one, displayed nearby, which I mailed home to my mother. Fortunately, she kept it and gave it to me when I returned in 1952.

Through the years since I have treasured it as a remembrance of the Korean War. I wonder if there might be among our readers one of my fellow bank robbers.

They would likely have been with the 19th Rgt I&R Platoon.

David Valley, dvalleyx@gmail.com

My Path to Korea

By Gordon Clarke

As I thought about the 70th anniversary of the Korean War, it brought to mind my service during the war. My tour of duty in Korea was the entire calendar year of 1952, the year in which I would have otherwise graduated from college. Although it was a year of combat, the action was quieting down as both sides in the conflict were looking for an end to it, including an armistice that was finally put together. How I got into the service is a different story, so I share it.

In June of 1950 I had returned home on summer vacation from my sophomore year in college with no money or job prospects for money for my junior year. In my small town of Columbia, Kentucky (population 2,500), there were few jobs to be had except temporary farm jobs on the burley tobacco farms, to which I had no reliable transportation. My parents had things I could do for them, but nothing that could bring in any funds to my need on hand, so I had a problem.

My buddy, Charley Antle, also home from college, proposed a partial solution, which could help resolve this situation. He asked me, "How would you like a job that would pay you \$25 for a couple of hours a week and also give you a chance to meet some nice guys?"

When I asked for details, he told me, "We go over to Campbellsville, KY, 25 miles away, and join their unit of the Kentucky National Guard. They will pay us each \$25 for every weekly meeting we attend."

I was impressed and concluded it was a great idea, which I put into motion on the next drill date of the Campbellsville unit of the Kentucky National Guard, Battery B of the 623rd Field Artillery Battalion. The headquarters battery of the battalion was located in Glasgow, and the Service Battery, Battery A, and Battery C in other small Kentucky towns. Battery B was approximately at 50% of full strength. So, mine and Charley's enlistments were warmly welcomed.

But a strange thing happened that caught us by surprise. We had enlisted on June 20 in 1950. Five days later North Korea invaded South Korea. The net effect was that our enlistments were frozen. Up to June 25th, if you wanted to back out of your enlistment you could. But, after June 25th all enlistments were frozen and you could not get out.

Charley and I, or at least me, had not been following world events too closely. But I was not concerned that we could eventually be in harm's way. That attitude was to change, however, as weeks went by and North Korea was overwhelming South Korea.

Monday drills in Campbellsville were interesting and usually enjoyable. There were lectures by the officers on military protocol, our weapons, tractor-drawn 155 mm howitzers, other battery equipment and vehicles, organizational structures, individual duties...all the things we need to know to operate efficiently.

Since our weapons were in storage at Ft. Knox, we had no access to them. But, being confined to our armory, we could do close order drill, and lots of it, to shape us into some semblance of a military unit. It took a while for me to enjoy it, but anybody who had half an

appearance of leadership was required to be in charge of our marches up and down the armory floor. So I caught on quickly.

Soon it was August and the two-week National Guard training camp was being held at Ft. Knox. It was a busy time for live fire of our weapons; including support of infantry units, setting up telephone and radio communications, map reading, surveying of battery positions, fire direction practice, transportation coordination, and a host of other details. Persistent rumors ran through the camp about the future deployment of the battalion in the wake of South Korean losses in the war.

We were all interested about if and when our unit might be deployed abroad. One day I talked to our battery commander, Capt. Oren Billingsley.

"Captain," I said, "there's a persistent rumor going around camp that our battalion is going to be given rifles and two weeks' training with our guns and sent over to Korea to help stem the tide in the war."

Captain Billingsley replied, "Soldier, if I'm not mistaken, you are in college, so you won't be required to go. I don't think you have any reason to be concerned."

Much relieved, I returned to school that fall of 1950 and entered my junior year, putting aside any personal concern about going off to the Korean War. School went well. My major concern was whether I really wanted to stay on a premed direction. To that end I took a one-semester course in college, Algebra and Trigonometry as a pre-requisite for Calculus, a pre-requisite itself for medical school.

Just before our Christmas break classes ended and we entered the Reading Period, a three-week break to prepare for final exams and papers due for our course grades. I headed home to Columbia for Christmas with family, and to study for the exams and papers due in early January.

On Christmas Eve I was at home when I heard a knock on the door. I was surprised to see Eugene Miller, our Battery B supply sergeant from Campbellsville.

I said to him, "Hi, Gene. It's good to see you. What brings you here to Columbia on Christmas Eve?"

He replied, "Well, I've got news for you. The army has activated our unit, effective January 14th. All personnel will report that date to get further orders. We will leave for Ft. Bragg, North Carolina soon after at a date to be determined for training."

I answered, "Well, I miss seeing you and the guys since I'll be returning to school."

Gene said, "You don't understand. You are going, too. They are taking everybody in the unit."

I retorted, "But I was told they wouldn't call up the guys that were in school."

Gene replied, "Apparently that's not the case. But in any event I'll see you on the 14th. Merry Christmas."

After he left I wondered if I should challenge the government on my status. It didn't take long for me to figure out that I wouldn't stand a chance disputing this. The next question was how to get credit for three and a half months of course work at school.

My professors at school were very sympathetic to my situation. One had me write a brief paper on the course work. Two others averaged my grades for the semester. One gave me a brief and early test. In all cases I had passing grades for full credit.

On January 14, 1951, I reported for duty in Campbellsville, ready for whatever was to follow. What followed was one of the most significant experiences in my life: the opportunity to serve my country for three years in the U.S. Army, which included one year (1952) in Korea with Battery B of the 623rd Field Artillery

Battalion.

As I look back on it, I realize how fortunate I was to be able to serve in spite of the danger, and to come out of it unharmed, a little smarter, more grounded, and very grateful. Truly I was fortunate, and to this day I value the experience as one of the most important of my life.

*Gordon A. Clarke, 4490 Cardiff Ct.,
Roswell, GA 30075, 770-992-2797*

Now I can locate Korea on a map

By Frederic Borowiec

On June 25, 1950 I was stationed temporarily at Camp Pendleton, California as a lifeguard at the staff officers' swimming pool. When the First Provisional Marine Brigade was formed and mobilized, with General Edward Craig in command, I was returned to my military police company.

Upon hearing of the invasion, I felt that with General MacArthur in Japan with his Army forces and with the Marine Corps being downsized, the Army would handle the situation. But, as we were to find out, those early forces were poorly trained and their equipment and ammunition were nothing to brag about. To this day I feel that they were sacrificial lambs sent to stop the North Korean onslaught.

I could locate China and Japan on a world map with no problem. South Korea? Many of us, myself included, had to look it up. I would soon be there, and participating in one of the Marine Corps' most famous battles.

In the annals of the United States Marine Corps history, the Chosin Reservoir Campaign ranks right up there with Belleau Wood, Guadalcanal, Iwo Jima, etc. as being their greatest triumphs. What the Marine Corps accomplished in Korea was to save itself from being completely disbanded because of President Truman's feelings about it.

General MacArthur requested USMC troops (the First Provisional Marine Brigade), with General Edward A. Craig as commander. Shortly thereafter approximately 5,000 seasoned and well-trained veterans landed in the port of Pusan in early August 1950. 'This Pusan Perimeter was the last toehold of South Korea as the North Koreans were coming on like gangbusters. They had met little resistance until, and I repeat until, they met the irresistible power of the "Fire Brigade."

Man, did we KICK ASS! They, the North Koreans, didn't know what hit them; we were the warriors with the "Ye l l o w Leggings," as we were called. I believe that there would be no South Korea today if it were not for the Marine Corps' intervention. Without the Marines the friendly forces would have been pushed into the sea.

Time after time, General Walton Walker, the Army commander, had the brigade plug up hot spots. He was so impressed he didn't want us to leave his command and join the 1st Marine Division for the landing at Inchon. He was overruled by MacArthur, so the brigade became the Fifth Regiment, 1st Marine Division, with COL Raymond Murray as commanding officer.

