

America's Forgotten Victory!

KOREA VETERANS

The Graybeards

Official Publication of

THE KOREAN WAR VETERANS ASSOCIATION

March-April 2022

Vol. 36, No. 2



America's Forgotten Victory!

The Graybeards

Official Publication of
THE KOREAN WAR VETERANS ASSOCIATION

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



The *Graybeards* is the official publication of the Korean War Veterans Association (KWVA). It is published six times a year for members and private distribution. Subscriptions available for \$30.00/year (see address below).

MAILING ADDRESS FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS:
Administrative Assistant, P.O. Box 407, Charleston, IL 61920-0407. **MAILING ADDRESS TO SUBMIT MATERIAL:**
Graybeards Editor, 2473 New Haven Circle, Sun City Center, FL 33573-7141.

MAILING ADDRESS OF THE KWVA: P.O. Box 407, Charleston, IL 61920-0407. **WEBSITE:** <http://www.kwva.us>

We Honor Founder William T. Norris

Editor

Arthur G. Sharp
2473 New Haven Circle
Sun City Center, FL 33573-7141
Ph: 813-614-1326
sharp_arthur_g@sbcglobal.net

Publisher

Gerald W. Wadley, Ph.D.
Finisterre Publishing Inc.
3 Black Skimmer Ct
Beaufort, SC 29907
finisterre@islc.net

Membership Office

Address Changes, Corrections, & All Membership Questions

Sheila Fritts
Membership Administrative Assistant
PO Box 407
Charleston, IL 61920-0407
Ph: 217-345-4414
Membership@kwva.us

Webmaster

Jim Doppelhammer
Double Hammer Computer Services
430 W. Lincoln Ave.
Charleston, IL 61920-1471
Ph: 217-512-9474
webmaster@kwva.us

National Headquarters

President

Jeffrey J. Brodeur
7472 Moorgate Point Way
Naples, FL 34113
Ph: 617-997-3148
Kvmane@aol.com

Immediate Past President (Vacant)

1st Vice President

Albert H. McCarthy
770 Salisbury St #203
Worcester, MA 0160-1166
Ph: 508-277-7300 (C)
mccarthy.albert@live.com

2nd Vice President

Thomas M. McHugh
217 Seymour RD
Hackettstown, NJ 07840-1001
Ph: 908-852-1964
tmchugh@msn.com

Secretary

Harold Trieber
573 NW Montevina Dr
Port Saint Lucie, FL 34986 |
Ph: 561-568-9347
HaroldSki302@aol.com

Assistant Secretary Bobbie L. Williams

11398 SW Fieldstone Way
Port Saint Lucie, FL 34987
Ph: 540-429-2057
answerthecall4u@gmail.com

Treasurer

Joseph L. Harman LR36534
430 W Lincoln Ave
Charleston IL 61920-3021
Ph: 541-752-5588
treasurer@kwva.us

Assistant Treasurer (Vacant)

Directors

Term 2019-2022

Thomas E. Cacy
18330 Emerald Forest Dr.
San Antonio, TX 78259
Ph: 210-287-9200
PastorCacy8@gmail.com

John R. McWaters
2075 Callaway Dr
The Villages, FL 32162-4388
Ph: 352-445-9316
genjon@thevillages.net

Bernard A. Smith
247 Laws Brook Rd Apt 313
Concord, MA 01742-2087
Ph: 978-369-6679
Cell: 617-429-3309
oldref@comcast.net

Term 2020-2023

Eddie L. Bell Sr.
1105 Craig St
Copperas Cove, TX 76522-3206
Ph: 254-661-4673
eddiebell858@gmail.com

Michele M. Bretz
81 Windy Park Way
Candler, NC 28715
Ph: 828-989-8286
paintedneedle@aol.com

Douglas W. Voss
503 Cummings Ave. NW
Grand Rapids, MI 49534-3485
Ph: 616-735-4120
Cell: 616-250-2993
dwn123@aol.com

Term 2021-2024

Richard J. Dauncas
36 Buttonwood Rd
Voorhees NJ 08043-2002
(856) 264-0960
kwvanjcd@gmail.com

Bruce R. "Rocky" Harder
1047 Portugal Dr
Stafford VA 22554-2025
540-659-0252
Harderbr@aol.com

L.T. "Tim" Whitmore
5625 Canterbury Ln
Suffolk VA 23435-1605
757-483-9784
Twit35@gmail.com

Appointed/Assigned Staff

Judge Advocate
William B. 'Bill' Burns
187A Bennett Rd
Camillus, NY 13031
Ph: 315-487-1750
bgliam@aol.com

National Sgt. at Arms
Timothy C. Smith
2405 Wild Onion Ct.
North Las Vegas, NV 89030-4721
978-921-6219; Cell: 978-758-0532
tangoe7@aol.com

National Insurance Director

Albert H. McCarthy
1770 Salisbury St #203
Worcester, MA 0160-1166
Ph: 508-277-7300 (C)
mccarthy.albert@live.com

National Legislative Director

Michele M. Bretz (See Directors)

National Legislative Assistant

Douglas W. Voss (See Sgt at Arms)

National Veterans Service Officer (VSO)

Richard "Rocky" Hernandez Sr.
114 Daffodil Dr.
Killeen, TX 76542-1819
Ph: 254-702-1009, rhernandez7@hotmail.com

National VAVS Director

Eddie L. Bell Sr. (See Directors)

Delegate to VA VSO Committee

Albert H. McCarthy (See 1st VP)

POW/MIA Coordinator

Bruce "Rocky" Harder
1047 Portugal Dr.
Stafford, VA 22554-2025
Ph: 540-659-0252, harderbr@aol.com

KWVA Liaison to Canadian KVA

Warren Wiedhahn

KKWVA Liaison to KDVA

Rocky Harder (See Directors)

KWVA Co-Liaisons to Wash. DC

Bruce Harder (See Directors)
Warren Wiedhahn

National Chaplain Emeritus

John W. 'Jack' Keep
3416 Mountain Rd
Front Royal, VA 22630-8720
Ph: 540-631-9213
jkeepsr@centurylink.net

National Chaplain

Paul K. Kim
254 Concord Ave.
Cambridge MA 02138-1337
617 877-1930
paulkim.hope@gmail.com

KWVA Committees

Budget/Finance Committee

Bruce Harder, Chairman
Joe Harman
Bernard A. Smith
Tom McHugh
Albert H. McCarthy

Bylaws Committee

Rick Dauncas, Chairman
Michele M. Bretz
Albert H. McCarthy
Thomas M. McHugh

Membership/Recruiting Committee

Albert H. McCarthy, Chairman
Harold Trieber
John R. 'Roger' Ubaldi
Stephen Szekely
James Doppelhammer

Elections Committee

Michele M. Bretz, Co-Chairman
Thomas E. Cacy, Co-Chairman
Thomas M. Kirby
Carlos A Vela

Resolutions Committee

L.T. "Tim" Whitmore, Chairman
5625 Canterbury Ln
Suffolk VA 23435-1605
757-483-9784
Twit35@gmail.com

Tell America Committee

John R. McWaters, Chairman
Larry C. Kinard, Asst. Chairman
Thomas E. Cacy
Wilfred E. 'Bill' Lack
Douglas M. Voss

Return Visits Committee

Warren H. Wiedhahn, Chairman

Ethics and Grievance Committee

Steve Szekely, Chairman
Rich Staibaum, Asst. Chairman
Don Sherry

National Ceremonies Committee

Thomas M. McHugh, Co-Chairman
Albert H. McCarthy, Co-Chairman
Bruce Harder
Brendan Cullinan
Raymond H. Glock

Awards Committee

Harold Trieber, Chairman

Scholarship Committee

John R. McWaters

Committee on Missions/Visions

Larry C. Kinard, Chairman
Narce Caliva
Jeffery J. Brodeur
Thomas W. Stevens
Douglas W. Voss

Public Relations

Harold Trieber, Secretary
James A. Doppelhammer
Arthur Sharp
Gerald W. Wadley, Ph.D.

Korea Defense Veterans Memorial Committee

Thomas M. McHugh, Chairman
Jeffery J. Brodeur
Albert H. McCarthy
Douglas W. Voss

Membership Records Management

Jacob L. Feaster, Supervisor
James A. Doppelhammer, Database Mgmt
Sheila Fritts, Admin Asst.

Events Committee

Albert H. McCarthy, Chairman
Harold Trieber
Donald E. Louder
Thomas M. McHugh
Charles R. Travers

Public Affairs Coordinator

Fred Lash
fredanddonnalash@verizon.net

See detailed list of committees at WWW.KWVA.US



From the President

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

We are doing very well on our National fundraiser and already have \$55,000 within three weeks. KWVA National 2nd Vice President Tom McHugh has perfected the fundraiser over the years and brought in almost \$600,000 to date. Tom's expertise in conducting our fundraiser has become a big source of our income. We need every dime we can get.

Prices have gone up all over America, especially postage and paper in our case, which primarily affects our outstanding Graybeards magazine. We have not raised dues in 17 years, which is astounding, considering I just paid 60 dollars for my American Legion dues. Think about it: for \$25.00 per member per year, we do a lot nationally and with the chapters. And, we have the best VSO magazine in America. I believe we have been true to our members.

In case the news has not trickled down the chapters or membership, if you are 80 years or older, you can become a KWVA Life Member for \$75.00. You cannot beat that price for Life Membership. If there are members in the chapter who are not National members, they need to be. You are short-changing yourself and the KWVA.

I and the KWVA office have received many calls from our members stating they are very happy the way the KWVA is running. Pound for pound, I believe we are the best VSO in America. KWVA national voting is underway: please vote. The labels came separately from the ballots on a post-card. Just place your label on the ballot, which is in our magazine, and mail it.

We will be going to Fort Benning, Georgia for our National Board of Directors Meeting on April 4-6. We will be conducting KWVA Business and discussing many subjects, including our National Membership Meeting in San Antonio, Texas in October. The Ft. Benning Infantry Museum will be displaying the new MOH Colonel Ralph Puckett and Allen Cashe MOH flags.

Our website and Facebook page continues to bring in new KWVA members, products, and donations weekly. The activities from the meeting will be posted on both our

...if you are 80 years or older, you can become a KWVA Life Member for \$75.00. You cannot beat that price ...

website and Facebook page. I need the chapters to send in any pictures of their activities so I can put them on our National Facebook page. We can get the chapters exposure and hopefully new members.

We have a new vendor for our KWVA products. The KWVA logo will be a lot crisper on our shirts and hats. We want to get the KWVA brand out to the public. I talk to many people who say they never heard of the KWVA. We have not been marketed properly and I believe it has hurt our numbers.

In this day and age all the VSOs are fighting for members. Our KWVA National Facebook page has 62,000 likes and gets thousands of likes on the articles and ceremonies we post on the page. I started the page with 467 likes in December of 2017. I believe we have made a lot of headway, represented the KWVA professionally, and kept costs down for the members.

Everybody is a recruiter. Call the KWVA

National Membership Secretary Shelia Fritts and ask for some applications and magazines at no charge. Strategically place them in VFW Posts, Legion Posts, and VA Hospitals.

I just attended the KWVA Del Ray Beach Chapter 17 and was very impressed with all the ceremonies and events they attended. (Photos on p. 32.) They donate a lot of money to the community, including the Boynton Beach Veterans Council, Honor Flight, Fisher House, and the VA Hospital for the Homeless. I am impressed with Chapter 17's dedication to its community and the members represent the KWVA proudly. I hope other chapters can emulate their professionalism.

Every vehicle in the parking lot had a KWVA decal on it or a decal or license plate that said Korea on it. Great job KWVA Chapter 17!

I am honored to lead the KWVA!

Jeffrey J. Brodeur, KWVA National President

Fallout in Barre, VT

Re Editor "The Graybeards" Jan.-Feb. 2022 issue, p. 9, Ref: "We" are the government; act accordingly"

I was pleased to read your comments on The Editor's Desk relating to the controversy of flying the American flag over Main Street (page 30) in Barre, VT. The request from a navy veteran to display the flag in recognition of the lives lost in the 9/11 terrorist bombing of World Trade Center was objected to by two of the six council members, including a 'Woke' lady member, whose personal philosophy found viewing the flag repulsive and a male who had monetary support from a 'George Soros' out-of-town group. So there was no action taken by the then inexperienced wavering mayor, despite what should have been a 4-2 council approval.

Now an epilogue or, as Paul Harvey would have said, "The rest of the story."

The lady "WOKE" member chose not to run for re-election as constituents from her ward voiced their displeasure and were going to petition for her recall from council. The dissenting male ran for his continuing seat on the council and won by two votes over the veteran who was the originator of the flag request.

The veteran asked for a recount and was denied by city clerk, so he took it to court based on possible machine tabulator malfunction. He was denied again, so he took the case all the way to the Vermont Supreme Court and lost again. (Sounds familiar.)

The prior six-term mayor who had done so much positive progress for Barre would have easily won again but his positive philosophy was to run as a council member (back to the trenches) where he could 'rub elbows or knock heads as needed' instead of being mayor and "Preaching to The Choir." It has worked so far!

Wayne Pelkey, wpelkey@charter.net

COVER: PEARL HARBOR, Hawaii (Nov. 30, 2021) Adm. Samuel Paparo, commander U.S. Pacific Fleet, visited the Republic of Korea (ROK) Navy Cruise Training Task Group (ROKN CTTG) aboard the Chungmugong Yi Sun-si-class destroyer ROKS Wang Geon (DDH-978) during a port visit on Joint Base Pearl Harbor-Hickam. Paparo visited the Wang Geon to reaffirm and strengthen the partnership between the ROK-U.S. alliance and promote our shared values of democracy, freedom of navigation and maritime security. (U.S. Navy photo by Mass Communication Specialist 1st Class Jessica Gray)



8



28



41



69

CONTENTS

Business

From the President	3
From the Secretary	6
From the Desk of the National Legislative Director	7
Thanks for Supporting The Graybeards and the KWVA	27
Official Membership Application Form	73

Features & Articles

Home for Christmas Offensive 1950	10
Every Ten Years... ..	22
The Shot-gun Rider	26
Images of Korea	28
Memories of Korea	41
The Adventures of a Marine Machine Gunner	42
War Orphans and Their Benefactors	52
YUCK!.....	54
Prayers on the Perimeter: Part II	62
Army Casserole: 'I was hungry and you gave me food...'	69

Departments

KWVA Online Store	5
The Editor's Desk	9
A Word from the National Chaplain	17
Quests & Queries	20
Tell America	26
Chapter & Department News	32
Feedback/Return Fire	58
MIAs ID'd	67
Last Call	78
Welcome Aboard	79

News & Notes

Commemorative Service Medal for Atomic Veterans	7
KWVA Member Monica Stoy Participates in Wreaths Across America at Arlington National Cemetery	8
What happened to the Korean War Museum?	18
We never saw that kid again	19
DD-214s now available on line	19
Korean War Veterans Association (KWVA) Scholarship.....	20
Announcing the 2022 KWVA Fundraiser	24
Humor in Korea	24
Korea: a visit to remember	31
Outpost International, Society of the 3rd Infantry Division Honor 3rd Infantry Division Korean War History	37
Tomahawk Post Office renamed after Einar 'Sarge' H. Ingman Jr. 38	
Did You Know the Most Recent Recipient of the MOH Served in Korea?.....	40
Merry Christmas	40
DRiving in Korea	53
Painter and the President	57
The Walk With My Father	61
The War in Korea.....	69
Poetry from a British Soldier	70
Ref-you-gee Bucky	71
Book Sale Challenge	72
3 Brothers were sent to Korea	76
We who salute you	79

KWVA Online Store

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

Shirts 100% polyester



Shirts M - XL \$32 XXL \$37



\$52.95



Windbreaker Style Jackets



Freedom Is Not Free Hats \$16 ea

New! Key Fobs
\$6.95



Dress Hats \$22



Freedom
Coin \$10



Window
Klings \$3



Decal \$5
3 for \$10



Patches
\$7.50 ea



GENERAL USE



ALTERNATE LOGO

GENERAL USE



1990'S LOGO

LADIES



Pins \$7.50 ea

Postage for pins \$9.20
any size order



From the Secretary

Harold Trieber



The Washington Monument

One of the details that is never mentioned is that in Washington D.C. there can never be a building of greater height than the Washington Monument. With all the uproar about removing the Ten Commandments and other historical statues, I am reminded about the historical and amazing information about the aluminum cap on the top of the Washington Monument. On it are displayed two words: LAUS DEO.

No one can see these words. In fact, most visitors to the monument are totally unaware they are even there and, for that matter, couldn't care less. Once you know "Laus Deo's" history, you will want to share this information. These words have been there for many years: they are 555 feet, 5.125 inches high, perched atop the monument facing skyward to the father of our nation, overlooking the 69 square miles which comprise the District of Columbia, Capital of the United States.

Laus Deo! Two seemingly insignificant, unnoticed words. Out of sight and one might think, out of mind, but very meaningfully placed at the highest point over what is the most powerful city in the most successful nation in the world. So, what do those two words, in Latin, composed of just four syllables and only seven letters, possibly mean? Very simply, they say "Praise be to God."

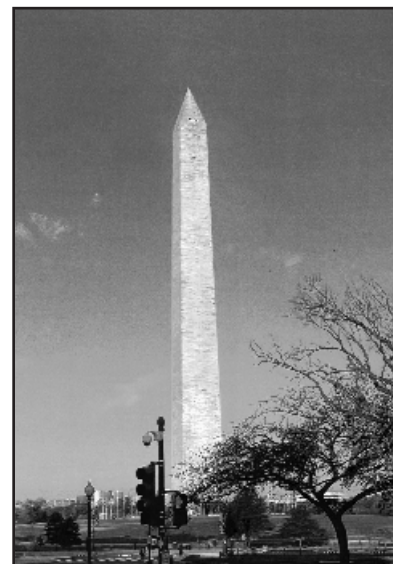
Though construction of this giant obelisk began in 1848, when James Polk was President of the United States, it was not until 1888 that the monument was inaugurated and open to the public. It took twenty-five years to finally cap the memorial with a tribute to the father of our nation: Laus Deo "Praise be to God!"

From atop this magnificent granite and marble structure, visitors may take in the beautiful panoramic view of the city with its division into four major segments. From that vantage point, one can also easily see the original plan of the designer, Pierre Charles L'Enfant: a perfect cross imposed upon the landscape, with the White House to the north. The Jefferson Memorial is to the south, the capital to the east and the Lincoln Memorial to the west.

With all the uproar about removing the Ten Commandments and other historical statues, I am reminded about the historical and amazing information about the aluminum cap on the top of the Washington Monument. On it are displayed two words: LAUS DEO.

A cross, you ask? Why a Cross? What about separation of church and state? Yes, a cross. Separation of church and state was not, is not, in the Constitution. So, read on.

How interesting and, no doubt, intended to carry a profound meaning for those who bother to notice. When the cornerstone of the Washington Monument was laid on July 4th, 1848, deposited within it were many items, including the Holy Bible presented by the Bible Society. Such was the discipline, the moral direction, and the spiritual mood given by the founder and first president of our unique democracy. "ONE NATION UNDER GOD."



The Washington Monument

Harold Trieber,
KWVA National Secretary

Reunion Calendar: 2022

NOTE: Some contributors 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.

MAY

5thMarDiv Assoc., 72nd Annual Reunion, May 11-15, San Diego, CA. Kathy Tinsley, 619-770-0257, finally@cox.net

Marine Expeditionary Brigade-Afghanistan Task Force Leatherneck (2009-2010), 10-Year Reunion, May 13-15, Marine Corps Base, Quantico, VA. Facebook.com/2dMEBAfghanistan

AUGUST

1st Marine Division Association. Aug. 13-22, Sheraton Pentagon City Hotel, 900 South Orme St., Arlington, VA, (703) 521-1900, Website: SheratonPentagonCity

SEPTEMBER

The Chosin Few, Sept 8-11, Hilton Crystal City at Washington Regan Nat'l Airport; Jerry Wadley, Headquarters@chosinfew.org; 843-379-1011

25th Inf. Div. Assn., Sept. 25-Oct. 2, Honolulu, HI. Sarah Krause, PO Box 7, Flourtown, PA 19031. Fax: 215-366-5707; email: TropicLtn@aol.com; website at www.25thida.org

OCTOBER

Korean War Veterans Assn., Details to be announced.



From the Desk of the National Legislative Director

Michele Bretz

Understanding the Life of a Bill

Sometimes we need to be reminded how legislation is formed and go back to the basics. I remember growing up and loved watching Saturday cartoons, especially Schoolhouse Rocks. I actually have a copy of these on CDs and can hear the tune in my head.

A new Congressional term starts every two years. Each term is divided into two sessions; each session lasts for one year. Any bill introduced during the two-year term will be “alive” until the term ends. January 3, 2022, started the second session of the 117th United States Congressional term.

A bill has a “shelf life” of two years. If a bill is not passed during the 2-year Congressional term, it becomes “dead.” This requires the legislation/bill to be reintroduced in the following new Congressional year. For example, today we are in the 2nd year of the 117th Congressional term. Any bill that does not pass in the second session (ending January 3, 2023), will need to be re-introduced the following Congressional term. It will also have

a new bill number and even perhaps different Congressional sponsors, original co-sponsor introducing the legislative effort.

For a piece of legislation to become a law, it must pass both chambers. Just because a piece of legislation has passed one chamber does not mean it will pass the other and become law. The bill then eventually goes to the President and he/she can still veto it and send it back for revision.

Learn more about our legislative process:

Schoolhouse Rock made animated educational musical short videos in the 1990s. To access one of my favorite YouTube videos of the Schoolhouse Rock’s films, “I’m just a bill,” click or enter into the computer <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HeYBZFEzf8>. You can skip the short advertisement (hit skip ad) prior to the Schoolhouse Rock video.

Reference: 2022.Hob Nob Blog Understanding Congressional Sessions and How They Work at <https://hobnobblog.com/2010/08/understanding-congressional-sessions-and-how-they-work/>

Reach Michele Bretz at paintedneedle@aol.com

Commemorative Service Medal for Atomic Veterans

For Decades, U.S. Veterans Exposed to Dangerous Radiation During Nuclear Weapons Testing Have Never Been Officially Recognized by the Pentagon; That has just changed.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Congressman Jim McGovern (D-MA) announced that he successfully secured the creation of an Atomic Veterans Commemorative Service Medal in the FY 2022 National Defense Authorization Act. This medal will honor the service and sacrifice of our nation’s Atomic Veterans.

This unique cohort of Veterans participated in hundreds of atmospheric nuclear weapons tests and became known as the Atomic Veterans. They were placed in extremely dangerous areas and were constantly exposed to radiation in performance of their duties. Sworn to secrecy, they could not even speak of their service to their doctors as many saw their health deteriorate. To date, 80% of these Veterans have passed away—yet the Pentagon has never formally honored them with the recognition they deserve. Thanks to McGovern’s advocacy, that’s about to change.

“Atomic Veterans were exposed to dangerous levels of radiation in performance of their duties, yet they have never been given the full respect and recognition they deserve,” said Congressman McGovern. “Sworn to silence for decades, these courageous and committed patriots paid a high price for their loyalty to our country. They kept their promise to America, and I am proud that they will now be given the acknowledgement they so richly deserve for their faithful service to our nation.”

McGovern has led the fight to recognize America’s Atomic Veterans for nearly a decade. After a meeting with Atomic Veteran Joe Mondello in his district in 2014, McGovern filed the Atomic Veterans Service Medal Act with Walter Jones, a Republican from North Carolina. McGovern later reintroduced



Troops in the vicinity of A-bomb testing

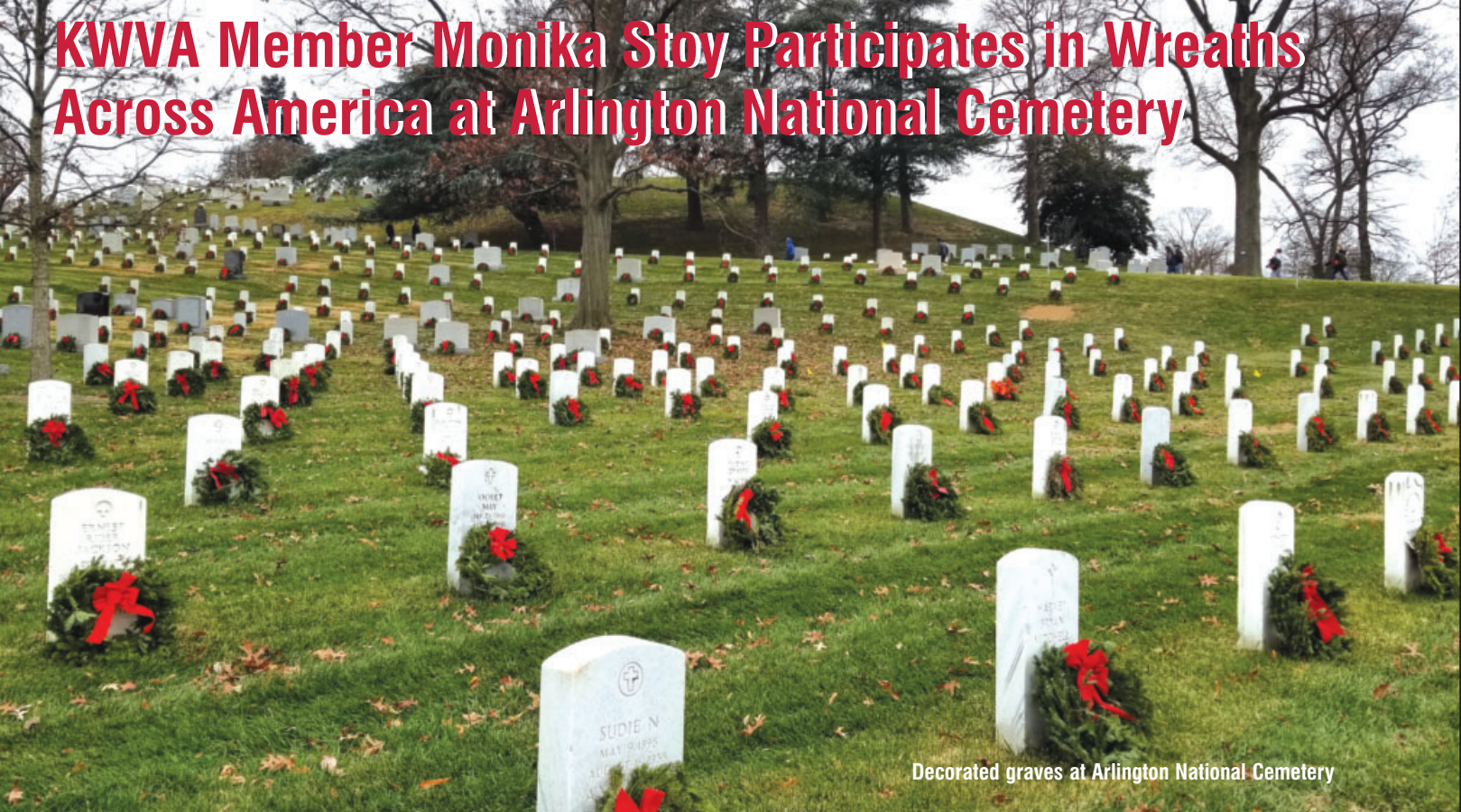
the bill with Republican Tom Emmer of Minnesota in 2017. He successfully secured passage through the House of Representatives defense authorization process numerous times, but the service medals were repeatedly blocked in the United States Senate.

His persistence paid off in 2020, when McGovern successfully secured a feasibility report through the National Defense Authorization Act and \$4 million for the creation and distribution of the service medal through the appropriations process. He then wrote to President Biden urging him to quickly recognize Atomic Veterans. Soon after, the Department of Defense informed Congress that a commemorative service medal was in the works.

“It has been a long, uphill climb to get this done, and there were moments where I wasn’t sure that it was going to happen. I’m glad that our persistence paid off, grateful to the Biden administration for helping us get this done, and proud that we did this with bipartisan support along the way,” said McGovern.

If an Atomic Veteran has passed away, their next of kin will be entitled to receive the medal.

KWVA Member Monika Stoy Participates in Wreaths Across America at Arlington National Cemetery



Decorated graves at Arlington National Cemetery



Tim Stoy and Mrs. Haesook Choi at Col. Bill Ryan's gravesite (L), Mrs. Haesook Choi and Monika Stoy with Col. John P. Geraci (C), and Tim Stoy and Mrs. Haesook Choi with LTC Sherm Pratt.

By Monika Stoy

Monika Stoy, Tim Stoy, and Mrs. Haesook Choi participated in Wreaths Across America at Arlington National Cemetery on 18 December, along with thousands of other great Americans. It was a cool and gray day. Among the personnel we honored were LTC Sherman Pratt; COL William E. Ryan, Jr.; COL John P. Geraci, Sr; and COL Roswell Freedman.

LTC Sherm Pratt was a WWII veteran of the 7th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division and rose from PVT to CPT over the course of the war. He later served with the 23rd Infantry Regiment, 2nd Infantry Division in the Korean War as a Company Commander and Battalion Operations Officer, fighting

at Chipyong-ni and the Punch Bowl. He was instrumental in the building of the Korean War Veterans Memorial.

COL Bill Ryan served as a Lieutenant with the 15th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division from October 1944 to the end of World War II. He served with the Korean Military Advisory Group 1947-1949. He served on active duty for 53 years! He spent almost 30 years working for the American Battle Monuments Commission as Finance and Operations Officer. He was responsible for all overseas cemeteries and instrumental in ABMC's approval of the 3rd ID Monument in Arlington National Cemetery and the Korean War Veterans Memorial on the National Mall.

Please turn to WREATHS on page 27



Let's play connect the dots©

"Power corrupts, Absolute power corrupts absolutely."

Power...Fear...Ruthlessness...
Megalomania...Evil...Control...

These are some of the words associated with dictators. Start with power. History is replete with men—yeah, it's mostly men—who crave the power to control as much land and as many people as possible. They are, without exceptions, megalomaniacs (people obsessed with their own power). They do nothing more than terrorize the people who fall under their domain or who are on the fringes, waiting to be swallowed up.

The question is which is worse: the dictator or the people waiting to be swallowed up. I contend it is the latter. They have the power to stop a dictator before he reaches their sunny shores. Yet, they don't. As a famous philosopher once said, "It is better to stop a dictator before he gets his talons into you than wait until he does." (I don't know which philosopher that may be. Maybe I made up the quote.)

Perhaps the people who lived in the Early and Middle Ages can be excused for succumbing to Julius Caesar, Attila the Hun, Genghis Khan and the like. They did not have cell phones, the internet, or other forms of instant communication to warn them the hordes were on the way. Modern-day people do not have such an excuse. They just wait for the proverbial axe to fall, which it does—on their non-proverbial heads.

Remarkably, all those instant communications devices even allow the rest of us whose turn has not yet come to watch it in glorious technicolor, up close and personal. The viewers just sit and wait as they watch in the hope that the cavalry will ride to their rescue. That doesn't happen often, and when it does it's generally too little too late. Korea was one of the exceptions.

Was anyone in the so-called free world surprised when the North Koreans attacked their southern brethren, or that they were equipped with Russian-made tanks and backed by Russian fighter

How many times can "civilized" nations stand on the sidelines and watch megalomaniacs slaughter humans and grab more land to rule without acting proactively?

planes flown by Russian pilots? U.S. government officials knew when they split the governance of Korea with Russia that all was not going to be peaches and cream. The Russians equipped the North Koreans with state-of-the-art armaments while the U.S. handed the South Korean "war machine" with broomsticks and sophisticated water balloons to defend themselves.

"We don't want them to get too aggressive," the U.S. officials said. Yeah!

Western powers have adopted that same approach in all too many instances, e.g., appeasing Hitler in WWII, letting some countries, particularly Japan, get away openly with their interpretation of the Washington Naval Treaty rule after WWI, allowing Russia to participate in the spoils after WWII after it entered the war in the Pacific at a late date—and the recent Ukrainian fiasco. How many times can "civilized" nations stand on the sidelines and watch megalomaniacs slaughter humans and grab more land to rule without acting proactively?

Fortunately, the UN reacted with force after North Korea's treacherous attack on the south. The alliance of countries that volunteered their forces came to the South Koreans' rescue and a powerful nation arose from the ashes. After that the UN went out of the "rescue countries in trouble" in business and reduced itself to passing effete resolutions that did nothing more than wag the members' collective fingers at the aggressors while saying, "Tsk, tsk. Please stop that or someone will get offended." How effective is that?

"The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing," said the over-quoted statesman,

philosopher, and economist Edmund Burke. Paradoxically, he also said, "Our patience will achieve more than our force." We don't hear that statement often. So what was he saying? "Do something, but don't use force. If we're patient, something will happen." Has that ever worked?

Would that have worked with the Korean situation? WWII? Ukraine? While the "good guys" patiently waited for a denouement to the megalomaniacs' aggression the people they were attacking would be dying and suffering in large numbers. Force, not, patience, is the only thing power-hungry megalomaniacs understand. More often than not it is brought to bear too late to prevent the bloodshed and deaths of innocent people whose lust for power is limited, if not non-existent.

To be sure, the cavalry rescued South Korea, most of Europe, and countries galore in the Pacific region during recent wars. But why do people have to go to war to stop megalomaniacs? This is the 21st century. We should have learned by now that late responses to curbing megalomaniacs' lust for power is dangerous. The time to stop them is when they begin to emerge on the world stage.

Broomsticks, water balloons, and feckless UN resolutions don't work. What works when patience runs thin—as it should quickly when it comes to dealing with megalomaniacs—is the same type of brute force they use on their own people.

"Give peace a chance," John Lennon sang. Good philosophy, but singing about it and achieving it are two different things. Sad to say, peace can only be achieved through power—and deposing megalomaniacs before they rise to it.

Home for Christmas Offensive 1950

*By Corporal Bob Harbula
G Company, 3rd Bn., 1st Marines*

After some additional research I rewrote this story. I think our readers will like the additional Chinese info. I knew they had problems but what I found was eye opening.

It's too bad Truman sent the 7th Fleet into the Formosa Straits in 1950 to deter a planned invasion of Taiwan by the Chinese. The "Big Mo" against the Chinese Sampan Navy. Wow! This issue might have been settled a long time ago?

In November 1950 General Douglas MacArthur had a grand, optimistic dream of conquering all of Korea and having the bulk of his United Nations forces home from the Korean War by Christmas that year. Thousands would fulfill this dream in body bags. It ended in the worst military defeat in American history, with thousands of KIAs and MIAs. The war continued for another two-and-a-half years. Let us examine how this nightmare started:

A good place to start is after the capture of Seoul on 29 September 1950 by the 1st Marine Division and other X Corps units. Much of the North Korean People's Army (NKPA) was now trapped between the Marines at Inchon-Seoul and the Eighth Army that was busting out of the Pusan Perimeter. With the Marines and X Corps blocking the Seoul corridor, which was the main escape route to North Korea, the NKPA went into panic mode.

Many were trying to escape through the mountainous east side of Korea. This is when things started falling apart and MacArthur and his staff must have put on their horse blinders. By this time, the NKPA had no air cover, limited artillery and only a few tanks. Instead of just having the Marines and other X Corps units extend their lines to the east from Seoul and block these escape routes, MacArthur split his forces and sent the Marines back to Inchon.

At Inchon they would re-board the ships that happened to be still bottom loaded with needed equipment and supplies for the Eighth Army's push to the north, and sail back down the Yellow Sea,

around the southern tip of Korea and up the east coast to make another amphibious landing at Wonsan, North Korea. The rest of X Corps would proceed to Pusan and board other ships and make another landing at Iwon, North Korea. A major problem developed when the Navy discovered thousands of mines in the harbor of Wonsan that delayed the landing for over two weeks.

