

THE KOREAN WAR VETERAN'S ENDURING LEGACY

The 2012 BODY&SEOUL Health Appreciation Event



KHIDI Korea Health Industry
Development Institute



The Embassy of
the Republic of Korea



MINISTRY OF
HEALTH & WELFARE



Korean War
Veterans Association

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Part I

Welcome Introduction
and Letters



Welcome Introduction and Letters

The 2012 Body & Seoul Honoring the Korean War Veterans

Ko Kyung-hwa

President, Korea Health Industry Development Institute



Dear Korean War veterans and families:

Commemorating the 59th anniversary of the National Korean War Armistice day, I am pleased to offer my sincere congratulations to the winners and all of the participants of the 2012 Korean War Veteran's Enduring Legacy, a Body & Seoul health appreciation event, hosted by the Korea Health Industry Development Institute (KHIDI).

As president of KHIDI, a Korean government agency under the Ministry of Health and Welfare in the Republic of Korea, I am grateful for the Korean War veterans and their families whose valor and sacrifice contributed to defending Korea in the turmoil of the Cold War. It is truly our honor and privilege to recognize your perseverance and dedication in the making of Korea's history and unparalleled post-war achievements.

Established in 2010, the Body & Seoul has offered a variety of opportunities for overseas residents and visitors to experience first-hand Korea's unique health and well-being programs. This year, in partnership with the Korean War Veterans Association (KWVA), KHIDI launched a nation-wide essay contest in May 2012 to honor the Korean War veterans in the U.S. The contest received many submissions all across the United States from not only the veterans themselves but also their spouses, sons, daughters, cousins and grandchildren.

I am delighted to welcome grand prize winners of the Body & Seoul essay contest, Mr. Joseph C. Tirrell and Ms. Karen L. Healy to Korea. The winners and their companions will receive an all-expenses-paid VIP trip to Korea in Sept. 2012, which will include a two-day, expertly personalized health treatment programs followed by KWVA's annual Visit Korea participation.

Since the Military Armistice Agreement at Panmunjom on July 27, 1953, the

Republic of Korea has accomplished extraordinary progress recovering from ravages of the war with the aid of many generous nations, including the United States. Thanks to many veterans' selfless sacrifice during the war and determination to succeed by countless hard-working Koreans, the Republic of Korea has risen to become a nation of peace and prosperity as the world's 12th largest economy with the 7th largest export trade ranking.

I am especially proud to acknowledge that Korea has become a global leader in innovative medicine and life sciences, of which foundation was built and supported by the United States during and after the Korean War. With progressive medical education and leadership programs, such as the Minnesota Project, Korea was able to transition from an international medical aid recipient to a donor, the only nation in the world to have accomplished such a feat.

As we pay tributes to the Korean War veteran's enduring legacy, I hope that you will find this commemorative publication as profoundly moving and heartfelt as I have. The publication includes select essay entries, of which unforgettable stories and lessons of the Korean War will resonate with many generations to come. Additionally, Korea's remarkable post-war success is well exemplified though a chapter illustrating the Western medical history of Korea.

On behalf of KHIDI, the hosting organization, I would also like to extend my deepest gratitude to our essay selection committee that took time to carefully review submitted entries and selected the grand prize winners. They are Do-hyun Cho, Director-General of KHIDI USA; Young-ho Lee, Minister-Counselor for Health and Welfare, Embassy of the Republic of Korea; Do-myung Chang, President of Medical Korea Council in America; James E. Ferris, President of the Korean War Veterans Association; and Derek Turner, Washington Bureau Chief of the Stars and Stripes.

Once again, I thank you and all of the participants, generous sponsors and supporters of the contest. We look forward to meeting you in Korea to share our rich culture and pioneering.



Congratulatory Letter

Choi Young-jin,

Ambassador, the Republic of Korea to the United States

Dear Friends:

I would like to warmly congratulate the participants of the 2012 Body & Seoul, Korean War Veterans and Families Health Appreciation Event, hosted by the Korea Health Industry Development Institute (KHIDI). It is also my sincere pleasure to recognize the winners and participants of the 2012 Body & Seoul Essay Contest in commemorating the 59th Anniversary of the Korean War Armistice Agreement.

From the ashes of war, Korea has rapidly progressed to become one of the most efficient economies in the world. Alongside the nation's extraordinary economic growth, the Korean healthcare industry has garnered remarkable success as well. Since the Minnesota Project of 1954, the Korean healthcare system has become the 5th best performing healthcare system among OECD member countries; it is now also the first and only nation that has transitioned from an international medical aid recipient to becoming an aid donor. As such, today, Korea is known as one of the leaders in global healthcare and in the healthcare industry itself.

Korea's successful growth has been made possible only because of the invaluable sacrifice of Korean War veterans. Were it not for those brave soldiers of the Korean War, South Korea would not be the nation it is today. I firmly believe that events like the 2012 Body & Seoul are exemplary programs that serve to appreciate and honor the sacrifices made by these veterans. This particular event was an excellent opportunity for Korean War veterans and their families to reflect upon not only their past experiences, but also their important contributions made in our world.

Once again, I express my utmost praise and heartfelt gratitude to all the Korean War veterans and commend KHIDI and its supporters for hosting this meaningful event.

Sincerely

Young-jin Choi

Ambassador of the Republic of Korea



THE KOREAN WAR VETERANS ASSOCIATION, INC.
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
8452 Mary's Creek Dr
Fort Worth, TX 76116-7600
817-244-0706



14 July, 2012

Dear Fellow Veterans, Friends and Families:

On behalf of the National Korean War Veterans Association (KWVA), I congratulate all of the participants who have submitted the story of their Korean War veteran. I am indeed pleased to have served as one of the judges in the selection committee for the grand prize winners.

Many essays were written and submitted by wonderful young people, an example of how the veterans' "Enduring Legacy" has kept alive and reminds our youth the things that their forefathers did to ensure that communism did not spread throughout the whole of Asia.

KWVA, in partnership with the Korea Health Industry Development Institute (KHIDI), is honored and pleased to support this legacy. It reflects the innermost thoughts of our veterans in many ways. I do hope that this tradition of commemorating the Korean War veterans continues for many years to come.

You have my best wishes.

James E. Ferris, National President
Korean War Veterans Association, Inc.





Part II

The Korean War Veteran's Enduring Legacy



Winners of the Essay Contest

Joseph C. Tirrell

Oceanport, NJ

First Lieutenant (July 1953 – August 1955)

Relationship: Self





The long trek to Korea was not a rehearsed project. Each step was of uncertain movement and in my case, I was on crutches with a severely damaged ankle. After badgering my Company Commander and trying to convince him that I would be healed by the time I got there, I was sent to Korea. This was the most magical trip that I had ever been on. I went from Quantico, VA to San Francisco to Honolulu, then to Johnston

Island, Guam, Kwajalein, Japan and finally Korea. I had never been this far away from home before this trip. A completely wet behind the ears Marine was on his way to help the Korean people regain their country. Of course all of the Army, Navy, Marines and Air Force men and women before me have laid the great ground work that enabled Korea to recover. The military struggle of the beginning of the Korean War, June 25, 1950, was difficult, and did not look promising; the country was burning to ashes. The country was literally overrun by its enemies from the north.

I landed at the airfield, and rode a truck to Ascom City, a supply depot where all of our belongings would be stored for the duration. Then it was on to the trucks again, and up to the duty station. As I looked over the land, cover and concealment were on my mind as that was drilled into our heads in infantry school. The land was hilly and there were no trees or shrubs to hide behind. Roads outside of the city of Seoul were not paved, and they were very narrow, just one vehicle wide. I never saw a building with a roof on it. We were near the University of Seoul, but none of the buildings were in condition to hold classes. The women were tending to the children and the young, while the old were tending to the farms. The rice fields had to be taken care of. We had to find places for cover and considering the vast devastation of the land, homes, buildings, bridges and roads, I could see that this was not going to be an easy task. Looking up toward the high country, you could see railroad cars dangling off the side of the mountain, still clinging to each other, blown off of the tracks in sheer violence. Everything here was destroyed.

This did not seem to deter the need to rebuild, even if that rebuilding were to be temporary. Everyone was busy doing their tasks, rebuilding what was

Joseph C. Tirrell

destroyed, doing farming chores, and even trying to earn money so life could be somewhat easier. The U.S. Military employed many of the local people to help facilitate tasks. The Koreans were highly industrious and they were cooperative with Americans in getting the job done. Many worked alongside of our troops, allowing other troops do more military types of work. Housekeeping had to be done, men had to be fed, and injuries had to be taken care of. The whole place, both military and civilian, was like a city of gigantic effort thrusting back and forth, always moving. The local people did our laundry, and we paid them with the script that was issued to us as money. Nickels were paper money. Some few had greenbacks, but most were paid in this script. We paid a young man, his name as I recall was Kim Cum Sic, a dollar fifty per week for all of our laundry. He was as industrious as anyone I had ever met, including my brother, a China Marine of the Old Breed in WWII who worked hard even for just one dollar.

Food was of major concern for everyone, because getting food was no easy feat. We thought about it, and so did the Koreans. We could see this in their demeanor and their need to be assured by us that all would be well. The civilians were always looking for food and work. You could tell that they were ambitious, but we did not then see that their ambition was endless. They pursued work with a passion, wanted to succeed, and worked towards success. I fell for these people in a way that is hard to explain. The language set us apart, but the human need joined us together in a bond that would never be forgotten. Our medical personnel took care of injured civilians and their children. This sharing of supplies and materials impressed upon me the need to be kind and to be human in all aspects of life. Stopping to help and seeing to the needs of anyone less fortunate became my focus. I was a trucker and in my trips north and south I saw a lot of industrious farmers working at the rice fields. I saw a woman give birth on the side of a road. Several Marines stopped to help, and before we knew it she was with her baby back in the field, working as if nothing had occurred.

Our unit was moved above the Injim River. I had less contact with the civilians, but I have never forgotten the mark made by them upon my soul. They are good people, they are kind people, and they want the very same things in living that we want. I noted that given the tools or not, the will to succeed was there in spades. We ran our trucks every day working to bring

food, water, and ammunition to the front line troops. I am in awe of our troops, and I shall never underestimate the effort and their willingness to sacrifice their all in doing what had to be done. They sat on those hills and bunkers weeks on end, protecting the terrain recaptured in gruesome fighting. We drove endless hours to support them.

In the end, we had orders to do the body exchange. We were to return the North Korean and Chinese bodies in exchange for the American bodies. (A nightmare of a job completed in three weeks of around the clock operations). Then we received orders to go home. The entire First Marine Division was going to California. Oh blessed day we thought, but we never at that point realized that Korea would come home with us. There was something churning between us, the Americans and the Koreans, and that something was respect, respect for hard work and common effort. We would forever and ever be a friend to those people, and we would never forget the things we did there.

The seminal seed of a better life and industry was impregnated in those war years. Impregnated by those who fought side by side against the enemies, and by those who yearned for peace for a country that had suffered throughout history by the might of outside military forces. That impregnation gave the people of the Republic of Korea ample incentive to build a nation that would be a monument to those whose lives were lost in the effort, whose injuries would sometimes last a soldier or sailor's entire remaining life, and to those who trekked across half of the world to serve.

As my tour of duty ended, I thought to myself many times the Korean people are of a peaceful nature, loving, caring, and wanting to make a better place for themselves and their children. I looked back at Korea from the USS Meigs, the ship that took us back to California after several years away from home. I thought about the few I knew back on the mainland of Korea, and wished them and the entire people well. What happened in Korea happened elsewhere as well, but here I knew that given time, Korea would rise above the ashes and pronounce itself as an equal both in friendship and in industry. (And then the motion of life took me to marriage and on to the years following the conflict).

Joseph C. Tirrell

By 1988, I had 5 children, a son who passed away at age 28, a daughter who was 29 years of age, and my youngest daughter was already 20. While watching the summer Olympics on TV, to my utter and astounding surprise, I saw the sweep of the TV over the land of Korea, and thought that I had passed into a dream. The skyscrapers, the highways, the buildings, the massive beautiful land of Korea had sprung to life. Those buildings that I had seen years before with no roofs and smashed to smithereens were reborn into magnificent structures. Each and every one of them was a tribute to the lives lost. Some 8,400 athletes competed in Korea in the Olympics. They shared in the victory of the Korean people and of our Soldiers, Sailors, Marines and Airmen. They shared their talents in a peaceful and meaningful way, a tribute to those who laid that seminal seed of an enduring legacy. The war we fought has provided an enduring democracy and freedom along with world class industry the likes of which the world has never seen. It was an honor to serve; it is an honor to be a part of this enduring legacy of the Korean War.

June 25, 2000 brought to each veteran a letter of appreciation from the President of the Republic of Korea, Kim Dae-jung. "On the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the outbreak of the Korean war... I would like to offer my deepest gratitude... We Koreans hold dear in our hearts the conviction, courage, and spirit of sacrifice shown by such selfless friends as you, who enabled us to remain a free, democratic nation." These are the gracious words of a thankful nation who have in their gratitude woven the golden thread of an enduring legacy which bonds us together forever. *Semper Fidelis.*

Winners of the Essay Contest



Karen Healy

Beverly Hills, MI

Jason Walker Bowling, Master Sergeant (July 1950 – May 1951)

Relationship: Father

Karen Healy



Dad used to talk to us about the Army...his Army. Whether it be over a crowded dinner table, during long vacation drives to Tennessee or Kentucky, or even for a speech about how easy life was for my generation, he would talk about his Army. More specifically, he would talk about the time he spent in Korea. He would pepper his conversation with funny Korean words, and while we never understood the language, we came to understand the meaning of them, based on when – and how vociferously – dad used them!

We liked to listen as his would become mellow, even as he told funny stories about the landscape – this hill and that hill, the way women would bury pots of kimchee in the ground to let the spicy mixture ferment, or the pranks he and his mates would pull during the rare R&R. When he talked about his Army buddies, his voice would soften, and my tough dad would get this look in his eyes that I could never quite understand.

Many years and a lifetime past all those stories over the dinner table, I found myself on my second business trip to Korea. It was in May of 2008, and once we received our itinerary, I realized that the journey from Seoul to Daegu to Pusan would literally be in my father's footsteps. That route – so long ago just a series of villages and hills – would be the path my colleagues and I would take as we visited a series of automotive plants and two of our tech centers. It was the same path my dad travelled during his deployment in Korea.

I kept a journal during the entire trip. I took pictures and tried to capture the landscape that dad might have seen all those years ago. We drove from Seoul to Daegu (or Taegu, as it was known during dad's time) in the early morning, with the sun coming up over the mountains. We had the advantage of an air-conditioned coach, with full service provided by a capable staff and the catering department of our hotel! I felt guilty, thinking about dad and his stories about scanty sea rations, sleepless nights, and going through soggy mud and soaking rain every day.

We drove along the Han River as we passed through Seoul that morning.

The River was on my left, the 1988 Olympic venues on my right, and the signs of progress and change and growth were everywhere around me. Dad recalls only rudimentary buildings and rough huts, yet now there are skyscrapers emblazoned with the Korean and American names of every bank, retail outlet, business, and service imaginable. Every now and then, there is a left-over building of what looks like a family business, updated so that it participates in the booming economy.

I recall the voices familiar voices of my colleagues, rising and falling over the din of the bus wheels as we bounced along the highway cut into the hills of such a strange and beautiful country known as “The Land of the Morning Calm.” The hills were everywhere – like mountains, except they were up so close to the road and excessively covered with vegetation, that they seemed too familiar to be called mountains.

While we flew along our journey to Daegu, I recalled that dad had walked throughout most of the country. At least, that’s what he would tell us... but then again, he would also have us believe that he walked nine miles to school each day – uphill both ways!

As I looked over the landscape, I began to understand that he must have walked uphill a lot because the country is one big range of hills, mountains, craggy valleys and steppes. I don’t know if they have names – dad says they are identified by numbers. I thought the rice paddies were beautiful and almost romantic; I doubt he saw them that way when the water and the muck came up over his boots. Outside of Seoul, up in the hills, there were gorgeous sweeps of azaleas and cherry trees planted so perfectly that it was hard to tell if it was a nursery or an organized garden.

As we handled emails, voicemails, and meetings over our phone lines, I was struck at how easy it was for us to communicate these days. And I thought about dad during the War – an 18-year-old soldier who lied about his age to join his Army. At that point in time, I’m not sure if Granny and Grandpa even had a telephone...and when they did, it was a shared party line for about as long as I can remember! Given the terrain over which our bus was bouncing, I thought it was amazing that the government was able to mobilize troops, feed them, house them, and make sense out of their plans, given

Karen Healy

that the only means of communication would have been by Army radio (provided someone was there to operate it!), by messenger, or by wire. And I also thought about what it must have been like to be so young, so far from anything familiar, and have no means by which to say “I love you” every day to people so far away.

The week-long trip went faster than I had imagined, with thoughts of dad to keeping company the entire time. We were greeted at one stop by lovely women in beautifully embroidered traditional hanbok dresses, as they presented us with huge bouquets of flowers; we had dinner at a sanctuary called Samchunggak – originally built by the Red Cross for a meeting between North and South Korea, and later used by dignitaries for official meetings. We walked the stone paths of a garden now silent except for the ghosts of history. We drove back to our hotel along a street lined with huge lanterns to celebrate Buddha’s birth, and finally ended our journey eventually at the bustling port of Pusan. In dad’s time, it was not much more than a fishing village. Today, it is a modern commercial city, with skyscraper after skyscraper lining the shores.

I have travelled the world, but the trip to Korea was one which caused me to appreciate what my parents’ generation has done, and the influence it has made on me. Certainly for dad, who was so very young during his time in Korea, I suspect a great deal of his own character was formed in those mountains and rice paddies. He was barely out of his teens when he was named a master sergeant, and therefore, I could not imagine the burden of responsibility he had shouldered.

I chronicled the trip in a diary and photo book, and gave it to him that Christmas. He had that strange look in his eyes again, as if memories were coming right off the pages at him. Through these photos, we were able to share our memories.

Two years ago, my younger sister and I took our parents to Washington, DC. I had business to take care of, while dad wanted to see the Korean Memorial. After our arrival, we settled into our hotel two blocks from the Capitol, and had a leisurely lunch in the sunshine. As we grabbed a cab to head toward all of the memorials, I thought dad seemed excited, but a bit nervous.

I think he didn't know what to expect.

At the Memorial, my sister and I stayed put and let our dad absorb the entire thing at his own pace. It was a hazy and still afternoon, with not many visitors. Dad walked gingerly over the long marble slabs – the artist's rendering of the paths in a rice paddy. Dad looked into the face of nearly every one of the larger-than-life soldiers. I think he saw people he knew in each of the statues' faces. For some statues, he would stare for a long time, but eventually, he ends up biting his lip and turning to the next. He walked the entire line with the soldiers, on patrol in some far off field in his own mind. We sat for a bit around the reflecting pond, not saying much. I think he could have sat there for a long, long time, but eventually he sighed, stood up, and said it was time to go.

We walked back along the path next to the soldiers, and dad glimpsed at one or two of them again and again. I think he was reluctant to leave them there, forever in their rain gear, forever reflected in the long granite wall on their right, and forever on patrol.

The following day, I had arranged for lunch at the National Press Club, courtesy of a colleague who had joined Kia Motors the year before. We didn't tell dad anything, other than that we were going to have a nice meal before we headed out for more sightseeing. Much to his surprise – exactly what we had intended – he was joined by some of the company's Korean executives. Once the introductions and pleasantries were over, a gentle man with a soft voice stood and addressed my father. He talked about life in Korea when he was young. He talked about the American soldiers, and the conflict to create a free country. He talked about his ability today to work for a great company, now doing business in an even greater country. He told my dad that none of that would have been possible, and that his life would have been entirely different had the American soldiers had not given his country freedom. He shook my dad's hand and thanked him for his service.

I never understood until that moment, the bond between my dad and Korea. He wasn't in Korea for very long, but he left part of himself there that he'll never get back. And he brought back a lot of Korea in his heart. He still tells stories occasionally, but I'm sure none of us will ever fully understand

Karen Healy

and be told of the realities of what he had went through. It's probably still too painful. But the joy on his face, as he shook the hand of the soft-spoken Korean man, was the best ending to any of his stories. I will always treasure my last trip to Korea, because it was "in my father's footsteps" and represented the strong bond between the American veterans and the Korean people.

Alphabetical Order by Author's Last Name



Bridgette Adams

Montclair, CA

Norman Adams, Corporal (1951 – 1952); Norman Adams, Corporal (1953 – 1955); Harold Breeden, Sergeant (1955 – 1958)

Relationship: Grandfather et al.

Bridgette Adams

To my grandchildren who will not get to meet the veterans of the Korean War, I have much to say. You live in a world bettered by the existence of these warriors. It is your family and the families of thousands of your fellow citizens that changed the trajectory of an entire country.

You see veterans don't commonly tell you everything that went on during the war. They don't tell you about every comrade that they lost, or whose life that was taken. Words don't seem to capture the anguish of their time abroad. So then this is what I say to them - and now also to you. Their service matters to this day and beyond. In fact, after World War II not many people were paying attention to Korea when the North, largely influenced by the Soviet Union, attacked the South. The country was caught off guard and the newly freed people of South Korea paid with their lives. After the invasion, the United Nations Security Council unanimously condemned North Korea's attack on the South and so passed a mandate to prevent the spread of communism into South Korea. The United States sent people straight out of high school, people off of the farm, and even people who lied about their age just to be able to help in the trenches of Korea.

Their generosity of service spared countless lives. During the war, approximately 500,000 North Koreans and millions of South Koreans died. Since the war, many North Koreans have continued to perish from starvation. North Korea is commonly known to have the least amount of economic freedom of any country in the entire world, whereas South Koreans have boosted their economy from around \$900 GDP per capita in 1950 to \$23,000 GDP per capita in 2011. They are one of the only countries to have transitioned from being a recipient of international medical aid to a donor of medical aid. South Koreans are alive and free today because of the veterans that you will not get to meet. From relying on the aid of the United States to becoming a flourishing country of commerce and trade, Korea is an example of what true bravery can overcome. Compared to North Korea, where people of the same family lineage are on average three inches shorter than their counterparts in the South, it is a grim tale of what would have been in store for South Korea had our family members not stepped in to help during the war in Korea.

It was on June 27th in 1950 that America held its breath as President Harry

S. Truman announced to the national court that the United States would help in the intervention. He later said that it was the toughest decision he ever had to make. While the assistance was welcomed by South Korea, it was not as far-reaching as the country had hoped. Certain limitations on the United States made it a difficult. For example, the United States had no air-bases in Korea, which meant that air raids were often carrier-based. When troops were first placed in harm's way there was only one evacuation hospital and one Mobile Army Surgical Hospital unit to support the Americans. It was the combined efforts of the American and Korean armies that kept the North Koreans at the Pusan Perimeter, and by the end of September in 1950, Seoul was reestablished as South Korea's capital.

President Truman said "...in my generation, this was not the first occasion when the strong had attacked the weak...Communism was acting in Korea just as Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japanese had acted ten, fifteen, and twenty years earlier. I felt certain that if South Korea was allowed to fall, Communist leaders would be emboldened to override nations closer to our own shores." When he decided to come to the aid of South Korea, he wasn't just defending their livelihoods; he was defending the ideals that human life is sacred and should have freedom of choice. 36,000 American soldiers lost their lives in the Korean War, and thankfully over 100,000 people who served in the war returned home.

Communism threatened the divine freedom of choice in life. Kim-Il Sung, the founder of North Korea, was influenced by the Russian form of Communism called "Leninism." This form of Communism is guided at the top by elites who manage the revolution. It is the elites that deepened the suffering of their fellow countrymen. It is clear that the South benefitted from the separation with the North, because malnutrition in North Korea is causing a decrease in height, cataracts in children's eyes, and many more diseases that continue to run rampant.

The two sides have not resolved their differences, so their allies had to remain on a war footing along the inter-Korean border ever since the armistice. It has been fifty-nine years since the North Korean invasion. Communist and United Nations soldiers still glare at each other across the demilitarized zone established at the stand-off. Together with the South

Bridgette Adams

Koreans, United States Army troops continue to make up the bulk of the United Nation contingent in Korea. Protecting South Korea from the North has been costly to the United States. Billions of dollars have been spent and lives have been lost due to sporadic Communist violations of the cease-fire.

This was the first war fought by United States troops wherein the forces were voluntarily interracial. The diversity established in the United States gave its military forces the morale to fight against a nation that would deny its citizens the same rights to freedom.

It is your forefathers' service in the Korean War that helped the fight against the oppression of mankind. It is through the sacrifice of soldiers' lives that we are able to live a world that seeks justice. Although the war continues in an armistice – one side is growing stronger through the education of freedom, while the other grows sicker and morally inept. The veterans of the Korean War were markers of social justice in a time of despair for the Koreans; and are also a reminder to the rest of the world that a country of free people can change a hopeless plight into an opportunity of civil liberties and happiness.



Kevin Avitabile

Hanover, MA

*Louis Avitabile, Lieutenant Colonel
(Summer 1952 – Winter 1953)*

Relationship: Grandfather

Kevin Avitabile

My grandfather was 17 years old when he talked his mother into letting him join the US Army upon the news of the Korean conflict. He was a senior in high school, and I could hardly imagine what that must have felt like to make such an important decision at such a young age. In speaking with my grandfather, he has always portrayed his duty in the military as something that was necessary for our freedom. He spoke with a level of patriotism that never failed in comparison to many individuals, while his sense of pride and commitment to our country was never been questioned.

Growing up in a time where there was no mass media connections, cell phones or direct television, community and culture was the most important thing one could have. My grandfather as well as thousands of others soldiers risked their lives for what they believed to be right for their country and family. Understanding that freedom is not a god given right and that one day his children could be put at risk if they didn't fight for it was enough for my grandfather to volunteer his services. My grandfather has instilled this feeling of pride, respect and commitment into all his children as he served over 35 years in the United States Army and Army Reserve, including deployment to Korea from 1952-1953. My grandfather rose through the ranks from a private to a Lieutenant Colonel when retired in the United States Army reserves. Some of his duties that I know of were that he was assigned to the 101st airborne unit in Korea and as a military police officer, of which duty he was very proud to serve. He was also in charge of the 366 CID detachment in South Boston as well as a Provost Marshall before retirement. Some of the awards my grandfather was give was the Combat Infantry Badge, Meritorious Service, Medal, Army Commendation Medal, Army Achievement Medal, Good Conduct Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Korean Service Medal, Armed forces Reserve Medal, Army Reserve Components Achievement, NCO Professional Development Ribbons, Army Service Ribbons, United Nation Service Medals, and Korean Presidential Unit Citation. He also has his Airborne Wings. We are all very proud of his accomplishments.

My grandfather was never really a story teller about his time in Korea. The few times he did speak of it to us, you could see the memories in his eyes clouding his thoughts. Rather than telling us stories about the war and the

effect it has had on himself, I have heard more stories from him about the courting of my grandmother.

My grandmother was Irish and my grandfather was Italian. They grew up on opposite ends of Boston, and shortly after their meeting, my grandfather at the age of 17 was deployed to service his country. During this time he would send countless letters to my grandmother, speaking in sweet romance and promising the world to her when he returned home. Instead of focusing on the battles of war, he spoke of the love and commitment he felt towards her, ignoring his internal plea to vent of the rigors of war and instead focusing his efforts on others happiness.

My grandfather is a battled American Vet who has consistently put others in front of himself to ensure their freedom, success and happiness. As a very young infantryman in the U.S. Army, he led countless soldiers to war, made life altering decisions and acted regularly as a hero. Although this may be his legacy in terms of being an American veteran, his true legacy goes much deeper than that. Above all he is a family man, a provider, a caretaker and a man who truly cares about those around him. My grandparents had 6 boys; 6 boys! all within a few years apart. He worked endlessly to provide for them, care for them, and as most of them will tell you, disciplined them. He took what he learned from battles of war and his time in the Army and taught his children the same level of respect and care that is necessary to be successful in life. Ultimately, my grandfather knew his time in the Army didn't define who he was but rather, his impact on those around him did. Looking at our family and how we have stayed together for so many years throughout so many ups and downs, I can tell you that his legacy is immense. Each of his sons has lived happily and well-cared for. He has been there throughout his all, offering support, love and when necessary criticism. Especially, when our grandmother passed away in 2001, we truly saw my grandfather pull our family together was.

