

Dec '95 -

Arnie -

Please keep this rough draft manuscript as your personal copy.

This is a soon to be published book written by Col. Don Blamchal USA - Ret.

Don & I went to UCLH together I hadn't heard from

him in probably fifteen years -

Don was in WWII
Korea
Vietnam 3 tours,

As one of the few patriots left,

I hope you like it -

pg 19, 184, 214, 282,
309-10, 325, 325B, 355

Paul

PROLOGUE

When the 'cease fire' came, the United States 3rd Infantry Division was stretched across a strategic maze of hills in the Kumsong area. They had the mission to contain a major breakthrough by the Red Chinese which had decimated the Capitol ROK Division in its initial onslaught.....the date was July 27, 1953.

Earlier that day a patrol led by a young officer named Hanson -from Charlie Company of the 65th Infantry Regiment-was seeking out Chinese positions. The patrol made contact and accomplished its mission...but Lieutenant Hanson lost his life.

There was no victor in this war although each side claimed an advantage and argued from its ideological perspective.

Why Korea....the wrong war in the wrong place at the wrong time...according to Omar Bradley's thinking?

Opinions ranged from the need to 'contain' communist encroachment so blatantly shown by force, to give the 'good guys' a chance against the 'bad guys'-a rather weak argument some said. To put some teeth in the United Nations so they could back-up moral arguments with military action; to not be guilty of appeasement as the West was to Hitler's transgressions. And further set the ideological stage: Western economic imperialism (a form of modern colonialism) versus the right of the people to throw-off these chains and influence and seek self-determination. One method would be 'wars of national liberation'. To the Communists this was a good example of their great crusade.

History reminds that the United States led by President Truman's quick actions-the North Koreans had invaded South Korea on 25 June, 1950-set the stage for US and UN action. The absence of Yakov Malik, Soviet representative on the Security Council, helped. Thus began a conflict with many connotations: A 'Police Action' - a play on words since no official declaration of war was given; a limited war -limited in scope and confined to a definite area; a war of national liberation-a rationale of many scholars and of course the communists..... a civil war aimed at unification?

At this moment in time, I was a guest of the US Second Infantry Division, Fort Lewis, Washington...along with many others. We were participating in ROTC summer camp-a six weeks 'play soldier' course part of the curriculum leading to a commission as Second Lieutenants in the army. By the time we finished our course the 'Second to None' division was packed up and ready to go to the Far East....and Korea.

FOREWORD

This story is about the Korean Warsome say, the 'Forgotten War' yet those of us who fought there would argue with this title. Perhaps others would agree that it is best to 'forget' this part of history as it was negative politics and self-defeating. Unlike WW II-where it was easy to perceive an ideological rationale to fight-the Korean war left unanswered questions and situations which scholars, politicians and even military persons still argue about.

It is the second book of a trilogy and like the first one (A Trumpet for Freedom) purports to explore the cause and effect of this war in the perspective of history, qualified views of others, and my own experiences. Drawing from my experience as a youth in the great war, I entered this one as a Regular Army Second Lieutenant-perhaps a bit more mature and wiser.

Again the theme is: Freedom -a philosophical term more understandable as 'a right of all peoples to determine their own destiny' without fear of outside pressures and threats of force. Many of the developing nations saw hope in this for independence while cynics scoffed at this Wilsonian type of unrealistic dream citing the world of Realpolitik where this dream engenders contempt and laughter. Of course, the US commitment to aid the South Koreans in this conflict was more sophisticated than this.

Like many new authors my manuscript outline for the 'Trumpet' drew answers of vague encouragement while a few reminded of my temerity to crash the world of literature: "It is difficult to market an autobiographical book by an unknown".....or "It is just not right for our House." Despite this 'good advice' I wish to tell the story as I lived it and saw it-though recognizing my part as contributory and not crucial. I had the good fortune to serve with some outstanding soldiers and leaders. It is their story as well.

while the NKPA(North Korean People's Army)was believed to be first rate with aircraft and T-34 tanks to augment their infantry units.