At that point MacArthur had his best and strongest fighting force out of action for about three weeks while the North Koreans retreated to the sparsely populated north. While this was going on the Eighth Army was attacking northward from Pusan, about to pass through liberated Seoul and pursue the North Koreans further north.

Another major problem was the Taebek Mountains that started in Manchuria and ran through the entire length of the Korean peninsula. It separated the two forces and neither one would be able to help or support the other as they pursued the enemy deeper into North Korea. There would be gaps of 80 to 100 miles between some units. Also, winter was approaching, temperatures would drop to minus 20 to minus 40 degrees, and many units had not received their cold weather gear. These factors would create many more problems.

General Omar Bradley, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, later said "Had a Major at the Command and General Staff School proposed to divide his forces, tie up his logistics and delay operations for three weeks, he would have been laughed out of the classroom."

In World War II MacArthur ran his military operations in New Guinea from the comfortable confines of Australia. He never experienced the heat and other problems from jungle warfare and often denounced his general's hard-fought performances. His prior leadership in the defense of the Philippines and Bataan was also suspect. Staying true to form, he would do the same thing in Korea by micro-managing the war from the warm confines of the Dai Ichi building in Tokyo, Japan while his troops were freezing and struggling through the mountains

in North Korea.

Of greater concern, Washington and the Joint Chiefs of Staff had to consider the intentions of North Korea's allies and sponsors, China and Russia. Those two countries formed the northern border of North Korea along the Yalu and Tumen Rivers and had already supplied North Korea with tanks and arms for their invasion of South Korea. President Truman and the Joint Chiefs were very concerned that their involvement could possibly lead to World War III. It would then be the wrong war in the wrong place at the wrong time.

MacArthur had previously submitted operational plans to the Joint Chiefs of Staff showing that he would stop the advance of both columns on a line from Sinanju along the Chongchon River in the west to Hungnam in the east. It was about ninety miles wide and the narrowest part of the peninsula. Above this line the country opens like a fan to about 650 miles along the Yalu-Tumen Rivers. This plan would have given the UN forces their best defensible position in case the Chinese or Russians intervened in North Korea.

The South Korean (ROK) Army was to proceed to the Yalu River border and clean up any remnants of the NKPA. They would be supported by United Nation air, artillery, and tanks. If they ran into trouble they would have a safe haven to retreat to. According to MacArthur and his staff, this would be very unlikely because they wrongly thought the NKPA were finished, and the Chinese or Russians would not dare intervene.

Had MacArthur stuck with these plans there is a good possibility we would have sustained tens of thousands of fewer casualties and the Korean situation would have been entirely different then and today. His arrogance and total disrespect for the enemy became apparent. He totally disregarded the fact that during the months of October and early November 1950 the Chinese had moved over 500,000 troops to the Manchurian border and started infiltrating them into North Korea.

Late in October and early November

the Chinese sent some of these troops to attack and test the United Nations reaction and to delay the advance of UN forces on both the east and west coast, mainly because their forces were not totally in position for their main attack on 25 November.

Most of these Chinese Armies had been stationed below Shanghai, practicing amphibious landings for their upcoming invasion of Taiwan. They had wanted this island ever since the communists took over China. When President Truman heard about this build-up, he sent the 7th Fleet into the straits as a deterrent. About the same time the fortunes of the North Korean regime in their war in South Korea started to deteriorate, so Chairman Mao decided to put Taiwan on a back burner and help their communist Korean neighbor. He also did not like the U.S. being so near his Manchurian border.

In September 1950 Mao ordered these armies 1,500 miles north to the Manchurian border. They were still dressed in summer uniforms and were advised winter clothing would be made available. Some of these troops never received them and would pay a heavy price when they got to North Korea in the fall and winter.

The Chinese Ninth Army Group, commanded by Song Shilun, was assigned the northeastern sector of North Korea that included the Chosin Reservoir. The Ninth Army Group consisted of the 20th, 26th, and 27th army. Chairman Mao knew they would be going against the 1st Marine Division, so he boosted each army from 3 divisions to 4 divisions and each division would now have over 12,000 men, bulking each of these armies to 50,000 men to a total of 150,000 for the group.

On 1-2 November 1950, a large Chinese force hit the 1st Cavalry Division and inflicted over 1,200 casualties at Unsan on the west side of the Taebek Mountains. On 2-7 November another Chinese force hit the 7th Marine Regiment on the east side of the mountains at Sudong. The Marines suffered over 530 casualties, while the Chinese 124th Division was put out of action. The Chinese suddenly cut off all attacks in the East and West and disappeared into the hills. It is not clear if the Chinese were sending a message, testing our response

to their attacks, or slowing us down and buying some time. Because of what happened a short while later I believe it was the latter.

These enemy forays, plus the fact that the Chinese had moved 500,000 troops to the North Korean border, should have given pause to any commander. The Chinese attack against the 1st Cavalry Division showed glaring weaknesses in the combat ability of the Eighth Army. At this time, they had many undertrained combat troops, officers, and NCOs with little sustained combat experience. About one third of their combat units were KATUSAs (Korean Augmentees to the U. S. Army). These were young South Korean teenagers who did not speak or understand English, and were used to fill the Army's ranks and learn how to be soldiers.

This created a real lack of the quality warfighters that are needed in combat. Also, many other green South Korean units that anchored the Eighth Army's right flank did not perform very well and tended to desert the battlefield. The Chinese they would be facing were well-trained combat veterans of the ten-year Chinese civil war and the war with Japan.

MacArthur and his staff should also have known that the Chinese had over 200 divisions in reserve, while the United States only had a total of 11 divisions, 7 of which were already in Korea. They blew these Chinese attacks off as just a few volunteers and ordered the advance to the Yalu to proceed on 25 November. This would turn out to be the worst decision he ever made because the Chinese were now in position and would spring their main offensive in North Korea on the same day.

Their 240,000-man western Army hit the Eighth Army's center and eastern flank. The Eighth Army totaled about 130,000 men at this time. As predicted, the eastern flank that was mainly held by four South Korean divisions folded quickly and threatened a Chinese encirclement of the Eighth Army. This would start the biggest retreat in U.S. military history, aka "The Big-Bugout." These were the darkest days in U.S. Army's history. It was worse than Bataan and Corregidor.

The Eighth Army did not stop running

for 120 miles, all the way back to Seoul. They left behind thousands of casualties and hundreds of artillery pieces and vehicles, and became a totally defeated army. They had been routed by a Chinese peasant army that had no air cover, heavy artillery or tanks. MacArthur started contemplating the evacuation of the Korean Peninsula unless atomic weapons were used, because he now had grave doubts about his army.

Only one thing stood in the way of the Chinese taking control of all of Korea and creating another "Dunkirk" at the coastal city of Inchon. That was a group of about 12,000 Marines located at the Chosin Reservoir in North Korea, who would later become known as the "Chosin Few." What they did there is not taught in too many history books or classes in the United States, because this is "The Forgotten War," but every new Marine Corps recruit knows about them.

The 1st Marine Division was part of X Corps and was sent up to the Chosin Reservoir area to get into position for the final attack to the Yalu River. The Chosin Reservoir is on a four-thousand-foot plateau located in the middle of the Taebek Mountains in North Korea. A single-lane dirt road that was cut out of the side of a mountain through Funchilin Pass was the only way to get up to this location from the Hungnam coastal area.

Their left flank on the west side of the mountains was the Eighth Army that was originally 80 miles away. But, after their bug-out it was now 200 miles away. The rest of X Corps was on the right flank on the eastern coastal plain, and was about 100 road miles away with a blown-out bridge to contend with. This put the Marines out on the proverbial limb and their only chance of survival would be in their own hands.

The 1st Marine Division had a total of 24,000 men, but only 12,000 men of the combat elements. The 1st Marines, 5th Marines, 7th Marines and 11th Marines were up on the plateau. The rest of the division, that included the Quartermaster, amphibious elements, supply, ordinance etc., was also providing security back at the port of Hungnam.

The Chinese and Chairman Mao had great respect for the Marines and knew they would be a lot more formidable than

the Army. If they could defeat the Marines, this would increase their standing in the international community and give them great recognition. No one has ever defeated a Marine division. So, they sent their 150,000-man Chinese 9th Army Group to Chosin to accomplish this.

Here, General Song Shilun made a huge blunder. He split his force and held his 26th Army in reserve at Lin-chiang, Manchuria. Some of this armies' divisions were spread out up to 100-snow covered mountainous miles from the Chosin Reservoir. It would take six days and nights to get where they were needed.

His 20th and 26th Armies were to surround and annihilate the Marines on the Chosin Reservoir plateau and then eliminate the rest of X Corps on the eastern coastal plain near Hungnam. With X Corps out of the way they could then join their western army and finish off the Eighth Army at Inchon, South Korea. Another "Dunkirk?"

With the excellent start that the Chinese had against the Eighth Army in the west, what chance did 12,000 Marines have against such a tidal wave? The media in the States was all gloom and doom about the Marines' chances of survival. Many were writing them off. That was not going to happen. A simple quote by (Marine Corps legend) Col. "Chesty" Puller, who was commander of the 1st Marine Regiment at Chosin, put their fears to rest.

"There's not enough god damn Chinese in the world to stop a Marine regiment from going where it wants to go," he declared. Along with Lt. Col. R.L. Murray's 5th Marine Regiment and Col. H.L. Litzenberg's 7th Marine Regiment, they bore out the truth of this boast.

Leading this team of professional warfighters in this battle was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, combat general in history, Major General Oliver Prince Smith. Most of his men were veterans of World War II, Inchon, and Seoul and had never tasted defeat. His sergeants and corporals were the glue that held them together. If someone went down the next man in line would take over.

(A side note: Just prior to the Korean

War there was much talk in Washington about disbanding the Marine Corps. Some thought the Army could handle whatever the Marines had to do. This battle put that kind of foolish talk to bed forever.)

General Smith was at odds with some of the tactical incompetence of his Army superiors. Sending his force dashing through the Taebek Mountains in the middle of winter with no appreciable flank protection and sometimes over impassable roads was madness. Especially since the Chinese had shown they were up to something earlier in the month. There were many other troubling signs, e.g., deer herds running out of the mountains, long lines of people on distant ridge lines, many refugees who had been kicked out of their homes, and line crossers that informed them of this. But his orders were to follow orders and get to the Yalu River.

His first concern was the MSR (Main Supply Route), the single-lane dirt road that all traffic to the reservoir must travel. In a brilliant decision he fortified five key locations on the route. Chinhung-ni at the base of the mountain and entrance to the Chosin plateau was manned by the 1st Bn, 1st Marines. Ten miles up to the top through Funchilin Pass was Koto-ri, which was garrisoned by the 2nd Bn., 1st Marines.

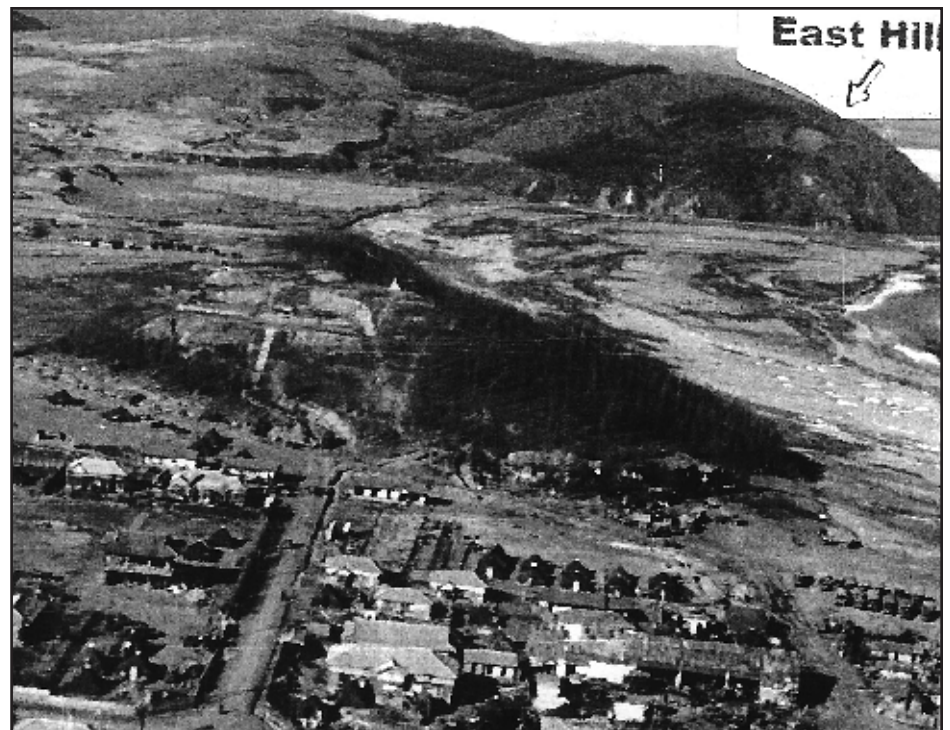
Eleven miles farther north, at the foot

of the Chosin Reservoir, was Hagaru-ri. This would be the division headquarters and manned by the 3rd Bn., 1st Marines. Fourteen miles up the west side of the reservoir was Yudam-ni. The attacking force of the 5th and 7th Marines were encamped here. Between Yudam-ni and Hagaru-ri was Toktong Pass that looked like a good location to hold. Fox Company, 7th Marines was assigned this duty. It turned out to be very wise move.

The next brilliant thing that Gen. Smith did was have his engineers cut out an airstrip in Hagaru-ri that could handle C-47 type aircraft. That was not an easy thing to do in this arctic type of weather. This would allow him to bring in supplies and quickly remove any wounded in case the MSR was cut by the enemy. He did this even though his commander, Gen. Almond, told him this was unnecessary as there was no huge number of casualties.

All these reinforced enclaves played key roles in the upcoming battle. Except for Chinhung-ni, they were all surrounded and attacked by overwhelming forces, but their tight perimeter defenses held firm and inflicted enormous casualties on the Chinese.

After the Chinese attacked on 27 November, Gen. Smith received orders to stop his attack north and get back to Hungnam as soon as possible. Being surrounded by 150,000 Chinese, this was



Hagaru-ri, North Korea, November 1950

easier said than done. He ordered the 5th and 7th Marines to form a moving perimeter and fight their way back to Hagaru-ri, bringing with them their hundreds of wounded and most of their equipment. Also, they were to pick up the remnants of Fox Company, 7th Marines after their heroic stand at Toktong Pass.

They would then regroup with the Hagaru-ri force and fight through to Koto-ri and then on to Hungnam. Gen. Smith was not sure of the condition his battered and sleep-deprived troops from Yudam-ni would be in when they arrived, but as they entered Hagaru-ri they threw back their shoulders and started singing the Marine Corps hymn. He knew then that they still had the spirit and plenty of fight left in them to complete the 64-mile journey to Hungnam.

Hagaru-ri was the linchpin that held everything together. The division hospital-supply depot-motor park-ordinance and airstrip all had to be protected. The perimeter required at least a regiment with supporting arms, but they only had the 3rd battalion, 1st Marines, minus their George Company (G-3-1). Because of a lack of transportation George Company was still in Koto-ri. Most of the service personnel, including the division band, would have to help defend the perimeter. If Hagaru-ri fell, there would be little hope for the division.

A glaring weak spot and the most prominent position on the perimeter was East Hill. Several splinter groups, that included an army company of engineers, an X Corps signal platoon, and Marine clerks, typists and truck drivers, had been trying to hold off the Chinese and were holding on by their fingernails.

Reinforcements were desperately needed, and the only possibility would have to come from Col. Puller at Koto-ri, eleven miles to the south. When all the enclaves became surrounded, Koto-ri had become a collecting point for troops trying to join their parent organizations farther north.

Taskforce Drysdale

At 0930 on 29 November Smith sent a convoy named Task Force Drysdale to try and punch through 12 roadblocks and thousands of Chinese who held the high ground on both sides of the road. It cer-

tainly had all the makings of a suicidal mission. The convoy was made up with 235 men of 41 Commando, 205 men of G Company (G-3-1), 190 Men of C Company, and about 82 service personnel.

Heavy enemy automatic and mortar fire had stopped the convoy a few miles out of Koto-ri. At 1300, after 15 hours of continuous fighting, 16 tanks and about 350 men of the 1,000-man force finally broke through to Hagaru-ri. Included in this group were 150 men of George Company (G-3-1) and 100 Royal Marines of 41 Commando and 16 tanks. Although Task Force Drysdale was badly mauled, the 350 battle-tested warfighters and the 16 tanks made the difference the next night on East Hill. Letting this group get through proved to be the Chinese undoing in the Hagaru-ri battle. The Task Force also forced the Chinese to use much of their precious ammunition.

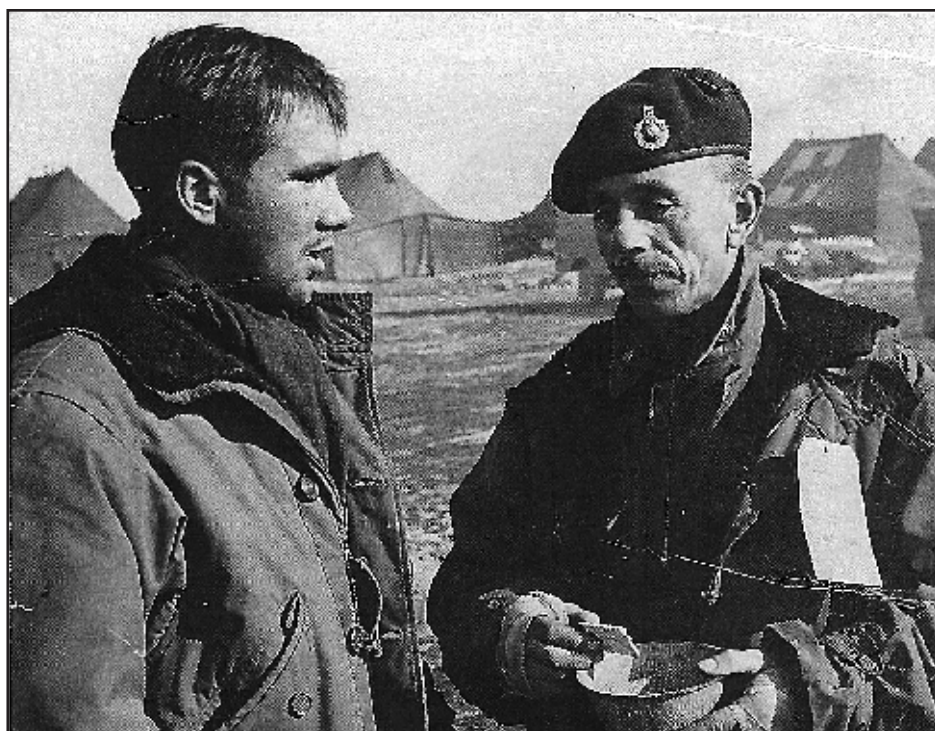
After regrouping, George Company (G-3-1), with the tanks and commandos in reserve, were sent the next morning to take and secure East Hill—just in time to hold off a Chinese regiment the night of 30 November. George Company held East Hill until relieved on 6 December by

the 2nd Battalion, 5th Marines. Fewer than 100 men of George Company, battered, frostbitten and many barely able to walk, came off the hill.

The sad part is that many historians and writers wrongly write that Task Force Drysdale was destroyed and forget why it was formed in the first place. Allan Millett, renowned historian, points out “General Smith ordered the move, the only error in the campaign.” Are they saying the taskforce wasn’t necessary? What other options were available?

The Task Force was formed for one reason. To get some warfighters to Hagaru-ri, mainly George Company (G-3-1) and 41Commando, Royal Marines. When the task force got bogged down in Hell Fire Valley, Gen. Smith, knowing how desperate the situation was in Hagaru-ri, ordered it to get through at all costs. Over half of the convoy’s vehicles were destroyed, so many members of George Company had to climb on the back of the tanks to get to Hagaru-ri.

George Company’s commander, Capt. Carl Sitter, was awarded the Medal of Honor. Every member of the task force that made it to Hagaru-ri should have received the bronze star, with V for valor.



British and American Marines fight for the first time in fifty years. These wounded marines, being evacuated by air from North Korea, are PFC Bob Harbula, 19...and Sergeant John W. Whiting, 32...a member of 41st Royal Marine Commando. Brother Marines were evacuated by another Marine unit—1st Marine Aircraft Wing Dec. 1950 (Official U.S. Marine Corps DOD Photo)



In the breakout from Hagaru-ri to Koto-ri, Marines pass destroyed and abandoned equipment that littered Hell Fire Valley, the site of the ambush of Task Force Drysdale column on 29 November (Official U.S. Marine Corps DOD Photo)

They not only completed the mission but also bought five precious days for the 5th and 7th Regiments to reach the safety of Hagaru-ri and regroup. This saved the Division.

In one of Gen. Smith's reports to the Commandant, he said "The casualties of Task Force Drysdale were heavy, but by its partial success the Task Force made a significant contribution to the holding of Hagaru, which was vital to the Division." In a report to the 1st Marine Division Col. Drysdale praised George Company (G-3-1) saying, "They fought like tigers and their morale and esprit de corps was second to none."

The miracle of the airstrip at Hagaru-ri came into play. Although only $\frac{3}{4}$ of the required length was finished, the brave pilots began the airlifting of the 4,500 wounded and non-battle casualties. On each return flight the planes would bring in necessary supplies and over 500 hundred replacements. Without the airstrip, protecting the convoy with this many wounded would have put a tremendous burden on the troops. Much of their

equipment would have to be left behind to free the trucks. Many of the wounded would not have made it and the breakout might have been impossible.

By 30 November, General Shilun realized the battle was not going as he had planned, and his current strategy for anni-

hilating the Marines was not going to happen. Only one of the four American regiments at Chosin was anywhere near annihilation. He ordered his reserve 26th Army at Lin-chiang, Manchuria to immediately advance to the Hagaru-ri to help stop them. This army had 4 divisions and



The forming of Task Force Drysdale at Koto-ri, North Korea

around 50,000 men.

One of these divisions was encamped almost 100 miles from Hagaru-ri. It ended up taking them up to six tortuous days to find their way through the ice and snow-covered mountains while being under constant attack from United Nation air cover. When they finally arrived at Hagaru-ri the 26th Army was exhausted, had many casualties from the weather and air attacks, and was out of food and low on ammunition. This problem did not get better when they arrived. Placing their 26th Army in reserve so many miles from the battleground proved to be their biggest mistake in the Korean War.

The Chinese 76th Division was the first of this group to get to Hagaru-ri and was sent immediately to attack and take East Hill the night of 6 December. The 2nd Battalion, 5th Marines were waiting for them. They were aided by many tanks, mortar and artillery tubes at the base of East Hill. Around 0200 the Chinese, after absorbing many casualties, broke off their attack to regroup. The 2nd battalion, 5th Marines, instead of waiting for the next attack, sprang into action and attacked them in their staging area. They routed the Chinese and took over 200 prisoners.

What plagued the Chinese during the entire battle was their lack of food, ammunition, and warm clothing. To make matters worse, they suffered from poor communications and little or no defense against Marine air cover. Because of the weather and Marine air, it sometimes took 1 to 2 days for orders to reach their units to counter what the Marines were doing. Their meager food allotment, which each soldier had to carry, was used up in a few days and they had to rely on what they were able to hunt, including rats.

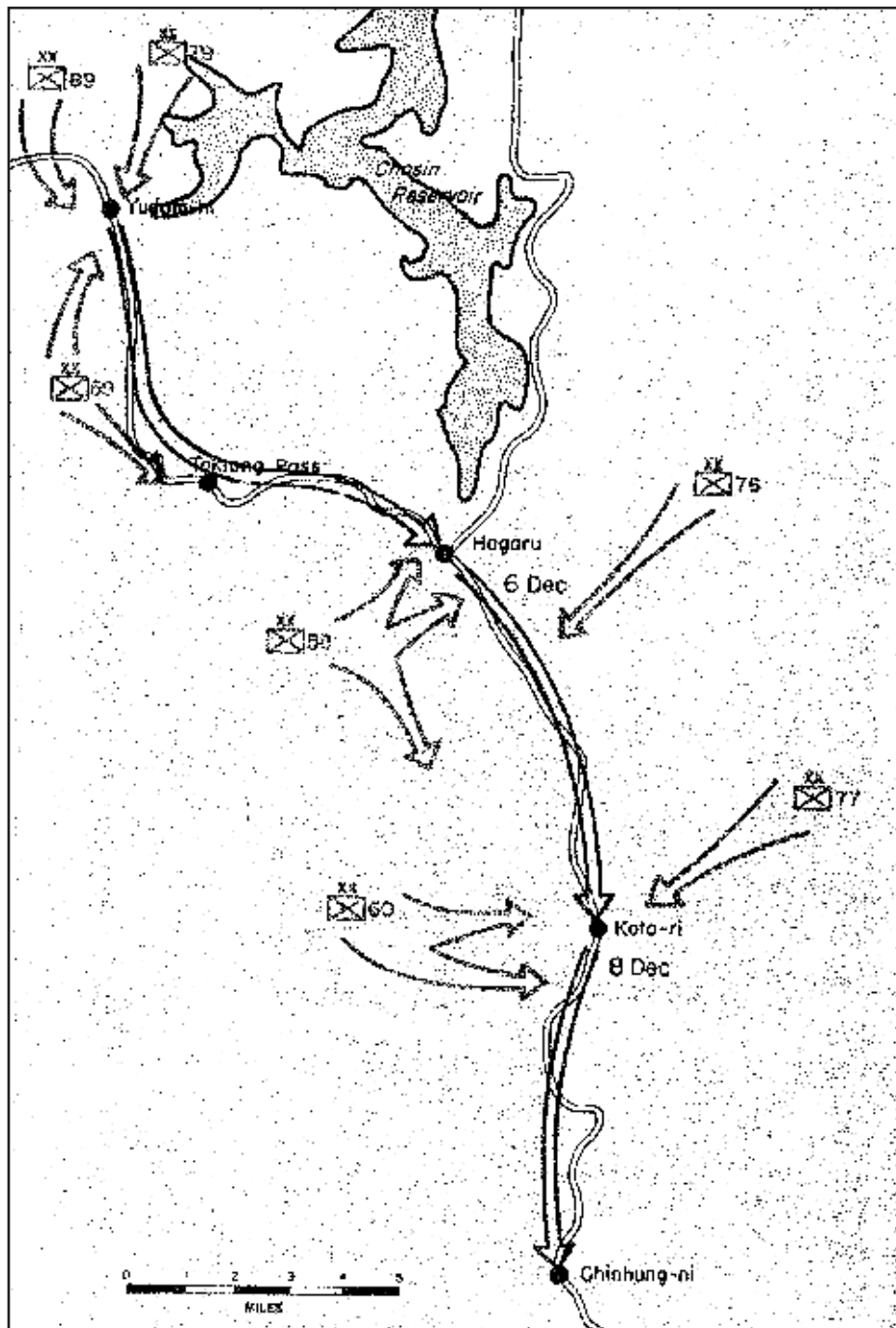
Although the weather seemed like an enemy to the Marines at Chosin, it was also their greatest ally. The Chinese had a much harder time coping with it. It affected everything they did. Their field commanders had a hard time dealing with the lack of food and ammunition.

During the battle, a Chinese security company was sent to a nearby field to hunker down before a nighttime attack. When other troops went to check on why they had not shown up for the attack they found they had all frozen to death. This shows how cold it was at Chosin—and this was not an isolated incident.

When the rest of the Chinese 26th Army finally arrived at Hagaru-ri, the Marines were already gone and closing on Koto-ri. Before leaving Hagaru-ri, the 5th Marines set fire to everything they could not carry. The Chinese,

instead of trying to catch-up to the Marines, battled the flames trying to salvage any food or clothing.

Through his brilliant leadership and strategy, General Smith arguably saved the 1st Marine Division from destruction and saved South Korea from becoming communists. His Marines not only destroyed the Chinese Ninth Army Group, but showed our military establishment that the Chinese were not supermen and could be defeated with the proper leadership and tactics. This was a Medal of Honor performance.



The Chosin route

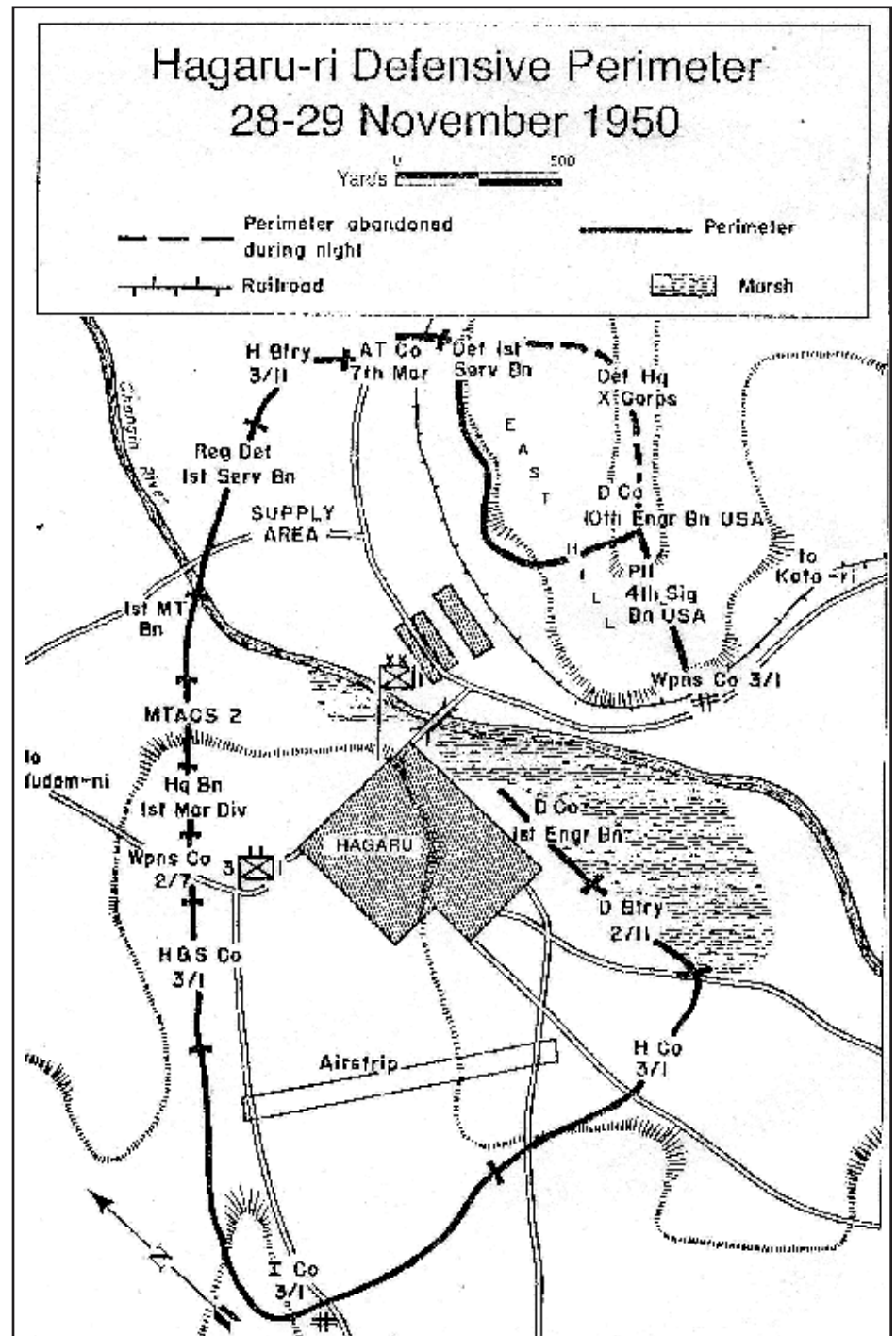
In several writings, Brig. General Edwin Simmons, Marine Corps historian, quotes the assistant commander of the Chinese Ninth Army Group: "We came into Chosin with 150,000 men, after the battle we only had 35,000 effectives left." This explains why they allowed almost 100,000 North Korean refugees to repatriate to South Korea and made no major attacks on the Hungnam perimeter. Our Navy and air cover would have had a field day. Maybe we should have stayed?

Our leaders did not know how badly off the Chinese were. Even though they had troops near Seoul, they had extended their supply lines that gave us a big advantage. After we left North Korea, the Hungnam area must have been a giant field hospital for the Chinese 9th Army group. Mao had offered to pull the 9th Army Group back to China, but after discussing it with his generals, General Shilun turned it down. To move tens of thousands of wounded through the mountains in winter would be too traumatic and dangerous for the troops.

Because of the Chosin disaster Mao knew he could not tell his people the truth about the Korean War. During the battle he was in constant contact with his generals, and they kept him updated on their progress. He must have read these telegrams through rose-colored glasses, because on 5 December he gave a news release to Xinhua News Agency, saying that the 1st Marine Division and the 7th Army Division were encircled at the Changjin Lake area (Chosin) and mostly destroyed, and the remnants were running for their life under extreme anxiety and in great panic. What hogwash!

Shortly after the Korean War ended, and he had sustained such staggering losses, Mao knew he had to change the structure of his peasant armies. He called for sweeping modernization programs that would take several decades. With the help of several of our presidents he was successful. We helped create our own monster.

17 Medals of Honor, 70 Navy Crosses, plus many Distinguished Service Crosses were awarded for this campaign. Many acts of heroism went unreported because of the fog of war or



witnesses to these heroic acts being severely wounded or killed.

In military history other units have been surrounded by overwhelming odds with no chance of help, e.g., the Alamo, Custer at Little Bighorn, Wake Island, Bataan, the Japanese on Iwo Jima, the Spartans at Thermopylae, and the Marines at the Chosin Reservoir. They were all killed or surrendered, except one. The Marines at Chosin. No Marine has ever faced worse weather-terrain or odds than those who fought at Chosin.

Can the battle at the Chosin Reservoir claim the title of being the "Mother of all Battles?" One of its closest competitors would be Iwo Jima. Although Iwo was a tough battle, the Japanese were outnumbered 80,000 to 20,000. They had no air cover or naval presence. What chance did the Japanese really have? The outcome was never in doubt.

Nor was it at Chosin.

Robert Harbula, bobbyjuly@yahoo.com

A Word from the National Chaplain...

Dr. Paul Kim, Pastor Emeritus, National Chaplain



The Pilgrim Mindset: Longing for a Heavenly Home

NOTE: These words seem particularly applicable this issue because of the millions of Ukrainians who have suddenly become “pilgrims” due to the ravages of war. No doubt Korean War veterans can relate, regardless of their faiths or lack thereof.

There are two types of people in life: those who are rooted and those who are wanderers, like chaff blown by the wind, rootless and always in search for some place to call home. When our children were young, whenever our family went on a vacation by car, they’d ask the question all kids on road trips are required to ask: Are we there yet?

Bored by being cooped up in the back seat, they’d lower the rear car window and gesture to the 18-wheel truck drivers passing by to honk their horns. Such antics made the time go by faster because they were so eager to get to the destination. A longing to get to their heavenly home—this was the mindset of the Pilgrims. And it was the mindset of many Christians in the first century as they suffered from persecution.

From the very beginning of church history, people of all faiths have suffered under many different empires and governments. And even to this day, many people across the globe continue to pay a costly price for their faith. When the early church faced persecution in Jerusalem, they were scattered to Judea, Samaria, and beyond. They became pilgrims, strangers, aliens, and sojourners on this earth.

But it was God’s wisdom to use this “diaspora” to spread the message of the Good News. Apostle Peter wrote to them: “To those who are elected exiles of the Dispersion in Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia, according to the foreknowledge of God the Father...” (1 Peter 1:1-2). Peter encouraged them by pointing to the great sovereignty of God, whose vision was to use the dispersion as a means to proclaim His coming Kingdom to the whole world.