The remarkable Inchon landing in September, according to General MacArthur, was the Marine Corps' "Finest Hour." After Seoul was secured, the division was ordered to land at Wonsan, on the other side of Korea. Getting there by ship was quite difficult, because that sea area was loaded with mines. The Navy did a remarkable job of clearing the mines so we could land. It was named "Operation Yo-Yo."

We finally landed to no appreciable opposition. Onward to the Chosin. Man, were our forces on a roll! General Almond, U.S. Army, was really pushing his troops to get to the Yalu River. This meant spreading out the troops too thin. "Home by Christmas" was the word being passed around. However, our commander, Major General Oliver Prince Smith, took exception to General Almond's tactics and held our regiments as tight and as close as possible. God bless him for having that foresight.

Captured Chinese prisoners informed us that the mission of the enemy engaging the Marines was to completely annihilate the First Marines Division. They sure tried! The fighting spirit of the Marine enlisted men and officers was something to behold; no quit in them. We weren't annihilated, even though the Tokyo Headquarters had us written off the book.

Can you imagine? We came through it as Marines, but really couldn't have done it without the help of the Corsairs. And how about the Tootsie Rolls that kept us going? (That's another story altogether.) Air support kept a lot of the enemy at bay with low flying, shooting, and dropping napalm. I witnessed many times the enemy running for their lives when napalm was dropped on them. What a horrible death that must be.

You'd see the enemy running, the napalm exploding in a huge fireball, black smoke, and when it cleared, a burned terrain and no human bodies. Wow!

The Korean War, for those of us who participated in it, will live with us forever. Forgotten by many, but not by us. We also keep in mind the ones who didn't come back; may they rest in peace. It's not over yet, it's just an armistice.

Those of us in our twilight years thank God for His blessings and guidance to have helped us make it this far. South Korea is now a marvelous, grateful nation that hasn't stopped and is still thanking us for what we did for them 70 years ago.

Oh, yeah: I now know where South Korea is and I can locate it on a map of the world!

*Frederic Borowiec, 30 Fairview Village Ct.,
Chicopee, MA 01020*

Fighting the enemy with a generator as a weapon

By Maynard Nielsen

When the Korean War started I had just graduated from high school. But, my story is about the end of the Korean War.

On July 27, 1953 I was with the Seventh Marine Regiment in the reserve area on the line. I was TAD (temporary additional duty) from the 1st Engineer Battalion to run generators for camp lights and electricity.

When the armistice took effect both sides fired a tremendous amount of air bursts after 10 p.m. to celebrate. The Marines left the next day. After they pulled out I was left alone with my generator, waiting for the Engineers to pick me up. Here I was, alone against the North Koreans if something changed.

This was my second time in Korea. I spent fourteen months with the 1st Marine Air Wing at a radar and radio site at Pohang, Korea.

I got my picture in the February 23, 1953 issue of *Life Magazine* in a story titled "Korean Veterans Rotate Backwards." The Marine Corps made a big deal of it because at the time it was unheard of. We appeared on a talk show like Dave Letterman in Los Angeles and attended a party hosted by John Wayne. I had a date with a UCLA student who wrote to me the whole time I was in Korea.

John Wayne gave us engraved lighters. They were not engraved with "Semper Fi." They read "God Bless John Wayne."

I wonder if any of the other Marines in the photo are still alive.

Maynard Nielsen, 7144 Riverview Terr., NE Minneapolis, MN 55432, 763-571-6608



The Marines who went back to Korea

The changing winds of war

By George Bjotvedt

The new year came and went like all good things. I was still hunkered down in my man-made cellar in the Chorwon's valley of no return. By my calculations I had accrued the grand total of 20 points, definitely short of the magic number of 36. And, there was a rumor at 8th Army HQ that the number of points needed for rotation would be increased. My expectations were that I would get my orders in April 1953.

On the first weekend of January orders came down from the CO that the heavy mortar company would be relieved by the 51st ROK. The physical occupation by the South Korean counterpart gave me some pause. The South Koreans were assuming more of the fighting. However, how did I know that the man standing before me with a burp gun across his chest was friendly?

Behind the man were three other ROK soldiers. Four against one. I did what any red-blooded American would do. Get out fast! I went to the log with the field phone attached and rang headquarters, "Lt. Bjotvedt checking in, completed the transfer, relieved by 0300 hours out," I said curtly.

My driver and I were out of the subterranean bunker in a flash and into the subfreezing early morning night air, heading south to Camp Casey. There I had orders reassigning me to the 1st Battalion of the 65th Regiment as S-2. On the snowy morning of

January 16 I reported to Headquarters 1st Battalion.

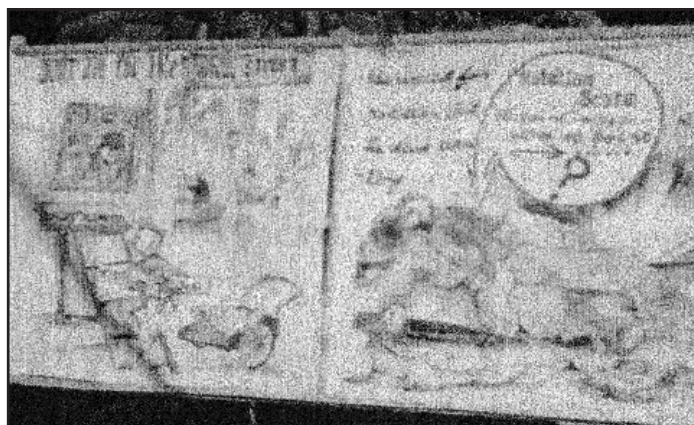
"Well, if isn't Lt. Bjotvedt. Are you planning to stay this time?" The question was asked by Lt. Colonel La Hatte, who had a broad grin and a pleasant facial expression.

"Yes sir," I answered. I saluted a friendly "Hi." He had been my previous executive officer of the battalion when I was a platoon leader in Co A. I had a good impression of the Colonel who had assumed the CO position after the departure of wounded Colonel Collins to Tokyo General Hospital.

I was anxious to get started in my new position. Prior to my arrival in Korea I, along with other officers, had received field intelligence training at Camp Palmer in Japan. Now, I was to put that training into operation.

Sgt Clemenson and I had a large box of aerial reconnaissance photos. They were taken at a low altitude by U. S. Air Force pilots. The photos gave us an excellent visualization of the battalion's front topography. Taken from that altitude they would enable us to see slight earth disturbances, diggings, and potential ambush sites that could be used by the enemy.

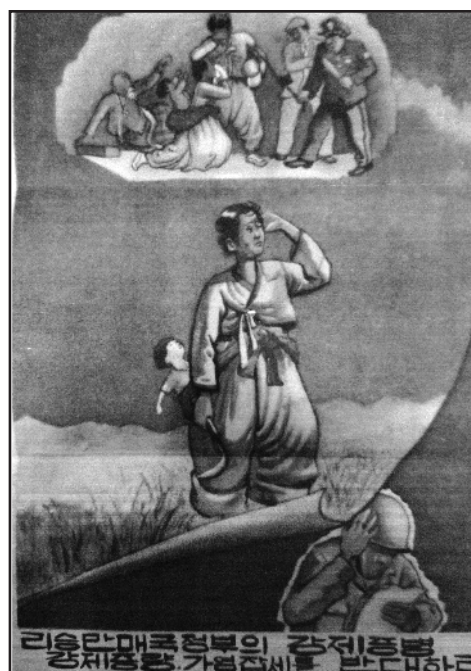
Our intent was to accurately determine map coordinates of any observed changes, then to pass this information on to the patrol leaders. It also provided a resource for us to plot patrol route overlays to avoid any detected changes. In addition, we



Chinese propaganda placed in front of George Bjotvedt's sector trench



George Bjotvedt holding a Chinese propaganda sign that is attached to a wooden frame and on a white bed sheet



A sample of Chinese propaganda from the campaign directed at South Koreans, telling them that their president was a puppet of the U.S. and that they were making South Koreans poor and hungry; it was obtained in 1953.

took the photos and made a mosaic composite of the battalion's front and no-man's land.