When the war began, the West assumed Stalin had given his OK. Crankshaw's "Khrushchev Remembers" and a recent US World Report, dated August 9, 1993 seems to corroborate this assumption. In the former account, Khrushchev reveals that Kim Il Sung sought the approval of Stalin and was told to "develop his plan and return." Kim did so and alleged 'his attack would go well and the south defeated easily; that the US would not enter, and that the people in the south would rise up to throw out the reactionary Rhee government.' Both Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung supported the operation as another 'War of National Liberation.' Stalin was ambivalent and wanted to be certain there would be no evidence of Soviet involvement. To this end he pulled out Soviet advisors. The more recent report tends to support the Khrushchev memoirs and reveals Soviet participation morally, logistically and initially with Soviet pilots. Ace pilot Yevgeni Pepelyaev is reported to have shot down 20 US planes; they were the 'good guys' but still had to wear Chinese uniforms and speak Chinese over the radio.-often forgotten in the heat of the dogfight. 1300 US planes were destroyed by air battle and ground anti-aircraft (KR/c)(USNWR)

Approximately 0330 hrs, 24 June, 1950 -a Sunday-NKPA forces crossed the 38th Parallel and the war was on.

The attack found me at ROTC summer camp, Fort Lewis, Washington and in recall it did not seem to register like Pearl Harbor. To get our attention and cite the seriousness, our company tactical officer, Captain Steve Phillips got us together and gave us the details. The luck of the draw gave us Phillips who was my mentor at UCLA.

Faces come back from those days at Lewis: Charley Hammond from Berkeley was early competition. A lad named Brown bunked

next to me and had trouble making his bed... and finding his ass with either hand. Darrick Christy, a Canadian lad, matriculating in the US(I forget where) impressed all of us with his attitude and soldierly qualities. Paul Shorr from UCLA was in our second platoon and appeared to be in 'deep shit' most of the time; he had been a marginal student in class at UCLA but was obviously intelligent and had a great sense of humor. Most of the other UCLA students were spread throughout the training regiment and organized in either infantry or quartermaster units.

The Ninth(Manchu)Regiment were the assigned cadre for our training but the Second Division had been 'alerted' for Korea at some early moment after the invasion. Even the Ninth was thinned out during our six weeks. I recall General Keiser leading his command in a farewell parade that we all attended. Our training program was for me quite easy and I scored well in academics. I knew I was programmed to be the Regimental Commander in our senior year and if it were up to Phillips the decision would be final.

Near the end of the cycle we tried to find Seltzer and Black but they were heavy into training and preparing for the big trip. I wondered how they liked tanks at that moment. They were gung ho types and probably fit right in... and then I received the shock of my life. Paul Shorr, the poor man's Danny Thomas -replete with long black sideburns, darting eyes and the first dollar he ever made-had, in a moment of apparent weakness, decided to go airborne. Would wonders ever cease? He, Don Chapman and Bob Scofield had volunteered for this course at Fort Benning, Georgia. They planned to hitchhike from Lewis to Columbus, Georgia. I did not worry about Chapman, but I wondered about Shorr and Scofield.

I would have enjoyed going with the guys to Benning but it would have to wait. I had orders to Camp Cooke with the 350 Heavy Tank Battalion and proceeded to say my 'goodbyes', call my wife and head south by way of the thumb. It was summer training time.

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his command

The Walker retrograde-retreat had some of the earmarks of the former but more of the latter. Close pressure by withdrawing and delaying forces was accomplished spasmodically and with no apparent design. Often the withdrawing force had no idea of the following enemy, indeed, if it were in fact following closely. Not having the mobility of 8th Army there had to be gaps in the pursuit. Thus a good handle on the enemy as to where^Eabouts, strength and intent was not really known by 8th Army Order of Battle intelligence. Ridgway was concerned and planned a series of short combat attacks/raids to assess the enemy situation. But the look of his command belied its capability. He would hold and reinforce the Imjin line but consider the fall-back positions of his predecessor.

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While 8th Army suffered during that bleak Christmas(for them) what was the home front doing? Not a hell of alot! Truman's war (or police action) was receiving about an even balance of support and criticism. Those of us who had a stake in the business of course were more concerned.