Each Sunday we would gather together as a family for our Italian dinners. My grandparents would slave over a meal that could feed 100s for 10 to 15 people. The conversations, laughter and jokes were abundant. My grandparents were truly a perfect match, complimenting each other in ways; I would just sit back and marvel at what true love looked like. My grandmother was

Kevin Avitabile

the ideal mix for my grandfather, often putting him in his place, or pulling aside someone in the family who my grandfather may have been a little hard on. They were perfect teammates in the game of life. But when my grandmother passed from lung cancer, I wasn't quite sure how my grandfather would respond. He could have very easily let the family slip away, not taking into consideration of the others hurt and focusing in only on his loss; which undoubtedly would have set the family in a downward spin. But instead, as he has done in EVERY area of his life, he rose to the occasion. Allowing for sadness, but also celebrating her life and impact on those around her, he supported our family as he supported the other soldiers around him. He took the lessons from war and implemented them into our family. Don't let life's disappointments and bad circumstances bring you too far down. Acknowledge tragedy, but embrace life for if you allow negatives to bring you down you'll never reach your true capabilities as a man.

His lessons have gone from his children to his grandchildren. He has offered kind words of wisdom to "drill sergeant" orders (depending on the circumstance), all to ensure that each individual in his family gets the most out of his talent. My grandfather is a man of great respect and love throughout his friends, family and community. He has taught us how to be respectful, kind, hard working and loving, all the while by showing us the importance of freedom. It is because of his sacrifices and the sacrifices of so many that we are able to get the most out of our talents. So when asked to define my grandfather's enduring legacy, it may not be only about being a Korean War veteran, or even being a family man. It's a combination of it all that makes him so special. The lessons learned from him I'll take to my children, and hopefully they'll do the same because a legacy isn't defined in one generation; it's the lasting impact that he's had on so many.

So why does my grandfather deserve this trip to Korea? Well, it's because that's where many say his legacy began. Where he learned the lessons that he has past down to my father, then to me, which will be passed down to my children. He went in a young boy and came out a man, learning, adapting and pursuing rights and freedom for all. Although it doesn't define him as a man, it has helped shape him into the man he has become. As he is getting older, 78 years of age, 79 in October of this year, I believe he is starting to recognize his own mortality. The talks are a little more heartfelt, his em-

braces a little longer, and I think the importance and impact that Korea had on him is evident. He has attempted to return in the past, to see the battles he's fought in and the lessons learned. But he has not realized his trip to Korea, so when this opportunity arose, I thought it was the perfect opportunity to give a man who has given so much to others, including an opportunity to have something for himself. Some stories of his may never be told, buried deep within his heart. But for me, the importance of seeing something that meant so much to him is undeniable, which is why I'm asking you to please award this gift to my Grandfather for not only the countless lives he's saved in war but also for the countless lives he's affected throughout his life.



Jessica Bedard

Mechanicville, NY

Paul J. O'keefe, Private (1952 – 1953, Hardship Discharge)

Relationship: Grandfather

The Korean War started June 25, 1950 and ended on July 27, 1953. Soviet-backed North Korea troops crossed the 38th parallel marching into South Korea. As North Korea was under Communist rule, South Korea wanted nothing to do with Communism. Harry S. Truman, President of the United States of America, ordered U.S. Troops to help South Korea, along with United Nations Forces.

There were early bloody battles during the beginning of what was termed "The Cold War." It was feared this could be the beginning of the World War III as World War II had just ended a couple of years ago. The Great General Douglas MacArthur of World War II was named to lead our forces, along with the Republic of Korea (ROK) troops and United Nations forces to push the Communist North Koreans back over the 38th parallel into North Korea.

My Grandfather Paul O'keefe served with the 24th Infantry Division (known as the Victory Division). They were the first U.S. troops called to South Korea to fight with the R.O.K troops. At first, the 24th Infantry Division and R.O.K. troops were completely out-numbered, but just battled on and were able to delay the North Korean forces from advancing for seven hours.

Grandfather said, when the Armistice was signed in 1953, the 24th Division suffered 3,735 killed and 7,395 wounded during the War. President Truman called the war "Police Action," and took a lot of heat for making such a statement. The 24th Division, despite overwhelming odds continued holding off the North Korean Forces, allowing United Nations to build up their forces to help South Korea. 140,000 United Nations Troops arrive. From August 4 'til September 18, 1950, they were almost defeated but with a strong rally and turn-around, they held off 98,000 of North Korea's Peoples Army that led to the fierce Battle of Pusan.

Dozens of U.S. and U.N. forces were captured. When U.S. forces took over, they discovered the prisoners (our troops) had been executed. This first summer of the War had to be the hottest on record (weather wise).

Having used up all their drinking water, the troops drank water from the rice paddies that were fertilized with human waste, and sometimes their

Jessica Bedard

own urine, in order to survive. There were days they did not have food available (“C” and “K” rations”). Sometimes rations were available, but they just had to concentrate on defending their lives. Every winter was very frigid. From the end of November until early March, nighttime temperatures dropped to 32 below zero, and it didn’t get much warmer during the day-time. There were times the M-1 rifles would not fire because of the cold. To get them to fire, it would require urinating on them to thaw.

Troops would be wet from snow, slush and sometimes wet from falling in the rice paddies. Many of the troops lost their toes to frost bites from the wet freezing combat boots.

The Battle of Chosin Reservoir (Lake Campaign) was a very decisive Battle of the Korean War. The North Korean People’s Army infiltrated the North-eastern part of Korea with the People’s Republic of China, surprising the U.S. X Corps at the Chosin Reservoir.

A brutal 17 day battle in freezing weather followed. Between November 27 and December 13, 1950, 30,000 U.N. and U.S troops (nicknamed “The Chosin Few”) were surrounded by about 67,000 Chinese troops. Even though our troops were surrounded, they broke out of the encirclement while inflicting crippling losses on the Chinese.

The evacuation of the X Corps from the Port of Hungnam marked the complete withdrawal of United Nations troops from North Korea. President Harry S. Truman began disagreeing with General Douglas MacArthur, Commander of the U.S. forces in Korea. General MacArthur was fantastic in World War II, and came up with brilliant strategies and maneuvers that helped save South Korea from falling to the invading forces of Communist North Korea. With U.S., U.N. and R.O.K. troops advancing rapidly, MacArthur argued for a policy to have his troops go right into North Korea and get it over with. Truman turned him down, worrying about the Communist People’s Republic of China getting into the Conflict.

In November and December 1950, hundreds of thousands of Chinese troops crossed into North Korea, attacking American lines, driving the U.S. troops back into South Korea. In 1951, President Truman fired MacArthur and replaced him with General Matthew Ridgeway. MacArthur returned

to the United States to a hero's welcome. Parades were held in his honor, and he was asked to speak before Congress (where he gave his famous "Old soldiers never die, they just fade away" speech). Public opinion was strongly against Truman's action, but the President stuck to his decision without regret or apology.

Dwight D. Eisenhower was elected 34th President of the United States of America in 1953. He served until 1961. After discussing the progress of the Korean War with Commanding General James Van Fleet, the President disagreed with the General and released him. At the time the General had our troops moving in the right direction. He was regarded as one of the best Generals in the U.S. The General's son, who was a U.S. Air Force pilot, was killed in Korea.

Some of the important battles were: Heart Break Ridge, Operation Ripper, Operation Roundup, Operation Killer, White Horse Hill, Pusan, Chosen Reservoir, and Pork Chop Hill. Korean Demilitarized Zone serves as a buffer zone between North and South Korea. It cuts the Korean Peninsula in half. It crosses the 38th parallel and is about 160 miles long and 2.5 miles wide.

We still have U.S. troops in Korea. Some are stationed at the D.M.Z. As my grandfather writes this report (June 25, 2012), he tells me the Korean War began on this date 62 years ago.

An agreement was finally reached in Panmunjom. On July 27, 1953, The U.N., China and North Korea signed an Armistice and South Korea refused to sign. Because South Korea never signed the Armistice, the two countries remain technically at War even today. Today the United States is still haunted by the Korean War as we worry about North Korea's possession of nuclear weapons. My grandfather got to Korea in 1953 as the war was coming to an end. He said the reason the 24th Infantry was called in first was because the division was the closest to Korea, as they were stationed in Hawaii. (Schofield Barracks).

A popular television series entitled "Mash" ran for about eleven years after the Korean War, of which scenes were mostly in a hospital tent in South

Jessica Bedard

Korea during the war. My grandfather said it was so far from the truth, but the writers made it a humorous skit. He said there was never humor in the war as the troops had all to do to fight for their lives. President Barack Obama proclaimed July 27, in 2010 as the National Korean War Veterans Armistice Day.



Martin Black

Gainesville, Fl
Clyde Martin Jr., Lieutenant
Relationship: Father-in-law

Clyde Allen Martin Jr. received his commission in 1952, and was soon deployed with his Artillery unit in Korea to join the fight. With the Chinese joining the war by offering large numbers of forces in support of North Korea and Communism, American forces were being pushed back, day by day. Lieutenant Martin heard the sounds of the horns and whistles, moments before the attackers overran his perimeter. The sounds of gunfire, horns, and screams of men writing in death seemed to be coming from every direction around him as if it were a blinding rain pouring down. Then, a sudden hand grasped the arm of young lieutenant Martin, pulling him in a covered bunker, and shoving him to the floor. Waiting for the bullet to enter his body, Lieutenant Martin looked into the eyes of an NCO; you shut your mouth and stay quiet, lieutenant. What seemed like endless gunfire and explosions all around were actually the soldiers holding their position with their Army issued 45's, and the NCO and the young lieutenant waiting for death to enter their bunker. As quickly as it seemed to happen, the only sound remaining, was the sound of the pounding rain. Lieutenant Martin owed his life to an experienced NCO, and the infantry security company who pushed the Chinese backed North Koreans out of his perimeter. Lieutenant Martin stepped out of the bunker, and joined his soldiers with the tending of wounded and dying American soldiers, who lay amongst the dead and dying attackers. The large artillery weapons were being attached to their tractors, so that they move closer toward the 38th parallel. Lieutenant Martin would survive and employ many fire missions on an ever pursuing enemy, only to withdraw and move further South towards the 38th parallel and the Imjim River. Clyde Martin came home to Florida, a changed man. He welcomed his normal bankers life, but the memories of Korea often woke him in the middle of the night and only the comforting soft hands of his wife, Betty Anne, would lead him back to bed to fall asleep with the ringing of the big guns, forever ringing in his ears, the horns and whistles, gunfire, the sounds of dying and the rain.

On August 3rd 1954, Lieutenant Martin was blessed with twins; a son and daughter. It would be another thirty-four years before another Martin would land on Korean soil and begin another chapter of service to country for both the United States and Korea.

February 1988, a young Buck Sergeant steps out of an aircraft to the cold hazy skies of Seoul Korea. The pungent odor of ondol filled the air as the

Sergeant headed to Army welcome center, only to be greeted by a Sergeant Major, directing the young sergeant to straighten his tie before going into the briefing room. The Seoul Olympics was going to showcase Korea as an evolving nation and the United States was building forces to insure North Korea would not spoil the show. The sergeant knew exactly where he would be going; he was headed to the 2nd Infantry Division's Western Corridor, to be part of a defensive posture for the 2nd Infantry Division and help defend Korea's showcase to the world.

Eight miles from North Korea, the Sergeant arrived at Camp Gerry Owen, home of the 2nd Infantry Division's Cavalry Squadron. Two days in country, the anxiety of being so close to the heaviest fortified border in the world and already missing his wife, the sergeant headed to Squadron Headquarters to receive his assignment for what would change the rest of his and his wife's life.

Upon receiving his mission, the sergeant was assigned a room in the barracks and was given time to ready his gear and prepare his quarters. Shortly after getting most of his gear put away, another soldier knocked on his door and offered to show the sergeant around the compound. Soon after chow, the soldiers changed out of their uniforms and head down range to the local village, which would start the life changing events for the young sergeant. It was a short mile and a half walk to the village and the sights and sounds of a foreign Korean lifestyle almost overwhelmed the young sergeant. The clubs, specialty clothiers, the food, visiting many small shops made for a late evening and was almost too much for a first night in Korea. By the time the Sergeant's head hit the pillow it was almost midnight and shortly thereafter the alert siren went off and the reality of Korea set in, this was a real war zone. Jumping out of bed and into uniform then suddenly remembering, all of his combat gear was not put together. The sergeant struggled to get all the gear assembled, checking out his weapon from the arms room and double timed to his assigned defensive position, waiting for the attack to come, which never did. Standing down from the drill, a lesson in preparedness for which the sergeant would never let happen again. The nightlife in the village would not be the direction this sergeant would go. There had to be something better than spending money on useless trivets, clothes or alcohol. There was something on the horizon for which the young soldier would soon discover.

It was mid-afternoon when the sergeant stepped off the bus in front of the

Martin Black

compound after spending time at the main PX on Camp Casey, which had more choices than the small Gerry Owen PX. The sergeant stowed his purchases in his wall locker and headed to the recreation center to find what would be the calling of the soldier. When the sergeant opened the door to the recreation center, what he found stopped him in his tracks. The room was full of children, 50-60 kids of all ages, watching a movie and enjoying popcorn and Kool-aid. The Squadron Chaplin, seeing the overwhelmed look on the face of the sergeant, walked from across the room to explain what was going on and asked the sergeant if he could help chaperone the children for that afternoon. The Chaplin explained he was working on renewing a relationship with the local orphanage after a soldier tried to have his way with one of the teenage girls at the orphanage. Regaining trust was going to be difficult, but he asked the sergeant for his assistance and the sergeant agreed to help. Over the next weeks and months, the sergeant befriended the matrons of the orphanage and developed a friendship with several young girls, (ages of eight to twelve), often taking them to the village to eat and buying clothes to share with the other children of the orphanage. The sergeant encouraged other soldiers to participate in sponsoring their time and money to support the children. During field training exercises, the sergeant would often bring the leftover bread, food and deserts to the delight of the children, instead of the leftovers going into the garbage.

In mid-April, the sergeant's wife arrived for a reunion tour and they traveled Korea, taking in the wonders of the nation. Just before the sergeant's wife headed back to the states, the sergeant introduced her to the orphanage matrons and his girls. She wondered how her big tough combat soldier would turn into mush over some children and she welcomed the change in her husband's demeanor. As her plane took off from Seoul and she watched Korea grow smaller and smaller, she already missed her husband and somewhere between Japan and the United States, she was thinking about going back to Korea.

It was June and very hot in Florida when the sergeant's wife made up her mind, she was going back to Korea. She didn't know what she would do, she wasn't suppose to be there, it was supposed to be un-accompanied tour, an area of the world which could turn into a combat zone at any time, regardless, she was going back to Korea.

The sergeant's wife knew there were other wives there; she had talked with them about how they lived in Korea during her reunion tour and was determined to make a go of the adventure. Once in Korea, she started volunteering for the Brigade Chaplin at Camp House with other wives. With her business background and organizational skills, she worked with other wives in the development of a volunteer corps within the 2nd Infantry Divisions Western Corridor. She assisted the Brigade Chaplin with the development of a Brides School for the Korean wives who would be returning to the states with their American soldier husband.

The sergeant and his wife attended Korean ceremonies' and a wedding of their Korean friends, organized trips with the orphanage children to amusement parks in Seoul with soldier chaperones. The sergeant organized fundraising on the compound to install new vinyl floors in the orphanage and coordinated with the PX for overage food to be donated to the orphanage. With duty hours and all the extracurricular activities, time passed quickly for the sergeant and his wife and it was time to return stateside. Leaving Korea was the first thing the sergeant wanted to do upon arriving in country but now, with all the friends the sergeant and his wife would probably never see again, leaving was going to be a painful event. Saying good-bye to the children was almost heartbreaking for both. The final clearance papers signed, plane tickets in hand, the shaking of hands, pats on the back and a final taxi ride to airport. Boarding the plane, the gentle ride to the final take-off, Korea was quickly fading away from the sergeant and his wife. Korea had changed them. It opened their eyes to what their real military mission was; it was representing their country, being true ambassadors to their hosts. With all they had done within the local Korean community and their Army community; had they make a difference? Our nation had made a difference in the development of Korea. Korea is the Phoenix, raised from the ashes of war to become the shining example of what hard work and a determined people can become.

The Martin family had made a difference for the Korean community; Clyde Martin Jr. was there first in the defense of the nation and secondly, his daughter Debra as an ambassador to the nation and the Army community volunteer. But more importantly, Korea made them better for serving both countries.



Robin M. Cathcart

Alexandria, VA

Robert John Mager, Private First Class (1951 – 1953)

Relationship: First Cousin

EARLY LIFE

Robert J. Mager was the second child of John George and Helen Mary Mager. He was born in Buffalo, New York on the Fourth of July 1929, and joined his three-year-old sister, Catherine Genevieve, to make the family complete. He was the son of my mother Virginia's sister, and my first cousin. Robert, known to all affectionately as "Bobby," always had a quick and ready smile and a quiet, gentle disposition. Bobby graduated from Bennett High School in Buffalo in June 1948. He was employed as a riveter by the Wilson Athletic Company of Buffalo. Before the war, Bobby became a championship roller skater.

ARMY SERVICE

Bobby entered active duty on 16 April 1951. He completed Infantry Basic Training with Company F, 364th Infantry Regiment, 9th Infantry Division, at Fort Dix, New Jersey. Bobby may have undergone further training at Fort Eustis, Virginia, then home to the Army's Transportation Corps, but that information is lost to history. He was eventually assigned to the 712th Transportation Railway Operating Battalion (TROB), 3rd Military Railway Service (MRS), elements of the Eighth Army, operating on the Korean Peninsula.

THE 712TH TRANSPORTATION RAILWAY OPERATING BATTALION (TROB)

Elements of the future 712th TROB were sponsored by the Central Railroad of New Jersey and the Reading Railroad, beginning before the Second World War. The Battalion was activated on 25 Oct 1943, at Camp Harahan, Louisiana. The unit served in both France and Germany.¹

The 712th TROB was inactivated at Camp Kilmer, NJ on 11 January 1946.² When the Korean War started, the 712th was an Army Reserve unit sponsored by the Reading Railroad of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The Battalion was recalled to active duty on 3 September 1950 at Fort Eustis, VA. Officers and enlisted men with railroad operation experience formed the nucleus of this new, reconstituted unit.³

THE 712TH TRANSPORTATION RAILWAY OPERATING BATTALION IN KOREA

Robin M. Cathcart

The Battalion consisted of a Headquarters Company, and Companies A, B, and C. The advanced party, Company C, flew to Korea in December and set up camp at Sindong. The remainder of the Battalion traveled aboard the USNS GENERAL M. M. PATRICK (T-AP-150), and arrived in Korea during the first week in January, 1951.⁴ The Battalion Headquarters was established at Youngdungpo-gu, then a suburb of Seoul.⁵

THE MISSION OF THE 712TH TRANSPORTATION RAILWAY OPERATING BATTALION

As one man in the 712th TROB explained, “In order to give the layman a comprehensive view of the scope and mission of such a Transportation outfit, it will be necessary to explain the idea for such an organization. Due to the necessity of moving rapidly, large quantities of supplies necessary to keep a modern Army fighting, it was most urgent that existing railway facilities were kept open, and if necessary new tracks laid. It would have been impossible to depend on civilian railroad personnel of the occupied territory. That unit had to be capable not only of operating the railroad, but to have been able to protect it as well, and make running repairs. Thus, it was obvious that these men comprising the personnel had to be able to fight, and also perform skilled tasks. Most of the men come straight from civilian railroads that sponsored the Battalion.”⁶

ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE 712TH TRANSPORTATION RAILWAY OPERATING BATTALION

During the early months of the war, the 712th TROB operated the Korean National Railroad from Taejon north to the frontlines. Korean nationals acted as the train engineers.⁷ The Battalion was one of several of its type in Korea. Working together, they helped rebuild Korea’s railroad. According to one member of the unit, “In one instance an entire army division was successfully moved overnight to a different sector of the front lines, quite a feat with the antiquated equipment!”⁸ Private Mager was assigned to Company A. Company A’s mission was to establish and maintain a dispatcher’s communication line that augmented the Korean lines, and work with Korean nationals in solving problems with maintenance of way and supplies of water.⁹ This was especially significant because there were over 300 tunnels and 1,000 bridges in the country.¹⁰

In the April-June 2010 issue of “Trading Post,” Dave Kaufman wrote, “In closely reviewing battalion command reports for March 1952-April 1953, Company C averaged 1.4M ton per month along the Main Line; 425,000 tons per month on other branch lines; 1.2M tons per month along the Inchon Line; and 25,000 tons per month along the narrow gauge. However, in April 1952, those numbers jumped to an all time high: 13,777, 389 tons on the Main Line; 303,385 tons on the Inchon Line; 922,325 tons on the other branch, and 21,928 on the narrow gauge.”¹¹ By December 1952, the Battalion’s area of operation consisted of 800 miles, of which 600 miles was under its direct supervision.¹² The 712th Transportation Railway Operating Battalion (TROB) was later awarded the Army Meritorious Unit Commendation for its handling of troops at various critical times in the war.¹³

Robert J. Mager was promoted to the Temporary Grade of Private First Class on 15 March 1952. He left active duty on 15 April 1953 at Fort Custer, Michigan, and was transferred to the Enlisted Reserve Corps. My cousin Bobby never married and had no children. After the war he eventually went to work at the family-owned “Bitterman’s Red Shield Restaurant,” in Buffalo. Robert J. Mager passed away on 25 July 1987, just three weeks after 58th birthday.

THE LEGACY OF ROBERT J. MAGER

Bobby Mager did not arrive in Korea in time to assist in the Hungnam rescue, when the United States evacuated 100,000 innocent North Korean civilians and relocated them to the Republic of Korea at Christmas, 1950. Bobby was not wounded in action, nor was he ever a prisoner of war. He was awarded no medals for heroism. Much of his service has been lost to history. Bobby had no children to carry on the family name. What then is his legacy?

The Korean Peninsula was occupied by the Japanese Army from 1910 to 1945. They were cruel task masters. The Japanese would not even allow Koreans to run the railroad. Following the Japanese surrender in Korea, the United States Army assumed a role in rebuilding Korea’s railroad, and helping to teach Koreans how to run it. The Republic of Korea now has 3,381 kilometers (2,101 miles) of rail lines, ranking 51st in the world. It serves a population of 48,860,500 (July 2011 estimate), and a total area of

Robin M. Cathcart

96,920 square kilometers (37,421 square miles).¹⁴ Korail is the name of Korea's modern, high-speed railroad. It links all major cities in the Republic of Korea.¹⁵

Modern and efficient methods of transportation are vital to any nation. The Republic of Korea was fighting for its very existence. Without Bobby Mager and his fellow-soldiers of the 712th TROB who helped rebuild the railroad and helped train Koreans to operate it, under combat conditions, it would have taken the war-torn nation much longer to rebuild and recover.

Since December 1636, the American Militia and its successor, the Army of the United States, have always had many "Bobby Magers" in its ranks: Men and women who came from civilian life to serve their country at a time the country needed them most. They did not join the Army for glory, for fame, for medals — and certainly — not for money. These men and women stepped forward to serve their country because it was the right thing to do. They did the jobs they were assigned, and they performed their duties well. More importantly, the legacy of Bobby Mager and the men of the 712th TROB is a free people: Koreans who prosper and live in harmony with a democratically-elected leadership. They live without fear of their own government. In the end, it is the greatest legacy of all.

¹ <http://militaryrailwayservice.blogspot.com/search/label/712th%20Transportation%20Railway%20Operating%20Battalion>

² “Trading Post,” April-June 2010, “712th Transportation Railway Operating Battalion,” page 48, <http://www.scribd.com/doc/41870941/712th-TROB>

³ <http://militaryrailwayservice.blogspot.com/search/label/712th%20Transportation%20Railway%20Operating%20Battalion>

⁴ <http://www.military.com/HomePage/UnitPageHistory/1,13506,106629%7C700755,00.html>
the712thtrob@ac.net Web Page www.ac.net/~712thtrob

⁵ <http://www.military.com/HomePage/UnitPageHistory/1,13506,106629%7C700755,00.html>
the712thtrob@ac.net Web Page www.ac.net/~712thtrob

⁶ <http://griffincunningham.net/Griffin/MAIN/712th%20Trans%20Bn.doc>

⁷ http://unitpages.military.com/unitpages/history.do?ck_unit=73561&id=106629&historyId=700755 Submitted by: the712thtrob@ac.net Web Page www.ac.net/~712thtrob

⁸ http://unitpages.military.com/unitpages/history.do?ck_unit=73561&id=106629&historyId=700755 Submitted by: the712thtrob@ac.net Web Page www.ac.net/~712thtrob

⁹ http://www.koreanwar-educator.org/memoirs/712_trob/index.htm

¹⁰ http://www.koreanwar-educator.org/memoirs/712_trob/index.htm#Baum=700755

¹¹ “Trading Post,” April-June 2010, “712th Transportation Railway Operating Battalion,” page 47, <http://www.scribd.com/doc/41870941/712th-TROB>

¹² “Trading Post,” April-June 2010, “712th Transportation Railway Operating Battalion,” page 48, <http://www.scribd.com/doc/41870941/712th-TROB>

¹³ <http://www.military.com/HomePage/UnitPageHistory/1,13506,106629%7C700755,00.html>
Submitted by: the712thtrob@ac.net Web Page www.ac.net/~712thtrob

¹⁴ The World Factbook, Central Intelligence Agency (CIA)
<https://www.cia.gov/library/publications/the-world-factbook/>

¹⁵ http://info.korail.com/2007/eng/ekr/ekr01000/w_ekr01100.jsp



Gene William Davidson

Camas, WA

Signal Message Clerk, R & M Co., 101st Signal Battalion

Relationship: Self

My first real exposure to the threat of war was when WWII broke out. The only news we heard was on the radio. However, twice we went to a theater to see newsreels. At just eight years of age, the photos of the war were very frightening. I lived with my family in Van Nuys, California. My parents were of meager means and often food was scarce, but I had always felt safe until I heard the drone of the airplane engines above our home. Neither my parents nor I knew if they were U.S. airplanes or enemy aircraft. Fortunately, they were always American airplanes.

I remember seeing my aunt receive the news that her son was killed in an airplane crash during WWII. Her grief and despair made a lasting impression on me, and I realized that people all over the world were experiencing the same grief as my aunt. I prayed to God that the war would end soon. This experience gave me a better appreciation of the price my ancestors and others paid for my freedom. Four family members on my mother's side fought and died in the Civil War as well. As WWII unfolded, I began to realize that I might be called to serve my country some day.

I received my 'Welcome Letter' from Uncle Sam in December 1952. I was nineteen years old. Two months later, I boarded a ship to Korea on Feb. 2, 1953. Overnight, I went from training horses to being a young soldier who had never fired a gun. I was assigned to the R & M Co., 101st Signal Battalion at Camp San Luis, Obispo for basic training. We were told that we were going to be shipped to Japan. Our ultimate destination was kept secret until we boarded a small water craft to take us to Pusan, Korea.

We arrived at the break of dawn. I could not believe what I saw. The devastation was unbelievable along with all the maimed adults and children. I felt so sick for those people even though I knew no one. Within two days, I found myself in a message center bunker north of South Korea at what is known as the 38th parallel.

New arrivals were teamed up with more experienced, battle-aware soldiers and officers. Being the newest arrival to the message center, it fell to my lot to deliver messages to the front lines. We traveled at night in black out conditions. The driver of the jeep and I would drive until there were no more roads, and then I had to take the message in on foot. The driver always stayed with the jeep. Often, the challenge was to find the hidden radio rig or control center. It was a difficult task, but the message had to get through

Gene William Davidson

to both outposts run by the Republic of Korea (ROK) and the U.S. military.

One night in December, the driver and I were delivering a top-secret message to an Infantry Division when we got caught in a whiteout and blizzard in the mountains. After three hours in 30 below zero weather, we found the right road to lead us back to our base bunker.

When I tried to get out of the jeep, I could feel nothing from my knees down. Part of the problem was that I had not been issued my winter thermo boots even though everyone else had received their boots. I am six-foot six inches tall, and they were having a hard time finding size 14 boots. Two buddies helped me into my bunker and, as my feet were thawing, I prayed that I would not lose my feet or legs.

Forty years later, I was awarded a 60% disability (30% each leg/foot). Today, I am grateful that I can walk enough to get around, but it is a daily reminder of what happened that dark, cold night. I am very aware of the countless numbers of men and women who, in long marches, found themselves in a similar situation. At least I made it home when others, sadly, did not.

After the armistice was signed and the fighting stopped, I began to see the heart of the Korean people. I longed to help in some way, but I was always limited because of duty obligations. I always had a tug in my heart for them, but I didn't know what I could do to help once I returned to the U.S. Little did I know what God had in store for me many years later! I was discharged on November 24, 1954—after one year, nine months and 23 days. I was assigned to the California Army Reserves for eight years.

It took me a while to re-integrate back into civilian life, but eventually I earned a master's degree in education. I taught elementary school, and then became a school administrator, but it wasn't until I worked for the Association of Christian Schools International (ACSI) that I found a way to utilize my passion for Korea in a tangible way. As Regional Director, one of my responsibilities was to provide in-service professional training for teachers. One such responsibility was to organize and direct teachers' conventions in California, Arizona, Oregon and Washington.