Several years ago, I went on a study tour of the seven churches in the Book of Revelation in Turkey. I vividly remember visiting the village of Cappadocia, where we were able to go into the sandy rock caves where persecuted Christians made their dwelling. Although the caves consisted of a maze of interconnected rooms with ingenious architecture, they were hardly places you would call a comfortable home. These Cappadocian Christians were strangers and pil-

grims on this earth, awaiting a time for a permanent home (Hebrews 11:13-16).

This mindset was reflected in the Pilgrims when they landed in Plymouth in November 1620. Nearly half of those who arrived didn’t make it past that first brutal winter. Even so, when they later had the opportunity to return to their homeland of England, they chose to remain because they believed God was preparing them in the New World to long for that better country—the heavenly one.

On the tombstone of Governor William Bradford at Burial Hill in Plymouth there is a Latin transcription, loosely translated: “What our fathers with so much difficulty achieved, do not shamefully abandon.” Bradford was challenging the next generation to never lose sight of this mindset—that as merely strangers and exiles on this earth, we are to build our lives by faith on things unseen, not on the visible things of this world.



The Pilgrim Sarcophagus, Plymouth, MA

It is important to have a clear and concrete mindset that is not affected by the fads and trends of each generation. In order to teach the next generation not to be blown by the winds of change, people of all faiths need to be rooted in their visions of a post-Earth home where applicable.

Do you have such a forward-looking Pilgrim view of your life journey? It is never too late to live by faith with the hope of future glory!



Mayflower II at Plymouth, MA

National KWVA Fund Raiser

Flower Rose of Sharon

The Rose of Sharon is the National KWVA fund raising flower. The Rose of Sharon is sold by the dozen.

- ☐ Sample order is 5 doz. @ \$18 plus \$9.20 S/H.
- ☐ Minimum order is 20 doz. @ \$60 plus \$12.50 S/H.
- ☐ Orders for 21 to 100 doz. @ \$3.00/doz. plus S/H
- ☐ Order for 400 doz. or more @ \$2.75/doz. plus S/H

Write or call:

Sheila Fritts, PO Box 407
Charleston, IL 61920-0407
Phone: 217-345-4414
Email: membership@kwva.us
Make Checks payable to: **KWVA**



Whatever happened to the Korean War Museum?

By Tom Moore

Here is some material for you, on *The Graybeard's* Jan.-Feb. 2022, p. 60 question, "What happened to the Korean War Museum?"

It seems the Korean War National Museum (KWNM) was a private-sector non-profit Illinois - based corporation headquartered in Springfield, Illinois. We were told the KWNM sought to create a museum and educational program to help people understand American participation in the Korean War, "especially from the point of view of the men and women who served in combat and support roles."

Founded in 1997, the KWNM reorganized in 2010, with the goal of expanding and building an accredited museum facility in New York City. A return filed by the Korean War Veterans National Museum & Library in December 2017 listed the enterprise as a tax-exempt organization located in Addison, Illinois, Federal Employer Identification Number (FEIN) 371369481, by Denis J. Healy, 2250 W. Pinehurst Blvd., Ste 150, Addison, Illinois 60101-6103.

Associated Press, Aug. 2, 2017, Springfield, Ill (AP) A Central Illinois museum that honors those who served in the Korean War has closed.

An article by Canwen Xu — *The Kansas City Star*, June 28, 2021. Title; "A reimagining at last," Truman Library to reopen. Sneak peek at the \$29M makeover. The section on Truman's decision to enter the Korean War now focuses on the veteran's perspective, showcasing uniforms of a U.N. prisoner of war, an American nurse, and others.

"Most of the collection came from the Korean War National Museum in Springfield, Illinois, which closed in 2017, and the Center for the Study of the War, a non-profit in Independence that donated its collection in 2015.

NOTE: Here could be a problem. Re the Center for the Study "DONATED"...Nothing here about the KWNM donating. Maybe it was SOLD to the Truman Library?) Those who want to know should ask the question to Mr. Samuel Rushay, supervisory archivist at the Truman Library.

From the *Journal Star* — Aug. 3, 2017, by Tim Landis, Title: Attorney General looking into Korean War Museum Shutdown, Springfield: The Korean War Veterans Museum & Library managed to turn a profit one year, from 2010 to 2015, while reporting more than \$7.6 million in revenue and losses, and the losses totaling more than \$585,000 federal tax records show that the museum failed to file a 2016 not-for-profit disclosure.

The Illinois Attorney General also wants to find out what happened to the exhibits, said spokeswoman for the Illinois AG's office, Annie Thompson. The museum doors remained locked Wednesday, and it appeared major exhibits had been removed. The only notices of the closing were posted on a Facebook page, since taken down.

Fundraising Questions: Most of the museum revenue from 2010 to 2015 was from contributions and grants according to annual reports, required of tax-exempt, not-for-profits by the Internal Revenue Service (IRS). The only profitable year was 2011, when the group reported earnings of \$221,590.

Losses in 2015, the most recent year filed with the IRS, totaled more than \$73,000, despite revenues of nearly \$768,000. Major expenses included \$204,516, for salaries and compensation for association executives, employees, and board members; \$174,137 for a direct-mail campaign; and \$71,658 for professional fundraising services.

There have been questions before about fundraising for the Springfield War Museum. The Oregon Department of Justice, an equivalent of the Illinois Attorney General's Office, listed the National Korean War Museum & Library among its "20 worst charities" in 2010. The Oregon office found less than 25 percent of money donated directly benefited the Springfield museum. Most of the money, according to the report, went toward administrative and fundraising costs.

NOTE: Anyone who has more information to add to Mr. Moore's investigative report is invited to send it in to our editorial office. There is still some mystery as to what happened to the materials and artifacts donated and how to get them returned if possible.

All Chapter and/or Department news for publication in *The Graybeards* should be mailed to Art Sharp, Editor, 2473 New Haven Circle, Sun City Center, FL 33573 or emailed to: Sharp_arthur_g@sbc-global.net

Brevity

The boy of eight

Who skinned his knee

Cried "Mama, Mama

Please help me."

Ten years later in a former field of rice

Now enrobed in crystal ice,

A dying boy calls out twice,

"Mama, Mama, take me home."

Peter J. DeGaetano,

31 Tynan St., Staten Island, NY 10312

We never saw that kid again

By Kenneth L. Bender

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify our Father in heaven." Matthew 5:16

October 1951—Kapyong, South Korea

It all happened a long time ago in the land of Korea. Our company, Co F, was just coming down from the line after about a month or so of pretty heavy fighting and heading for the area of Kapyong, South Korea. It was a place set up as a rest area for a break from combat, to retrain, to re-equip, catch up on mail, clean up, shower, clean clothes and enjoy beer rations.

We had walked about a mile or two until our trucks came into view and we very gladly loaded up and settled in for a ride of several hours. The roads at that time, October 1951, were very bad. Once in a while, an enemy soldier would infiltrate through the line and plant a mine on some major road where GIs traveled.

After traveling several hours, we "bumped" to a stop and the order rang out to "Offload." After we offloaded, we were assigned tents by platoons. Officers had their own. Enlisted had their own with folding cots, pot belly oil stoves, and 2-3 light bulbs hanging from a wire strung the whole length of the GP tent.

When we closed in and got chow, we settled in for the night and sacked out after brushing our teeth, etc. Latrines were in a central portion for all to use. Officers were separated from enlisted men. Morning came fast and out we fell for formation and then on to hot chow. Boy, did eggs, ham/bacon, toast, and coffee ever taste so good after weeks and weeks of C-rations on the hill. I really learned to appreciate good food!

That morning, after chow and spending a while cleaning up, shaving, getting our area cleaned up and preparing for the day, I went outside getting ready to fall in, when I looked over by the main road. There stood a little boy about 7-8 years old.

I walked over to him and smiled and said hello. Of course, he didn't respond. He just stood there looking down at the ground. So I called to Kim, one of our KATUSAs (that's Koreans Attached to United States Army). Kim came over and spoke to the boy.

The boy answered, in Korean, with a grim look on his face and told Kim that his mother and father had been killed a few miles down the road just days ago. His grandmother and grandfather also had been killed a few months ago. He said he was very lonely and didn't know what to do.

Kim turned to me and said, "Why don't we take him while we're here in Kapyong?"

I said, "Yes, let's do."

I took him by the hand and led him into our tent. The guys liked him right away, but there was no change in the expression on the little boy's face. (To this day I still don't remember the boy's name.)

The boy would stay in the tent while we were out training and there usually was always a GI with him. We all missed our kids and our brothers and sisters when we were overseas. GIs always have a special relationship with kids, anywhere I was ever stationed overseas.

The one problem with the little boy was that he would not smile. No matter what we did, he always looked sad and downbeat. Well, why wouldn't he be? Look what happened to him. Then one day we were just fooling around, and I just happened to stand in front of him at a position of attention, and I snapped to salute. He loved it!

A slight smile appeared on his face. The GIs who were standing around, including me, had tears in their eyes. We looked at one another, saluted each other, and turned toward the little boy and saluted him. He smiled again and he looked happy.

He wore a GI shirt and it came down below his knees. He came to us skinny and unhappy. But, after about two weeks he looked wonderful.

When we left Kapyong and another unit came in for a rest, they took him and cared for him. As we left, there was not a dry eye around. As we saluted him he returned the salute with a giant smile on his face. We never saw him again.

Kenneth L. Bender went to his final duty post on 3/2/2019. He served with USA 2nd Inf D 9th Inf Rg 2nd Bn F Co 4th Plt 60mm.

DD-214s now available on line

It's official; DD-214s are NOW Online. Please pass on to other vets. The National Personnel Records Center (NPRC) has provided the following website for veterans to gain access to their DD-214s online: <http://vetrecs.archives.gov/> or try <http://www.archives.gov/veterans/military-service-records/>

This may be particularly helpful when veterans need a copy of their DD-214 for employment purposes. NPRC is working to make it easier for veterans with computers

and Internet access to obtain copies of documents from their military files.

Military veterans and the next of kin of deceased former military members may now use a new online military personnel records system to request documents. Other individuals with a need for documents must still complete the Standard Form 180, which can be downloaded from the online web site.

Because the requester will be asked to supply all information essential for NPRC to

process the request, delays that normally occur when NPRC has to ask veterans for additional information will be minimized. The new web-based application was designed to provide better service on these requests by eliminating the records centers mailroom and processing time.

Please pass this information on to former military personnel you may know and their dependents.

KOREAN WAR VETERANS ASSOCIATION (KWVA) SCHOLARSHIP

2022 KWVA Scholarship Program - MG (Ret) John McWaters – Chairman

Scholarship Program

This Scholarship program consists of multiple \$1,000 non-renewable scholarships. The funds may be used for any term during the next academic school year following receipt of the scholarship. Although the scholarship is not renewable, the applicants may reapply for the scholarship in subsequent years.

Qualifications – The applicant:

- Must be a descendant (child, grandchild, or great-grandchild) of a veteran of Korea who is a Regular Member, currently in good standing, of the Korean War Veterans Association. Descendants of deceased veterans are eligible to apply with proof of veteran's service.
- Must be a citizen of the United States.
- First year student applicants must have a Letter of Acceptance as a full-time student from their university or college.
- Must be pursuing an Associate, Bachelor, or Advanced Degree in any discipline.
- Must have a minimum 3.5 on a 4.0 scale. GPA stated on application must be verifiable from transcript.
- High school and college transcripts must be submitted and must have school names printed on them.
- For high school students entering college, this is a cumulative GPA for grades 9-11 and first semester of 12th grade.
- For students currently at freshman level in college, it is the cumulative GPA for grades 9-12 and first semester of college.
- For college students who are sophomores or higher, it is their college transcript for all semesters completed.
- Must submit a 300-400 word personal essay entitled "Historical Lessons Learned from the Korean War."

Deadlines

All scholarship applications and requested materials **must be submitted via U.S. Postal Service and RECEIVED by June 10, 2022.**

The Scholarship Committee will not acknowledge receipt of applications. For verification that it was received, send it via U.S. Postal Service Certified Mail. Faxes or emails will not be accepted.

All scholarship recipients will be notified on or about July 1, 2022. Only recipients will be notified. Checks will be delivered to the Financial aid Officer of the recipient's college or university to be credited to the student's account. All decisions made by the Scholarship Selection Committee will be final.

Scholarship recipients will be recognized at our next Annual Meeting in October 2022. Detailed information will be provided to scholarship recipients at a later date. Although attendance is not mandatory, scholarship recipients are encouraged to travel with an accompanying adult.

Required Materials

The following items are required to complete the application process. These items must be submitted in a single envelope in the order listed. All items received separately, except transcripts, which may be mailed directly from your school, will not be considered:

- Application – must be on the original form, printed legibly or typed, and signed.
- Note:** You **MUST** use the 2021-22 Application Form, which supersedes all previous application Forms, and add no extra sheets.
- Essay – must be typed (double spaced), consisting of 300-400 words.
- GPA – submit all applicable high school and college transcripts.
- First year student's Letter of Acceptance.
- Proof of service for applicant's deceased Korea veteran ancestor.

Mailing Address:

Korean War Veterans Association, Inc.
Scholarship Selection Committee
P. O. Box 1135
The Villages, FL 32158-1135

Quests & Queries

Looking for info about Kurt Lee

I am a screenwriter working on a film project about Kurt Lee, the first Chinese-American officer in the Marine Corps. I am trying to find anyone who served with him in Korea with the 1st Battalion, 7th Marines.

I was told you could put a request in the magazine for any to contact me if they'd like to talk about Kurt. My contact info is cams2109@yahoo.com or 917-689-5594.

Also, if you know of anyone personally please send them my way if they are interested in talking.

Stephen V. Camelio

What's the difference between CT and CS in a command report?

In reading the 23rd Infantry Regiment Command Report for August 1953 there are references such as "the 3rd Battalion was relocated from the main battle position at CT510389 to CT562399." In other reports I see references to CS in place of CT.

I have inquired at KWVA and American Legion meetings, but no one can enlighten me as to the meaning of such terms. Is it possible for you to inform me as to what they mean or where I may look to find out?

Jules Freedman, linguine33@gmail.com

Student Information

Applicant's Full Name _____ Date of Birth _____

Home address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ E-mail _____

Name of Applicant's Korea Veteran Ancestor _____

Applicant's Relationship to Veteran _____ KWVA Member # _____

Note: If applicant's ancestor is deceased, applicant must provide proof of service.

College or University Information

The name of the school the student will be attending or is currently attending on a full-time basis leading to an Associate, Bachelor, or Advanced degree. _____

In the 2022 fall semester I will enroll as a (check one): ☐ Freshman ☐ Sophomore ☐ Junior ☐ Senior Advanced Degree

School _____ Degree Sought _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Financial Aid Officer _____ E-mail _____

Address _____ Phone _____

Current Information

Cumulative GPA (as described on information sheet) _____/4.0 scale

In the space provided in each of the following categories, list your most prominent activities, leadership positions held, and honors/awards received.

Scholarship Activities: _____

In-School Extracurricular Activities: _____

Community Activities: _____

Employment History, including military Experience: _____

By my signature I certify that all information and documents included in my application for this scholarship are true and correct to the best of my knowledge. Further, my signature certifies I understand that if the terms of the scholarship are violated, the scholarship will be withdrawn. (Terms: I understand that I must be officially accepted for enrollment in 2022 classes at the school stated.)

Signature: _____ Date: _____

Every Ten Years...[©]

By Arthur G. Sharp

In Memory of J. Robert Lunney

Which of these vessels was given a “Gallant Ship” award for rescuing 14,000 North Korean refugees from Hungnam in December 1950?

- a) Nina
- b) Pinta
- c) Santa Maria
- d) Meredith Victory
- e) HMs Pinafore

If you answered “d” you can go to the head of the class. Chances are you are one of the few people who might be aware of the Meredith Victory and its role in the Korean War. Its story certainly needs to be told. Yeah, it has been, but not often enough. It seems like every ten years or so somebody invokes the names Meredith Victory or Leonard LaRue. That is not often enough—and neither one acted alone.

Of course, no ship can do anything by itself. It’s the people aboard who perform any actions that bring a ship fame of notoriety. Saying that Meredith Victory rescued 14,000 refugees is like naming the horse that won the Kentucky Derby “Man of the Year.” Would a horse have enough sense to run a mile and a quarter around a dirt track to win a race if it didn’t have trainers to prepare it and a jockey to lead it in the right direction? Probably not. The same holds true for the Meredith Victory.

The vessel earned a “Gallant Ship” award from the U.S. Department of Commerce’s Maritime Administration, but did it know that? After all, Meredith Victory would not have been able to locate Hungnam on a map and sail there by itself without the aid of its veteran master, Leonard La Rue, staff officer Robert J. Lunney, and heroic crew members who are often mentioned in accounts of the incident but not named individually. (Their names appear at the end of this article.) Here’s the award:



**U. S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
MARITIME ADMINISTRATION
WASHINGTON 25, D.C.**

April 29, 1960

Office of the Administrator

It is my privilege to present the Gallant Ship Unit Citation Bar, authorized by Public Law 398, 86th Congress, to

J. ROBERT LUNNEY

Staff Officer

SS MEREDITH VICTORY

In recognition of his participation in the action by which his ship was recognized as a “Gallant Ship” and cited as follows:

At the height of the epoch-making evacuation of Hungnam, Korea by the United Nations Forces in December, 1950, the MEREDITH VICTORY was requested to assist in the removal of Korean civilians trapped and threatened by the encircling enemy armies. Most of the military personnel had been pulled out; and the city was aflame from enemy gunfire. Despite

imminent danger of artillery and air attack, and while her escape route became more precarious by the hour, the MEREDITH VICTORY, her tanks full of jet fuel, held her position in the shell-torn harbor until 14,000 men, women, and children had crowded into the ship.

One of the last ships to leave Hungnam, the MEREDITH VICTORY set her course through enemy mine fields, having little food and water and neither doctor nor interpreter, accomplished the three-day voyage to safety at Pusan with her human cargo, including several babies born en route, without loss of a single life.

The courage, resourcefulness, sound seamanship and teamwork of her master, officers and crew in successfully completing one of the greatest marine rescues in the history of the world have caused the name of the MEREDITH VICTORY to be perpetuated as that of a Gallant Ship.

J. Robert Lunney is congratulated upon the performance of a service which was in keeping with the highest tradition of the United States Merchant Marine, and I have directed that a copy of the award be made a part of his service record.

Clarence G. Morse
Maritime Administrator



Besides, would a ship accept an award if it knew that ultimately its fate was an ignominious scrapping? Not likely, but that’s what happened to it. In 1970 the vessel was laid up for the last time, at the Suisun Bay Reserve Fleet in Benicia, California. Meredith Victory was sold to Chenco International and removed from the fleet on October 1, 1993. The ship was dismantled later that year. Its memory, however, was not.

Neither the vessel, Captain LaRue, nor its crew were ever forgotten. True, recognition was slow in coming at times. It took President Rhee of South Korea almost eight years to recognize the ship and its crew. He did so in May 1958:



SYNGMAN RHEE

PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF KOREA

(Translation)

20 May 1958

PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION

The President of the Republic of Korea takes pleasure in citing The Officers and Crew of the Steamship Meredith Victory who participated in the evacuation of Hungnam, Korea in

December of 1950

The Meredith Victory entered the port of Hungnam on the evening of 22 December 1950 where thousands of civilians waited by the water front, the last avenue of escape from the threat of annihilation by invading enemy forces. Answering an appeal from the United Nations Forces, then under great pressure from overwhelming communist forces, the Officers and Crew of the Meredith Victory spared no effort in accepting on board their 7,636 ton cargo-freighter 14,000 men, women and children and transporting them down the coast to safety.

The arrival of the Meredith Victory in Pusan after a three-day voyage through dangerous waters was a memorable occasion for all who participated in this humanitarian mission, and is remembered by the people of Korea as an inspiring example of Christian faith in action.

By this citation the Officers and Crew of the Meredith Victory who participated in the evacuation of Hungnam during the period 22 December to 25 December 1950 are entitled to wear the Presidential Unit Citation Ribbon.

SYNGMAN RHEE



Still, Rhee was two years ahead of his U.S. counterpart, President Eisenhower, who signed into law in 1960 S. 2185 mandating recognition for the ship and its crew.



IMMEDIATE RELEASE

March 31, 1960

James C. Hagerty, Press Secretary to the President
THE WHITE HOUSE

The heroic action of the crew of an 8,000-ton merchant marine cargo ship in evacuating 14,000 Korean citizens from Hungnam to Pusan ten years ago was finally recognized today when President Eisenhower approved S. 2185.

The new law directs the Secretary of Commerce to issue a citation and award a plaque to the Steamship Meredith Victory, award an appropriate citation ribbon bar to each person serving on board her at that time, and award a Merchant Marine Meritorious Service Medal to the master of the vessel at the time of the action. This action occurred December 21, 1950, while the SS Meredith Victory "undertook an emergency evacuation of refugees from Hungnam, Korea that will rank forever among the extraordinary achievements of a US merchant marine long accustomed to acts of exceptional heroism among its officers and seamen."

Meredith Victory, under charter to the Navy for the Military Sea Transportation Service, was engaged in providing logistic support to forces in Korea...a typical example of the reliance that the navy places in the American Merchant Marine during emergencies. The 455-foot ship had accommodations for 12 passengers.

Four days before Christmas the Meredith Victory waited offshore while guns hammered along the snow-covered hills of Hungnam and encroaching communist forces pushed the homeless civilians toward the waterfront. Thousands of the homeless huddled with their scant belongings with no means of escaping.

The ship's 37-year-old master, Merchant Marine Captain Leonard P. LaRue, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, ordered his ship alongside a Hungnam dock, and directed that as many as could be accommodated be brought aboard. The endless stream of Koreans poured across the gangways. Later he called for a count of passengers. His 35-man crew reported that 14,000 persons had boarded. It was equivalent to moving the population and personal possessions of a town approximately the size of Emporia, Kansas.

Captain LaRue set aside the first aid room as a maternity ward, where midwives delivered five babies during the first day. The steward's gang served food and water in 50-gallon drums. The evacuation trip lasted three days.

An interesting sidelight to the Meredith Victory story is the fact

that during the emergency rescue voyage Captain LaRue decided upon a religious career. In 1951 he left the sea and entered the Benedictine Order. Now known as Brother Marinus, he is serving in St. Paul's Abbey in Newton, New Jersey.



The ship's story became part of the Congressional Record in 2001, the year Captain LaRue died, when U.S. Senator Robert C. Smith (R-NH) introduced the following:



CONGRESSIONAL RECORD

PROCEEDINGS AND DEBATES OF THE 107TH CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION

VOL. 147 WASHINGTON, FRIDAY, MAY 25, 2001 No. 74

SENATE

KOREAN WAR HEROISM

Mr. SMITH of New Hampshire. Mr. President, with the approach of Memorial Day it is my privilege to call the attention of this body to one of the greatest, yet least known, acts of sustained heroism in the history of the United States. It occurred 50 years ago in the sixth month of the Korean War.

In December of 1950 American forces accomplished the unbelievable evacuation of 100,000 allied troops from the port of Hungnam in North Korea, hours ahead of the charging forces of our two newest enemies, North Korea and Communist China. At the same time our American soldiers, sailors, and marines managed to evacuate another 100,000 persons, all North Korean civilian refugees who were fleeing their own harsh dictatorship and the ruthless Chinese army whose leaders had threatened to cut off their heads because some had been aiding our United Nations forces.

One of the most heroic acts in the evacuation of Hungnam is the virtually unknown story of a small American merchant marine freighter, the S.S. Meredith Victory. With space for only twelve passengers, the ship loaded and rescued 14,000 North Koreans—the innocent people of our enemy—old men, young mothers with their babies on their backs and at their breasts...children carrying children. Their rescue was accomplished during one danger-filled voyage of three days and three nights in bitter winter cold that ended in safety and freedom on Christmas Day. The United States government, through its Maritime Administration, has called it the greatest rescue operation by a single ship in the history of mankind.

The Korean War has been called "America's forgotten war," and the evacuation of Hungnam has been called the "forgotten battle in the forgotten war..." I submit that the heroic story of the men of the S.S. Meredith Victory is "the forgotten rescue."

Fortunately, this story is now being brought to the attention of the American people in a new book "Ship of Miracles," by Bill Gilbert, a former reporter for the Washington Post, who served in the U.S. Air Force during and after the Korean War. The foreword in his book is written by General Alexander M. Haig Jr., whose career included service as a White House chief of staff, NATO commander, and Secretary of State. Appropriately, however, General Haig served in Korea during the war and was directly involved in the rescue of our troops and the refugees from Hungnam. The book was released by Triumph Books of Chicago.

Please turn to **MEREDITH VICTORY** on page 50

ANNOUNCING THE 2022 KWVA FUNDRAISER

Caveat: The supply chain crisis strikes again.

DUE TO THE SHORTAGE OF ENVELOPES THE PERSONAL FUNDRAISING MAILING HAS BEEN DELAYED. IT WILL ARRIVE ASAP.

We have been trying every source possible to find envelopes. We need 10,000 # 10 & 10,000 # 9 envelopes. We have been trying to buy them at a decent price. No luck. Some are promised by mid-February.

I thank every member who has supported our past fundraisers. Your participation has been fantastic. Since 2014 we have raised over \$500,000—and we have drawn six (6) lucky members' names each year.

The 2022 goal is \$80,000, which is definitely attainable. Life Members actually only paid the equivalent of six years' dues. Some of us have been members over 30 years. Others hold Honorary or POW statuses. Whatever your membership status is, please consider supporting each fundraiser.

The funds help maintain normal costs and underwrite the six issues of the *Graybeards* magazine. We will not reduce the bi-monthly issues of the greatest veteran's magazine. Please take more than one ticket. There is no better cause than the KWVA.

NOTE: To counteract the increased postage cost, **the suggested donation this year is \$25 per ticket.** Please donate for more than one ticket. Also, consider having your chapter purchase tickets and enter its name and number. It will help the KWVA while perhaps having the chapter picked as a lucky recipient. If you do not want a ticket, make a donation marked "2022 Fund Raiser."

We will continue to reduce costs and work to maintain membership as our older members slow down. Maintaining and increasing our membership is KWVA's biggest problem due to age and health. This year we have proven that we DO NOT need paid (\$70,000) people to get things done. In the past year our costs went down and the number of our

accomplishments went up. Activities were higher than in the last six years.

Reaching our goal can be done. It has been done and will continue to be done. As always, to get things done, ask a busy person. Talkers talk, workers work. Age has eliminated many workers. All members can still help by supporting the fundraiser. Will you???

With your help we will reach the goal. Chapters are starting to get active again. Many Defense Veterans have stepped up and are working hard for the KWVA. We are looking at having Legacy Members. Defense Veterans Memorials are being dedicated and many have been added to the War Memorials (at no cost to the KWVA). Several things are being planned without the expense of big-ticket items.

Every place we have gone we have included visits to veterans hospitals. Everyone we see really appreciates our visits, which makes the KWVA more visible. This, in turn, helps recruiting.

Drawing the names of our six lucky members will be at the Membership Meeting Banquet in October 2022. Together we can attain our goal. I look forward to your participation. Again, THANK YOU!

Thomas McHugh, 2nd Vice President

Chairman, Fundraiser Committee (2014 to Present)

The KWVA Fundraiser Is Not A Scam

Contrary to some people's belief, the KWVA Fundraiser is not a scam! Yet, each year, when I phone the lucky members, a family member thinks the call is a scam. I recommend that you write on your October calendar about the drawing—and recognize that this is not a raffle. It is a member only fundraiser.

Members from all over the country win. Our 2021 lucky members lived in NY, MN, FL (2), CT & CA. Tell your family about your participation. We all are well aware of scams. If you question the notification, call our membership office at 217-345-4414 for verification.

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.



You're not so smart

In 1972, while I was stationed in Japan, I got a chance to see the Winter Olympics in person in Sapporo, Japan. We had a choice of events to choose from, so I selected the 70-meter ski jump. I picked a winner, because Japan ended up taking all three medals in the event. Boy, were they proud! That's all we saw on TV for the next week.

On the way back from the event my buddies and I chatted with some girls riding on the bus. I introduced myself to one of them.

"Hi, my name is Fred," I said.

She told me her name and I asked where she was from.

"Europe," she answered.

Well, I responded, "You must speak several languages."

She told me she spoke four languages fluently and two somewhat. She asked me how many languages I spoke.

"One," I responded.

"Only one," she laughed. "Oh, Fred, you're not so smart, are you?"

Well, my buddies were laughing so hard they almost fell out of their seats. I just thought I could travel from Maine to Washington for 3,000+ miles, and everyone would be speaking the same language. Why did I need more than one?

Meanwhile in Europe, you travel 300 miles, and you may go through four different countries in which the people are all speaking different languages.

So, for the next month or so, my buddies would call at me, "Hey, Fred!"

They were calling to get me attention, and I would yell back, "Yeah?" only to hear, "You're not very smart, are you?"

Thanks, guys, I needed that... I often wonder what happened to that girl from Europe who was SO SMART! Oh well, life goes on.

Fred Watkins Jr., 214 SW 40th Terr.,
Gainesville, FL 32607, 352-373-5605, fredwatkins@hotmail.com



2022 FUNDRAISER



KOREAN WAR VETERANS ASSOCIATION INC.

KWVA IS FOR ALL KOREAN WAR / KOREAN DEFENSE VETERANS GO TO KWVA.US

WINNERS TO BE DRAWN AT ANNUAL BANQUET IN October 2022. Donation \$25 for each ticket. To enter this fundraiser, complete the attached forms. Winners will be posted on www.KWVA.US winners notified by phone.

THIS IS A MEMBERS ONLY FUNDRAISER. ONLY PAID MEMBERS ARE ALLOWED TO PARTICIPATE.

Super Cash Prizes!

1st Prize

\$1,500

2nd Prize

\$1,000

3rd Prize

\$1,000

4th Prize

\$1,000

5th Prize

\$500

6th Prize

\$500



SIX ALL CASH PRIZES will allow the winners to:
Enjoy life, Go on vacation, Buy a gift, Fix a car or get
an item of your choice. What does your wife need?

Most importantly, SUPPORT THE KWVA

For more tickets make copies or go to www.KWVA.US

Thomas Mc Hugh, 2nd Vice President Chairman Fundraiser Committee Contact : tmmchugh@msn.com

Albert McCarthy 1st Vice President Co-chairman Fundraiser Committee Contact : mccarthyalbert@live.com

Make check payable to: KWVA or Pay by Credit Card | ☐ Visa | ☐ Master Card

Card Number: _____ Exp. Date: ____/____/____ V-Code: _____

You need not tear the page out of the Greybeards magazine. You may copy the page and send tickets
with your payment to: KWVA Membership Office, P.O. Box 407, Charleston, IL. 61920-0407

Return this ticket with donation of \$25

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Phone: _____

Email: _____

Membership No. _____

Return this ticket with donation of \$25

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Phone: _____

Email: _____

Membership No. _____

Return this ticket with donation of \$25

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Phone: _____

Email: _____

Membership No. _____

Return this ticket with donation of \$25

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Phone: _____

Email: _____

Membership No. _____

Return this ticket with donation of \$25

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Phone: _____

Email: _____

Membership No. _____

Return this ticket with donation of \$25

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Phone: _____

Email: _____

Membership No. _____

The Where, When, and Why of the Korean War

Tell America

Ch. 327, Gen. John H Michaelis, Lancaster, PA

I served in the U.S. Navy from 1951-1955. Ships I served on were USS Vulcan (AR-5), a repair ship sent to Korea, and USS Mosopelea (ATF-158), a target towing ocean tug. I enlisted and Uncle Sam puts you wherever he wants you no matter where you want to be assigned.

I was very concerned about my fellow servicemen in Korea, so I joined Ch. 327, Gen. John H Michaelis, Lancaster, PA, of the KWVA and became involved in recruiting Korean vets to become members. This membership was to perpetuate the memory of the history of the war and all those who served and made the supreme sacrifice. A fellow veteran Ken Hooker and I went to schools in our area to make young people aware of the Korean War. I presented the history of the war and Ken told about his experience in Korea.

We told them that as a result of our troops and allies the people of South Korea were grateful that we kept their country free from communism and will always remember.

Gilbert E. Condor, 3560 N. Progress Ave., Harrisburg, Pa, 17110, 717-514-2 8800, gecondor30@gmail.com



The U.S. Navy repair ship USS Vulcan (AR-5) tied up at pier 9 at Naval Station, Norfolk, Virginia (USA) on 29 June 1992. The Vulcan had returned to Norfolk following deployment in the Persian Gulf area during "Operation Desert Storm." Behind Vulcan lies USS Nashville (LPD-13), an Austin-class amphibious transport dock, on the opposite side of the pier lies an Iwo Jima-class helicopter carrier.

THE SHOT-GUN RIDER

By Ron Richoux

In the months of my training after boot camp in the Marine Corps, I received advanced training as a Combat Infantry Marine. In Korea, my superiors transferred me to Motor Transport. When I asked why, I was told that my record indicated that on a farm in Larose, LA., I had driven a tractor.

"Boy, a tractor driver can damn sure drive a truck, now move out!"

And that is all the information they forcefully dispensed. I did move out and had some problems, because I had never seen, much less driven, a truck with that many gears and drives, and double reduction systems, and front wheel drive.

Another problem I encountered was that my outfit was in direct supply to the front lines. On my truck was a 50 caliber machine gun mounted above my head. On just about every trip, I had to have a 'shot gun' rider, and that rider had to know everything about that bad ass gun. That gun was powerful enough to cut down a fairly large tree.



Phil Street

The small picture is my dear friend who, on many trips to the lines, was my shot gun rider, and I can assure you that Phil Street knew how to use that gun which he is pictured doing. I am certain that at some point we are both alive and living in the shadow of our ninetieth birthdays because of Phil Street.

"Boy, a tractor driver can damn sure drive a truck, now move out!"

One of the hardest things was the noise and vibration of that gun two feet above my head and just a few feet in front of the head of the shot gun rider firing the gun. In 1950 the Marine Corps did not have, nor did it issue, any hearing protection. The noise was also difficult on the eighteen Marines seated in the bed of the truck who were loaded down with their gear, weapons, and ammo.

The young folks at the VA hospital were shocked when I answered their question as to how I had so much hearing damage. They were a bit shocked when I explained that on the years of 1950-1953, during the Korean War, Marines were not issued hearing protection.

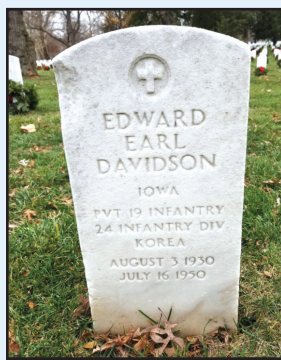
Phil was also one of the cooks for the 7th Motor Transport Battalion. The occasional hot meal I ate or the many canteen cups of hot coffee I drank were probably prepared by Phil Street. Phil worked as a day cook and night shotgun and at times, night cook and day time shotgun. I always felt that when we visited him and Lucy, I just never thanked him properly.

Phil suffered severe frostbite and had to endure many operations and many days of suffering and hard times after Korea. Phil Street is a wounded warrior, my friend, and my all-time favorite hero!

WREATHS from page 8

COL John Geraci served with the 7th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division in the first year of the Korean War, receiving two Silver Stars while serving as a company commander. He went on to command a battalion of the 101st Airborne Division's 506th Airborne Regiment in Vietnam, receiving two more Silver Stars. He later commanded the Ranger Department at Fort Benning, the 1st Special Forces Group on Okinawa, and served as Defense Attaché in the Congo.