At UCLA, there were warriors(we thought)and quartermaster corps. All the skinny-less than representative 'cadets' were in the Advanced Course, some infantry and some quartermaster The most impressive group to join the ROTC that fall was the UCLA foot ball team -all big and prepossessing-and to a man they went into the quartermaster This not only gave them the name of 'rear echelon commandoes'-they could care less-but kept them from being drafted. By now the command looked something like this: The favorite for Regimental Commander(me)had been beaten out by Bob Feiner -a sharp, Jewish lad, who had done extremely well in summer camp at Fort Lewis. I had to settle on the No 2 spot as (Deputy Regi-

mental commander for the afternoon group. Battalion Commanders were Paul Shorr and a big, handsome red-haired kid named Murphy. He ruined his John Wayne persona by being in the QM. Shorr had (with Don Chapman) successfully finished 'jump school' at Benning. Gone were the side burns, the pencil-thin mustache, the slouch of a juvenile. Paul stood tall, pushed out his chest (he had gained weight) and walked with a posture of a leader. He was still somewhat shy and not too communicative. He could be observed berating some young ROTC freshman on the composites of a soldier at attention or some other infraction, usually followed by 'Give me ten' (ten pushups for the less-than attentive ROTC cadet). Jump school had turned Paul into a dedicated soldier and potential infantry officer. Don Chapman, I believe, was a company commander for the final year. Bob Scofield failed the course (refusing to jump) and was suspect for a commission.

I continued to watch the casualty list (as mentioned) Norm Allen and Sherm Seltzer made it several times. The 350th Heavy Tank kept my hand in with occasional drills during the week and once a month at Fort MacArthur. I believe Glenn Kisling had been recalled (later he informed he commanded a tank company with the 40th Division from California). Burr Smith had gone north to try his luck in the bay area (with Kodak), and quartermaster leaders: Ken Franklin and Jim Jewett became concerned that they might parlay their respective jobs into active duty. Ken was Graves Registration officer and Jim Jewett had the bath unit.... a good day of soldiering and a piece of you know what may do them in. Actually I think Kenny wanted to go (but not too much) and Jimmy began to complain about his back, stomach, etc (this was your consummate soldier-boy if not on the field of battle maybe in Hollywood)

I was to begin my last semester which, hopefully, would culminate in a degree and a regular army commission. And I was concerned about my good friend, Norman Braine, in Korea as a pilot.

next to us was the first Korean junior officer class. They did not believe in 'fun and games'; a young soldier turned left when the command was Right Face and received a judo chop to the neck and down he went. Perhaps we needed some of this!

At UCLA -sometime before I left-one of our tactical officers Jeff Dobrinic told me to 'look up John Wright at Benning. He commands a battalion of the 508th Airborne there.' Dobrinic and others had recalled I wished to go airborne when the opportunity presented itself. (John Wright and Jeff Dobrinic had endured the Bataan Death March and captivity during the big war). To pave the way for my request 'to go airborne', I contacted Colonel Wright and he invited me to his quarters. We spent an eventful evening and I told him my plans and asked if he had any room in his outfit. He said 'get qualified and come back and see me'. Subsequently, I wrote the Pentagon requesting the airborne course and an opportunity to join an airborne unit-thinking of Wright's.

A return letter from the Pentagon (Infantry Branch) informed that I was being reassigned to the School Brigade as a Tactical Officer at OCS (they were expanding the program because of Korea)-I had orders to the 7th Armored Training Division at Cp Roberts. And they indicated my chance to go to the airborne school was up to Fort Benning.

We continued to march at ACO #1 and I believe we finished the course in late November and an earlier arrangement had permitted several of us go to 'Jump School' before reporting to the OCS Department; quite a few of us were tapped for this assignment. Friends like Dick Cavazos, Eric Antila among others joined me in this 3 week course slated to start in early December.