ACSI also had a vision for helping Christian schools world-wide. Because of my position in the organization and my passion for Korea, I learned how

committed South Korea was to Christian education. With financial support from our Christian schools in America, ACSI brought a Korean Girl's High School Choir to the United States to minister to our schools and to teachers' conventions in California, Arizona and the Northwest. They performed 90 concerts in 30 days.

It was a marathon for all of us, to say the least; but countless hearts were inspired to pray for Korea. Their voices were so amazing! More than 30 years later, their message in song and dance cannot be forgotten. Until he passed away, the Superintendent of the Korean School, Dr. Hong, was faithful in keeping in touch with me. It is a relationship I will always treasure.

I have never been back to Korea since the Korean War. It would be a great privilege to see what God has done for South Korea since my departure so many years ago. Thank you for your consideration.



Stanley Fujii

Honolulu, Hawaii

Sergeant First Class

(1951 – 1953; 1953 – 1955 Extended Service)

Relationship: Self

The Korean War was described as the deadliest conflict of the 20th century with estimated military and civilian casualties of over two million people. It started when communist North Korea supported by China invaded South Korea on June 25, 1950. To assist South Korea, twenty-one United Nations countries sent combat troops and medical support teams. Battle lines shifted in the unexpected invasion up and down the Korean peninsula.

My life changed after being drafted into the U.S. Army to defend South Korea in 1951. I did not foresee the many challenges I would face in this war and risking my life for a country I knew little about. I was idealistic and thought that stopping communism in South Korea would prevent its spread to neighboring countries.

The beginning of my combat duties in South Korea began when my ship docked at its western port of Inchon in January 1952. By then, the war zone shifted to an area near the 38th parallel, a boundary that divided the two Koreas. I saw towns and villages destroyed in the aftermath of battles and the sufferings of men, women and children. I will never forget the images of these people... their faces showed only too well their displacement, grief and chaos of their once peaceful existence.

I was an infantry soldier in the 3rd Army Division, 7th Infantry Regiment, 2nd Battalion. My unit was assigned a perimeter in the rugged mountains bordering North Korea to prevent the enemy from retaking Seoul, the nation's capital and most populated city in their homeland. It was an unforgettable experience of survival. I was devastated after hearing that a soldier friend from Hawaii assigned to another unit was killed in combat shortly after my arrival in Korea. I worried about my own mortality and survival after seeing soldiers in my unit carried off in stretchers after their trench positions were bombed by artillery shells.

There were times when I wondered if anyone in South Korea really cared about the personal sacrifices we were making to protect their country. It was difficult finding time to rest in the harsh mountain environment constantly watching for the enemy and taking shelter whenever an artillery shell whizzed overhead just before exploding nearby. Our daily routine included standing guard in climate ranging from extreme heat in summer to winter's subzero temperatures; eating canned goods called "C-rations" that were

Stanley Fujii

heated with candles; sleeping on the hard ground in cramped bunkers while fighting off rats; using crudely made outdoor toilets, and not bathing for long periods of time. To control skin infections from lice and mites, our bodies were sprayed with DDT, a powdery synthetic compound.

On rare occasions, we hiked down from our mountain battle stations to a bend in a river that flowed southwards from North Korea to bathe in the swift currents. The river was relatively peaceful, but I could hear the sound of bombs in the distance. While bathing, I once saw the uniformed body of an enemy soldier floating down the river, a grim reminder that the fighting continued upstream.

One of my most frightening experiences was standing guard in total darkness and unable to see beyond a few feet. This played havoc on my imagination making me nervous that I would not see the enemy sneaking up upon us. Every time I heard a sound, I reacted by tossing hand grenades downhill only to discover the noises were from rats that disturbed empty “C-ration” cans dangling from barbed-wires. Living under these rugged conditions gradually affected my nerves and not a day went by when I did not think of going home to familiar and peaceful surroundings. I could feel myself becoming depressed and distressed from constant stress, and this war challenged every part of my being ... physically, mentally, spiritually and emotionally.

I grew up in a warm tropical environment and was able to tolerate the summer, but it was difficult getting acclimated to the bitter winters of Korea in the barren mountains. Walking in snow even with heavy socks and combat boots quickly numbed my feet. I would remove my boots to massage circulation back in my feet to avoid frost bite.

During a hot and dark summer night, our entire battalion was ordered to attack and occupy a large hill in an area across “no man’s land” between the enemy lines and ours. We advanced quietly until an explosion lit the sky with fluorescent flares that shattered the stillness. Someone had stepped on a land mine, and the realization that we were in a minefield quickly stopped our advance as each man froze in his tracks. More flares lit the sky followed by enemy gunfire and barrages of mortar explosions. We were like sitting ducks in a minefield on soggy ground that was once a rice paddy. Ordered to retreat, we carefully retraced our footsteps to avoid stepping on a hidden

land mine. I thought my life would end that night. We took up positions on a high embankment and began shooting across the rice field supported by canons from armored tanks until daylight when all shooting stopped.

Christmas 1952 was a day I will never forget. I hoped the enemy would take a break from fighting. The morning calm was suddenly interrupted with the frightening sound of an incoming shell that whistled nearby. At that moment, I anticipated a massive attack on our positions. However, instead of deadly shrapnels when the shell exploded, leaflets cascaded from the sky and one fell near my post.

The leaflet was from the “Chinese People’s Volunteers” written in English and wished a “Merry Christmas and Happy New Year” to American soldiers. The leaflet also reported we should be home enjoying the holidays and blaming politicians who sent us to war. It was political propaganda to demoralize our soldiers. The rest of Christmas remained quiet, but we nervously continued our vigilance not knowing what the enemy was planning to do next.

My souvenir leaflet deteriorated over time; however, a photo depiction of the front and back is shown below.

The end of my Korean tour was approaching, and I anxiously awaited news of going home. I will always remember that cold and windy morning when I learned that the war had ended for me. My mood changed from gloom to exhilaration and with tears welling in my eyes, I silently prayed and thanked God for allowing me to be one of the fortunate war survivors.

Fighting stopped in Korea after I returned home in January 1953. An armistice was signed on July 27, 1953 that indicated neither side won. There was no treaty to formally end the war. It was a relief to know there would no longer be unnecessary loss of life, which gave hope that prisoners of war would be released. I was mindful that South Korea still had a long road to recovery and envisioned a slow and painful progress.

Homecoming was one of my happiest moments. I wept with joy seeing my family on the dock waving as I saw them from the railing of my ship. The Royal Hawaiian Band had a gala welcome with girls in grass skirts dancing hula, a sight I never thought I would see again. As time passed, my Korean War buddies and I often shared our war stories and vast experiences. It

Stanley Fujii

felt therapeutic knowing that other veterans shared the same feelings and emotions that tested our ability to endure hardships. None of us desired to return to South Korea fearing that a return would trigger unpleasant war memories. We spoke about our future and I focused on returning to college under the G.I. Bill of Rights where a portion of my expenses would be paid by the U. S. Government, a privilege extended to all American veterans.

While this plan for my future was developing, I did not realize that buried deep in my subconscious, the Korean War was raging on... I woke up screaming with nightmares of exploding bombs, gunfire, night flares and bullets whizzing by. It was a frightening post war syndrome, and I worried it would affect me for the rest of my life. A month later, the nightmares started to diminish. By the end of the second month, I began to sleep uninterrupted by these terrifying dreams.

Over the next few years, I saw photos and videos of the new South Korea and was astonished at its growth, rising from the ashes of war to become an unimaginable metropolis and one of the largest industrial and wealthiest nations in the world. I left a war torn country, and it was not until I returned over five decades later, that I fully comprehended the country's vast and enormous recovery.

I deeply appreciated the sincere gratitude of its citizens as they thanked every veteran for their sacrifices. It was a grand gesture of heartfelt thanks and a refreshing change that truly embraced the sacrifices of all Korean War veterans and honored our services. Instead of triggering unpleasant war memories, I felt proud to have been involved in such a worthy cause. It was heartwarming seeing men, women and children enjoying the freedom we fought for and the complete change of their images stored in my mind from when they were victimized in the ravages of war. I was grateful for the opportunity to return to South Korea and to revisit places where my fellow soldiers fought valiantly and died.

In commemoration of the 59th year of the end of the Korean War, I salute the veterans from all nations that participated in this war, including the South Korean soldiers who gave their lives, which resulted in the birth of a new South Korea with its ever-changing infrastructure and architectural landscape. The government and various private enterprises honoring Korean War veterans is without a doubt attributed to and exemplifies the endur-

Honolulu, Hawaii

ing legacy of all veterans that helped to reshape South Korea into becoming an ultra modern nation with a population of over 48 million people, now one of the largest economic powers in the world.

I am proud and honored to be a member of the Korean War Veterans Association and be able to share their enduring legacy that helped to make a remarkable difference in the lives of the people in the Republic of Korea.



Sidney Glassman

Bloomfield, CT

Sergeant U.S. Army (1951 – 1953)

Relationship: Self

I should preface this by saying that my time in Korea during the conflict of '51 and '52 was an experience I will always remember, and though I would not care to repeat it, I will always cherish and remember that experience. For the first time in my life, I was to face the responsibility of being a section chief. Starting off as a private in an engineering battalion, I requested transfer to the infantry and ended up in Headquarters Company of X Corps. X Corps consisted of several American divisions, a combat infantry regiment, plus the 1st ROKA and the 1st Marine Division along with smaller units from various countries. Fortunately, I arrived after the brutal winter of 1950 and after the X Corps invasion at Inchon. That, however, did not make the winters less severe nor the hot summers on the dusty dirt roads any more pleasant. X Corps was the only corps facing both the North Koreans and the Chinese.

As a result of artillery fire while on a TDY mission, I lost some of my hearing. Other than my continually rupturing ear drums, I was unscathed. My hearing loss has worsen, but the Veteran's Administration has supported me and provided hearing aids with reasonable sound magnification. Really a minor loss when one considers the number of American GIs and ROKA that never returned or were seriously wounded, with sacrifice and courage in the march to halt the spread of communism. That, combined with the extraordinary progress South Korea has achieved from an emerging nation to one of the leading economies in the world, has given me a sense there was a purpose in that ordeal. I have returned to Korea twice since the war and to some of the places where I served, although some of these locations were not available to me, as they are now in North Korea. My original headquarters is presently under water as a result of a dam on the Kwanda-ri River at Inje.

Perhaps the most significant achievement on my part was not in battle or service, but in meeting and tutoring a South Korean orphan, Yoon Tae Hee, whose brother was ROKA assigned to X Corps headquarters guard company. Although civilians were not allowed above the "Farm Line," Yoon made it. I had volunteered to become his tutor at night when I returned from my duties. Through TI&E, I applied for first through third grade reading and math which was looked on as rather strange since I was a college graduate, but for two or three dollars, I was able to obtain the desired courses. With these courses, Yoon progressed rapidly, mostly on his own as I would have to leave headquarters for various units such as the Marines, the Turks, and various ROK and US divisions and regiments. I eventually was promoted to

Sidney Glassman

sergeant and became Section Chief for the Chemical Section of X Corps and continued with the tutoring of Tae Hee, who by now had finished the elementary assignment I had given him. Within 6 months, he could pick up the Reader's Digest, the Saturday Evening Post, or the Stars and Stripes and read them with ease. In math, he exhausted my knowledge and effortlessly progressed right through my college math.

Before my separation from X Corps and the US Army in May, 1953, I gave Tae Hee the total of my in-pocket savings and poker winnings, which came to about \$400. His English was now excellent, and as an interpreter for the UN, he was able to financially gain and finish law school. He then earned an MPA from Seoul National University School of Public Administration, and was an outstanding student. He obtained a Fulbright Travel Scholarship, while I was able to secure a Fellowship in Economics for him at the University of Connecticut. This not only covered his tuition, but paid his living expenses with a few dollars to spare. Yoon was originally slated to attend the University of California at Berkeley, but switched to the University of Connecticut giving up the fellowship from Berkeley. Yoon continued on from orientation at Yale to the University of Connecticut to finish his academic years. An outstanding student, Yoon became Dr. Yoon with his PhD in Agricultural Economics accomplished in just two and half years. No one before him had done a PhD degree in economics in two and a half years without any prior degrees in economics, and I don't think anyone has done it since. This is an indication of his ability to learn and his devotion to study. I returned to Connecticut to walk down the aisle with my wife of now 59 years and continued on with my education, keeping in touch with Yoon over the next several years until his arrival in the States. To this day, I still have every letter he wrote.

In the few years following his graduation, Yoon became Chief Economist of National Accounts in the Government of Canada in Ottawa (even though he lacked Canadian citizenship!) and taught economics at U.S. and Canadian colleges. He then became associated with the World Bank as an economist and quickly rose to become World Bank and IFC Resident Mission Chief in Afghanistan. In 1976, I took a month off from my practice to visit him in Afghanistan. What an experience that was, and how proud I was of him. He continued with the World Bank where he served an unprecedented period of 14 years as Operational Division Chief, supervising a large number of multidisciplinary international staff, including many former

cabinet members of developing countries and world class American professionals. During this time, Yoon was offered a cabinet post from President Park Chung-hee of Korea, but he declined it.

Upon retirement from the World Bank after serving a 23 year-period, Yoon has served in many positions, such as Vice Chairman at PriceWaterhouse-Coopers, Chairman of government funded international television (BBC of Korea), university president and others. Now he is still working as chairman of several companies and an economic consultant in the private sector. Concurrently, he served as adjunct professor at Clemson University for two decades and has actively advocated parliamentary democracy and normative corporate governance in Korea, as well as making important economic predictions on Korea.

He and his wife, Geraldine Barrett, a scientist born in Ireland, have moved their base from Washington DC to Manhattan where they will eventually retire. I expect he will return to the States within the next few years. Since the war, I did manage to continue my friendship with a fellow GI until his recent death. I plan to return to Korea in the near future to visit with Yoon. How lucky I am to have a living, enduring legacy of the Korean War.



Mike Glazzy

San Jose, CA

Sergeant, U.S. Marine Corps (August 1951 – May 1952)

Relationship: Self

At the time of my honorable discharge from the United States Marine Corps on June 28, 1952, I said to myself, I would never go back to Korea; never sign up for an aging Marine's revisit; and that I didn't want ever to see those barren mountains again; feel that summer heat; or hear the cold freezing wind out of Siberia, but I was destined to return to "The Land of the Morning Calm!"

On Friday June 23, 1950 at the Marine Base Quantico, Virginia, I was ordered the weekend night duty at the base communication center. Usually, the communication traffic during the weekend night duty was slow to non-existent. In the early morning hours on that fateful Sunday, June 25, 1950 at about 0300 hours, the red communication light on the trunk line from the Pentagon, Washington D.C., illuminated. I was startled sensing something serious was about to be reported. That urgent message was "South Korea has been invaded." At the time, being one of the first person in the country, and the first Marine on the base to receive this historic report, I did not realize my fate was set to serve with the 1st Marine Aircraft Wing, Marine Ground Control Intercept Squadron 3, Pohang, Korea 1951 – 1952, as a radar technician!

But, 50 years later I returned with hundreds of other Korean War veterans from 21 nations to commemorate the signing of the July 27, 1953 Armistice, ending 37 months of brutal fighting up and down the 525 mile long Korean peninsula. This was probably the final hurrah for many veterans. There are no more 50th anniversaries. For almost all, a 75th anniversary would be out of the question!

As young men from the late 1940's era, now white-haired and tempered by age, they received their final tribute at the "Salute to Heroes" banquet in Seoul. Their string of 50th anniversary commemorations, which began with the observance of the unexpected invasion by the North Korean army across the 38th parallel, the 8th Army stand at the Pusan Perimeter, X- Corps Inchon Invasion, Marines at the Changjin (Chosin) Reservoir and the Iron Triangle, have finally run its course. From this point on, there probably will be only memories, no more parades, few, if any, tributes!

From around the world, as far away as Australia, Belgium, Ethiopia, Greece, India, Italy, New Zealand, Turkey, United Kingdom and United States, hundreds of veterans from all military branches came to this final

Mike Glazzy

observance to remember their fallen buddies. There were also others from Canada, Colombia, Denmark, France, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Norway, Philippines, South Africa, Sweden and Thailand who also joined in the camaraderie. You could tell who they were by their caps, uniforms, badges and of course, by their native language. Some still groomed their wartime handlebar mustaches!

Veterans disembarking from their Korean Air flights at the new Incheon International Airport after eleven hours at 37,000 feet were overcome by a sense of nostalgia. Your mind drifted back to what was and what is, as we rode by bus to our Sofitel Ambassador Hotel in Seoul. The ravages of war have been replaced with lush landscapes of trees and bushes, disguising ridgelines of battle and plants along the heavily traveled highway. High-rise residential buildings, as far as the eye could see, elevated 25 stories along the base of each mountain!

Korean War veterans, "We Cannot Escape History!" We, as young men, stepped forward with our invincibility of youth and defended an ancient nation against communist aggression. In defense of freedom, we endured heavy losses to win the first battle of the "Cold War" and provided the opportunity for South Korea to become an economic power world-wide. Let us, the United States, maintain our unique bond with the Korean people until North and South Korea become united as one nation and share the experience of the freedoms we have in America!



Dino M. Herbert

Dublin, OH

William Edward Miller Jr., Corporal (July 1952 – July 1954)

Relationship: Father

My father, Corporal William Edward Miller Jr., was an alcoholic. And for years that's how I remembered him. That is not to say that I had many memories of him, because he was not around often. That's because he did not live with my mother, my siblings and me – largely due to his incessant drinking. He was hospitalized at one point in early 1972 and the doctor told him: “Bill, if you don't stop drinking it's going to kill you.” My father could not stop. And on November 6, 1972, he passed away at 40 years of age due to complications caused by chronic liver damage – “cirrhosis,” they said. I was 6 years old. The time between that day and now has culminated in a complete turnaround of my opinion of my father's legacy.

I remember several events surrounding his death vividly. I remember that my 4-year-old little brother and I were playing in the living room with a plastic ball set, making a huge ruckus when the phone rang. My mother “shushed” us so that she could have a proper conversation on the phone. It was my grandmother calling to give the news of my father's death. Almost immediately my mother began to wail. My brother and I began to cry as well, even though we didn't know right then why our mother was crying. I also remember looking into the casket at my father's lifeless body and my little brother asking whether he was wearing any socks. I remember sitting in the front row of the funeral home in a wooden chair as the guy up front talked for what seemed like forever. I remember riding in the long black Cadillac and somehow feeling special because all of the traffic stopped for us as we passed by. I remember standing at the grave site in Greenlawn Cemetery as they used a machine to lower my father's casket, draped with the U.S. flag, into the ground. I began to miss him immediately, even though he hadn't really been a positive influence in my life – or so I thought.

For years whenever I thought about my father, it was in a negative light. I was determined to live my life in a way so as not to end up “like him.” I was not going to be an alcoholic; I was not going to be abusive to women; I was not going to leave a wife to raise six children all by herself. I was not going to leave my children behind. Our relationship was such that to me he wasn't “Daddy,” he was “Billy.” My father wasn't there with me to play catch or to dribble a basketball on the sidewalk. “I wish he was here,” I'd say. My father wasn't at any of my little league football games. “That's just the way it is,” I told myself. However, he did take me to a bar once when I was about 5 years old. The man behind the bar gave me a cup of 7-Up and a stick of

Juicy Fruit chewing gum. “It’s nice to be able to spend some time with my father!” I thought. By the time I graduated from high school, I barely even considered the idea of having him in attendance. At my college graduation, he was not in my thoughts. Initially, the arrival of Father’s Day each year caused some emotional pain, but in time there was no feeling at all. There was no bitterness at that point, just a determination to use my father as a model of how not to be.

But something happened when I reached my 40th birthday. It occurred to me that I was now the age at which my father had died. It seemed like such a young age to go. My wife and I were expecting our first child - a son! And I thought to myself, “Perhaps I’ve judged my father too harshly. What do I really know about him?” I knew that he was buried in Greenlawn Cemetery, so I decided to visit his grave site. I did not know that he had served in the Army. And I did not know that he had served in Korea. I began to research as much as I could about my father’s life, so I could begin to know the man that I never knew. I got a copy of his death certificate and requested information from the National Archives and Records Administration. I was disheartened to find out that the National Personnel Records Center in St. Louis, MO suffered a fire in July 1973 that destroyed the major portion of records of Army military personnel from 1912 to 1959. Fortunately, a portion of my father’s record was recovered – a partially burned copy of his discharge papers (form DD214). I discovered that he was enlisted in July 1952 and served with the 508th Regimental Combat Team - Bravo Company, and that he got his “wings” in the basic airborne course at the Infantry School. He received the National Defense Service Medal. I found out that this medal was commonly awarded, but nevertheless, I was thrilled to find this information! I learned a little about post-traumatic stress disorder and wondered whether this could have been a cause for my father’s drinking. Although I’m unsure whether the 508th saw much combat, from everything that I’ve read about the Korean War, it was a stressful time for most soldiers involved in that conflict. Perhaps the things that he saw or heard affected him in a way that caused him to begin a nearly 20-year reliance on alcohol. In any case, I begin to focus on some of the good things about my father that I had tucked away in my memory.

I remembered my mother and him dancing at my grandmother’s apartment to the tune of Marvin Gaye’s 1971 hit, “What’s Going On?” over and over and over again. I remembered that he had a flare for fashion in dress and

Dino M. Herbert

furnishing – I recalled visiting his apartment once where he had a black and white couch that looked like a tiger! I remembered his bravery through my mother’s stories of how he would defend her against much larger guys who were bothering them as they spent a night on the town in some local spot in downtown Chicago. I remembered that he had been a business owner. He briefly had a carry-out store called “Miller & Sons” on the corner of Mt. Vernon and Ohio Avenues in Columbus, OH. When my little brother and I would visit, he’d tell us to stand to the side until customers left, and then he’d give us some barbecue potato chips and grape soda. It was pretty cool being the store owner’s son! As I began to focus on the few good memories that I had of my father, I decided that I had been too harsh on him.

As a way to honor his legacy, I’ve focused my professional and extracurricular activities in his memory. I joined the Ohio Military Reserve, Ohio’s defense force that has remained active since its inception (my age disqualifies me for regular service) and am currently enrolled in its Officer Candidate School. In honor of his role as paratrooper and business owner, I’m writing a book called “Business Jump School,” which focuses on the traits necessary to succeed as an entrepreneur and started an entrepreneurship education program by the same name. I host a radio program entitled “Hero Entrepreneurs” in which we showcase entrepreneurs who are “fighting the battle against seen and unseen economic forces; waging war against fear, uncertainty and mediocrity.” I no longer think of my father as the guy who was an alcoholic and someone whom I’m trying not to be like. I recognize that he has indeed left a positive legacy for me to emulate and pass along to my children.



Andrew Gordon Holmes

Ocala, FL

Sergeant (Discharged December 1954)

Relationship: Self

I entered the U.S. army on March 22, 1952. The army sent me to Fort Jackson, S.C. for training. While there, I was put through 8 weeks of basic training and sent to a radio school. One day, they called me out and said that I had to undergo 16 weeks of basic training. So, I was promptly returned to basic training to start all over again. When I finished basic, I was sent to combat infantry training. At the completion of this, I was told that I was not going overseas, but would instead go back to the radio school. After completing radio school, I was asked if I would like to stay on as an instructor. I said yes, and spent the next year and a half teaching basic radio and antenna theory to mostly raw recruits in preparation for them going to Korea. After that, I went to Fort Sill, Oklahoma where I served as the chief MARS (Military Amateur Radio System) operator until I was discharged in December of 1954. Thus, I ended my military career during the Korean War.

I was proud to have served during the period of hostilities in Korea. I helped train many soldiers in the art of radio communications as their preparation for service in Korea. I heard many, many stories of bravery of both U.S. soldiers and soldiers of the ROK. I have since heard many other stories of the help after the war (by the American military in conjunction with the citizens and politicians of South Korea) to help cement a peace between North and South Korea, which is still shaky to this day. The North has many times threatened to attack South Korea since the war, but thankfully has not done so.

The development of South Korea as one of the strongest and best capitalized countries in the world is one of the truly outstanding stories of the 20th century. They have grown and prospered economically, politically and militarily into a strong bastion of peace in the Far East. I am very proud of my little part in the success of South Korea. It was a growing time for me. I was able to watch America and the rest of the world change from not wanting to buy goods from South Korea, because they were afraid of the quality, to now where things from South Korea are accepted without hesitation. Particularly, I was very pleased to witness the advent of the KIA automobile. I, for one, was leery of the car, and I heard many people bad mouthing the car and its quality and performance. South Korean manufacturers took these complaints to heart and re-worked the vehicle. Now, KIA automobile is very highly rated in this country and around the world, which is one more example of the dexterity, nimbleness and expertise of the South Korean's manufacturing industry.

All the while, I have watched (as much as you can see) of the North Korean progress. Their only success has been the military, which they have done quite well over the years since the war. However, to do this, they have had to starve their people. They have no commercial standing in the world except for some military exports. This leaves North Korea as one of the poorest and most underfed of all of the nations in the world. It is a high tribute to the South Koreans that they have come so far commercially in improving their country, whilst they have pretty much kept pace militarily with the North except for nuclear activities.

South Korea has exhibited much progress in the field of education. There are many engineers and doctors in America that were born in South Korea. There are many Americans that will tell you that the doctors from South Korea are among the best available in this country. The Korean children that are raised here in America excel in their studies and are some of the brightest in the country. Everyone recognizes them as being very studious and hard working to get ahead.

While I am not among those that went to Korea to help you fight the North, I am exceedingly proud of the ones that did go. Along with the ROK forces, they were able to extinguish the light of empire building that so brightly burned in the eyes of the North Korean military establishment. They seemed to have been intent on taking over South Korea. I am certain that part of it was their jealousy and greed over the success South Korea had domestically and internationally. They looked upon this as an opportunity to be able to feed their people and take advantage of the industrious South.

I know that there still exists some resentment from the North and that they have posed many challenges to the South's continued growth and prosperity. The war actually ended with the signing of an armistice agreement on July 27, 1953. There has been a world of difference between the recovery of the North and the South. Especially, the success of the South Korea is much to the credit of its people. While living under the shadow of invasion, they have held true to their belief in freedom and developed various industries and kept up with the North militarily.

South Korea is a shining example in the Far East of recovery from the destruction of war. You have been extremely successful in your efforts. I look forward to many more things coming out of your country in the future, such

Andrew Gordon Holmes

as the KIA automobile, medical and health developments, pharmaceuticals, foods, cosmetics and your universities.

God speed to you for now and in the future as your nation continues to grow and develop.



Nova (Dague) Jimenez

Stanford, CA

Joseph M. Dague, Marine Corporal (1951 – 1954)

Relationship: Father

My father sang to me every night since I was a baby. So it's just natural that I know his legacy as a Marine, Korean War Veteran, and former Prisoner of War (POW) through his music.

I spent my free time as a child volunteering as a singer at our local county fair. One year, my father offered to write me a song of my own. He wanted me to sing something original, so he wrote a Christmas song just for me. It wasn't just any Christmas song though. It was a song about world peace and creating a better world for the next generation. He called it, "Sing of Noel." It was a ballade told through the eyes of a mother, whose son is missing in action. The song was about Christmas, typically a time of joy and celebration. However, for so many of our service members and their families, Christmas was a time of loneliness, sorrow, and loss.

That's how the Christmases of 1951-1953 were defined for my grandmother. Her 18-year-old son – my father – was declared missing in action. My grandmother was convinced that he was dead. But the Chinese Army had actually captured my father. His captors tortured and starved him. My father's captors set him free when the war ended just a few months later. When he returned home, he literally was a skeleton, nothing but skin and bones.

For decades, the legacy of my father's war experience was nothing but painful. My grandmother had a nervous breakdown when he went missing. She suffered from the effects until she passed away. And although my father was welcomed home, he felt isolated, ashamed, and guilty for surviving, while so many of his fellow Marines and other service members died fighting. His experience as a POW continued to torture him, often in nightmares that regularly visited him in his sleep.

But after three decades of living with the purely negative legacy that came from his time in Korea, my father did what Marines do: he fought. He used methods rather different from what he learned in the service. In 1984, some three decades after the Korean War ended, he began healing the scars the war so prominently imprinted on his psyche. He sat down and wrote "Sing of Noel." And as the words and music spilled out from his pen and onto paper, the pain of the war seemed to spill from his heart and mind. He wrote the song to heal my grandmother's pain, and to teach me, in his own way, what he went through in Korea.