COL Roswell Freedman served with the US Army Air Forces in WWII, flying in support of landing operations in



Edward Earl Davidson's grave marker



Tim Stoy and Mrs. Haesook Choi stand by "Wreaths" truck and symbolically numbered trailer 1776

Normandy in June 1944. He flew fighters in the Korean War, flying 50 missions and then serving as base commander at Kunsan Air Base, Korea. He served as Air Attaché in Brussels, Belgium and finished his Air Force career as chief of flight operations at Andrews Air Force Bases, Maryland.

While walking past the headstones we found the grave of Private Edward Earl Davidson of the 19th Infantry, 24th Infantry Division, who was KIA on 16 July 1950 in Korea. He was just shy of his

20th birthday. We were honored to place a wreath on his grave.

All three participated in the wreath retirement at Arlington National Cemetery on 22 January, helping in clearing Section 35, near the Memorial Amphitheater and the Tomb of the Unknowns. This was a much more low-key event, but still meaningful as participants removed the weathered wreaths and placed them in waiting bins. The cemetery was much less crowded than when the wreaths were initially emplaced.

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.

CONTRIBUTOR	LOCATION	CONTRIBUTOR	LOCATION
GRAYBEARDS DONATIONS		Eugene A. Turner	WA
Garry R. Giles	FL	NMS (47)	
CID 267 Gainesville FL		IMO My Brother Steven Arionus	
Loren G. 'Gene' Gray	WV	IMO Joel Lee Brooks	
Val D. Jensen	NV	IMO Grandpa Chicken	
Robert A. Sneathen III	CA	IMO Richard Coyle	
Leland A. Wallis	IL	IMO Donald Feldman	
KWVA DONATIONS		IMO Colonel & Mrs John C. Funk	
Manoug Anusbigian	FL	IMO Rudy Gregg	
Arthur R. Dobson	MA	IMO Oscar F. Haake, Jr (2)	
Richard L. Dunmire	FL	IMO Joseph Samuel Jeffries (2)	
KWVA Scholarship Fund CID 155 FL		IMO Roy O. Paulson	
Richard Krown	CA	IMO Louis "Red" Pelosi, Semper Fi	
Ronald Lai (2)	NH	IMO Mark Rickman	
Cherry S. Phillips	IN	IMO Richard "Dick" Saip (3)	
Joseph F. 'Fred' Ragusa	LA	IMO Richard "Dick" Sholts (5)	
Robert E. Reynolds	AZ	IMO Terry Van Buren	
IMO Robert E Reynolds AZ		IMO Eliot Woronoff	
Charles A. Roethke	TX		
IMO Charles A Roethke			
Ernest J. St. George	MA		
LEGEND: IMO = In Memory Of; NMS = Non Member Sales			

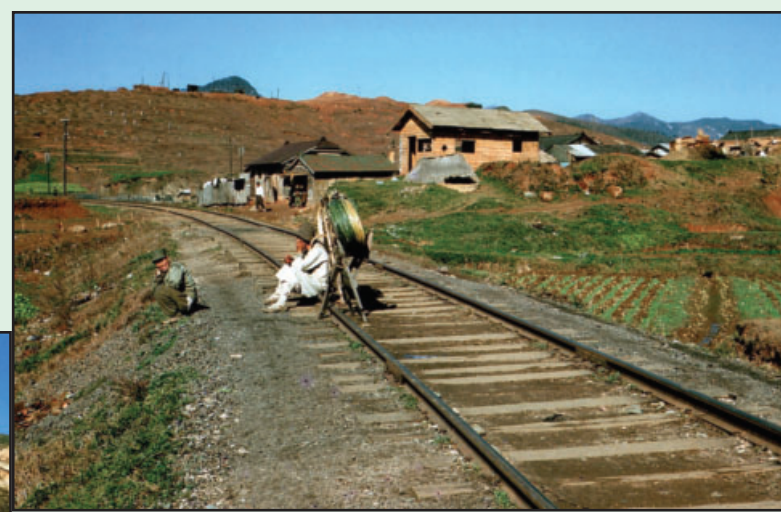
Images of Korea—1952

Enjoy this picture essay featuring Korean people. The photos were taken in 1952. They are reprints from my slide collection. Not bad color for 69-year-old slides!

It is hard to believe there was a war going on at the time.

Richard J. Connors, 453rd Engineer Heavy Construction Bn. (1951-52),
44 Union Ave., Apt. A, Neptune, NJ 07753, 732-761-6234, rich111con@verizon.net







Our 'Chapter News' editor is getting lonely

There was a time when chapter representatives expressed dismay that they had to wait too long to get their news in The Graybeards. (That was before the current editor took over.) Today that has changed. We have plenty of room but not enough news. In fact, the January-February 2022 issue contained the least amount of chapter news since The Graybeards began. Let's change that.

We have plenty of room in each issue for chapter news and photos. For that matter, we have plenty of room for material of all kinds, e.g., "Humor in Korea," "Where I was on July 27th, 1953," members in the news, Korean War memoirs, etc. But we really want more chapter news and photos.

Chapter activities are of interest to all our members. What the members in one chapter are doing often provides ideas for other chapters for fundraising, recruiting, civic outreach...in short, they are beneficial to the entire association. Besides, it's a chance for members to get their pictures in the magazine so readers will know who they are through visual images rather than words alone.

Please help us reverse the diminishing amount of chapter news and photos. We want to hear from more chapters. We have plenty of room, and our Chapters editor is getting lonely. Let's keep him busy.

Korea: a visit to remember

By Charles Ray Wells

War broke out in 1950 between North Korea and South Korea. I was part of that war. When I was 12, I joined the Dorchester Boy Scouts Troop 136, Norton, VA, led by scout master Glen Teasley. He taught me many skills of survival and much more, which helped prepare me as a leader in the U.S. Army infantry.

I joined the Army in 1952 at age 16 and trained at Ft Jackson, SC. In 1953 I was shipped to South Korea. My boat landed in Inchon Harbor, a cold and muddy landing. The harbor stunk from mud and other stuff. When we got off the LSTs we had to wade in a little mud and water up to our boots to get ashore. That's quite a comparison from today, where a large international airport sits in the harbor that the Koreans filled with dirt and rock to make an airport.

There are no more homes made of straw and mud there, and no using toilets on the streets and in between buildings. That is all gone. Big rice paddy farms decorate the flat lands and no more human waste is used to fertilize the fields rich with rice. No trash on the streets or highways littered with hamburger bags, etc. South Korea people have worked hard to build their economy and get their people into a modernized nation that is almost unbelievable. It's a story of rags to riches all over the country.

Many memories flooded my mind of how it used to be as I flew across the ocean in the Boeing 777 flight from Atlanta straight into the new Inchon International Airport. It is one of the largest international airports in the world. I left Tri-Cities Airport on Oct. 21, 2017 on a revisit program to meet with 60+ plus other Korean veterans. The anticipation was high and exciting as I knew this trip was sponsored by the Korean government.

There were so many new sights to see and opportunities to learn how Korea had grown and changed. I left a broken, run-down, poverty-stricken country that I swore I would never return to as I sailed home on that cold October day 64 years ago. However, thanks to Mr. Young Sao Lee and some friends, they helped me make the right plans for revisit.

We stayed at the Grand Ambassador Hotel in Seoul and also visited Pusan (Busan) with a fabulous train ride and stayed overnight at



(Staff Sgt.) Charles Rayburn Wells

another Grand Ambassador Hotel in Pusan. After returning to Seoul the next day, we took a 1-½ hour bus ride up to the 38th Parallel and the DMZ and got a scope view into North Korea. North Korea looked like a deserted mountain range in which nothing and no one was moving in a country that appeared to be a barren desert. It was a very sad sight.

Seoul, which houses over 10 million people, is a booming city with hundreds of skyscraper buildings. And 4 to as many as 7-lane highways that are packed with vehicles. When I was in Seoul in the 1950s they had two bridges crossing the Han River. Today there are 29 bridges—with two more under construction. They boast an economy that is one of the top ten in the world.

Back in Seoul we traveled to the UN cemetery, where we laid a wreath for the Killed in Action, then to the Seoul Cemetery where 175,000 are buried. There we laid another wreath. Then we moved on to the U.S. Cemetery. Here I sobbed at the loss of 9,173 veterans buried there whose bodies were never claimed by a family in the USA. The sight broke my heart.

We went to the UN/U.S. National Museum. The museum has a column with each state's name. I found Virginia and the name on the column of Charles Beech Thacker, from Dorchester, who was killed July 1950. I named the local Korea War Veterans Chapter 250, Norton in honor of Beech Thacker when we organized in 1992. Then I found my cousin's name, Berley Carl

Brickey, also of Dorchester. I could not hold back the tears as I touched his name on the wall.

I came away with a different perspective and memory of the country for which we fought. The South Koreans are as appreciative of the veterans as it seemed they couldn't do enough to thank us for fighting for their freedom and helping them get to a better way of life. One big thing I noticed was lots of churches. They are second only to the U.S. in foreign missionaries. This was a blessing to see.

On the last night they held a farewell banquet at which I was honored as the Korea Defense Minister placed the Ambassador for Peace Medal around my neck. It was a proud moment to receive such an honor. I and four other members of our unit received this coveted award. The Ambassador for Peace Award is a very prestigious award given to every veteran who served in Korea. I dedicate my medal to my cousin Berley Brickey and friend Charles Beech Thacker, who gave their all in Korea. May they rest in peace!

Retired Korean Army Major General Chou told me this was my night and that the banquet was going to honor me and others. I was the first called up to the stage and General Chou escorted me there. This was such an honor and humbling experience. Their kindness, gratitude, and friendship meant so much to me and made me proud that I served my country in helping Korea.

Before the banquet started I was coming down the elevator to the banquet room. I stepped out into a crowd of Koreans who lined the wall, clapping and shouting "Thank You." I was stunned. Again I had tears of joy and love in my heart, which is something I may never experience again. I cannot express how I felt to receive such an honor. I now know why we went to Korea, where we fought and some gave all.

The journey came to an end for us, our tour guides, and our men to leave our newly found friends. That was sad, because, after a week, we experienced a bond of friendship that is indescribable. I returned to the U.S. on October 27, 2017 and went back to my home in the mountains where my wife Anna and my friend Loretta Williams were waiting for

Please turn to **WELLS** on page 48

Chapter & Department News

17 LT RICHARD E. CRONAN [FL]

KWVA National President Jeff Brodeur visited us recently. (See the story on p. 3)

Neil Mitchell, np12181@gmail.com



Members of Ch. 17



National President Jeff Brodeur (C) with Ch. 17 Commander Sal D'Angelo and Adjutant Elliot Silverman

20 HAWAII #1 [HI]

On January 20, 2022, representatives received special polo shirts and caps from the ROK Consul General on behalf of the Ministry of Patriots and Veterans Affairs and the Ministry of National Defense. Batches of these shirts and caps are planned to be distributed to all Korean War veterans in Hawaii as a continuing gesture of appreciation for their services.

Stan Fujii, stan_fujii@hotmail.com



Consul General Hong Seok-in with Defense Attache' Capt. Oh Soon Kun, and Consulate staff Chae Hyoungsin, Ch. 20 members Stan Fujii, Tommy Tahara, Herb Schreiner, Bob Imose, and Walter Ozawa at hat and shirt presentation



Consul General and Ch. 20 President Herb Schreiner



Ch. 20 members outside Korean Consulate



Sample of Hawaii polo shirt and cap presented to Ch. 20 members

44 MISSOURI #1 [MO]

We held our 2021 annual Christmas party at Pietro's Restaurant in St. Louis, MO, which is near major league baseball great Stan Musial's home. We were honored to have President Yong Moon Park and members of the Korean-American Association of St.

Louis as well as other guests, family members, and friends of chapter members.

We are planning a Missouri State meeting in July 22 at the St. Charles Veterans Museum.

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



Attendees at Ch. 44's 2021 Christmas party

189 CENTRAL FLORIDA EAST COAST [FL]

We were pleased to have City of Port Orange Florida's newly selected Police Chief Manuel Marino as our special guest at our January 2022 monthly meeting. Chief Marino started his law enforcement career with the Hollywood Florida Police Department in 1995 and was selected over 41 applicants in October 2021 by the City of Port Orange. Chief Marino shared several criminal situations that our senior veterans could be exposed to and how one should respond if confronted.

He also spoke of telephone, computer and mail scams that must be avoided and how to do so. This was an excellent learning event for our senior veterans and should be considered by other chapters.

Joseph Sicinski, sicinskij@aol.com



New Port Orange, FL
Police Chief Manuel
Marino (L) with Ch. 189
President Joseph
Sicinski

199 MANASOTA [FL]

We have new officers: Treasurer Jack Clarke; Commander Don Courtney; 1st Vice Commander Earl Sonner; 2nd Vice Commander John Danko; and Secretary Diane Miller.

The installation ceremony took place at our holiday luncheon held on Dec. 9, 2021. Our guest speaker was National Commander Jeff Brodeur, who discussed goals and opportunities for KWVA going forward. He presented Chapter 199 with a Presidential Certificate of Appreciation from KWVA National.

*Jack Clarke, Treasurer/Quartermaster, PO Box 14694,
Bradenton FL 34280, 941-840-2442,
chapter.secretary.file@gmail.com*



KWVA National
President Jeff Brodeur
installs Ch. 199's new
officers: Treasurer Jack
Clarke; Commander
Don Courtney; 1st Vice
Commander Earl
Sonner; 2nd Vice
Commander John
Danko; Secretary Diane
Miller (L-R)

258 NORTHERN RHODE ISLAND [RI]

We present holiday cards and birthday cards to our Korean War veterans at the Bristol Veterans Home here in Rhode Island. When we present the birthday cards, we give each veteran a Bunker Bistro/PX card, which enables the veteran to go down to



Jr. Vice Robert
Jaworski (L) of Ch.
258, standing in
front of the sign at
the in front desk at
the Bristol, RI,
Veterans Home,
presents Manny
with a box of
Korean KN94 masks

the bistro located in the home and purchase a snack or drink or some other items and socialize.

This is one way our chapter keeps in touch with our veterans at the home to let them know that they are not forgotten.

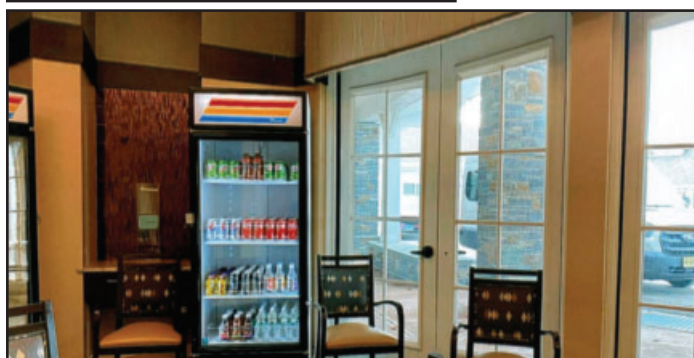
*Margaret Walsh, Secretary/Photographer,
311 Hardig Rd., B205, Warwick, RI 02886*



Bob Jaworski (L) of Ch. 258 purchasing PX cards from Rick, who runs the Bristol, RI, Veterans Home Bistro



**Welcome to Bunker
Bistro at the Bristol, RI,
Veterans Home**



The Bristol, RI, Veterans Home's bistro

264 MT. DIABLO [CA]

Adhering to past COVID-19 restrictions, now it's time to get active. During December 2021 we participated in a Wreaths Across America ceremony held at a local cemetery. John Antczak and Kathleen Fairley participated in the December 7 Pearl Harbor Remembrance ceremony. In January 2022 we presented a \$1,000 donation to the Blue Star Moms to cover the mailing costs of

packages sent to American veterans. In April we participated in support of the local Arts and Wine Festival. KWVA, VFW, and American Legion will participate in Memorial Day ceremonies.

*Richard P. Loechner, 4488 Stone Canyon Ct.,
Concord, CA 94521*

323 TAYLOR MORRIS [IA]

At our last meeting we had a swearing in of Herb Spencer as 1st Vice President to fill a vacancy.

Ed Pagliai, President, Eddee@mediacombb.net



**President Jake Chapman of Ch. 323 swears in
Herb Spencer as First Vice President**

HAWAII

A wreath-laying ceremony was held on February 22, 2022, at the Korean War Memorial on the grounds of the State Capitol to honor the 456 veterans from Hawaii who died in the Korean War. The wreath was donated by the Consul General of the ROK in Honolulu and attended by military and civilian dignitaries and members of CID 20-Hawaii Chapter 1.

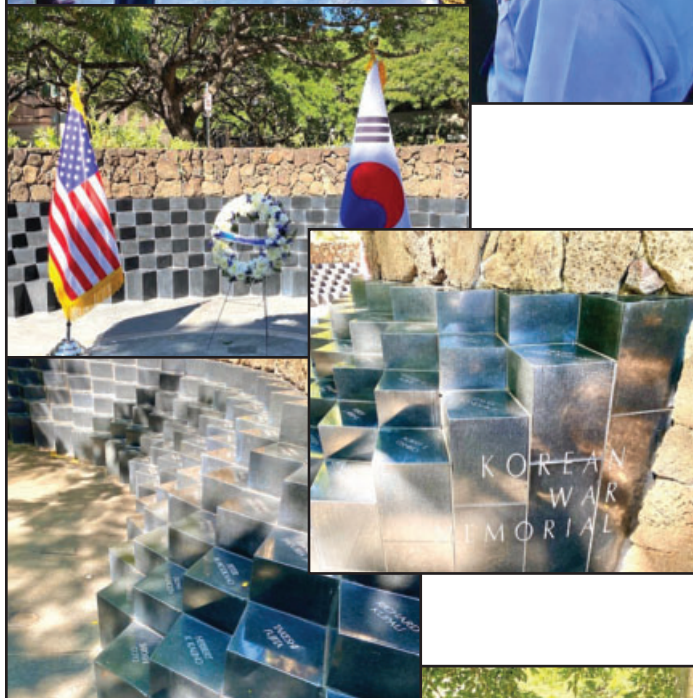
Heart-warming speeches were made by Consul General Hong, State Representative Sam Kong, and KWVA President Schreiner, who advocated for proper maintenance of the memorial. The ceremony ended with the playing of U. S. and ROK National Anthems and "Taps."

Stan Fuji, stan-fujii@hotmail.com



**Wreath laying by ROK Consul General Hong Seok-in and Ch. 20
President Herbert Schreiner**

Korean War Memorial in Honolulu



ROK Navy
Defense
Attache' CAPT
Oh Soonkun
and consulate
staff member
Oh Sunghun



Ch. 20 participants at
Honolulu ceremony



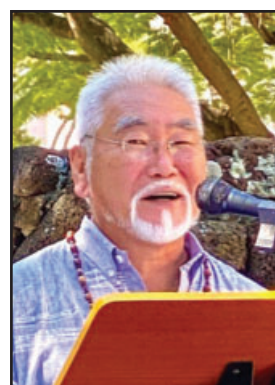
Consul General Hong greeting KWVA members in Honolulu



Hawaii ceremony participants



LEFT: Consul General Hong
delivers remarks in Honolulu
BELOW: Hawaii State
Representative Sam Kong
speaks at Hawaii event
BELOW LEFT: Ch. 20
President Herbert Schreiner
offers comments at Honolulu
remembrance



Visit the Korean War Veterans
Association Website:
WWW.KWVA.US



KWVA attendees at Honolulu gathering

Members in the NEWS

Mrs. Haesook Choi, mother/mother-in-law of members Monika and Tim Stoy, took first place in the 2021 Army Ten-Miler (ATM) 80 years old and over category. She was the oldest participant in the various competitive categories.

She is in training for this year's ATM! Her husband, Kyung Jin Choi, served with the Korean Partisans as a unit commander.



Mrs. Haesook Choi with her awards and the announcement of her achievement on the TV screen

Outpost International, Society of the 3rd Infantry Division Honor 3rd Infantry Division

By Monika Stoy

C. Monika Stoy, President of Outpost International of the Society of the 3rd Infantry Division, presented two plaques honoring the 3rd Infantry Division's Korean War combat history to the Republic of Korea's Defense Attaché on 24 February in a ceremony at the Old Korean Legation Museum in Washington, D.C. One plaque includes a bullet point history of the 3rd Infantry Division in the Korean War, including its campaigns, its unit awards, its casualties, and a listing of the Division Commanders. The second plaque lists the Division's Medal of Honor recipients in the Korean War. Both plaques include the Division's unofficial motto from the Korean War – the "Rock of the Imjin." She was accompanied by Mrs. Haesook Choi and outpost historian Tim Stoy.



At the Old Korean Legation: Dr. Kim, Mrs. Choi, Tim and Monika Stoy, MG Lee, COL Lee, and LTC Lee (L-R)

Major General Lee, Kyung-Koo, the new Defense Attaché, accepted the plaques on behalf of the ROK Embassy. Also participating in the ceremony were COL Lee, Sung Kyun (Army) the Military Attaché, and LTC Lee, Sungjin (ROKMC) the Assistant Defense Attaché. The intent is for the plaques to be displayed in a high traffic area of the ROK Embassy for as many visitors as possible to read them, spreading the fame of the great 3rd Infantry Division and its most famous heroes. The presentation was made in front of a replica of the Korean flag that flew over the legation in the early 20th century.

After the presentation ceremony, the Director of the Old Korean Legation Museum, Dr. Kim, Sang Yeop, provided the group a tour of the museum. The museum is the original Korean Legation building which was used by the first representatives of the Kingdom of Chosen after diplomatic relations with the United States were established in 1882. When the Japanese col-

Society of the 3rd Infantry Division Continues to on Korean War History



3dID History plaque dedication



3d ID MOH plaque presentation

onized Korea in 1905, the building was sold and remained in private hands until 2012, when the ROK government purchased it and had it restored to its original state when occupied by the legation personnel.

The building is located on Logan Circle, the former center of diplomatic activity in the capital. It was opened to the public as a museum in 2018. The Koreans were very proud to be one of the few diplomatic facilities to be included on the city's early 20th century map with the Korean flag depicted flying on top of the building!

Major General Lee, Kyung-Koo arrived in Washington in

December after having organized the extraction of Korean government and NGO personnel from Afghanistan in the wake of the Taliban victory there. He is excited over his Washington assignment and is looking forward to supporting the outpost's Korean War historical activities as they once again ramp up after two years of COVID restrictions.

Colonel Lee, Sung Kyun has been the Military Attaché for three years and will depart this summer for his new assignment as the ROK Defense Attaché in Malaysia. He has been an excellent supporter of the outpost's activities. He is assisting the outpost in having a second set of the donated plaques displayed at the National War Memorial in Seoul.



Participants at the 3ID presentation in the exhibit and reception area of the Old Korean Legation

Tomahawk Post Office renamed after Einar ‘Sarge’



Crowd gathered at Tomahawk, WI, post office for dedication ceremony

AUGUST 30, 2021

By Jalen Maki, Tomahawk Leader Editor

TOMAHAWK – Family of Einar ‘Sarge’ H. Ingman Jr., Senator Ron Johnson, Representative Tom Tiffany, State Senator Mary Felzkowski, State Representative Calvin Callahan, and members of the community were on hand for a ceremony celebrating the renaming the Tomahawk Post Office after the local Medal of Honor recipient on Saturday, Aug. 28.

Ingman earned the Medal of Honor for his actions in Korea while in the Army. In Feb. 1951, he took command of two combined squads when their leaders were wounded and captured a fortified ridge-top position near the town of Malta-ri, suffering serious wounds in the assault.

On July 5, 1951, Ingman was awarded the Medal of Honor by President Harry Truman. After being discharged from the Army, Ingman returned to the Tomahawk area, residing in Irma. He passed away on Sept. 9, 2015, at the age of 85.

The process to rename the building after Ingman dates back to last February, when Johnson and Sen. Tammy Baldwin introduced a bill to do so. The legislation passed the Senate in Nov. 2020, and the House of Representatives approved the bill the following month.

On Dec. 30, 2020 former President Donald J. Trump signed the bill into law.

Johnson called Ingman “a true American hero.”

“For the extraordinary courage he displayed during his service in the Korean War, he was awarded the Medal of Honor, our nation’s highest military honor,” Johnson stated. “Renaming the post office in his hometown is a fitting tribute to a man whose service and story will forever inspire future generations.”

“It is one of my most greatest duties as a lawmaker to support and sponsor legislation that creates lasting legacies for great servicemen, like Einar H. Ingman, Jr.,” Tiffany said. “During his service in the Korean War, Ingman showed remarkable strength and courage and went above and beyond the call of duty.”

NOTE: This article is printed with the permission of Editor Jalen Maki of the Tomahawk, WI, Leader. It appeared originally on August 30, 2021.



New sign outside Tomahawk, WI, post office

H. Ingman Jr.



U.S. Senator Ron Johnson (R-WI) addresses crowd at Tomahawk, WI dedication ceremony



Ingman family at post office dedication (the "me" is KWVA Associate Member Mary Ingman)



Post Office Re-naming Dedication
Named after my father.
Chad, Candice, Emma, Gavin and Me

Did You Know the Most Recent Recipient of the MOH Served in Korea?



Sgt. 1st Class Alwyn C. Cashe

The Congressional Medal of Honor Society salutes the service and sacrifice of Sgt. 1st Class Alwyn C. Cashe on Dec. 16, 2021, he was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor for going above and beyond the call of duty during his service in the U.S. Army during the War on Terrorism in Iraq. He is the first Black Medal of Honor Recipient awarded the Medal of Honor for actions during this conflict.

CAREER

Recipient Cashe grew up in Oviedo, Florida. After he graduated from Oviedo High School, he enlisted in the U.S. Army and soon deployed to the Middle East for the first Gulf War, before he returned to the U.S. for a three-year assignment at Fort Lewis, Washington. He then served in Korea for a year before returning to the U.S. again as a squad leader at Fort Hood, Texas.

Following his time in Texas, Cashe served two years in Germany and then returned to Fort Benning, Georgia, as a drill sergeant. He returned to Europe again, to serve two more years in Germany before then returning to Fort Benning as a platoon sergeant. In 2005, he was deployed in support of Operation Iraqi Freedom.

THE BATTLE

During Operation Iraqi Freedom, in October of 2005, Recipient Cashe and fellow troops were conducting nighttime patrol when their vehicle was struck by a makeshift explosive. Cashe managed to exit the vehicle first, and he and a fellow soldier moved quickly to extract the driver. At that point Cashe's uniform, fuel-soaked from the explosion, caught fire. He suffered severe burns, but he continued to the rear of the vehicle to help soldiers trapped in the troop compartment.

While other troops engaged the enemy, Cashe was able to continue to the rear and aid four troops to escape the burning vehicle. Noticing that two troops were still missing, he re-entered the burning vehicle to retrieve them. Cashe refused to board the medical helicopter ahead of fellow soldiers. He ultimately succumbed to his wounds weeks later in the hospital on Nov. 8, 2005. Sgt. Cashe's actions that day saved many lives.

MEDAL OF HONOR PRESENTED

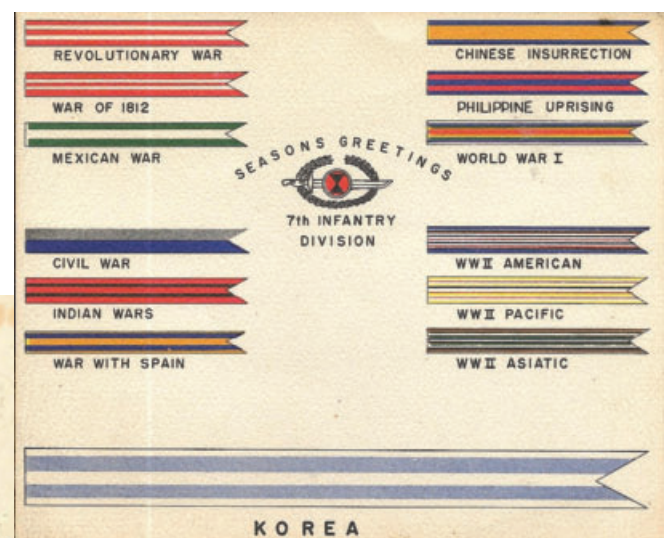
The Medal of Honor, which was upgraded from a Silver Star, was presented to Alwyn Cashe's family on Dec. 16, 2021, by President Joseph R. Biden at the White House.



Merry Christmas

I hope you can use two late Christmas cards. These are from the 7th Inf. Div. The first one has the Hour Glass inside as a greeting and the second one shows our campaign ribbons. I was with the 7th in 1951/52 (Hqs & Svc Btry, 57th FA Bn.)

Bill Jacque, williamjacque@yahoo.com



7th Infantry Division Christmas Cards

Memories of Korea

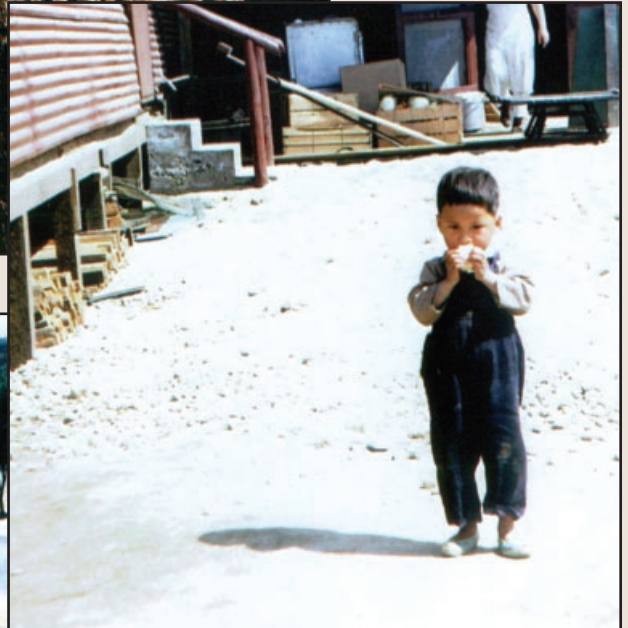
Herbert B. Taylor, a member of Ch. 313, Shenandoah, shared these photographic memories of Korea with us. He served with the U.S. Army's 24th Division in Korea.

Herbert Taylor, 2592 Welltown Rd., Winchester, VA 22603



Hey, Buddha, can you spare a dime?

An orphaned boy who wandered into Herbert Taylor's compound



A Korean honey bucket technician en route to the rice paddies



The Adventures of a Marine Machine Gunner

By Arthur LaPorte, USMC, 1/3/7

This account is part of the story of Korea. I say part of because there was a lot that happened in Korea before I even got there, and a lot happened long after I left.

We landed on the shores of South Korea, not to the sounds of shells or enemy bullets, but to the sounds of children who were on the beach looking for candy and other goodies. We boarded trucks and after a short drive arrived at a tent city which was the 1st Marine Division's bivouac area. The Division had just fought its way out of the Chosin Reservoir and been brought by ship to this area.

The Division was being refitted with men and supplies, and we were part of that refitting. We replacements were assigned to different companies. I became a part of Item Company, 3rd Bn., 7th. Regt. (1/3/7).

One of the first things I noticed was the very intense cold. I come from a very cold state, New York, but the cold here was much worse than I had felt at home. Of course, at home I did not have to put up with it 24 hours a day. The tents we slept in were ordinary squad tents and gave us little protection from the cold. We did have a pot bellied stove that ran on fuel oil that helped a little—if it did not go out.

There was nothing like going out in the wee hours of the morning to fill up a fuel can to keep the stove going, what with the wind howling like it did. We had sleeping bags, but they, like the tents, offered only a little protection. You would shake all day with the cold and the last thing you remembered before you went to sleep was your shaking. I expect that we probably never stopped shaking while we slept.

We were so crowded in the tents at night that we were shoulder to shoulder. We had a corporal in one of the rifle squads who always had to get up and go take a leak. There were enemy guerrillas who would take pot shots at us and then take off. This kept us keyed up so that one night the corporal had to make one of his visits outside.

Unfortunately, he tripped over and fell on me. Coming out of a deep sleep the first thing I thought was the enemy was attacking and the rest of the men were dead and the man on top of me was the enemy trying to kill me. I quickly put my arm around his neck, drew out my personal pistol I had in a shoulder holster, and placed it against his spine.

I had the trigger almost pulled when he managed to get out some words and I realized he was friendly. He was about six feet tall and strong but I was some scared coming out of the sleep the way I did he was helpless in my grip and I came close to killing him. Needless to say I don't think he ever made a trip out at night again. As for me I was quite disturbed thinking how close I came to shooting one of our own men.

We had one funny thing happen. One of the boys decided he

wanted to visit a house of ill repute several miles down the road. While with the woman he heard an M.P. Patrol coming and jumped out the window to avoid them. He then headed back to camp clad only in long johns and socks. By the time we saw him he was one frozen Marine. That cured his wandering away from camp at night, which was something we were not supposed to do. I expected to see the MPs looking for him because he must have left his IDs in his pants.

Eventually the Division was up to strength. There were two things that needed to be done: hunt down and try to destroy the guerrillas, who numbered several thousand and were causing a lot of trouble here in the south, and train and harden new men like myself to the rigors of Korea and its war. This was on-the-job training that either would make or break you.

We would hike 15 to 20 miles with a hundred-pound pack on your back, plus your weapon and a cartridge belt full of ammo. If you were in a machine gun squad, as I was, you also carried a couple ammo boxes, each containing a belt of 250 rounds of ammo for the machine gun. I think it added up to as much as I weighed—and maybe more.

A lot of times we would be chasing an enemy force that would only stop and fight when everything was in their favor. Most of this was done on the ridgelines and mountains that were in the area. A lot of this was done during the night, you would end up early in the mornings till dark, finally stopping and getting some sleep. You learned to sleep with your feet pointing down. The ridgelines. This prevented your rolling down the hill in your sleep.

Moving along these ridges in the snow was dangerous. Sometimes you would move just below the ridge digging your feet in to the footprint of the man ahead of you. Sometimes the snow would give way and the man would go tumbling down the ridge. When this happened you learned to spread out and this would slow your fall.

Frostbite was a big thing that happened to many Marines, usually to the feet, but it is a wonder all of us didn't get it in our faces, which were frozen stiff most of the time, especially the way the winds would roar up on these high ridges and mountains. Your head would have icicles hanging from it.

For the first couple of weeks my feet were covered with blisters, I thought I was in good shape, but I found that for the first couple of weeks I was not. This was not like the combat I had found on Iwo Jima, where you moved and fought by the foot or yard. Chasing the guerrillas around would have taken me around Iwo several times.

We lost several good men during this time, but it sure toughened us up and was good training. I remember one night we were camped near a small village. I was on sentry duty. I was near a road leading to the village, I spotted someone coming up the road. I let him get almost to me, then I told him to halt. He



could speak English. He told me not to shoot and raised his hands.

I heard a lot of shooting coming from the village. I took him to the Officer of the Day. The Korean said he was from the village and that a group of guerrillas was attacking it, but they did not need our help. I told the officer he was probably one of the enemy and that we should go help the villagers. It was discussed, but they decided it would be risky going to the villagers' aid in the dark and we might run into an ambush. Several of us tried to volunteer but the brass would not go for that.

The next morning we passed through the village. The enemy were gone by then. Everywhere lay the bodies of the police who had tried to hold off the enemy. The police station was in ruins. I don't know if any of the police survived. Most of us were angry, because we couldn't go to their aid. The village had no protection, not even from us. We went chasing after the enemy, hoping to catch up with and destroy him.

One of our men got a package from home which he shared with us. It contained a newspaper with a big write-up about him and his being in Korea. He was quite proud of that. A few days later we caught up with a large group of the enemy and started to engage them. They went up on top of a mountain several hundred feet high. We had to go almost straight up on a path that zig-zagged across the face of the mountain.