The mosaic's daylight photo map was useful for orientation. The patrols were very familiar with all the trails leading away

from the battalion's front. Even in the dark, the trails were a standout from the layers of commo wire left behind from the numerous previous patrols. The increased aerial surveillance by the Air Force to provide up-to-date reconnaissance was a new contribution to the front-line men. Those photos did not come cheap.

Also, now at the front, men were issued flak jackets which were to be worn when outside the bunkers, especially on patrols. The jackets were light and allowed free arm movements. They gave the men a feeling of security. The newly issued winter parkas with fur-lined hoods were welcome gear. Even the Pentagon-provided newly designed winter insulated black rubber boots were welcome. They were affectionately called 'Mickey Mouse Boots.' The war aside, the men felt the new administration was giving them its all.

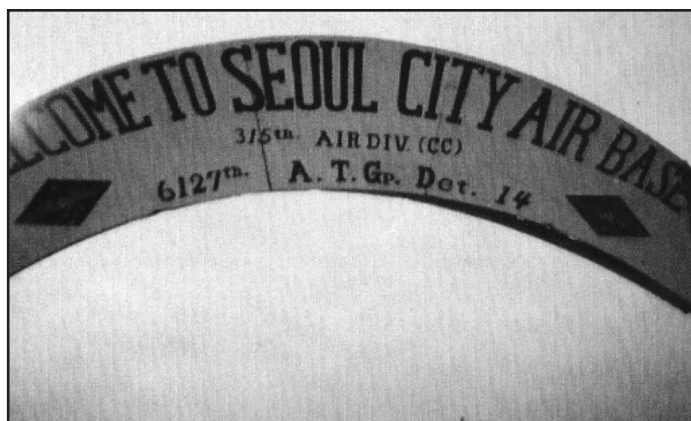
Even the tactical battles over the outposts along the MLR were reexamined. The new Generals and President Eisenhower considered the casualties expended in retaking many of the outposts had no strategic value in the stalemate. The newly elected president was in his element. He had made a pledge to the Americans to intervene in the war's elusive peace talks and put an end to the conflict. It was well received by all the men holding the MLR.

President Truman, who had effectively and swiftly ended WWII, was unable to conclude the long and exasperating war on the Korean peninsula. Notably, Truman stated in his memoirs that General Eisenhower never discussed his plans with him for ending the Korean War. Regardless of the allegation, the new administration let it be known to the Chinese leadership that there would be no hesitation in the deployment of nuclear weapons against their forces.

If that didn't sway the Chinese military, the death of Stalin in March 1953 contributed another variable. It was no longer saving face for Chinese. They had to get serious and cut out their intractable demands at the peace talks.

From my limited strategical perspective, the Chinese elements facing our battalion managed to get into the act too. There was a reduction in their probes of our front line. But they initiated a visible change. It was a new warfare tactic to discourage our fighting men. Psychological propaganda was the name of the game. It was primitive.

They did not use loudspeakers to spew their message. Instead, they posted on wooden frames white bed sheets with painted



The base sign that welcomed all people going on R&R in Japan

artistic propaganda renditions. One sign had a painting of a dead American soldier with written words in English saying, "He waited for rotation but he died waiting..." Also, there were paper safe conduct passes in English and Korean.

For the men at the front, the war still held their attention for better or worse. But there was a feeling among them, a distinct impression, that there were changes in the way the stalemate would be prosecuted. They felt the top echelon was pushing the war in a different direction. I felt it too.

The notion that the commander-in-chief was going to a great deal of expense to provide weekly or even daily aerial reconnaissance of the MLR was very obvious. That feature, coupled with the lack of aggressive action along the entire front, was evident. It could only mean that field commanders were told to keep casualties down. The unstated inference was to "play it safe!"

Whether the premonition became a fact actually didn't matter to me. I had received my orders sending me back to the states effective May 3, 1953. I departed on the USS Gordon from Inchon harbor. Fortunately for those left behind, the ordeal was finally over with a cease fire signed on July 27, 1953.

How the draft threw me off-track

By Neil Sanders

I am responding to the March-April *Graybeards'* solicitation for comments about the 70th Anniversary of the Korean War that started June 25, 1950. I will answer some of the suggested topics. But first I want to write about a 50th Anniversary event I observed.

In June 2000, I and other Korean War veterans were invited to a commemorative dinner held at the VFW in Ft. Walton Beach, FL. I am not sure if this occurred exactly on the 25th. We were given a medal with this inscription: 50th Korean War Anniversary. To Korean War Veterans. The affair was sponsored by The Korea Freedom League, whose president was Yang Soon Jik. It was a very nice dinner and ceremony.

The main speaker gave me the impressions he was an important South Korean. I knew the opening speaker, USAF retired Brig. Gen. Heinie Aderholt, a WWII, Korea, and Vietnam combatant and prominent figure in AF special operations. South Korean women and men managed all the activities and prepared the food. I felt honored and they were genuinely appreciative of us helping them save their country. I am guessing other readers had a similar experience.

WHERE WAS I ON JUNE 25, 1950?

Three months shy of age 19, I was living with my parents at Hastings, NE, working with a Section Gang for the Union Pacific Railroad (UPRR). My plan to be a UPRR freight train brakeman was fulfilled about two months later. I gave little thought to what was happening in Korea, which deserved serious attention. On that day, June 25th, I had no idea I would be enlisting in the USAF the following December.

MY THOUGHTS ON HOW THIS WAR AFFECTED ME:

(1) Normally, at age 19, the UPRR would not have hired me



The caboose of a freight train that was caught in the open and destroyed by the U.S. Air Force. Chinese positions are seen in the hills in the background.

*George Bjotvedt, 7345 E Cozy Camp Dr.,
Prescott Valley, AZ 86314*

to be a brakeman, even though I was the son of a UPRR switchman foreman. But they were accepting us youngsters due to the increased rail traffic caused by the war.

(2) Within a few months I knew it was time to enlist or be drafted. Significant is not a strong enough word to describe the feelings when first entering the military.

(3) Early on I volunteered for a tour in Korea. My faulty research indicated airmen in my career field were not being sent there. I married my high school sweetheart June 1952. Three months later I was on my way to Korea.

(4) Our first daughter was born midway through my combat tour.

(5) About two months after being discharged in December 1954, I learned that my return to the UPRR was not feasible. Freight train traffic had greatly declined due to the end of the war effort.

(6) So, I reenlisted and began a 35-year career in the USAF. Definitely, that war influenced some major junctures in my life—and consequently, the family's—life.

MY OPINION OF THE OUTCOME:

The armistice was not much more than an agreed upon cease fire, but I think it was the best choice we had at the time. Too bad the "forgotten war" did not end with a unified North and South nation, both working on the development of a Korean republic.

THE WAR:

At the time, I was in no position to have an opinion. Now that I have had decades to think about it, I am still not going to Monday quarterback. I think decisions made at all levels (from a squad leader to the top) during a combat operation were based on the situation at that time, and the leaders considered it the best and necessary thing to do.

When people criticize the leader for a failed operation, were they there experiencing the same conditions and knowing all of the leader's considerations when he made the decision?

Many disagreed with General MacArthur's plan to invade at Inchon, but it turned out he was right. I understand General MacArthur's thinking that we should have kept on going north and put an end to the Korean conflict. He might have been right about that, but he was very wrong to be insubordinate and act in opposition to the commander-in-chief.

President Truman was right to relieve MacArthur. He had to, and he was probably right that MacArthur's actions could have led to a WWII.

All is fair in love, war, and plywood

By Rodolfo Levya

This incident happened about August or September 1952, when "Horton" and I were with Dog Co., 38th Inf. Regt.

Our battalion had been pulled off the line and sent into reserve. Once we were settled in, my buddy Cpl. Charles Horton and I went out looking for anything that would improve our living conditions. We "borrowed" a jeep and trailer and left the area.

