Forward
This project was originally started as a day to day comparison between the Vietnam and Korean Wars.

The purpose is to gather as much material on the happenings of each day in the Korean War as possible and put it together in a narrative.

At the end of this forward is information on how to add to the material

It quickly became apparent that the Korean War would take all my time to complete.

I have always been interested in where the information that I read comes from, so this is my attempt to do that.

I therefore have constructed this document one sentence at a time.

The reference for each sentence is then listed.

The reference is centered and two fonts smaller than the text.

The text is done in a 12 font and the reference in an 8 font.

If the reference is a letter, oral history, or any kind of unquoted text from and individual, that person’s name is listed above the reference, with out quotation marks.

For any quoted text, the person who quoted the material is listed above the reference with quotation marks.

All references are given special abbreviations in order to make the centered notation as small as possible.

There is a page at the end of the document that lists the references and their abbreviations.

Almost all of the text is material collected from the references without any changes.

In some cases I have to make some small change, such as a name to replace a pronoun etc.

In these cases I place an “X” in front of the reference.

If I make a major change in the text I put an “X” and the original reference in brackets.

This format allows the reader to read down the page and if the source is wanted it is there.

The centering of the reference does not seem to hinder the reading.

The format allows for additional information to be inserted at anyplace in the document.

I have tried to place most of the text in chronological order, but I am sure that I have not succeeded.
Any help in this regard would be most helpful.

Any eyewitness reports that could be found are included along with text from history books.

Eyewitness reports are important, but sometimes flawed by memory, that is why I have included both eyewitness reports and historical reports in the document.

Of the references I used, when a fact appeared in more than one reference I tried to use the most readable sentence.

In most of these cases the additional sources are listed in brackets.

Occasionally I will make a comment when I see something that is needed.

In these cases the reference is “X”

There are no axes to be ground in this document, if fact I feel that the actions of this day are woefully underreported.

I hope that anyone reading this narrative and has information that is useful to please forward it to me at jbeilstein@msn.com

I will update the material with new editions in the future.

I have no plans to publish this material anywhere except the Korean War Educator.

Jim Beilstein

1950-07-05 Wednesday
0001

Colonel Smith had his men in trucks and ready to move north at nightfall.

“‘They looked like a bunch of Boy Scouts,’” said Colonel George Master, one of the men who watched the battalion moving to the front.

“I said to Brad Smith, ‘You’re facing tried combat soldiers out there.’”

“There was nothing he could answer.”

Rain

A light mist in the air.

You huddle yourself up under your poncho, you pull your chin into your neck and your head into your shoulders—still dribbles of water find the secret crevices and maliciously trickly down your back.

Your boots become heavy, the sodden khaki of your pants rubs your knees raw.

The coarse, red earth of Korea becomes a tomato paste, becomes a viscous gummy substance sucking lustfully at your feet and exhausting your legs beyond endurance.
American troops picked themselves up, hoisted their weapons and moved north.

Colonel Smith had to commandeer Korean trucks and miscellaneous vehicles to mount his men.

He discovered that finding them was relatively easy getting Korean drivers was more difficult.

But the Koreans driving the trucks balked.

“You are stupid,” one of them told Smith through an interpreter.

“The war is that way.”

“We should be going the other way,” gesturing to the south.

When Smith persisted, the drivers abandoned their trucks and bolted away into the darkness.

Even locomotive engineers refused to move their trains north.

They would bolt southward at the slightest provocation, with trainloads of ammunition and supplies for the front line troops.

The situation became so serious that it was necessary to place armed guards aboard each engine until the train was actually ready to move

“All right!” bellowed a sergeant, “we need some volunteers who can drive!”

The infantry and artillery of Task Force Smith moved out of Pyongtaek.

So the task force proceeded with GIs at the wheel.

With little or no information about the location of the NK forces Smith had the column moving without lights

General Barth, Dean’s representative, arrived at Pyongtaek just as Smith was leaving

General Barth and Colonel Smith followed the task force northward.

Refugees and military stragglers oozed south past Pyongtyaek carrying stories of those pitiless tanks.

The battle above them, they said, was a meat-grinder.

Five hundred and forty Americans.

About a hundred vehicles of various sorts toting, howitzers, C-rations, gasoline, radios, toilet paper, water, bandages, and ammunition for rifles, machineguns, mortars, bazookas, and heavy artillery, also hand grenades, rope, shovels, maps and photographs of mothers, fathers, and favorite dogs, and of girl friends, wives, mooses and whores in various graphic and gymnastic poses, also pencils and blankets, tents and knives, and even a few secret bottles of liquor.
The American army on the move.

It was only a small unit heading into battle so it traveled light.

It would leave behind the electricians and barbers, cooks and bakers, gravediggers, doctors, policemen, clerks, the thousands of men who ran the army’s movie protectors, cleaned its laundry, fattened its roads, and manipulated the incredible variety of parts and paraphernalia of modern warfare.

Rain clouds hung low, fogging the night.

They moved forward, as most soldiers move forward to battle in most wars, in drizzle and darkness.

As Task Force Smith moved north on the highway, bucking a sea of fleeing refugees and ROK soldiers, the men began to gripe.

Like other American GIs before them, they found South Korea to be a miserable place.

It was raining hard, owing to some atmospheric fluke, cold.

The rain had turned the dust, which layered all of South Korea, to sticky mud.

The stink of human feces in the rice paddies was almost unbearably revolting.

The headlong flight of the ROK soldiers was infuriating.

Since they were under blackout conditions the trucks moved slowly with only an occasional sick yellow light to pierce the darkness.

The ROK’s gave more problems as the advance continued.

The column came across some ROK engineers setting demolition charges on a bridge.

Through his interpreter Colonel Yim, Barth tried to tell them not to blow it up.

“No thought of retreat or disaster ever entered our minds.”

He never considered the possibility that the bridge would have to be blown soon to preventing North Korean tanks from using it.
The line of vehicles, stretching four or five miles along Route I, trundled slowly past Osan during the night.

The village, a small collection of huts and shacks, clustered where the highway and the railroad tracks came together.

The peasants who lived here were gone now.

Some would eventually come back and find their homes demolished.

But they still had the land.

They had outlasted conquerors and armies before.

They would be back.

Inside the trucks echoed the sounds of men going to war: the clink of canteens, the creak of leather and canvas and cotton; the grunting, the porcine belches, snores, and the atavistic breakings of wind; the soft murmer of whispered conversations; and the deep growl of heavy vehicles in low gear.

Outside, among the torrent of Koreans coursing past, sandaled feet shuffled quietly through the mud.

Perhaps a baby’s cry split the night, but if so a mothers hand or breast soon muffled it.

Two nations sliding by each other on a narrow gravel road.

The twelve mile trip through the murk took almost three hours.

0300

Osan

We got to our final positions on July fifth, at two in the morning.

We moved at night, arriving around 3:00 A.M.

Everyone was tired.

At three in the morning, Task Force Smith finally arrived at its destination five days almost to the exact hour from departure from Camp Wood in Japan.

The troops moved up to a point above Osan-ni where the road runs through a saddle of hills.

Smith selected a position that covered the highway almost up to Suwon, eight miles north.

Now they had to unload the equipment, set the 105-mm howitzers into position and dig their foxholes and their trenches.
“Everything we took with us to that hill was loaded the night of June 30th in four hours and fifteen minutes,” said retired Col. William Wyrick, then a 21st Infantry platoon leader, “which included time to find the men, to issue the orders, to decide what equipment was going, to organize the convoy and to move out.”

**Digging In**

They unloaded from their trucks behind the hills that Colonel Smith had briefly reconnoitered that day and began to climb, by platoons, through the rock and scrub amid much tired, muffled cursing and clanking of equipment.

Despite their grinding exhaustion the men immediately began emplacing their guns.

They worked somberly

Their officers were as confused as the men, for they had been told to expect to meet a South Korean Army unit to which to anchor their own positions.

In reality, there was no one on the hill.

Smith’s company commanders deployed their men as best they could, and ordered them to start digging.

At once, for the first time, Americans discovered the difficulty of hewing shelter from the unyielding Korean hillsides.

Jack Doody placed his two heavy mortars behind the infantry, under comer of the hills.

Nearby, Overholt's medics had to traverse several rice paddies to find the spot he'd staked out.

Several were reluctant to follow this new officer, a near stranger, into the eerie darkness.

“Only a few were willing,” Overholt remembered, “but as morning light began to filter through the rain, more and more of the medics fell into position.”

“We were unarmed and there was fear that the North Koreans might already be in position, also, there was no contact with the two companies ahead.”

**Fatigue**

The men became winded from the immediate task of moving heavy objects, from stumbling over unseen rocks in the dark; they were also weary beyond belief from a week of constant movement.

They had been in motion since June 28th - the day their outfits had gone on alert.

From bases in Japan they had traveled by truck and train and plane and boat for day after day.

They had of course napped along the way relaxing their bodies and closing their eyes, sleeping in brief awkward moments like soldiers everywhere.
They were never able to sleep for long.

During the past two days they had expected attack momentarily, and even naps became unusual.

By this time some of them drooped from weariness, dragging themselves from place to place in yawning stupor.

Tiredness itself became an enemy;

Eyes were red-rimmed, spongy knees buckled at unexpected moments, and fingers so clumsy cigarettes became difficult to hold and light.

One man saw an officer fall asleep while giving commands.

Then it began to drizzle—a cold penetrating drizzle

It was a slow rain, not hard, but more than a drizzle.

The men began digging foxholes on the hill east of the highway

The infantry started digging in.

Digging in with a poncho on is always a hassle and many of the men couldn’t make up their minds whether to deep them on or take them off.

It was easy digging in my platoon area.

There were a few trees and low vegetation, so clearing fields of fire was accomplished with little difficulty.

My 75, they put on one of the highest knolls.

We got off our truck and went straight up the hill.

The lieutenant told us where he wanted the gun, and up we went.

I learned later that while we were still moving north Brad Smith had gone up ahead and personally picked the position we were going to fight from

It was a good position

There were two hills where they were digging in, one on each side of the main road
By the time I got there, they were basically in position.

I had a loader with me, and we got off the truck and carried our gun up to the top on the hill on the left side of the road.

It was still dark, three or four in the morning, and it was raining.

Just miserable conditions.

For some hours, working clumsily in their poncho capes in the rain, they scraped among the rocks.

But this time the rawest recruit knew the attacking force that would be coming down the road from the north in the next few days would be led by tanks.

The combat veterans had advice: shoot for the treads, try to stop them; otherwise, go for a lucky round through the aiming slit.

The unspoken conclusion was that the men of Task Force Smith had drawn the ultimate of shitty missions.

Their unit had been plucked from occupation duty because of their commanding officer's reputation for tactical expertise, and frankly many wished they were back in Japan.

Nonetheless, the troopers fell to their work.

Below them on the road, signalers laid telephone lines to their single battery of supporting 105-mm howitzers, a thousand yards to the rear.

A few truckloads of ammunition were off-loaded by the roadside, but no one thought to insist that this was lugged up the hills in the dark to the company positions.

Guys went down to bring up ammunition and because of conditions, the hill became muddy and slippery.

Time went by.

It was raining now.

Everyone was tired, wet, cold, and a little bit pissed off.

The feeling was, why not wait for daylight to do all this climbing and digging?

The infantry parked most of their miscellaneous trucks and jeeps along the road just south of the saddle.
The artillery
Two thousand yards behind the infantry, Colonel Perry pulled four 105-mm howitzers 150 yards to the left [west] off the highway over a small trail that only jeeps could travel.

In a few hours these vehicles would save a number of lives.

A few hundred yards up the highway was a narrow trail,

Using two jeeps in tandem to pull the guns off the road Colonel Perry placed four of his five stubby howitzers in a slight gully amid some bushes.

Near a cluster of houses with rice paddies in front and low hills back of them the men arranged the guns in battery position.

Perry emplaced the fifth howitzer as an antitank gun on the west side of the road about halfway between the main battery position and the infantry.

From there it could place direct fire on the highway where it passed through the saddle and the infantry positions.

The sixth howitzer had been left at Pyongytaek because of trouble with the prime mover.

Volunteers from the Artillery Headquarters and Service Batteries made up four .50-caliber machine gun and four 2.36-inch bazooka teams and joined the infantry in their position.

The artillerymen left their trucks concealed in yards and sheds and behind Korean houses along the road just north of Osan.

Perry had seventy-three vehicles.

There were about 1,200 rounds of artillery ammunition at the battery position and in two trucks parked inside a walled enclosure nearby.

One or two truckloads more were in the vehicles parked among the houses just north of Osan.

Nearly all this ammunition was high explosive [HE]; only 6 rounds were high explosive antitank [HEAT], and all of it was taken to the forward gun.

He rounds performed excellently against infantry; they were capable of decapitation, castrating, mutilating, amputating, blinding, disfiguring and disemboweling.

But they were almost useless against modern tanks, they exploded into steel fragments which bounced off a tank's thick hide.

Bud Miley, a major general commanding Fort Bragg, North Carolina, wrote Matthew Ridgeway that he would like authorization for an experiment.

“I want to shoot at one of our medium tanks,” he declared, “and I want to be inside it at the time of testing.”
He wanted to find out, he said, what effect a high-explosive round would have on people inside a tank.

“I will guarantee that no injury will occur to any personnel, including myself.”
Letter, Miley to Ridgeway 1950-06-29

Ridgeway approved.

The Inmun Gun had Soviet-made “medium” sized, T-34 tanks.

Because of their extremely broad tracks they had what military experts call excellent “flotation,” that is they did not easily sink into baggy soil.

As a result, they were fairly maneuverable on the muddy roads of Korea.

The T-34 was fast and had a relatively low profile.

It could be very difficult to stop.

When the 52nd Field Artillery was loading out at Sasebo, Japan, the battalion ammunition officer 1st Lt Percy R Hare, drew all the HEAT ammunition, available there-only 18 rounds.

HEAT shells, according to an army manual “Can penetrate in excess of 10 inches” of armor.

When they hit a tank’s side at just the right angle, thousands of tiny metal shards burst inside and swarm about; they create a deadly holocaust for any occupants.

He issued 6 rounds to A Battery, now on the point of engaging in the first battle between American artillery and the Russian-built T-34 tanks

Comment
Incredible boobery marked this whole expedition

Once the decision had been made to send troops, the United States should have provided them with available minimal necessities.

To send unarmed men against a superior foe is not only inane, it borders on the criminal.

To assume your troops do to need adequate protection because they face an oriental force is blatant, racist stupidity.