One of the other ammo carriers and I started up. The going was tough, and we had to stop several times. The load we were carrying felt like a ton. Now this is where I can show just how rugged and tough the Koreans were. We were almost to the top

and, as I said, after stops to get our breath and to regain enough strength to climb higher, we were on our last stop, just sitting there, when we spotted a very old Korean at the foot of the mountain.

He had on his back an A-board with two large rolls of telephone wire on it. I said to my buddy that he would have to make several stops before he got up to where we were if he made it at all. He started up the path, never stopped once, passed us where we were still sitting, and went over the top. I couldn't believe it. I swear he had to be close to eighty. They sure were a rugged people. It is unfortunate, but it is the civilians, the old, the children, and the rest who only want to live and enjoy life that suffer the most in wars.

We finally reached the top and hit the deck. Bullets were flying overhead and into the dirt around us. I guess the enemy decided he had an advantage here and would fight us. They used green tracers in their machine guns, which were shooting over us. My buddy said it looked like dragon eyes coming at us.

The moon was shining very brightly. The Marine who had shown us the write-up in his local paper heard a gook moving just below him. Never thinking that if he stuck his head the enemy would see him against the sky, he peeked over to try and shoot the enemy, who had a clear view of him. They shot and killed him. This shows how you stay alive in combat. When a man is wounded or killed, you try to figure out why and try not to make the same mistake.

We chased the guerrillas all over our area, fought them when they had the guts to take us on. The end results were that we destroyed them as a fighting unit, so the ones we didn't kill or take prisoner broke up into small units and fled north near to Chungju, where the front lines were. On February 15 we headed north for Chungju.

The move took several days. The roads were so dusty that we had to wear handkerchiefs over our mouths and noses to be able to breathe. At night we would set up our pup tents in the rice paddies. This was fine except for one night when a sudden downpour flooded out the rice paddy. So we boarded the trucks and got what sleep we could.

We were wet, cold, and miserable.

When we got almost north we heard a lot of gunfire and we figured we were driving directly into a real bad firefight. We got real nervous as the sound of the firing kept getting louder and louder as we thought we were sitting ducks riding in the trucks. It was raining quite heavily, which added to the noise. Then we saw what the noise was.

There was a pontoon bridge across a river we had to cross and the bridge was crowded with soldiers who were shooting their rifles at huge cakes of ice that were threatening to take out the bridge. That was the only way they could try to reduce the size of the cakes of ice. We sweat it out crossing the bridge, as it could have been swept away at any moment and taken us with it.

We left a truck at the edge of what had been a large city that was now nothing but rubble as the result of intense fighting that saw the city exchange hands several times. It was now in our hands and we started our push north.

I started keeping notes about this time, but some of the early ones were destroyed, so I can only go by memory. One of the early battles was for Clover-Leaf Ridges, where the enemy gave us a real hard battle, throwing lots of small arms fire and grenades in our direction. They liked to roll the grenades down at us. If you used your head and hit the deck flat, the grenades, artillery shells, and mortar rounds would do little harm unless they hit you directly or right next to you. The concussion from a close hit could take out your ear drums or do other damage.

We fought all day for Clover-Leaf, pushing the enemy several miles north. The enemy gave up the fight after dark. We dug in, then half at a time went back for our heavy packs that we had discarded early in the fight. We all made it back, except for one man who came up missing. He rejoined us several days later and told us he had gotten lost that night in the dark and had been taken prisoner by the enemy, taken over near Seoul, and released.

This was unusual, so intelligence ran him through the wringer and decided he was one lucky Marine and let him come back to our unit. I think that most of us were a little wary of him after that, keeping our eyes on his movements.

Day by day, as we were moving north it was one small fire-fight after another, but the enemy chose not to really take us on in a large scale battle. The enemy used a lot of artillery and mortar fire on us all the time, and was glad to do it. It was about that time we passed through Massacre Valley, so called because an army unit had been completely wiped out here.

There were high ridges on both sides of the valley that were supposed to be held by the ROK troops to protect the army unit. The ROK troops left their positions, leaving the unit exposed. The enemy took over the ridge lines and fired down upon the helpless unit, destroying it.

There were dead bodies, both friendly and enemy, lying all through the valley. Some wounded had been rescued, and destroyed equipment was strewn throughout the valley. A tank was plowed into a bank in front of it was pinned an enemy soldier. The bodies were in various positions as it was extremely cold and they froze in different positions as they died.

The strange thing about the dead was that their eyes were open. As we moved by them it seemed that their eyes followed us as though they were still alive. We had to convince ourselves that they were indeed dead. We didn't have anything to fear from our own men, but any of the enemy had to be checked thoroughly to make sure they were indeed dead and not playing possum and trying to kill you if you looked away.

We stopped to eat lunch and a strange thing happened. An enemy soldier lay dead near one of the riflemen who was about to eat a can of rations. After eating he looked at the dead enemy who, upon dying, had stretched back, exposing his stomach and had frozen in that position.

The rifleman took out a bronze Korean spoon he had picked up as a souvenir and started beating on the dead enemy's stomach as though it were a drum. We did not think much of this, but we got our chance to get the rifleman back a few days later for this act. We were again stopping to eat. The rifleman took out his can of rations and started to look through his pockets for a



plastic spoon to eat it with.

By this time all our eyes were upon him, for we knew what was about to happen. He found the bronze spoon and started to eat with it. We looked at each other, smiling at what we were about to pull on him. He noticed our smiles and asked what was so funny, so we reminded him what he had done with the spoon a few days earlier. Amid cursing us he threw up the half can of rations he had eaten.

Just north of the valley we again engaged the enemy, and while under fire we moved forward across a small dam which was very slippery. I had the machine gun on my shoulder, which made it awkward to carry. I slipped and the gun fell into the water. I grabbed for it before it could get out of reach and managed to get hold of it. A few seconds after I got it out of the water it was frozen solid.

We had cans of stuff which we quickly lit and placed under the gun, thawing it out. Then we dried it off. All of this was done while we were engaging the enemy. My right hand was bleeding from either a cut from the ice or from shrapnel. When the corpsman bound it up we decided it was an ice cut and let it go at that. My hands were frozen, needless to say, but getting them back into the gloves and hitting them together got them back to life. We had the machine gun firing again and engaged the enemy till dark.

We fought our way up a ridge under heavy mortar fire that cost us several men. When we got to the top we determined that

the mortar fire was coming from several huts in the valley below us. I fired the machine gun along the edge of the roofs of the huts, trying to set them on fire. This would force the people inside out. If they were civilians we would let them leave unhurt. If enemy soldiers came out we would give them a chance to surrender. Or, if they chose to fight we would mow them down.

The huts did not catch fire, though, so we called in a tank. We felt if there were any civilians in the huts they would have come out by now. We ordered the tank to flatten the huts, which it did with cannon fire. One of the huts kept exploding after being hit, so we knew this was from where the mortar had been fired. We did not receive any more fire.

The next day we moved through the village and saw the bodies of enemy soldiers. The weather had gotten to the point where it was now fairly warm. The ground was finally clear of snow. We stopped for the night and my buddy asked me if we should sleep out in the open or put up our shelter halves. I felt we should put up the shelter.

The next morning we awakened to the stamping of feet and the cussing of the men. We noticed our shelter half was sinking down so low it almost fell on us. Getting out of our shelter we could see why right away. There had been a freak snow storm during the night, and there was a foot or better of snow on everything. The men who slept outside were running around in their long-johns trying to find their clothes under the snow. They were in their bare feet and doing a lot of cussing. My buddy and I almost died laughing.

Eating chow and not having the enemy around us, my buddy and I took a walk down to a hut we had seen below. An old Korean was sitting there crying. He could speak some English, so we asked him what was wrong. He said the enemy had been there a few days before and had taken his wife and daughter with them when they left. We felt sorry for him, knowing the enemy would use the women until they got to be a burden, then leave or kill them. The old Korean would never see them again.

We heard a crash outside, which we investigated. We found a couple Marines were starting to tear down his shed for wood. I told them to clear out or I would shoot them, so they moved out. We told the old Korean we were sorry for their actions. We bid him goodbye and went back to our unit.

We began engaging the enemy in small-arms firefights, just small skirmishes as we moved north. We suddenly came under heavy fire as we approached a cluster of small peaks. One of our men kept falling behind as we went on attack, and we had to keep slowing up to get him up with us. We kept hollering at him. He was dragging behind again when suddenly a shell landed right next to him without going off.

He took one look at the shell sticking out of the mud and he ran up to us we all laughed at him. It was lucky the mud had prevented the shell from exploding, or he would have been nothing but pieces. He never lagged behind after that. I think he felt it was an omen from god.

We then attacked the peaks with small arms fire, artillery and mortars. After a hard fight the peaks were ours and we set up for the night tired and hungry. The next day the enemy had moved

to our left so we moved along the ridgeline to again engage him. They were throwing a lot of lead around us from small arms.

The enemy was slightly below us, shooting up at us. Suddenly a machine gun opened up on us and their fire was cutting the ground around us and our gun. I watched to see his muzzle fire and spotted it coming from a bunker or hole below. I quickly laid in on him with my own fire. After a couple long bursts the enemy gun was silent, so I must have wiped out the crew with my fire. We placed heavy small arms and machine gun fire over the area in front of us and what was left of the enemy ran.

We again moved to the left early next morning. Facing us now was a high peak with a gentle slope coming down to us. The enemy was up at the top and as we started up on the attack the enemy threw intense small arms fire at us. There was no cover we could use, so we were taking heavy losses.

Half-way up, we pulled back because of the intense fire. We sat at the bottom for a while to regain our wind and nerve. We got up, poured heavy fire on the enemy, and took the peak in one quick push. The enemy retreated, taking their wounded and dead with them. That was a favorite trick of theirs to prevent us from knowing how badly we hurt them. We had the peak and one prisoner, who had given up as we attacked.

We started moving down a road toward our right. We put the prisoner on top of a tank so we could keep our eye on him as we



advanced. The prisoner was smiling. I guessed he thought it was funny we had to walk while he rode. He lost his smile when the tank hit a mine and he was thrown off. He never smiled after that, but we did watch him walk.

Someone hollered "incoming." One of the new men, instead of hitting the deck, ran up. The shell landed near him and he was in an upright position so he was slightly wounded. At least he did not have to stay around long. It must have been quite a story to tell his kids later on in life: "I thought I was going to get a letter, but got an artillery shell instead."

We received fire from a high mountain to our right. We moved up the ridgeline while trading fire with enemy. The trail up was very steep. By the time we reached the top the enemy had left. We found a bunch of sneakers that we grabbed for our use. There were several boxes of grenades, the type you have to hit against something to arm. We did not want to leave them for the enemy, so the men wondered what to do with them.

The sides of the mountain were almost straight down, so I grabbed one of the cases and threw it over the edge. The men thought I was nuts. It hit the deck but the grenades did not explode, so I threw the rest over.

The mountain was so high that despite the fact it was now warm weather there was snow all over the top. We are a few miles below Hwachon Dam and we had to cross a stream they put a bridge across. We made it across but the enemy opened the gates of the dam and swept the bridge away. It was reported later that a plane was brought in and torpedoed the dam to prevent this.

You might wonder what our life was like when we were not taking a hill or defending a position. When we could we would build a fire and stand or sit around it drinking coffee or eating. Many times we joined in singing different songs. We talked a lot about our families and home.

We played cards when we could, playing for money. A favorite game was pinochle, if we had the time, more often poker. We were back in the rear for a few days, getting shots and a chance of buying stuff from a portable P.X. and mail. I had saved my beer rations for a while and gotten some tuna fish and cigars at the P.X. So, I threw a party to celebrate six years in the Corps.

We put together several shelter halves and made a large tent. All of us crowded into it and had party with my beer, tuna, and cigars. You could cut the smoke in the tent with a knife. With the combination of the cigars (I didn't smoke), beer, and tuna I got good and sick, but I enjoyed the party anyway.

One of the men had found a little puppy which we kept with us for a while. You can't imagine the pleasure this little animal gave us. We got into a bitter gun battle and had to pull back. When we stopped and held our position we found that the puppy had been left behind. We felt a bitter loss and hoped he was safe somewhere, but knowing the enemy, if they got a hold of him they probably would eat him.

We had fought our battles above the 38th parallel and were now in reserve. We were a short distance behind the Main Line of Resistance (MLR). There was a jeep near us with a lot of radio equipment on it. Our units ahead of us were talking of

enemy troop movements to their front. Suddenly, there was a lot of heavy small arm and machine gun fire filling the air.

We heard on the radio of one of the machine gunners piling up the enemy so high in front of his gun he had to place the gun on top of the bodies in order to get a clear field to mow down the ones still attacking. This was the start of the enemy's spring offensive. Both our side and the enemy were taking heavy losses.

We were ordered to withdraw to the left to take a ridgeline commanding a road on which an army unit composed of tanks mounted with 155s would make their withdrawal. We could not afford to let the enemy get them. As we approached the ridge we saw a lot of men moving around the top, and as they did not fire on them we thought they might be friendly. We were now at the base of the ridge and some of our men started up.

We had one of our interpreters holler up to them that we were friendly. However, the men on top were not that friendly, and opened fire on us. We opened up with machine guns and small arms to allow our men to pull back, killing or wounding all the enemy in sight on the ridge. We pulled back a couple hundred yards from the ridge and set up the machine gun, firing upon the ridge so our men could pull back under the cover of woods to our right. One of the riflemen fell near me. I ran to him, picked him up in a fireman's carry, and carried him to the woods. He had been shot through the heel, a very painful wound.

I ran back out to the machine gun, raking the top of the ridge. The Lt. was hollering at us to pull back to the woods, but by now an enemy machine gun was shooting all around us. I hollered back at the Lt. that I had to get the machine gun first or he would pick us off as we ran. I could see his muzzle blast coming out of a bunker on top of the ridge. I opened up with the machine gun, bringing the tracers into the opening of the bunker.

The nice thing about firing into a bunker like that was that the bullets will bounce around the walls of the bunker until something like human flesh stops them. A couple good bursts and the enemy machine gun and its crew were done. I plastered the top with heavy fire and told the assistant gunner to get ready to get out, which we did.

About then a P-38 fighter plane came in, shooting its machine guns and rockets and dropping napalm, which set the whole top of the ridgeline afire. The enemy no longer gave us trouble from there on. Later, the P-38 pilot radioed there were some 500 to 1,000 of the enemy lying dead all over the ridgeline. And to think our platoon was going to try and take them.

By this time the army unit of 155 howitzers was moving down the road and to safety. All the units were now headed south and were taking up the rear guard. We stopped in a valley and looked back. As we looked back we saw the ridgeline covered with gooks coming toward us. We set up on a high ridge to our right for the night.

The next day we went out on a patrol with just personal weapons. Our orders were to find out just where the enemy was, but not to engage him in a firefight as they were afraid we would be cut off and wiped out. We machine gunners were on this patrol because we had volunteered for it.



We had gone quite a way from our unit and sat on the side of a ridge to get a rest. There was a road a few hundred yards ahead. Suddenly, down the road came a gook patrol strung out, but they did not see us. I said to Sgt. Brown our section leader we should take them, as long as we were ready to return to our own lines. He agreed with me, even though this was against our orders.

We counted to three and the whole patrol fired upon the gooks, really blasting them. We then high tailed back toward our own positions before some gooks could cut us off and destroy us. We were expecting to get cut off, as we were several miles from our lines by then. But, that didn't happen. After an exhausting force march we reached our own lines.

On the way back I noticed Brown and Red were losing control. They did not hear anyone who talked to them and only stared straight ahead. They were both suffering from battle fatigue.

I took them and a couple others down to the bottom of the hill, where I turned them over to a party of South Koreans who would take all of them back to the rear for medical attention and

rest.

By the time I got back up the hill it was almost dark. I was completely worn out. We dug in for the night. The next day I took a squad and led the lieutenant down to the river to find a safe place to cross, as we would be moving out that night. The enemy was really pushing us now.

On our right, up on the ridge, the banners of the Greek unit had disappeared. They had apparently pulled out.

On our left the R.O.K. unit had high-tailed it, leaving us open to being surrounded and destroyed. The British Marines moved in where the R.O.K. unit was and protected our flank. I understand that later they were almost wiped out and their Colonel was captured. I had seen him at Quantico when he inspected our guard mount. I was surprised at his knowledge of our ribbons and medals.

We moved out across the river that night. It was in flood stage, so a human chain was formed across the river and the rest of the men hung on to them as they crossed. Other gunners went across in vehicles, so there wouldn't be any chance of losing a machine gun. One of the men was afraid of the water in the dark and let out screams as he did not want to cross.

Getting on the other side we went at a forced march south.

The enemy kept trying to cut us off, so we shot at them as we went. Their bodies littered the ground on both sides of our march. Trucks, tanks and other equipment passed us along the march. The trucks and tanks loaded down with men, we had to continue our march, as there was no transportation for us.

When daylight came we passed a photographer who was taking pictures of our retreat. I was carrying the whole machine gun by now, as the rest of the men were worn out. We were almost to our goal when I passed out. As I fell the men grabbed the gun off my back so I wouldn't be hurt by it. The next thing I knew I was looking up at them, wondering what happened.

On our retreat south the Marines liked to say we were fighting in a new direction. We kept a telephone link with the rear. The enemy would cut the wire, then wait in ambush for a telephone repairman to come along, then shoot him. We outsmarted the enemy by sending out flankers—and we shot the enemy who was waiting in ambush.

We had moved to the south about 26 miles in the forced march, and we were all worn out. We slept well that night. We had time to rest from our ordeal and get the equipment clean.

NOTE: Art LaPorte went to guard the gates of Heaven on August 15, 2019. He left us with a treasure trove of memories in his written accounts, though. We will continue with his diaries in future editions. Photos provided by courtesy of Ellie Price.

WELLS from page 31

me at the airport.

This trip was an enlightening one, as the old memories etched in my mind are now replaced with new memories of a happier time in Korea. I never wanted to go back because it was sad and so many warrior heroes died there. However, seeing how the people got behind their government and turned their country into a beautiful modernized nation makes all the pain and sacrifice we gave worthwhile.

As we flew out on Friday I looked back knowing I would never see this land again and wondered how I could ever thank these wonderful people for bringing me back to their home. The Korean government paid for expenses. I am glad I went back, because it has helped heal some of my mental problems. I love Korea and I thank the people and government of Korea for their kindness.

(Staff Sgt.) Charles Rayburn Wells, a proud Korea veteran, 6228 Josephine Rd., Norton, VA 24273, 276-679-2096, raywellsavet@aol.com

OLD BUDDIES ARRIVE ON KOREA
OCTOBER 22, 2017



OLD BUDDIES ARRIVE ON KOREA
OCTOBER 22, 2017



OLD BUDDIES ARRIVE ON KOREA
OCTOBER 22, 2017



OLD BUDDIES ARRIVE ON KOREA
OCTOBER 22, 2017

ARRIVAL: Ms. Lee & Ray Wells



ARRIVAL: Glenn Richardson &
Ray Wells



OLD BUDDIES ARRIVE IN KOREA
OCTOBER 22, 2017



HOWDY
MS. Lee & Ray Wells



Welcome to Korea Yall. Ray Wells



Ms. Lee, Col. Marine Corp

Glenn Richardson Ray Wells

OLD BUDDIES ARRIVE ON KOREA
OCTOBER 22, 2017



APARTMENT COMPLEX
IN SEOUL, KOREA 10/23/2017



NORTH Korea on one side and
south korea on other side. SGT.
RAY WELLS IN BETWEEN.



OLD BUDDIES ARRIVE ON KOREA
OCTOBER 22, 2017



Ray Wells, Glenn Richardson, Glenn's
Son in law & our buddies having fun at the
DMZ.



OUTSKIRTS OF INCHEON. NO MORE
STRAW MUD BUILDINGS OF 65
YEARS AGO.

Ray Wells splits North and South at the
DMZ

OLD BUDDIES ARRIVE ON KOREA
OCTOBER 22, 2017



Armed Forces Commander & Sgt.
Ray Wells



Howdy...Ms. Lee, I am glad to be here.

RETIRED MAJOR GENERAL CHOU

RAY WELLS RECEIVES A ROSE
FROM A CHILD PERFORMER AT

MEREDITH VICTORY from page 23

General Haig states in his foreword, “The story of Hungnam and the Meredith Victory is a brilliant yet relatively unknown chapter in American history that can now take its place, during this fiftieth anniversary of the Korean War, among such legendary names as Bunker Hill, Midway, the Battle of the Bulge, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa. This book did not just deserve to be written—it needed to be written.”

The men of the Meredith Victory, led by their captain, Leonard LaRue of Philadelphia, emerge as the heroes of this amazing story. Every one of the 14,000 refugees aboard that ship survived, plus five babies born en route to safety with no doctors to help. There was no food for the refugees, no water, no sanitation facilities, no interpreters, and no protection against the enemy.

The men of the Meredith Victory accomplished their rescue while sailing through one of the heaviest-laid mine fields in the history of naval warfare with no mine detectors. They had no anti-aircraft guns in case of air attack. Radio contact with other ships was forbidden for security reasons. To add to the prolonged tension, the ship was carrying a large supply of jet fuel.

The Meredith Victory arrived at Pusan on the southern tip of the Korean Peninsula on Christmas Eve but was not allowed to land because the port was already overflowing with refugees and rescued American troops. Captain LaRue wrote later of those people aboard who, like the Holy Family many centuries before, were themselves refugees from a tyrannical force. The ship did land safely on Christmas Day on Koje-Do Island, fifty miles southwest of Pusan.

One of the Navy officers who participated in the Hungnam evacuation was the late Admiral Arleigh Burke, who became the Chief of Naval Operations. He later said, “As a result of the extraordinary efforts of the men of the Meredith Victory many people are now free who otherwise might well be under the Communist yoke. Many unknown Koreans owe the future freedom of their children to these men.”

Larry King, the talk show host, said “Ship of Miracles” will make you proud to be an American.”

The book has already won its first award. Mr. Gilbert has been awarded the Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin D. Roosevelt Naval History Prize awarded annually by the New York Council of the Navy League. The Council’s president, Rear Admiral Robert A. Ravitz (USNR, ret.), said Mr. Gilbert was selected because his book told a story of American heroism and humanitarianism which has gone overlooked for 50 years and should be told and made a shining part of our military history.”

Admiral Ravitz added, “At a time when we are reading other stories about what American forces did or didn’t do in Korea and elsewhere, Mr. Gilbert has made a valuable contribution to American history by revealing this story of both the bravery and the goodness of America’s men in time of war.”

For these reasons, our nation owes a debt to Bill Gilbert on this Memorial Day for writing a book which reminds the American people of that forgotten war and of an heroic incident in that war by the brave men of the S.S. Meredith Victory.



Seventeen years later then Secretary of Defense and Marine general James Mattis recounted the Meredith Victory in his commencement speech at the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, aka King’s Point. Excerpts were included in the ships’ staff officer’s account of the speech. (Much of the background material in this story was furnished by Mr. Lunney.)



Secretary of Defense Mattis’s Commencement Speech By J. Robert Lunney

Dear Friends,

Having served in the SS Meredith Victory under the command of Capt. Leonard P. LaRue (later Bro. Marinus, OSB) during the Korean War I wish to note that on 16 June 2018 Secretary of Defense James N. Mattis delivered the Commencement Address at the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy. Included in his address he expressed, in part, the following:

“...My father was a mariner from 1935 to 1949, so it was in my blood to go wander the world and I would tell you those were turbulent times in the air, on land, and sea and under the sea...During the Great Depression he enrolled in the Pennsylvania Nautical School and he did his sea year aboard the USS Annapolis, which was a Navy steam-sailed gunboat from the Spanish-American War....It was sound training for what lay ahead and those seamanship fundamentals served him well when the great auditor, that in the Armed Services we call war, was going to test all the mariners that we had and then some.

“He served on convoys from the Murmansk Run to the United Kingdom, where the wolf packs hunted under the stormy North Atlantic Sea...I want you to hold something sacred and fix your days on it, fix your gaze on it like you do on the North Star when you’re navigating and chart a course through what are going to be ethically” perilous waters. We need leaders who show a strong sense of ethics today. You need to be a source of strength for your subordinates and you need to be a lifelong learner so you’re as strong.

“When destiny does tap you on the shoulder to lead your crew or team through the rocks and shoals of life as you are here today at this point in your life. Leonard LaRue had that strength. He also attended Pennsylvania Nautical School in the 1930s and, like my father, he did his sea year aboard the USS Annapolis. But he is remembered not for his physical courage in World War II, which he had an abundance of, but for his moral courage in Korea as Captain of the SS Meredith Victory, where he proved to not only be a mariner in the finest tradition of your service, but a great American listening to his better angels.

“In the frigid December of 1950, the United Nations command was encircled at Hungnam in what is today North Korea. Enemy soldiers bore down upon a city in flames, the harbor was mined and thousands of refugees swarmed the beaches desperate to escape...Captain LaRue ordered his SS Meredith Victory into shore amidst a storm of war and he and his crew rescued 14,000 refugees and bore them away safely on his ship. Before they could put into safe anchorage, five babies were born and with over 14,000 refugees, not a single life was lost. Now there was a leader not concerned with putting it all on the line. He was competent; he was aware of and stoically he dealt with it.

“Remember him and don’t allow his example to be lost...Keep your integrity, responsibility, and hold close something sacred to include the tradition of this service. It will only last as long as you embrace it...God

preserve you when you go in harm's way and Godspeed to you all."

Editor's Note - The Apostleship of the Sea in Port Arthur, Texas (my hometown) has appealed to the Vatican to name Brother Marinus a saint. (From From Watch on the Rhine, The Official Publication of the Society of the Third Infantry Division, United States Army, Vol. 100, No. 2, October 2018, p. 13)



One of the most intriguing passages in Mattis's speech was the mention of the Pennsylvania Nautical School. What the heck was that? Talk about little known U.S. history! Here's the info:

"Pennsylvania Nautical School existed in Pennsylvania, United States, from 1889–1947. In an effort to meet the nation's demand for trained seamen, the United States Congress passed an Act on June 20, 1874, giving the Secretary of the Navy the authority to provide a naval vessel and instructors for a nautical school to be established at each or any of the ports of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, and San Francisco.

"To that end, the Pennsylvania Nautical School (PNS) was established in 1889 by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and for 58 years trained young men for careers in the maritime trades and professions. PNS cadets were taught aboard five different school ships: USS Saratoga 1889–1907; USS Adams 1907–1914; USS Annapolis 1919–1942; USS Keystone State, ex USCGC Seneca 1942–1946; and USS Keystone State II, ex USS Selinur 1946–1947. Approximately 2,000 cadets graduated from the nautical school before it closed in 1947." (Source: <https://en.what-this.com/51667936/1/pennsylvania-nautical-school.html>)

Sure enough, LaRue, who graduated in 1934 and died in October 2001 at age 87, and John West Mattis were listed as two of its notable former cadets. J. Robert Lunney died peacefully on Thursday, March 10, 2022, at age 94. Korean War veterans will remember him always for his role in the Hungnam evacuation following the Battle of Chosin and his efforts to find and repatriate the remains of Americans left behind in Korea. May both mariners LaRue and Lunney rest in peace,

Here is a list of the crew of the SS Meredith Victory:

Joseph Blesset, Wiper
John P. Brady, Chief Engineer
Robert H. Clarke, Utility
Russell V. Claus, Messman
Richard C. Coley, Ordinary Seaman
Charles C. Crockett, Oiler
Sidney E. Deel, Assistant Electrician
Andres Diaz, Wiper
Alvar G. Franzon, Third Mate
Major M. Fuller, Steward
Lee Green, Fireman/Watertender
Nathaniel T. Green, Radio Officer
Albert W. Golembeski, Second Mate
Lawrence Hamaker, Jr., Oiler
Edgar L. Hardon, Utility
Morall B. Harper, Electrician
Charles Harris, Able-Bodied Seaman
Leon L. Hayes, Utility
George E. Hirsimaki, First Asst Engineer
Joseph A. Horton, Fireman/Watertender

Lonnie G. Hunter, Able-Bodied Seaman
William R. Jarrett, Able-Bodied Seaman
Kenneth E. Jones, Able-Bodied Seaman
Leon A. Katrobos, Jr., Ordinary Seaman
Alfred W. Kaufhold, Licensed Junior Engineer
James A. Kelsey, Junior Third Assistant Engineer
Leonard P. LaRue, Master
Robert Lunney, Staff Officer
Herbert W. Lynch, Chief Cook
Patrick H. McDonald, Able-Bodied Seaman
Adrian L. McGregor, Messman
Ira D. Murphy, Deck Utility
Willie Newell, Assistant Cook
Vernice Newsome, Wiper
Nile H. Noble, Third Assistant Engineer
Elmer B. Osmund, Boson
Harding H. Petersen, Second Assistant Engineer
Johnnie Pritchard, Messman
Dino S. Savastio, Chief Mate
Henry J. B. Smith, Junior Third Mate
Merl Smith, Licensed Junior Engineer
Louis A. Sullivan, Fireman/Watertender
Ismael B. Tang, Ordinary Seaman
Noel R. Wilson, Able-Bodied Seaman
Wong T. Win, Second Cook and Baker
Ernest Wingrove, Deck Utility
Steve G. Xenos, Oiler



CERTIFICATE

**The SS Meredith Victory
performed the greatest
rescue operation ever
by a single ship
by evacuating 14,000 refugees
from Hungnam, North Korea
in December 1950**

Keeper of the Records
GUINNESS WORLD RECORDS LTD

Signature

War Orphans and Their Benefactors

By *Therese Park*



In the November-December 2021 issue of *Graybeards*, my eyes caught an image of a Korean orphan boy about 7 years old sitting alone on the roadside under the caption “No place to go.”

The story introduced the Korean orphans abandoned by their parents or caretakers who fled the war zone, intentionally or not. And don’t we all watch these days the abandoned children in Afghanistan controlled by the Taliban?

Within days of North Korean troops’ “Surprise Attack” along the 38th Parallel, our hometown of Busan at the southeast tip of the Korean Peninsula was about to explode with refugees. Among them were orphans, beggars, pickpockets, and gangsters. Daily, flimsily built tents with military blankets and cardboard boxes appeared along the road near the neighborhood market and the parking lot in front of the train station.

Our Catholic Church in Busan operated an orphanage on its property, and our devout Catholic mother visited regularly, taking bags of gifts—rice mixed with barley, Yut (Korean taffy), fruits and vegetables, and sticky-rice-cake. She “invited” us kids to come along. I, then 9-years-old, always tagged along, as did my two older sisters, aged 11 and 13.

Our mother’s intention for encouraging her kids to come along with her every time she visited the orphans seemed obvious; she wanted to teach us what the war had done to people, including children of our ages. Or was she trying to teach us the virtues of charity, kindness, and generosity? Definitely.

It’s also possible that she wanted her children to see how fortunate they were compared to those orphans—the bony and sickly looking children who had no parents or no place they could call “home” and were left there to be handled by the Catholic Sisters who, in my observations, showed no warmth toward them.

The room we were led into had straw mats on the floor with rag-like bed coverings and a few army blankets instead of traditional Korean sleeping mats, comforters, and pillows. The boys and girls we saw were younger than us, the oldest was about five or six years old. (It’s possible they looked younger and smaller because of the poor diets or even starvation.) Most children wore only underwear, showing their bony arms and legs, and some were motionless, their eyes closed.

The moment we walked in with bags of goodies they turned into noisy kids, all awake, each raising their bony arms and waiving; “Give me.... Give me...I’m hungry.” The nun in charge didn’t allow us to open bags in front of the orphans. “We’ll give them later,” she always said, taking the bags from us and handing them to another nun. She then clapped her hands, saying, “This kind family brought you food that we’ll cook and give you later, okay? Let’s say, ‘Thank you,’ shall we?”

The orphans only wailed in disappointment.

We would have been glad to see the orphans laughing and devouring what we had brought for them—the taffy, fruits, and rice cakes, but no such luck. It was heart-breaking to leave the orphanage while the poor kids were crying, but we got used to it as time went by.

Almost six decades later, living in the Kansas City area, I met one of the wartime Korean orphans, who changed my view of “orphans” in general.

Mr. Ho sang with the Korean Choir in the Greater Kansas City area that often performed outside the Korean community. Interestingly enough, Mr. Ho lived in North Korea in a town named Chulwon, just north of the 38th Parallel, when the war broke out in June of 1950. What impressed me about him was that he was a successful businessman working for a South Korean company based in New York, NY, and introduced himself by saying, “I was a temporary orphan during the war.” A temporary orphan? This is his story.

When the war broke out on June 25, 1950, his father, a photographer for the town’s newspapers, was out of the town for

work, and his mom and her four kids, all under 13 years old, were trapped and fearful of what might happen to them. They didn’t know when the “Man of the Family” would return, nor did they know where he was. They couldn’t leave for safety, either, for the Red Army had tightened security: “No one leaves the town and no one returns,” was the rule.

“Without our father’s income, food was hard to find,” he continued. “Our mother worked hard by sewing the neighbor’s garments or cleaning homes of Red Army officers in the commune, but we were still hungry.”

Every day, the radio reported that the barbaric Americans invaded the DPRK (Democratic People of the Republic of Korea) and were killing thousands of people in what city and when. On one fall day, a formation of American airplanes showed up and dropped bombs, and many homes, including that of Ho’s family, were destroyed. Like others in the community, Ho’s mother and the boys dug holes in the ground and made a foxhole to hide in it. While hiding, the Ho Family prayed for the “Man of the Household” to return home and take them to a safe place.

Two months later, near Christmas time, the Mother brought the news that South Korean and American troops were offering transportation to any family willing to move to the south.

“God heard our prayers, children!” their mother said.

Mr. Ho said, “Our Mother, a devout Christian, saw the Communists burning churches, arresting religious leaders and sending them away, never to be found again, so moving to the South had been in her mind for some time.”

One very cold morning in January 1951, the family boarded a South Korean military truck heading for the south. They were all bundled up in coats, hats, and gloves. It was a long ride on a snow-covered road, in bone-chilling weather. Arriving in Seoul, the driver, a soldier, took them to a refugee center that once had been a school. There was no heat in the room in which the Ho family stayed with dozens of other refugees with children who left North Korea for

good. After six months of living in refugee centers, one place after another, their mother made a solemn decision.

"She tearfully told my older brother (13) and me (10) that she has no choice but to send the two of us to the nearest orphanage," Mr. Ho said. "My brother and I were dumbfounded. We never thought our mother would abandon us like that. But she was firm."

"It's only until I find a job and can put food on the table for all of us, understand?" she said. "There's no other choice."

"It was terrible, living in a big place with hundreds of orphans," Mr. Ho said, looking sad. "But I soon met some kids whose parents lived elsewhere and dropped them off at that orphanage and left so that they could be fed, like what our mom did. I felt better afterward."

When Christmas was only weeks away that year, something unexpected happened. One American army officer who frequented the orphanage volunteered to form a choir that'd entertain American troops. With instructions, the Ho brothers auditioned, along with their fellow orphans. The Ho brothers were accepted into the choir.

Mr. Ho said he found singing both fun and helpful, because while singing he didn't miss his mother and two sisters living in the refugee center. And singing American songs in English was difficult. Yet, that made him feel special, too, because the non-choir members envied him for pronouncing English words and even understanding their meanings.

The bigger reward came when the choir mastered the songs—Christmas carols including Jingle Bells, God Bless America, and the national anthem. The conductor, the army officer, took the choir to the U.S. military compounds in the DMZ (Demilitarized Zone) along the 38th Parallel to entertain the American soldiers in patrol duties. The same Christmas concert was repeated several times at the different army compounds.