Since 1984, many audiences have heard Sing of Noel. A solo artist made a demo recording of the piece, and was played on local radio stations during Christmastime. In 2007, my father and I reworked the piece for my ensemble. We created a short CD and donated part of the proceeds from the CD's sale to the Disabled American Veterans. We have performed the piece for many years at major Christmas concerts and tours throughout the United States. While performing Sing of Noel, I'd like to think that my father's music gives some comfort to military families who are all too familiar with the dreadful experience of war. I hope that the song's lyrics instill empathy among Americans for whom war is a distant event that seems to exist only in newspapers and on television:

*“Christmas Days and Christmas Nights, busy stores, bright colored lights,
Family ties and friends that care, but some with tears they cannot share.
Gentle fingers try to hide, welling tears within her eyes,
Once her child was hard at play, now lost in war so far away.
Oh Sing of Noel, peel the ageless bell, a world at peace we pray on this Holy day!
Lay down your sword and shield this life has more to yield, for those yet to come,
leave a world of golden sun!”* - Excerpt from Sing of Noel

It has always been my wish to sing a patriotic song composed by my father. And in 2009, he wrote Mother America. The song tells the story of a soldier's devotion to his country. Although America might have ups and downs, the soldier is always there for her:

*“The only flag I knew was red, white and blue.
My life was young and bright; my country was the guiding light.
She sought to tell the world how freedom rings; she tried to touch all human beings.
Mother America Miss Liberty... I'm always there for you and I will always be!”*
- Excerpt from Mother America

Since returning from Korea, my father has lived a very full and active life. He has four children, three grandchildren (and another on the way). He owned a successful general contracting business. He worked for Lockheed as a mechanical engineer, where he designed parts for the Hubble Space Telescope. After the recent BP Gulf Oil disaster, he was inspired to invent a machine to pick up oil spills off of the ocean. He recently received a US Patent for his invention. He is remarried to a wonderful and very supportive wife.

Nova (Dague) Jimenez

However, the scars are still there. My father still struggles with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, (PTSD). The nightmares still haunt him. He silently recalls the many horrific battles, and still mourns the loss of his Marine Corps brothers as if it all happened yesterday. However, he refuses to be defined by his scars. I am most proud of the beautiful irony that is my father's Korean War experience. The pain that he took from the war was the impetus for him to share his gift of music that heals and inspires. His music has taught me to appreciate the precious gift of life, to love my country, and to appreciate the power of music to create change. He has given me something to sing about. And for me, this is the legacy of Corporal Joseph M. Dague.



Sally Lopez-Pitts

Torrance, CA

David Lopez, Rifleman (B.A.R), (July 12, 1951 – Nov 30, 1953)

Relationship: Father

The Korean War started on June 25, 1950. It was 5:00am on Sunday morning. When the war began, it started with a large artillery bombardment. The North Korean People's Army came across the 35th parallel with 135,000 men against the Republic of Korea (ROK) army, which were only 65,000 strong. The North Korean Army was spearheaded by T-34 Russian Tanks, which were believed to be the best tanks in the 2nd war. The South Korean Army could not contain the North Korean People's Army, and that's when South Korea asked the United Nations for their help. The word got to Washington D.C and the Secretary General of the United Nations asked for the Nations to declare war against the North Koreans. The United Nations asked for a withdrawal for the North Korean People's Army to return back to the 38th parallel, and when this appeal was ignored the United Nations asked the members to provide assistance to The Republic of South Korea.

On June 26, 1950, the next day, President Harry S. Truman ordered the U.S. Air Force and the U.S. Navy to intervene on behalf of South Korea, by sending troops to help South Korea. Our closest ground troops were stationed in Japan, for occupation duty. We had four Army divisions there, including the 1st cavalry, 7 division, 24th division, and the 25th division. General Douglas McArthur was the Occupation Commander at the time, and President Truman appointed him Supreme Commander of the Far East (headquarters in Tokyo, Japan) to command and lead our troops into battle. The 24th Infantry Division was the first Army Division who was asked to go to Korea, but by July 1, 1950, all they could send were 500 men mostly from the 21st Infantry Regiment called Task Force Smith, referring to Lt. Col. Charles Brad Smith. The United States of America thought that a show of force by the United States Army would make the North Korean People's Army to turn back to the 38th parallel. That was one of our biggest mistakes, because the force was hit by three Russian tanks and 5000 men, a loss of 30% of the fighting force. When the rest of the 21st Infantry Regiment showed up, they too got the same welcome. When the 34th Infantry Regiment came to help the 21st Infantry, they also got beat up so badly that their Regiment had to be replaced by the 5th RCT (Regimental Combat Team). The 24th division was followed by the 1st cavalry, and then by the 25th Infantry division. They all had the same results though. The battered 24th division, which was relieved by the 1st cavalry on July 22nd, stood at about one half its strength as it was 17 days earlier.

The need for replacement on the front lines units were so acute that the supply and service personnel in Japan were reclassified as Infantry and sent to Korea, while reserves were quickly called to active duty. By then, the United Nations were sending troops to help out. The Korean People's Army had pushed us back so far, that our backs were to the Sea of Japan at the port of Pusan. The enemy wanted to push us into the sea as soon as possible. However, we set up the Pusan perimeter and managed to hold the enemy off no matter how hard they hit us. The North Korean people's Army suffered consequences, and were not able to take Pusan from us. This was a moment to be proud of because the fighting was fierce and the United Nations forces were holding strong. The 25th division, known as the Wolfhounds, was in reserve and was shifted here and there to the hot spots. The 24th division and the 2nd Infantry division had fought their hearts out for eleven days in this area. They managed to stop the enemy but were too weak to push the North Korean's back across the river.

Our troops were asked to hold on a little bit longer, as General McArthur planned a landing higher up at the port of Inchon was planned. On September 15, 1950, the Inchon landing consisting of the 1st Marine division, 7th Infantry division, and the R.O.K, became one of the most brilliant moves. The R.O.K. Marines occupied Inchon, the 1st Marine division moved out towards Seoul and the 7th division attacked the south, breaking the enemies supply lines to Pusan. This forced the North Korean People's Army to start dropping back past the 38th, and others to break out of the Pusan perimeter heading north. On September 27, 1950 we crossed the 38th parallel with no fan fare, because there were 2500 Americans and 25,000 R.O.K. Prisoners of War clean at Pyongyang. The 187th Airborne Regimental Combat Team executed a clean drop, north of Pyongyang, but were too late to rescue the Prisoners of War because they were massacred already. A force of North Korean People's Army of 500 men were caught between the 187th and the Australia battalion, by the 27th British Commonwealth Brigade. They killed 270 and captured 200 while miraculously sustaining only seven wounded of their own. Mao of China felt that his country should come to the aid of its neighbors, and a decision was made to intervene, moving at night and utilizing excellent camouflage. The troops of CCF 4th Army (Chinese Communist Federation) was 200,000 strong when it crossed into Korea, while the troops of the 3rd Field Army of 120,000 headed north to reinforce them. All of these troops were undetected by the United Nations troops. The advancing of the 8th Army of 118,000 resumed on No-

Sally Lopez-Pitts

vember 24th despite the shortages of supplies including winter clothing, some of the riflemen had as few as 16 rounds of ammunition. On the night of November 25th, the CCF struck the R.O.K corps hard on the Army's right flank, sending them reeling to the rear on the left of the 2nd division. The 25th division was also hit with furious assaults and they penetrated in some spots but were able to restore the situation and hold.

The collapse of the ROK exposed the flank of the 2nd division, and forced the U.N. forces to withdraw two of their regiments which were almost destroyed at Kunuri, but the rest of the army withdrew in good order. The bulk of the 120,000 CCF in the area hit the 1st Marine Division, and the 7th Division at the Chozin reservoir with winter had set in with temperatures dropping to 24 degrees below zero. At this temperature, flesh stuck while on metal, weapons and vehicles froze. The two divisions pulled out and headed to the port of Hungnam, which was held by the U.S. army's 3rd division. The CCF forced the U.N. troops out of North Korea, but at tremendous cost. While pulling back on December 24, 1950, General Walker, the commander of the 8th army forces, was killed in a jeep accident, and was replaced by General Matthew Ridgeway. By the end of the year, our troops found themselves in Seoul, the capital of South Korea. When the word came down from Douglas McArthur that there would be no more withdraws, we followed his instructions fully. We began to hold the enemy, started to push them back, and asked for an Armistice at the 38th parallel. However, the elated Chinese, who had gained world acclaim, refused to take the proposal seriously. By pouring in more troops, their goal was to expulse the U.N. forces in Korea. President Truman wanted to let things cool down but the legendary General Douglas McArthur wanted to expand the war by going into China, he continued to publicly express his views until President Truman replaced him with General Matthew Ridgeway.

On March of 1951, Seoul was retaken by the U.N. forces, and we continued to push them back northward. A large counter attack by the CCF failed in April and May and was known as the massacre because of the heavy losses to the enemy. On July 10, 1951 the talks began again. Expecting a cease fire, the Chinese bailed out because the U.N. forces would not give up and move back. So the CCF and the N.K.P.A delegates walked out. The U.N. forces renewed their offensive action, which curtailed to show sincerity during the peace talks. Hard fighting by the 2nd division, the French Battalion, and The Republic of Korea troops forced the N.K.R.A. from Bloody Ridge

and Heartbreak Ridge. The North Koreans claimed it as their most difficult battle of the entire war. The pressure brought the Communist back to the peace talks on November 27, 1951, but slow progress was made due to the difficult negotiations involving the exchange of prisoners.

In 1952, the 1st Cavalry and the 24th division returned to Japan to continue training soldiers for combat in Korea. They were replaced by the 40th division and the 45th who were both National Guard units. The war continued, but at a smaller scale, as the enemy could not take any of our large hills. But on May and June of 1953, the North Korean People's Army and the Chinese Communist Federation launched some large attacks on the ROK troops in an effort to influence the peace talks. Either way, the cease fire agreement was finally signed on July 27, 1953.

Communist aggression had been defeated, but the Korean War was recognized no more than a simple police action. The United States loses were 54,246, Australia 2,282, Belgium and Luxemburg 944, Canada 6,146, Columbia 1,068, Ethiopia 1,271, France 1,119, Greece 1,263, Netherlands 819, New Zealand 1,389, Philippines 1,496, South Africa 826, Thailand 1,294, Turkey 5,455 and the United Kingdom 14,198.

The Communist casualties had been estimated at 500,000 North Koreans and over 100,000 Chinese. On July 20, 2008, President Barack Obama proclaimed July 27 as an official holiday now known as the Korean War Armistice.



Willie Earl Massey Jr.

Atlanta, GA

Second Lieutenant (1951)

Relationship: Self

Thank you for the opportunity to participate in “The Korean War Veterans Enduring Legacy” and The Korean War Essay Contest. My name is Willie Earl Massey, Jr. and at the time of service, I was 2nd Lieutenant, US Army, Serial Number 0972242. The year of service was 1951.

I graduated from Clemson University, Clemson, South Carolina on June 5, 1949 with a degree in engineering and at the same time was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant and was put into a reserve status. After graduation I proceeded to my planned employment. In 1950, I received orders to be inducted into the active service of the US Army, and reported to Fort Jackson, South Carolina on January 2, 1951. I was assigned to a company to train new recruits for their final destination to Korea. Later I received my own orders to report for duty with Korea being my final destination.

My home town at the time was Greenville, South Carolina and upon leaving I had a strong feeling that I was telling my loved ones that I would not return. Each day the local news reported the status of the war effort in Korea. The news was less than someone wanted to hear due to the casualties that were reported.

In September 1951, after leaving the United States in full battle gear complete with assigned rifle, I was ready for combat. After completing a few administrative details in Japan, I was on the way to Korea. I was eventually assigned to a unit already on the front line and was the new platoon leader for one of the 4 platoons of the company. It did not take long to get in the action.

Patrols were made almost every day to determine, “what was the North Korean Army doing?” On November 24, 1951, Thanksgiving Day, I was assigned a patrol which was similar to a patrol I had commanded several days earlier – except overnight there was 6 inches of fresh snow. The patrol started about 9:00am.

As we approached the ridge line we encountered what seemed to be small arms fire. I felt a blow to my right foot, looked down and there was a hole in my boot. Blood pour out and I could not stand up. My platoon Sergeant Massey, took over. Since I could not continue, my platoon fell back and shortly later I was hit again in the left leg about 6 to 8 inches above the knee. This hit fractured my femur. I later learned that these 2 hits were believed to have been made by snipers. It was now about 10:00am and I was

Willie Earl Massey Jr.

completely out of service. I slid down the mountain about 10 to 15 feet and got out of sight protection. I was there until I was pulled off the hill around 2:00pm by my machine gunner.

What did I do for the next 4 hours? Ready for this?

My first thoughts were to pray. I thanked God for getting me this far, but also prayed that the rest of the platoon would be okay and that I would be delivered safely away. I promised to do my best to serve God in the future. I also prayed for my family, who I knew would be notified, and especially my future wife, Josephine, even though she did not know I was going to ask her to be my wife. Being alone for 4 hours and injured is very, very lonesome!

The evening of November 24, 1951 I was taken to a MASH hospital where I was presented the Purple Heart Award per military orders for wounds inflicted in North Korea. About midnight, I was put in a body cast for transportation to Nagoya, Japan and would arrive 3 days later. I was very fortunate to have 2 very fine and excellent orthopedic surgeons who did an outstanding job of operating on my leg and removing the rifle slug from my right ankle. I still have that slug. I remained in the hospital in Japan for a total of 66 days until it was decided that I was ready to be transported home to the USA. I was a liter patient from Yokohama, Japan with stops at Midway Island, Hawaii, San Francisco, Texas and a final destination of Fort Bragg, North Carolina Hospital. I spent approximately 90 days under hospital supervision and was then relocated back to Fort Jackson, South Carolina.

Upon arriving home, my relationship with Josephine started up again. In September 1952 I took 2 weeks leave and we were married. On the day of my separation we stopped at the PX Service Station for my final gasoline fill up. My Josephine looked around and saw me hugging a young soldier. Well guess what, this young man was the platoon machine gunner who got me off the hill on November 24, 1951. Do not try and tell me that this meeting was just luck. It was God sending me off my last day of duty in the US Army.

During the time I was in the US Army, I was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, and later, while in the reserve, to Captain. After my time in the US Army, I returned to my position at a large company and retired in 1990 as Southeastern Regional Manager after 45 years with the same company. I was then asked to continue on as a consultant pertaining to government work for a period of 1 year. I served in this capacity for another 20 years.

My wife and I have 3 children and 4 grandchildren. We are active in our church and have served in several areas of leadership. I thank God again and again for giving us the opportunity to serve.

Some years back, at my church, I was honored to meet and talk with Billy Kim, the interrupter for Billy Graham in Korea when Reverend Graham preached at the largest religious program he has ever held. I was also privileged to receive an invitation from The Consul General and Mrs. He Beam Kim with others for dinner at the Consul General's Residence in Atlanta, Georgia. It was a pleasure to meet the new Consul General and his wife.

Korea has been a leader for 50 years and is a major developing nation. I have read the book, The Korean Success Story from aid recipient to G20 chair. This was very eye opening and I am glad that I had the opportunity to be a part of this by serving in the US Army in the 1950's.

The Korean people are open and take any opportunity to be gracious and thankful. I have never met a Korean in America that did not thank me for what we did for them during the war. Again, I thank your organization for permitting me to be a part of the Korean War Veterans Enduring Legacy.



Robert R. McMillan

Port Charlotte, FL

*Private to 1st Lt., U.S. Army Corps of Engineers
(February 1952 – September 1954)*

Relationship: Self

Every time I deliver my PowerPoint presentation dealing with Presidents and Fun Vignettes, the item that gets the most laughs and questions is my face-to-face encounter in South Korea with Marilyn Monroe. This goes back to February of 1954, when Marilyn Monroe came to entertain the troops serving in Korea. She did 10 shows from February 16 to February 19 all over South Korea. The events were great morale boosters for over 100,000 service men who attended her performances while serving, at that time, in South Korea. Marilyn Monroe was a hot number, and she is fully remembered all over the world even to this day.

Let me explain how I came face to face with Marilyn Monroe. At the time of Marilyn Monroe's visit to Korea, I was the Operations Officer for the 633rd Engineer Light Equipment Company, a part of the 1169th Combat Group within the Eighth Army. We were anything but "light equipment." At that time, we were loaded with bulldozers, graders, derricks, and water trucks. Our camp was located near Camp Casey, just outside of the town of Uijongbu

One of my assignments in the 633rd Engineer Combat Company was to wet down roads as artillery or tanks were moved from one area to another. Wetting the roads prevented dust from rising as the equipment was moved to new locations. Spotters used dust to track the movement of artillery or tanks. The road wetting process was one of the most unpopular assignments in my company. It was boring and soldiers assigned to the task felt they were accomplishing very little.

But the process did work, as it totally confused Chinese and North Korean spotters as they tried to track where such equipment was deployed. By hiding the location of tanks and artillery, our forces were definitely more secure. Spraying the roads did serve a direct military purpose.

Now, back to the story of how I came face to face with Marilyn Monroe in Korea. It was late one afternoon in February when my Quonset hut phone rang. It was my Group Commander, and he ordered me to come immediately to his office at Camp Casey. As I drove in my jeep to the Colonel's office, I wondered what could be so urgent. It was rare that I ever received such a rush and urgent order. Arriving in the Colonel's office, he pulled down a map of the Camp Casey area. He stated very clearly that he wanted the roads sprayed with water from the helicopter pad in Camp Casey to the General's Mess, and then to the Amphitheatre.

Robert R. McMillan

“But, Colonel,” I said, “The Chinese and North Korean spotters cannot see dust back here, because mountains block their views.”

Then, he hit me with the reason for wetting down the roads. It was to keep dust off Marilyn Monroe after she lands on the helicopter pad, is driven to the General’s Mess, and then to the Amphitheatre. Wow, what an assignment!

As I went back to my company, I thought about how best to get the job done. The word about the reason for wetting the roads leaked out, and it seemed everyone in the 633rd Engineer Company wanted to be on those trucks watering down the roads for Marilyn Monroe.

Next, questions came from my soldiers about Joe DiMaggio. DiMaggio, a super star in Major League Baseball, and Marilyn Monroe had been married on January 14, 1954, and were both visiting Japan when she decided to take a side trip to Korea to help boost the morale of troops serving in Korea. For some reason, the baseball hero decided to have Marilyn travel to Korea alone. Believe me, in those days, the troops would have also really enjoyed greeting Joe DiMaggio.

The next morning we were all set. The trucks had never been so well-staffed, and I, of course, had to be present during the operation to be sure the work was done effectively. The process started, and I can say the roads were soaked with water at a level never seen before – even the times we sprayed for tanks and artillery. While the roads were not washed away, they were soaked. There was not a speck of dust from any moving vehicle, and we stood by to be sure none of the roads dried out, even though that was hardly the case in February.

After convincing the Military Police that it was essential for the trucks, my jeep and the soldiers to stand by for Marilyn Monroe’s arrival (in case more spraying was required), we stationed ourselves next to the helicopter pad. Soon, we heard the sound of a large helicopter coming up the nearby valley. Next, after landing, we all saw the radiant Marilyn Monroe. She was beautiful wearing a jump suit. With a wave and a blown kiss each man on the helicopter pad felt was thrown to him, she was off for her luncheon with the General.

After the luncheon, she changed into a low-cut sparkling purple dress, and was off to perform for the troops at the amphitheatre. By the way, that perfor-

mance can be seen whenever the biography of Marilyn Monroe appears on television. If you use the Internet for research, just type in the words “Marilyn Monroe Korea.” You can find hundreds of photos and videos show Marilyn Monroe in “action” all over South Korea in February of 1954. And if you look closely at the photographs and videos, you will not see one speck of dust on that beautiful dress. Clearly, the soldiers of the 633rd Engineer Light Equipment Company did an excellent job with the water trucks. Interestingly, at an auction in 1999, that dress was purchased for \$112,000!

Marilyn Monroe enjoyed her visit and performances in South Korea so much that she said that the trip, “... was the best thing that ever happened to me.” For the 100,000 troops who saw her perform, I am sure the morale boost and memories will live forever.

Personally, it was an opportunity I will never forget. It has left an enduring legacy!



Ken Ostrum

Emporium, PA
Corporal (1952 – 1954)
Relationship: Self

LOOKING BACK - 60 YEARS LATER

I am very proud to be a Veteran of the Korean War, now known by some as “The Forgotten War.” This was not like World War II, where the complete United States population was mobilized and involved in some way, even if it was just to buy Bonds or shout patriotic slogans. I grew up in the small town of Emporium, PA. I had four brothers involved in WWII, two of whom landed on separate beaches on D-Day and survived; the two others served in the Pacific and survived. In that war, all of our families and friends were proud of all servicemen and women, who were risking their lives and protecting our freedom at a crucial time. We all knew of the local people of a small town serving and the effect it had on the families.

This was not so much of the case for the Korean War. When the Korean War was raging, the service men and women, along with their families, bore the burden of war, while most of the country carried on its own business as usual, making few sacrifices, and suffering little deprivation or hardship because of the Korean War. Many people did not even know their school or work buddies were doing anything special.

In February, 1952, I became a proud husband. I was working at a factory in my home town of Emporium, PA, at Sylvania Electric Products, a principle manufacturer of receiving tubes, television picture tubes, and a major secret weapon of WWII, the Proximity Fuse. In September, the Department Foreman called me in to offer me a promotion to machine supervisor. I went home to break the good news to my new wife, Mary Jane, but as I bounded cheerfully through the door, she handed me an envelope from the Draft Board. I had been drafted for Military Service. My job was not to be. (I did get a great job at Sylvania on my return from service)

The Korean War had been going on for over two years, and they needed more men. I was married, no children and of a prime prospect. Off we went, 17 of my high school buddies and me. I received my Basic Training for Army Combat Engineers at Fort Belvoir, VA. After sixteen weeks, I was selected for continued training in the Electrical Construction School that lasted five weeks. We then shipped out to Korea (by way of Japan).

My service in Korea was with the Korean Military Advisory Group (KMAG) that had been formed under another name in 1948. The group provided training and logistical support to the fledgling South Korean Constabulary, which eventually became the Republic of Korea Army (ROKA). I was as-

Ken Ostrum

signed to the Republic of Korea Army Training Center #2 (RTC#2) near Nonsan, and placed in Post Engineers. We had 40,000 ROKA soldiers with 90 American personnel, half of whom were officers.

NOTES ON THE WAR

In 1945, Koreans celebrated the Japanese defeat in World War II with anticipation and hope for what their newfound freedom would hold for their lives and their country. After 40 years of domination by Japan they were free! That hope was short lived. In 1948, due to many different circumstances, mostly brought upon by Communism and their desire to take over the world, Russia agreed to a temporary split of Korea into the Democratic People's Republic of Korea (North) and the Republic of Korea (South).

Eventually, the United States government decided it would be a good indication to the Communists if the US were to withdraw all their troops from South Korea to show the US was not interested in taking over the country. Big mistake! The US left only a hundred or so advisors for help in training the Constabulary of South Korea, and did eventually start to help train and turn some of the Constabulary into Army troops. Little had been done when Communist North Korea decided to "liberate South Korea's oppressed masses from the corrupt Rhee Government." On June 25, 1950 North Korea, with Russian trained and equipped troops, unleashed an unprovoked southward attack across the 38th parallel. After pushing South Korea's ill equipped and untrained Army South to what became the famous Pusan Perimeter, the United States sent troops from Japan to help, and called for a resolution by the UN to help stop North Korea's efforts. Thus, America fought alongside the United Nations and South Korea, while China and Russia aided North Korea. When the US and NATO forces joined ROKA, they began pushing the North Korean Army back across the 38th parallel up to the Yalu River. At that point a huge Chinese Army, that had also been Russian trained and equipped, entered the war, conflicting terrible losses to ROKA, US and NATO troops. After three years of bloody conflict up and down South Korea, the war ended July 23, 1953 in a stalemate. Both sides agreed to a Cease Fire, loosely called an Armistice. In the end, the border remained at the 38th parallel where it had all begun, yet millions of lives had been lost in the no-gain effort.

WHAT DID WE ACCOMPLISH BY THE WAR?

All Veterans of Korea, I am sure, would like to feel that in being there,

whether during the war or the times after, we accomplished something worthwhile. We helped the South Korean people climb from generations of servitude to other countries, to bringing about a better life and economy for all of South Korea. We may not have disarmed and destroyed the oppressive Communist regime in North Korea, nor did we eliminate the Chinese hordes who accompanied them, but we did decisively defeat the unjustified, unprovoked, and aggressive effort to take over and permanently occupy South Korea as a Communist regime. That aggression is, of course, what started the war in the first place. One very important fact we should remember is: We did this without escalating into World War III, which would have been a Worldwide War involving China, the Soviet Union and North Korea against the United States and its UN allies.

Looking back, after 60 years, I still feel that our accomplishments are not understood by the average person. Historians now concur the Korean War started a downward trend for Communism, resulting in the eventual downfall of Communism in other parts of the world.

WHAT DID WE ACCOMPLISH FOR KOREA?

With the cessation of hostilities, I was transferred to the Armed Forces Aid to Korea (AFAK) program. This organization turned their attention from war the war itself, to the plight of the Korean People who bore the brunt of the war's devastation. AFAK delved into the building of schools, orphanages and hospitals. Churches and other organizations sent thousands of pounds of clothing for the Korean people. My own Baptist Church in Emporium, PA sent over 400 pounds of clothing that I distributed to the several orphanages in our area.

AFAK began working with Korean architects and construction companies, who, with the help of our Army Engineers, began to build schools and orphanages. Programs were also selected for presentation in the schools to turn the attention of children from Communism to the Democratic form of life. We can take pride in the contributions we made to preserve freedom in the world, at a time when the Communists were on the move to stamp out freedom wherever they could. Many Koreans did not know what to make of these young service people who had come from their comfortable lives in the United States in order to fight for unknown people. Mingling with the servicemen gave the Koreans a new outlook on life and the caring people beyond their borders. The aftermath of the war ruined Korea's economy,

Ken Ostrum

and separated and relocated millions of families. From the 1970s and on, the economy began to take noticeable growth. In 1954 the average income was about \$100 per year. In 1979, income was over \$1,500. Today it is over \$20,000. Korea has become the world's 14th largest economy. In the 1950s, the life expectancy for Koreans was a little more than 50 years. Today it is 80 years.

DOES KOREA REMEMBER OUR HELP?

Years after the war, I was eating in a fast food restaurant, wearing my Korean War Veteran cap when an elderly, Korean gentleman with tears in his eyes, walked all the way across the restaurant to shake my hand and thank me over and over. At an airport, a family of Koreans came to thank me for my service to their country and even explained their joy to their children. What did our service do for Korea? Visit the country and see. We brought about a huge change, bringing Korea from what had been an unknown country to, to a nation whose people have prospered and have become our friends. A great DVD was presented by the Government of Korea entitled "60 YEARS of COMMITMENT, 60 YEARS OF FRIENDSHIP." Korea really appreciates our help.

As I said at the beginning, "I am very proud to be a Veteran of the Korean War."



Brooks W. Outland

Waianae, HI

Senior Chief Yeoman (YNCS) U.S. Navy (1950 – 1951)

Relationship: Self

Brooks W. Outland

Having enlisted in the U.S. Navy on my 17th birthday, I reported aboard the battleship USS Missouri (BB-63) as the youngest crew-member; 17 years, two months, and 28 days !

As the ship sailed into the open waters out of Chesapeake Bay, Captain Irving T. Duke apprised his crew that we were steaming, with all haste, for Korean waters. A loud cheer erupted throughout the ship! We were scheduled to be a part of General MacArthur's invasion of Incheon, South Korea. Steaming down the east coast of the United States, we encountered a fierce hurricane off Cape Hatteras, North Carolina. The strong winds and heavy seas caused considerable damage to the Ship, and more importantly, wasted valuable time in our quest to arrive on time for the invasion.

Passing through the locks in Panama turned out to be a tight squeeze! All protective "fenders" had to be hauled in, forcing the ship's metal skin to occasionally scrape the sides of the locks. Immediately after we passed through the last lock, the Captain ordered the Boatswain's Mates over the side to apply a fresh coat of haze grey paint to the ship's hull. Once that facelift was completed, we steamed at best speed for San Diego, California, our first stop. We took on food and ammunition as quickly as possible and returned to our intended course for the Hawaiian Islands. At Pearl Harbor in Oahu, we took on more stores and ammunition, and 49 40mm anti-aircraft guns were installed at strategic points around the ship. 19 of those guns were installed in what the crew called, "Suicide Circle," located just aft of Turret 3.

The ship slipped out of Pearl Harbor, under cover of darkness, and quickly reached cruising speed. We maintained our intended course and speed while practicing our skills with the 5"38, quad 40mm, and 20mm anti-aircraft guns almost daily. When in the waters of Japan, the ship encountered yet another patch of bad weather. This time it was Typhoon Kezia. Not wanting to incur any damages, the Captain skirted the storm, and managed to get back on course without losing any more precious time. Unfortunately, we were not able to make it in time for the invasion at Inchon. The ship was ordered to bombard the area of Samchok, North Korea as a feint. The first explosions of 16" projectiles on North Korean soil occurred the morning we hit Samchok!