Jump school was memorable (and tough): we lost a bunch of Marine enlisted on the 34 Tower who refused to jump; there were others who quit, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis were there making "Jumping Jacks" -and Jerry had a part to knock the First Sergeant

off the mound where several of us were stationed to catch the on-coming personnel as they came down the cable from the tower. He was the crazy guy as usual and we all got a laugh out of the incident. 5 jumps were on Lee Field and the 6th (CAMPMASTER) jump was held on Decker Strip -an old airfield over the Chattahoochee in Alabama. It was one for your war chest: I came in -the wind was up-and attempted a parachute landing fall but hit like a sack of shit; I was stunned and incoherent for awhile before I could pull my risers and roll-up the chute. But I was luckier than most as some broke arms and legs, received severe concussions and we had a couple with broken necks. I was glad my jumping was temporarily over. Cavazos, Antila and I received our wings and went our separate ways for the Xmas holidays. We would meet again soon as we were assigned to the same OCS company, 13th OC -scheduled to begin after the first of the year.

Receiving our wings on the 23rd of December made it tough to get home(to California for Xmas)but we did it in one of the most challenging and exciting automobile trips known to man -shades of the Indianapolis race. Bunny and I had been invited to go ride with Bill and Ruthie McGill-Bill had just completed jump school too. At the last moment we added Robert Taylor -no not the toothy, handsome movie star but a late bloomer in my UCLA ROTC class. Bob had joined the class as a one-year student(a new program)and was commissioned a Reserve Second Lieutenant. Robert Taylor -the movie star as Paul Shorr called him-was a nice guy who talked too much and had a tendency to exaggerate his accomplishments -as I remember him.

We made it home in a straight-thru drive where we three men shared the driving and by the time we reached LA to drop-off Bob and the Carmichaels, the nerves were on edge, Ruthie and Bill hated each other and us and so it went. The trip back to Benning was worse but that will have to wait for a later installment.

I think we had a nice Christmas.

king of bringing Win Skelton back to battalion as a possible replacement for Hutchinson when he rotated. It was during this time frame that First Battalion, 65th Infantry came back on line -the 19th December-in a quiet sector just to the right of us, but not including Jackson Heights.(7th Division had this responsibility)

First Battalion, 65th Infantry had an interim commander, Major Bart LaHatte, the Executive officer; Ed Cruise would arrive soon as Davies had rotated. All three companies went on line with C company(Lott)on the left tied in with Wills' 3rd Bn(my tank platoon was located astride the boundary of the two battalions), B Company in the middle and A Company(Fix-new commander)on the right. A map(Chorwon)depicts regimental deployment. A Company abuts on the railroad track near the locale of my tank platoon in October.* It is the same railroad track along which I conducted the 'mine screening' patrol when attached to the 15th Tank Company.

The regiment remained on line until the 27th of December and it was a relatively quiet time. I continued some forays with 3rd Battalion and recall a visit by Herm Vetort and new officer, Odie Biggs. 'Ol Gus Grevillius, our company commander, never came up; he would have to rehash WWII stories when he rotated as he would have little to say about Korea. Vetort, I believe, joined First Battalion. When we left -my platoon covered the night withdrawal of 3rd Battalion-I noted I had logged near 60 days on line-about 35% with the 15th Regiment. In a way I had been the soul of the 65th Regiment-defending their honor and deriding the critics. I was proud of my boys, especially Juan Cintron and Joe DeJesus. These were good soldiers, loyal and supportive.

welcomed home by Vetort, Biggs and Davis and the houseboy, I tried to be humble. Almost coincident to my arrival in the rear was visit by Chuck Canham(23rd Regiment) a good friend from ACO # 1-and Paul Shorr(38th Regiment). Ever since **Shorr** my UCLA classmate-had been to Benning and Jump school he had been a tiger. He

*See ^{APPENDIXES:} ~~notes~~ Captain Joe Fix discusses his first time on line in combat, his officers, company strength and operations OF LEADERSHIP, AND RELATED BACKGROUND DURING HIS COMMAND OF CO A, 65TH INFANTRY.

RECALLS FIRST ACTION, HIS PHILOSOPHY,

had been wounded twice on Baldy and did not want to see that "bald-headed piece of shit, again." Then with great fanfare he presented me with a CIB(Combat Infantryman's Badge). * Like all of us Chuck, Paul and I were frustrated with the war and how it was managed and could perceive no real strategic goals.