Acting tough does not make an army invincible

It is like a junior high football coach exercising his team in 95 degree heat or a steady downpour-to “toughen them up.”

All units were in place, but not completely dug in, before daylight.

Then, for an uneasy hour or two, most of the Americans lay beside their weapons and packs, sodden clothes clinging clamishly to their bodies, and slept.

The Position
The infantry, fanned out across a mile of Korean landscape, was a thousand yards in front of the first howitzer.

The highway, likely to be the critical axis of enemy advance, passed through the shallow saddle at the infantry position and then zigzagged gently downgrade northward around several knob like spurs to low ground a little more than a mile away.

There it crossed to the east side of the railroad track and continued on over semi-level ground to Suwon.

In seeking the most favorable place to pass through the ridge, the railroad bent eastward away from the highway until it was almost a mile distant.

There the railroad split into two single-track lines and passed over low ground between hill of the ridgeline.

On his left flank Colonel Smith placed one platoon of B Company on the high knob immediately west of the highway, east of the road were B Company’s other two rifle platoons.

Beyond them eastward to the railroad tracks were two platoons of C Company.

This company’s third platoon occupied a finger ridge running south, forming a refused right flank along the west side of the railroad track.

My platoon was on the company’s right flank and covered the railroad tracks.-to some how prevent his little force from being out flanked.

We were set up along a ridge that ran at right angles to the main highway that came south from Seoul.

The infantry was dug in to the left and right of the road.

My 75 covered the road and the other gun was placed over near a railroad.

Smith split the rest of his men into two groups and put half on each hill.

He also placed a tiny remnant one hundred yards to the rear

Just east of the highway, B Company emplaced one 75-mm recoilless rifle, C Company emplaced the other 75-mm recoilless rifle just west of the railroad.

Colonel Smith placed the 4.2-inch mortars on the reverse, or south, slope of the ridge about 400 yards behind the center of B Company’s position.

During the night, South Korean soldiers, perhaps as many as one thousand, stopped just south of the artillery.

They had been fighting a losing battle for days.
They were brave but at this moment they were skittish

They watched to see how the soldiers of the United States would do.

A Lieutenant recalled his feelings about the ROK troops near him.

“We paid no attention to them.”

“We figured they were not regular soldiers and had not fought tanks before.”

Comment 2
What incredible hubris!

Shades of General Thomas Gage and the colonial militia; shades of Generals Westmoreland, Taylor, and Abrams, and Messrs. Kennedy, Rusk, Bundy, and McNamara and those skinny little Vietnamese in black pajamas.

The United States government and army had positioned 540 troops—most of them young, green and soft-directly in the path of a proud victorious North Korean Army of 40,000.

Western civilization, such as it was, was about to receive a blow to its ego to its morale, and its century old superiority over the wogs and the fuzzy-wuzzies and the gooks of the world.

Dawn
At the Osan position as rainy 5 July dawned, were 540 Americans; 389 enlisted men and 17 officers among the infantry and 125 enlisted men and 9 officers among the artillerymen.

Task Force Smith was dug in along the main highway between Suwon and Osan, which lay few miles south.

Two under strength infantry companies, with headquarters and communication personnel, it had, in addition to its rifles, two 75-mm recoilless rifles, two 4.2-inch mortars, six 2.36-inch rocket launchers, and four 60-mm mortars.

Blinking and shuffling in the first light of dawn, the men of Task Force Smith—the grandiose title their little force had been granted in a Tokyo map room—looked down from their positions.

Now waiting confidently at dawn on 5 July, Task Force Smith covered approximately one mile of front.

Brigadier General George Barth, acting general of the 24th Division artillery, inspected Smith’s position at first daylight, noting it was “on strong ground, but pitifully weak in numbers.”

He was however impressed by Smith.

“He was my man from the minute I saw him,” Barth said.

“Gen. Barth”
“His quiet confidence gave the assurance that his men would give a good account of themselves.”

“Gen. Barth”

As soon as the light was good, the riflemen test fired each of their weapons, and the artillery registered on the surrounding hills.

Then everyone went to breakfast, which consisted of cold C-rations

The young soldiers of Task Force Smith were quite confident; at this point none of them felt fear.

They had been told that this was a police action, and that they’d soon be home in Japan.

It was a happy thought, life in Japan was very good.

Almost every man had his own shoeshine boy and his own musame; in a country where an American lieutenant made as much as a cabinet minister, even a Pfc could make out.

And the training wasn’t bad.

There were no real training areas in crowded Nippon, so there wasn’t much even General Walker of Eighth Army could do about that, though he made noises.

The men of Task Force Smith carried Regular Army serial numbers but they were the new breed of American regular, who, not liking the service, had insisted, with public support, that the Army be made as much like civilian life and home as possible.

Discipline had galled them, and their congressmen had seen to it that it did not become too onerous.

They had grown fat.

They were probably as contented a group of American soldiery as had ever existed.

They were like American youth everywhere.

They believed the things their society had taught them to believe.

They were cool confident, and figured that the world was no sweat.

It was not their fault that no one had told them that the real function of an army is to fight and that a soldier’s destiny, which few escape, is to suffer, and if need be, die.

They began to pick out familiar faces; “Brad” Smith himself, a slightly built West Pointer class of 34, with competent record in the Pacific in World War II, and his executive officer, “Mother” Martain.

Major Floyd Martain was a New Yorker who had served in the National Guard from 1926 until he was called to active duty in 1940, then spent the war in Alaska.

Unkind spirits considered Martain something of a fussy old woman, hence his nickname.
Yet he also earned it by looking after his men, many of whom felt a real affection for him.

Corporal Ezra Burke was the son of a Mississippi sawmiller who was drafted in time to see a little action at the tail end of the Pacific campaign, then stayed on to share the heady pleasures of Japan occupation duty.

Burke was one of many Southerners in the unit, young men whose hometowns in the late 1940s could offer neither a paycheck nor a life-style as attractive as that of MacArthur’s army.

Now, as a medical orderly, Corporal Burke and his team were laying out their field kits in a hollow behind the battalion position.

They had “figured to be a week in Korea, settle the gook thing, then back to Japan.”

Lieutenant Carl Bernard, a 23 year old Texan, had served as an enlisted Marine in World War II.

Quickly bored by civilian life when it ended, he enlisted in the 82nd Airborne Division and was commissioned into the 24th Division in 1949.

When the Korean crisis broke, as one of the few airborne qualified officers in the division, he spent some days at the airfield supervising the loading of the transports.

Now he was put in command of 2nd Platoon of B Company, where he knew nobody, after rejoining the battalion few hours earlier.

Corporal Robert Fountain, of the Communications Platoon, watched Colonel Smith scanning the black smoke columns on the horizon through binoculars, his shoulders draped in an arm blanket against the rain.

The Colonel looked like an Indian chieftain, thought Fountain.

He himself, a 19 year-old farmboy from Macon, Georgia, was chiefly concerned whether the telephone lines would hold up.

They had been unwound, used, spliced, rewound repeatedly on maneuvers in Japan.

Yet they were now the battalion’s principal means of communication, with so many of the radios rendered unserviceable by the rain.

Fountain had found the experiences of the past few days deeply bewildering.

When his parents divorced and jobs were hard to come by, he had joined the army at sixteen because he could think of nothing else to do.

For himself, like many of the men, the flight to Korea was the first-ever trip in an airplane.

In the days since they had been strafed by presumed North Korean Yaks, which they later discovered were Australian Mustangs.
They had watched an ammunition train explode and a South Korean officer, force one of his own men to his knees without explanation and shoot him in the back of the neck.

There had been scares of enemy tanks that turned into friendly caterpillar tractors.

Fountain and his comrades left Japan under the impression that they would be away only five days.

“When the gooks hear who we are, they’ll quit and go home.”

An artillery sergeant later sighed, “Everyone thought the enemy would turn around and go back when they found out who was fighting.”

Yet now the vainglory of their departure had faded.

Fountain ate a can of cold C rations and asked if anybody had any water left in their canteens.

He felt cold, wet and confused.

They were just south of the Suwon airfield, three miles north of the little town of Osan.

One artilleryman worriedly asked what would happen if the tanks burst through the infantry.

“Don’t worry,” an arrogant trooper told him, “they will never get back to you.”

The outfit was as ready as it would ever be.

0500
Osan

Task Force Smith’s companies had been in place before dawn, but they had not yet completely dug in.

Daylight slipped into Korea and grayed the profiles of taut young American faces.

Once dawn came I could see I had a pretty good field of fire.

I had an open field to the right of me, and more open fields and rice paddies in front of me.

From up where we were, when daylight came, we could see two or three miles ahead of us.

A soldier recalls, “It was raining to beat hell.”

Task Force Smith, squatting wetly in their foxholes, water pooling around their boots, test fired their weapons to make sure they would not jam.

Their serpentine poncos slithered and swished.
Wearily, soggily, they ate their C rations, and waited.

Suwon
The men of the North Korean 107th Tank Regiment devoured their rice, joked quietly, and prepared to move out.

They were to lead their Fourth Division south.

Just the day before, they had completed the takeover of Suwon and stopped to rest and consolidate their forces.

0700
Using binoculars to peer through the rain and haze, Smith saw some movement up near Suwon.

Smith could clearly see a tank column, eight in all, grinding toward his ridge.

The tanks were moving single-file in his direction along the main highway without any infantry escort.

The tanks would have made great targets for aerial rockets, but the rain and overcast weather kept U.S. planes on the ground.

Task Force Smith could hardly been less equipped for their arrival.

Anti-tanks mines would also have helped, but Smith had none.

Eight hundred anti-tank mines arriving in Japan on June 30 were still in Pusan and the 52nd Field Artillery units were equipped with only six high explosive anti-tank rounds capable of piercing T-34 body armor.

He told his men to be ready.

Soon others next to him could see tank silhouettes along the road, ominous beetle like lumps crawling toward them.

“We all were apprehensive about the tanks, that’s for sure,” Colbey said. “because you take those T-34s—at that time, to my knowledge—that was the best tank in the world.

To my left front I could see the main highway and at first light I noticed some movement on it.

Around seven in the morning I could see a line of tanks coming down the road, which we never expected.

Tanks were the furthest thing from our minds.

About seven in the morning, I decided to open a can of C rations, and that’s when we saw the tanks.
I just dropped the can.

What the hell is this?

Nobody told us about tanks.

In the early gray dawn, Sgt Loren Chambers yelled, “Hey, look over there, Lieutenant.”

“Can you believe?”

Looking down the road toward Suwon, I made out a column of tanks.

Seems like there were eight of them.

“What are those?” I asked.

Chambers answered, “Those are T-34 tanks, sir, and I don’t think they’re going to be friendly toward us.”

The company commander was called.

Everybody got real excited about them.

The day was beginning in earnest.

Really in earnest.

Smith’s platoon leaders were walking up and down talking to the men in foxholes.

All along the crestline, the men chattered excitedly as they peered forward at this first glimpse of the enemy.

Officers hastened forward to confirm the threat.

My assistant platoon sergeant, Loren Chambers called back on the sound-powered telephone for some 60-mm mortar fire on the enemy tanks.

The answer was, “They won’t reach that far.”
“Well, how about the 81-mm mortars?”

“Sgt Loren Chambers”
1st Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-20-25

“They didn’t come over with us.”

“unknown mortar person”
1st Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-20-26

How about the 4.2s [mortars]?"

“Sgt Lorne Chambers”
1st Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-20-27

“The 4.2s can’t fire.”

“Unknown mortar person”
1st Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-20-28

“How about the artillery?”

“Sgt Loren Chambers”
1st Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-20-29

“No communications.”

“unknown mortar person”
1st Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-21-01

“How about the Air Force?”

“Sgt Lorne Chambers”
1st Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-21-02

“They don’t know where we are.”

“unknown mortar person”
1st Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-21-03

“Call the Navy.”

“Sgt Loren Chambers”
103 B-4 1st Lt William Wyrick p-21-05

“They can’t reach this far.”

“unknown mortar person”
1st Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-21-06

“Well, then, send me a camera, I want to take a picture of this.”

“Sgt Loren Chambers”
“Sgt Loren Chambers”
B-4 p-21-07

Sergeant First Class Loren Chambers, a veteran of World War II, already had five Purple Hearts.

MC p-81-13

A few minutes later a mortar fragment gave Chambers his sixth Purple Heart.

MC p-81-14

Waiting
Minutes ticked by slowly.

TC p-172-16

Lieutenant Phil Day with “C” Company felt surprise that the North Korean Force looked more powerful that he had been led to believe.

TC p-172-18

He later admitted he was ‘amazed and apprehensive to say the least.”

“1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.”
TC p-172-19

The reactions of the rest of the troops varied.

TC p-172-20
Some accepted their role calmly, phlegmatically; others were cocky and could hardly wait to emulate the heroes in all those war movies they had seen—William Bendix, John Wayne, and Robert Walker.

Some like Phil Day, were jittery, as worried that they might fail in their duty, as they were about dying.

Others were sullen, resentful at having to be there.

About two weeks earlier the regiment had sent 6 to 8 enlisted men back to the U.S. to be discharged for incompetence, but when the war started the army returned them.

Most of them behaved cravenly at Osan.

The tank column, now easily discernible, approached the waiting Americans.

In this first group there were eight tanks.

Comment

In 1950, Americans prized bravery above all human characteristics: above compassion, above goodness, above decency.

The soldiers along the road knew this.

Their mettle was about to be tested, not only in the eyes of their comrades, but in their own as well.

How they performed in the next few hours might determine their self image for the rest of their lives

To some the experience would be exhilarating, to a few shattering, to others fatal.

0800
Osan

Capt. Dashner said, “Let’s get some artillery on them.”

Miller Perry had sent a small team up with the infantry to be the artillery’s eyes.

When the tanks approached within 2,000 yards of the infantry position, the forward observation officer of the 52nd Field Artillery Battalion cranked his hand set.

At about eight o’clock Perry’s observation officer called back to him, “Target of four tanks.”