In addition to being assigned as an aircraft carrier screening duties, the Mighty Mo participated in 19 bombardment missions, two of which were

categorized as major battles. The ship and its crew were awarded two small silver stars for those battles in addition to their Korea Service Medal.

When we had expended most of our ammo, we usually turned to Sasebo, Japan for replacement. We anchored just off shore and towed out ammo barges to the ship. The ship's motor-whaleboats were used to ferry a portion of the ship's crew ashore for a few hours of freedom. When not on break, crewmembers took on the huge task of rearming the ship. The 16" projectiles were loaded into slings and hoisted from the barge to the main deck. The projectiles were then transported to the forward or after sections of the ship for down-loading into the magazines below the huge turrets.

Powder bags for the 16" guns and the 5"38 ammo were hoisted out of the barges on pallets. 40mm and 20mm ammo was loaded aboard the ship in heavy duty crates, and sorted out to the many anti-aircraft ammo magazines. While conducting bombardment missions, those of us assigned to the quad 40's stood at our posts. When time for chow came around, we stood "battle mess" which allowed some of the crew to dash below deck for a quick bite of hot dogs or hamburgers, hot soup and a mug of fresh milk, if available. Our 13 man gun crew usually took battle mess in groups of three or four men at a time. As a wild-eyed teenager, my body was on alert mode all the time! I was well trained for my duties, and did not fear that I would not measure up to the task. During each bombardment, the ship was vulnerable to air attack, and we were ready to repel enemy aircraft. Anyone who said he wasn't scared was lying through his teeth!

It was the coldest winter in Korea's history; 29 degrees below zero with wind-chill estimated to be 98 below. We wore pressed-wool face masks which had slits in order to see and a nose hole and mouth hole in order to breathe. It was so cold that our breath would freeze at the mouth hole and gave an appearance of fangs. We had to laugh about that. Cold as we were at our posts, we could not help but feel sympathy for our fellow mates at the beach. They fought frostbite to the point of amputation of fingers and/or toes the entire time they were on the firing line. I would have to say that the proudest day for the crew was the completion of our assignment to provide covering-fire for the First Marine Division as they made their way out of the Chosin Reservoir en route to the east coast where ships awaited their arrival. We lobbed our 16" shells over the heads of the Marines, and they landed just ahead of the hordes of Chinese soldiers who were in hot pursuit. The

Brooks W. Outland

closest I came to a combat injury was when the concussion waves generated by a two-gun salvo out of Turret 3 knocked the three of us onto the deck. Whenever Turret 3 is fired, all personnel on the fantail had to seek shelter within the ship. We didn't quite make it and those concussions waves, travelling about 400 feet per second, picked us up like rag dolls, and slammed us to the wooden deck!

I am very proud that I was able to do my part during the Korean War. Many South Koreans that I have met here in Oahu have thanked me over and over again for helping them in their effort to hold onto their homeland.



John A. Palese

Milwaukee, WI

Captain (September 1950 – October 1951)

Relationship: Self

John A. Palese

The Korean War began on June 25, 1950 when North Korean Communist Forces attacked South Korea. This came as a surprise to the U.S. and South Korea.

Seoul was rapidly captured, and the defending armies set up the Pusan Perimeter. I was a medical officer stationed in the Panama Canal zone and was assigned to the 3rd Battalion of the 65th Infantry Regiment. The 3rd Battalion was part of an all Puerto Rican Unit; the remaining two Battalions were stationed in Puerto Rico.

We left Panama aboard the USS Woodford, a WW II Victory Ship ,in late August 1950 for an unknown destination. While underway, our ship had mechanical problems, and had to be towed to Hawaii, There, we boarded another vessel and resumed our journey. There was a lot of discussion amongst us, that the breakdown may not have been an accident.

We disembarked in Pusan about 3 weeks later. In Pusan, we boarded a Korean train and traveled about 20 miles. We then got off the train, and marched to a dry river bed, where we underwent the usual military shake-down and preparation for combat operations.

Since the 65th was an all Puerto Rican unit, English was spoken as a second language at the most. I had a Spanish interpreter, but did learn some rudimentary medical Spanish by listening. The 3rd Battalion also had a ROK Platoon assigned to it, so I also had a Korean interpreter, and learned rudimentary medical Korean, as well as the polite and informal ways to greet people. Along with my medical Spanish, I remember these Korean phrases to this day.

We deployed from Pusan northward, as the battle situation dictated. Our advance was sped up as a result of the Inchon invasion. I participated in the amphibious landing at Wonsan, where I climbed down rope ladders into a landing craft. It's a good thing that I was athletic, as this climb down the rope ladder was the total sum of my training on such a device. Fortunately, there was little enemy resistance, so we moved forward and set up positions in Hungnam, North Korea.

Soon after our move from Hungnam to the north, the Communist Chinese entered the war, and trapped our Marines at the Chosin Reservoir. We

moved out from Hungnam with orders to join up with the Marines and provide assistance to the Marines during their retreat. This was a very well orchestrated and orderly retreat; it was not an enemy rout.

After our relief action, the 65th Infantry was then ordered back to Pusan with orders to destroy any weapons that would aid the enemy.

I left Hungnam on Christmas Eve of 1950, and arrived in Pusan where I spent my Christmas Day. After a short respite in Pusan, we were back in combat until we reached what would become the truce line. I returned to the U.S. in October 1951.

For those of you familiar with the MASH TV show, my aid station was set up forward of the MASH unit. My patients were evacuated from my aid station by ambulance or helicopter, to the MASH unit. We could not use ambulances after 1800 hours, due to the loss of ambulances and personnel from North Korean ambush.

In Hungnam, I had to set up my tent in the buildings near my aid station to prevent debris from falling on the patients. The debris fell from the building's roofs and ceilings as a result of the explosions from the destruction of our equipment.

THE LEGACY

First, let me say that -as in all of our nation's combat operations- the American GIs distinguished themselves in action. We, that is those of us who survived the Korean War are not heroes; the heroes from that war, and all of America's wars all lie underneath the Cross of Jesus Christ or a Star of David in a military cemetery. The rest of us simply did our duty as best as we could, and were fortunate enough to come home.

I returned home from the war, completed some additional medical training, married, and had 5 children, 2 boys and 3 girls. In 1973, my wife died leaving me to complete the process of raising the kids who ranged in age from 17 to 6, alone. Is a family like a small military unit or is a small military unit like a family? In either case, there has to be strong selfless leadership with a sense of vision, you have to do the right thing for the right reason, and you have to depend and rely on each other - for in the end, all we really have are each other.

John A. Palese

My kids include a retired airline pilot and military officer who flew 37 missions over Iraq, 2 attorneys, and 2 nurses - one of which has her PhD. I also have 10 grandchildren, including a successful salesman, 2 nurses, a bio-medical engineer, a graphic artist, a personal trainer, and 4 college students. Two of my grandchildren were awarded small college scholarships from the Korean Church in Oak Creek, Wisconsin.

After my children were all grown up, I had the opportunity to become the Brigade Surgeon for the 57th Field Artillery, Wisconsin Army National Guard, where I was promoted to Colonel. I served in that capacity until my age forced the Army to retire me. Unfortunately, I got too old before I could qualify for a reserve retirement. With my children grown, I also married a lovely woman.

There is no doubt in my mind that we fought against evil in the Korean War. Communism, and all of its "ism" cousins, are evil. Evil will never go away, but it is always worth fighting against.

As the years have gone by I have tried to impart to my family the importance of being free, and the value and responsibility of living in our Constitutional Republic. I let them know that freedom isn't taken for granted and that a price must be paid to preserve it; as steep as the price may be, it is worth paying. Evil still prowls among us, and these days, it is just as easy to be ambushed at the ballot box as it is on the battlefield.

As a Korean War Vet, the legacy I have left to my children and grandchildren is to love and provide for your family. Do the right things for the right reasons. Be as vigilant and wary as the point man on patrol in guiding your family through life, and pass all of this along to future generations.



Youngju A. Park

Eugene, OR

Donald L Simmons, Sergeant First Class (1953 – 1954)

Relationship: Grandfather

There lives within the hearts of human kind, a dynamic and inspirational courage. The strength throughout the Korean War that was portrayed, is but one instance proving this courage to be true and unalterable. My maternal grandfather, Donald Lee Simmonds, is among the brave men and women who fought against communism in the Korean War. I sat down with him and he walked me through some of his experiences with a prideful, but heavy heart. This essay is written with the deepest sincerity and gratitude to all those who have been affected by oppression and war. My grandfather's tale is not a typical war story of defeat and triumph; it is a roller coaster with questions left unanswered. And rather expectedly, it has led to an unconventional legacy of devotion and passion.

At the end of World War II, President Roosevelt met with representatives of Russia to discuss the Japanese occupation in Korea. It was a stripping time for the Korean people, as the Japanese were anything but frugal in their devouring of Korean resources. My Korean professor at the University of Oregon explains that the Korean people's love for food and never ending persistence of eating was born in this time of scarcity, for it was never certain when food would be available. So, the Americans and Russians agreed to fight Japan and split the Korean peninsula in half—the North to the Soviet Union and the South to the Democratic USA. On June 25th, 1950, the North Korean army crossed the 38th Parallel, equipped with Russian artillery and training that outranked the American resources in the South. Despite this unbalance, the war continued for three years.

My grandfather was the #1 gunner of a 105-gun crew, 555FA Battalion of 5th Regimental Combat Team. He is the oldest of three boys, and enlisted when he was twenty years old, his younger brothers were too young for the war at the time. He speaks in a humble manner that is tied to his religion and compassion, though he triumphed through many challenging experiences, to say the least. He remarked that the most important thing he learned from being in the war was from his fellow soldiers. The camaraderie they share because of their experiences has created an unbreakable tie unlike any other in this world. I have learned from my grandfather to cherish every moment and every person that comes into my life. Sitting with him for just one hour and hearing his story, I grew more than I have in the past three months at my university. He has given me a will to persevere. His memory is impressively intact with historical dates.

On my grandfather's first day of duty with the 555 FA Battalion, he arrived sleep deprived at the Punch Bowl in the darkness of the night. When he reached his bunker the first thing he noticed was the stench of the shoe-packs and socks that were hung up to dry out. He slept regardless and was waken a few hours later for his gun crew assignment. Unable to wake the rest of his crew, he completed the fire mission solo, promoted that very day, and later again that month. Later in July of 1953, his unit lost its officers and senior enlisted men, when overrun by overwhelming Chinese forces in the battle of the Kunsong Salient. The South Korean forces were reinforced by several US artillery until just hours before the Chinese attacked. Communication was not established between the South Korean and American forces. The South Korean forces in his area withdrew without telling the US forces why they continued to fire their guns while under attack by the Chinese infantry. The Americans were finally able to withdraw with losses of personnel and equipment. This battle affected many soldiers with severe stress. A cease fire armistice was placed in effect July 27, 1953. My grandfather was relieved when the shooting was over, but after that the US trained even harder to counter future attacks by the North.

While stationed among the Turkish army, my grandfather noticed a knife one of the sergeants was carrying. He commented on it, and the sergeant drew the knife to show my grandfather. It had been in his family for many generations, and he bore it as the family's oldest office in active duty. My grandfather's eyes welled as he remembered the sergeant pricking his own hand with the knife, compliant with his oath to never draw the knife without drawing blood. This astonishing act of honor was an inspiration to my grandfather, alongside all the fear he experienced. After his service, my grandfather suffered from ongoing Posttraumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD): a case of bad dreams related to the war and paranoia from people around him. He has grown out of this now, but still has the noise in his ears. He has several friends who have suffered with similar problems. The only thing he could do was learn to cope, and return to civilization to focus on his professional career.

My father was born and raised in South Korea. From my maternal and paternal side, I have every reason to be thankful and feel encouraged to continue the fight for freedom and support for healthy growth. I have been very active on my university's campus in sustainable initiatives that range from environmental, social oppressive, and economic issues. After I finish

Youngju A. Park

my undergraduate degree, I plan to further my education in the direction of peace negotiations and policy. There is nothing more important to me than treating people with compassion and respect. Disagreements are inevitable, but I believe hope always lays on the other side.

I am writing this essay near Mount Rainier in Washington State, at the base of sunset-washed mountains. This wild forest is not unlike the country landscapes of North Korea where astonishing amounts of people are starving every day. There is something stricken with numbness and evil that lives next to the courage in some people's hearts. It can so easily take total control. I hope to be part of the cure...or at least part of a steering towards an inclusive way of living. So I ask myself, how can I be honorable in my everyday life? What can I sacrifice so that others may benefit, and still feel wholesome myself? The legacy of Donald Lee Simmonds is full of integrity, and it will not end with me. I plan to continue the passing of his wisdom and struggles to my peers and future generations.



James Philips

Peoria, AZ

Sergeant, U.S. Army (1951 – 1952)

Relationship: Self

James Philips

There has been much written about the Korean War, extolling the exploits of the units that fought there, but I could find nothing about the contribution that RADAR teams when I received the e-mail soliciting an essay, "Korean War Veterans Enduring Legacy", I thought that it would give me the opportunity to recognize all of the members of the several Counter Mortar RADAR Teams that contributed so much to prevent the Communists from overrunning the whole Korean Peninsula, there by saving the brave South Korean citizens from falling under the yoke of the North Korean Government, and becoming slaves to their leaders. I am very proud of my service and contribution that helped preserve the freedom of South Koreans.

I enlisted in the U.S. Army in January of 1949, and was sent to Fort Dix, N.J to a wait assignment to a unit for Basic training. After 2 weeks, I was given orders to report to Fort Bliss, Texas to become part of a 120mm Antiaircraft Battalion. After completion of basic training, we began advanced unit training, which meant that we were assigned to various duties, i.e: gunner, loader, truck driver, etc. I had scored high in math and electronics, so I was offered the opportunity to attend a 9 month course in RADAR Repair and Maintenance at The Artillery School at Fort Bliss, Texas. After graduating I returned to my unit to make sure our RADAR kept operating properly and performing preventive maintenance as required. I did this until November 1951, when I was given orders for overseas assignment in Korea.

I left from Camp Stoneman in California, and arrived at Japan 3 weeks later. I went to a Replacement Depot to await assignment to a unit in Korea. After several days I, along with many others, was put on a ship to Korea. I was sent to another Replacement Depot to await assignment to a unit. After several days I got my orders to report to the 25th Infantry Division 8th Field Artillery Battalion (105mm) Headquarters Battery attached to the 27 Wolfhound Regiment. Representatives from the 8th came to pick me up, and I was off to my new unit. The trip with several other men only took a couple of hours in a 2 ½ ton truck. We arrived at HQ Btry of the 8th FA Bn and were introduced to the personnel. They were very happy to see me as it meant that the RADAR Repairman who had been there since the start of the war, was going home The 25th Division was just coming off the front at Kumwha, part of the Iron Triangle. After a two week rest we were told to report to our new area in the Mungdung ni Valley, near Heartbreak Ridge. The RADAR team that I had been assigned to was one of several counter

mortar teams in Korea. The team consisted of:

1 Commanding Officer	2 Drivers
1 Section Chief	1 Wireman
1 Chief counter mortar charter	2 Radio/Telephone Operators
2 RADAR Operators	4 Observers

I spent the next few days learning the RADAR Set, and training to locate enemy mortars and give their map co-ordinates to the artillery battery so they could fire on them and destroy them. This was a very important mission, as many of the enemy mortars were mounted on small vehicles, fired once or twice and move to another location and fired again. During this time, the team received several missions to locate mortars; It was very interesting and the team was very good at it. In fact they got so good at it, that if there were numerous rounds, they were allowed to give the co-ordinates to other artillery batteries (155mm, and even 8" gun battalions). On several occasions, the Air Force called airstrikes on the positions. Our team was very good and accounted for the destruction of many mortars.

The RADAR Set was an AN/TPQ3, a converted airborne set left over from WWII. It was very noisy, as it was Spark Gap modulated, so we had the generator in a bunker by itself 20 or 30 feet away. Due to the fact that we had to be ready for a mission at any time, we had to start it periodically during the night, so that it would not freeze and not start. The Antenna was a large dish that had to be mounted on a slope of known height and distance, so that the beam would bounce off the hill and give coverage of the area required. The antenna could not be in an elevated position,, and its locating technique depended on azimuth and range data... The set was positioned behind a low hill in such a way as to screen out as much ground clutter as possible, and yet, allow the mortar shell to be picked up close to the ground. A sector was scanned until a mortar shell echo was noted by the RADAR operator. The azimuth and range (the UP) of the first echo and the azimuth and the range where it last appeared (the Down) were recorded and plotted to scale by using a special slide rule on a map of the area. The line joining these two points represented the ground trajectory.

There were many times when we recorded the UP, and used our position as the Down, since we were receiving incoming mortar fire. We often received mortar and artillery fire, because just about 50 or 60 feet up from our

James Philips

position was a half-track with quad 50 cal. machine guns. These machine guns fired bursts every 2 or 3 minutes all night, and 50 or 60 feet from the half-track was a huge search light that bounced its beam off of the clouds, illuminating the front.

Many times there were so many returns from mortar fire, that we had to shut the set down to let it cool off, as the heat blips (return echoes) were indistinguishable from actual returns from mortar shells. We were also able to track incoming artillery shells, and send their co-ordinates to the artillery so they could fire on them.

Our position was a couple of miles from HQ Btry, and every evening we went there for our one hot meal of the day. The Sgt. Major did not like eating out of mess kits, so he went to Seoul and bought regular plates, cups, and saucers. When he came back he was so proud of himself for his accomplishments. That evening, when we arrived, the place settings were set and we started to get our food. When we began receiving incoming artillery, one of the rounds hit the mess tent and broke all of his nice place settings. Needless to say he was devastated. Luckily we had our mess kits, and we continued eating.

I received my orders to return home in August, 1952 after serving 8 months of President Truman's one year extension. I had mixed emotions about leaving Korea. I was elated for my return home, but felt sorry for leaving the country that still needed our help in breaking away from Communism. All of the troops did a great job, and the Korean people were very appreciative of our efforts. To this day, they still show their appreciation by treating Korean War Veterans very well.



Albert J. Pule

*Grants Pass, OR
Gunnery Sergeant
Relationship: Self*

Albert J. Pule

My name is GySgt Albert J. Pule (retired). I have proudly served twenty-three years in the Marine Corps. In 1951, I was stationed at El Toro Marine Corps Air Station, as crew chief, assigned to HMM-163 with U.H. 34 helicopters. This squadron's helicopters, pilots, and crews were put on a Carrier in San Diego, Calif., which was destined for Korea, after first stopping at Okinawa, Japan. The rest of the squadron personnel were flown to Okinawa, where they boarded the carrier. Parts and supplies were loaded onto the carrier before setting off to Korea.

On Oct. 21, 1951, we landed at K-3 Phu Bai, and set up operations. Our squadron's main purpose was to resupply out-post camps, to haul troops into remote areas, and to carry the wounded to the nearest hospital. On one of our missions, we had dropped our troops off somewhere in the jungle. Then we lifted off over the ocean, but our helicopter got hit by enemy fire and we crashed in the water. We landed among a fishing fleet of boats, and a plane came out of nowhere, shouting over loud speakers for the people in the boats to stay away from the Americans in the water. One of our choppers came in and attempted to lift me out of the choppy waters. I was sixty-five feet above the water when the rescue collar broke open, and I fell back into the water. Another chopper came in with the skids touching the water, and the crew chief grabbed me by the hand and rescued me. When I was taken to the hospital, I said that this was my last flight. Two days later, I was flying a medical mission again.

On another mission, we were called to medevac some wounded. Where we were to land, there were going to be thin wires strung across the area, so that when we hit the wire, it released the hand grenade spoon, and shrapnel exploded all over the place peppering the helicopter. We picked up the wounded, and flew to the hospital. After delivering the wounded, we flew back to our camp, and turned over our chopper to the metal smith for repairs. We were also called to evacuate a camp that was about to be overrun by the North Koreans. As we hovered over the pick-up zone, I lowered the hoist with the rescue collar, and about twenty South Korean military soldiers were hanging on to the collar and one another. The chopper could not lift the load, and for safety I had to cut the cable with touch of a switch. Then, the chopper was able to liftoff.

On another mission, almost like the one above, we were to evacuate troops. There were a lot of them holding on to the rescue collar, but when a pin was

pulled from a hand grenade, the explosion left not a single person alive. On some nights, we had two helicopters take off. One would drop flares so bright, that it would light up the entire area underneath the helicopter. If we saw anyone running, we knew they were the enemy and we would fire at them. Sometimes we would find vehicle convoys and do the same.

One day we had surveyors come on our base to do surveyor work without the permission of our commanding officer. The next day, we received mortar fire that hit several of our planes. The surveyors did a good job marking where our planes were tied down, and we paid the penalties with our carelessness.

During the days, we had Korean women come into the camp, clean our tents, and wash our dirty clothing. All this would save us time so that we could concentrate on our military duties, such as preparing our helicopter for the next mission. We paid the women by giving them script, a kind of money we all used within that country. We would also bring them something from the mess hall, like fruits and baked goods.

I've seen a lot of death and destruction during my tour in South Korea, a common part of war. Hunger was everywhere including the countries around her. Now that the war is over, South Korea is thriving in producing their own food supplies and manufacturing of all their needs.

I will always have fond memories of Korea. The people in Korea are always smiling at us. The one bad thing I can say about Korea is that they have the worst winters. I tried to learn the Korean language, but all I came away with is the song "Odie dong". When I sing it to a Korean waitress, her eyes would get real big with surprise. During my time in Korea I earned six Air Medals, President Unit Citation, and Korean War Service Medal. When I left Korea I had a lot of memories, both good and bad. Some I wish I could forget.



Joseph F. Ragusa

San Antonio, TX

First Lieutenant (September 1952 – June 1954)

Relationship: Self

I remember attending elementary school during World War II, and how conscious everyone was in trying to assist the war effort, especially for the troops in combat. In third and fourth grade, all students - girls and boys - learned to knit batches that were sewn together by older students while teachers made warm clothing for our warriors. That lesson of purpose overcame traditions that could never have happened, if all were not in agreement to participate. Later in life, this helped me understand my priorities when I decided to become a warrior in combat.

The Korean War broke out in 1950 when I entered my junior year at my university. My first two years were mandatory for ROTC and, with the war beginning in Korea, I elected to extend my ROTC participation for the remaining two years. The leadership training would be put to good use for my two years of active military duty, most of which was in Korea. My only permanent unit assignment on active duty was to the 40th Infantry Division, 981st FA Battalion, Charlie Battery.

Upon my graduation, I received my undergraduate degree, commission as a Second Lieutenant in the Army Field Artillery, and my orders to report to active duty. In less than 30 days, I reported to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, headquarters for Army Field Artillery training, for a second time. The first, was between my junior and senior year in college. My Battery Officers Course was taught by a Captain, who also had a class of Korean Officers that were accompanied by a Colonel in the Korean Artillery. There were four such Korean classes during that course period, and they competed to achieve the highest grade point average. This gave us our first exposure to the Korean military and combat discipline which was enforced even here in the U.S. In fact, our Captain told us that there have been students executed in previous classes for bad behavior or failure. Our Captain wanted none of that, so he gave them an incentive. Knowing their appetite for food demonstrated at the mess hall, he offered his Korean class a spaghetti and meat ball dinner served at his home if they achieved the highest grade point average of the four Korean classes. Our Captain was Italian. His class won, and his wife had to borrow pots from the Base kitchen to feed around 25 hungry Koreans. Following the award dinner, the Colonel was eloquent in showing appreciation for his men. The Captain's wife was amazed that they had eaten all of the prepared food. The Colonel responded that he had also taken them to the mess hall before.

Joseph F. Ragusa

When the orders were posted following the graduation of the Battery Officers Course, our class had members assigned to units all of the states, Europe, and Korea. My name was the first on the list to Korea. Since we had no previous unit assignment, we were sent to participate in combat maneuvers, scheduled to begin in November 1952 with the Hokaido based U. S. First Cavalry Division. This was at the base of Mt Fujiama, located on the main island of Honshu in Japan. I was assigned to the 155 Howitzer Field Artillery Battalion, which is the largest artillery weapon in the division. My ROTC training, Battery Officers Course, and combat maneuvers in Japan prepared me well for the actual combat ahead in Korea.

I was assigned in Korea to the 40th Infantry Division, 981st FA Battalion, the 155 Howitzer Battalion. The division had responsibility of the Punch Bowl and Smoke Valley sectors, including 155 Howitzer artillery support of the 2nd Republic Of Korea Division. I learned quickly that my combat conditions in the snow on the base of Mt. Fujiama was also a wonderful preparation for the mountains of Korea. My jeep drive from Incheon to my new unit was sobering. I learned of the term, "honey wagon," and the thunder of artillery fire continued to increase in intensity the closer we came to the front lines.

One of my first assignments as the new Second Lieutenant in Charlie Battery was to man the Battalion Forward Observer Bunker on the front lines with the Infantry. Not long after relieving the previous officer and his team as Battalion Forward Observer, the Chinese made an offensive thrust in our sector that caused the Infantry company below us to pull back. Our fire missions required that we continue at our post. I praised God for our Infantry regained the position during the night. This saved us from potential death or capture by the enemy.

After returning to my Battery unit and assuming responsibility in the Fire Direction Center, an incident occurred that involved one of the NCO's, a communications non-com, who was also present in the FDC at the time of heavy fire missions conducted by Battalion Headquarters. Our communications to Headquarters FDC, to continue our fire mission in support of the Infantry, was knocked out by the enemy mortar fire directed at us. This NCO took a spool of communication wire and headed up the hill that separated us from Headquarters Battery. The enemy counter fire was so intense on that hill, that it seemed impossible for the sergeant to live much more to secure a new communications line, but he did.

Following a cease fire from that mission, we received a call from the Executive Officer, a major, at Battalion Headquarters for the Captain of our Battery and me to come to the commander's office. We learned that upon arrival of our commo sergeant who regained our communications with headquarters and permitted us to continue our fire mission, the major asked the sergeant if he installed the line up on poles. His response was expletive, and the major wanted him to be court-marshalled. The Battalion Commander, a colonel, awarded the sergeant with a Silver Star. The final offensive of the war by the Chinese included a thrust toward the Heartbreak Ridge sector. The 40th Infantry Division was instructed to move to that sector in support of the 12th Republic of Korea Army Division. Our Artillery Battalion made the move, installed all Batteries, and directed fire support in less than 72 hours. For this effort, the 40th Infantry Division, including the 981st Field Artillery Battalion, were cited for valor, and were awarded the Korean Presidential Unit Citation by Mr. Syngman Rhee.

Although the Korean War (1950-1953) has often been referred to as, "The Forgotten War," there have been many accomplishments that must be retained as memorials to future generations. They came at a heavy price of Americans that were only exceeded by the Koreans to protect freedom and liberty for all. Some are as follows:

- Beginning of the Cold War
- Six (6) million served in uniform
- First War with UN Troops represented by 16 different nations
- First war consisting of American Troops integration
- First war to include the use of Helicopters in combat
- First war where MASH units were employed
- There were 131 Metal of Honor Veterans
- Cost of the war in dollars exceeded \$20 Billion
- Cost of the war of Americans are:
 - 33,700 deaths in battle
 - 92,134 Wounded
 - 7,245 POW's, of which, 4,418 Returned
 - 8,176 MIA's

I knew upon returning home to America. There will always be a part of my soul and spirit acknowledging that freedom does not come free, and that there are many people in this world that long for freedom . Also, that one's brother and sister in defense of freedom have no geographic, ethnic, or religious boundaries, only their willingness to lay down their lives to protect it from tyranny.



Benjamin K. Raphael

Newark, DE

Lieutenant Colonel USAR (1952 – 1953)

Relationship: Self

It seems to me that it can be said that the enduring legacy of the Korean War veterans is based on a number of contrasts. First, and perhaps foremost, is the fact that we are alive today to contemplate this legacy, while so many of our comrades are not. We cannot ignore that without their supreme sacrifice, the history of South Korea would have evolved far differently. We must never forget them, nor all the Koreans and United Nations troops who died for the freedoms we mutually cherish.

No contrast can be greater than a comparison between North and South Korea today. Had it not been for the intervention of the United States and the United Nations in 1950, there would be no South Korea. Instead, there would be a united Korea, under Communist domination, and we have no reason to believe that life in the South today would be different from that in today's North. I don't think it is necessary for me to elaborate here – the contrast is well known.

Equally great is the contrast between the living conditions in the South Korea of 1953 and those of today. So many of our young people today, including South Koreans, take the amenities in their lives for granted. Even their parents are too young to really know what it was like in those war years. It takes us old folks, the ones who actually served in this unbelievably poor, war-torn country just recently liberated from 40 years of brutal Japanese occupation, the ones who saw so many destitute people clothed in what looked like army blankets, the ones who saw where these people lived: in shacks covered with shingles made from flattened soda and beer cans, the ones who saw the scores of hungry and dirty kids begging in the streets, to try to comprehend what has happened in our lifetime. Today, thanks to Korea's fantastic, vibrant economy, their grandchildren are enjoying a life which would have been incomprehensible to their grandparents.