We went a couple miles down the road and passed a spot where someone had stuck a flagpole in the ground in a relatively flat area. We made a U-turn and drove slowly toward the pole. As we got closer, we spotted a neatly stacked pile of plywood off to one side.

"What do you think, Horton?"

Horton didn't even bother to answer. He stopped the jeep. Almost immediately, we started loading the plywood on to the trailer. In a matter of minutes we had the trailer loaded and were flying down the road toward Dog Company. When we got to the company area, we had the guys in the platoon unload the plywood and told them to use it as flooring.

It rained all night and turned the company area into a sea of mud. The next day our platoon leader, Lt. Rogers, came to look over our living arrangements. He almost fainted when he walked into our squad tent and saw that we were using "nice clean plywood" for flooring in our tents.

He said, "Cpl. Levya, did you hear what happened yesterday? The Division quartermaster left a pile of plywood at the site where they were going to set up Battalion Headquarters. It was to be used to build a mess table for the battalion officers. But the plywood mysteriously disappeared. You don't happen to know anything about the missing plywood, do you?"

I replied, "No Sir! It just goes to show you that this battalion is full of scroungers who will steal anything that is not nailed down."

Lt. Rogers knew I wasn't being candid and broke into a malicious smile as he walked out of the tent. He never mentioned the plywood again.

*Rodolfo Levya, 2426 Richlieu Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90032*

MY FEELINGS ABOUT THE WAR AND THE OUTCOME:

I think we had to get involved. The U.S. was committed to assist South Korea and it was necessary to curtail, if not stop, the communist-attempted takeovers. Technically it was a UN effort, but the U.S. provided about 90 percent of the military forces, and I am OK with that.

South Korea would have been lost without our involvement. The outcome was not a total success, but we enabled the South to progress and become a successful nation.

*Neil Sanders, 10100 Hillview Dr., Apt 114
Pensacola, FL 32514*

43rd Surgical Hospital Receives ROK PUC

By Harmon D. Thornberry, Sr.

The Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation which was awarded by the Republic of Korea to the 43D SURGICAL HOSPITAL is confirmed in accordance with paragraph 9-37, AR 672-5-1. The citation reads as follows:

"This Presidential Unit Citation is awarded to 43d Surgical Hospital (Mobile Army), in recognition of and appreciation for its meritorious service rendered to the Republic of Korea from July 1950 to February 28, 1976. As the first and last one of the US Army surgical hospitals in Korea, 43d Surgical Hospital has performed an outstanding medical care and service throughout the Korean War. The members of the US Army and the United Nations Forces also provided free medical care on immeasurable numbers of unfortunate Korean patients.

/S/ PARK CHUNG HEE, President, Republic of Korea"

*Harmon D. Thornberry, Sr., P.O. Box 48844
Watauga, TX 76148*

Fleas

By Tailhook Jack

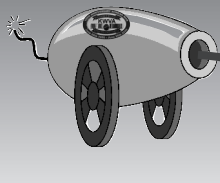
One day in boot camp we marched and marched until we were very hot and sweaty. The drill instructor (DI) called us to attention as we stood in formation. That is where it all started.

One of the "boots" swatted a sand flea from his face. That was strictly a no-no when at attention. We were ordered to get down on our hands and knees to look for that damn dead flea. Finally, one of the brighter boots found another sand flea, killed it, and presented it to the DI, telling him it was the flea that had allegedly instigated the swatting incident.

The DI inspected it, spread its legs, and asked if the other dead flea was male or female.

Completely confused, the boot told the DI that it was a male. However, the DI stated this was a female and ordered us to keep looking for the dead male flea.

Sometime past midnight hours, after searching for several hours, we made it back to the barracks, dead tired and waiting for the sound of reveille.



Feedback/Return Fire

This section of The Graybeards is designed to provide feedback—and generate more feedback. It gives readers the opportunity to respond to printed stories, letters, points of view, etc., without having to write long-winded replies. Feel free to respond to whatever you see in the magazine. As long as it's tasteful and non-political, we will be happy to include it. If you want to submit ideas, criticisms, etc. that you prefer not to see in print—with your name attached to it—then we will honor that. Make sure to let us know, though.

Mail your "Return Fire" to the "Feedback Editor" at 2473 New Haven Circle, Sun City Center, FL 33573-7141; E-mail it to: sharp_arthur_g@sbcglobal.net, or phone it in to (813) 614-1326. Whatever the medium you choose, we welcome your input.

No trust in this monopoly

Sometime in 1954 there was a take-up of Military Pay Certificates from all personnel for issue of a new series of MPC. Of course, on that night no one had any money, which limited the night's activities. That was true for everyone—except for several resourceful men at the 32nd Engineer Group HQ.

These men took the money from the Monopoly game at the NCO Club and went to the village for an evening of R&R. Early the next day there was a group of Korean ladies at the front gate holding Monopoly money and requesting—uh, screaming—to see the CO.

Unfortunately, that day the CO was extremely busy with other urgent matters.

Henry Taylor, 3482 Serenade Commons NW, Kennesaw, GA 30152, 770-218-0123, henrytaylor001@bellsouth.net

Looking for photo of Carl George Helsel

I don't know who to turn you. Please consider my plea. My friend, Carol Helsel, is looking for a picture of her father, who served in the Korean War. His name is Carl George Helsel. He died in 1995 while Carol was in a personal care home due to an illness that befell her.

Years later, when she was able to go back to the home where she was raised, she discovered it had been torn down, along with all of her belongings. So she has no picture of her dad, who she misses terribly. Nor does she have any information regarding his time serving his country in the Army.

Would you be able to help me find one picture of Carl, perhaps while he was in the Army? He was born July 12, 1928. He lived in Blair County, Altoona, PA.

Thank you for your assistance,

Denise Fischer, deniserfischer@hotmail.com

Our Ammo Shortage

In a recent issue of "The Graybeards" there was an article entitled, "Ammo Shortage." Still, after 69 years, it stirred my emotions. We were never informed in our regimental front line rifle companies of the daylight suspension of our supporting artillery due to an ammo shortage.

In July, 1952, a small group of soldiers of the 65th Puerto Rican Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division were preparing for another ambush patrol. The patrol would be guided by a scout dog and his handler. "Stark," a massive 125-pound German shepherd,

would be our guide. He was a fearless animal but a silent warrior.

At 1800 hours we headed out with "Stark" in the lead. Ahead and behind a curve in the trench there was a quick and sudden distinctive sound of artillery shells. We hesitated, then we walked slowly forward with our heads down. I couldn't comprehend why the Chinese were shelling so far in the rear of the front trenches and during daylight.

A powerful scene became apparent when the patrol came abruptly into a flat area. There were six dead soldiers. One wounded survivor was sitting upright softly weeping and cradling a dead comrade in his lap. The cradled individual's head wound was clearly visible. Aside from the explosive acrid odor, the scene was gruesome, especially observing the sprawled and mangled corpses. The patrol filed by the bodies quickly.

This incident was considered a minor occurrence in the protracted stalemate phase of the Korean War. The question was, though, whether it could have been prevented? In wars, snafus do occur and usually without explanation. Why were these men killed?

Simply, they were a target of opportunity for the quick and effective Chinese artillery guns. Even with a worthwhile target, the Chinese rarely fired their artillery during daylight hours. If they did, there would be a swift and accurate retaliatory fire. In this incident, there was none.

Why? There was an ammunition shortage! The ammo shortage caused a rationing whereby the men manning the front line trenches were given three M-1 clips per day. Supporting artillery, 105s and 155s, were rationed to six rounds per gun per day. Conservation was the order of the day. Therefore, the artillery batteries decided to use their ammo allocation for nighttime firing.

The temporary suspension of daylight firing was in effect until stockpiles of shells could be replenished. Fortunately, the ammunition shortage didn't last long. However, the Chinese got wind about the daylight suspension. They merely took advantage of the 'cease firing.' Unintended consequences and, of course, war is hell!

George Bovet, V. M. D., 7345 E Cozy Camp Dr., Prescott Valley AZ 86314

Forgotten Service

We were probably one of the most unappreciated servicemen in history. I enlisted in the United States Army January 11 1955 (Korean War era) and completed basic training and advanced

training. MOS was 282.10 Radar Repair as of December 1955.