0816
52nd FAB CP

The rounds went into the stubby 105s; breechblocks clicked home.
Gunners set their sights, leveled the bubbles, and section chiefs’ arms went up.  
B-3 p-100-18
The number two howitzer fired the first two rounds, and the other pieces then joined in the firing.  
A-3 p-69-02 [TC, B-3]
The first American artillery fire of the Korean War hurtled through the air toward the North Korean tanks.  
A-3 p-69-01 [TC]
General Barth had gone back to the artillery just before the enemy came into view and did not know when he arrived there that an enemy force was approaching  
A-3 p-69-09 [TC]
He had been with Brad Smith all night, watching Smith’s troops get into position.  
TC p-174-04a
Knowing the action was of historic importance, Barth looked at his watch when the artillery opened fire.  
A-3 p-69-03 [TC, MC]  
He says it was 0816.  
A-3 p-69-03a [TC, MC]  
The infantry on the knolls heard the muzzle blast of the guns behind them and the whistle of shells overhead, and could see the explosions around the tanks.  
TC p-174-08 [KW]
Private first class Robert Roy later noted, “We were amazed at the speed at which they rumbled down the road, some distance between them.”  
“Pfc Robert Roy”  
AH 2000-06 p-60-44
“At a count of 30 or so we fired the first direct fire on the enemy in this new war...”  
“Pfc Robert Roy”  
AH 2000-06 p-61-01
The tanks were now about two thousand yards in front of the infantry holes, and still coming.  
A-3 p-100-21
Bursting HE shells walked into the tank column, spattering the advancing armor with flame and steel and mud.  
B-3 p-100-22 [KW]
The infantry observed that all this had no effect on the machines lumbering at them  
TC p-174-09 [MC]
Behind us the 105-mm howitzers (of the 52nd Field Artillery Battalion) fired several rounds but without effect.  
1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.  
B-4 p-19-30  
“Jesus Christ, they’re still coming!” an infantryman shouted.  
“unknown infantryman”  
B-3 p-100-23
The forward observer quickly adjusted the fire and shells began landing among the tanks.  
A-3 p-69-04
The NKPA tanks, dark and wicked and low-slung on the road, advanced arrogantly, seeming unconcerned by the exploding HE shells about them  
B-3 p-100-26
They scored direct hits, but apparently did not damage the tanks which, firing their 85-mm cannon and 7.62-mm machine guns, rumbled on up the incline toward the saddle.  
145 A-3 p-69-12
Lieutenant Phil Day said, “The tanks never slowed down.”  
“Lt Philip Day”
“We had no [antitank] shells that could pierce their armor so the tanks flew past us with the shells hitting behind them of bouncing off.”

Pfc Robert Roy

There was nothing mysterious about the Russian T-34, as some newspapers later claimed.

Of obsolescent design, it had been used against the German panzers in front of Moscow in the early forties; perhaps it was the best all-around tank developed in World War II, with very high mobility, a good low silhouette, and very heavy armor plating.

It could be stopped, but not with the ancient equipment in the hands of the ROK’s or Task Force Smith.

Antitank mines placed in the road would have stopped them.

But there was not a single antitank mine in Korea.

Air support might have stopped them, but because of the rain the planes could not fly.

Now the troops dug in along the ridge could count more than thirty tanks strung out on the road.

Several North Koreans, huddled on the decks of the forward tanks, died instantly.

Some of their bodies remained sprawled top the vehicles, in broadening pool of blood and mucus, but other corpses jolted slowly off and fell into ghastly heaps along the side of the road.

They were the first to die at Osan.

The tankers, thinking they were up against only a small roadblock, made no real attempt to engage Task Force Smith, but continued down the road.

Through the smoke the men could see that the tanks were not only unscathed but seemed unconcerned.

The machines stayed in perfect column and merely shrugged the howitzers’ blasts off their massive metal shoulders.

The commander of the enemy tank column may have thought he had encountered only another minor ROK delaying position.

But with this opposition, the tanks stopped and turned their 85-mm cannon on the ridge.

They fired and their 7.62-mm coaxial machine guns clawed the hillsides.

Suddenly, American soldiers pulled their heads down.

After receiving reports from the forward observer that the artillery fire was ineffective against the tanks, General Barth started back to alert the 1st Battalion of the 34th Infantry,
whose arrival he expected at Pyongtyaek during the night, against a probable breakthrough of the enemy tanks.

A-3 p-69-10 [TC]

The Americans had failed in their primary objective, for the North Koreans had not retreated in panic in the face of United States firepower and determination.

TC p-174-12

Previously, General Church had optimistically stated, “All we need in some men up there who won’t run when they see tanks.”

“Gen. Church”
TC p-174-13 [B-3]

He had been wrong

TC p-174-14

75-mm recoilless rifles

Colonel Smith knew that the 75-mm recoilless rifles he had placed covering the highway had very little ammunition.

B-3-p-100-24

To conserve ammunition Colonel Smith issued orders that the 75-mm recoilless rifle covering the highway should withhold fire until the tanks closed to 700 yards.

A-3 p-69-06 [B-3]

Lieutenant Philip Day and one of the battalion’s two 75-mm recoilless rifle sections manhandled their clumsy weapon to a position overlooking the road and fired.

KW p-18-12

I was with a 75-mm recoilless-rifle team.

1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-20-07

“Let’s see!” I shouted, “if we can get one of those tanks!”

1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-20-08

We picked up the gun and moved it to where we could get a clean shot.

1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-20-09

Inexpert, they had sited on a forward slope.

KW p-18-13

I don’t know if we were poorly trained, weren’t thinking, or if it slipped our minds, but we set the gun on the forward slope of the hill

1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-20-10

Before I fired the first round I counted thirty-five tanks coming down the road.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-04-24

When we fired, the recoilless blast blew a hole in the hill which instantly covered us in mud and dirt.

1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-20-11

The effect wasn’t nearly as bad on us as it was on the gun.

1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-20-12

The round did no visible damage to the enemy, both the ferocious backblast slammed into the hill, provoking an eruption of mud which deluged the crew and jammed the gun.

KW p-18-14

It jammed and wouldn’t fire until we’d cleaned the whole damn thing.

1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-20-12

Urgently, they began to strip and clear it.

KW p-18-15
Everyone was shitting their pants.

From what I understand now, the South Koreans had been running from the tanks, and they wanted somebody up there who wasn’t going to run.

But at the time we weren’t told that.

We weren’t told anything.

We were all eighteen, nineteen years old, a bunch of cocky guys.

We didn’t know what to expect, and we didn’t think too much about it.

I think if I’d been thirty years old I would’ve turned around and run

We didn’t realize what we’d gotten into until we saw those tanks.

But by then we were in it.

We had no armor-piercing so we tried to stop them by hitting their tracks.

We would’ve been better off throwing Molotov cocktails at them.

When we were ready again, we moved the gun to a better position and began banging away.

Some rounds were duds, some were even smoke rounds.

We could see them bounce right off the tanks.

We fired as fast as we could.

As soon as we’d get a round into the breech we’d cover our ears and let it go, get another one in, fire that one.

I swear we had some hits, but the tanks never slowed down.

But they went right through us, right on the road.

One we hit in the tracks and it slewed sideways off the road.
More of the tanks began shooting at us

1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-20-17

I saw their explosions walking up the hill.

1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-20-18

A round from one of the tanks hit right in front of my gun.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-05-08

I saw it coming.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-05-09

I saw the turret turn.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-05-10

We worked as fast as we could to try and get off another round, but the tank shot first, and all five of us were thrown back over the hill from the concussion and the earth hitting us in the face

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-05-11

I don’t know what happened to the other two guys with me, but one blast knocked me and the gun over backward.

1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-20-19

“One blast knocked me and the gun over backward.’

1st Lt Philip Day
AH 2000-06-P-61-04

I began bleeding from my ears.

1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-20-20

I wasn’t unconscious, just stunned by the damn concussion

1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-20-18

Our ears were ringing.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-05-12

We were all disoriented, couldn’t function at all for five or ten minutes.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-05-13

But the gun was all right

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-05-14

The lieutenant, he wanted us to go back and get it.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-05-15

The tank was still there, with its turret pointed right at us.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-05-16

I said to him, “I’m not going up there until that tank moves.”

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-05-17

I disobeyed a direct order.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-05-18

I said, “If you want that gun, you go get it.”

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-05-19

He didn’t go.
The gun just sat there, and the tank waited there for a while, and we kept peeking over the hill, watching the tank, until it moved farther down the road.

Pfc Robert Roy

We stayed there for a while longer and just watched the tanks.

Pfc Robert Roy

A few had stopped alongside the road and were firing into our positions, into the infantry, but none of them stayed around for long.

Pfc Robert Roy

Then our officers moved us across the road and behind a hill where the mortars were.

Pfc Robert Roy

By this time, eight, nine in the morning, it was raining like hell.

Pfc Robert Roy

**Bazookas**

The tanks kept coming.

1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.

Behind the first group came another, then another.

1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.

They passed through B Company, which was spread out on either side of the road.

1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.

Then the bazookas began their work.

AH 2000-06 p-61-06

Sergeant Bill Thornton, a rifle squad leader, asked for two volunteers to go down to the road with a bazooka.

AH 2000-06 p-61-07

“They never returned to my squad,” Thornton said.

“Sgt Bill Thornton”

AH 2000-06 p-61-08

American bazooka teams moved in close to the tanks as they passed.

1st Lt Philip Day Jr.

Lieutenant Ollie Connor, watching, grabbed a bazooka and crawled down the hill into a ditch along the road, then worked his way along the ditch until he was only 20 yards from the rear of one of the tanks, where the armor was thinner.

[AH 2000-06, B-3, KW]

Lt Ollie Connor had a bazooka in a ditch beside the road.

1st Lt Philip Day Jr.

In 1945 the serious defect of the bazooka rocket was well known—its inability to penetrate most tanks’ main armor.

KW p-18-17

The ammunition was at least five years old and some, if not all, had deteriorated while in storage.

2 AH 2000-06 p-61-14
Yet even now, five years later, the new and more powerful 3.5-inch rocket launcher had not been issued to MacArthur’s Far East Army.

As the first T-34 clattered toward the narrow pass between the American positions, Connors put up his bazooka and fired.

There was an explosion on the tank hull.

The small shaped charge burned out against the thick Russian armor without penetrating.

Angrily, Connor fired again, this time at the rear of the tank where the armor protection was supposed to be the thinnest.

But the T-34, probably the outstanding tank of World War II and still a formidable weapon, did not stop.

It roared through the pass and down the road toward the American gun line.

As its successors followed, with remarkable courage Connors fired again and again at close range, twenty-two rockets in all.

His fourth round seemed to damage one tank’s treads, and he was moving after another when someone shouted, “Behind you, Lieutenant!”

He snapped a shot at it and sprinted into a ditch,

He hit several tanks, but they continued to roll through our position.

Some of the rounds were so old they did not explode properly.

By the time he had finished, Conner had fired 22 rockets against the T-34s but managed to disable only two tanks.

Jack Doody, who witnessed Connor’s stand, described it as one of the bravest acts he ever saw.

Carl Bernard was also using a bazooka, but the 2.36-inch rocket could not penetrate the tanks’ thick armor plate.

“The seat in hell closest to the fire is reserved for those who knew this but kept quiet,” said Bernard later.

Lieutenant Jim Cox edged up to the highway and fired broadside at them without any effect.

But it was not enough.

Whether they were effective is doubtful.

“Our 2.36 was a piece of junk.”
Smith said that the bazooka ammunition had deteriorated because of age.

One tank stopped, appearing to have thrown a track.

But it continued to fire with both its main armament and coaxial machine gun.

At any one time seems like there'd be four tanks behind us curling up the hill, five going through B Company

1st Lt Philip Day Jr.

Several of them swiveled their turrets and began shooting

1st Lt Philip Day Jr.

The tankers, thinking they were up against only a small roadblock, made no real attempt to engage Task Force Smith, but continued down the road.

The others disappeared toward Osan, to be followed a few minutes later by another armored platoon.

The enlisted men of Task Force Smith stuck their heads out of their holes and watched them disappear around the bend, heading for the artillery positions.

There was nothing mysterious about the Russian T-34, as some newspapers later claimed.

Of obsolescent design, it had been used against the German panzers in front of Moscow in the early forties; perhaps it was the best all-around tank developed in World War II, with very high mobility, a good low silhouette, and very heavy armor plating.

It could be stopped, but not with the ancient equipment in the hands of the ROK’s or Task Force Smith.

The American Army had developed improved 3.5-inch rocket launchers, which would penetrate the T-34.

But happy with having designed them, it hadn’t thought to place them in the hands of the troops, or of its allies.

There just hadn’t been enough money for long-range bombers, nuclear bombs, aircraft carriers, and bazookas too.

Now painfully, at the cost of blood, the United States found that while long-range bombers and aircraft carriers are absolutely vital to its security, it had not understood in 1945 the shape of future warfare.

To remain a great power, the United States had to provide the best in nuclear delivery systems.

But to properly exercise that power with any effect in the world-sort of blowing it up the United States had also to provide the bread-and-butter weapons that would permit her ground troops to live in battle.
If it did not want to do so, it made no moral right to send its troops into battle.

B-3 p-102-15

In a little less than two hours, thirty North Korean tanks rolled through the position we were supposed to block as if we hadn’t been there.

1st Lt Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-20-22

That was our first two hours in combat.

1st Lt Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-20-23

Soon after Barth left, the North Koreans’ tank column passed through the saddle in the road and came under attack from all angles.

TC p-176-05 [A-3]

The two front tanks did halt for some reason—perhaps the bazooka teams had crippled them—and their pause proved fatal.

TC p-176-19 [A-3]

They came under the direct fire of the front howitzer, the gun with the six HEAT rounds.

TC p-176-20 [A-3, MC KW, B-3]

Both tanks began to smoke and pulled off the road to allow the others to pass.

TC p-176-21 [A-3, MC, KW, B-3]

As the last tank receded in the distance away from the infantry position—and Smith’s men could already hear the thudding of artillery shells and the chatter of machine guns from Perry’s outfit—several infantrymen approached the two crippled machines.

TC p-177-06

One tank burst into flames as they came closer, and two Korean soldiers scrambled from the fiery turret with their hands up.

TC p-177-07 [A-3, B-3, KW]

They stood there next to their burning vehicle watching the Americans, who in turn examined them warily.

TC p-177-08 [A-3]

Their apparent surrender may have been a trap because suddenly out of the tank popped another Korean with a burp gun.

TC p-177-09 [A-3, B-3, KW]

This soldier, seeing an American machine-gun crew dug in beside the road, fired at it killing and assistant gunner.

B-3 p-102-20 [A-3, TC, KW]

This anonymous American was the first of his country’s soldiers to achieve the dubious honor of dying in ground action in this war.

TC p-177-11 [A-3]

The Americans turned their guns on all three Koreans and cut them down.

TC p-177-12 [A-3, B-3]

But the first American had been killed in Korea.

B-3 p-102-22 [KW]

Lt. Lawrence C. Powers, Headquarters Company Communications Officer, 1st Battalion 21st Infantry Regiment said he saw this action.

A-3 p-69-22

Very soon the dead American would have company.

B-3 p-103-01

Nobody on the American side could later recall what happened to the other disabled tank.