All this came into focus last year when I had the good fortune to revisit South Korea. I saw for myself what has been happening there in so few intervening years while I was living my life in the good old USA. At my age, time passes ever so quickly. Perhaps that is why I find it all this so astounding. I had been warned before my trip that I wouldn't recognize anything, but of course, I thought I knew better. But when I visited Incheon, where I had spent nine months, I found that even the topography was totally different. Wolmi-do was no longer an island! The viaduct and the two tidal basins that had been so familiar to me were totally gone. Even the 28-foot tides

Benjamin K. Raphael

were nowhere to be seen. The pot-holed two-lane road that connected Incheon with Seoul is now a 10-lane super-highway and instead ox carts filled with human manure which we called “honey-wagons,” there were scores of Kias and Hyundais, including fancy limousines more luxuriant and expensive than any of the models I had ever seen here. And at night, these super highways are lighted, something we see here normally only at intersections.

We Americans enjoy what we think is a pretty high standard of living. It is the result of the sacrifice of our pioneer ancestors, who lived in a largely agrarian society, and also because of the industrial revolution that began here about 150 years ago. South Korea has accomplished this transformation and possibly more in about 40 short years, a truly remarkable feat. And today, South Korean technology and industry is second to none. It is truly amazing, that South Korea has become a leader in steel production, electronics, shipbuilding, automobiles, armaments, textiles & footwear, construction, chemicals, health technology and medicine – the list goes on. All over the world, brands such as Samsung and LG have become as commonplace in home entertainment and appliances.

A good portion of this success can be attributed to South Korea’s education system, which is considered one of the two most productive in existence today. Another example of contrasts! I personally had little contact with Koreans during my tour of duty there. But we did employ a number of boys and young men. Invariably, almost all aspired to be philosophers and vowed to follow their controversial leader, Syngman Rhee, right or wrong. But it wasn’t philosophers or men of blind trust who built today’s Korea. It took vision and a fantastic work force led by excellent scientists and engineers second to none. Recently, it has been publicized that Korea leads the world in math and science education in its secondary schools.

So, as a Korean War veteran, what is our legacy? Together with the Marshall Plan and the occupation of Japan, I believe our intervention in South Korea to constitute another high point in United States foreign policy. Without the sacrifice of our dead and wounded, without our determination to stem the tide of communism in Korea, the South would now be as destitute as the North, and the world would have one less viable democratic nation. My own contribution was minimal, but I am proud to be able to look back and say that I was a part of it.

What does the future hold? South Korea's biggest problem, of course, is the belligerent North. Its current leader, Kim Jong-Un, the third in a dynasty of family despots, will most likely suffer a legacy similar to that of his father and his grandfather: That of reactionary, ruthless egomaniacs with illusions of grandeur.

I stated earlier that the United Nations saved South Korea and prevented its annexation to the North. I did not mean to imply that a united Korea would be a bad thing. Just suppose that North Korea were to get a just leader, one who will work for the welfare of his people instead of subjugating and starving them while saber-rattling to the point of upsetting his neighbors and the western world. And suppose he would replace the almost 60-year old armistice with a real peace treaty, cause the demilitarized zone to be dismantled and then strive for a united and democratic Korea. Of course this is a pie-in-the-sky idea and I, for one, am not holding my breath. But it would be much better than a violent revolution, historically, the inevitable alternative. I fear that all of us old Korean War Veterans will all have heeded the call from Above by the time this could happen, but I can't help thinking of the even greater legacy we would then enjoy. And, what about this North Korean leader? What about his legacy? Well, we would be happy to invite him to share in ours.

Initially, most of us were drafted, or we enlisted to avoid the draft. We did our duty – we fought, we died, and many of us returned home without the slightest fanfare. Personally, I was just glad to get home. They called our war “The Forgotten War” or a police action, and the young men who did not serve considered themselves lucky. Not so in World War II, when civilian men of draft age were ashamed of their status. Today, the mood of the country is different. Yet another contrast! Now, strangers thank us for our service and support our organization with hard-earned cash. But most of all, there is the generosity and gratitude of the Korean people. They continue to thank us profusely, invite us to their churches and picnics, and, with their generosity, lavishly celebrate our service.

It is this unprecedented recognition that has made me realize that the Korean prosperity is our real legacy and that we American Korean war veterans can justly be proud to have had a part in it. Just think of it. Our service made it all possible. Today, I am prouder of being an American and a veteran than ever before.

Benjamin K. Raphael

MILITARY SERVICE RECORD:

1948: Enlisted in the Delaware Army National Guard as an E-1

1950: Discharged as E-3 from the DANG

1951 June: Commissioned as 2d Lt in the US Army Reserve (USAR) upon graduation from University of Delaware (ROTC), entered on active duty in September.

1952 December: Assigned to 933rd AA Bn, stationed in Inchon, Korea; served as battalion assistant supply officer, platoon leader and (briefly) as battery executive officer.

1953: September: Released from active duty; resumed civilian life

1979: Retired as lieutenant colonel from the USAR



Jo Ann Reed

Tupelo, MS

Arthur Roy Reed

Relationship: Husband

Jo Ann Reed

Arthur Roy was born at Tupelo, MS in a family of six boys. Two of his older brothers served in World War II. Three of his brothers served in the Korean War, including himself. Two of his brothers were assigned to Korea and he was assigned to Japan. The other one served his country in a military capacity during the Vietnam War.

It was a sad occasion to see Arthur Roy go off to service in 1954, as we had only been married for less than a year. I was a young bride, and he was a young groom. He was only 20 years old, and I was 17, expecting our first child. Thank goodness for my helpful parents who took me under their wing to see that I was cared for while he served our country.

He had been overseas for about six weeks when our first child was born. My baby doctor tried to get him stateside until our baby was born, but to no avail. Therefore, he did not see this baby until she was 18 months old. He was so excited to get to finally see her and I was just thankful that he made it home safe. My husband had lots of strength, value, and courage during the time he served in the Korean War. It was his boldness, determination, and family support that helped him serve his time.

While serving our country, he met lots of other brave young men serving their country, too. He made some long lasting friends during that time, as everyone else was on the same boat away from home. Besides so bravely serving our country, all of these young soldiers learned to mingle as a close knit family.

My husband was in the 1st Calvary 27th Ordinance, and his duties were to work in Ordinance Supply. Since he could type, he was in charge of keeping records for his company. There, he met lots of his friends that worked in the same place as he did. Since his duties were in Japan, while serving in the Korean War, he went over the Sendai Mountains to the Headquarters once a week to pick up supplies along with various other duties as well.

Arthur Roy did his first 8 weeks training at Fort Gordon, GA and then went to Aberdeen, MD for another 8 weeks of training. From there he went to Seattle, WA to be assigned to go overseas. His assignment was to go to Japan, and he stated he pulled plenty of KP while going over on the ship. When he first arrived in Japan, he was stationed on Hokkaido. When they were moving from there to a camp on Mt. Fuji, there was a terrible typhoon that

capsized a ferry boat and they lost several men out of their regiment. It was a terrible blow to the ones that survived. Things were very intense, but they got everything together to make the journey move on. It took everybody working together as a team to keep things going during this terrible time.

Arthur Roy actually received his call to enter service in 1953, but finally had to go in January 1954, and served his country thru December 1955. He didn't mind going at all, as he would be serving his country with all of the other men that were serving as well. He has said that the Army sure does make a man out of a person, and they grow up in a hurry, while in the Army. He has mentioned over the years about all of the thousands of men and their sacrifice for their country. Not only does the Army consist of those serving in the infantry, but it also includes those in the background, doing their part to keep things going like it is supposed to be. Yes, it takes everybody working together to be a good team. Training in the Army gave these young men in the 1950s a clear idea on what to do and where they needed to be at all times.

While serving in the Army, Arthur Roy reached the rank of E4 in the 1st Calvary Division, and we were so proud of him. He spent almost two years in Japan, and it seemed like an eternity to me as I thought he would never get home again. What a long, long time that was for me and our small baby.

Arthur Roy finally made it home right before Christmas on December 1955, and I was a proud and happy wife to see him once again. For the first time, he got to see his baby daughter, Teresa Jo.

I hope the Korean War is not the Forgotten War, a war not mentioned as much as some of the other wars are. The many young men that served were just as important as the ones that have served their country in the other wars. We are just as proud of them as we are all of the others who have served for the great United States of America. We have so much to be thankful for, especially our military soldiers who fought and served for us. Arthur Roy has said over and over again that he did his duty like thousands of others in serving his country, and that he is so proud to serve for such a great country.

Well, over the years, he has kept in contact with his special friends that he met in the Army, and they have had several mini-reunions as members of

Jo Ann Reed

the 1st Calvary 27th Ordinance for the United States Army. My goodness, what fun they had remembering the past, and showing some of the pictures they took during that time. One of the Army buddies even gathered some of the pictures, and made a movie about them.

Now all that has stopped because most veterans have died of old age. There are three or four of them left, and they still call each other occasionally, to talk about their serving in the Korean War.

Arthur Roy and I have been married for 59 years now, and we would not take anything for this journey. We have three lovely daughters and five grandsons. We are so proud of all of them, and the son-in-laws, too. After being honorably discharged from the military, Arthur Roy accepted a position with the U.S. Postal Service and worked there until retirement.



Mona Segrete

Seminole, FL

Ralph P. Humphrey, Corporal (July 1947 – September 1953)

Relationship: Father

Mona Segrete

My earliest childhood memory... my dad having nightmares that would send him running through the house saying things that I didn't understand in the middle of the night. Hearing my Mom following my dad and urging him back to bed repeating he was just having a bad dream. My Mom would always come and check on me and my sister and would always assure us that dad was fine—just having a bad dream. Over time, she explained about dad being in the Korean War and that he was re-living his experiences when the nightmares occurred. This left an indelible impression on me, but not necessarily in a negative way. I wanted to know more so that I would understand.

My dad joined the Army on July 11, 1947. He was a very young man who grew-up in a small Florida town in less than ideal circumstances. This made him want to leave home early. He wanted a better life and wanted to help his Mother support his younger siblings (2 brothers and a baby sister). So at a young age, he found himself in North Korea on the front lines fighting a war. He fought in many battles and earned two Purple Hearts along the way for his bravery. When he left the army in 1953, he came home and married my Mother, whom he had known before he entered the Army. They both wanted nothing more than to settle down and raise a family and provide the kind of security to their children that they never had in their own childhoods. They ended up settling in St. Petersburg, Florida where they were extremely successful in their endeavor to be the best parents possible.

Like most father's in the 60's and 70's, my dad worked while my mom stayed home and raised me, my older sister and my baby brother. He was a man of few words but worked hard and came home every day from work (he was a masonry contractor—hard work in the hot Florida sun) in a good mood happy to see us (sometimes he didn't stay in a good mood for long depending on whether we had been good for our Mom). Even when we deserved discipline and got it, each one of us kids knew he loved us and was doing it for our own good. What he didn't say in words was always communicated to us through his actions. We had everything we needed and a great deal of what we wanted. My mom made sure we appreciated all of the hard work and sacrifices he made on our behalf. I was always conscious of him being in the war and what that must have been like for him. I always wanted to ask him about his experiences but didn't want to bring up sad memories. After all, I grew up with the Viet Nam War being played out in front of the entire world on the evening news. I saw men, women and chil-

dren suffering and wanted to know my dad's thoughts on what was going on and wanted his assurance that everything would be alright.

In 1969, when I was 11-years old, my Father bought a place in North Florida in a small town (always the small town boy at heart). His dream was to retire and make this home in the woods his and my mom's dream house. He worked very hard to make this dream come true. When I was 18-years old, I starting going with him on the weekends while he worked on the house. We had about a 3 and ½ hour drive, and I found this a good opportunity to ask at first, some gentle questions about his experience in the Korean War. We'd always leave after he got off work on Friday night. We would drive in the dark and little by little he opened-up and talked and I began to truly understand what it was like for him. I thought of myself at 18 and couldn't fathom going through the things he did at that same age. After a while I met the guy who would become my first husband. John very much admired my Father and ended up following in his footsteps by going into the same line of work. He was with us on many of those weekend trips and he would sit quietly and listen and ask the occasional question as well. These times account for some of my most precious memories, especially coming from such a quiet proud man. I felt honored that he trusted me enough to confide about things that were hard to speak of.

When I was 36-years old, I was honored to accompany my father and mother to Las Vegas for an Army Reunion in Las Vegas, Nevada. It was wonderful to see my dad hook up with old buddies that he fought beside all of those years ago. I was able to talk to these men and gain insight as to who my dad was as a young man. I will carry these memories with me forever.

Today my father is 81 years old and my mom is 77, and they are living the dream they both worked so hard for. I thank God every day for this. My parents have four grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren. Each one of these kids adore their grandparents and are aware of papa being a Korean War Veteran. They consider him a hero just like his children always have.

I only found out about this contest a day or so ago through a girlfriend whose father also fought in the Korean War. She feels the same about her father as I do mine. I wanted so much to speak of my father, the silent hero, who went to war as a young boy and came home a man. There are many proud children whose fathers and mothers have served their country, and

Mona Segrete

they all deserve recognition. My girlfriend took her father to South Korea a few years ago, and what she told me made me cry. I did not realize how grateful the South Korean people are, even today, of what their American allies did for them. She told me about young people who thanked her father for what he did. It's incredible to me that this feeling has passed down through the generations.

Earlier tonight my husband and I were at our local American Legion Post 7. I gained membership because my dad joined. I love going and talking to our war Veteran's from World War II, the Viet Nam War, the Gulf War and those who have served in Iraq and Afghanistan. The last song of the night was "Proud to be an American" by Lee Greenwood. Everyone stood up and held hands, young and old alike. We sang the song along with the entertainer, and all of us had tears of pride in our eyes. I thought of my dad... and I am proud to be an American, where at least I know I'm free. I won't forget the men who fought to give that right to me... Thanks to you, dad. It's hard to put into words just how proud I am of you and all of the soldiers who fought for this country.



Robert Shaines

Portsmouth, NH

Lieutenant (December 1952 – September 1953)

Relationship: Self

Robert Shaines

It was about as cold as it gets. I was raised in New Hampshire, so sub zero temperatures were not strange nor difficult. In fact, I was more fond of cold weather than hot and sultry weather. There was something uncommonly cold about being in the steel innards of an old Landing Craft called an LST, in the late evening approaching midnight off the South Korean Coast in the middle of a war. Maybe it was the sense of peril, or maybe it was the dampness and the coldness of the cavernous steel-hulled vessel. Perhaps, it was the below zero temperature, mixed with the apprehension of danger awaiting us in addition to the dampness and the darkness. The loneliness? The feeling of fear? The sense that we were not in control of our destiny and our well being? We were poorly equipped with proper clothing, weapons, ammunition, training, and information. Yet, we were about to enter a war zone.

There were 1200 men on the Korean Naval LST, but the silence among this huge group was so profound that if someone coughed, everyone jumped. Our private thoughts and fears overwhelmed our bodies and controlled our reflex nervous systems. The ceaseless “chug a chug” of the diesel engines drummed away in our ears like a form of water torture, and accompanied the numbing cold worsening the fear and the exhaustion. Sleep would have been great, but there was only the cavernous empty hull with its steel deck, which radiated the damp cold. It would have been miserable to lie upon such a surface.

We had left the warm benign weather of South Texas three weeks ago. We were equipped with only summer uniforms, as the Air Force was not immune to the well founded stories of military bureaucratic foul ups. The wing had been destined to go to a base in the south of France. Our orders and our mission had been changed at the last possible minute. Our Unit, the 75th Air Depot Wing, was ordered to the Korean War Zone, instead of the less dangerous and less serious South France, late in November of 1952. The war in Korea had not eased, and the thought of an early armistice was a dream out of reach. Also, the powers in Washington had different plans for us.

Through the day and into the night, our ordeal lasted. We just had a two day leave in Japan after our ship docked at Yokohama. We all knew that our brief time of rest and reverie might be our last. After the relative comfort of the troop ship providing regular meals and a lot of time for rest, we were ready to go for over 30 hours with no food and no rest, but with an abun-

dance of discomfort and hunger.

Finally, just after midnight on New Year's Eve 1952, we arrived at Chinhae, South Korea, at a base called K-10. We were numbed by the cold, hungry, lonely, and almost dispirited. This place was to be the Headquarters of the 75th Air Depot Wing. It was bleak, open to the seas on two sides, a flat plain on one side and then some mountains a few miles ahead. Those mountains proved to be deadly to some pilots who failed to heed the warnings of our base operations officer.

We soon learned that every Air Base in South Korea was designated with the letter "K" followed by a number. Some of us over the course of our stay in Korea would become very familiar with most of them. Others would know only the place where they disembarked while the rest forget everything entirely. I tell this story from my memory of a 23 year old First Lieutenant in the United States Air Force Judge Advocate General's Corps.

My time in Korea is a story of vanity, dedication, and mostly indifference. South Korea during the war was a place of many horrors and deprivation. That is how I remember war ravaged South Korea in the year 1953. The local population was to a large extent homeless, penniless, dispirited, and preyed upon.

After we disembarked on New Year's Eve and waded ashore out of freezing waters, we began to set up our base. The place had served as a site of a war camp for allied prisoners of the Japanese Army in World War II. Many of the guards who served in the Japanese Army were Korean and were Korean Nationalist Police, guarding the Base. The Base had been the recent home of a South African Air Force Squadron of P-51 fighter planes as part of the United Nations effort in Korea. The South Africans were glad to see us, and elated to be out of that rat infested place, which served as an airfield for them.

My best friend in the 75th was a former marine corporal from Opelousas, Louisiana, smart enough to go to Tulane Law School on the GI bill, but unlucky enough to enlist in the Air Force Reserve, and get himself activated to serve in Korea. My boss, who had decided on an Air Force career as a military lawyer, was from Oklahoma. Together, we were to be the lawyers for almost 4000 men. The 75th was the Air Force Supply and Materials facility in Korea was responsible for equipping the entire 5th Air Force, the combat

Robert Shaines

Air Force in Korea for the United States and the United Nations forces. It took a lot of manpower to handle the bombs and ammunition. In fact, in order to obtain volunteers to man the ammunition supply depots in Korea, the Air Force made a deal with its stateside offenders serving time in military prisons and stockades. If they would volunteer for such duty, their sentences would be remitted, and if they served honorably in Korea, their sentences in most instances would be commuted. That's the military equivalent of a pardon. So at that time it was "let's clean out the stockades and ship the poor bastards to Korea. If they survived, then we'll let them serve out their time, and give them an honorable or a general discharge. If they don't make it, at least it won't be a good guy who got it." In other words, these men were thought of by those in charge as expendable.

Nobody ever said war was easy. However, the Korean War wasn't even designated as one, even though we as a nation lost 38,000 souls killed in action and innumerable wounded and missing in action (MIA). It was as deadly as the war in Vietnam. Perhaps, such a characterization has been made because it came so close on the heels of the Second World War, possibly the biggest and "final" war. Our war was termed a "police action" in support of a United Nations resolution, but hour by hour and day by day, it was deadlier than both the second World War and Vietnam to our troops. The Korean forces lost thousands of more men, and hundreds of thousands of civilians were killed, wounded or displaced as refugees. So much for introductions! Let's return to the beach at Chinhae on New Year's Eve of 1953.

As an adventurous young man, I felt the switch from France to Korea, a great opportunity for adventure. My friend Warren Mengis, kept telling me that I must have had a mental defect of some kind to be quite so cheerful about our assignment. Warren rarely used profanity, and was an avid reader of Shakespeare. As a result he had the knack of being derogatory and insulting in a kind, but forceful way. Usually it was accompanied with some reference to the fact that I was a "Yankee." (Said in a kind of smooth educated kind of southern drawl) He left off the term "damned" when using the epithet. Since the 75th ADW was comprised of men from Texas, Louisiana and Oklahoma and a few of us "carpetbaggers" from the North, I soon learned that most Southerners regarded the term "Yankee" as derogatory.

Warren Mengis was also my mentor when it came to the military. I soon came to believe that an ex-marine was the experience of survival in a com-

bat zone. It was on this basis that I readily accepted Warren's version of truth for all sorts of happenings, whether it was coping with the lack of adequate clothing, food, shelter, or the fact that we had to equip the wing headquarters with furniture made out of empty packing crates. "Quit your bitching, this is a war" were his words to all.

Warren became my mentor, my opponent in numerous Courts Martial, and my friend. Warren was a tall, lanky man. He grew up in what he called "hard shell Baptist country." He had disregarded the bigotry, had become a free thinker of sorts, and a devout Catholic, much to the chagrin of his family. He was a Deep South rebel, at a time when it wasn't fashionable to be one. He was that rarest of all Southerners of the time, a liberal, without any pretense of racist thoughts. He valued every man, whether black or white, and from whatever ethnic or religious background. That wasn't really surprising to me, since at the time, I was not familiar with the racist beliefs of most southerners. I soon became much more educated in that regard, thanks to my friend. Later on, Warren represented the Catholic Bishop of Baton Rouge in the integration of the parochial schools of the Diocese, long before it was fashionable to do so. He was a role model for me.

Having been an eagle scout, I had no trouble foraging for a cot and a place to sleep soon after coming ashore. While it was bitter cold, windy, and damned inhospitable, I saw that if I picked up a cot and a sleeping bag, and selected a hut with a stove, I would be able to spend a comfortable night. So with the expert guidance of my friend Warren, my own eagerness, and my winter camping experience a well earned sleep was available.

In the morning, I woke up to the sounds of sobbing and cursing. The medical people had been drafted directly from civilian life, and had been given an extremely abbreviated version of basic training, that did little more than teach them how to salute let alone 'who to salute or when to salute. For example, two of the doctors sat on a crate, huddled against the cold all night long, unable to adapt and without the knowledge of how to set up a place to sleep. They stayed awake all night, gently sobbing and at dawn, actually wailing. We were in a war zone, and things were not meant to be nice and comfortable.

Warren's only comment was, "I resent people who start bitching before they have had a good cup of coffee." He carried with him some good old Louisi-

Robert Shaines

ana Chicory and coffee.

Of course the weather was bad for flying, and the only food in the mess were powdered eggs, canned hamburger meat, and pork stew in a can. I actually was quite fond of powdered eggs, and my food preferences became the subject of much good natured ribbing. I also liked the c-rations, those packages of canned food that you could throw into boiling water or put on or into a fire, open with a knife, a screwdriver, or a little can opener that was provided with each packet of food. You ate this stuff right out of the can, and it could be anything from beef stew, to spaghetti, peaches, or plums. In any event, I thrived on such stuff much to the amazement of my more seasoned fellow officers. At least it provided them with some opportunity for a joke in an otherwise not-so-funny place. With all that having been said, my solution for the ailing doctors was to bring them each a slice of bread with peanut butter and jelly, of which I had scrounged from the mess sergeant, and to invite them to join us for Warren's chicory and coffee. Warren's admonition that "war is hell" calmed them down.

After a few days elapsed, things sort of settled down, quarters were found for everybody, the mess halls were functioning, the sun came out, and the liquor supply for the officer's club arrived.

I left Korea in September of 1953. During my time there, I met and worked with many Koreans from all parts of Korea. I came to admire their love of their country, their desire to be free and independent, and their willingness to endure many hardships to achieve independence and freedom.



Charles A. Stepan

Youngstown, OH
Sergeant First Class (1951)
Relationship: Self

Charles A. Stepan

It was 1951. I had just turned 18 and was in Korea, a shooting war. And I was scared. Foreign faces, foreign homes and villages, foreign smells... and home was more than a thousand miles away. However, there I was, along with many of the classmates I had grown up with. I'm sure that they, too, were frightened, but we all tried not to show it. We, each in his own way and own place, did his duty. Some of us survived to go home once again in one piece, others got to go home physically torn by war. Six of those I grew up with never did get to see their families again. I did come home, as did Ronnie, my Best Man when I was married. He had two purple hearts as the only survivor of a patrol he led.

Paul, Lloyd, Johnnie, Seldon and Matt made it only to the green grass of our cemetery. Fred didn't even make it there. He's still inside the fence at the DMZ. For nearly fifty years we all tried to forget, never talking about Korea, only remembering. It was the Vietnam veteran groups that awakened us. They spoke up about their sacrifices and their war and demanded to be heard. We listened. We heard. We, too, then began to tell America about our war...the Korean War. In World War II, your chance of being killed or wounded was 1 in 13. In Vietnam it was 1 in 19. In Korea it was 1 in 9. It was a nasty war.

So now I'm 81, and they call me a Korean War veteran. All across our world, there are Korean War veterans on both sides. And the Lord knows there are thousands of Korean War veterans; their casualty lists far surpassed those of the rest of the free world.

Yes, I'm a Korean War veteran, and proud of it. I did what my country asked of me and as a result freed a people who have shown us their appreciation by becoming one of the most successful economies in the world and some of the best citizens today. I'm proud of my part in that. However, as to my idea of us veterans' lasting legacy, and I had a chance to witness this myself, it was a group of smiling, chattering and giggling youngsters all scrubbed and shiny with book bags on their backs on their way to school. A far cry of little "Short Round" of 1951. So remember us as the years go by...call out our names and we will never die. Freedom is not free. We are proud Korean War Veterans.



Monica Stoy

Springfield, VA

Kyungjin Choi, Commander (1951 – 1954)

Relationship: Father

Monica Stoy

My Father died an American. He was born a Korean. He became an American because of the Korean War.

My father served in 8240 Army Unit, the United Nations Partisan Forces Korea, from 1950 until 1953. This unit is little known as it conducted covert intelligence gathering and sabotage missions behind enemy lines. Its personnel were northern Koreans who were able to operate in North Korea because their regional dialects and local knowledge enabled them to blend in with the soldiers of the North Korean People's Army. The information they gathered on enemy units, on locations, and on many important facts proved critical in the planning of effective military operations against those units, saving American and South Korean soldiers' lives.

My father was born in Pyongyang Province while Korea was still occupied by the Japanese. That occupation ended in 1945, but his country was separated in an agreement to prevent the Soviet Union from occupying the entire Korean Peninsula. Given his family was prominent in the North, he was sent to a boarding school in Seoul for high school education. He was in college in Seoul when the Korean War broke out.

He managed to survive in Seoul in the initial months of the war, and once UN forces liberated the city, he joined the partisan forces which were being trained and equipped by the United States Army. He undertook many dangerous missions into Pyongyang Province, but was unable to see his family again.

My father survived the war. He married the younger sister of his best friend to protect her. He worked hard as a businessman, raised five children, and watched the Republic of Korea be slowly rebuilt. He never accepted the artificial separation of his country into the North and South.

In 1973, we immigrated to America. Of all the countries he could have chosen, my father chose the USA. He knew, based on his dealings with American soldiers in the Korean War, that it truly was a land of opportunity. He wanted a better life for his children.

He never spoke to me about his Korean War experience until I was in the U.S. Army and assigned to the 7th Special Operations Support Command in Germany. Even then, I had to draw it out of him, and I regret now that I had not asked him sooner.

Within six months of arrival in this special airborne unit, I received ski training, attended German Airborne School, deployed on Operation Provide Comfort in northern Iraq, and relocated the unit to a different military base. I was amazed at the professionalism and efficiency of the unit and told my Dad so. This is when he showed me pictures of himself in the Korean War with American soldiers. He was proud when he said that the Special Forces soldiers he served with were the best. Because of the excellent training he received from them, he survived many dangerous missions and contributed in his small way to efforts to reunite Korea. He taught me to be diligent in undertaking every mission, because others' lives depended on me.

He told me of his many dangerous missions behind enemy lines but that he always wondered why the American soldiers were there. He was there to fight for his own country, but many American soldiers were draftees and knew nothing about Korea, yet they never complained about the hardship of being away from their families in a foreign land. He asked them why they were there, and they told him it was to fight communism and to help South Korea. They asked him, "were my country to need help, would you come?" and he said yes, knowing that America was very far away, but also knowing the Americans had come to Korea without asking how far or why.

He passed away three years ago due to cancer. Since then, I have been working to preserve the history of his life and the US Special Operators who trained him. At every veterans' gathering, through research and many phone calls, mailings, emailing and faxes, I would show veterans my father's pictures and ask them if they had known him or whether they were the American soldiers in the pictures. I learned so much about these great soldiers in my quest to know my father better. My dealings with them validated my father's judgment of them as the best.

On 15th of June this year, we held a memorial stone dedication ceremony at the Airborne and Special Operations Museum in Fayetteville, North Carolina. We had 18 former US advisors from my father's unit in attendance who shared the stories with us. The legacy of these soldiers should not be buried with them when they pass. Our generation must cherish their stories of service and pass them on to the next generations who will not know these men other than through the record of their service and sacrifice. What I've been doing to preserve their legacy is my way of relaying my father's "thank you" to them.