Much had happened since I had been gone. Simultaneous with the Jackson Heights battle was the arrival of new regimental commander, Colonel Chester DeGavre ** New battalion commanders were on station with the First and Second battalions. Bob Fitch and Lt Brown, Kelly Hill survivor, had taken Inter-FECOM transfers- perhaps sick of this war and the problems of the Puerto Ricans. Arriving in November was my good friend, Dick Cavazos, who went to Easy Company probably taking Fitch's place.

When I saw him he was tortured by the reputation of the Puerto Ricans on Kelly Hill and now Jackson Heights. The affinity of the language and Dick's inclination to help and reinforce their image compounded the problem I think. He had been with the Second Battalion since right after the debacle on Jackson Heights -almost 60 days and no combat. He may have considered a transfer, too. I would like to believe I encouraged him to remain -telling him of my tankers. and my experience on line with Colonel Wills' fine troops. With good leadership and personal commitment I thought the Puerto Ricans would perform well; that they needed the caliber of officer I knew Dick to be. He remained and would make a remarkable impact.

New Year's Eve was celebrated at Dick Cavazos' hooch in Easy Company. I brought ex-football player(Oklahoma State)Odie Biggs with me. Booze, reminiscing and war stories(mine)helped in the transition to the new year; where did the booze come from? I'll never tell. The evening ended with Dick(mostly him)and I trying to get Lieutenant Odie Biggs back to tank company-by way of the fireman's carry'. This story would return.

*CIB is awarded to combat infantrymen(US Army)engaged in combat with an enemy for a minimum of 30 days at regiment and below

**Fix recalls the chagrin and challenge of DeGavre's new command

was officially a war correspondent with access to General Mark Clark who had taken Ridgway's place; Max Taylor was the new 8th Army commander replacing Van Fleet. Marshall would as was his wont assess battlefield competence of individuals, small unit leadership, weapons capabilities and limitations and one of his themes-developed in Men Against Fire-equipment loads, weights, and requirements. His focus would be the Porkchop Hill battles of April and May...leading to a book and movie about Joe Clemons and King Company among others.

Long time residents of that area, the Second Division, would claim a different perspective. Then Lieutenant Paul Shorr, a platoon leader with E/2/38th Infantry remembers: "If they wanted to make a Porkchop Hill movie they should have talked to the platoon who held the hill." Shorr with a reinforced platoon held Porkchop as part of the Second Division action in early October of 1952. Although hit repeatedly with heavy attacks, Shorr held, calling VT artillery on his position time and time again; Chinese dead littered the area and the tactical wire -a count of 250 in and near the position. This October attack was a coordinated effort ^{APPARENTLY} including White Horse just to the east.

Porkchop was part of a hill-ridge system that began with Old Baldy and Chink Baldy to the south and Chinese-occupied Hasakkol to the north. Old Baldy was a nemesis to the Second Division and they exchanged this scarred, treeless, and ugly bald knob with the enemy time and again. In September, Shorr's Easy Company was held up on its approaches and Shorr took a hit to be saved and evacuated by his platoon sergeant to MASH. He missed the successful attack by the rest of second battalion. Returning to duty, Shorr was 'hand-picked' by regiment to occupy and hold Porkchop.

Much as the 'after-attack analysis' by some took issue with the Lew Millett bayonet charge (E/27th Infantry) mentioned in this narrative, Shorr and others took issue with the Porkchop battle as reported by Marshall. Balance and perspective were needed.

~~(NOTES - Paul Shorr)~~

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"In that year it was the only United States division to know major fighting," spoke SLA Marshall in his book on Porkchop Hill. He was talking about MGeneral Art Trudeau's Seventh Division, ^{in 1953.} This is, of course, patently untrue as most of the divisions saw major fighting in one form or another. The Third Division for one. A Marshall accolade may have 'beefed up' the reputation of the Seventh Division whose fight at Triangle was bloody and indecisive, and Operation Smack-an ill-devised raid ending in disaster and the coup de grace -the loss of Baldy.