No holiday leave. Flown for duty in Korea as it was determined I had a critical MOS at the time. Served with I Corps, 51st Sig. Bn. at Uijongbu Korea January to March 1956. In March 1956, I was reassigned to a newly formed 51st Sig. Det. out of 181 Sig. Co. in Seoul, TDY to 7th Infantry Division.

1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE NAME LITTLE RICHARD ARNOLD		2. SERVICE NUMBER RA 11 285 576		3. GRADE, RATE OR RANK Sp-9(T)Sgt 32		4. DATE OF BIRTH (Month/Day/Year) 20 Aug 56	
5. PLACE OF BIRTH (City and State) Queens New York		6. DATE OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE 19 Jan 57		7. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		8. MARITAL STATUS Single	
9. RACE Caucasian		10. SEX Male		11. COLOR Black		12. HAIR Brown	
13. HEIGHT 71		14. WEIGHT 158		15. EYES Blue		16. MENTAL STATUS Normal	
17. EDUCATION High School 4 yrs		18. ACADEMIC Academic		19. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR		20. STATION ON INSTALLATION AT WHICH EFFECTED Ft Bliss Texas	
21. SEARCH AND ACTIVITY AR635-200 AR635-250 SPW 201 Expiration of term of service		22. DATE OF EXPIRATION 10 Jan 58		23. CHARACTER OF SERVICE HONORABLE		24. DD FORM 217A	
25. SELECTIVE SERVICE NUMBER NA		26. SELECTIVE SERVICE NUMBER NA		27. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		28. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
29. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		30. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		31. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		32. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
33. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		34. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		35. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		36. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
37. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		38. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		39. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		40. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
41. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		42. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		43. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		44. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
45. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		46. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		47. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		48. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
49. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		50. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		51. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		52. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
53. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		54. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		55. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		56. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
57. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		58. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		59. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		60. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
61. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		62. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		63. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		64. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
65. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		66. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		67. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		68. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
69. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		70. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		71. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		72. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
73. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		74. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		75. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		76. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
77. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		78. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		79. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		80. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
81. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		82. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		83. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		84. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
85. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		86. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		87. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		88. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
89. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		90. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		91. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		92. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
93. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		94. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		95. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		96. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	
97. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR: New York Military District		98. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		99. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57		100. DATE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE 19 Jan 57	

Richard Little's DD-214



AN MPQ10 at Munsan, Korea

Our five-man detachment serviced Radar units of the 7th 24th and 25th Infantry Divisions, serving next to the British Commonwealth and Turkish Brigades, (busy, no R&R granted). All flew the UN flag and their national flags.

In April 1957 I traveled to CONUS on the USS General Morton No leave granted. Immediately reassigned to White Sands Proving Grounds for missile development for the balance of my service. On January 10 1958 I was honorably discharged at Ft Bliss, Texas. My discharge contained NO service awards whatsoever; No UN Service award, National Defense Service award, Korean War Service award, Good Conduct award, nothing. Did I serve as a mercenary for \$122.30/mo.?

Finally 45 years later, I was awarded the newly created Korea Service Award.....WOW.

Richard "Whistler" Little, doolang@gmail.com



51st Sig Bn Uijongbu



Josan



Downtown Seoul



Korean farmer

Query re Membership/Last Call issues

NOTE: The below letter was directed to the editor, but the same questions and the answer might be of interest to members everywhere.

We note that the recent editions of *Graybeards* have shown a number of new KWVA members in the Arizona section of "Welcome Aboard." None of our Arizona Chapters have met during 2020 because of the pandemic. We have had telecons in order to keep everybody advised of events, etc.

None of our Chapters have reported of any membership increase; therefore we can only attribute the *Graybeards* new members to American Veterans of Yuma, Chapter 330. Our Department of Arizona officers have tried to contact this Yuma Chapter, but we have not received any response.

In regards to names listed in "Last Call:" please advise how to proceed reporting for the name to be included. During the total nine years as Chapter Commander I mailed a form to KWVA Membership Office to report the deceased person's information. Years ago the form was published in the *Graybeards*.

I daily check our newspaper obituaries to see if any Korean War veterans are listed and also Marines in the Phoenix East Valley area. My Marine Corps League Detachment attends the services for Marines in the East Valley and presents a certificate and flowers for next of kin.

I prepare and present a personalized poem printed on U.S. flag stationery to the next of kin. I also do this for our Korean War

veterans and members of the Arizona Veterans Hall of Fame.

Since I check the obits would you recommend that I send them to our Membership Office periodically? Also are names of any Korean War veterans or just members of National KWVA listed??

My personal thanks for all you do for us. It is appreciated.

Lew Bradley

EDITOR'S RESPONSE:

All the administrative work re membership and death notifications is handled by the membership staff in Charleston, IL. I just publish what they send me.

Please send all notices for "Last Call" directly to Sheila Fritts at our Charleston office. You can send them to me, but that's just an extra step added. And there is no guarantee that I will ever get around to forwarding them. The form you mentioned is still included in every issue of the magazine/

Finally, we list all Korean veterans, not just KWVA members.

Befriending the orphans

Two articles in the Nov/Dec 2020 *Graybeards* tickled my memory cells. I served in Korea during '58-'59 with the Signal Corps in the 4th US Army Missile Command as a Radio Officer in the 226th Signal Co.

The first article, by Charles Marwood, about his letters & book, TOUR of DUTY, reminded me of the many letters I wrote to my gal and she wrote to me almost daily while I was overseas. Although most of our letters are long gone, I am pleased to report that she waited for me and we've been happily married for over 62 years now.

The other article, by Dr. Coy Quesenbury, was about the orphanage he was involved with while in Korea. I, too, devoted many hours, much energy, and love with one in Chunchon where I was located. Chunchon is in the center of Korea, about 50 miles from Seoul and only a few miles from the 38th parallel and the DMZ.

I was stationed at Camp Page, which used to be K-47, and was named for Lt. Col John Page. He was a hero who was killed during the battle of Chosin Reservoir in 1950, just a few days after he arrived in Korea. He was awarded the Medal of Honor.

Chunchon was still devastated only five years after the fighting was over. A lone building taller than one story stood, the police station, and the couple hundred thousand people struggled to survive.

We befriended a group of Christian Brother priests from Ireland who were doing mission work, including running the orphanage, in the still war-ravaged country. We helped with construction projects as we managed to "find and provide" building supplies to help out...a form of "Lend Lease."

Also, our families back home sent money and clothing for the orphans. My then future mother-in law's Woman's Club back in New Jersey adopted the orphanage and sent regular mailings of clothes, food, supplies, toys, money, etc. My best memories are when we had the children join us in our mess hall for food and presents. They devoured the plentiful food, something they were short of. At Christmas, Santa even came to deliver presents.

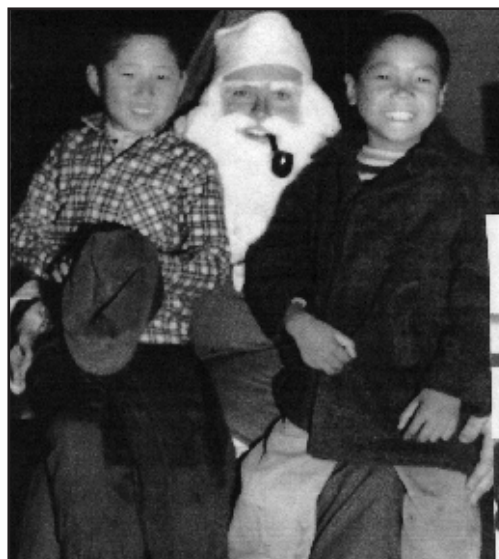
What a rewarding experience for both them and us.

The 4th Missile Cmd. was the first unit with nuclear weapons deployed outside the U.S.—other than the two that ended WW II. (They were called “Honest John Rockets.”) In addition to being Radio Officer for the Command, I was assigned Photo Officer & Theater Officer plus Mess and Sports Officer for our company.