Monica Stoy

He left a legacy to be proud of. He had five strong and strong-willed children. He showed them that hard work was its own reward. He left no debts. He was brutally honest, never pulled a punch. He told everyone exactly what he thought. He kept every promise he ever made, and lost all respect for those who failed to keep theirs. He gave no one a second chance to do the right thing. He made America a better place in the way he knew how - working hard, paying his taxes, and helping his neighbors. He taught us to be grateful to those who served and to always appreciate the freedom they defended. He was a prototypical American, imported from Korea. I am dedicated to preserving his and his American comrades' legacy and passing it on to future generations of Americans and Koreans.



William E. Weber

New Windsor, MD

Captain (August 1950 – February 1951)

Relationship: Self

William E. Weber

Korea has too long been “The Forgotten War”! On 27 July 2003, hopefully a final step will be taken to place it in perspective in the 20th century history of our Nation. For, if the American people so will it and the Congress authorize such, we will rededicate the Korean War Veterans Memorial and dedicate the Wall of Remembrance that will list the names of our fallen and the numbers of our US, Korean and UN brothers-in-arms who fell, or were wounded or Missing in Action by our side

There is no such thing as a “good” war! All are “bad” from the standpoint of those who must bear the brunt of battle! But, it is a fact that wars are characterized, in retrospect, by statistics as a means of judging the differing levels of risk encountered by those who fought the wars. Risks over which they had no control and to which they were subjected by fate!

These risks are a by-product of many variables ranging from the nature of the enemy, locale of battle, perception of combatants regarding the conflict, and the perceived goals of the conflict. The degree to which these variables interact can exert a major influence over the level of combat and the odds faced by the soldiery that are subjected to combat in any form.

Perhaps it is wrong to “measure” war! For a nation and people it seems appropriate that wars should be recorded in their history and that recognition be granted to their countrymen sent to do their bidding. But when a nation and people “forget,” it is incumbent upon some to encourage that they “remember!”

SO, IT IS WITH “THE FORGOTTEN WAR” OF KOREA!

The purpose of this short essay is not to denigrate the American soldiery of other foreign wars of the 20th century or to suggest that, in any way, their cause and contribution thereto was any less than that of the soldiery of The Forgotten War. But, if the war in Korea is to be remembered and the level of the sacrifices entailed understood, some basis of comparison is appropriate. Thus, what follows is an attempt to place “The Forgotten war” in perspective. More importantly, it is an attempt to encourage that our nation’s history recognize the “Police Action” as a major “War.” A war in every sense of the word, ranging from the ferocious level of the combat, the level of casualties, length, and the impact on the world, the nations and the people involved.

Sadly, in terms of percentages, the Korean War was the bloodiest war of the 20th century in which American soldiers fought! It was also, in terms of continuous sustained linear ground combat, the longest war! Add to the foregoing the factor of the numerical enemy strength facing American soldiers in ground combat during unbroken campaigns and one has to ask, “Why is it that Korea became a forgotten war?”

The reader is urged to remember that what follows is a combination of rounded off percentages and raw data. One must bear in mind the global nature of WWI and WWII, and the time length and nature of the Vietnam War to keep the perspective presented in context. As well, the factor of “ground” combat is the comparison basis. Excluded are the factors of air and sea combat because they varied so dramatically in the wars of the 20th century in comparison to the basic commonality of ground combat.

GROUND COMBAT DURATION: Note: Pertains to the length of time American soldiery was exposed to direct enemy action in ground combat campaigns.

A. WWI: America entered the war in Apr 1917. War ended Nov 1918. Even though American soldiery did not engage in combat in significant numbers immediately following entry, the total period is counted for ease of understanding. Duration of ground combat in World War I = 20 months.

B. WWII: One must look at WWII, because of the global nature, as Theaters of War. In fact, WWII is like four separate wars occurring simultaneously.

- The Mediterranean ground campaigns began with the invasion of North Africa in Nov. 1942. Progress with short periods of no ground contact to the Sicily and Italian campaigns through May 1945. Duration of ground combat: 31 months.
- The western European ground campaigns began June 1944 and ended in May, 1945. Duration of ground combat: 12 months.
- The Pacific War comprised two theaters. Ground combat was not continuous in either theater and, until the invasion of the Philippines, rarely involved US forces larger than Corps size. However, for comparison pur-

William E. Weber

poses ground combat initiated in Aug, 1942 and terminated in June, 1945. Duration of ground combat: 34 months.

- China, Burma India theater ground campaigns involving US forces began Feb, 1943 and terminated in Aug, 1945. Duration of ground combat: 30 months.

C. Korea: Ground combat in Korea in which American soldiery was under enemy fire was continuous in scope and linear in terms of the peninsula nature of the theater of war. From Sept, 1950 through Jul, 1953 three full US Army Corps (including a USMC Division), were constantly engaged. Duration of ground combat: 37 months.

D. Vietnam: Ground combat in Vietnam was not continuous nor were all US forces constantly engaged. The nature of the war was intermittent, and rarely were divisional sized forces fully engaged. For comparison purposes, assume a form of relatively constant, battalion level, non-linear exposure to the enemy. Duration of ground combat: 81 months.

E. Persian Gulf: Due to the nature of the Persian Gulf War and the Desert Shield/Desert Storm campaign aspects, it eases comparison by assuming exposure to ground combat effective with deployment of forces to Saudi Arabia in Aug, 1990 and the termination of combat in Feb, 1991. Duration of ground combat: 100 days.

F. Afghanistan: Deployment of forces to Afghanistan began in late 2001 and peaked in Mar, 2002 with a division equivalent size. Actual combat terminated within 60 days, but sporadic contact with irregular forces continues to present day. Duration of combat phase: 90 days.

G. Iraq: Persian Gulf II. Deployment of forces began in late 2002 and continued through the outbreak of hostilities in February 2003. War declared over in April, 2003. However, irregular force engagements continue to present day. Duration of ground combat days: 120 days.

Excepting the length of the Vietnam War, and evaluating in terms of constant linear ground combat at Field Army level, the Korean War was the longest continuous ground combat war. American soldiers in Korea faced the enemy in constant contact longer than any campaigns in any theater of

WWI, WWII, Vietnam, Afghanistan or Persian Gulf I and II!

STRENGTH OF ENEMY GROUND FORCES:

Note: Figures given are rounded to the nearest thousand.

A. WWI: US units, when engaged as a US Field Army, were confronted by enemy forces not exceeding 300,000, including frontline and reserve forces.

B. WWII: In all theaters, US forces at Field Army level faced enemy ground forces at an average of 295,000 in size. The fiercest battles of WWII were the Battle of the Bulge and Okinawa. In the Battle of the Bulge, the Germans committed about 295,000 troops. In Okinawa, US forces faced approximately 100,000 Japanese troops. At any one time throughout the campaigns in the Mediterranean and Europe the enemy never had more than 56 Divisions engaged against combined Anglo/American forces.

C. Korea: Combined North Korean and Communist Chinese forces deployed in Korea approximated 1,500,000. Of these, no less than 500,000 were deployed in linear array against US/UN forces, the US portion of which approximated 250,000. Except for brief periods preceding the Inchon landings, the regrouping following CCF entry and, following the withdrawal of X Corps after the Chosin Reservoir, all seven US Divisions and two Regimental Combat Teams were in constant combat with the enemy in frontline or Corps reserve positions.

D. Vietnam: Computing enemy ground combat forces arrayed against US forces is difficult due to the varying strength of Viet Cong indigenous forces and regular North Vietnam forces. However, at no time were enemy forces in excess of 200,000 within the total US Corps Areas of Operation. Contact with regular NVA and indigenous Viet Cong forces was sporadic and only rarely at levels higher than Brigade sized US elements. Even when Divisional sized forces were engaged, the aspect of linear war, as was common in WWI, WWII, Korea and the Persian Gulf, was not characteristic of the Vietnam War.

E. Persian Gulf I: The Iraqis fielded the third largest standing Army in the world during the war. Frontline forces, with immediate reserves, including the Iraqi Republican National Guard, did not exceed 250,000.

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F. Afghanistan: The regular Afghanistan forces approximated a U.S. Army Corps of three divisions in total numbers. Irregular forces approximated 25,000.

G. Persian Gulf II: The Iraqi Army consisted of the forces reconstituted by Iraq after Persian Gulf I. In total numbers, about 200,000+.

Without exception, American soldiers in Korea deployed in Field Army size faced more enemy ground combat forces than in any unbroken series of campaigns in any of the foreign wars of the 20th century in which US forces were engaged!

KIA, WIA, MIA AND ROW PERCENTAGES AND RATIOS:

(Note: Figures are computed on basis of US forces actually engaged in ground combat in a theater of operations. Figures for Korea, Vietnam, Afghanistan and Persian Gulf I and II, excluding US ground forces that were not deployed to combat theater. Figures for WWI and WWII, due to global nature of these wars, include total forces mobilized. The only purpose of comparison is to define the relative level of risk faced by the US ground combat soldiery. It is axiomatic that during WWI and WWII, all mobilized ground forces faced the very real prospect of being engaged against enemy forces. In Korea, Vietnam, Afghanistan and the Persian Gulf, only those forces deployed to the theater of war faced such exposure. Thus, in comparing relative risk of becoming a casualty, missing or captured, the soldier's risk was a function of potential deployment to the combat theater versus serving a draftee tour or initial enlistment tour in non-combat theaters. As stated earlier, no war is a good war! However, limited wars, in terms of theaters of combat versus service in general can markedly influence risk factors. The data presented serve only to compare that risk level! Any casualty of any war is a victim of war, irrespective of the nature of that war.)

WAR	KIA/WIA %-RATIO	MIA % TOTAL STILL MISSING	POW % DIED AS POW
WWI	7.6 1 OF 15	Not Computed	Not Computed
WWII	6.9 1 OF 15	20	9.6
KOREA	9.7 1 OF 10	86	51
VIETNAM	5.6 1 OF 17	57	18
AFGHANISTAN	Percentages insignificant for comparison		
PERSIAN GULF I & II	Percentages insignificant for comparison		

A direct comparison between Korea and Vietnam, because of the relative similarity in their non-global aspects reveals the following: (Note: Rounded off as average)

A.

	KIA/MONTH	WIA/MONTH	RATIO: KIA/WIA
1. KOREA	1000	2800	1/2.8
2. VIETNAM	480	1750	1/3.7

B. MIA TOTAL VERSUS STILL MISSING

WAR	MIA TOTAL	STILL MISSING
KOREA	9400 VS 8177	% still MIA = 86%
VIETNAM	3500 VS 2100	% still MIA = 57%

Comparison is an odious methodology to call attention to war! But, when a nation and people forget a generation that goes to war at their bidding, some recognition for the sacrifices entailed by that generation is necessary! The foregoing is intended only to demonstrate the true nature of the Korean War so that the veterans of Korea will be granted the recognition and honor they are due and to ensure they will be enshrined in the hearts and memory of their countrymen as are their brothers in arms from other wars!

WHY, “THE FORGOTTEN WAR?”

Given the above comparisons, how is it possible that Korea has failed to be recognized for the major war that it was? Perhaps it is a function of many factors that combined to create a perception that Korea was “The Forgotten War.” Even today, 45 years after the onset of the war and 42 years since the cease fire, only a small percentage of Americans “know” the Korean War.

Some of the factors that influenced perception of Korea may have been as follows:

a. Coming so soon after WWII, most Americans conceived war as a nation in arms. Their recollection of conditions during WWII did not match what was happening in Korea. The “good times” of post WWII were the dominant factor in American everyday life. People did not want to hear of war after their victory in a war the scope of WWII.

b. American leadership deliberately presented the war as a “police action.” Every attempt was made to describe it as a limited involvement with little, if any, disruption of the post WWII recovery efforts.

c. Few Americans could perceive even a remote threat to our nation because of Korea. Thus, the interest level was as remote as the fighting. Plus,

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so few of our population was in combat in Korea, less than 1%, as contrasted with almost 6% in WWII.

d. The Korean War, after CCF intervention, seemed to be a stalemate, with no perceived goal of victory. Plus, after truce talks began, the emphasis of media interest focused on such and their interminable length gave the impression of the war “sputtering” to an end.

e. American educational practices relegated Korea to a “five paragraph” war in our history books. More emphasis was placed on the presumed threat to Western Europe from communism and the resultant development of NATO.

f. Much of the industrial effort to sustain forces in Korea was concentrated in Japan. Thus, American industry, communications and workers were not “aware” of any changes in their perception of what was ongoing.

g. Korea, in contrast to Vietnam, was not a “TV” war! Vietnam was a daily event in American life. Korea was but an intermittent event.

h. Servicemen returning from Korea were “lost” in our population and intent upon getting on with their lives. Their sequencing and numerical rate of return was an insignificant impact of everyday American life. Many of their countrymen did not even know they had been gone! That, coupled with the fact that there was no major public “controversy” about Korea, as with Vietnam, made Korean veterans a “non-event”!

i. Lastly, Korean veterans were a small percentage of the veteran population in the 50s. Also, many had also served in WWII and the mass of veteran interest in the nation was focused on the WWII veteran. The Korean veterans had no “voice” and no ombudsman to tell their story.

IMPACT OF KOREAN WAR:

A. The communist philosophy of conquest by force and arms was confronted and defeated. Result: forced the USSR and Comintern to give pause before embarking on similar action.

B. Preserved a free people and nation from subjugation. Result: South Korea of today—an emerged nation state, economically viable, democratic

and thriving.

C. Catalyst for the eventual downfall of Communism as a major threat to world peace. Result: Korea was the opening engagement of the Cold War era. The resultant process of confronting and thwarting communist expansion caused the communist philosophy and system to disintegrate. Absent the Korean War, the opposite was a potential.

D. Gave substance to the United Nations. Result: The participation and cooperation of the world's nations in confronting communism made viable the concept of the United Nations and the goal of meeting the problems of the world by united action.

The Korean War Veterans Memorial, to be again memorialized on 27 July 2003, in the Nation's Capitol on the Fiftieth Anniversary of the "CEASE FIRE" is the final opportunity to recognize the generation of Americans who are the veterans of "The Forgotten War"! Appropriately, the Memorial is a testament to patriotic service, the equal to that of any generation of American soldiery. The sacrifice made by this generation, as conveyed by the Memorial, remains still to be matched by the understanding of the American people of the benchmark importance of the war in the 20th Century.



Brian Webster

Edmonds, WA

James H. Mulligan, Staff Sergeant (1952 – 1953)

Relationship: Grandfather

What would it have felt like to be going to war at my age? My grandpa knows. He went into combat in the Korean War at age 19, just a little over two years older than what I am. I couldn't imagine having to fight for my life every day, along with having to take other people's lives in order to survive. But re-walking my grandfather's footsteps from when he was a teenager meant the world to me. I was finally able to see what my grandpa had to experience, minus the gunfire, while he was at an age that is similar to mine.

My grandfather doesn't talk much about his experiences during his tour in Korea, but while he was at war, he was a staff sergeant and the leader of a machine gun platoon composed of four groups of three people. Each group had a machine gunner, an ammunition feeder to the gun, and a man who carried the ammunition. Their job was to patrol and defend the allied land from attacks. Because his platoon was the machine gunners, my grandpa and his platoon were the first targets in battles. He lived an extremely dangerous life, holding the lives of his platoon members, at an age that is so close to mine. While he wasn't putting his life on the line in a firefight, my grandpa and his platoon had to dig trenches, build bunkers, and add support to the existing bunkers and trenches. War is not a pretty place. At any given moment you have to work hard to help keep you and your other soldiers around you alive.

During the Korean War my grandfather was captured and put into a concentration camp. Knowing his impending doom if he were to stay in the camp, my grandfather, along with a few others tried to escape. Every prisoner other than my grandpa was recaptured by the Koreans. My grandfather had an amazing and extremely terrifying experience during the war. Without my grandpa's great fortune in surviving everything that he encountered, I would not be here today. I cannot imagine ever having to go through living in a concentration camp, and then having to escape from it. It is amazing to believe that my grandfather was able to accomplish everything that was necessary to survive during the war.

My parents divorced when I was a child. Whenever I spent time with my mom's side of the family, my grandpa served as the man who taught me anything and everything that I needed to know in life. The most memorable thing that my grandpa taught me how to do is fly fishing. Every summer he took my entire family up to a small place in Canada's mountains called

Brian Webster

Meadow Lake to go camping and fly-fishing. Some of my greatest memories have been made there, and through teaching me how to fly-fish, my grandpa also taught me patience, persistence, and a deep respect for nature. I'm so grateful that my grandpa has been such a large part of my life, and without him in it I don't think I'd be who I am today.

I didn't only go on family trips with all of my family members, but I also went on trips with just my grandma and grandpa. On one trip, my grandparents, my mother, my sister, and I all went together to France. When we went to France it was the 65th anniversary of D-Day, and my grandpa made sure that we had to visit Normandy and the landing sites of where D-Day happened. He even hired a World War II history professor from Oxford to guide us through Normandy and the landing sites of D-Day. The guide made an ordinary trip into something that I'll never forget. He taught me about how dangerous D-Day was, along with how destructive the rest of WWII was in vivid detail. While we toured around the beaches, my grandfather proudly wore his Korean War Veteran hat the entire time. I see my grandpa wearing his Korean War Veteran hat a lot, and each, and every time it reminds me that my grandpa, along with every other person that has been in our military, has stoically fought and died for our freedom and happiness in America.

At a young age my grandfather was put into a position where all of his progeny's existence was put at stake. By saving himself and staying alive through the war, my grandpa was able to preserve and create the family that he has to this day, including me. My mom, her siblings, my cousins, my sister, and I are all the legacy of my grandfather; we all carry on his name and the traits that he's given us. He's passed down so many helpful, meaningful and important lessons to me, and he is a man whose expectations are something that I desire to live up to. A major thing that my grandpa taught me is to take pride in my own country. When I ask people what they are (ethnically), not a single person says American, even those who were born here in the United States of America. While so many people are taking America for granted, my grandpa's legacy in the military and fighting for our freedom has shaped and given me a pride for America that is hard to be matched. My grandfather is one of the most pivotal people in my life. I've learned so much from him, and share some amazing memories with him. He is my inspiration and I'm so proud of what he has done for our country and my family.



David Linn White

Eastham, MA

First Lieutenant (1951 – 1953)

Relationship: Self

David Linn White

As the early morning mist lifted from the waters of Puget Sound outside Seattle in January 1952, I could not in my wildest dreams imagine that my life would be intrinsically linked to the people of South Korea. The troop ship to which I was assigned was taking the Great Circle route to the Far East.

After a brief stop to unload supplies at Adak Island in the Aleutian chain, the ship proceeded past the coast of Sakhalin Island to Yokohama - the port of debarkation. Then, we took a fast trip to Sasabo and the port of Pusan.

Upon my arrival at South Korea, I was assigned to the 40th Infantry Division (INF DIV) that was on the Main Line of Resistance (MLR) in the Kum-song area, opposite Chinese forces. To our east flank was the 6th Republic of Korea (ROK) Division. For the moment I was assigned as a Regimental Liaison Officer for the ROK Infantry Regiment (INF REG) on our right. Having sustained heavy casualties, the ROK Regiment conducted burial services for their dead members. I recall writing in a letter to my parents that the Koreans were allowed one (1) gallon of gasoline for the cremation of each dead soldier. I began to appreciate the hardships endured by the South Korean people. In July of 1952, the 40th INF DIV was relieved online by another ROK Division.

Back in Corps Reserve for rest and more training, I was again assigned as a Liaison Officer to an infantry battalion of the 5th ROK Division under the command of Major Lee Kee Man, an exemplary officer and a gentle man. Eating kimchi, rice, and occasional small cubes of meat, I developed a taste for Korean cuisine.

Upon completion of its reserve status, the 40th INF DIV was sent to the Heartbreak Ridge area (Satae Ri) to relieve the 25th US Infantry Division, which had suffered heavy losses while fighting North Korean forces. The log and rock bunkers on the ridges of Heartbreak Ridge provided basic shelter, but bags of charcoal were always welcome for the hibachi stoves used for warming both coffee and hands. With 10 South Korean soldiers in my infantry platoon, communication was not easy at times, but I found them to be quick learners and willing to fight. Because of persistent mortar and artillery fire from the North Koreans, the trenches connecting the bunkers became ever deeper on the MLR.

A priority of Regimental Headquarters was the recovery of bodies, the so

called “body count,” from earlier battles between the 25th INF DIV and North Koreans. Nighttime recon and ambush patrols were conducted regularly, and my platoon drew patrol assignments every third night. No sooner did I train a Sergeant to lead patrols than he would have to be replaced due to casualty from enemy fire. As a result, I was personally conducting many of the patrols.

On the night of 3-4 November, 1952, I was leading a 10-man patrol out of “Charlie” Company. Having been a small game hunter as a youngster, I proceeded cautiously onto a ridgeline from the MLR, followed by my radioman and the rest of the patrol.

Coming around a knoll, I saw the figure of a man just ahead. He wasn’t wearing a helmet, but a soft hat. I was about to ask “GI?”, but my training kicked in, and I gave him a burst of fire from my M-2 carbine. He moved so I gave him another burst, and then gave the ridge a spray of fire. Two soldiers from my platoon were sent to retrieve the body and carry it back to the Company Command Post. The enemy soldier was later identified as a North Korean sergeant. He was carrying a submachine gun (PPh-41, a Russian “burp” gun), wire cutters, and a whistle.

As the Company Commander called in artillery fire, I observed the enemy on the ridges to both sides of my position climbing towards our bunkers on the MLR. All hell broke loose with mortar and artillery fire raining down, illuminating our position like daylight from the flares and bursting shells. “Charlie” Company was under attack!

Subsequently, it was determined that Charlie Company had been attacked by a reinforced North Korean Battalion – a numerically superior force. Although the men of my patrol were taking the enemy under fire, the Company Commander ordered my patrol to return to the MLR, and told me to take charge of my platoon. Against all odds, my patrol returned safely to the MLR, whereupon I resumed command of the 1st Platoon in defending our position.

At one point, the North Korean soldiers penetrated into the adjacent platoon. The Commanding Officer (CO) called in artillery fire on the position, and led a counter attack that restored the line. During this attack, which lasted most of the night, I was encouraging the men to keep firing at

David Linn White

the enemy. While checking on two of the South Koreans in my platoon, a mortar shell landed on the position. I sustained shrapnel wounds to my legs and feet, and although unable to stand or walk, I continued to direct mortar fire against the attackers.

One of my South Korean soldiers sustained a severe belly wound from the mortar round, and was disemboweled. I will never forget the sight of large tapeworms spilling from the gaping wound in his abdomen. I was later informed that tapeworms were endemic in Korea, and at that time, many Koreans were infested with tapeworms due to poor sanitary conditions caused by the war.

My two South Korean soldiers were subsequently evacuated to a U.S. Army hospital for medical treatment. After completing my own medical treatment at an Army hospital on the southern island of Kyushu, Japan, the doctors deemed me ready to return to duty (RTD). On December 24, 1952, Christmas Eve, I rejoined "Charlie" Company on Heartbreak Ridge in Korea. I was home again, at least in the sense of being with my American and South Korean comrades.

It was a bitter cold day in February, 1953 when I left South Korea to return to my New England home in the United States. Often on a frigid, cold February in Massachusetts, when the snow lies deep on the ground, my mind wanders back to my winters in Korea and the sufferings of the Korean people. It gives me tremendous personal satisfaction to see the nation of South Korea rise from the ravages of war and take its place as one of the leading technological countries in the world. My prayer is that South Korea will continue to maintain and enjoy this hard earned peace and prosperity.



Bruce R. Woodward

Richardson, TX

Corporal, U.S. Marine Corps, (August 1950 – February 1952)

Relationship: Self

Bruce R. Woodward

I am Bruce R. Woodward, Corporal, United States Marine Corps, Reserve. I enlisted 19MAR1949; activated 1AUG1950; and discharged 13FEB1952. I was on foreign service duty for 1 year, 2 months and 20 days. I served in the Korean War with 2 Stars and received Army Distinguished Unit Emblem.

While I was still in Belmont High School in downtown Los Angeles, CA, I was “talked” into joining the Marine Corps Reserve by my Father, a “Combat” Marine from “Pacific Island Battles” during WWII. (They thought the “Marines” could “slap some sense into me, but that didn’t work).

Once a month, I would report to El Toro Air Base in Santa Ana, CA for “duty” with Marine Squadron VMF-312, 1st Marine Air Wing, Marine Air Group 12. My mother had “taught” me, at an early age, to use her typewriter. So, since I did not know how to fly, they put me in the Squadron Office as assistant Squadron “Commander.” (I stayed with this “Commander” all the way through my career, including the “War Zone” in North Korea.) After I went on my honeymoon, the Korean War started. At that time, I asked myself, “Where the hell is Korea?” Then I was “activated,” put on a ship in San Diego, CA., and “bounced around like a Cork,” on the “Pacific Ocean,” on my way to Japan.

Someone in the reserve realized that a lot of us teenagers had never received “basic” training and had never fired an M1 Rifle. So, they put a speed boat off the side of the ship we were on, attached a target behind it, and taught how to fire clean, and even sleep with our weapons. Everyone on that ship, the “William S. Weagle,” was sick during the whole journey across the “Pacific Ocean.” At 19 years old, that was the first time I had been out of the State of California.

We arrived in Osaka, Japan, and moved into our quarters at Itami Air Base. After our “Fighter Planes” arrived (all F4U Corsairs) we stayed there a short time and “moved” to Kimpo Air Field in North Korea right after the Marines had secured the Inchon area. Gen. Mac Arthur arrived shortly thereafter to observe what a magnificent job the 1st Marine Division had done at Inchon. There was only a short time in between the Marines pushing north and our Squadron moving up to Wonson Air Field in North Korea. I was one of the first ones to be “dropped off” at Wonson Air Field. We spent several nights in a cave by Wonson while “lighting” flares to bring in our

Squadrons Planes and equipment.

While at Wonson, our planes gave close air support to the Marines, Army, Navy, Korean troops, and British Royal Marines who were fighting north to the “Yalu” River. When the “Chinese” entered the War at the “Changjin Chosin Reservoir,” our planes were constantly in the air giving “Close Air” support to all the units on the ground. It was so cold during that time that all the Squadron personnel, except the “Pilots,” had to get up every four hours to help warm-up the planes so they could fly at first light.

During this time the Squadron Commander had me help in the briefing and de-briefing of the pilots. In addition to assisting the Squadron Commander, we had to make sure we had all the necessary supplies and equipment to support our Squadron. Several times, I was required to fly back to Japan to pick up emergency parts for our planes.

One time, sitting in the rear seat of a Marine twin prop radar plane, the pilot said that he couldn’t get the fuel switch to work, and that we would soon run out of gas over the “Sea of Japan.” Therefore we would have to bail out – are you “kidding?” It’s 20 degrees below zero. I have never jumped out of an airplane before, and I sure didn’t see any hospital ship below us. Anyhow he finally got the switch to work, so we made it to Japan. When we landed, I found out that the parachute I was sitting on was wet. We had to “constantly” monitor what was going on during the “Battle of the Chosin Reservoir”, and other battles going on before, and after, that “Heroic Battle.” Our Intelligence was pretty good, but sometimes the communications back to Japan was not always understood. For example, the guys up north at the Chosin Reservoir firing the big howitzers needed powder to fire their shells. They referred to “Powder Packs” as “Tootsie Rolls.” So, what did Japan send them? Thousands of “Tootsie Rolls” candy. Our men couldn’t fire the shells, but they had something good to eat for a while.

The only highlight at Wonson was a visit from “Bob Hope.” The stage was set up next to a “rice paddy.” The show was great, but the mosquitoes were so big that they could stand flat-footed and have their way with a turkey.

After the hordes of Chinese pushed us out of North Korea we packed up, and headed back to Japan. We continued to give close air support to those who still had to fight in Korea. It made it a much longer flight from Itami

Bruce R. Woodward

Air Base in Japan to Korea. So our pilots had to pay the price, but those of us on the ground had a great time in Osaka. Sometimes we had the opportunity to get a flight and visit the Southern Island of Japan (Honshu). We also had a great time in Tokyo. The Japanese were very nice to us, and thanked us for our service, as well as our helping them to learn the free enterprise system. Their country has come a long way since 1945. Korea has come a long way as well. The people of South Korea are wonderful in their appreciation of our help. To look at a picture of Korea at night is awe-inspiring, and to think that those lights of South Korea and their thriving economy was, in part, a result of our participation makes me feel satisfied.

After returning from the Korean War I was given the opportunity to go to "Flight School" in Pensacola, FL. I decided not to go, and often kick myself for not taking that opportunity. Anyhow, it has been a wonderful life "Charlie Brown."