TC p-177-13

Jack Doody vividly remembers one man—whose name he cannot recollect—who jumped onto a wounded T-34 and threw a hand grenade down its turret.

TC p-177-14
Presumably this was it. The third tank through the pass knocked out the forward gun and wounded one of its crew members.

The tanks did not stop to engage the infantry, they merely fired on them as they came through.

Following the first group of 8 tanks came others at short intervals, usually in groups of 4. These, too, went unhesitatingly through the infantry position and on down the road toward the artillery position.

In all, there were 33 tanks in the column. The Americans could think of nothing to do to stop them.

**The Artillery**

0900

Between 7 A.M. and 9:30 some thirty North Koreans tanks drove through Task Force Smith’s “blocking position,” killing or wounding some twenty of the defenders by shell and machine-gun fire.

The last passed through the infantry position.

Earlier in the morning it was supposed to have been no more than an academic question as to what would happen if tanks came through the infantry to the artillery position.

Someone in the artillery had raised this point to be answered by the infantry, "Don’t worry, they will never get back to you."

One of the artillerymen later expressed the prevailing opinion by saying, “Everyone thought the enemy would turn around and go back when they found out who was fighting.”

Word now came to the artillerymen from the forward observer that the tanks were through the infantry and to be ready for them.

Barth sped back toward Pyongtaek to warn the men there that enemy tanks were coming at them.

He wanted to make sure that they were prepared.

The first tanks cut the telephone wire strung along the road from the artillery to the infantry and destroyed this communication.

The radios were wet and old and wouldn’t work, and the gunners had no idea of what was happening up ahead.

“There were no communications at all.”
They knew only that a hell of a lot of tanks had come through, and that wasn't supposed to happen to them.

Communications with Perry’s artillery now faltered and soon stopped altogether.

During the next few hours the artillery was isolated.

Meanwhile down the road Perry’s howitzers began to fire on the approaching tanks.

The howitzer gunners re-laid their pieces directly on the tanks, and fired.

At ranges of from 300 to 150 yards, the 105’s just bounced off.

A 105-mm, shell hit the tracks of the third tank and stopped it.

The other tanks in this group went on through.

The North Korean tankmen were confused.

They realized a battery of artillery was somewhere in front of them, but scrunched as the tankmen were into their metal wombs, only able to peer through clitoral eye slots, they could not discern it.

About 500 yards from the battery, the tanks stopped behind a little hill seeking protection from direct fire.

Perry’s shrewdness at dragging his guns well off the road now proved valuable, for his guns were virtually invisible.

The Koreans could not wait any longer; their orders were to advance as rapidly as possible.

Cloud cover would not last forever, and American planes might appear overhead at any moment.

Then, one at a time, they came down the road with a rush, hatches closed, making a run to get past the battery position.

Answering the fire only haphazardly, they continued down the road, past the artillery site and beyond.

Some fired their 85-mm cannon, others only their machine guns.

Their aim was haphazard in most cases for the enemy tankers had not located the gun position.

Some of the tank guns even pointed toward the opposite side of the road.

The shells still bounced off.
Only one tank stopped momentarily at the little trail where the howitzers had pulled off the main road as though it meant to try to overrun the battery which its crew evidently had located.

A-3 p-70-22 [TC]

It was like a dog sniffing a scent, sniffling around it for a while.

TC p-178-09

Fortunately, however, it did not leave the road but instead, after a moment, continued on toward Osan.

A-3 p-70-23 [TC]

A badly shaken group of American gunners watched the Communist armor rumble on.

B-3 p-103-08

As the first tanks swarmed past, several bazooka teams, one led by Colonel Perry and the other by a sergeant named Ed Eversole, maneuvered close to the road.

TC p-178-11 [A-3, B-3]

As Eversole fired a round at a tank, it suddenly revolved its turret toward him.

TC p-178-12 [A-3]

God, he thought, it looks “big as a battleship.”

“Sgt Ed Eversole’s thoughts”

TC p-178-13 [A-3]

It fired its cannon at him, and the shell sheared off a telephone pole a few feet away.

TC p-178-14 [A-3]

He drove into the muck of a drainage ditch by a rice paddy, so the pole fell harmlessly over him.

TC p-178-15 [A-3]

After the tanks ahead of it disappeared, Perry sneak ed up on it with a Korean interpreter.

TC p-178-17 [A-3]

He whispered instructions to the interpreter, who called to the tankmen to surrender.

TC p-178-18 [A-3]

There was no response.

A-3 p-71-09

The North Koreans inside, probably terrified, said nothing.

TC p-178-19

Perry then ordered the howitzers to destroy the tank.

TC p-178-10 [TC, B-3]

Inside, the din must have been horrible, mind-bursting reverberations of clash and clang.

TC p-178-21

After three rounds two Koreans vaulted from the hatch, shooting as they came, one shot hitting Perry in the right leg.

TC p-178-22 [A-3, B-3]

They then jumped behind a drainage culvert near the path.

TC p-178-23 [A-3]

Perry sent a squad after them.

TC p-178-24 [A-3]

Small arms fire riddled the morning and the two Koreans fell dead.

TC p-178-25 [A-3, B-3]

Refusing to be evacuated, Perry hobbled around or sat against the base of a tree giving orders and instructions in preparation for the appearance of more tanks.

X A-3 p-71-14 [TC]

He remarked wryly that if he were not so bowlegged he might have had his testicles shot off.

TC p-179-02

Special Order 76, September 20, 1950, awarded Colonel Perry the Distinguished Service Cross

A-3 p-71-14
The four American howitzers remained undamaged.

Then the remaining T-34s pressed relentlessly on: two more, a clump of four right behind, another cluster, four more, and so on—thirty-one in all.

About ten minutes after the first wave of tanks rumbled out of sight, the second appeared, strung out down the highway in haphazard clusters of two and three, like cross-country runners near the end of a race.

They came singly, in twos and threes, apparently without any organization, and like the first, not accompanied by enemy infantry.

Many of the second group of tanks did not fire on the artillery at all.

To any troops with solid training, armed with the weapons standard to any advanced nation at the middle of the century they would have been duck soup.

But Task Force Smith had neither arms nor training.

As the new wave of tanks burst into view, the artillery battery started to come apart.

Officers ordered fire on the tanks, but the crew members began to take off.

Some men scuttled off, others simply walked away from the guns.

This was the first time Americans in Korea literally fled.

In running, Americans were doing the same thing they had sneered at their ROK allies for.

It should have—but probably did not—make them more sympathetic to the South Korean troops, whose casualty rates would be consistently much higher throughout the war.

The officers and senior sergeants suddenly found themselves alone.

Later, such actions became more common.

Soldiers would dryly call them “bugging out.”

Cursing, commissioned officers of the battery grabbed ammunition and stuffed it into the tubes.

The noncoms laid the guns and pulled the lanyards.

Sergeants and officers, led by a young first lieutenant named Dwain Scott who would receive a Silver Star for this, loaded and fired the guns themselves.

The 24th Division General Order 111, 30 August 1950, awarded Lieutenant Scott the Silver Star for action at Osan.

Again the tanks did not pause to slug it out with the battery but passed through the gap to the south.
Colonel Perry, hobbling on one leg, leaning against a tree, together with First Lieutenant Dwain Scott, talked the men into coming back on the guns.

The frightened men soon returned to their positions.

As the second set of tanks whizzed by, the 105s stopped one more of them.

Some tanks had one or two infantrymen on their decks.

Artillery fire blew off or killed most of them; some lay limply dead as the tanks went by; others slowly jolted off onto the road.

Enemy tank fire caused a building to burn near the battery position and a nearby dump of about 300 rounds of artillery shells began to explode.

One howitzer had been struck by an 85-mm shell, and destroyed, and a great many of the battery vehicles, which had been parked off the road, were smashed and burning.

Other than Colonel Perry, only one other artilleryman had been hit.

After the last tank had passed, the roadside grew quiet again.

The gunners sat down around their gun, resting, while the riflemen began to dig their holes deep.

The steady rain continued to come down.

1015
Osan
Assessment
By 1015 all the tanks had disappeared to the south.

It was quiet.

The battle’s first phase was over.

These tanks were from the 107th Tank Regiment of the 105th Armored Division, in support of the North Korean 4th Division.

Colonel Perry estimates that his four howitzers fired an average of 4 to 6 rounds at each of the tanks, and that they averaged perhaps 1 round each in return.

After the last tank was out of sight, rumbling on toward Osan, the score stood as follows; the forward 105-mm howitzer, and 2.36-inch bazookas fired from the infantry position, had knocked out and left burning 1 tank and damaged another so that it could not move, the artillery had stopped 2 more in front of the battery position, while 3 others though damaged managed to limp out of range toward Osan.

The Americans had destroyed four tanks and damaged three others, they had probably killed two or three dozen of the enemy.
For their part, the tanks had destroyed the forward 105-mm howitzer and wounded one of its crew members, had killed or wounded an estimated twenty infantrymen, and had destroyed all the parked vehicles behind the infantry position.

At the main battery position the tanks had slightly damaged one of the four guns by a near miss.

Only Colonel Perry and another man were wounded at the battery position.

Task Force Smith was not able to use any antitank mines—one of the most effective methods of defense against tanks—as there were none in Korea at the time.

Colonel Perry was of the opinion that a few well-placed antitank mines would have stopped the entire armored column in the road.

After the last of the tank column had passed through the infantry position and the artillery and tank fire back toward Osan had subsided, the American positions became quiet again.

There was no movement of any kind discernible on the road ahead toward Suwon.

But Smith knew that he must expect enemy infantry soon.

In the steady rain that continued throughout the morning, the men deepened their foxholes and otherwise improved their positions.

During the brief hiatus after the tanks left, the soldiers scurried about. Some dug foxholes and gathered ammunition in piles. Some urinated and defecated in narrow trenches, a few ate C rations. Medics tended the wounded. The smell of vomit and sweat hung in the air. Flies buzzed softly around the battlefield to gorge on blood.

Osan

Smith squinted through binoculars toward Suwon, his crow’s-feet deep with weariness and tension.

His arms ached from the weight of the glasses.

The tanks, he knew, had only been a preliminary, the steel tip of a battle lance.

Before long, infantry would arrive.

In rice-paddy terrain tanks are relatively road-bound.

They are not quite as dangerous as their clanking, bloated bodies appear.

Well trained infantry, however, can be lethal.
The column

An hour after the last of the T-34s whined through the pass beneath him, Colonel Smith, on the right-hand hill, saw a long enemy column coming out of Suwon.

Three tanks led the way forming a lumbering metal shield.

Then came an almost endless line of trucks of various sizes, and behind them shambled thousands of foot soldiers, some dressed in the mustard-colored uniform of the People’s Army, others still wearing the traditional baggy whites of the Koreans peasant.

He stared intently at it.

Smith did not know it, but he was looking at the North Korean 4th Division’s 16th and 18th Regiments.

The formation consisted of the 170th Regiment of the NKPA 150th Armored Division, which was blazing a path for the NKPA’s 4th Infantry Division coming behind on the highway in trucks and on foot in a vast snaking column six miles long.

It took an hour for the head of the column to reach a point 1,000 yards in front of the American infantry.

They moved confidently with the nonchalance of successful soldiers on the march, The whole column creeping at the slow pace of the men at the rear.

They seemed unaware that they sauntered toward death.

Their insouciance is hard to explain, the tanks which had gone by two hours ago should have told them about the American ambush.

Apparently their communication were poor or broken.

Whether the enemy column knew that American ground troops had arrived in Korea and were present in the battle area in unknown.

Later, Sr. Col. Lee Hak Ku, in early July operations officer of the North Korean II Corps, said he had no idea that the United States would intervene in the war, that nothing had been said about possible U.S. intervention, and that he believed it came as a surprise to North Korean authorities.

With battle against a greatly superior number of enemy troops only a matter of minutes away, the apprehensions of the American infantry watching the approaching procession can well be imagined.

General MacArthur later referred to his commitment of a handful of American ground troops as “that arrogant display of strength” which he hoped would fool the enemy into thinking that a much larger force was at hand.
Comment
As the column approached, young GIs [who, a few weeks before, had expected their most hazardous feats to be avoiding venereal disease or crossing streets against Japanese traffic] must have felt a tickle of fear.

It was increasingly difficult to view the enemy as some celluloid figures from their childhood—sinister, sneering, yellow men with coke-bottle-bottom glasses and buck teeth, faintly redolent of popcorn, licorice, and tootsie rolls: Saturday matinee evil; evil without harm or pain; evil which dissolves when good guys enter the scene.

So many of the American troops were only boys

A few months earlier they had been acned adolescents whose major expressions of machismo had been to humiliate the weakest, most effeminate kid in class to swagger down the school corridor giving buddies hard whaps on the arm [up near the shoulder].

What were they like, those American soldiers?

An automatic rifleman with the poetic name of Robert Burns was perhaps representative.

His mother had died when he was a boy, leaving him the only child of an aging father.

He had lived on Stony Island Avenue in Chicago in a rundown nondescript neighborhood.

The romance of military life seemed more exciting then humdrum classes at school, so when he was sixteen he lied about his age and enlisted in the navy.

But they sent him home.

Back in Chicago he was restless, irritable, and anxious to leave again.

At seventeen he joined the army.

He was an irrepressible, voluble youth, filled with all the zest a tall, good-looking, dark-haired eighteen-year-old has.

Approach
For about an hour, the column closes upon Task Force Smith’s position.

The men are no longer cocky or happy.

They were scared.

Smith held his fire until the leading tanks and trucks were only a thousand yards away.

The three tanks moved to within 200-300 yards of the American positions and began raking the ridge line with cannon and machine gun fire.

While tank fire pinned the GIs down, as many as one thousand North Koreans alighted from trucks and sidled into predetermined patterns.
Some moved directly toward the Americans, others deployed into two wings which
circled the flanks on either side.

The rest of the trucks and the infantry behind them merely waited, as if this were a
momentary inconvenience soon to be swept aside.

When the trucks arrived near our line, troops jumped out of them.

Sergeant Chambers said, “That’s their infantry.”

“This is not going to be good, you know.”

“Why,” I asked.

“They’re going to come in behind us,” he answered

“We’re sitting here guarding about 400 yards and they’ll simply walk around us.”

“You know, do an end run.”

By now the road ahead was bumper to bumper with trucks.

I waited for our artillery to open on them.

Later I learned the wire back to the howitzers had broken and the radios weren’t
functioning properly.

In any event, the artillery never fired a shot.

Rain continued to fall.

Then I saw trucks pulling up, and the North Korean infantry getting out of the trucks.