I have wonderful memories of my tour and the Korean people. I departed in 1959, confident they would succeed, since they were industrious, had strong family values, and were motivated to recover from the many years of hardship they had endured. Glad I was right!

And, I was honored to have played a part in it!

*Stephen J. Frangos, 2323 Bramble Ter., The Villages, FL
32162, 352-3S0-2774 or cell, 585-789-0369,
sfrangos239@gmail.com*



Clockwise from left:
Kim, my favorite; Honest John
rocket; Orphanage nursery;
Thanksgiving 11/1958; Christmas
meal at our Mess Hall, 12/1958;
Santa visits.



Last Call

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

MALVIN U. GOLDSTEIN
JESSE CARLTON ROBINSON JR.

ARIZONA

CHARLES F. CARLSON
BILL D. KOUNTANIS

CALIFORNIA

WESLEY C. CAMPBELL
CALVIN J. CLARK
HENRY Z. MARIN
DALE R. MOTT
GERALD W. RAMAEKERS
RAY B. SHERMAN
FRED N. SUTTER JR.

COLORADO

JOHN R. ADDISON
NORMAN B. LOVEJOY

CONNECTICUT

CHARLES F. 'FRITZ' EISENBEISER
ROBERT B. ELLIS
VINCENT FAILLA
JOSEPH J. FRANK
WALTER J. FUCHS
JOSEPH J. GATTO
KENNETH E. MOORHEAD

FLORIDA

JAMES R. ALLEN
ROBERT N. ALWINE
JOSEPH AMERIGO
CHARLES AUSTIN
PAUL H. BAKER
EDWARD BARD
RICHARD J. BASMAJIAN
JOHN BATTAGLIA
EDWARD T. BECKER
HOWARD J. BELL SR.
LEWIS V. BLOOM
LEONARD L. BOINSKI
RAY S. BOLTON
DANIEL R. BONNELL
DAVID C. BOOS
SAMUEL P. BOYD
ROBERT J. BRATTON
CHARLES E. BROWN
LUTHER E. BROWN
ROBERT J. BROWN
WALTER A. BROWN JR.
JAMES F. BRUSSOW
CLIFFORD W. BRYSON
EDWARD R. BURDA
MAURICE BUTLER
ERIC W. CARLSON
CRAWFORD B. CARPENTER
CONRAD J. CASPER
RICHARD N. CECILIO
BERT H. CHESTEEN
HERBERT CHIET
FRANK C. CHIODO
FRANK E. CLARK
JIM FRANK DAVIS
SAL DIMAIO

WALLACE DUNHAM
KEDRICK D. EVERSOLE
ROBERT FRASCA
EVERETT MARSHALL GARRETT JR.
ROY GONZALEZ JR.
ROBERT W. HALL SR.
ROBERT K. HITT
EDMUND P. HUGHES
EUGENE J. KADELA
JOHN H. KLOEKER
DON E. KROLAK
WILLIAM H. LAMLEIN
GERALD LEVINE
JOSEPH A. MARTIN
CHARLES W. MATTES
THOMAS W. MAWER
JOHN J. MCGLUE
DALLAGE L. MEEHAN
JOHN G. MOONEY
ROBERT L. MUELLER
DAVID A. NEW
JOHN PETRI JR.
GEORGE L. PRICE JR.
CHARLES M. REID
LAWRENCE C. SINCLAIR
EDWARD J. SINDELAR
ROGER A. STOKES
JOSEPH J. VOETTER
FLOYD L. WELLS
JIMMIE L. WOOLBRIGHT
ROBERT D. YOUNG

HAWAII

ROBERT E. MCGONAGLE

ILLINOIS

EUGENE R. BAKER
ROBERT H. BAUER
DALE E. BROWN
ROBERT G. BUSSIAN
THOMAS D. CANCELOSE
MICHAEL J. CARONE
MILTON W. CORN
RALPH FILIPPELLI
ROBERT E. GARRETT
NIELS H. LARSEN
HAROLD E. LOY
DAVID L. MAYBERRY
GEORGE 'BILL' MCCOY SR.
ROBERT L. SHEPHERD
DONALD E. VANDERVORT
DONALD D. WALKER
ROBERT V. WEST
HARVEY B. WHITTAKER
RICHARD L. WOODARD
ROBERT L. YOUNG

INDIANA

ERNIE BAKER
LOUIS R. CAMPOS
EDWARD L. JUSTICE JR.

IOWA

JOE B. MEWHIRTER
ROBERT D. POPENHAGEN

DONALD J. SCHNURR

KANSAS

LESTER W. WURM

KENTUCKY

ROBERT G. GARNER SR.

LOUISIANA

RICHARD C. COBB
MALCOLM A. JACOB JR.
ROBERT P. SCHMITZ

MARYLAND

JOSEPH F. ALLEN
MATTHEW C. BRIDGES
JOSEPH R. ROBISON

MASSACHUSETTS

BARBARA CARRINGTON
ROBERT H. O'GARA
ROBERT D. RHEAUME
GEORGE E. WHAPHAM

MICHIGAN

STANLEY J. BOZICH
DUANE E. BRANCH
JOHN B. BRESLIN
CHARLES V. BRINKLEY
DANNY L. BRISTOL
HOWARD E. BROWN
ANDY G. DARGIE
BUCK DAWSON
LESTER DEPREE
ROBERT J. MARANTIC
JULIUS J. RICHARD
RICHARD SAWICKI
EDWARD A. SCHEIDEL
LYLE J. SUMMERFIELD

MINNESOTA

LEO A. GAU
RICHARD M. HALL
JOHN D. KING

MISSOURI

MARTIN J. 'JOE' CAWLEY
HERBERT W. COZORT
DONALD L. FUGATE
EUGENE STARK
DAVID L. SWINNEY

MONTANA

EUGENE L. LAVEY

NEVADA

HARLAND A. MINSHEW
HENRY K. SAWICKI
MICHAEL D. YBARRA JR.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

JOSEPH G. WILLETTE

NEW JERSEY

ALPHONS J. CAMPBELL
JOHN J. CARTY
JOSEPH W. DUH
WILLIAM J. FARRELL
PERRY N. GEORGINSON
GEORGE T. JOB
MICHAEL PEDULLA
NSALVATORE A. SORICE

OLIVER J. WALLACE

NEW YORK

DOMINICK J. ANFITEATRO
ELIAS AROUT
DANIEL J. BERNARDI
JAMES L. BROWN
DONALD J. BURNS
THOMAS D. CICALLELLI
MILTON L. CLAY
EDWARD FERDINANDO
MICHAEL J. HARTE
ROBERT J. HODKINSON
BERNARD HOGANSON
PHILIP D. HOWLETT
JOSEPH IANNUZZI
CLEMENT LAGO
ROBERT W. 'RED' LEE JR.
HENRY E. NOWICKI
ROBERT P. O'BRIEN
DONALD D. PAIGE JR.
RONALD R. ROHDE
WILLIAM C. ROWE
NICHOLAS J. SCALI
JOSEPH J. SCHNEIDER
R. THOMAS STRONG
MALVIN S. TARKIN
JOSEPH THAXTON
JOSEPH R. VITULLI
RICHARD L. WILLIAMS

NORTH CAROLINA

WALTER J. DOMROE
JULIUS Z. FARAGO
JAMES A. LOOR SR.
WILLIAM H. MEANOR
THOMAS B. O'DONNELL
ROY SCHWARZ
ARTHUR W. VASSOLL
RALPH C. WORKMAN

OHIO

BILL D. BACK
JAMES T. BOHNSACK
ROBERT H. BROTHERS
EMIL J. CICCÌ
JACK L. CROY
DILLON D. DIEGEL
PAT A. DILONARDO
DONALD J. DISTEL
VINCENT J. DOMINGUEZ
EDGAR O. ESTEP
CHARLES GILES
JAMES W. GILLIS
EDWARD L. GLOCK
CLYDE C. HALSEY
VIRGINIA L. KILLIN
HAROLD B. KITTS JR.
RAINER E. 'RAY' KORTE
DANIEL N. MACLEAN
JONATHAN L. MILLER
ROBERT D. 'BOB' PERKINS
TIMOTHY M. PETRIC
ROBERT G. PFEIFFENBERGER