Porkchop Hill would have been lost in the annals of 'another exchange of hills' during the positional portion of the Korean War but for Marshall. On balance it was no worse or bloodier or more courageous than many of the 'small battles' along the periphery of the MLR -usually on the Combat Outpost line and environs. It appeared to be a pattern of Chinese behavior to make the US/UN eat crow and to remind the Koreans of Syngman Rhee they would be hard pressed to fight on alone.

For those who fought on Outpost Dale, Arsenal, and Porkchop during this April-May of 1953 it was memorable and tough. Infantry war is just that whether on patrol, defending against a probe or a major attack. It pumps the adrenalin, and frankly makes the spincter pucker. Dale and Arsenal were earlier fights as part of the whole mosaic of Chinese attacks at this moment. Dale fell and was retaken through the leadership of Lieutenant John Hemphill, Item of the 31st Regiment. Dale was to the rear of Baldy but part of the finger system that led up to Baldy and down to Porkchop. Lieutenant Tom Harrold, E/2/31 held Porkchop when his understrength company (roughly 2 platoons reinforced) was overrun and the Chinese ran helter-skelter along his trench system -aiming for the CP which Tom and his command group held for most of the first day.

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Harrold's command group hung tough and all were wounded; Harrold taking grenade fragments in the chin and mouth. He did not know the status of his platoons but believed the worst.

Love of the 31st was ordered by the CO, 31st(Kern) to send a reinforced platoon to aid Harrold and they soon were bogged down as part of the melee on the hill. This resulted in a warning order to Joe Clemons and King Company to be ready to counterattack up the rear of Porkchop and retake the hill. They kicked this off at 0430 hrs with two platoons abreast and one in reserve. Like the others Clemons' company was understrength. Clemons and company - a small group of survivors and parts of his forward elements took the crest and attempted to hold against increasing fire and pressure. Dead strewn the battle area from flash fires called by Tom Harrold. Clemons was able to stabilize the battle area, but found himself leader of very few but would pick-up stragglers from Easy and Love not yet casualties. He relieved his classmate, Tom Harrold, who took his group down the hill.

Joining the mix of people on the crest and forward slope of Porkchop was George Company of the 17th Regiment -commanded by Lieutenant Walter 'Waldo' Russell -who was the brother-in-law and classmate of Joe Clemons; Clemons was not aware of Waldo's arrival in Korea so it was Old Homeweek and a WP Alumni party with Chinese visitors. Climaxing the fight for Porkchop was the arrival from the Chinese side of Easy of the 17th (Gorman Smith). It appeared that Trudeau and regimental commanders were having a ball at their Observation posts. Like symbols on a map, putting people on Porkchop was another exercise in arguable reasoning but war can come to this when far distant commanders are vying for higher rank and have lost the perspective of the battle or have a lapse of moral courage. This could apply to many in this war.

*Porkchop Hill may have gained notoriety because of Marshall but its tactical significance can be argued and certainly the comments of Paul Shorr belong in the 'balanced equation'. The movie did little but remind us that Hollywood is more concerned with blood-letting than with a look at character, integrity and commitment of those who led(Harrold, Clemons, Russell, Smith and Hemphill)

Even though I took command of Able Company the aura and influence of Joe Fix lingered. Wisely, I picked-up on him with M/Sgt Saros as First Soldier and through Sam Brookins, my XO. Al Harvey- he of the puckish smile and Tom Sawyer looks and persona-~~was~~ still on board and his positive attitude and personality were ~~DEFINING~~. I recall like all of us we found battalion wanting: Ol' Fud was soon to leave and we were all happy about this, as Major Bart La-Hatte, the quiet one, would take over. We remained wary of Big Jim Atkins.