Afterward, many American soldiers carrying boxes of gifts visited the orphanage in which the Ho brothers lived and handed each child toys, Hershey Bars, socks, and gloves, which the local Korean kids would not even dream of receiving. Soon, U.S. Army Headquarters Seoul

invited the choir and they sang in a large auditorium filled with many army generals and officers, both American and Koreans, and among them sat President Syngman Rhee in the front seat!

"As an adult, I always sang," Mr. Ho said proudly with a spark in his eyes. "I sang in the church choir or the choir at the colleges I attended. Even after I came to the U.S. in 1968 singing has been an important part of me."

"I'm grateful to the American officers who brought us the sweet taste of America, but the officer, the conductor who introduced me to the rich world of music, was my personal savior who opened the door to the music world for

me. Without such wonderful opportunities to sing and entertain countless American troops, my brother and I probably suffered from severe loneliness and bitterness of rejection and died, too."

What Mr. Ho shared with me was a profound message: "Music is a special gift from God that has the power to heal pain, loneliness, traumas, and all sufferings of the past."

NOTE: Therese Park, a regular contributor to our magazine, is the author of "A Gift of the Emperor," "When a Rooster Crows at Night," "The Northern Wind," & "Returned and Reborn?" Reach her at <http://www.theresepark.com>

Driving in Korea

By Ronald Richoux USMC

During the Korean War, whenever I picked up a group of Marine replacements and transported them to the front lines, my shot-gun rider left his seat next to me and took his position manning the 50 Caliber machine gun above my head. As he left the front seat a Marine replacement that was headed for the front lines always sat in his spot, which was in the front seat next to me. It was usually an officer.

During those many hours of driving in the directions of the front lines they never stopped talking. Most of them would reveal much of their life history. My response to their constant chatter was usually a yes, no sir, or perhaps I would say, correct. My response to their constant talking was generally minimal.

Hauling Marine replacements to the lines was always a very stressful haul. In winter, it was very cold and equally very hot and dusty in summer. If in a convoy the dust made roads almost invisible. The roads that were used during many battles were almost non-existent.

The North Koreans had captured almost all of South Korea when the First Marine Division landed at Inchon and trapped the North Korean troops. At that time, some serious battles were fought on just about every road in Korea. To that I can add that the lives of eighteen combat Marines, seated in my truck, were always on my mind.

It was my responsibility to get them to the front lines in the same healthy condition

that they were in when boarding my truck. Some of those drops from those narrow severely damaged roads that went to the valleys below had to be several hundred feet. I could never forget that nine combat Marines were seated on each side bench in the bed of my truck. Also in the bed of that truck was everything they needed for their combat mission. Their gear was stacked in the middle of the truck bed between both seats.

At times, while transporting them to the front a driver may have encountered snipers and it was possible to perhaps receive some incoming motor rounds. To say that troop movement to a nineteen-year-old boy was just about the most stressful encounter one could withstand would certainly be an understatement.

Those frontline combat Marines knew where they were going and they were always very apprehensive. When we arrived to the front line, in every case we had been communicating for many hours and I knew much of their life's history. By the time we arrived to the front lines they had become preoccupied with their own problems.

Without a word, they stepped out of my truck and we just parted. We had bonded and among Marines they were my lifelong friends and brothers. To this day, even though I never could remember their names, I think of them and I am still living the hardest part of those Hard Hauls and I want you to know.

YUCK!

By Pell Johnson

Author's Note: I have been wanting to get this story onto paper for 57 years. That's right, 57 years! Little did I suspect that in order to do so I would have to write a book. When the incident took place, I was an infantry soldier in good standing, a member of the 5th Cavalry Regiment. I had arrived as a replacement in late July 1951, and began a most interesting and challenging tour of duty in Korea. As a result of unusual and very difficult circumstances, our Division, the 1st Cavalry Division, was pulled off line in November 1951 just before Thanksgiving. We ended up in northern Japan for about a year rebuilding the division.

My regiment then was transferred to the southern portion of Korea following a year's stay in Japan. Our unit was providing security for United Nations Civil Assistance Command (UNCAC) in the fall of 1953. My unit was located about 15 miles from the wrecked city of Pusan in the far south of Korea. Having been in the unit for a sufficient time, I became a Sergeant First Class (A7) and the head of the communications section. Over the intervening years I have had no contact with my two friends mentioned in the story so I shall refer to them on a first name basis.

Life had become quite boring. I had been in the army for sufficient time to have learned to appear very busy while doing nothing with my clipboard always full of paper. The expression on my face was one of intense concentration. I had access to a jeep and driver any time I wanted and took full advantage of that. The motor sergeant was a very good friend.

In early March 1953, my driver, Pat, and I decided to go on another tour of the countryside in an open jeep. We had made several similar trips after arriving at the compound in early January. It was a cool, cloudy, but typical March day, similar to what we expect in Minnesota. We left the

compound just outside of Pusan fairly early in the morning, heading wherever a road took us. It was an enterprising trip since we had no road map. A bottle of barley sandwiches was included in case some form of nourishment was needed. Leaving the more populated area around the wrecked city, we went off into the countryside.

We headed west towards the Nakdong River. This was where the United Nations forces stopped the advance of the North Korean Army in 1950 and saved the Korean government from being overrun and destroyed by the North Koreans. Tens of thousands of good men had died, survived terrible wounds, or become prisoners of war.

Our route took us up a range of substantial hills that were covered with brown grass. We crossed them and headed down to the plains along the river. We fully expected to see the remnants of the famous battle, but nature had done a fine job in healing the land. There were no trees on the hillsides as a result of the past military actions in the area. Artillery, bombs, and mortars do a fine job pruning trees and brush: expensive, but effective, landscaping.

I have seen and heard the ugliness of a battlefield and often wondered what happened to the land after the mayhem was

over. In the end, earth rehabilitates itself, healing its awful wounds. The only sound we heard was the wind caressing the tall brown grass. Soon the battles and the carnage are forgotten except by those who were there and soon they, too, will be gone.

The valley floor east of the river was about two miles from the base of the hillside and sloped gently west to the river. On the west side of the river, the ground rose 300 to 400 feet directly from the edge of the river.

The road which ran north and south along the valley floor was located about halfway from the base of the east river bluffs and the river. The valley floor appeared to have been planted with small grains, probably wheat from the looks of the "stobs." (We had a few farmers from Arkansas who used this term frequently.) We headed north at a leisurely pace, just looking at the bleak countryside.

Gazing toward the river, bored, not expecting to see anything of interest, I was surprised when I saw something that brought back memories.

I roared, "PAT! STOP!"

That was not the right thing to do in most cases, since we had memories of our days back in 1951 when a statement like that would have ended up with all parties abruptly evacuating the vehicle and diving into the ditch. Fortunately, we had been away from the combat zone for an extended period and had had a chance to mellow.

Nevertheless, Pat slammed on the brakes and bellowed in a panic, "WHAT? WHAT?"

I shouted, "Look over there, just off the river!"

Frantically grabbing the binoculars we had brought with us, why I don't for the life of me know, I scanned the sky and found what I had seen.

"Pat, that flock of ducks must be blue-bills," I exclaimed. "There must be two hundred in that flock!"



**Pell Johnson
on a non-
hunting day**

"Give me those #%^\$&#@ glasses! I'll be #%%&^%\$#," he howled. (Sorry, reader, but we had accumulated an extensive string of colorful expletives in at least three languages in the course of our presence in Korea and Japan.) Oh, did our hearts pound with the thrill of seeing those ducks! Pat and I had many a conversation about hunting ducks and geese over the months we had known each other as we toured the Far East. He told of many hunts he had on the Missouri River flats in northwestern Iowa. I related stories of hunting on Swan Lake back home in Nicollet County, Minnesota, where I had hunted in past years. It was those precious moments that kept reality in our lives.

As we continued to travel north, there were flock upon flock of ducks pouring up the river valley. We were armed with one .45 army issue pistol and one M-1, neither well suited for shooting ducks. Well, maybe in a pinch. By and by, we returned to camp talking about the possibility of going duck hunting. It was getting late in the afternoon. We had to hurry as I had to lead the color guard in lowering the American flag in the yard of the UNCAC headquarters at sunset every afternoon except on Saturdays and Sundays,

The next day I saw my friend Dave, who was the company clerk. He, too, was a duck hunter. Dave and I had come over on the General John Pope in July of 1951, and were assigned to the same unit on the same day. I laid out the idea of contacting Special Services to see if hunting ducks was possible and what equipment they might have for us to use.

Dave picked up on it and made the call. Sure enough, it was possible, but we needed a hunting license. The catch was, he had talked with a second lieutenant in charge of Special Services who wanted to go along.

I asked Dave in an unsure, questioning voice filled with trepidation and a look of anxiety, "Would the company CO go along with it and when could we go?"

Dave checked it out with the CO and it was a go.

The day came. We were ready. The three of us headed off to Special Services to pick up the lieutenant and everything that we could use. The lieutenant was younger than I and green as grass. His secretary was very attractive though.

It immediately became apparent that the lieutenant had never hunted ducks or anything else for that matter.

The licenses were ready for us. (As I look at the license today, I see we were to comply with Korean game laws and army regulations. We did not have a copy of either. Spring shooting? We ignored the fact.)

We picked up four Winchester Model 97 riot guns with sawed-off barrels and five boxes of BBs. Pat was out hooking up the boat and trailer to the trailer hitch. We looked at the rig and swallowed hard. Pat looked at the guns. He turned a bright angry red and I frantically waved him off or the sky would have turned blue with curses.

The cedar strip boat was painted white with red trim on the gunnel and it was peeling something awful. Man, I would have loved to find out its origin. I would estimate the motor was a 15 horsepower Johnson of about a 1942 vintage. No oars. That was IT. Oh yes, a 10-gallon gas can was in the boat.

The lieutenant wasn't all off base. He had a map that showed the location of a boat landing, which was good. The three of us had no idea where we were when we had seen the ducks on our last trip.

Provisions? Of course, we had three bottles of barley sandwiches.

I have no recollection what time of day it was when we left the base, but it was probably around 8 a.m. The trip to the boat landing? I don't recall a thing. The weather? I remember it was like a typical early March day in Minnesota—cloudy, cold and breezy, in other words—miserable.

The boat landing was located on the east side of the river next to a very small, impoverished, rural village with about ten or twelve mud walled houses with thatched roofs. The landing had a concrete surface that extended from the village's single, dirt road down to the river about 20 feet below. Pat backed the trailer carefully down to the river and the boat slid into the water with all of our gear, including our liquid lunch.

The occupants of the village came out of their plaster-walled, thatch-covered houses that obviously had been nearly destroyed in the past and more-or-less restored. They were composed of half-

starved, very-cold refugees from their appearance, and they slowly surrounded us with questioning looks to see what these crazy Americans were going to do.

The lieutenant went with Pat to park the boat and jeep up on the road. I have no idea what went on with securing the rig, but something was done as it was there intact when we returned.

Upon reflection, that was amazing.

We, including the lieutenant—he had a "should I or shouldn't I" look on his face—had a couple "sandwiches." After all, he was an officer and a gentleman. We loaded the boat with all of our gear and off we went with Pat operating the motor.

We barreled upstream, which was a good idea since we didn't have oars. If the motor conked out, we might have a chance to get to the boat landing using the guns as paddles as we drifted downstream. There were a few flocks of ducks moving along the west side of the river, which was about 400 to 500 feet wide with a substantial current. They were all diver ducks. From what I recall, they were bluebills, red-heads, and a few other species I didn't recognize.

Much to our disappointment there were no sandbars along the river banks. The banks on each side were about 10 to 12 feet high, but at the base of each bank was about a foot-wide narrow beach. There was no cover at all for on-river shooting.

We must have been about a mile or more upstream when I spotted a substantial flock of very large geese coming downstream. I motioned Pat to cut the speed and pull as close to the east bank as possible and just hold the boat in place by adjusting the speed.

The geese? I'm almost certain they were black swans. They kept advancing towards us until they were about 200 yards away when they turned and landed on the stubble field about 100 yards from the crest of the river bank. I signaled to Pat to keep the motor at trolling speed and work the boat upstream along the bank as close as possible. We were below the bank so we were out of sight and sound from the swans.

Just as we approached the spot where the swans had landed, I noted the bed of an eroded stream extending east from the river. The stream bed was about 10 feet

below the stubble field. My thoughts were that if we beached the boat, we could sneak up the stream bed and, from what I could see, we should be able to come within 20 yards of those swans!

I laid the plan out to the party. The army had taught me something. It would be a perfect ambush!

The lieutenant would have nothing to do with it. He wanted to make a charge up the river, make a sharp turn toward the bank and bang away. He wouldn't change his mind. The three of us rolled our eyes and whimpered and pounded the gunnel in frustration, carefully done so the lieutenant couldn't see. So we drifted downstream about 100 yards, worked our way out into the mainstream and charged upstream at full speed as directed.

It was a disaster. As soon as we arrived at midstream, even before we could make the turn those swans were up, up and away.

Nothing was said. I could see Pat biting off a string of invectives that would have peeled the rest of the paint off the boat. Dave was looking at the floor grinding his teeth. We all had two barley sandwiches, but not the lieutenant. At that moment I saw a flock of four or five ducks coming upstream. I wasn't sure what they were, but they reminded me of something.

"Here comes a flock of ducks." I muttered in a hushed voice to the lieutenant, "They're on your side, lieutenant, take a crack at them."

Damned if he didn't get the big wing of one of them and down came the duck. At that moment, I knew what they were.

The lieutenant jumped to his feet and triumphantly yelled, "He's down! Let's get him!"

"Sir." I cautiously declared, "There is hardly any chance of getting that duck in this current. Besides, it's a diver duck, which really makes it difficult."

The lieutenant emphatically disagreed. Off we went chasing that damned duck. The lieutenant was in the front of the boat with Dave and I behind and Pat at the motor. They looked at me and wondered what I knew about the duck. I

She reached out with her scrawny hand, grabbed the duck, took one look, made a horrible YUCK look on her face, stuck out her tongue in revulsion, dropped the duck at his feet and turned away to the throng of starving refugees in disgust.

had a big grin on my face and indicated that we should get it, if possible.

We charged all over that river, up stream, downstream, across the stream and then did it all again as the lieutenant banged away with BBs trying to kill that duck. BBs don't have a close pattern like smaller size shot. It's like throwing a handful of half inch rocks into the wind. They fly with no rhyme or reason, a pellet here, one over there, maybe one falling off the end of the gun barrel. Remember, these guns were sawed off riot guns. He must have shot up two boxes of shells. I swear the duck died of exhaustion when we were finally able to pick it up.

The lieutenant was beside himself. He was so happy, so proud, and so grateful for us taking him hunting. He held up the specimen by the pointed bill and admired its beautiful plumage, the orange bill, green head, black feathers on its back and white on its belly, all the while smoothing its feathers. Preening all the while, he turned the duck this way and that.

The duck? Pat and Dave had never seen a duck like that, but I had. I remembered giving a duck like that to a lovely,

elderly woman from Iowa way back when I was ten years old. It was a common merganser, a fish duck. I couldn't tell Dave, or Pat, until later. They knew I had something on the lieutenant by the slight smirk on my face that would make a bad day a very good day.

It was getting late and time to get back, so we headed for the boat landing. The village citizens straggled out of their wretched hovels with great expectations and came to see what we had. They must have thought with all that shooting we must have a boat full of ducks. Maybe we would be generous and give them the ducks to eat. They certainly needed something, almost anything.

After we reached the landing, Pat went to get the jeep and boat trailer. He backed them down the ramp to the river and we loaded the boat. Once the boat was up on the road and strapped to the trailer, a little, old woman with hunger in her eyes, hunched over from the pain of having survived the horrors of war and being a refugee, dressed in her ragged, dirty, baggy, gray-white pants and top, her hair tied back in a pug with loose strands blowing in her face, came forward with a beautiful smile holding out her hands begging for the duck. It was a terribly touching scene.

The lieutenant looked at me and asked, "Would it be okay if I gave the duck to the old woman?"

I said in humble admiration, "My gosh, sir. It would be a wonderful gesture of kindness."

Off he went to fetch the grandmother. It was all I could do to keep a straight face. The gang at the NCO Mess was in for a treat. He returned to the boat with the grandmother in tow. Reaching into the boat, he grabbed the duck by its pointed beak, turned and



handed it to her with a grand look of utmost generosity and humbleness.

She reached out with her scrawny hand, grabbed the duck, took one look, made a horrible YUCK look on her face, stuck out her tongue in revulsion, dropped the duck at his feet and turned away to the throng of starving refugees in disgust. She emphatically stated, "The damned thing was a fish duck." In Korean, of course. The gathered group turned dejectedly and left shaking their heads. I had never spoken or understood Korean that I could speak in public, but it was obvious to me what she was saying.

The lieutenant was dumbfounded. He turned to me in shock, and looked at me with pain on his face wondering what went wrong?

With my face distorted with sadness and on the edge of tears {it was a struggle to keep from doubling over in raucous laughter}, I said with my voice dripping with sympathy, "Gee, Lieutenant. I can't figure it out. You were being so generous and all." My arms and hands extended upward in an expression of remorse.

Dave and Pat were taking all this in

with giant question marks over their heads wondering what I had up my sleeve.

When we arrived back at the base and unloaded everything, I graciously thanked the lieutenant for all the help and kindness he had given us for a most enjoyable hunt.

Uncertain as to what to do, he asked me, "What should I do with this duck?" After all we had chased that duck for an hour, or more, all over the Nakdong River. I responded in a sincere voice and a suggestive manner. "Lieutenant, that duck is big enough for a meal for two. Why don't you take that duck over to the Officers' Mess? I'll bet the Mess Sergeant would be happy to roast that duck for you. Maybe that cute little secretary would be most pleased to be your guest."

He grinned, perked up with stars in his eyes, and replied, "That's not a bad idea. Thanks again." Off he went with a bounce in his step and the duck in hand.

(I should explain to you, dear reader, in case you are not familiar with the epicurean delights of a merganser. The main food source of a merganser is fish. It has been reported to me many times over the years when cooking the bird, the odor is most

repulsive and when cooked the bird tastes like rotten fish. They really should be cooked in a pressure cooker for three days minimum, then serious thought should be given to throwing the whole works out, including the pressure cooker. In addition, there are also problems to be encountered when plucking the feathers. The plucker best use a pliers to pull the feathers since the dead duck doesn't like to be seen naked.)

I turned to Pat and Dave and with restrained humor said, "Let's go to the NCO mess and I'll tell you all about it." Needless to say, we made an evening of it. When we told the boys at the bar, we never paid for a drink the rest of the night. The expressions of joy and happiness at the gathering of the old men and young men who had become old men, from all those months spent in that uncomfortable war, were transcended to a moment in the past. This was the real world we had left behind and had buried.

I wonder how far the lieutenant got with that fish duck. I just hope that the mess sergeant was a duck hunter with a sense of humor.

Painter and the President

It is hard to believe it has been 70 years since I was in Korea, but I remember it like it was yesterday. There are two questions I have never been able to resolve and I wonder if some other KWVA members might know the answers.

I was an F-80, Shooting Star pilot in the 35th Fighter Bomber Squadron at K-13. Sometime in July or August 1952, one of our pilots, Lt. Harry Painter, took off with the squadron and flew to a target in North Korea. He was known to be present through the bomb run. However, he never rejoined his flight.

There were no normal or emergency radio calls from Harry. However, a few minutes later, his plane was seen to ditch in the river on the edge of Seoul, South Korea. Two American soldiers manning an anti-aircraft gun swam out to the airplane, which had sunk in a few feet of water. They reported that the airplane was right side up, the canopy was open or gone, and the ejection seat was still in the

cockpit, but there was no sign of the pilot.

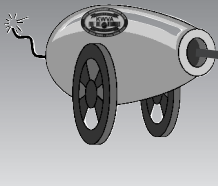
Understand that an F-80 is not capable of ditching or landing by itself, so Harry was in the airplane when it landed. We think that Harry probably unfastened his safety belt and shoulder harness and inflated his life vest. If he did that before removing his parachute harness, the inflated vest would have prevented him from breathing, so he may have suffocated or drowned and simply floated away. We never heard anything about Harry after that. I wonder if anyone recalls finding the body of a pilot between the site of the crash and the time it floated out into the Yellow Sea—if that's where it went.

My other question involves one of my targets. I was the number two airplane in a squadron gaggle to a military installation in the mountains of North Korea. My specific target was the home and headquarters building of the commanding general of the North Korean Army. A dive-bomber pilot seldom gets to see his own

bombs hit because he is busy pulling 6 or 8 Gs in his pull-out and the target is directly behind him, but the pilot of the plane directly behind me, a West Point graduate, Lt. Greene, confirmed that my bombs went right through the roof of the general's headquarters. In fact, he was rather upset because he was also aiming at the same target.

He saw my bombs totally destroy the building, but it was too late for him to change targets and all he could do was drop his bombs into the hole I left. Since the North Koreans did not release casualty reports, we never learned whether I got the general himself. If any KWVA member is aware of the general being a casualty of that raid sometime in the fall of 1952, I sure would appreciate hearing about it. For 70 years I have been saying that I MIGHT have killed the commanding general of the North Korean Army, but I would really like to know for sure.

*Alfred J. D'Amario, Lt. Col. USAF, Ret.,
ajdamario@yahoo.com*



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.

A disturbing reference

I found the article on page 21 of the Nov-Dec issue of the *Graybeards* rather disturbing. The National Chaplain deserves much credit for his drive to leave Korea and become an American soldier. However, his article completely ignores the fact that he is supposed to be the chaplain for all KWVA vets, including Jews, Muslims and other non-Christians. Instead, he says "may we all carry the banner of faith by serving the greatest commander...Jesus Christ."

While freedom of the press is his right, to promote a specific religion or belief in a national magazine for all veterans, to me, is inappropriate.

Mike Paschkes, mikepaschkes@gmail.com

Visit the Poplar Grove, IL Airport

Thanks for the wonderful coverage you gave my article pertaining to Chapter 272's trip to Poplar Grove Vintage Wings and Wheels Museum at the Poplar Grove, Illinois Airport. If you ever get the chance to see this plane, take it.

George B Graham Jr., GBG1948@aol.com

NOTE: Mr. Graham is referring to the article "Chapter 272 Takes a Field Trip," p. 25, Nov/Dec 2021. Incidentally, in that article we omitted the state in which the museum is located.

Why not the same god?

In your Nov/Dec column you made the comment about a group of people who, among other differences, "did not worship the same God." (See Welcome to the 'Meddle Ages," p. 9) Maybe not!

Several years ago I read a novel (name and author forgotten but the following remembered):

Two Jewish army chaplains are on R & R from Korea in Japan. They see an elderly Japanese man kneeling in front of a small street-side shrine, clearly not Christian or Jewish.

"Do you think he's praying to the same God we do – and Christians do? Just by a different name?"

Long pause.

"Why not?"

I asked myself and now ask you, why not?

Birney Dibble, jbirneydibble5@gmail.com

Ch. 267 makes large donation to Graybeards

The General Van Fleet Chapter 267, Gainesville, Florida, has

made a \$500 contribution to the Graybeards Magazine and forwarded the check on to the National Headquarters.

Thanks for the outstanding job you have been doing all these years with this magazine. Our members look forward to receiving it each month. Keep up the good work.

Don Sherry, Adjutant, dpskwva@yahoo.com

SKINNING A CAT: A Little Korean War ingenuity

by David Valley (19th Rgt/24th ID)

What would have happened if we'd had computers and a "mouse" to move the cursor during the Korean War? David Valley just found out by applying Korean War ingenuity to a 21st Century "mouse" problem.

"I never tried it, but today I had to skin a mouse. Batteries on my mouse went dead and I replaced them. But, they would not seat properly even after all the pushing and shoving I could do. So, I decided to skin the mouse.

"Believe me, they are not meant to be skinned. I used a knife blade to finally spread the shell open a bit and a screwdriver to leverage the opening. I didn't care at that point if the mouse broke, but it finally popped open. Then, after fiddling around with the guts, the errant battery locked into place. Putting it back together was a whole lot easier and it is now working.

"No, I never skinned a cat, but I can say with pride, "I skinned a mouse once!"

David Valley, dvalleyx@gmail.com

New comments about an old museum

NOTE: The following information provided by several correspondents may be sufficient to put the story of the fate of the Korean War Museum to rest. Hopefully it answers everyone's question pertaining to the issue.

How soon we forget, or maybe we never knew! Ref.: Page 60, Jan. Feb., 2022, *The Graybeards*.

The Korean War Museum in Springfield, IL struggled financially for several years. While I was serving on the KWVA Board, (2010-2016), the museum president made an appearance at one of our meetings to give us an update on their so called "progress." It sounded wonderful at the time.

We may have at that time even voted to make a donation to the museum, but I wouldn't stake my life on that. After I became KWVA President, (2016-2018), I was notified that the museum in Springfield was folding for lack of funds. I was also told that

they were looking for a recipient of the articles that had been donated by various donors to the museum. Their one stipulation was that they wanted everything in the museum to be received by ONE recipient, to avoid everything being scattered around the country.

Why they didn't just return the articles that had been donated I can't answer. Maybe they couldn't afford the shipping costs. Many of the donors had donated money, which of course they couldn't return because they didn't have any money.

My residence is in Overland Park, KS which is only a thirty-minute drive from the Truman Library & Museum in Independence, MO. At that time, in my opinion, the museum had a paltry Korean War exhibit. I suggested that the museum in Springfield, IL contact the Truman Library & Museum to see if they would be interested in acquiring the Korean War articles from the Museum in Springfield, IL. After a short period of deliberation the answer came back an enthusiastic, "YES." Not too long thereafter the transfer was completed.

The next chapter in the saga was a complete multi-million dollar renovation of the Truman Library & Museum, taking over two years to complete. Although at this point I have not yet personally seen the completed renovated TL&M, it supposedly incorporates a new and improved Korean War exhibit no doubt, in part at least, thanks to the articles that were received from the museum in Springfield, IL.

A side note: When I assumed the Presidency of KWVA from Larry Kinard, Larry informed me of the existence of a sculpture of a Korean War battle scene that had been given to Jim Ferris during Jim's term as KWVA President. Jim preceded Larry as President of KWVA. Larry had seen it and said that it was still in the shipping crate and stored in Mr. Ferris's basement.

I asked my Judge Advocate, Mr. Bill Burns, who lived in the vicinity of Mr. Ferris, to investigate. He reported that, yes, the sculpture was there and Mr. Ferris would like to see it in a more accessible venue. I contacted the TL&M to see if they would be interested in acquiring the sculpture for just the cost of shipping. The answer came back, "yes." The transfer was then completed.

The museum director, Dr. Kurt Graham, expressed interest in holding an unveiling ceremony at the TL&M. Since we are located close to the Missouri/Kansas State line, both the local Missouri Chapter and the Kansas Chapter of KWVA attended the unveiling ceremony in January, I believe, 2018.

If a previous donor wants to retrieve the donation of an article, they need to contact Dr. Graham at the TL&M to discuss the matter with him. However, it seems to me that it is in a location where it will be viewed by thousands each year. Isn't that better than gathering dust in someone's basement?

Tom Stevens, Past KWVA President, 2016-2018,
steventst@swbell.net

Retrieving my item

I read the article on page 60 of the latest issue of Graybeards regarding the missing Korean War Museum and assume you are referring to the one in Springfield IL. I also had an item there and a couple of years ago found out that the museum shut down for lack of funding.

After some research I found out that all the items in the museum were shipped to the Truman Library in Independence, Missouri.

I contacted them and learned they were not going to use my item, so I made arrangements to have it picked up for me. I've since put it in a Veterans Museum in Huntsville, Texas.

Hopefully this helps solve your problem.

James Sauser, 903 Chetwood Cr., League City, TX
77573

"Weiss" advice

I am writing this letter pertaining to an article written by fellow member's Andrew C. Barilla which appears on page 60 of the Jan-Feb 2022 issued that I just received.

He has raised a question about the proposed Korean War Museum, which led me to write this letter.

I have had a lot of correspondence about the museum and some not too encouraging with any real satisfaction, but finally was able to rest much easier after learning that the Harry S. Truman Library is displaying an exhibit pertaining to the Korean War. I have been in contact with the library and they have been most gracious and will keep my donated collections, which I had copied and sent to them because the original papers somehow vanished.

I have been at this for twenty years and have enclosed copies of all my correspondence during that time to you and Mr. Barilla. (See a copy of his cover letter to Mr. Barilla.)

Here are the phone number and e-mail address for the contact person at the museum: 816-268-8227, randy.sowetl@nar.gov

Very truly yours,

Seymour Weiss, 908-228-5829,
srookie0130@gmail.com

§ § § § §

Andrew C. Barilla
1220 Vermont Rd.
Bel Air, MD Z1014

Dear Andrew,

My name is Seymour Weiss, a member of the Korean War Veterans Association responding to your article in the current Graybeards issue regarding the KW museum. I have been trying for years as to the progress of this project and have been very frustrated with the lack of information, so I am enclosing copies of all my correspondence through the years, so you can get an idea as to this ordeal which I have gone through. (NOTE: Copies have not been included in this issue of The Graybeards.)

We are not getting any younger and would like to see some recognition for our sacrifices during our lifetime. We paid good money to get this museum built and there has been no accounting of this.

As you can read, The Harry S. Truman library which has so graciously opened a Korean War Veterans exhibit which will house artifacts as they receive them. I submitted items as far back as 2002 to the temporary museum in Tuscola, ILL which was acknowledged and then sent on to the supposedly future and permanent site in Springfield, IL.

When I reached out to the Truman Library, I inquired about my doc-

uments previously submitted, and they had no knowledge of ever receiving them so no one really knows where they might be. They suggested that, if possible, send them another set of materials for their evaluation which I have already done.

They have been very courteous regarding my inquiry.

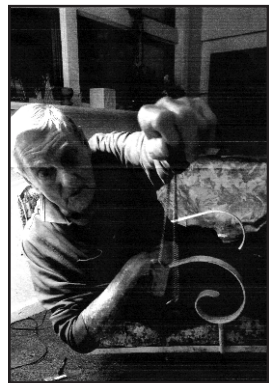
My wandering dog tags

The Jan/Feb 2022 edition of The Graybeards featured my story about the mysterious appearance of my dog tags entitled "If only my dog tags could bark." Let me recapitulate the story.

I was wrong. In the 72 years since I got them they have barked twice, but in different manners. After the dog tags were missing for about fifty years they showed up in the desk drawer of the commander of the Cranford VFW. He gave them to me last year. I took a picture of them lying on my kitchen table. Somehow they disappeared again.

My children and I searched my house meticulously and could not find them. We are convinced they were not in the house. The commander has no idea how they got in his drawer.

Two months ago I opened my computer desk drawer that I use daily and there, in clear view, were my dog tags. (See the nearby picture included with me holding them.) They are safely locked in my house safe to be given to my grandson—I think.



Art Snyder and his wandering dog tags

Perhaps some people might think that I have fabricated the above. After all, I am considered unemployable with 100% permanent disability from combat fatigue after being shot down on my 38th mission. I incurred a concussion, flew too many combat missions and suffer mental problems. Or maybe there is something supernatural at work. Who knows? There are no logical answers that I know of.

Art Snyder, 429 Manor Ave.,
Cranford, NJ 07016

How do you punish a cook with the "Purple Shaft?"

While serving in the Korean War as a Marine I was with the 7th Motor Transport Battalion, plus Amphibious Duck Company, in 1952. If you messed up they punished you by putting you with the cooks. When other Marines found out why you were with the cooks they would say, you were awarded "The Purple Shaft."

One Marine who messed up lived in my tent. A few weeks later he got his mail and when he was reading it he fell down laughing. I asked what is so funny.

He said, "I wrote Mom and told her I was awarded the Purple Shaft. She was so proud she had it put in our hometown paper."

He had the newspaper story in which his mother had told the reporter that "My son was awarded the Purple Shaft while serving as a Marine in the Korean War. I am very proud of him."

The cooks were dumbfounded. They wanted to know how they would be punished if they did something wrong. Get sent to a "Duck" company?

(Sgt) Phil A. Street, 1812 E. 600 S,
Jonesboro, IN 46938

NOTE: We are not sure if the nearby newspaper story from the May 24, 1952, P. 4, La Crosse, WI, Tribune is related to Sgt. Street's story, but its timing indicates it might be.

Report From Around Town

SOMEHOW WE FIND it difficult—as an old GI from the last war—to explain adequately an article to The La Crosse Tribune the other day about a serviceman overseas.

A proud mother, not comprehending the colorful jargon of the fightin' men, relayed a note from her son, informing her that he had been awarded "the Purple Shaft for outstanding duty."

We're still uncertain whether we should break this news gently to the proud parent or instead let her retain the soul-satisfying feeling that her boy has made good in this man's army.

Well, by way of explanation, the "Purple Shaft" is a . . . er, uh . . . the award is an imaginary . . . let's start over. It's a figure of speech which means that the recipient has been or is being taken advantage of . . . usually at the direction of a superior officer or

enlisted man . . . and often results in the assignment of unpleasant duties such as KP or guard duty.

The figure of speech, however, is not restricted to things military and often applies to a situation where one particular individual comes out on the short end of a deal, ranging all the way from being "stood up" on a date to . . . well, that should be explanation enough.

However, we are proud to send our personal congratulations along to this Coulee Region GI and welcome him into the rapidly-expanding fraternity, joining millions of other sometimes disgruntled and griping men from World War II who also earned the dubious honor. We'd like to add that we still have gone him one better. After all, we earned our "Purple Shaft" WITH A SANDBUR CLUSTER for "outstanding duty" on an Arizona desert.

—EX-AB of GT

Comments on diversity

Too often the media assumes the incorrect political correctness position that forced diversity will accomplish the utopian result desired. Legislative action will also fail in the long run.

Living in Massachusetts, a politically liberal state, serves as a constant reminder to be cautious when discussing diversity or other political matters with friends and relatives. During the 1980s and 1990s, when I was fulfilling manpower needs (that's a term that's probably not in use today) I was advised by my higher authority that my annual review would be affected by the number of minorities that were hired. Quantity, not quality, was the goal sought, all in the name of diversity.

Reading your article gave me so much satisfaction that I have gone back to it on several occasions for a re-read. Kudos to you for having the courage to confront the issue and explain your position and ignore the political corrections that the media hides behind.

Peter Genovese, P.O. Box 678,
Dennis Port, MA 02639

Upon receipt of every Graybeards issue my standard operating procedure is to go directly to the Editor's Desk and digest your comments. Your discussion of diversity in the Nov/Dec 2021 issue was right on the button. You nailed it and your analogy to the use of the multi-national force in Korea was perfect.

Was this 1968 Osan bombing ever reported?

In a recent issue you discussed the shoot-down of one of our intelligence-gathering aircraft over the Sea of Japan in 1968. It was based at K-55, Osan.

I was stationed there 1968-69 during that period when a North Korean team infiltrated the base and placed time bombs in two F-4 Phantom fighters. In the ensuing explosions the planes were destroyed and two mechanics were killed. I have never seen this incident mentioned in print. Could it still be classified?

In the response to the attack the Pentagon ordered our civil engineering unit to supply detailed plans of the base. I know all this because at the time I was the leader of a disaster response team that reported to the targeted hangar where I observed the destruction and carnage.

(S/Sgt) Gerald W. Lunt, 1621 Lockes Mill Rd.,
Berryville, VA 22611.

NOTE: A brief article that appeared in the Oxnard, CA, Press Courier; Apr. 29, 1969, p. 6 reports on the event. It's a little short on details. The second, in the Wichita Falls, TX, Sheppard Senator; Apr. 4, 1968, p. 3, explains why those Phantoms might have been there in the first place. Any comments?

U.S. Planes Bolster Korean Air Defense

OSAN AB, Korea (AFNS) — The U.S. Air Force reacted swiftly to bolster the air defense capability of the Republic of Korea.