RAYMOND R. RANCOURT
BRANDON G. SCHNORF JR.
JAMES C. THOMSON
ERNEST G. VITORI
LEONARD L. ZIESSLER

OKLAHOMA

EUGENE F. PERSINGER
WILLIE G. STATON
WILLIAM R. WOLF

OREGON

ROBERT J. GELHAR

PENNSYLVANIA

ELWOOD H. AUSTIN
HARVEY J. BOMBERGER
ANDY C. CAMPBELL
CHARLES W. COCHRAN
EARL E. KILLEN
WILLIAM B. MEREDITH
MICHAEL POLISANO
BARBARA E. RACEY
JOHN M. SKELLY
CARL J. SPENCER
RICHARD F. TRAUGER
GEORGE N. VURDELJA
EDWARD M. WEISER
ROBERT L. WICHTERMAN

RHODE ISLAND

JOSEPH RICHARD CHARLAND
KENNETH L. DICKIE
JOHN O. KEENAN
IRENE M. MERCER
JOHN I. SALISBURY

SOUTH CAROLINA

WILLIAM R. RUSSELL

SOUTH DAKOTA

CHARLES BOWAR

TENNESSEE

GEORGE JERRY ADCOCK
FRED M. LAMON JR.

TEXAS

JIMMY L. CHAVEZ
DOYLE W. DYKES
DAVID ESPINOZA
GEORGE C. KRAUS
RICHARD A. 'DICK' LETHE
BILLY J. 'JACK' MCCOY

VIRGINIA

HORACE L. BOWMAN
RALPH MARTIN JR.
JOHN R. PEMBER
RICHARD J. PHILLIPO
MILLARD F. PIPPIN JR.

WASHINGTON

DOUGLAS E. BRACKENBROUGH
LYLE B. LEAVITT

WISCONSIN

CHARLES J. CREASER
RAYMOND G. PAHLE

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 # _____

Please Check One:	<input type="checkbox"/> Regular Member (<input type="checkbox"/> KATUSA?)	<input type="checkbox"/> Regular Life Member (<input type="checkbox"/> KATUSA?)	<input type="checkbox"/> Associate Member	<input type="checkbox"/> Medal Of Honor
<input type="checkbox"/> Ex-POW			<input type="checkbox"/> Gold Star Spouse/Parent	<input type="checkbox"/> 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 _____

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: _____

CRITERIA FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE KOREAN WAR VETERANS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Section 1. Qualifications of Members. Membership in this Association shall consist of Regular, Associate and Honorary Members. No person shall be excluded from membership because of race, color, creed, sex, national or ethnic origin, or physical or mental disability, as long as the individual meets the criteria of service requirements as stipulated below. Only Regular Members as defined in A. below have a vote in National or Department matters.

A. Regular Members.

1. **Service in the United States Armed Forces.** Any person who has seen honorable service in any of the Armed Forces of the United States, defined as Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force and Coast Guard, is eligible for membership if:
 - a. Said service was within Korea including territorial waters and airspace at any time, September 3, 1945 to Present, or
 - b. Said service was outside of Korea, June 25, 1950 to January 31, 1955.
2. **Medal of Honor.** Any KWVA Member, who is a Medal of Honor recipient, is eligible for free life membership. A signed statement of their eligibility for membership [Application Form page 2] must be provided for approval.
3. **Prisoner of War.** Any person held as a prisoner of war by the North Koreans, Chinese, or Russian forces during and after the period of hostilities from June 25, 1950 forward is eligible for free life membership. A signed statement of their eligibility for membership [Application Form page 2] must be provided for approval.
4. **Gold Star Parents.** Any parent whose son/daughter was killed in action, or was missing in action, or died as a prisoner of war during the Korean War (June 25, 1950 to the present) is eligible for free life membership. A signed statement of their eligibility for membership [Application Form page 2] must be provided for approval.
5. **Gold Star Spouses.** Any person whose spouse was killed in action, missing in action, or died as a prisoner of war during the Korean War (June 25, 1950 to the present) is eligible for free life membership. A signed statement of their eligibility for membership [Application Form page 2] must be provided for approval.

B. Associate Members.

1. Must not be eligible for Regular membership.
2. Any person with a legitimate interest in the affairs of this Association and who wishes to support its aims, and not being eligible for Regular Membership; and who agrees to accept the terms and conditions set forth in the KWVA Charter and its Bylaws and Standard Procedure Manual, shall be eligible for Associate Membership in the Association. A signed statement of their eligibility for membership [Application Form page 2] must be provided for approval.

C. Honorary Members. Any person of good character may be elected as Honorary Member by vote by the Board of Directors. A signed statement of their eligibility for membership [Application Form page 2] must be provided for approval.

D. Ineligible. Any person who has been separated from the service of the Armed Forces of the United States under conditions other than honorable shall be ineligible for membership in this Association.

WEB SITE: www.kwva.org

Adopted 10/26/2009, R4 Approved 10/27/2012

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
C/O MILITARY HISTORICAL TOURS
13198 CENTERPOINTE WAY STE #202
WOODBIDGE, VA 22193-5285**

**Phone: 703-590-1295 or 800-722-9501
Fax: 703-590-1292
e-mail: mhtours@miltours.com
Website: www.miltours.com**

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.

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.

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 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.

Typical Korea Revisit 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 opportunity. 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.

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_arthur_g@sbcglobal.net**

MOH from page 69

been packed in from the factory.

When we started down the northwest slope of Elko, I fired my gun, but it would not work. I tried frantically to adjust the head space, but it still would not work. I tossed it aside and picked up an M1 rifle that someone had dropped and proceeded down into the valley between Elko and Carson.

About halfway across the valley towards Carson, 1st Lt. Dwight Kirk was severely wounded. An artillery round had ripped away the back of his neck and the back of his right thigh and he was bleeding profusely. I tried to carry him, but he was too heavy for me alone so I asked one of my squad members to help me.

If I remember correctly, his name was John Klosterboer. He was a big fellow, over six feet tall and heavy set. We had Lt. Kirk lying face up. I had him by the left shoulder and John held him by his right shoulder. About half way up the western slope of Elko, as I was looking over to my left, I saw another member of my squad, Schuyler B. Cole, standing up looking towards Carson when he was hit across the chest with machine gun bullets and killed. Schuyler had been a guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldiers in Arlington National Cemetery in Virginia and had volunteered to come to Korea, where sadly he lost his life.

Just as John and I, still carrying Lt. Kirk, reached the crest of Elko, a mortar round landed to John's left. It ripped a hole in his left arm just below the shoulder, and his blood began to gush out with each beat of his heart. John turned all white, sank to his knees, and fell over.

I tried to put a bandage over the wound, but I found out later that the only way to stop that blood flow would have been to apply pressure to the main artery under the arm. Some medics arrived and took Lt. Kirk and John. I found out many years later on the internet that Lt.

Kirk died, but I do not know how John made out as he had lost so much blood.

I found a M1919 A1 machine gun that had been lost by the 1st squad. It was set up in the assault mode with a bipod and a shoulder stock. It was old and used, but it worked just fine. There was a bunker at the west end of the east-west trench on the south slope of Elko. Our company executive officer, a 1st lieutenant whose name I do not remember, and an old sergeant from World War II were in the bunker. They had a view of the valley between Elko and Carson, but they could not see to the east, the north slope of Elko.

I began to concentrate my fire on the crest of Elko as the Chinese came over the top at us. Noting my fire, others began to pass boxes they found of machine gun ammunition to me. One of the boxes was very light. When I opened it I was surprised to find it was someone's supply of cigarettes.