Physical training usually led by the First Soldier was a series of runs and exercises. I wrote most of our tactical problems and they included: movement to contact, reconnaissance by fire, ambush concepts from squad through platoon, day and night reliefs, and retrograde operations. Returning to the front-line was a breeze compared to some of the hills we climbed in simulated combat. My command group on these was always: Saros, two Puerto Rican runners/bodyguards, etal, an FO, and radio operator. Sometimes I would have Lt Bruno the weapons platoon leader with me. I believe during this time frame we had put SFC ~~OLMEDA~~ Harvey's old platoon sergeant-in a separate rifle platoon as leader. Lieutenant Mejia had the other rifle platoon. I would lose Bruno to rotation and Mejia was sent to Charley Company.

On one rugged training exercise -we were in the process of climbing a mountain of over 500 meters-in a movement to contact. Al Harvey had the lead platoon with the command group next and the rest strung out, snake-like in traverse across the hill and down the slope. As the radios were heavy-but not like a 75mm Recoiless Rife-we rotated commo unit personnel with the line people. One of our new soldiers, a big black guy, was told to carry the radio and he had refused, "I ain't carrying that mother-fucking radio up this hill." Saros had told him to pick it up and get crackin', but the soldier refused and was sent to me. I asked him

Dave Hackworth would be the best judge of the contrast between the early times and later years of the Korean War -at least from the fighting level-eyeball to eyeball-with the enemy. He may argue that his Fighter Company -one he had the opportunity to get to know and train-would have been just as good as one of the rifle companies he fought with in the 27th Infantry. That Joe Cleland would have been better than Kean or Bradley as Division commanders and that ^{LOJ} Truman was no Mike Michaelis. But then again I may be putting words unfairly in Hackworth's mouth. Both Herbert and Hackworth in their books showed great antipathy and anger at the 'bug out boogie'some units played and acted out. Even in later years there were examples of breakdown of discipline, a refusal to fight and the cliché for cowardice: bug-out. Conversely, there ^{we're} examples of true elan, valor and leadership often saving a situation.

Although we did not realize it at the time those of us who fought the 'thankless part of the Forgotten War' drew our inspiration from that nucleus of warriors who went before: Eddy Craig and his Marine brigade, Michaelis, Throckmorton, Freeman and the other great regimental commanders, and the many infantry small unit leaders like Norm Allen, Dave Hackworth, Tony Herbert and Walt Duffett. Hackworth returned to parlay a lifelong commitment to soldiering to endure with the rest of us this positional thing -this war of attrition -this small-unit arena of fighting men who like their predecessors fought and in some cases died. Each of us left something behind in Korea, some part of us. The intrepid ones would be representative of those of us who fought the good fight . . .like a wall of honor: Joe Fix, Al Harvey, Dick Cavazos, Angel Torres, Juan Cintron, John Wasson, Lloyd Wills, Joe Clemons, John Hemphill, Jack Singlaub, Paul Shorr, etal. These above all we salute and recall as the soldiers we would like to be.

EPILOGUE

I began the epilogue almost to the day the Korean War ended 50 years ago. And ironically. I received a letter from that old friend and fellow warrior, Dick Cavazos. It brought tears to my eyes because it was simplicity, character, and remembrance all in one. I had written Dick to recall some of those soldiering days and to inform of my book on Korea, and to mention that in our part in this war(1951-3)he plays a prominent role for we often were together. And to ask if he wished to read the draft. He was most complimentary as to my service and books suggesting that unlike other book writers I had lived these experiences. For Dick he just as soon not even see his name in print, "Events make great people not their endeavors."

The profundity of that remark places me in a position on wanting to tell this story and include the early Dick Cavazos saga yet recognizing his right to privacy and the integrity it represents. Yet he did not say, "D.B. don't write about me or I'll hogtie you, Texas style." So I shall tell the story and hope he will someday read it and enjoy.

Korea was a moment in time and was different things to different people: It was containment of communist encroachment; it was a civil war and it had the essence of a war of national liberation; neither government had consensus from her people, and both leaders were demagogic and not representative of the majority. Regardless of all this, there appeared to be an argument for collective action against a flagrant aggressor and this was taken setting a precedent for use of the United Nations as an arbiter and enforcer according to its charter citing irrational behavior of nations. But like the man in the arena who gave it his all but found neither victory nor defeat was perhaps more worthy than those timid souls who would not at least try.