The trucks stretched back along the road until you couldn’t see them anymore.

I learned later that the truck column was six miles long.

There was something like ten thousand North Koreans coming down the road.

They piled out of the trucks, and some came straight across the fields at us while more
of them started off to the right and left to try and get around our flanks.
The North Korean infantry had come down the road in trucks, and had gotten out of the trucks and started moving around our flanks.

Pfc Bob Fitzgerald
NB p-5-27

“Throw the book at them”
When the convoy of enemy trucks was about 1,000 yards away, Colonel Smith, to use his own words, “threw the book at them.”

“Lt. Col Smith”
A-3 p-73-03 [MC, TC, B-3]

The North Korean column was congested on the narrow road; it was not prepared to fight.

B-3 p-104-18

Apparently it was not been in communication with the tank columns of the 105th Armored Brigade that had preceded it down the road, and it did not anticipate trouble.

B-3 p-104-19

While tough and battle-hardened, with a core of veterans, and psychologically prepared for battle, the NKPA was by no means a scientific military instrument by twentieth century standards.

B-3 p-104-20

With no body of technical skills to fall back upon, the handling of communications and mechanized equipment, or even of artillery larger than mortars, in its peasant soldiery was inept

B-3 p-104-21

When its core of veterans had been exhausted in battle, the newer forced-inductees would be less reliable, and the NKPA would falter.

B-3 p-104-22

But in the early months of the war, the NKPA was a better army, more ready for war, than those it faded.

B-3 p-104-23

One moment, oblivious North Koreans tramped through the mud of the road, unaware of their enemy.

TC p-183-06

The next instant machine guns stuttered their staccato chatter, mortars belched.

TC p-183-07

Behind the ridge, mortars coughed, throwing their shells in a high arc over the ridges, sending them crashing down on the truck column.

B-3 p-104-25 [A-3, MC, F-1]

Trucks exploded and burst into flame.

B-3 p-105-01 [A-3, MC, F-1]

Shouting, Koreans ran for the ditches.

B-3 p-105-02

Machine guns ripped at them as they ran.

B-3 p-105-03 [A-3, MC, F-1]

Trucks burst into flames and bodies flew onto the roadway.

TC p-183-14 [A-3, F-1]

Men were blown into the air; others sprang from their vehicles and jumped into ditches alongside the road.

A-3 p-73-06 [F-1]

Some died on the road.

B-3 p-105-04

Others reached the ditches, and were blown apart by the 4.2 shells that fell among them.

B-3 p-105-05
The column of North Koreans stopped and began to pile up in confusion.

**North Korean reaction**
As soon as the Americans began to spray them with machine-gun fire, the North Koreans went into action.

The mortars were right behind us, firing for all they were worth.

Pfc Robert Roy

A day or so later MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo released a communique accurately describing what happened at Osan.

“The American forces were confronted with a resourceful Red commander who skillfully applied frontal pressure with an envelopment.”

But now, again Colonel Smith had nothing with which to stop the three tanks.

The armored vehicles moved up close to his ridges, only 200 yards from the holes, and began to shower them with machine-gun slugs and to belt them with cannon fire.

Americans began to die along the ridge.

**Battle deaths comment**
How does one describe battle deaths?

Cardboard figures do not collapse soundlessly, nor do dying men decline in ketchup covered, slow-motion, ballet swoon.

Death is not quiet.

Sphincter muscles relax in the shock of pain and fear and great swooshes of noxious gases accompany fecal material.

Men scream in the high-pitched shrills of women in labor, in the yip-yipping of run-over dogs, in stunned surprise

Vibrato gagging sounds of retching soldiers detonate in gurgled explosions.

Men swear the earthiest expletives of their people, the coarsest, foulest curses that they know.

Some men cry, some whimper softly, only a few tumble quitely and do not move.

Nor is death clean and dignified.

Shrapnel rips filthy gashes in the abdomen and turns a man's insides out.

A soldier has little grandeur when he is cupping his intestines with gory palms or is staring down in horror at his own penis which quivers on the ground, or watching pink bubbles swim over the walls of his own lungs.
There is little nobility in aqueus humor drooling across a gray cheek, or artery ends vibrating within a stump, or the stray splinters of teeth and jagged gobblets of flesh strewn amid the carnage.

Combat is not romance.

It is vicious ferocity.

1145

The infantry attack

What Earl N. Colby saw the morning of July 5, 1950 reminded him of something those from his Baton Rough, LA, home and the Deep South know all too well.

“Fire ants,” he said, “live in a mound around which one must be careful: You touch it and ‘boom!’ thousands come out of there.”

Much like what he saw when his unit the 21st Infantry opened fire on a six mile long column of enemy troops from the North Korean Peoples Army 4th Division.

“When we cut loose on them with the .50 and .30 calibre [machine guns] and they left those trucks and started up the hill—that’s what it looked like,” Colbey said in reference to the ants.

Enemy artillery began to burst along his position now—but Smith had no communication with his own supporting battery.

The infantry was strung out along the ridge, and we were just behind them, and there was no communication between any of the units.

The tanks had run over the communications wire, and the radios in the jeeps got wet from the rain and just stopped working.

Either artillery or air could have wreaked havoc on the North Koreans congested on the road in front of him, but he had neither.

Smith believed the artillery had been destroyed by the tank column, through actually only one howitzer had been knocked out.

Colonel Perry’s 105s might have wrought terrible damage on the convoy, but his communications malfunctioned again and he did not fire.

He sent a squad to repair the wire, but they were vulnerable targets on the bare road and North Korean small-arms fire forced them back.

Again Perry ordered some men up to fix the line, and again they had to retreat.

Finally he sent one of his officers out to lay a wire directly across the rice paddies.
By this time the battle was over.

Now, behind the smoke of the burning trucks, Smith could see a thousand North Koreans in mustard colored uniforms start to deploy out into the rice paddies beside the road.

A wave of them started for his ridge; it was broken up by rifle and machine-gun fire.

Surprisingly, although they brought some machine guns around, the enemy made no real effort to flank the ridge.

American fire broke up all efforts of the enemy infantry to advance frontally.

I didn’t actually see the North Koreans deploy, because our view was blocked by the hill in front of us, but we knew their infantry must have come up behind the tanks because the mortars and our own infantry were all firing like crazy.

Me, I couldn’t see anything to shoot at.

So we got under a poncho, me and another guy, and we sat there smoking a cigarette.

An officer came by and yelled down at us, “What the hell are you doing?”

“We’re having a smoke.”

He says, “You’re about to die.”

“Yeah,” we said, “we’re havin’ our last smoke.”

That’s the way it was for us.

That was our state of mind.

We’d been told how the North Koreans were a ragtag army, couldn’t fight worth a shit, couldn’t shoot straight, all that baloney.

And what did we know?

A bunch of kids?

We just believed what we were told.

It was raining like hell.
And our ammo’s no good.

We had nothing at all to fight with.

We’d been in trouble from the beginning, only now we knew it.

Hell, it was even worse than we knew.

By now all the radios were out.

I’m pouring rounds into them now, and I could see some of them dropping in the fields.

I could hear bullets zinging past my head, I could see bullets kicking up the dirt in front of me, I could see mortar rounds coming in exploding on the hill in front and off the side of men, in among our positions.

They got us zeroed in in a hurry, and they were pouring a hell of a lot of fire into us.

I saw these two guys with a 2.36-inch bazooka down by the side of the road.

There was a North Korean tank down there, and they fired at it.

But nothing happened.

I could see the round explode against the tank, but the tank just kept on going.

The hair went up on my neck.

I thought, what the hell do we do now?

We got nothing to stop the tanks.

The North Koreans slithered close.

All at once a bugle blew a few eerie notes and a group of them rushed toward the summit.

American gunfire drove them back.

The charge was only a probing action; the real danger lay on either side.
But the bugle blast must have electrified the GIs, few of whom had ever encountered anything like it.

Military forces without adequate modern radio communications find bugles superlative instruments for transmitting messages over relatively short distances.

American soldiers in Korea would later learn to correlate bugle notes with danger.

Enemy infantry units, now out of sight, moved somewhere along our flanks.

1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-22-07

As tank fire and infantry pressure forced the Americans to concentrate on their front, their adversaries crept onto a high ridge overlooking their left flank.

There, some of them set up a base of fire while others fanned out to either side in a double enveloping movement.

Withdraw from the left side of the road
When the enemy appeared on our left, the platoon from B Company, which was over on that side, was withdrawn to the east side of the road.

1st Lt Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-22-08

This was my first day of combat, but I knew from just looking around that the enemy had a lot more men than we had.

1st Lt Philip Day Jr.
B-4 1st p-22-09

About then we started receiving small-arms fire on our flanks.

1st Lt Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-22-10

An attack was made on our front but was broken up.

1st Lt Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-22-11

Enemy mortar fire began to fall on our line.

1st Lt Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-22-12

I could hear bullets snapping around me.

1st Lt Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-22-13

We fired back.

1st Lt Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-22-14

Still raining.

1st Lt Philip Day Jr.
B-4 p-22-15

Since Task Force Smith occupied only a 400-yard front, and no other American infantry units were deployed for many miles behind them, it was immediately obvious that this action must eventually end in only one fashion

Even without their artillery, the Americans' first unexpected assault was devastating.

1230
Osan
The enemy appeared in force on the high hill to the west of the highway overlooking and dominating the knob on that side held by a platoon of B Company.

A-3 p-73-14 [TC]
Smith realized his predicament and ordered his entire force to move into one central spot, to pull into the perimeters, to draw up into a fist.

Colonel Smith decided to form a perimeter on the main hill east of the road.

He sent word to the isolated platoon to edge toward him, and he told Captain Charles Dashner, commander of “C” Company on his right flank, to pull in.

C Company moved to the south side of the hill.

The 150 or so men of Charlie Company left their positions platoon by platoon, filed down to the road, clambered up among the scrub on the other side, and and began to hack foxholes and fields of fire for themselves as best they could.

My new position there looked directly south and I could see a disabled enemy tank (but one that could still fire) on the side of the base of the hill.

We dug foxholes, but it was more difficult to do than at our original position.

Our company’s 60-mm mortars, which were located directly behind my position, were firing in support of B Company.

The enemy tank once in a while fired its maching gun in our direction.

Some people were trying to knock the tank out but they never did.

Some North Korean artillery and/or mortars landed in my platoon area.

I felt a sense of frustration—shells were falling.

I could see he tank firing and I could hear our mortar section chief giving his tubes fire adjustment commands, but there wasn’t anything I could direct my platoon against.

I wanted desperately to fire my weapon, but there just wasn’t anything within range.

Major Floyd Martin, executive officer of the 1st Battalion, meanwhile supervised the carrying of available ammunition stocks to a central and protected area back of the battalion command post.

Martin himself hoisted boxes of ammunition and carried them across open fields.

Bullets and shrapnel flew around him as he staggered back and forth.

The 4.2-inch mortars were moved up closer, and otherwise the men achieved a tighter defense perimeter on the highest ground east of the road.
In the exchange of fire that went on an increasing amount of enemy mortar and artillery fire fell on the American position.

The Koreans, meanwhile, climbed a high mound on the other side and had Task Force Smith bracketed

Shooting became extremely heavy.

Smith’s choices were not enviable.

His unit was achieving very little where it stood.

But if he chose to withdraw immediately from the position, put his men into their surviving trucks, and head south, sooner or later the column was likely to meet the Communist tanks that had gone before them.

He would gain little, with his small force, by abandoning the high ground to launch a counterattack against the enemy infantry.

Yet, if they remained in place, they could expect neither reinforcement nor relief.

Comment
Here, was an extraordinary situation.

This was the year 1950, when vast economic wealth, possession of the atomic bomb, and the legacy of victory in the Second World War caused America to be perceived as the greatest power the world had ever seen, mightier that the Roman Empire at its zenith or the British a century before.

Here, on a hill in Korea, the first representatives of United States military power to meet Communist aggression on the battlefield were the men of a mere understrength infantry battalion which now faced annihilation as a military unit.

Not all the B-29s on the airfields of the United States, nor the army divisions in Europe, the fleets at sea from the Taiwan Strait to the Mediterranean, could mitigate the absolute loneliness and vulnerability of Task Force Smith.

Those in 'Tokyo or Washington who supposed that the mere symbolic commitment of this token of American military might would suffice to frighten the North Koreans into retreat were confounded.

Subsequent interrogation of North Korean officers suggested that the encounter between their 4th Division and Task Force Smith provided Pyongyang with its first inkling of American ground-force intervention.

Neither side on the Osan road was troubled by political implications.

Osan
The Communists were using mortars now, to some effect.
American small-arms ammunition was growing short, as men stumbled up the slippery paths worn into the mud to the forward positions, dragging crates and steel boxes.

Among the boulders below the opposition, the wounded lay in widening rows, the medics toiling among them, hampered by lack of whole blood.

**Mulligan**

Vern Mulligan, a private first-class machine gunner, was firing his weapon when something shot away its tripod.

He picked the gun up and laid it on an empty ammunition box.

Enemy fire around him intensified.

Bullets hit the ammunition box and demolished it.

Then six North Koreans popped up near him.

Mulligan—filled with battle adrenaline, the elixir of heroes—lifted his machine gun, placed its barrel across his forearm, and opened fire, killing all six.

**1430 Osan**

Incredibly Task Force Smith held its positions for almost three hours.

Since Task Force Smith occupied only a 400 yard front, and other American infantry units were deployed for many miles behind them, it was immediately obvious that this action must eventually end in only one fashion.

As the hours passed, communist fire intensified and American casualties mounted.

From his command post within the perimeter, Smith followed the action with growing concern

Smiths choices were not enviable.

Smith, a courageous and competent officer, held his ridge as long as he dared.

Captain Richard Dashner the Texan World War II veteran commanding C Company, said abruptly to Major Martain, “We’ve got to get out of here."

Lieutenant Berthoff, commanding Headquarters Company, agreed.

At first, Smith said there would be no immediate pullback.

But as fire from the flanks intensified, he changed his mind.

He held fast until the early afternoon, blocking the enemy, but he was running low on ammunition, and he realized that he was going to have to extricate his force, and soon if he was going to save any of it from destruction
Large numbers of the enemy were now on both flanks and moving toward his rear; a huge enemy reserve waited in front of him along the road stretching back toward Suwon; and his small arms ammunition was nearly gone.

They could have eventually overrun us with ball bats."

Earl N. Colbey
KORUS 00-03-p-09

Small arms ammunition was almost gone; rifle ammunition was down to less than twenty rounds left, Smith’s communications had evaporated, even with his artillery a mile behind.