I was almost as pleased to find them as the bullets. With my frayed nerves, I began to chain smoke them. I picked up a small caliber hand gun and shoulder holster from one of the dead Turkish soldiers lying in the trench and a sub-machine gun (burp gun) from a dead Chinese soldier.

As night fell our situation was feeling very desperate. I vowed to myself that I was going to fight to my last bullet, including my 45 caliber side arm. Fortunately, the 1st Lieutenant in the bunker to my left got the word from our Divisional Commander, Major General Sam T. Williams, and 1st Corps Commander Lt. General Bruce C. Clarke to withdraw to the MLR. I am thankful that the Generals gave us the order to withdraw from Hill Elko. If we had stayed for the night, I'm sure we would have been overrun by the Chinese and I would have been killed or captured.

I think that wrapped up in the General's decision was the rational-

KOREAN WAR PROJECT REMEMBRANCE



1LT DWIGHT ALLAN KIRK

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS
14TH INFANTRY REGIMENT
HQ CO 1 BN
25TH INFANTRY DIVISION
ARMY
HOSTILE, DIED (KIA)
REMAINS NOT RECOVERED
DATE OF LOSS: MAY 29, 1953
SERVICE NUMBER: O-0065912
BORN: DECEMBER 17, 1929

KOREAN WAR PROJECT REMEMBRANCE



CPL SCHUYLER BARRY COLE

14TH INFANTRY REGIMENT
B CO 1 BN
25TH INFANTRY DIVISION
ARMY
HOSTILE, DIED (KIA)
DATE OF LOSS: MAY 29, 1953
SERVICE NUMBER: RA15479250
BORN: JANUARY 16, 1932
HOME OR PLACE OF ENLISTMENT
CINCINNATI, OHIO

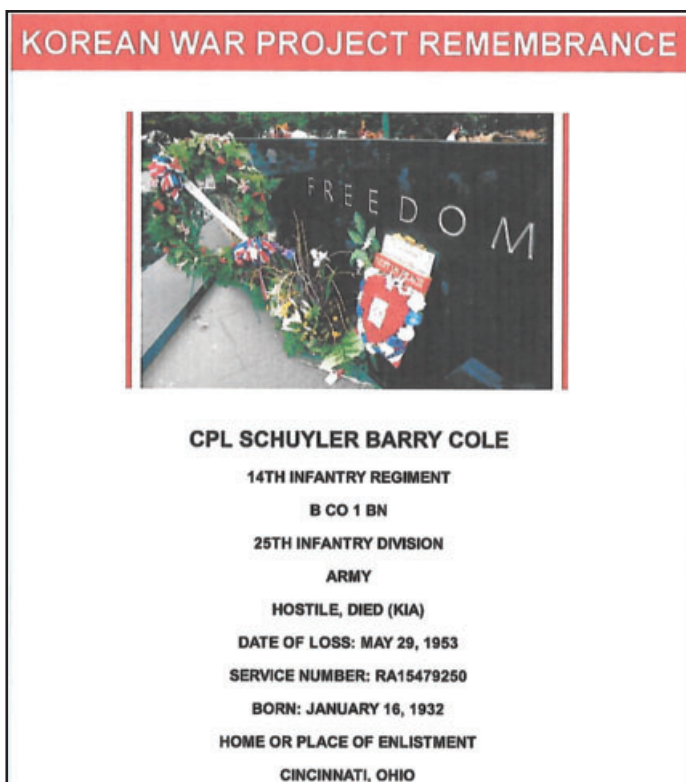
ization that if the Chinese wanted those hills that bad they could have them, but they were going to pay a high price. The next day the hills were hit with intense artillery, air strikes, and 16-inch shells from a battleship off the west coast of Korea. They were turned into big piles of dirt and blood.

The Lieutenant asked me to pass the word down the trench and the twenty of us began a single-file withdrawal back towards the MLR. Just as we safely reached the MLR someone in the cold night air did a loud nose snuffle and those of us that heard it thought it was an incoming artillery round and we fell to the ground. When we realized what it really was, we got to our feet and were told to move farther to the rear and find somewhere to get some rest.

In the dark we stumbled into a large tent, which we learned was a Turkish kitchen tent. A Turkish major came in and started screaming at us to get out. Our Lieutenant told him that we were exhausted from the two-day battle and we were going to rest there, like it or not. I lay down on top of one of the food preparation tables in the center of the tent, but I realized that my blood soaked boots smelled so bad that I had to take them off and throw them outside the tent.

We got some rest and in the morning we were driven by truck back to our previous bivouac area, which had been disassembled. I lost all of my personal belongings that had been left behind on the 28th. I was given a clean, but not very well fitting, field uniform to replace my blood-soaked clothes. I was ordered to report to the parade grounds, where I was given a medal (Bronze Star with the Letter V device) by Major General Williams.

My memories of my remaining two months in Korea are somewhat sketchy. I do not remember what I did with the Turkish handgun I had picked up. Did I sell or give it to someone? I remember that I



sailed by troopship from Incheon, Korea to San Francisco, California and from there traveled by troop train to Fort Sheridan, Illinois, where I was discharged from the U.S. Army on September 5, 1953.

Edgar W. May, 54649 Starlite Dr., Shelby Township, MI 48316, 586-781-3291, emay586@comcast.net

Where were you on July 27th, 1953?

Times Square times 2—or more

I served in Korea from September 1952 to September 1953 as Battalion Wire Chief of the 1st Bn., 1st Marines. My unit was on line July 27, 1953.

As night approached the fighting intensified and darkness was not to be until 10 p.m., when all fighting ceased. It is my understanding that the armistice was signed at 8 a.m., on July 27th, but the fighting wasn't scheduled to stop until 10 p.m.

As telephone wiremen we were back and forth across our unit's position making sure telephone communications were operable.

Two situations that remain in my memory bank today are as follows:

(A) I observed a line commanding officer being relieved after only a few minutes due to casualties.

(B) I can still see one of our small single engine planes flying in front of our unit dropping flares so that our guys would have a clear view of what the enemy was doing as well as to pinpoint our targets.

Then at 10 p.m., right on schedule, all fighting ceased and it was so dark it was scary. If I am correct, if we had been knocked from that position, the DMZ would not be where it is today.

One of the best comparisons I can give regarding the night of July 27, 1953 would be to watch the New York City's New Year's Eve

fireworks display, then multiply said display 3 or 4 times.

James M. Tucker (FMR. Staff Sgt. U.S.M.C. 1950 -1953), 10238 E Spring Creek Rd., Sun Lakes AZ 85248

Sweet words: "You can do the repair tomorrow"

I was with the 319th FIS at K-13, just outside of Suwon, approximately twenty miles south of Seoul. Two of us were replacing a heat exchanger on an F94B. The process meant a lot of things had to be done.

First, it had to be chocked in place. Then, all the air intakes had to be closed and the 40mm beneath the pilot's seat had to be safety pinned by the ordinance people. Finally, a "cherry picker" had to remove the canopy.

The exchanger was located beneath the radar pilot's seat in the rear cockpit. That seat and the cockpit floor had to be removed. All that had to be done on a very hot day, with the temperature above 100 degrees. We placed a tarp above us to provide some relief.

At about 11 a.m. the line chief came by and told us the war was over. He added that we should put aside our tools and join the celebration. "We can do the repair tomorrow," he said.

We were two happy airmen, believe me.

Roland P. Walsh, 592 Gilia Pl., Spring Creek, NV 89815



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CAMP PENDLETON, Calif. (Sept. 12, 2020) Marine Corps Cpl. Jack McClure, left, and retired Marine Corps Sgt. Maj. Martin Vasquez, both Korean War veterans, stand for the National Anthem of the United States during the 70th Anniversary of Operation Chromite on Marine Corps Base Camp Pendleton, California, Sept. 12, 2020. Operation Chromite was a codename given for the surprise amphibious landing at the strategic port of Inchon on September 15, 1950. The ceremony was held to honor distinguished guests and commemorate the sacrifices of 1st Marine Division Korean War veterans during the grueling battle. (U.S. Marine Corps photo by Cpl. Alexa M. Hernandez)