Tactical units were deployed from Pacific Air Forces installations and bases in the United States following Communist North Korean provocations in January.

Tactical fighter-bomber squadrons, fighter - interceptor squadrons, a tactical electronics detachment, a tactical reconnaissance unit and a fighter weapons squadron streaked into the Republic.

The Korean sky reverberated to the sounds of jets as they thundered into Osan, Kunsan and Kimpo Air Bases.

Normally tranquil Osan began around - the - clock operations with the arrival of Republic F-105 Thunderchiefs.

Osan became home for men of the 12th Tactical Fighter Squadron, Kadena AB, Okinawa; 80th TFS, Yokota AB, Japan; and the 4357th Fighter Weapons Squadron, Nellis AFB, Nev.

The F-105s were followed by Convair F-106 Delta Darts of the 318th Fighter Interceptor Squadron, from McChord AFB, Wash.

Reconnaissance RF - 4Cs from the 15th Tactical Reconnaissance Squadron also arrived at Osan from Kadena AB. Their stay was short - lived, however, when they were redeployed to Itazuke AB, Japan, a matter of a few minutes' flying time from the Republic.

A forward command element of the Fifth Air Force in Japan was established at Osan. Designated 5th AF (Advance), the headquarters is commanded by Lt. Gen. Seth J. McKee, and has control over all USAF tactical

air defense, and reconnaissance units in the Republic.

General McKee also commands the U.S. Forces Japan and Fifth Air Force, both headquartered in Japan.

At Kimpo, Convair F-102 Delta Dagger fighter - interceptors of the 64th Fighter Interceptor Squadron arrived from Clark AB, R.P. The American aircraft shared parking ramps with North American F-86 Sabrejets of the ROK Air Force.

The 64th was later redeployed to the ROK Air Force's Suwon AB where they joined forces with the 82nd Fighter Interceptor Squadron from Naha AB, Okinawa, and ROK's 10th Fighter Wing.

Kunsan welcomed McDonnell F-4C and F-4D Phantoms from the 334th, 335th and 336th of the 4th Tactical Fighter Wing at Seymour-Johnson AFB, N.C.

Pacing the influx of fighter units, Military Airlift Command Lockheed C-141 Starlifters flew around - the - clock airlifts of men, supplies and equipment into the Republic.

Live and let live — Drive Safely!

The Pick of the Catch

rushed fresh to you from
the sparkling waters of the
Gulf.

You'll like the aroma, the
flavor, the way it cooks.

Massey Fish Co.

1916 10th 723-2183

3 Airmen Die in Korean Blast

OSAN, Korea (UPI) — Three U. S. airmen were killed and two others injured today when an explosion and fire destroyed two F4 phantom jets and one hangar at Osan air base located 30 miles south of Seoul.

U.S. military officials said initially one ground crewman was killed and two air crew members were injured. Two hours later they said two additional bodies were recovered from the scene of the explosion. Names of the victims were withheld.

THE WALK WITH MY FATHER

By Ronald Richoux

It happened during the early days of WWII. My mother would have me deliver his breakfast around 9 a.m., as he had been plowing that sugar cane field since 5 a.m. His breakfast was always in an old one gallon lard bucket with a cover, and generally contained an egg sandwich along with a mason jar filled with sweet, strong, and very dark coffee. And at times, it contained one or two boiled eggs.

He sat on a row and ate his breakfast and went right back to his task of plowing. I followed him, walking behind his plow. Those simple, brisk, long walks behind my father as he guided the plow being pulled by his huge muscular, jet black mule named Bay-Bay seems as though it happened yesterday, as Pop plowed through his sugar cane rows on his farm in Larose, Louisiana.

At the age of 87, I am proud that it is one of many things about him I never forgot. Those wonderful memories remain precious and dear to my heart seventy eight (78) years after it all happened. In a brisk walk, I followed behind him in that black, freshly overturned Bayou Lafourche dirt. On those clear and beautiful spring days, as I followed behind him and listened as he spoke to me things: about the greatness of our country, the terrors of WWII, and our world. His words are still residing in my brain.

Those words he spoke to me when I was a young child did wonders for me as a Marine in a frozen country called Korea. Whenever I think of how wonderful those days were and what I would give to relive just one more of those day following my Pop, it just takes my breath away!

Ronald Richoux as a young
Marine in 1951



PRAYERS ON THE PERIMETER

PART II

By Moses Glidden

KOREA: PUSAN PERIMETER, Sunday 12 August 1950:

Soon after Jesse Perkins and David Morningstar “sun” Miss Higgins up from the Naktong River, John Hughes & Dave Rogers volunteer for a dangerous mission. “Only reason we volunteer is cause I’m crazy and Dave Rogers is crazier. This white colonel says his black outfit is run over—plenty of wounded. Not our direct outfit, and we get no direct order, but would we ‘Please volunteer and rescue some.’ Two stretchers fit per jeep, so with both Dave and I each driving, that’s a total of four wounded each round trip. Three times in and out, pulling out twelve wounded black soldiers. War is nuts and so are we.” Later, these two nuts are startled with Bronze Stars. The general sums up the action:



Jesse Perkins jeep; spring 1950, Mt. Fuji, Japan maneuvers. Sgt. Wade gunner; Jesse Perkins ammo; Dave Rogers in jeep

Private First Class JOHN A. HUGHES, RA17240095, [and, PFC Dave Rogers] Infantry, Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 35th Infantry, United States Army; On 12 August 1950 near Tundok, Korea, Private First Class Hughes [and, PFC Dave Rogers] [were] on a mission with the Intelligence and Reconnaissance Platoon and an infantry company when the entire column came under intense hostile fire. Because of the severity of the action and the necessity to hold the position, it was essential that wounded be removed

from the arena. Private First Class Hughes [and, PFC Dave Rogers] made 3 trips over a 1000-yard stretch of road to evacuate numerous wounded in [their jeeps]. Although exposed to severe automatic weapons and small arms fire, [they] brought all the wounded to safety. Private First Class Hughes’ [and, PFC Dave Rogers’] courage, initiative and devotion to [their] fellow soldier, reflect great credit on [themselves] and the United States Army.

BY COMMAND OF MAJOR GENERAL KEAN

John adds, “On the last trip I manage to squeeze in a white major shot through the cheek. And one of the black soldiers I bring out on that trip is a boxer—PFC Williams—the former heavyweight champion of the Army. Don’t know if he smokes or not, but once we are clear of enemy fire, I stop, light up a cigarette, and put it in Williams’ mouth.”

John laughs. “That’s SOP in Korea.” John tells me, “I was surprised when they sent me the Bronze Star. I was never looking for medals or rank when I was in the army. If General Kean hadn’t put it on paper, I wouldn’t have ever remembered where or when, or probably, that it happened at all.”

His laugh, and, the slow cadence of his rustic speech enriches every phone interview. John emphatically states that if he could forget it all, he would. To John Hughes, war is a tumultuous madness, defying close recollection. And just like Jesse, John is subject to numerous attacks of emotion—break downs—as he struggles through difficult memories.

KOREA: PUSAN PERIMETER, Monday 3 September 1950:

After an August of jabbing at General Walker’s shifting defense around the Pusan Perimeter and suffering from long, vulnerable supply lines, the North Korean forces decide to throw everything they have at four strategic positions. This time the commies cast their 6th and 7th Divisions at Masan in the southwest, busting a hole through the middle of the 25th Division at one point, and pushing the ROKs off the

line in another, thus exposing a U.S. artillery battalion’s flank.

Colonel Fisher has been promoted, and the 35th Regiment’s new colonel sends Headquarters Recon & Intel to cover that artillery. In Korea, U.S. forces learn to dig fast and deep for protection from the brutal Russian-supplied-mortars the NKPA fire before their infantry swarms in. At this point, the enemy becomes so impatient they mix mortars and their own men, an expensive expediency.

Jesse and David Morningstar come sliding in late in this day to cover the artillery’s flank. No time to dig. Jesse & David, John & Dave throw their guns and ammo on a small rise and go to work as the North Koreans bum-rush their position, tandem with mortars. Jesse stacks boxes of 30 caliber ammo, and David Morningstar feeds the machine gun from the left.

Jesse recalls, “I’m taught to shoot a burst of three—then a burst of six—then back to three, keeping the aim steady and maintaining ammunition. But hell, the way they are coming, I’m waving the barrel around like a fire hose inside a three alarm fire!” Before continuing his discourse, Jesse stops, turns his head to the side, looks down and shudders. “Something happens. Can’t figure it. Did my ammo get hit? Explode? Something’s way wrong. Musta been knocked down, cause I’m getting up. Helmet’s gone. These battles are wall-to-wall noise, but now....can’t hear a thing. My left shoulder and left side of my head are screwed up, bleeding.

“I look to the left, take a few steps to where John Hughes and Dave Rogers were a minute ago. Where are John Hughes & Dave Rogers? Blown to Kingdom come? Bug out? Blood on my chest. Blood on my hands. Wipe blood out of my eyes. No shirt—took it off in the morning’s 100+ degree heat & humidity. I look to my left for David. He’s slumped over. David’s head’s half-gone.”

Jesse pauses. Looks at me in horror. No traction in his memory. Slowly moves his head back and forth. “Mortar round hit us.” How many thousand times has Jesse re-seen this scene? He looks up at me: “Only later do I realize David’s head and body

take the shrapnel meant for me.”

“Our position is overrun! Enemy racing past me. They’re everywhere. God says, ‘LAY DOWN—PLAY DEAD!’ I do it. In a situation like this, no eighteen-year-old knows how to reason, to think clearly. Stone deaf, shell-shocked, shrapnel up my left side and head, blood everywhere, I obey and fall to the ground. Won’t move. Expect a bullet in the head, a bayonet in the side. They kick and hit me. Then nothing. After a few minutes I chance a peek. They are gone! I’m behind enemy lines! No shirt. Helmet blown off. From a distance I might look like a soldier of either army. I’m everyone’s enemy!

“Can’t hear! Nothing. On a battlefield, ears and eyes are essentials. So many times it’s, ‘WHO’S THERE?’ You wait for, or give, passwords or reasonable responses. If you don’t get ‘em, you blast ‘em. Now I’m a target for both North Korean and U.N Forces.”

Jesse finds a Browning Automatic Rifle the enemy overlook, and carries it as his only protection. Later it’ll prove inoperable, but right now it gives confidence.

“Side-bar: Colonel Fisher allows us to pick up and keep any weapons we find on the battlefield, so we rapidly become the best armed outfit in Korea!” Jesse laughs at the thought.

“I stumble west in a day going dark, away from the battlefield. With the sun down, I put my recon skills into action. I orient myself by the Big Dipper and the North Star. All next day I cover and conceal, but the second night without food or water, and weak from blood loss, loss of blood—I pray, and reverse my direction. Must get back to my unit.

“On the third day heading east, I’m walking a path east between two small mountains. Suddenly, chunks of dirt fly up and hit me in the face and body. I’m still totally deaf—can’t hear it—but I know a machine gun is firing at me.

“I drop down, and with my face in the dirt, I pray, ‘Dear Lord, ‘Get me out of this one, and I’ll serve you the rest of my life.’

I slowly lift my head for a look. A ground fog is creeping my way! In less than twenty minutes, the fog is thick enough and high enough for me to stand up invisible! I stand and start running forward, eyes on the foot path.



Morningstar Quartet: Paul/Ruth/Gordon/David

“Now, someone might say, ‘Perk, this is your lucky day,’ or ‘Ground fog is common in Korea.’ But I knew then....like I know now....it’s the Lord sends the fog. In ten minutes I figure I’m through the pass and I look back. I can see the two mountains. And the fog is gone.

“I walk until I come upon a two-track. Looking to my right, here comes a jeep. One of ours! Screeches to a halt in front of me and takes me to the MASH unit next to my Headquarters Company.”

On a stretcher outside the medics clean Jesse up, attend to his injuries. Not a hundred yards away, Jesse sees a Sunday worship in progress.

“It’s the same chaplain I met with a couple weeks ago coming back from a recon patrol. Back then I ask the chaplain for some scripture to help me when I get in a tight spot. He gives me this line from the 23rd Psalm: ‘Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me.’ An hour ago I walk through that valley, and evil’s unable to triumph over me.”

Jesse puts his head down on the table and cries.

Later that afternoon, Jesse rides in a small landing craft to a big white hospital ship. “On board, they serve me real food and real milk. First in months!” Then across the Sea of Japan to Yokohama General Hospital where “most of the mor-

tar shrapnel is extracted from my left arm, shoulder, and head.” Next six weeks are a whirly-turvey blur of pain, pain medication, and medical personnel.”

Jesse’s hearing comes back and wounds are healing. Every morning the same formation, same drill. The head medicine man walks the line, ticking patients off with destinations: “Going stateside;” “staying hospital;” or, “Reppo Deppo.” “Reppo Deppo” means “a brand new uniform, and back to the front lines in Korea.”

This morning top doc stops before Jesse to say, “I’m sorry, Perkins, but it’s Reppo Deppo for you.” Jesse gives the doctor a quizzical look, and gets, “If it were me, you’d a been stateside a month ago; we’ve orders to make up for the loss of qualified soldiers. I must send you back. I deeply apologize.” Jesse says quietly to himself, “I’m gonna die.” And accepts it. He’s seen a world of death and now it’s his turn.

Jesse takes a long breath, looks up at me, and continues, “At the time, Death has his fingers all around me. But once back in my unit on the front lines—and I mean up to the Yalu River and back—death never grips me like that again. Funny, ain’t it?”

Sadly, while Jesse Perkins lies healing in Japan, David Morningstar’s relatives are notified of his death. At sixteen, Ruth Morningstar remembers the man coming to their door in Detroit with the news. “We are given no more information than, his unit, where, and when: 25 Division, 35th Regiment, Korea, 3rd of September 1950.”

The Morningstars are painfully confused. “From the time he arrives in Japan, David writes regularly. And in his letters from Korea, ‘David’s nowhere near the front lines,’ and safe. With two Morningstar boys in Korea, David is trying to keep the sweat off the Morningstars’ brow. Few soldiers are in more danger than those in the 35th Recon. Fifty years pass before the Morningstars get the real picture. But David Morningstar’s death sets off an epic ripple for everyone who knows him intimately.

Meanwhile, as a reward for six straight weeks on the front line and the mop-up in Seoul, John Hughes, Dave Rogers, and the 35th Regiment of 25th Division get a little R&R south of the fighting. Goofing off in the platoon tent, Dave Rogers picks up a random 45 automatic pistol sitting on a cot.

It discharges. Accidentally. Right into John Hughes's right ankle/heel.

Dave Rogers goes to the aid station with John, Dave crying as they do emergency patchwork on John. "Never see Dave cry before. I'm a betting man, and I'll bet Fort Knox, Dave Rogers won't cry over anything. As much as my foot hurts, Dave's tears touch me." In his voice, I hear Dave touch John's heart once more.

"So off to the Yokohama General in Japan, figuring my next stop is stateside. Five weeks later they drop me off again in Korea, and I limp into Pusan's assignment station, saying, 'I know I'm here by mistake—just look at my foot!' The clerks fall over laughing, and, as mad as a hornet, I holler, 'to hell with you sons-of-bitches!!! Give me an ace bandage and send me up to the 35th Regiment on the front lines!!!" I limp out.

Two days later at Recon Headquarters, I limp into our old tent. There's Dave Rogers, sitting on his bunk, cleaning his 30 cal carbine. Dave sees me, points it right at me, and says, 'Where would you like it this time?' And he laughs! Can you beat that? That's the Dave I know and love. Toughest son-of-a-bitch in the Army."

For Jesse Perkins, the missions are the same, but "the unit doesn't fit right. My recon friends are reassigned, rotated, or dead. Crossing the 38th Parallel late in October 1950, the colonel orders #3 Squad to check out an unresponsive ROK unit up on a mountain. We drive our jeeps up as far as possible, get out, and the nine of us hike the rest of the way. Cresting a ridge before the mountain top, we are stunned by a North Korean company nappin' in the sun. More for them, as we kill a few before running like the wind down to our jeeps without a casualty."

After the Yalu retreat—and with some stabilization below the 38th Parallel—Perkins has a murky relationship with this colonel. After the colonel addresses each patrol before they leave, he turns to Jesse and says, "Perkins! If you make it back, dig me a slit trench."

Jesse should have a dozen dug, but hasn't dug the first. Perkins gets an on-the-double order to see the colonel. "I salute and stand at attention. 'Perkins, remember all those slit trenches you were ordered to dig? Just how many did you actually dig?'"



Jesse Perkins on leave with Perkins' Arizona family: Ed/Dorothy/Barbara/Will (in front of Jesse) and little Butch in front

Oh no. He's gunnin' for me. Never get out of Korea. 'Well, sir, I never dug one. No excuse sir.' The colonel smiles. "Well, it's been good working with you Perkins. Go home and have a good life.' My stateside orders are already cut. Thank you Lord!"

John Hughes and Dave Rogers make it to the Yalu and back as well, but with the perplexity of the war, Dave and John don't see Jesse, and Jesse doesn't see Dave and John. The final time our fighting quartet is together is the day David Morningstar dies.

Jesse and John are pretty well in one piece when they muster out, but war fragments continue to ricochet in their psychic shells. Plenty of war movies in American theatres, but neither Jesse nor John can stand to watch one. Not even on television.

Jesse is glad to be back in the land of new cars and bright lights, but to this day instinctively rushes away from storefront windows that back-light him at night, making him a silhouette, a target. "Can't get rid of that feeling." Suffers from repetitious nightmares of the Korean War. Then Jesse gets an odd nightmare: "It's midnight, and I'm in downtown Moscow on a recon mission. It's a maze, and no way out! That one really freaks me out."

For years, John wakes up in the middle of the night "digging a foxhole" in his bed. And, like Jesse, he can't get closure on David Morningstar. Close to Dave Rogers in Korea, Hughes and Rogers contact stateside becomes sporadic. Rogers is an electrician outside Portland, Oregon. Marries a Michelle, but "he's still kinda crazy, and in 1976, dies young. Course, I

ain't so sane myself."

Jesse Perkins returns to his mother's house in Coldwater, Arizona for a time. Begins a four-year-apprenticeship with "Operating Engineers Local 428 in Phoenix in 1951, a working apprenticeship with Fischer Construction Company on diesel motors, welding, fabrications, and hydraulics. But I'm a sorry individual. Don't care about anything or anybody. Drop of a hat, I'm outa' there, on my way to somewhere else. Including marriages."

In 1958 he takes off for five years in San Antonio, Texas as heavy equipment mechanic. "My life has become, like Johnny Cash sang, 'Sunday Morning Coming Down.' Then I'm back in Arizona. It's not until years later when I sober up in a twelve-step-program, and then rededicate my life to Jesus that my life gets on the right track. That old song by Kris Kristofferson—"Why Me Lord?"—fits me to a T. Course my wife Lynda is no small part of my new life."

Meanwhile, John Hughes gets "out of the Army an ornery rebel. Can't be happy with anyone. I work as a millwright in Riverton, Wyoming from 1954 to 1960. Then off to Detroit for a spell where the conveyors are getting a change-over. Hate that city. Love that song 'Detroit City' by Bobby Bare. Somebody wrote that just for me!"

He millwrights in Flint, Omaha, L.A., before getting back to his home state of Colorado in the 1970s. John takes over as general contractor for a construction company in Meeker where he'll meet a young looker—Vicki—working for the other construction company.

By the time she is eighteen, Vicki has an astonishing fast encounter with fame, as Colorado's "Little Miss Britches" in 1973; Miss Colorado State Fair 1973; Miss Rodeo Colorado 1974; and, finally, Miss Colorado for the 1974 "Miss America Pageant" in Oklahoma City. Vicki—as a rodeo queen—holds a world record in pole-bending (barrel racing with poles). Her "Miss America Pageant" event is racing a horse around the arena—unfortunately, not her own horse, but a "green-broke horse," given just before her entrance.

She races out and the down-from-Colorado crowd's roar is so loud the horse

spooks, bucks her off, breaking Vicki's back. Vicki is paralyzed from the neck down for a week till the surgeons miraculously straighten her spine, relieving the pressure. A body cast and an extended rehabilitation give Vicki back her active life. At the age of twenty-three, she meets and marries John Hughes in 1979.

Jesse Perkins has a lucrative, in-demand profession as a heavy equipment mechanic, but his off-work life is a weary trudge. The Korean PTSD hugs Jesse like a slug. Seeking some soul-salve, Jesse invests "sixty to seventy dollars each year on long distance calls," bugging operators to ring up every Morningstar listing east of the Mississippi trying to find a relative of David. Fruitless.

In the late 1990s, Jesse parks his new truck with a new ATV in the bed in front of the picture window of his favorite restaurant. These glittering vehicles catch the eyes of a fetching lady, Miss Lynda, and in short order, a spiritual gold mine. Jesse and Lynda start dating, and right away Jesse finds out that nobody has ever "told her about Jesus. Well, just like the song, 'Drop Kick Me Jesus' through the goalposts of life" is just what happens to me, and when I offer the Good News to Lynda, she gets the same joy-filled kick! In the next two years we physically build a house in the woods near Happy Jack, Arizona."

Just before the finishing touches are applied in 2000, Jesse's younger brother—Pastor Ed—performs their marriage ceremony in the front yard. Once happily married, Lynda recognizes the importance, and takes up, the fifty-year Morningstar quest, quickly shifting it from low to high gear on the Internet, and Sha-Zamm & Eureka!!! A nephew of Ruth Morningstar responds to the inquiry, and passes on the phone number of David's younger sister in Ocala, Florida.

Jubilation rings out on both ends of the phone line for Jesse Perkins and Ruth Morningstar Kelley. In rich 3-D recollection (details, description, dialogue) Ruth hears Jesse fill in the blanks what her beloved brother David does and is like in Japan and Korea. And, how he dies alongside his best friend Jesse on the Pusan Perimeter. Jesse listens to the sister going on about growing up with David! How he can "sing like Bing Crosby" and "spit a mile between his front teeth, make the

farmhouse stove pipe sizzle each winter!"

Ruth and Jesse experience the holy peace and joy that passeth understanding. And for seventeen years, they call on appropriate holidays and expand this miraculous relationship of God's timing, and the balm from Gilead. Lynda glows grateful at Jesse's healing. This whole family of faith is on a growth spurt.

Jesse encourages my call to Ruth for additional information on David. The glitter in her voice sparkles all her humor: "I'm eighty-seven-years-old, and all of four-feet-ten and a-quarter-inches tall. I used to be four-feet-ten and a-half!" After a good laugh, she continues, "When I sang in the Morningstar Gospel Quartet, I had to stand on a chair!" Laughs and laughs, remembering.

"Then David grew up; almost six feet. Lean. All muscle! As a boy, how he loved baseball and playing war with his brothers. That's when World War Two was on." Her joy, her brother's life, radiate through my landline.

Time to fit the active pieces of this war puzzle together. In 2018, Jesse and Lynda Perkins drive through Wyoming. With an inkling that John Hughes might live somewhere west of Casper, Jesse stops at the police department in Riverton and talks with a detective. Can't legally give Jesse any info, but, because Jesse and John are "veterans of the Korean War," the detective drops some hints. "John Hughes is kinda a common name. There are two I know of. Yours might be the one does real estate out by Lander."

Jesse and Lynda drive fifteen miles to the possibility. A mansion on a hill. "Sure as hell ain't where he lives," Jesse says. "John never had ambition. Never wanted to be more than a corporal in the Army. Doubt he has two nickels to rub together. Let's get out of here." But Lynda writes down the phone number from the real estate sign, and calls/leaves a message just in case.

Later Vicki Hughes fields the Perkins' message and returns it: "Is this the wife of Jesse Perkins? John has been looking for Jesse for sixty-seven years! Can you two please come back up here?" Hundreds of miles south, Lynda has to say, "Sorry, can't do it. Jesse has a VA appointment in Prescott, Arizona in two days. But when

that's done, I'll ship Jesse right back. Then our Korea vets can have a real reunion."

A week later Jesse's up in Wyoming, nice spring day in 2018. But after the handshake and hug, the first words out of Jesse's mouth are loaded with pain. "John? Why didn't you guys try and find me after David's killed?" John snaps back, "Hell we didn't! Dave Rogers and I are out there for two days trying to find you! I find David Morningstar's body, his head holloed out. My heart breaks! We look for you all over the place—nowhere to be found. Figure you for prisoner.

"We get orders to call it off. It's still plenty hot on the line, [North Koreans] everywhere. Snipers are firing at us! First we mop up the snipers, then head back Headquarters. Then we get news you're alive on the hospital ship. Great relief for Rogers and me. We love David Morningstar, but we love you too!" Jesse now smiles at the camera, remembering their reunion in 2018. "Funny, thinking of Dave Rogers seeking me behind enemy lines. We have some real fights. Glad John and Dave Rogers don't die looking for me; but grateful they look." Chuckles.

Once this information settles in, the two man reunion is off for food and entertainment at the Indian casino. Once inside, Jesse looks on in wonder at John feeding hundred-dollar bills into a slot machine. On the sixth bill, the machine's alarm goes nuts, and out comes one thousand dollars. John nonchalantly folds em, puts em in his pocket, and resumes their conversation.

A year later, Jesse revisits John/Vicki's house as King Corona throws its virus blanket across the USA. While Vicki prepares dinner, John shows Jesse his basement. When the casino closes, John buys himself a slot machine, puts it in the basement next to the pool table. But—just like last time—Jesse watches "John feed hundred dollar bills in the slot machine, and fold 'em and put 'em in his pocket when he wins!"

With a crooked smile, Jesse's eyes project the thought, "Something goofy in this picture?" John tells me later, "Jesse thinks I'm a big gambler, but I'm not. Now that the casino is opened again, I go less and less." John and Jesse are old friends; and now, new friends—with a new love for each other stronger than death. Still, they



Zara Glidden's painting of father's photo: Korea, 2nd/72nd Armor on maneuvers 1968

are vitally different, with a few irreducible wrinkles.

David Morningstar's death is one. John's battle experience says, "A concussion grenade does that damage to David; the North Koreans chuck 'em as they assault our position." Jesse says, "Same time they're charging, mortars are dropping on us. And! When the surgeons in Japan operate, they dig mortar shrapnel from my shoulder and head!" PTSD aside, both have vestiges of a catatonic remorse concerning David Morningstar.

General MacArthur is number two. Jesse Perkins says, "Yes, General MacArthur is an S.O.B., but he is a great general and I'm grateful to have served under him." As a youngster during WWII, John Hughes respects/reveres MacArthur, but when he gets to Japan, he meets soldiers who know King Mac from serving under him. John says MacArthur says, "Men are expendable; equipment is not." A pause. "Can you believe a general says that stuff?" Then recalls an incident during the Pusan Perimeter, August 1950:

"We're on recon and create a night outpost. Hearing enemy tanks coming our way, we phone up the artillery, give them rough coordinates and ask them to oblige us. Artillery says, 'You have a ration of three rounds for tonight. Would you like them now?' That's the MacArthur I know! Takes three just to zero in! I tell 'em, 'Forget it. We'll call the Air Force in the morning!'"

MacArthur the tightwad sits on a stack of munitions in Japan. When General

Ridgway takes over I feel lots better. First thing, Ridgway brings over our stockpile of guns and ammo from Japan and lets us put 'em into action. Great general—and, a heart for the men." John has a hefty authority backing that opinion in [Secretary of State Dean] Acheson.

When the Chinese swarm Korea late in 1950, General Ridgway is in Washington. Aghast at the paralyzed chain of command and political leaders, "no one is....willing to correct the state of affairs....At last, Ridgway's own conscience overcame his discretion. Immediate action was needed, he said. They owed it to 'the men in the field and to the God to whom we must answer for these men's lives to stop talking and act'" (Chace, 306). That is a general with a heart for the men and God.

Looking back—having searched for each other for decades!—still, John and Jesse don't mind getting personal!

John Hughes: "Jesse is the worst jeep driver in the Army! Absolutely crazy!"

Jesse Perkins: "If I'm so bad, why doesn't Colonel Fisher let me go? Cause I'm so good, that's why. John says that 'cause I gave him a ride in my jeep once and scared him!"

Ask Jesse how he feels about John: "I love John."

Ask John how he feels about Jesse: "I love Jesse."

And the wives? "We love each other!"

While this article is being written, Jesse and Linda move from Arizona up to Montana, and now the Perkins and the

Hughes are about 300 miles apart. Forget the skip and the jump: in the Great Basin, 300 miles is only a hop.

Now for the God-zilla Glue: Jesse Perkins is "a Christian from nine-years-old, with a re-dedication while working in Texas." Adds with sadness, "But there are times before I meet Linda, I hope God's not watching."

When Jesse meets her in 1998, Linda's not a believer. She "comes to the Lord while we're dating," and is soon an eager participant in church. Linda starts a quilting circle, and when the bluegrass bassist Peggy Craig joins, they sponsor a small gospel festival up at Jesse/Linda's home church—The Blue Ridge Community Church—near Happy Jack. Jesse Perkins handles generators, portapots, and the stage. Jesse says, "Before I met Linda, I was undependable. Linda is magnificent. She not only keeps me going, she keeps me going in the right direction. Of course, Jesus got us together and keeps us together."

John Hughes says, "Vicki does a lot makin' me a better person. Stop all that drinking and stuff. Become a believer once I marry Vicki. Gotta keep Jesus first. With Vicki right behind Him! We start going to church and rehabilitate each other in the Lord. Wherever we go, we go together. Together we carpenter on houses, mechanic on cars, fish, hunt, and work real estate."

John tells me, "It's raining up here today—ten minutes ago Vicki calls from the office to tell me, 'God is watering our garden!' I don't think anyone on earth has a better marriage than we do."

Jesse and Linda say their marriage is "Magnificent." Jesse says, "Being married to Linda goes much farther than just marriage and loving someone: it's a relationship built on trust and teamwork, a relationship that is dependent and independent at the same time. It's knowing when to give and when to take. Together we have learned the real meaning of marriage. We have a marriage that has become a relationship of godly contentment."

...to be continued

MIAs ID'd

The remains of the following veterans have been identified recently:

PFC Kenneth Leroy Bridger...entered the U.S. Army from Washington and served with Company K, 3rd Battalion, 31st Infantry Regiment, 7th Infantry Division. On November 27, 1950, the 31st Infantry Regiment, was stationed on the east side of the Chosin Reservoir at the P'ungnyuri Inlet in North Korea. That night, Chinese Communist Forces launched a large-scale attack against U.S. troops in the area of the Chosin Reservoir. The 31st made a defensive perimeter south of the P'ungnyuri Inlet and held out until November 30th,



1950, when they were forced to begin a fighting withdrawal southward. PFC Bridger was reported missing in action during the fighting on November 30. He was not seen or heard from again.

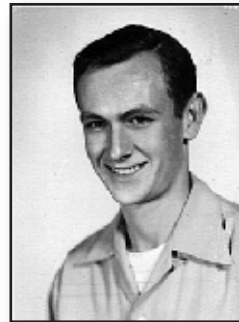
Sgt. Roy Charles Delauter...entered the U.S. Army from Maryland and was a member of Company D, 1st Battalion, 32nd Infantry Regiment, 7th Infantry Division. On November 27, 1950, his unit was positioned on the east side of the Chosin Reservoir in North Korea, when Chinese Communist Forces launched a large-scale surprise attack against U.S. forces at the reservoir. On December 1, the huge numerical superiority of the CCF



forced the 32nd Infantry to withdraw southward to friendly lines at Hagaru-ri to the south. Constant enemy fire and roadblocks made the withdrawal route extremely treacherous. SGT Delauter was reported missing in action on December 2, 1950, following the withdrawal to Hagaru-ri.

Cpl. Francis James Jury...entered the U.S. Army from Pennsylvania and was a member of the Heavy Mortar Company, 32nd Infantry Regiment, 7th Infantry Division. On November 27, 1950, his unit was positioned on the east side of the Chosin Reservoir, North Korea, when Chinese Communist Forces (CCF) launched a sudden large scale attack against U.S. troops around the reservoir. By December 1, the CCF's numerical superiority forces allied troops to withdraw southward to friendly lines at Hagaru-ri. CPL Jury was reported missing in action on December 2, 1950, following the fighting withdrawal to Hagaru-ri.

Cpl. Donald Louis Menken...entered the U.S. Army from Kentucky and served with Company K, 3rd Battalion, 15th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division. On June 10, 1953, his unit defended "Outpost Harry" near Surang-ni, North Korea. That night, Chinese Communist Forces bombarded Outpost Harry with artillery before attacking the American lines at the outpost directly. While the CCF succeeded in taking the trenches in front of the outpost, U.S. troops prevented them from advancing further and forced their withdrawal a few days later. CPL Menken was killed in action on June 10 while defending Outpost Harry, and his remains could not be recovered at the time of his loss.



ing further and forced their withdrawal a few days later. CPL Menken was killed in action on June 10 while defending Outpost Harry, and his remains could not be recovered at the time of his loss.

Cpl. William Martin Zoellick...entered the U.S. Army from Illinois and was a member of Company B, 1st Battalion, 9th Infantry Regiment, 2nd Infantry Division. CPL Zoellick was captured by Chinese People's Volunteer Force (CPVF) on November 30, 1950, after his unit encountered a CPVF roadblock near Kunu-ri, North Korea. A report provided to the United Nations by the CPVF stated that CPL Zoellick died at POW Camp 1 at Ch'angsong, North Korea, on February 27, 1951...While this location was inconsistent with CPL Zoellick's reported place of death, DPAA historians surmised that the reported location may have been made in error, as Camp 1 was not yet operational until after CPL Zoellick's date of death, February 27, 1951.

How much warning do you need to prepare for war?

This was the lead to an article published 75 years ago. There are parallels to contemporary events in Eastern Europe—and as proof to the adage, "Those who ignore history are bound to repeat it." Korean War veterans can attest to that.

Korea's Political Fate Due For Decision Soon

By Larry Hauck, Lake Success, Dec. 24 —

(AP)—The political fate of Korea may be decided next month after a United Nations commission in Seoul asks the Russians to help carry out a U.N. decision calling for country-wide elections leading

to establishment of an independent Korean government.

If the Russian answer is unfavorable, the alternative conceivably could be a course leading to partition of Korea.

The Russians, firmly entrenched as occupying power in the northern half of Korea, are expected to reject all overtures for their sanction of an election or permission for U. N. observers to cross into Soviet-held territory. Such moves were forecast here last month when deputy foreign minister Andrei Y. Vishinsky described the assembly's decision as "illegal" and said his country would not cooperate. (Wilmington, NC, *Morning Star*, Dec. 25, 1947, p. 16)

Army Casserole: ‘I was hungry and you gave me

By Therese Park

As I watch the war news in Ukraine—Russian tanks throwing fireballs, refugees running for their dear lives, and tons of food-aid the U.S. sent to Ukrainians—I remember my two trips to my homeland South Korea as a U.S. citizen, one in 1978 with my family with three daughters in elementary school and the other in 2006, alone. The first visit was frightening, because of a test drill called “In case North Koreans attacked again” orchestrated by the South Korean president Park Chung-Hee himself.

As an army general, Park had succeeded in a military coup in 1961, when I was a college student in Seoul, abolishing the corrupt government. Two years later, he took the presidential seat by the public vote. Seventeen years later, in the summer of 1978, as my family with three daughters were sightseeing in the center of Seoul known as “Myong-dong” district, an ear-piercing siren erupted, and all pedestrians ran in one direction, to a famous department store a few blocks away.

A herd of whistle-blowing policemen showed up everywhere and led the panicky people inside the store and down to the basement of the concrete building. There, in the dark space surrounded by brick walls, and beneath a concrete ceiling, hundreds of men, women, and children listened to a man’s voice through speakers. Articulating every word, the voice said what was happening now was a practice drill for another surprise attack by North Korean troops, like on June 25, 1950.