He had no information on where the T-34’s were or what they were up to in his rear

He feared that the tanks had destroyed Battery A’s howitzers, from which he was now receiving no fire support.

He had no communications, not even with Colonel Perry’s artillery a mile behind him, and he could hope for no reinforcements.

Perry’s artillery had fired on the enemy infantry as long as the fire direction communication functioned properly, but this too had failed soon after the infantry fight began.

His task force was surrounded except for an escape corridor on the left.

To retain his position meant certain death for his men.

There was no air support, not even a liason plane to guide them to safety because of the solid, low overcast.

Had it been present it could have worked havoc with the enemy-clogged road.

Clearly it was time to withdraw, if his task force was to be saved from destruction.

As he later said with unintentional irony; “in an obviously hopeless situation, with many casualties, no communication, no transportation, ammo gone, and the enemy tanks now well behind us, I was faced with the decision; What the hell to do?”

“To stand and die, or to try to get the remains of my task force out of there?”

“I could last, at best, only another hour, and then lose everything I had.”

“I chose to try to get out, in hopes that we could live to fight another day.”

He could not afford to wait for darkness to screen the movement.

A withdrawal under fire is one of the most difficult of all military maneuvers.

With seasoned troops it is dangerous, but with green men, undisciplined, badly shocked by the new and terrifying experience of battle, it can be fatal.
About 2:30 p.m., with large numbers of North Koreans on both his flanks and moving toward his rear, Colonel Smith decided the time had come to get out.

He gave the order to withdraw, a difficult maneuver in daylight while under heavy enemy attack.

It did not go well.

He had waited too long.

Moreover, his withdrawal orders were hasty and fumbling.

An organized retreat is a complicated and tricky maneuver.

Students of military history who have studied the campaigns of George Washington, Frederick the Great, or Robert E. Lee know this basic military fact.

The skirmish at Osan illustrates it once again.

**Withdrawal**

Before the withdrawal, considering they had been facing an overwhelming enemy since almost eight that morning, Smith’s casualties were not devastating—most likely only a handful killed and two dozen or more severely wounded.

Smith planned to withdraw his men by leapfrogging units off the ridge, each jump of the withdrawal covered by protecting fire of the next unit ahead.

But leapfrogging only works when the vaulter becomes the vaultee, when all the frogs in line play the same game so that the last one can leap his fellow amphibians all the way to the rear.

But retreat from Osan became a helter-skelter flight.

The selected route of withdrawal was toward Osan down the finger ridge on the right flank, just west of the railroad track.

What happened next has been characterized as a headlong retreat.

North Korean troops poured into better positions, troops panicked for fear of being left behind.

First off the hill was C Company, followed by the medics, then battalion headquarters, and, finally, B Company, except its 2nd Platoon which never received the withdrawal order.

At the time of the withdrawal the men carried only small arms and each averaged two or three clips of ammunition

But the retreat was costly and disorganized.
No one later could estimate how many died during the first part of the withdrawal.

Weapons groups had to abandon machine guns and mortars too heavy to move any distance by hand.

The route was to be down the ridge between the railroad and the highway and thence along the road and stream valley to Osan.

When the troops heard the withdrawal order, discipline broke, and many men panicked and “bugged out” for the rear, throwing away BARs [Browning automatic rifles], machine guns, ammo, M-1 rifles, carbines, helmets, boots, and even shirts as they plunged wildly into stinking, slippery rice paddies, chased by burp-gun fire.

As men saw others leaving the hills they hastened to join them, fearful of being left behind.

Cohesion quickly vanished.

The debris of retreat lay strewn behind them as they went.

Getting up from its holes to withdraw, Task Force Smith now came under heavy machine-gun fire from the flanks, and here it took its heavy losses.

At close range, automatic weapons chewed the retreating Americans, breaking them up into small, disorganized units.

There was no question of escaping along the road, open and vulnerable to raking machine guns as far as the eye could see.

They could only scramble through the fields, balancing precariously on the the intervening dikes, down the farm tracks as fast and as best they could, until they met friendly forces.

It was during the withdrawal that its imperfections as a fighting unit became apparent.

The Americans were softened by years of inadequate training and military neglect, bewildered by the shock of combat dismayed by the readiness with which the Communists had overwhelmed them and the isolation in which they found themselves.

Earl N Colby

Colby who belonged to the Medical company, stayed behind.

He said about the order to withdrawal, “I didn’t even know about it.”

“When I looked around there was nothing up on the hill but North Koreans and a couple of our guys.”

“We fought our way off the hill and went across some rice paddies, spent the night in the village that night and then the next day we joined some other guys from Task Force Smith.”
“We ran into a roadblock and were captured by North Koreans.”
Earl N Colbey
KORUS 00-03 p-09-46

“They had more medics captured than anything else.”
Earl N Colbey
KORUS 00-03 p-09-50

A lot of medics would stay back with the wounded, and when the North Koreans overrun them, they shot the wounded and took the medics.
Earl N Colbey
KORUS 00-03 p-09-52

“They were trying to save the guys’ lives,”
Earl N Colbey
KORUS 00-03 p-09-53

Colbey remained a prisoner of war for 37 months and 17 days.
KORUS 00-03 p-09-54

**Lt. Col. Brad Smith**

About the time B Company, the initial covering unit, was ready to withdraw, Colonel Smith left the hill, slanted off to the railroad track and followed it south to a point opposite the artillery position.

A-3 p-74-22 [B-3]

From there he struck off west through the rice paddies to find Colonel Perry and tell him the infantry was leaving.
A-3 p-74-23 [B-3]

Brad Smith decided to try to reach Miller Perry’s outfit himself.
TC p-192-09

He had not had any communication with it since morning, since the tanks had charged it.
TC p-192-10

He assumed it was in a shambles, perhaps everyone dead or gone, but he felt obligated to inform anyone still there that he and his men were leaving.
TC p-192-11

He was not optimistic.
TC p-192-12

Perry had only had a few more than 120 men.
TC p-192-13

If the tanks had not destroyed them, certainly the North Korean infantry, already well south of the knolls, would have annihilated such a puny, defenseless group.
TC p-192-14

As Smith crept through the rice paddies, he suddenly came across the wire party Perry had sent out to reopen the lines with the infantry
TC p-192-15 [A-3]

Together they returned to the howitzers.
TC p-192-16 [A-3]

Smith was astonished.
TC p-192-17

Not only were all four artillery pieces in working order, but only three men were wounded.
TC p-192-18 [A-3, F-1, B-3, PP]

Enemy infantry had not yet appeared at the artillery position
A-3 p-75-03

When Smith ordered the artillerymen to withdraw, they moved with alacrity.
TC p-192-19 [A-3, B-3]

They had not know the details of the unseen battle in front of them, but their ears, trained to recognize the various sounds of gunfire, had guessed its nature they had been able to
tell that Smith’s group was facing a large infantry force and that the Americans were losing.

TC p-192-20

Now they realized they only had a few minutes before North Korean infantry appeared.

TC p-193-01

They removed the sights and breech locks from the guns and carried them and the aiming circles to their vehicles

A-3 p-75-05 [TC, F-1, B-3, PP]

An artilleryman’s dictum is that you almost never abandon your guns, but if you must, dismantle them before you leave.

TC p-193-03

Smith, Perry, and the artillermen walked back to the outskirts of Osan where they found the artillery trucks as they had left them, only a few being slightly damaged by tank and machine gun fire.

A-3 p-75-06 [TC, F-1, B-3, Y-3, LOK]

The relieved soldiers clambered aboard.

TC p-193-06

Perry and Smith planned to take a road at the south edge of Osan to Ansong, assuming that the enemy tanks had gone down the main road toward Pyongtaek.

A-3 p-75-07 [TC, Y-3]

As they came around a bend in the highway, not quite out of Osan, they abruptly stumbled upon three enemy tanks.

TC p-193-08 [A-3, B-3, PP, Y-3]

Several North Koreans were standing around nonchalantly smoking cigarettes.

TC p-193-09 [Y-3]

Stunned, the North Koreans and Americans gazed at each other for a moment, then the Americans turned back and found a dirt road that lead eastward.

Y-3 p-62-08

Miller Perry, in a marvelous understatement, said that the Americans “retired smartly around their flank.”

TC p-193-10 [A-3]

In other words, they spun their jeeps and galloped north again.

TC p-193-11 [A-3]

Neither side fired a shot.

TC p-193-12 [A-3, Y-3]

On the north edge of town Smith and Perry discovered a dirt road

TC p-193-13 [A-3]

They turned in, hoping it would not lead to a dead end, that it would take them to safety.

TC p-193-14 [A-3, PP]

They followed a secondary road southeast to Ansong, where David Smith’s 3/34 was outposting the flank.

F-1 p-B-3

Unfortunately, not knowing where the enemy tanks were Smith had not designated any rear assembly position.

LOK p-54-05

Infantrymen moving individually or in small parties under their officers and noncoms drifted south to an area between Pyongtaek and Ansong

LOK p-54-06 [A-3, TC, B-3]

Some of the men had taken off their shoes in the rice paddies, others were without head covering of any kind, while some had their shirts off.

A-3 p-75-13 [B-3]

Infantrymen, covered with the stinking mud of the rice paddies, seeing them, tottered onto the road.
The convoy rescued about a hundred of them.

Smith, wanting to collect as many men as he could, drove slowly down the path looking on either side for his troops.

The vehicles continued on unmolested, arriving at Ansong after dark

There was no pursuit.

Miller Perry and a handful of others rushed ahead, to get word to headquarters.

They raced toward Pyongtaek, hoping the tanks had not reached there first

The American vehicles got back to Pyongtaek after midnight and later went south to to Chonan about fourteen miles below Pyongtaek.

1st Lt. Philip Day Jr.

Enemy fire got worse, especially of the flanks, Sergeant Chambers yelled, “Hey Look!”

There they are on the knoll behind us!

I looked around and, Christ, there were North Korean troops behind us!

Dashner ordered us back off the hill.

“Fall back to the next ridgeline!”

We were to go by platoons, leapfrogging each other.

When we moved out we began taking more and more casualties.

2nd Lt. Carl Bernard ran up.

His glasses were wet.

“Get your platoon on back there, we’ll cover you from here!”

Bernard was having a ball.

Guys fell around me.

Mortar rounds hit here and there.
One of my young guys got it in the middle.

My platoon sergeant, Harvey Vann, ran over to him.

I followed.

“No way he’s gonna live, Lieutenant.”

Oh, Jesus, the guy was moaning and groaning.

There wasn’t much I could do but pat him on the head and say, “Hang in there.”

Another of the platoon sergeants got it in the throat.

He began spitting blood.

I thought for sure....

For the rest of the day he held his throat together with his hand.

He survived, too.

On the other side of the hill we crossed into a rice paddy.

In combat boots you don’t go very fast in mud and water.

Although we were young, we became exhausted just trying to run.

This was a terrible time.

All around I saw enemy fire kicking up spurts of water

Guys stopped and removed their boots, threw their helmets away, stripped themselves of everything that slowed them down.

A hundred yards farther, Sergeant Vann called to me, “Hey Lieutenant, sir, I’m not gonna go running across this damn field like a water bug.”
“Look, we got six or eight guys down here.”

“I’m gonna stay with them.”

“Let me stay.”

“Somebody’s got to take care of them.”

“They’re in bad shape.”

“They can’t walk.”

“We can’t carry them.”

“It’s too far.”

“Jesus Sergeant, I said, “we gotta go.”

“We got our orders.”

“I order you to come on.”

My assistant platoon sergeant, Bailey, a younger feller, Texan, ran over to me.

“Sir, I’m gonna stay with Harvey.”

I yelled, “Now wait a minute!”

“What’s going on here?”

“I got a platoon and we got a company—”

Bailey interrupted, “Harvey’s old and he can’t take care of himself.”

“If I don’t stay with him, who’s to know what’s gonna happen?”
They said, “We’re gonna stay with the wounded.”

And they did.

It was raining still, and it was lousy.

No one set up another defensive position.

We moved as fast as we could.

Everything had broken down and it was every man for himself.

I was in a small column.

We kept to the rice paddies and away from the road where we knew the NK [North Korean] tanks were.

All day we wandered around over the landscape.

**1st Lt. William Wyrick**

In mid afternoon—it was hot now—Lieutenant Harold Dill [another platoon leader in C Company and I were called to the company CP [command post].

Colonel Smith was there and he instructed us to take our platoons to a ridge line east-southeast of our present position and there cover the withdrawal of the rest of the battalion.

Dill would be on the left and I’d be on the right.

I called together my platoon sergeants and gave them a fragmentary defensive order, pointing out the flanks of our new position.

I instructed my platoon sergeant, “I’m going to reconnoiter.”

“Get the platoon up, Sergeant, get their weapons and equipment and move them to that point,” and I pointed to and identifiable position in our new location, “and I will join you there.”
I made my reconnaissance and moved to the designated area on the new hill but my platoon never joined me.

I found out later it had gone south with the main body and had not followed me east.

I looked around and found some men.

By this time the battalion had withdrawn off the main hill and I could see enemy soldiers moving south.

The small group I was with started east toward the railroad.

Between us and the tracks were rice paddies.

These were actually small, irregular ponds surrounded by narrow dirt dikes.

Because of their irregularity there was never a direct route across a rice paddy.

When I was my turn to cross, a machine gun behind me on my left opened fire.

It was a terrifying experience.

The dikes were narrow and slippery; if I’d fallen off, I would have been waist-deep in mud and water.

Bullets hit all around me.

I became separated from the men I’d been with.

I made tracks and on the other side I met 1st Lt. Bodie Adams.

We climbed a hill and were fired on all the way to the top.

Bodie and I actually took turns assisting each other up the hill.

Eventually we joined a group of men with whom I moved east.

About a quarter of them still had their weapons.

We moved slowly because we carried some wounded with us.
We reached a valley and turned south.

Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-24-23

I do not have any idea of the time of day when we rested, but it had to be late afternoon.

Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-25-14

We still had several hours of daylight, as it didn’t get dark until 9:00 or 9:30 PM.

Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-25-15

I did not have a map, but I have a good sense of direction and I knew that the town where C Company had been dug in the night of July 3, Ansong, was located several valleys to the east and then several miles to the south.

Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-25-16

We moved east slowly as we had some wounded with us.

Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-25-17

I would say that about 25 percent of the men had weapons at that point.

Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-25-18

I organized the column so that some of the men who had weapons were on point and the remainder were following up as rear guard.

Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-25-19

The wounded were in the center of the column to be assisted by the men who had lost, or whatever, their weapons.

Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-25-20

As we moved to the east, we caught up with a U.S Army Engineer captain and one or two sergeants.

Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-25-21

They had been advisers to a Korean Army Engineer unit and were visiting our battalion headquarters when the enemy attacked.

Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-25-22

Since, he outranked me, I requested that the captain, as senior line officer, take charge.

Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-25-23

He refused to do so, indicating he was not an infantry officer.

Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-25-24

As we reached the valley where I had decided to turn south, we met some North Korean soldiers moving down the valley from north to south.

Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-25-25

It was touch and go for a few minutes before we decided, at a distance, that each other was friendly.

Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-25-26

Soon afterward I had a disagreement with the engineer officer concerning the direction we would take and he departed to the east with his group.

Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-25-27

The South Koreans either went with him or departed on their own within a short time.

Lt. William Wyrick
We had crossed the mountains by following trails, but now we moved south on the dirt road running down the middle of the valley.

Lt. William Wyrick  
B-4 p-25-28

It must have been 7:00 or 8:00 PM, although it was still good daylight.

Lt. William Wyrick  
B-4 p-25-29

I don’t remember any rain after crossing the first ridge east of the railroad.

Lt. William Wyrick  
B-4 p-25-30

We had little or nothing to eat as all rations had been consumed or thrown away earlier during the day.

Lt. William Wyrick  
B-4 p-25-31

Some men would run out into the fields on either side of the road to dig vegetables to eat.

Lt. William Wyrick  
B-4 p-26-01

We were not able to physically stop them, and once they left the road they didn’t respond to our orders to return.

Lt. William Wyrick  
B-4 p-26-02

I know some of them did return to the column after finding some food.

Lt. William Wyrick  
B-4 p-26-03

We never had a list of the group and there was never a roll call afterward, so there isn’t any method to determine if all of those who ran off looking for food ever made it back to friendly lines or not.

Lt. William Wyrick  
B-4 p-26-04

We continued to move, stopping only for breaks every thirty to forty minutes.

Lt. William Wyrick  
B-4 p-26-07

We were exhausted and it was very difficult to get everyone up and moving again as most were falling asleep during the short ten-to-fifteen-minute breaks.

Lt. William Wyrick  
B-4 p-26-06

It is awfully hot in Korea in July.

Lt. William Wyrick  
B-4 p-26-07

We were out of treated water and were drinking out of the rice paddies.

Lt. William Wyrick  
B-4 p-26-08

By the time it grew dark, 9:00 to 10:00 PM, we were completely exhausted and were stopping for breaks more frequently.

Lt. William Wyrick  
B-4 p-26-09

It became more and more difficult to get everyone up and moving again.

Lt. William Wyrick  
B-4 p-26-10

All of a sudden I woke up.

Lt. William Wyrick  
B-4 p-26-11

I was flat on my back and it was raining.

Lt. William Wyrick  
B-4 p-26-12
I was alone.

Very quickly I rolled off to the side of the road and concealed myself from the view of anyone walking on the road.

The last thing I remembered doing with the group was going up a hill.

It was around 2:00 AM I was now fully alert.

I could see the high ridgelines of mountains on either side of the road, but I could not detect signs of life or lights.

I realized I had slept through the end of a break and the group had moved off without me.

I decided I would travel south, by compass, on the low ground by night and hole up on a ridgeline during the daytime.

While moving I would avoid habitations and during the day I would be able to observe any enemy movement in the area.

Keeping my carbine at the ready, I moved south for about an hour and a half without incident.

About 3:30 AM I came to a road junction.

There was a village off to the left, while the main road continued to the south.

It was a dirt road and in the mud I could see many tracks turning to the left toward the village.

I decided that my group had gone to the village, but I had no idea what sort of reception they had gotten.

I knew from several years’ experience in Japan that it would be practically impossible to walk around the edge of a village at night—rice paddies, dogs, "honey" pits, and so forth.

I decided to approach the village using the road and was ready to beat a hasty retreat if I met an unfriendly reception.

Just before I reached the edge of the village, I heard a challenge in Korean.
I knew three Korean words at that time.

On the way north someone had told us that “me-gook” meant “American,” that “ee-da-wa” meant “come here,” and “ka-da” meant “get away.”

I responded “me-gook” and the guy, a Korean policeman, didn’t shoot at me.

He let me approach and use his telephone to call the police station in the center of town.

I discovered that my group, plus a group led by my company commander, Captain Dashner, were already at the police station.

Someone then took me there

It was about 4:00 AM when I arrived at the station.

In addition to those previously named, Lieutenant Philip Day and first Sergeant Godbey were there.

The group now numbered thirty or forty individuals, including some from battalion headquarters.

Captain Dashner told me he had been in contact with a unit of the 34th Infantry Regiment in the next town to the south and that they would send trucks for us at first light.

I had a hot cup of coffee and something, probably rice, to eat

Then I made a mistake; I took off my wet boots and went to sleep.

About an hour later, around 6:00 AM, someone shouted that the North Koreans were approaching the north edge of town.

I had a very difficult time getting my boots on; in fact, I thought for a while I was going to go barefoot.

We took off on foot and arrived at the next town about an hour later without incident.

There was a battalion of the 34th there and we rested alongside the road while we waited for transportation.
I remember that some women brought us balls of rice to eat; in fact, that was all we had to eat that day.

Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-27-19

It tasted very, very good

Lt. William Wyrick
B-4 p-27-20

**Pfc Robert Roy**

I heard Brad Smith give the order to withdraw

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-06-19

He was up on the hill behind us.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-06-20

He just stood there and gave the order verbally.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-06-21

Just yelled it out

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-06-22

I don’t remember exactly what he said, if he said “Every man for himself,” but they were words to that effect.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-06-23

So we got the word, but I found out later that one platoon never did get the word to pull out.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-06-24

They were left there all by themselves.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-06-25

Some of those guys eventually got out, and some didn’t.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-06-26

As soon as we heard the withdrawal order we took off down the hill and crossed the road, but by now the North Koreans had gotten behind us.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-06-27

They had the high ground, and I was down in a rice paddy and all friggin’ hell broke loose.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-06-28

It sounded like a bunch of bees.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-06-29

Friggin’ bullets bouncing all over the place.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-06-30

Everybody just kept going, as fast as they could.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-06-31

Slipping and sliding through the rice paddies.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-06-32

Like I say, I don’t remember the exact words Brad Smith used, but by now it was definitely every man for himself.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-06-33
Nobody wanted to be the last one out of there.

We were supposed to destroy our gun, but we didn’t have anything to destroy it with.

There’s a self-destruct charge you drop in the breech.

We didn’t have any of those.

We didn’t have any grenades.

As gunners we didn’t even have rifles.

All we had was our .45s.

We just left the gun where it was.

Normally what you do when you have to withdraw is you set up a rendezvous point.

Then you retreat in an orderly fashion toward that point.

But there was never any rendezvous point.

No body told us anything.

So we all took off on our own.

I was with a squad of guys who all got captured.

Every one of them except me.

I went over a railroad embankment, running like a bastard, because the North Koreans were still firing at us from the hills.

Everybody was with me when I went over the embankment but after running three or four hundred yards I turned around and Jesus, I’m alone.

I’m in the middle of all these rice paddies, and I’m thinking, Where the hell is everybody?

I found out, forty years later, that everybody else went down the right side of the railroad tracks.
They went due south, where the North Korean tanks were, and they got captured.

Most of them spent the war as POWs

I went down the left side, kind of southeast, because I wasn’t about to go where those tanks were.

I ran into some guys from one of the infantry companies.

They told me what happened up on the ridge.

They’d made a pretty good fight of it, but then their ammunition ran out.

They were going southeast too, and I joined up with them, and we just kept walking.

It was still raining.

Just pouring down.

We didn’t know where we were going.

We finally ran into some people from the 34th Regiment, which was deployed south of us, but we had no idea they were there.

We were just trying to get away from the North Koreans.

Those people in the 34th had just gotten orders to pull back.

They had a sergeant with them who was wounded, and I was O type and I volunteered to give him a pint of blood.

I did that because they said they’d give me a ride.

Well I gave him a pint of my blood, and they all loaded up on a jeep, and guess what?

There was no room for a ride.

I had to walk.
It wasn’t funny, because I had to walk almost forty miles before we finally stopped and got reorganized.

What was left of us.

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-07-33

Pfc Robert Roy
NB p-07-34

**Pfc Bob Fitzgerald**
We held them off for seven hours, until our ammo ran out.

Pfc Bob Fitzgerald
NB p-11-08

But there was no pre-planned route of withdrawal, and there was no regrouping area.

Pfc Bob Fitzgerald
NB p-11-09

So when the time came to get out of there it wasn’t a withdrawal, it was a rout.

Pfc Bob Fitzgerald
NB p-11-10

The only withdrawal order we got, and I’ll always remember this, was somebody up on a hill yelling, “Everyman for himself!”

“Unknown voice”
Pfc Bob Fitzgerald
NB p-11-11

That was it.

Pfc Bob Fitzgerald
NB p-11-12

We left the gun where it was and took off down the hill.

Pfc Bob Fitzgerald
NB p-11-13

We ran down to the bottom of the hill, and there were some officers there, in a group by themselves.

Pfc Bob Fitzgerald
NB p-11-14

I can remember a couple of the captains and one lieutenant.

Pfc Bob Fitzgerald
NB p-11-15

I overheard one of them say, "I understand they’re not taking prisoners."

Pfc Bob Fitzgerald
NB p-11-16

It sounded to men like they were trying to decide whether or not to surrender, and I made my own decision about that.

Pfc Bob Fitzgerald
NB p-11-17

They could go their way and I’d go mine.

Pfc Bob Fitzgerald
NB p-11-18

To the left of me there was a rice paddy, and I heard a sergeant say,” I’m going across this rice paddy, and I want every one of you to follow me.”

Pfc Bob Fitzgerald
NB p-11-19

Not everybody did, but I was right behind him.

Pfc Bob Fitzgerald
NB p-11-20

There were a couple of guys behind me.

Pfc Bob Fitzgerald
NB p-11-21
We crawled through the muck of that rice paddy on our hands and knees, trying to keep down, below the rice paddy there was a plowed field, and we ran across that, zigzag, with the bullets kicking up the dirt.

There was a woodline at the far end of the field and we hid there in the trees for a while.

We picked up a few more stragglers, until there was about a dozen of us.

There was a second lieutenant, two first lieutenants, and the rest enlisted men.

We spent the next eighteen days trying to get back to our own lines.

We traveled only at night, always trying to head south, and every day we’d find a clump of bushes or some woods or some other place where we could hide.

Every so often we had to take chances to get food.

There were still some friendly South Koreans around but they were skittish.

They were afraid that if they got caught helping us the North Koreans would shoot them, which I believe happened in a number of cases.

So they had good reason to be scared.

But we did manage every so often to get some rice.

And water.

Nothing else.

After eighteen days on the move we started to hear artillery rounds going off to the south of us, and small-arms fire, so we knew we had to be getting close to our lines.

Early one morning, just as it was getting light, we ran into a couple of Korean civilians, a man and his wife, with a wooden cart packed with all their belongings.

They spoke fairly good English so we asked them if there were any North Koreans ahead, in the direction of the firing, and they said no, no North Korean, you don’t have to worry, everything’s all right.

So one of our officers decided we’d move during the day.
I didn’t like the idea, but everybody else was going so I went along too.

We were near a road, with a rice paddy off to our right, and after that more hills, and after the two civilians left we moved out into the road for a while and then started to cross the rice paddy.

We were about halfway across when a voice behind us yelled, “Come back! Come back!”

We turned around, and the entire back edge of the paddy was covered with North Koreans.

They had machine guns, rifles, burp guns, everything aimed right at us.

We put our hands in the air and walked back toward them.

They tied our hands behind our backs with commo wire, cracked us with a few rifle butts for good measure, and marched us away.

**Corporal Robert Fountain**

Corporal Robert Fountain never heard any order to withdraw—he simply saw men streaming past him, who glanced to answer his question, about what was happening: “We’re pulling back.”

Fountain joined them.

He scrambled past an American sitting upright against a dike wall, stone dead.

Suddenly he found himself face to face with two baled-out North Korean tank crewmen.

The next man shot one, Fountain killed the other as he ran toward a house.

Then the American stumbled through the waterlogged paddies amid machine-gun from the positions the battalion had abandoned.

In a wood, he met a group of sixteen other Americans.

He took out a knife and cut off the tops of his combat boots so that he could get the water out.

Two sergeants organized the group.

They set off again, attempting to carry the wounded among them.

One man, a Japanese-American, was shot in the stomach.
When they reached a deserted village, they left him there, dying.

Fountain found a turnip root and ate it.

They walked on through the darkness for many hours, following a group of South Korean soldiers they encountered.

They reached a Korean command post in a schoolhouse where they slept for a while.

Then somebody shouted, “Tanks coming!”

They piled into a truck and drove for some miles until the truck blundered into a ditch and stayed there.

They began walking again, and eventually found themselves in the lines of the 34th Infantry.

**Major Martain**

Floyd Martain and the little team in the battalion command post struggled to burn their confidential papers, but found them too wet to catch fire.

They dug a hole and buried them, then started walking, following the tracks south.

After some hours, Martain’s little group saw some trucks and hastily took cover.

Then to their overwhelming relief, they found that these were American vehicles carrying some gunners, who had blown up their pieces rather than attempt to get them out, an action which infuriated some officers, and Colonel Smith himself.

After a nerve-wracking hide-and-seek with enemy tanks as they crossed country, they reached positions of the 34th Infantry.

**Ezra Burke**

Ezra Burke came off the hill with four of his medical team, two stretcher cases and one walking wounded.

As they staggered onward with their burdens, they kept halting and glancing back, hoping they had out distanced their pursuers.

But all that afternoon they could see files of North Koreans padding remorselessly behind them.

At last, they split.

Burke headed southwestward with two others.

They were soaking wet, exhausted, and above all desperately anxious to be reunited with their unit and their officers, with anyone who could tell them where to go and what to do.
They huddled miserably together through the hours of darkness, and at first light began to walk again.

On a hill above Pyongtyaek, they met Lieutenant Bernard and his seven-strong group and continued south with them.

**Lt. Bernard**

One platoon of B Company never even received the withdrawal orders and only discovered it was left behind when a messenger it sent to the command post rushed back to say no one was there.

The platoon commander, Lieutenant Carl Bernard, organized what was left of his platoon and took off as fast as he could.

At the base of the hill they found the medical orderlies still coping with a large group of wounded.

They took with them such men as could walk, and left the remainder to be taken prisoner.

The Lieutenant divided the survivors of his platoon into groups, sending one with a private soldier who had been a scout and taking the other himself.