Part III

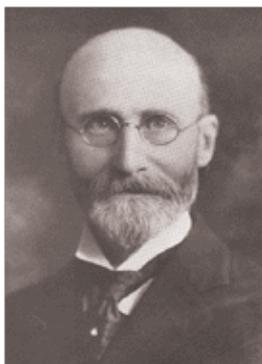
Post-War Korea,
A New Global Leader



From An International Medical Aid Recipient to A Donor: the Modern History of Medical Korea

FOUNDING OF THE WESTERN MEDICINE IN KOREA

The establishment of Western medicine in Korea can largely be traced back to the influence of a single man – Dr. Horace Newton Allen. On November 26th, 1884, the Presbyterian Church appointed Allen to a medical mission, making him the earliest recorded protestant missionary in Korea. Korean medicine then consisted largely of traditional oriental and homeopathic methods, such as herbal remedies and acupuncture. The modern medical techniques of the Western world were largely unknown in Korea at this time, but Allen would have the opportunity to demonstrate his medical expertise under dramatic circumstances only a few months into his mission. On



Horace N. Allen

December 4th, Allen witnessed the Gapsin Coup, a coup d'état attempted by progressive reformers. The coup failed, but during the chaotic events, the nephew of the Queen Min was stabbed and gravely injured. Allen was summoned by a German diplomat who was aware of his medical training. Under Allen's care, the queen's nephew survived his wounds and recovered in only three months time.¹

Allen's treatment of the royal nephew served as a catalyst in the development of Western medicine in Korea for two reasons: it directly demonstrated the benefits of Western medicine to the Korean population and initiated a close relationship between Allen and King Gojong. In 1885, Allen received permission from King Gojong to open the first Western-style hospital in Korea – Jejungwon, the House of Universal Helpfulness.² The Korean government provided the financing, land, facilities, and administrative staff for Jejungwon while employing American physicians to examine and treat patients.³ Allen as the appointed hospital head, Jejungwon thrived under his vision and direction. Allen's ambitions went beyond the construction of the hospital, as he recognized the role education must play in the successful modernization of Korean healthcare. With his colleagues, Allen established a medical school at Jejungwon in 1886, the first Western style medical edu-

cation system in Korea. Sixteen students were selected to its first class.⁴ With the establishment of the medical school, Jejungwon cemented its legacy as a cornerstone in the development of the Korean medical system.



Jejungwon (1885)

While Jejungwon was greatly successful and groundbreaking in its practice of medical care and education, as well as in its commitment to public service and the treatment of the impoverished free of charge, the hospital's facilities still had much room for growth and improvement. The hospital was furnished in a remodeled, though small, traditional Korean building, an artifact of the past that did not accord itself with the new medical ambitions of the government.⁵ Oliver Avison, a colleague of Allen's, recognized the need for adequate facilities to continue the development of Korean healthcare. Through Avison's planning, activism, and with the help of a large donation by American philanthropist Louis H. Severance, plans for a new hospital were approved. Named for its primary patron, Severance Hospital was constructed in Seoul in 1904, the first truly modern hospital in Korea.⁶ With the advantage of a new, seven-year curriculum designed by Avison, the students enrolled before the completion of the facilities. Severance Union Medical College graduated its first class of medical students in 1908. Its newly minted doctors were awarded the first seven medical licenses issued by the Korean government.⁷

In 1899, the Korean government founded Gyeongsong Medical School and its affiliated hospital, Gwangje Hospital. The medical school was opened as a public educational institution to promote the production of physicians. Gwangje Hospital was dedicated as the new national hospital devoted to the treatment of indigent patients and the spread of inoculation. In 1907, the Korean government combined Gyeongsong Medical School, Gwangje Hospital, and the Korean Red Cross Hospital – which was under the royal household – to establish Daehan Hospital. Daehan Hospital was the most comprehensive Korean medical institution yet. It provided medical education, research, examination, and treatment. As a government-run hospital, Daehan also had the authority to oversee the country's medical service and public health projects.⁸



First Graduating Class of Severance Medical School (1908)
Severance Hospital (1904)



In a quarter-century, Korean healthcare had experienced tremendous modernization in both procedure and treatment facilities. The adaptation of Western medical techniques and educational practices allowed Korean healthcare to move beyond traditional, oriental medicine. The legacy of this development at the turn of the 20th century is still felt directly by Koreans today, as Severance Medical College and Gyeongsong Medical School were the predecessors to two of the largest and most prestigious, present-day medical institutions in Korea: Yonsei University College of Medicine and Seoul National University College of Medicine (SNU), respectively.

The annexation of Korea by Japan in 1910, the traumatic events of World War II, and the Korean War impeded medical progress and efforts to further modernize for several decades. During the course of the Korean War (1950 to 1953), Korea's infrastructure became severely damaged, with over 75% of all industrial facilities, public facilities, and government buildings being destroyed.⁹ The loss of human and technological capital was significant, but with the help of international aid, a Korean recovery was very possible, and the healthcare sector would be one of the great success stories out of the post-war period.

THE MINNESOTA PROJECT

Planning for the post-war rehabilitation of Korean healthcare started as early as 1952, when the World Health Organization and the United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency recommended that a comprehensive medical team be sent to Korea to cooperate with Seoul National University College of Medicine. In late 1954, over a year after the end of the Korean War, the International Cooperation Administration (ICA) drafted a contract, in which Seoul National University (SNU) agreed to receive educational and technical aid from the University of Minnesota. The ICA recognized SNU as the preeminent medical training and treatment center in Korea and, after the destruction caused by the war, targeted the university as a prime nucleus

for the reinvigoration of the healthcare industry.¹⁰

The project was named the “Minnesota Project,” after the U.S. university chosen to implement the rehabilitation procedures. As SNU was the primary source of competent physicians and medical researchers in Korea, aid in health education was focused on assisting the medical faculty at SNU. The ultimate goal of the project was to enhance medical education and research in Korea, to ensure the ongoing and self-sustaining progression, and to look over the development of medicine in Korea.¹¹

The Minnesota Project lasted seven years, starting in September 1954 and ending in June 1961. To achieve its goals, the Minnesota Project was organized into three distinct objectives:

- 1) Advisory services and faculty training under contract with U.S. universities
- 2) Procurement of books, supplies, and laboratory and classroom equipment
- 3) Repair and rehabilitation of the Seoul National University facilities¹²

The second and third objectives were urgent but straightforward, and international aid contributions as well as funding by the Korean government were able to improve standards for patient care and hospital facilities. Significant construction and improvement was still needed after the duration of the project though.

Advisory services performed by the visiting members of the University of Minnesota faculty were done by 11 advisors in medicine, nursing, and hospital administration. The advisors were respectful and did not attempt to displace the responsibilities of the SNU faculty, recognizing that cultural differences would make overly active involvement inefficient and that, as visitors, they should be the ones to accommodate the foreign culture. The advisors from the University of Minnesota had no definite blueprint on how to transform Korean medical education, but they recognized the need to learn and accommodate Korean values and culture to effectively implement institutional changes. While they improved the efficiency of hospital organization and building arrangement, advisors from all fields identified the most serious problem in traditional Korean medical education: a teaching method that emphasized lectures and didactic instruction.¹³

The Minnesota Advisors criticized the lack of scientific medical practice and teaching, and valued the understanding of critical, independent, and

creative thinking. They focused on the implementation of the scientific method of American medicine into Korean medical education and research. Practices that became mainstays of modern medical education, such as laboratory experimentation and bedside observation, were not used in mid-century Korea. Hence, the advisors hoped that their adoption would foster a more critical approach to health problems.¹⁴ This dramatic overhaul of Korean medical education would require extensive improvements and updates in medical knowledge, equipment and facilities, and the general relationships between physicians, students, and their patients. The hope was that the cultivation of a critical and independent mindset, combined with the improvement of facilities and technical capabilities, would stimulate the Korean health industry towards independent growth and progress after the conclusion of the Minnesota Project.



MOU Signing with the University of Minnesota, Sept. 5, 1954

As an essential component of the Minnesota Project, 77 staff members of Seoul National University College of Medicine went to the University of Minnesota to study their fields. The educational mission of Korean physicians, nurses, hospital administrators, and dieticians served as a training program, and was significant in both its scale and coverage. Through the study of recently developed medical knowledge and technology, as well as observations of hospital culture, educational techniques, research methods, and medical practice at the University of Minnesota, the SNU staff received wholesale upgrades in their approach to medicine. Of these 77 pioneers, all but four returned to Korea to practice and teach. This first group of international scholars had laid the groundwork for a continuing tradition of studying abroad. By the time the Minnesota Program had concluded in 1961, over 78% of faculty members at SNU College of Medicine had studied abroad (59% through the Minnesota Project.)¹⁵

Long-term fellowships were also granted to young faculty members, as the Minnesota advisors had high expectations of the younger generation for the continued development of Korean medicine. Through the Minnesota Project programs, medical education in Korea adapted to the American medical education system. The first collegiate level nursing schools were

started during the project, an internship-residency program was established to better train medical students, and clinical fields were reorganized and expanded for increased efficiency and productivity.¹⁶



The Minnesota Project Inaugural Faculty and Participants

After university staff members returned to Korea, they focused on the application and distribution of what they had learned abroad. For the next several decades, those young professionals trained through the Minnesota Project were to lead their fields. This groundswell of modernization amongst the most influential teachers, practition-

ers, and researchers of medicine was a vital stimulus in the success of the Korean health industry. The health education program was, in its effect, the most successful and impactful aspect of the Minnesota Project, as it laid the groundwork for self-sustaining progress in the Korean health industry.

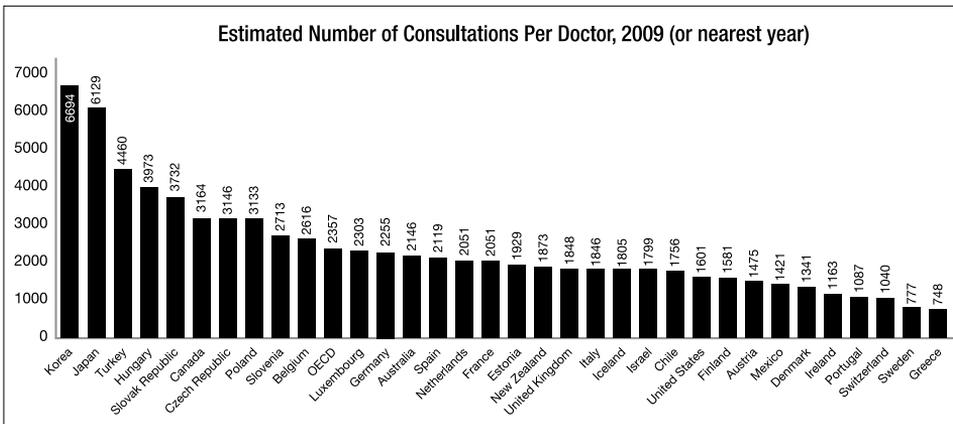
MIRACLE ON THE HAN RIVER: THE RISE OF MEDICAL KOREA

Since the 1960s, South Korea's economy has experienced rapid economic growth. In 1961, Korea had a GDP of \$2.3 billion; in 2011 Korea's GDP stood at \$1.1 trillion, the 15th largest economy in the world.¹⁷ In the same time frame, GDP per capita grew from \$155 to \$22,424, and in 2012 Korea became the 7th country in the world to maintain a GDP per capita greater than \$20,000 for a population larger than 50 million (Korea is also the only country to reach this milestone without having had an industrial base before World War II.)¹⁸ This remarkable economic growth has been dubbed the "Miracle on the Han River." Korea has emerged from the rubble of the Korean War as a highly developed and modern country with a significant global presence.

From the end of the Minnesota Project in 1961 to the present day, Korea has transformed itself from a fledgling nation struggling to adjust to life after a traumatic war into a major player in the international economic and healthcare arena. The healthcare facilities and capabilities of Korea are now widely recognized as some of the best in the world. The Conference Board of Canada recently ranked Korea's healthcare system as the 5th best performing system among OECD countries¹⁹ (an international organization

of countries dedicated to economic and social development), and it has only continued to improve with time.

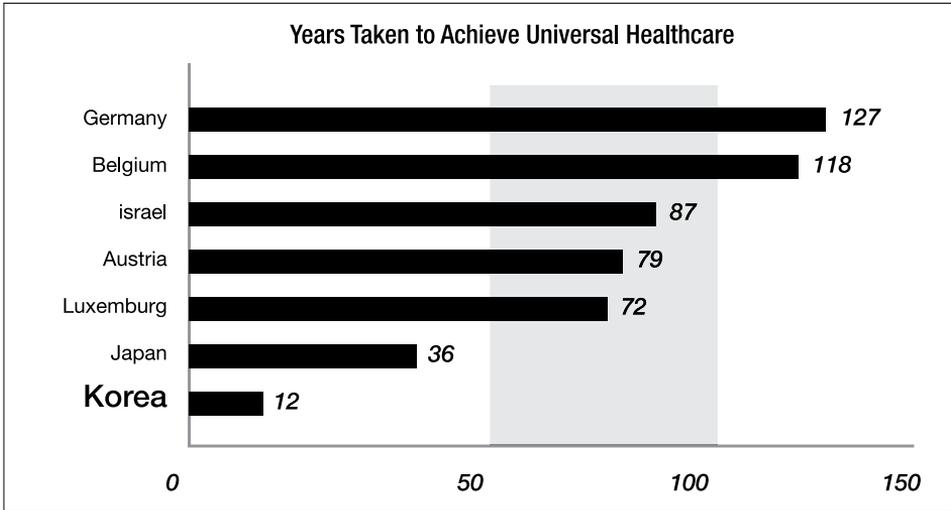
Health expenditures in Korea have been steadily increasing over the last twenty years. This rise established an advanced health infrastructure that can accommodate a growing population while simultaneously increasing quality of life. The number of hospital beds per 1,000 people has increased from 1.7 to 10.3, and the number of physicians per 1,000 people has increased from 0.5 to 2.0 over the last 30 years (compared to 3.0 hospital beds and 2.4 physicians in the U.S.).²⁰ Physicians are also being heavily utilized, as Korean doctors saw an OECD-leading average of 6,694 consultations per year in 2009. This statistic, which works out to 13.0 consultations per capita in 2009 (second highest in the OECD), along with Korea's low adult obesity rate of 3.8% speaks to the attention that Koreans pay to their health.²¹



Physicians and Hospital Beds (1980-2011), 1980 first year data is available

Health facilities have risen in concert with the general population and growing medical community. In 1974, Korea had 36 general hospitals; today the number stands at 274. Numbers for every other kind of medical institution, from pharmacies and dental offices to comprehensive tertiary hospitals, have also been steadily increasing over the years. In terms of medical equipment, Korea has 37.1 CT scanners and 19.0 MRI units per 1,000 population, the second and sixth highest numbers in the OECD.²² The growth in Korea's medical industry has been fueled by a steady increase in the number of medical schools that are educating new physicians, a number that has grown from 8 schools in 1960 to 41 in the present day.

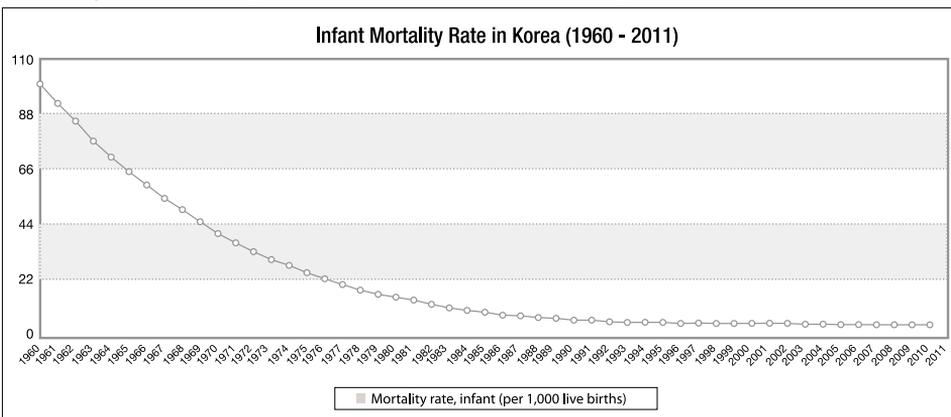
To provide access to medical resources and to promote the health status



Insurance Time Needed

of all its citizens, Korea implemented its first health insurance program in 1977. The program required certain businesses to provide health insurance to their employees. Just 12 years later in 1989, the policies of the Korean government had accomplished universal health care for all its citizens. Completely public health insurance was achieved in 2000 through the enactment of the National Health Insurance Act, which integrated all employee, self-employed, government, and school health insurance plans into one national organization.²³ Korea's insurance initiatives have significantly eased the burden of medical expenses on Korean citizens, allowing for much increased access to important medical services.

Access to high quality Korean health care has grown in concert with economic gains and improvements in medicine and public health. The aver-



Infant Mortality (1960-2011)

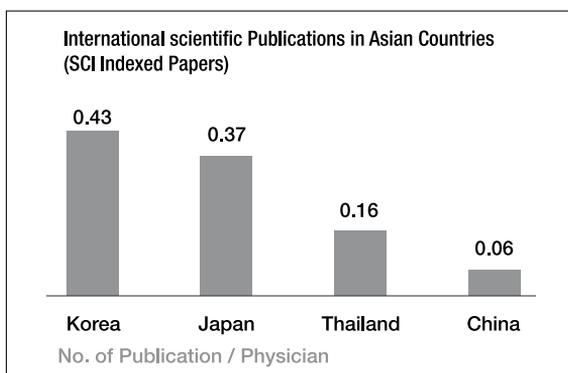
age life expectancy in Korea has risen dramatically since 1960, increasing from 54 years to 80 years in 2011.²⁴ In terms of years gained, the increase in the average Korean life expectancy (since 1960) is greater than that of any other OECD country. Infant mortality rates have also fallen exponentially since 1960, dropping from 100.9 infant deaths per 1,000 live births in 1960 to 40.9 in 1970, 15.4 in 1980, and 4.2 in 2010.²⁵ Economic gains led to health improvements, and a healthier population was able to work longer and more efficiently. With the added stability of a universal and publically covered health insurance program, Korea has been able to achieve a high level of both equity and quality in the health status of its citizens. Through an unwavering dedication to the health of its citizens, Korea has made remarkable progress in its healthcare capabilities and accomplishments, and has positioned itself as a global leader in medical services. The rise in Korea's medical capabilities has been followed by an increase in Korea's contributions to medical knowledge and research. Seoul conducted

The Hospital Sites Ranking for Clinical Trials in the World (2009)

1	National Institutes of Health Clinical Center	161
2	UT MD Anderson Cancer Center	144
3	Massachusetts General Hospital	143
4	Mayo Clinic	127
5	Duke University Medical Center	116
6	Stanford University School of Medicine	77
7	Washington University School of Medicine	76
8	Seoul National University Hospital	68
9	National Taiwan University Hospital	67
10	Dana-Farber cancer Institute	65
11	Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center	60
12	Baylor College of Medicine	57
13	Samsung Medical Center	56
14	Vanderbilt-Ingram Cancer Center	55
15	Roswell Park Cancer Institute	54
16	Vanderbilt University Medical Center	53
17	University of Alabama at Birmingham	53
18	Cincinnati Children's Hospital Medical Center	52
19	Mayo Clinic Cancer Center	50
20	Mount Sinai School of Medicine	48
21	University of Pennsylvania	47
22	Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center	47
23	University of Washington	45
24	Northwestern University	43
25	Medical University of South Carolina	42
26	Emory University	42
27	Columbia University Medical Center	41
28	Cleveland Clinic	41
29	University of California, San Francisco	40
30	Asan Medical Center	39

Hospitals by Number of Clinical Trials

the fourth most NIH-registered clinical trials for cities in the world, with Seoul National University Hospital and Samsung Medical Center conducting the 8th and 13th most trials among hospital sites.²⁶ Korean physicians also published 6,732 medical research papers in 2009, for the 13th highest total in the world, and with the publication of 0.43 papers per physician, medical researchers in Korea were more productive on average than their counterparts in China and Japan.²⁷



Papers per physician

Korea has established itself as a healthcare innovator on the cutting edge of medical technology. Particular progress has been made in the treatment of stomach cancer. Due to dietary and environmental reasons, stomach cancer has been the leading form of cancer in Korea.²⁸

In response to the endemic disease, stomach has become a focal point of Korean medicine, and progress in treating the disease has been remarkable. For patients diagnosed with stomach cancer in 2005, Korea had a 5-year relative survival rate of 65.3% (compared to 26% in the U.S. for those diagnosed 2001-2007), compared to a 42.8% survival rate for those diagnosed 1993.^{29,30,31} The improvement of Korea's health technology and quality of care is mostly due to Korea's advanced IT systems, high-quality health screening capabilities, and surgical expertise that utilize the most advanced technology available, such as paperless hospitals, robotic surgery, and radiosurgery therapies like proton therapy and Gamma Knife procedures. In fact, Severance Hospital has performed over 6,000 robotic surgeries since it became the first Korean hospital to use the da Vinci robotic system in 2005, more than any other hospital in Asia.³²

Korea is a leader in the treatment of several other medical conditions among the OECD countries. Liver transplantation has been a strong point of Korean medicine. Since the first living donor liver transplant (where a healthy piece of liver is removed from a living donor and transplanted into the recipient) in 1989, Koreans have been volunteering for the procedure in record setting amounts. Due in part to a strong culture of sharing and sense of filial duty present in Korean society, there were 13.64 living donor liver

transplants per 1 million people in Korea in 2010.³³ The second highest rate was 7.³³ in Singapore.

International Comparison of Five-year Relative Survival

(Unit: %)

Site	Korea ('96 - '00)	Korea ('01 - '05)	Korea ('05 - '09)	USA ¹⁾ ('99 - '06)	USA ²⁾ ('04 - '06)	USA ³⁾ ('00 - '02)	Japan ⁴⁾ ('97 - '99)
All Cancers	44.0	53.7	62.0	66.0	62	-	54.3
Stomach	46.6	57.7	65.3	26.0	22	24.9	62.1
Liver	13.2	20.1	25.1	13.8	15	-	23.1
Cervix Uteri	80.0	81.2	80.3	70.2	70	60.4	71.5
Colon and rectum	58.0	66.6	71.3	65.0	61	56.2	65.2
Thyroid	94.9	98.3	99.7	97.3	97	83.2	92.4
Breast	83.2	88.4	90.6	89.0	82	79.0	85.5
Lung	12.7	16.11	19.0	15.8	12	10.9	25.6
Pancreas	7.6	8.0	8.0	5.6	6	-	6.7
Prostate	67.2	79.9	87.6	99.1	95	77.5	75.5

1) Horner MJ, Ries LAG, Krapcho M, Neyman N, Aminou R, Howlader N, et al (eds), SEER Cancer Statistics Review, 1975 - 2007, 2010

2) Canadian Cancer Registry, Statistics Canada and Provincial/Territorial Cancer Registry, 2010

3) verdecchia et al. Recent cancer survival in Europe: a 2000 - 02 period analysis of EURO CARE 4 data. *Lancet Oncology*, 2007

4) Matsuda T, Ajiki W, et al. Population-based survival of cancer patients diagnosed between 1994 and 1999 in Japan: A chronological and international Comparative Study, *Japanese Journal of Clinical Oncology*, 2011

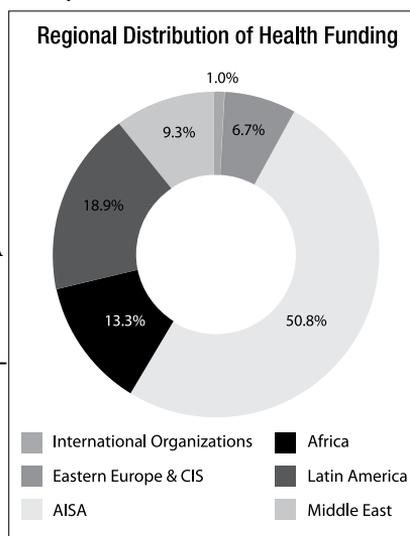
Asan Medical Center, the largest hospital in Korea, set a world record in 2007 by performing 320 liver transplants with a 96% success rate.³⁴ In 2009, Korea had a 5-year cervical cancer survival rate of 80.3%, and a colorectal survival rate of 71.3%, the second and fifth highest rates in the OECD, respectively. Korean hospitals also had a fatality rate within 30 days of admission of only 2.5% for ischemic strokes, the lowest fatality rate in the OECD. The fatality rate within 30 days for hemorrhagic strokes was 10.2%, the second lowest rate in the OECD.³⁵

KOREA, A NEW LEADER OF GLOBAL HEALTHCARE

The Korean government has recently been making a concerted effort to increase awareness of the opportunities that are available to international patients for cutting-edge, yet affordable treatment options in Korea. The effect on the number of medical tourists coming to Korea to utilize its substantial medical resources has been astounding. In 2007 only 7,901 foreign patients came to Korea for medical procedures; in 2008 the number grew to 27,480; 2009 saw 60,200 visitors; 2010 saw 810,789; and 2011 saw a significant in-

crease to 122,297 medical tourists.^{35,36} In just four years, the medical tourism industry in Korea has exploded by over 1500%, and the Korean government is planning to further spread recognition of Korean medical services to attract 300,000 visitors by 2015. In recent years, more patients have been looking for healthcare options overseas given relevant information and choices are readily accessible. The Korean government and domestic hospitals have committed a huge amount of effort and resources to better serve international patients who come to Korea seeking advanced medical treatment at an affordable cost. The Korean government's commitment to the medical tourism industry is made clear through its support for the internationalization of healthcare providers; the development of national policies that provide increased convenience and a safe and accountable environment for international patients; and the generation of the only medical tourism statistics maintained in the world.

Since establishing its robust and secure economy, Korea has committed itself to giving back to the global community. In 1991 Korea founded its own government aid agency, the Korea International Cooperation Agency (KOICA), to maximize the efficiency of Korea's aid programs for developing countries. As Korea's primary development agency, KOICA received a budget of over \$454 million in 2010, an enormous increase from its original 1991 budget of \$15 million.³⁸ Assistance to health and medical services comprised the largest expenditure in KOICA's budget, with \$78 million spent on dozens of different medical aid and public health programs.



KOICA Health Spending by Location

In another homage to the Minnesota Project, Korea healthcare providers have utilized their expertise to address a growing demand for the modernization of healthcare services and regulations in still developing countries. Several training programs for foreign doctors have been set up, much like that done in the Minnesota Project. Participating doctors from abroad train in Korean hospitals, while leading Korean physicians travel to countries in need to implement customized training programs. For instance, the Medi-



Appreciation Award to USAID (Former MHW Minister Soo-hee Chin and USAID Assistant Administrator for Asia Nisha Desai Biswal)

cal Korea Academy (MKA) is established in 2007 by the Korea Health Industry Development Institute (KHIDI), and so far, 137 doctors from 14 countries have been successfully trained. The MKA, as other physician training programs in Korea, is continually planning to expand its reach and build an inter-

national infrastructure for cooperation and exchange between hospitals and physicians.³⁹ KHIDI also launched the Korean Medical Charity Program in 2009, which provides free medical care for child patients in developing countries. The program treated 31 international child patients from 8 countries in 2011, and hopes to treat 70 patients from a wider range of countries and age groups in 2012.⁴⁰ The Korean medical community recognizes its stature as a new global leader in medicine and, remembering its past, takes seriously the incumbent responsibility to international society.

The watershed moment in Korea's medical progress came in 2010, when Korea was accepted as the newest member of the OECD Development Assistance Committee (DAC).⁴¹ After receiving over 50 years of invaluable assistance from the ICA, USAID (the agency that superseded the ICA), OECD, and other international aid organizations, Korea had become the first and only nation since the establishment of the OECD to join the DAC after transitioning from a position as an aid recipient to that of an aid donor.⁴² The rapid modernization and development of Korea was only possible through the tireless efforts of Korean citizens and government to make good use of international assistance to overcome poverty and achieve a role as a global power. Korea's dedication to international aid given its history as a beneficiary is a show of its appreciation and recognition of the transformative effect of well-given and received aid, as well as its and dedication to provide similar opportunities for growth to developing countries.

In a show of deep gratitude for the assistance the ICA and USAID provided to Korea to help it achieve its position as a global leader in healthcare, Soo-hee Chin, the former Korean Minister of Health, presented USAID with an

Award of Appreciation in 2011. The award was in recognition of invaluable support from the United States, particularly from the Minnesota Project, that helped Korean healthcare recover from the destruction of the Korean War.⁴³ In its emergence as the modern and globally competitive industry it is today, Korean medicine has successfully transformed itself from an industry in dire need of aid to one internationally recognized as a medical bellwether.

The story of Korean medicine is a remarkable one, and has come full circle in just a half century. Through its transformation from aid recipient to aid donor, Korea now stands poised to serve as an important figure in the development of global healthcare. The profound legacy of Dr. Allen and the Minnesota Project persists through the leading status of Korean healthcare and the country's dedication to international service, and now, resting on the stalwart foundation of its own healthcare system, Korea is ready and willing to shape the future of global healthcare.



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