“Back in 1950,” the voice continued, “we had not been prepared for such a quagmire that killed millions within three years, including foreign soldiers who fought for our freedom. But next time, whenever it will be, we’ll be fully awake! That’s why this practice drill is vitally important.”

Fortunately, the whole incident lasted about only 20-25 minutes. But the terror I felt and saw on other people’s faces was unforgettable. How could they practice “make-believe North Koreans’ surprise attack,” causing tens of thousands of citizens to run to a shelter in broad daylight, stopping everything they were doing?

Twenty-one years later, in 2006, I went there to stay with my older sister, a divorcee,

who had been released from a hospital and needed a temporary companion. Whenever she took a nap, I snuck out of her apartment and strolled around the area. How much my motherland had changed! Everywhere I went, I saw skyscrapers bearing such signs as “Samsung this,” “Hyundai that” and “Kia something....” and highways were everywhere, blocking my view of distant mountains.

“Back in 1950,” the voice continued, “we had not been prepared for such a quagmire that killed millions within three years, including foreign soldiers who fought for our freedom....”

In a restaurant one day, I noticed “Army Casserole” on the menu. Curious, I asked the waitress “What’s Army Casserole? We didn’t have this before I left the country.”

The waitress called someone in the kitchen, and an old man wearing a white apron with food stains came out.

“This lady is asking about Army Casserole,” the waitress said.

The old man smiled. “You must not live here,” he said. “Army Casserole has been around for some time since President Park was still alive.”

I told him I left in 1964 when armed soldiers were everywhere in Seoul where we lived at the time, controlling the traffic, arresting politicians, or anyone who spoke against the military government. I told him that President Park’s 5-year New Country Building movement was in full swing then, forcing college students or anyone with the physical ability to participate in road construction and housing projects, even teaching farmers to read and write in remote farm villages to wipe out illiteracy from the country once and for all.

“That was a long time ago!” the old man said. “Our country changed so much, hasn’t she?”

“Unbelievable!”

The wrinkles on his face deepened.



Waiting for Army casserole?

“Army Casserole is a reproduction of the food Korean refugees, beggars, and any hungry person received from the U.S. army kitchen by showing up there three times a day, after the troops were fed,” he explained.

I remembered seeing a large crowd of beggar-like people, including children, standing or sitting before the U.S. military barracks in Busan on the way to our Catholic parish church or returning from it on Sundays. In those days public transportation in Busan was only available on Main Street, which was at least a mile away from our home.

“President Park was assassinated in 1979 for his iron-hand-style of ruling the country,” the old man continued. “But let me tell you something: those hungry people fed by the Americans became very useful during Park’s New Country Building Movement. They dressed dirt roads with concrete, changed the old homes with straw-thatched roofs to those sleek modern homes with asphalt shingle roofs, and built highways, too, among many other things. I was one of them.”

“Wow! How amazing!”

“Of course, the government provided all construction materials, as well as food and lodging for the laborers, thus many of us at least had a place to stay and didn’t have to beg anymore. Our country could not have come this far without our sweat and body aches. And the Army Casserole was reproduced by men like me, who remembered the food Americans had provided. Some of us believed that the Bible passage, “For I was hungry and you gave me food,” was meant for guys like us.

I ordered the Army Casserole. It didn’t taste like anything I had eaten before, but with the consistency of thick porridge with

food...'

bits of ham, bacon, and vegetables I could not identify, it satisfied my palate. As I ate, I thought of the large crowd of Korean refugees waiting to be fed in front of the U.S. Army base we had passed during the war six decades earlier, on our way to our church and back on Sundays. And some of those refugees later helped our motherland to be what she is six decades later like this old man had.

Though evil, "war" also brings "good" out of men.



Therese Park

Reach her at <http://www.there-separk.com>

NOTE: Therese Park, a regular contributor to our magazine, is the author of "A Gift of the Emperor," "When a Rooster Crows at Night," "The Northern Wind," & "Returned and Reborn?"

Dog In School Won His Place By War Record

EASTON, Pa. (AP)—A young ex-Marine arrived at Lafayette College this fall, a mongrel dog tagging at his heels.

Told at the registrar's office that it was against college rules to have dogs on the campus, Ralph Othon's jaw jutted out and he replied quietly, but with finality; "If my dog has to leave-I leave too."

The registrar sent Othon, a New Yorker, to Dean Biddle Heg who heard this story from the Korean veteran:

When he landed in Guam on his way to Korea, the little dog sat forlornly watching his master, another Marine, embark for the states. The dog was left behind and Othon adopted her.

In Korea the dog gamely followed Othon in the Inchon invasion and a few days later saved the lives of Othon's whole section by barking an alert.

Dean Heg decided the Lafayette campus was no place for a parting. (Peoria, IL, *Journal Star*, Dec 7, 1952, p. 82)

THE WAR IN KOREA

As I sat in that truck, I became very worried and a bit scared. Suppose the Koreans working in the bed of my truck caught a glimpse of a combat-hardened Marine shedding some tears.

"A peaceful nation being attacked by a fanatical neighbor cannot be tolerated."
(Harry Truman)

I was there during that war, and to this day, seventy years later, in my dreams, I still see those wonderful unsung heroes who in 1950 were babies and at times close to starving. I took the nearby photo in 1951. This day I had made a run to a garbage dump. They did survive, and they managed to preserve their rich heritage. They did it, and they are now the eighth greatest economic power in the world.

As a United States Marine of the First Marine Division, and in the best shape of my life, I consider that this day was the greatest heroic day of my life. I watched in amazement as the lady was going through the garbage. I especially noted that the children did not interfere with the lady. They were waiting in line for their turn.

I was just amazed that young children would have such manners and respect for their elders. Especially hungry children in a war torn country. Notice that the girl is carrying a baby. I still wonder

to this day if she was his sole means of support.

I then slowly got out of my truck, reached under the seat, and removed every can of WWII C-rations I had in my possession. As I gave them the signal to approach, with cans of C-rations in my hands, they slowly and cautiously approached my truck. I gave to that boy and girl every can in my possession. I watched them as they ran away.

As the men with the Korean Service Corps emptied the cans of garbage from the bed of my truck, I became sort of emotional. As I sat in that truck, I became very worried and a bit scared. Suppose the Koreans working in the bed of my truck caught a glimpse of a combat-hardened Marine shedding some tears.

Today I am satisfied with my minimal contribution towards the amazing success of South Korea. In the Korean War, the North Korean regime aggressors have only managed to enslave their own.

*Ronald Paul Richoux, Sr., USMC,
number1reshoe@att.net*



Down in the dumps in Korea

Poetry from a British soldier

My Dad served in the Royal Engineers 28 Field Regiment with the Commonwealth Division. Sadly, we had to move him into a nursing home recently and clear out his house and possessions. He always held the American military in the highest regard, not least because a U.S. sergeant saved his hands at one point and his life at another.

Anyway, here are three poems from his papers. There are also photos, etc., but quite a lot to get through. None of them appear to have been titled.

Steve Withnell, steve.withnell@btinternet.com

KOREA 1951/1953

Oh there's blood on the hills of Korea,
Tis the blood of the brave and the true,
Where the nations they battled together,
Neath the banner of the White and Blue,
As they tramped o'er the hills of Korea,
To the hills where the enemy lay,
They remembered their Brigadiers orders,
Those hills must be taken today.
So forward they went into battle,
With their faces unsmiling and stern,
For they knew as they charged up the hillside,
That many would never return.
Now some thought of their wives and their mothers,
And some thought of their sweethearts so fair,
And some as they plodded and stumbled,
Were softly whispering a prayer.
Now there's blood on the hills of Korea,
Tis their gift for the freedom they loved,
May their names rest in glory forever,
And their souls rest in heaven above

§ § § § §

KOREA 1951/53

Dear Mum, it seem like ages
Since I came out over here
To battle on for glory
In this land they call Korea.
I've had the time to settle in
The time to look around
I've had the time to make my mark
Upon this battle ground.
But Mum, it's hard to battle on
Its hard to make a show
When your'e frozen to the marrow
And slipping in the snow.
When your 'muckers' all around you

Are dropping off like flies
And the blindness comes to get you
From the snow glow in your eyes.
Your grub is always frozen
And your head is full of lice
And the water in your bottle
Is a solid block of ice.
When you grab your gun to fire it
At some advancing Chink
And the steel part leaves a blister
Well, it kind of makes you think.
Oh! to be in England
Where there's heat enough to spare
And the rippling downy heat waves
Cut a caper in the air.
Mum, a man can live in comfort
And find a helping hand
Yes, I'd give a lot to be there
In my native land.
With the sound of water trickling
Along a quiet forest dell
That takes the place of screaming Banshees
That knocks your nerves to hell.
But first, there is this war to win
To make our homeland free
From the threat of all the communists
That will be the day for me.
So I'll spit upon my bayonet
And prime a new grenade
And I'll never let those Chinks
Think that I'm afraid.
And in the hope
That I'll be good enough,
To see this job well done I'm sending you this message,
From your ever loving Son.

§ § § § §

And one more light hearted.

§ § § § §

The River Imjim deep and wide,
With the Chinese troops on the northern side,
Commonwealth Division on the southern bank
Were making a push on the right hand flank.
From Field Park squadron the Cats* went forth
To push a new road further north
But on the way one went Kaput
And Major Kerr did his nut
Back in Plant Troop the Phone did ring
The message was for Captain King
It said that Sampson's* big ends had gone
And we'd have to back load him to Inchon
So Ramona's* crew went forth

To push that new road further north
Be even she had troubles too
When she broke a track on Chestnut 2~
Then Brummy Rushton gave a shout
As David's* main clutch burnt right out
Troubles were never at an end
Kimberley* broke her track frame going round a bend
From Plant Troop two welders came
To put a plate on her broken frame
The day was hot, and the job was long
And everything just went wrong
Six weeks later the job was through
And all was ready on Chestnut Two!
NOTE: * The Caterpillars and other plant were given code names.
Chestnut 2 was a main supply route being extended.

Ref-you-gee Bucky

By Daniel Wolfe

Bucky Praver was one of the many “ref-you-gees” (as Sergeant Roach called them) in the Fourth Platoon. Roach knew that these draftees had neither regard for, nor training in, military discipline. If most of them had no regard, Bucky had utter disregard. He just couldn't be bothered with it. He came to my attention during our daily calisthenics.

A corporal who looked like a wide receiver for the Green Bay Packers stood tall and flexing on a raised platform, shouting and demonstrating the way we were to contort ourselves for each exercise. He ended the exhausting routine with push-ups. We had to keep our bodies straight horizontally while lifting them off the ground with our arms to his cadence. Bodies were sweating, men were groaning, and arms were trembling while trying to perform one more push-up.

From the corner of my eye, I saw Bucky lying flat on the ground, lifting only his head and grunting with the rest of the men as the instructor counted the repetitions. This is a character worth investigating, I decided.

On our return to the barracks, I found Bucky had a similar background to Dave's and mine. We Depression babies had grown up with a coin or two mingling with the dust and threads at the bottoms of our pockets. During childhood, one way we

Bucky was tall, dark, and handsome, but he was never a candidate for supernumerary (the sharpest-looking soldier assigned guard duty-as a reward for looking the best, he is not assigned a guard post). Maybe he tried to look neat, but he just didn't get it.

earned a bit of change was by waiting at the candy store for the phone to ring. When it did, we would run to call a building resident to the phone, and we would receive an empty milk or soda bottle as a tip, which we redeemed at the grocery for two cents. We lived in tenements and passed our leisure time playing ball on the streets. Now we were draftees in the hills and valleys of Pennsylvania.

Bucky was tall, dark, and handsome, but he was never a candidate for supernumerary (the sharpest-looking soldier assigned guard duty-as a reward for looking the best, he is not assigned a guard post). Maybe he tried to look neat, but he just didn't get it.

Bucky's nubby winter dress woollens never visited the dry cleaner. His tucked-in fatigue shirt billowed over his beltline. The first smears of polish that had dabbed his boots remained unburnished throughout basic training. When he bloused his pants legs, a small portion of the bottoms somehow escaped the tuck under the tied condom around the top of his boot. How did he get his overseas cap as flat as a beret? How did he get a weekend pass in that condition?

“You will look sharp before you get a pass,” snarled Sergeant Roach.

In spite of, or because of, his slovenly appearance, Bucky was our gentle hero.

Bucky could have been a successful point man (the lead man on a patrol or raid). During a hectic morning at the confidence course, he managed to forge a trail through the woods in order to void all the stations. Mysteriously, he appeared as we were about to confront each next task, and then he dissolved. But he was promptly there when we lined up for our return to the barracks.

As a two-year English major at Long Island University, Bucky could have remained in school for two more years and then graduated, avoiding the draft. He said his art course in junior high school was more challenging than any of the courses he took at LIU. That was it for him. LIU's loss was our gain.

NOTE: The above is an excerpt from Daniel Wolfe's book, *Cold Ground's Been My Bed: A Korean War Memoir*, pp. 24-25. Sadly, Daniel went to guard the gates of Heaven on 12/13/2020. He served with USA 3rd Div 15th Rgt 3rd Bn Co L.

BOOK SALE CHALLENGE

“For people who like to hold real books in their hands.”

Noted author and The Graybeards editor Arthur G. Sharp, whose slogan is “I write what no one reads,” is clearing out his limited supply of non-best-selling books at bargain prices. The books are available directly from the author, who will autograph them as part of the purchase.

Ten percent of the money raised from this sale will go the KWVA General Fund. I have already made a down payment of \$100 to the Association in anticipation of the deluge of orders.

TITLE

PRICE

Joey: The Street Fox of Newark

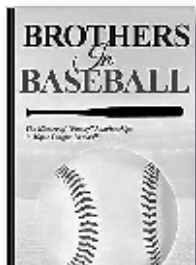
\$10



The true story of a survivor who was born out of wedlock in Newark, NJ. Joey's father was an abusive alcoholic. His grandmother raised him, but he was out on the streets at age ten on his bicycle “liberating” what he could to keep his family alive. He attended a private high school where he was...you guessed it...sexually abused. Yet, he survived his travails and became a successful international business consultant. He was a true role model for people who want to succeed in life, and his bio is worth reading—especially at this close-out price.

Brothers in Baseball:

\$10

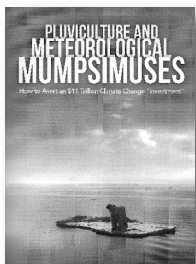


The History of Family Relationships in Major League Baseball

Just in time for the 2022 baseball season...a compendium of the brother, father-son, uncle-nephew, godfather-godson, double sport, etc. and other unexpected “brother” pairings in major league baseball from Civil War days to the COVID age. The book includes hundreds of anecdotes about the players, ranging from emotional to tragic. Well worth reading.

Pluviculture and Meterological Mumpsimuses:

\$15



How to Avert an \$11 Trillion Climate Change “Investment”

This book is aimed at anyone who is interested in climate change, whether they believe in it or not. (Some folks might want to read it just to find out what the fancy words in the title mean.) The author traced newspaper reports about climate change controversies back to 1706 and discovered that the same arguments in vogue today, including those about our imminent extinction, are by no means new. And, neither are the schemes some people have proposed over the years to alter our climate, which are profiled in the book.

TO ORDER: Remit payment for the book(s) you are ordering to Arthur G. Sharp, 2473 New Haven Circle, Sun City Center, FL 33573. **The purchase prices include shipping.**

Holiday and continuing series stories wanted for 2022

Is it too early to say “Bah, humbug?”

We are soliciting holiday stories for the 2022 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@sb-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.

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 35 and Under: \$600

Ages 36 - 50: \$450

Ages 51 - 65: \$300

Ages 66 - 79: \$150

Ages 80 & up: \$75

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	

(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.

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

Applicant Signature: _____ Month ____ Day ____ Year ____

Check HERE If GIFT Membership

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

Signature: _____ Month ____ Day ____ Year ____

Relationship to Applicant: _____

Adopted 3/13/2019, R3 Approved 10/27/2020

[KWVA Membership Application Form Page 2]



Membership is Our Strength

It's not the price you pay to belong, It's the price you paid to become eligible to join



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, or
 - c. Said service was as a member of the Korean Augmentation to the United States Army (KATUSA) any time September 3, 1945 to Present, who has relocated to and become a citizen of the United States of America.
2. **Medal of Honor.** Any person qualifying to be a Regular Member, who is a Medal of Honor recipient, is eligible for free life membership. A signed statement of their eligibility for membership must be provided for approval.
3. **Prisoner of War.** Any person qualifying to be a Regular Member and was 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.

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. Gold Star Parents. Any person whose son/daughter was killed in action, or was missing in action, or died as a prisoner of war while serving within Korea including territorial waters around and airspace above during the Korean War (June 25, 1950 to the present) is eligible for free life membership. A signed statement of their eligibility for membership must be provided for approval.

D. Gold Star Spouses. Any person whose spouse was killed in action, or was missing in action, or died as a prisoner of war while serving within Korea including territorial waters around and airspace above during the Korean War (June 25, 1950 to the present) is eligible for free life membership. A signed statement of their eligibility for membership must be provided for approval.

E. Honorary Members. Any person of good character may be elected as Honorary Member by vote by the NATIONAL Board of Directors. A signed statement of their eligibility for membership [Application Form page 2] must be provided for approval.

F. 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.us

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.

3 Brothers were sent to Korea

Sidney G. Montecino, U.S. Marine Corps, Sergeant /10th Infantry Battalion/ 1st Marine Division / H&S Company

As told to Sun Kim on February 6, 2020 and July 2021

Sidney was born in New Orleans. His father died when he was young, and then his mother died in a car accident in 1944 when he was only twelve years old. Four boys were orphaned, but Sidney's Aunt Florence Chateau took them in and raised them as her own sons.

By the time that Sidney was 17 years old attending Warren Easton High School in New Orleans he had already enlisted in the Marines (on June 2, 1949) and was in the 10th Infantry Battalion a New Orleans Marine Reserves unit. His two older brothers, Lawrence and Paul, were also in the Marine Reserves. When the Korean War broke out on June 25, 1950, the Marine Reserves were activated and his two brothers were sent to Korea. Since Sidney was still in high school, they let him finish his senior year before sending him to Korea on August 1, 1951. He was 19 years old.

Sidney was sent to Kobe, Japan on USNS General M. C. Meigs. At first, he was assigned to Easy Company, 2nd Battalion, 5th Marine Regiment. Then he was sent to the ammunition and supply



Sidney Montecino in July 2021

division. Since two brothers were already in Korea, Sidney was able to join his brothers Lawrence and Paul. Three Montecino brothers were together until Lawrence and Paul were sent back to the States in November of 1951.

Sidney was relocated to various areas above the 38th Parallel. He performed many guard duties. In the winter, the creaking sounds of the frozen river were like someone was walking on the water coming towards him. Sometimes enemy

did cross and different sounds of breaking ice put him on high alert, fearful, thinking that in the pitch dark the enemy was coming at him. But mostly it was the cracking sound of the frozen river. Even to this day, he can hear that cracking sound of the ice.

Enemy forces were always trying to locate the ammo dump to blow it up, and he saw and heard many explosions by the enemy trying to hit his ammo supply units.

Sidney met with other Louisiana Marines in Korea, like John Fury, Jerry Galliano, and Ray Adams. On May 13, 1952, his two years of duty were over and he was sent home on the USNS General William Weigel.

Sadly, Paul passed away on Jan. 7, 2019; he was 88 years old. His brother Lawrence passed away at the age of 92 years on April 26, 2020. Sidney is well and living in Louisiana.

Contributed by Sun Kim, sunmkim@aol.com

26 NEW ORLEANS ITEM, Thurs., Nov. 15, 1951

Servicemen's Column

3 Brothers Serve In Same Regiment

Three New Orleans brothers are fighting in Korea with the same regiment of the First Marine Division.

They are LAWRENCE, PAUL, and SIDNEY MONTECINO, nephews of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Chateau, 4959 Lafaye. All three hold the rank of corporal.

Lawrence, who is 23, and Paul, 21, have been in action with the Marines since last Nov. 10, while Sidney, 18, recently arrived.

All three were members of the 10th Infantry Battalion, a reserve unit called to active duty last year after the outbreak of the Korean war.

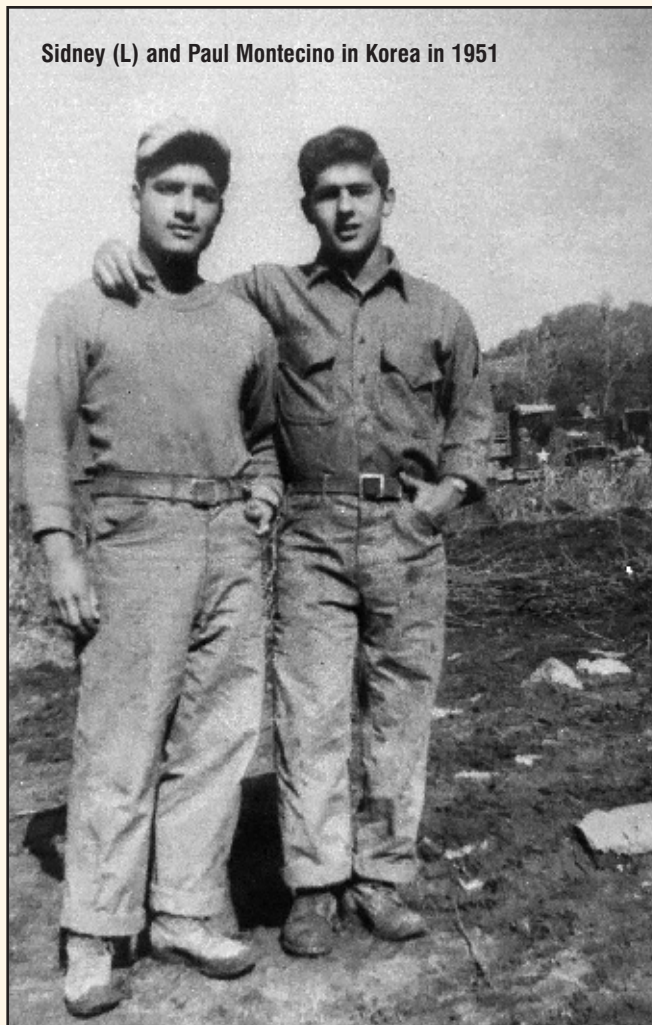
Lawrence and Paul went to Korea after training at Camp Pendleton, Calif. Sidney received six months leave in order to graduate from Warren Easton High School. Paul and Sidney both were star halfbacks on the Easton football team.

Lawrence Montecino Sidney Montecino Paul Montecino

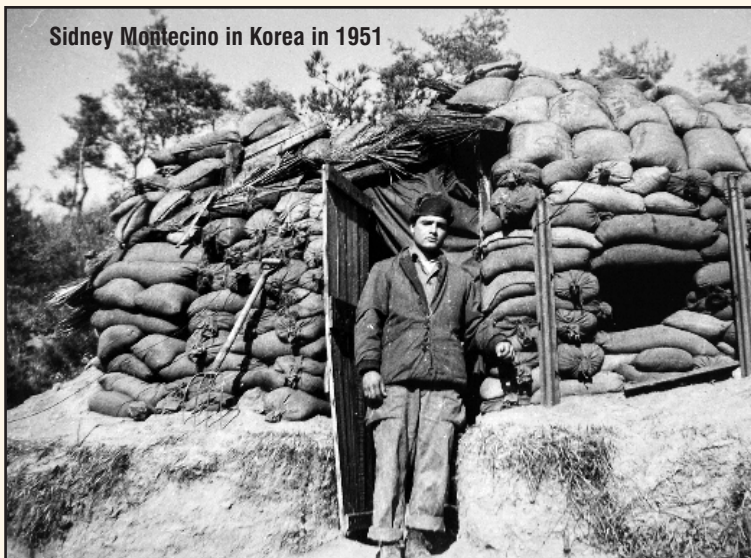


Paul Montecino in Korea in 1950

Sidney (L) and Paul Montecino in Korea in 1951



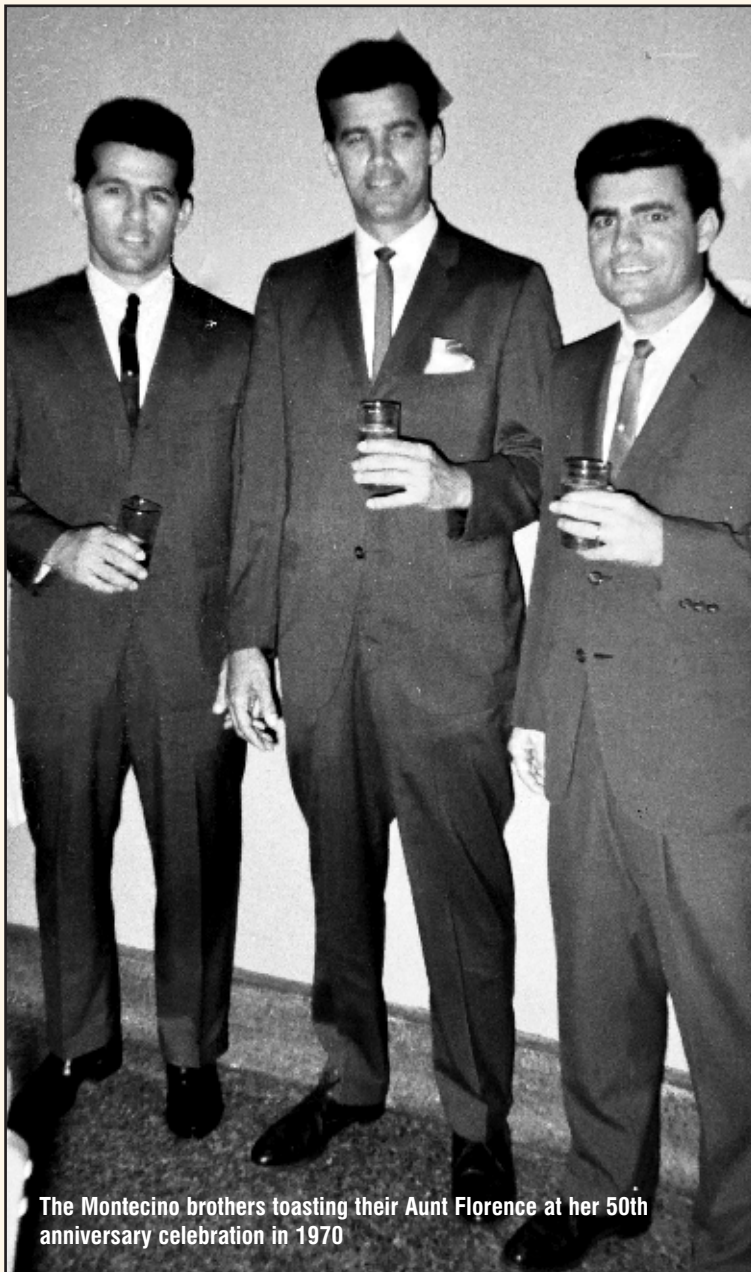
Sidney Montecino in Korea in 1951



Paul (L) and Lawrence Montecino in Korea



The Montecino brothers toasting their Aunt Florence at her 50th anniversary celebration in 1970





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

GEORGE E. ROBISON
EDWARD W. WILLISSON JR.

ARIZONA

DONALD I. ALFF
GENE C. JORDAN
ROBERT E. REYNOLDS
JACK J. ZACCARIA

CALIFORNIA

RICHARD G. FUNG
ELROY L. LEWIS
RAYMOND O. MUNIAN
GEORGIE C. SILVA
ROBERTO M. SOTO

COLORADO

RALPH A. DARROUGH
OSCAR HAAKE SR.

CONNECTICUT

EDWARD F. ACKELL
JOHN TROY

DELAWARE

ERNEST R. SWANSON

FLORIDA

WILBUR V. BENNETT JR.
WILLIAM P. BLAISDELL
C LEE BROWER
CARMINE J. CARUSO
BOOKER CONLEY
CLARENCE H. ENNIS
RUTH M. FONSECA
LUTHER C. HALSTEAD
ERNEST E. HARPER
ROBERT H. HEBNER
EUGENE P. RITCHIE
NEIL D. SANDERS
KENNETH E. SASSAMAN
ROBERT A. SCHLOSS
LEO J. ZURANSKI

HAWAII

WILLIAM K. CHOY JR.
WILLIAM S. KIM
TSUGIO KOZAI
HERBERT C. LUM

ILLINOIS

ALLEN H. BAYSINGER
VERLA A. BICKER
ROGER D. DEROCHE
WAYNE W. DERRER

ROBERT F. FITTS
GEORGE R. FREDIN
GERALD A. HARBACH
CHRIS W. KUBATZKE
ROBERT M. MITCHELL
MICHAEL P. SZULA

IOWA

EDWARD R. WITTIG

KANSAS

RAYMOND P. LANGE

MARYLAND

THOMAS J. BOWERS
RICHARD E. COLLEGE
HARRY J. COTTMAN
JAMES R. JOY JR.
BERNHARD KIEWE
DONALD D. LANTZ

MASSACHUSETTS

CHARLES G. ALLEN
JAMES E. BRITTON
NORMAN J. DEPTULA
JAMES C. HENDERSON
DANIEL H. KEOHANE
JOSEPH P. MCCALLION
ROBERT V. SIMMONS

MICHIGAN

ADRIAN A. CERVINI SR.
CHARLES B. LONDON
EDWARD C. MADER

MINNESOTA

ELMER LEO CZECH
CLARENCE B. ENNEKING
RONALD F. GORNICK
CALVIN T. HARWICK
PAUL P. OVERGAARD
LAVERNE J. RUBEY
O J. WEBER

MISSOURI

CARL R. HOUSTON
RICHARD C. ROSENKOETTER

RICHARD A. SHOLTS
CARLIN L. TALCOTT

MONTANA

RONALD D. MOCCASIN SR.

NEBRASKA

WILBUR W. GRIMM
ROBERT E. WATKINS

NEVADA

JOHN W. ROBBINS

NEW JERSEY

DONALD T. BUNKER
JOSEPH T. CAMLET
ROBERT L. CARLYON
JOHN CARUCCIO
LOUIS A. GIOVANNI
RUDY GREGG
PATRICK R. SBARRA
CLARENCE E. SCULL

NEW YORK

JEROME F. BRIKNER
HAROLD T. BROWN
ROBERT J. BURNS SR.
JAMES GALLAS
WILLIAM C. JANSSEN
GORDON V. PIKE
SHERMAN PINCUS
MICHAEL J. RUGGIERO
BERNARD SARISOHN
EARL M. STANTON
HARRIS R. STEARNS
DONALD T. TAVENER
WILLIAM R. WRIGHT JR.

OHIO

CHESTER R. CERONE
GLYNN C. CLARK
JACOB L. COGLEY
ROBERT S. DARR
THOMAS M. DAUGHERTY
ROBERT L. DAVIS
ANDY J. GAMCIK

MARY L. HOOTMAN
JOHN A. PRIZZI
HOWARD F. ROBISON
CLAIR D. ROMICK
JACK T. SCHAFER
FLOYD G. SPICE
JAMES M. VISAGE

OREGON

CAP T. JESSUP

PENNSYLVANIA

MARTIN W. COMER
JOHN W. HARPER
RAYMOND S. HASKI
FRANK B. HAWKINSON
MELVIN P. MERTZ
LOUIS F. 'LOU' SANTANGELO

RHODE ISLAND

JOHN COLAFRANCESCO JR.

SOUTH DAKOTA

EARL D. 'DEAN' NEBELSICK

TENNESSEE

LEONARD 'JOHN' GLENN
EUGENE P. SCHMITT
FRANCIS W. ST LOUIS

TEXAS

JAMES T. BODDIE JR.
FRANKLIN D. DAVIDSON
LAWRENCE P. ELWEL
LINDA LAWSON
HERBERT L. MEYERS
CHARLES A. ROETHKE

VIRGINIA

GARY L. FLETCHER

WASHINGTON

GEORGE F. GOLDEN
TERRILL L. VAN BUREN

WISCONSIN

LLOYD A. HENSEL
RICHARD M. STREULY

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.



Welcome Aboard!

New Members of the Korean War Veterans Association

ALABAMA
R050200 CHARLES L. CROSS

CALIFORNIA
LR50198 DANIEL E. NAUENBURG
LR50205 ROBERT M. OLENCZAK-OLIN

COLORADO
LR50184 JACK W. VON ESCHEN
LR50197 ROBERT L. VON ESCHEN

DELAWARE
LR50182 SCOTT CHRISTENSEN

FLORIDA
LR50180 EDWARD H. LAWHON
R050173 DONALD T. MUSIAL
A050199 NICHOLAS A. NAPOLITANO III
R050183 FRANK J. PAVLICH JR.
R050204 THOMAS P. SPURGEON
R050174 JOHN P. TAYLOR
R019741 FREDERICK J. WATKINS, Jr

ILLINOIS
LR50194 DANIEL L. MARSHALL
R050201 BRUCE A. ROSS

KENTUCKY
LR50179 RANDALL C. MCCOMAS

MAINE
A050178 HERBERT G. COLSON
R050176 WILLIAM DEAN
A050177 JUNG HEE LEE-O'CONNOR
LR50192 HORACE E. MOORE

MASSACHUSETTS
A050203 THOMAS M. BURKE
A050190 JAMES MADENJIAN

NEVADA
R050191 RAUL CAMARILLO

NEW HAMPSHIRE
R050175 HOYT A. HANEY

OHIO
R050196 BENJAMIN W. CULLY

PENNSYLVANIA
A050193 UDOR BEIDLER-FERRY

SOUTH CAROLINA
R050188 GLENN F. CABLE
LR50189 LESLIE W. JAMES
R050171 HUBERT W. RAINEY

TENNESSEE
R050195 GUSSIE L. SIMERLY

TEXAS
LR50172 WILLIAM Z. BUTRYN
R050186 HAROLD E. CARTWRIGHT
A050187 KATHY FIELDS
R050202 BRANDON W. NASTOUPIL
R050206 ROBERT QUESADA

VIRGINIA
LR50185 LEAMON C. 'BUD' RYAN

WASHINGTON
R050181 JOE M. SOBOLEWSKI

We who salute you...

In 1952 I was stationed at Marine Barracks, Quantico, VA, assigned to Baker Co., 1st Bn., FMF, 2nd Marine Division, attached to School Demonstration Troops. We were responsible for training of OCS candidates for the rank of lieutenant in their fourteen-week training courses in their anti-adversary combat military skills, tactics, and strategies. We also provided associated instructions and military courses.

School demonstration troops performed experimental war combat games and training exercises with the OCS candidates to give them some understanding of leading troops in combat situations. Once the fourteen-week course was completed, the candidates graduated and were awarded their 2nd Lieutenant bars, which they were well deserved, as were the honor and pride associated with their accomplishments.

We were proud of our efforts as well. So, with a sense of satisfaction for a job well done, we gave them the new 2nd Lieutenants a smart military salute for their accomplishments. Some of them

would go on to lead troops in Korea. (Cpl., ret.) John Messia, Jr., USMCR, 9 Emory St., Brockton, MA 02301, 508-587-5858



John Messia, Jr.

Have a Mini-Reunion?

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

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**



NON-PROFIT ORG
US POSTAGE
PAID
Jacksonville, FL
PERMIT NO. 3

Address Service Requested



The U.S. Army 3rd Battlefield Coordination Detachment – Korea hosts an event for the 71st Anniversary of the Battle of Hill 180 at Osan Air Base, Republic of Korea, Feb. 4, 2022. The Battle of Hill 180 took place Feb. 7, 1951 and is commemorated annually by both South Korean and American dignitaries, service members, veterans and family members. (U.S. Air Force photo by Tech. Sgt. Zachariah Lopez)