He had no compass, but in an abandoned schoolhouse he found a child’s atlas.

He tore out the page showing Korea and used it to navigate.

In the hours that followed, his group survived a series of close encounters with enemy tanks.

Bernard bartered a gold Longines watch that he had won playing poker on the boat from San Francisco for an old Korean’s had hand cart on which to push a wounded NCO.

**Bernard-Burke**

Ezra Burke joined Lieutenant Bernard’s group.

Thenceforward, they hid most of the day and walked by night.

For two days Bernard and his men, totally isolated and without any rations, wandered south.

Starving, they risked creeping into a village and bartering possessions with mama-san for a few potatoes.

They met two Korean soldiers with whom they walked for a time.

Then a South Korean Lieutenant who talked to them declared his conviction that the men were Communists.

The two ran off across the rice paddy.
Burke fired at them with a carbine and missed.

Bernard caught them with a BAR just before they reached a wood.

On July 7 Bernard and twelve of his platoon staggered into Chonan.

They arrived at Chonan only half an hour ahead of the enemy.

They reached American positions July 10, five days after the battle at Osan utterly exhausted, their feet agonizingly swollen.

The next day Burke was found to be suffering from a kidney stone and was evacuated by air from Taejon to Osaka.

Carl Bernard spent some painful hours in a field hospital, where the grenade fragments were picked out of his face and hands.

Then he slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, for an entire day.

Artillery volunteers
None of the 5 officers and 10 enlisted men of the artillery forward observer, liaison, machine gun, and bazooka group with the infantry ever came back.

On 7 July, five officers and twenty-six enlisted men from the artillery were still missing

Wounded
They had no alternative but to leave behind all the dead and about twenty-five to thirty wounded litter cases.

“That’s the worst part of a deal like that,” Brad Smith later groaned, “to leave wounded and dying men yelling for you to help them, and there was no way to help them.”

A medical sergeant, whose name unfortunately has not been determined, voluntarily remained with the latter.

No one knows what happened to him.

Two Platoon sergeants, veterans of World War II, also stayed.

They even refused direct orders to leave.

War makes some men hate.

It brings out compassion in others.

It sometimes reveals a love for one’s comrades, a tenderness men often feel toward each other but which they dare not show in civilian life.

Both sergeants were taken prisoner.

Master Sergeant Vann died in a prison camp in North Korea; Staff Sergeant Bailey survived and was released three years later.
Six medics, each of whom had served all day as litter bearers, refused to evacuate without taking some wounded with them.

Led by a sergeant named Warren Shutter, they put some injured GIs on stretchers, and under continuous fire from mortars, automatic rifles, and the tank cannons they jogged and clambered across rice paddies and over hills to safety.

Another incident can only be credited because it appears within an official report, the typically sodden, stilted, unimaginative prose of a soldier-clerk.

A lieutenant, limping to the rear, passed six infantrymen so severely inured they could not move.

“Lieutenant,” one of them called, “what is going to happen to us?”

“This is the best I can do for you,” the officer muttered as he handed the young man a grenade and walked on.

Some of the slightly wounded moved out with the rest of the battalion but many could not keep up.

They fell further and further behind, and eventually a few dropped out of sight completely and were never seen again.

Abandoning the wounded on the battlefield also violated American military doctrine.

If a soldier knows he will not be left on the ground when hurt, he understandably fights better.

Smith’s wounded, unfortunately, were not to be the last to be abandoned to the enemy.

**Peter Kalischer**

Peter Kalischer, a thirty-five-year-old UP reporter, had arrived at Osan that morning just as the battle started.

During its height he helped a medical sergeant named David Sutherland dig trenches to protect the wounded.

That night, Sutherland back at headquarters rubbed his aching feet, blistered from walking, and explained to reporters that he did not know where their colleague Kalischer was.

The last time he had seen him, he said, the journalist was wearing a helmet and was still digging ditches.

Sutherland assumed he had been captured.

Two days later, Peter Kalischer hobbled in and told the following story.
During the first hours of the retreat, young GIs stumbled through paddies sobbing in fear and exhaustion.

A sergeant from Mendon, Illinois, named Allen Palmer was so sick (probably from dysentery) he could not keep up.

Kalischer and a Captain stopped and rig a litter for the sergeant.

For the next sixty hours the two men carried Palmer, zigzagging to avoid capture.

Most of the villages they came to were ghost towns whose inhabitants had fled south.

One night they stayed at a farmhouse (along with six ROK soldiers, who were also on the run).

They rested and ate a few spoonfuls of rice, then stood up with their litter and kept moving.

It was a long two and a half days.

**Lt. Adams**

A lieutenant in the medical corps named Raymond “Bodie” Adams was equally determined.

He tried to move his men back to safety but they were kept immobile by fire from a particular machine gun.

Finally he crawled on his belly as close as he could to the gun, and from thirty or forty yards away he reared back and somehow threw a hand grenade all the way to the gun.

Maybe it was his pitching arm; he had been the pitcher on the regimental baseball team.

This particular gun had caused heavy casualties.

He and his men moved on.

Thirty-six medical corpsmen had originally been part of Task Force Smith.

A great many did not make it out.

**Pfc Gonzales**

Other acts of courage or bravado marked the retreat.

Private First Class Florentin Gonzales (like Vern Mulligan) was a machine gunner.

His unit, B Company, was the last to leave.

The enemy was closing in; many probably would not make it.

Like a character out of fiction (“Come and get it, you dirty Krauts!”) Gonzales volunteered to stay with his gun to help cover his outfit’s withdrawal, most especially that of his buddy, the assistant machine gunner, who was seriously wounded.
As his unit was leaving, Gozales himself was hit, but he kept shooting.

His citation for bravery states: "Private First Class Gonzales was last seen to be firing his machine gun when his position was overrun by the enemy."

**Robert Burns**
Young Robert Burns of Chicago made it.

He had nothing left by the time he got back to his lines but his boots and his dungarees.

He told a reporter how it was.

He and another soldier, he said, joined a sergeant, "who guided us out."

The three crossed fields, hip-deep in mud.

North Korean troops chased them for several miles.

Burns admitted he never even fired his gun.

He said he tried to shoot it, but when it jammed he threw it away.

In the irrationality of total panic he carried his ammunition for a long time before dropping it.

"The last thing I threw away," he said, "was my entrenching tool."

"That was when we had to help a fellow who got wounded in the leg."

He felt no shame.

He said to a listening reporter from Chicago: "Tell my dad I’m all right."

"I haven’t got a scratch but I’m plenty tired"

He had come fifty miles from Osan.

**C Company**
When Richard Dashmer’s C Company got the word to withdraw, they ran down the hill like jackrabbits.

"There was no longer platoon organization."

"Just people moving back."

"The gear was getting heavy and some threw away their helmets."
“No one wanted to die.”

“Will we ever get out.” thought Dashner.

His unit C Company was the first one out, and he was able to keep much of it together.

It fared better than B company holding its men together

Captain Dashner reached Taejon after two days' hard marching with more than half his men still under command.

For days the soldiers of Task Force Smith straggled in.

They turned up all over southern Korea, many barefoot, their boots tied together by the laces and hanging around their necks.

Some came in bunches, like the sixty-five with Captain Dashner.

A young lieutenant, Harold Dill, organized another group of GIs, some of them wounded, and led them south.

They moved for six days behind enemy lines.

They arrived hungry, bedraggled-and alive.

Sergeant David Columbe, a thirty-four-year-old Sioux Indian, led three others to safety, telling them to play dead whenever the enemy passed.

In those days the army did not teach you what to do if cut off from your own forces; perhaps Sergeant Columbe had received some of his training on the reservation.

Several troopers hiked all the way across the peninsula to the east coast.

One of them eventually arrived at Pusan on a Korean sampan.

Sergeant William F. Smith escaped by fishing boat a fortnight later and made his way to the American lines.

POWs
Lt Jansen C Cox
Some soldiers were captured along the way.

Second Lieutenant Jansen C. Cox was part of a group of thirty-six who were southeast of Osan when they were seized the day after the battle.

The North Korean army must have considered him a find, for the commanding officer of its Second Division himself interrogated Cox

The Koreans took him to Seoul, interrogated him again, and photographed him along with the rest of his group as kind of a team trophy
Captain Ambrose H. Nugent
North Korean soldiers captured another officer named Captain Ambrose H. Nugent.
He had been a member of Perry’s Fifty-second Artillery Battalion; he was probably one of the volunteers who fought alongside the infantry.
On July 11, Nugent read a 1,000-word statement over North Korean radio.
It was one of those dictated pieces of rhetoric, so clumsy they are almost laughable, full of Wall Street warmongers ad bloodthirsty American capitalists, the sort of nonsense that makes Communist propaganda look so foolish to Westerners.
Exactly why Nugent agreed to read it is unknown, but the North Koreans probably not only threatened his life but told him they would slaughter other American captives as well.
Or maybe he was tortured.
If so, it would have been unusual, for North Koreans at that time were not usually torturing American prisoners.
They did however, execute them.
Not long after the war began, the bodies of American soldiers were found, shot in the head, their hands tied or wired behind their backs.
North Korean brutality was like American child-abuse—a result of ignorance, stupidity, and casual, mindless violence, more the result of simple truculence than malevolence.
Not only were North Koreans slightly less bestial than many descriptions of them have portrayed, American prisoners of war were less cowardly than their nation was later willing to admit.
Afterward during the 1950s, the United States, in a state of conservative mea culpa, whipped itself raw for its apparent effect weakness.
Joe McCarthy was only the center ring of this self-flagellating circle.
Mickey Spillane, prussianized crew cuts, “cool” (and years later, “vigah,” and probably even President Richard Nixon’s constant refrain about how tough he was)—all these symbolized the era’s desire for a hairy-chested image.
College students in ROTC classes were told and retold how “one-third” of the American POWs in the Korean War “ratted.”
Military instructors emphasized the importance of the Code of Military Justice.
“Just give your name, rank, and serial number.”
If you became a prisoner, it was your duty to try to escape.
Somewhere along the way, particularly with the publication of a 1959 best-seller called *In Every War But One,* (by Eugene Kinkead), many Americans concluded that their fighting men in Korea—and therefore perhaps themselves—were weak.

Kinkead’s piece, originally an extended article in the *New Yorker* magazine, was merely a well-written Sunday supplement, beefed up with pseudo-psychological mumbo jumbo.

Unfortunately, many readers believed it.

An exhaustive analysis of the actions of American POWs made by an extremely able social psychologist named Albert Biderman, using some of the best scientific techniques, had only limited readership.

After one small printing it sank out of sight.

Biderman showed that few American soldiers in captivity committed treason.

Those that did were not representative of their nation, for they were not a typical group.

In general they were less educated, more psychologically alienated, and had lower IQs than the average.

Biderman, incidentally, also destroys the myth of the simplicity of brainwashing.

**North Koreans**

The NKPA, apparently satisfied with taking this ridge, did not pursue

The North Korean infantry occupied the vacated positions, and busied themselves in gathering trophies, apparently content to have driven off the enemy force.

The N. K. 4th Division and attached units apparently lost approximately 42 killed and 85 wounded at Osan on 5 July.

A few of the enemy casualties given for Osan may have occurred at Pyongtaek the next day, but their losses at the latter place could not have been numerous.

A diary taken from a dead North Korean soldier some days later carried this entry about Osan: “5 Jul 50...we met vehicles and American PWs.”

“We also saw some American dead.”

“North Korean soldier’s diary”

“We found 4 of our destroyed tanks.”

“North Korean soldier’s diary”

“Near Osan there was a great battle.”

“North Korean soldier’s diary”

**34th Infantry Regiment**

Taejon

When Colonel Lovless saw General Dean at Taejon early on 5 July, the General told him that Lt Col. Harold B. Ayres an experienced battalion combat officer of the Italian
campaign in World War II, whom Lovless had never seen and who had just flown to Korea from Japan, had been placed in command of his 1st Battalion at Pyongtaek. Dean who had flown into Korea 3 July, ordered 1st Battalion, 34th Infantry, north of Pyongtaek to block the main road.

Dean told Lovless that he would like the 3rd Battalion to go to Ansong if possible, and the 34th regimental command post should be at Songhwan-ni. As the 1st and 3rd Battalions of the under-strength 34th Infantry closed in on Pyongtaek, General Dean realized that he must make a strong defense of the Pyongtaek-Ansong line.

General Dean placed great importance on holding the Pyongtaek-Ansong line

**Defensive line geography**

On the west, an estuary of the Yellow Sea came up almost to Pyongtaek and offered the best barrier south of Seoul to an enemy that might try to pass around the west, or left, flank of a force defending the main highway and rail line. Once south of Pyongtaek, the Korean peninsula broadens out westward forty-five miles and a road net spreads south and west there permitting the outflanking of the Seoul-Taegu highway positions.

East of Ansong, mountains come down close to that town, affording some protection there to the right [east] flank anchored on it.

Pyongtaek and Ansong were key points on the two principal highways running south between the Yellow Sea and the west central mountains.

If enemy troops succeed in penetrating south of Pyongtaek, delaying and blocking action against them would become infinitely more difficult in the western part of Korea. General Dean was expecting too much, however, to anticipate that one battalion in the poor state of training that characterized the 1st Battalion, 34th Infantry, and without artillery, tank, or antitank weapon support, could hold the Pyongtaek position more than momentarily against the vastly superior enemy force that was known to be advancing on it.

0500

**Pyongtaek**

Colonel Ayres had arrived at Pyongtaek that morning about 0500 with the 1st Battalion. As requested by General Dean the 3rd Battalion commanded by Lt. Col. David H. Smith, went to Ansong, twelve miles east of Pyongtaek to cover the high way there.

Colonel Lovless set up his regimental headquarters that 5 July, at Songhwan-ni, six miles south of Pyongtaek, on the main highway and rail line.

At the time Task Force Smith saw its first tanks north of Osan, the 24th Division’s 34th Regiment was in Pyongtaek, a dirty little town of wattle huts and muddy streets fifteen miles south.
Bit by bit and piece by peace the 24th division was arriving in Korea, coming to Pusan by LST or transport, then by rail northwestern to Taejon and points north.

And rapidly now the burden of the war was falling on its back.

“We finally detrained and moved into a defensive position near the town of Pyongtaek.”

Sfc Menninger

The battalion marched north of Pyongtaek in the same cold rain that soaked Task Force Smith.

The young men of 1st Battalion resembled Task Force Smith.

Already they had seen all of this stinking country they wanted to.

They were ready to head back to their nice billets in Japan where their Japanese girl friends were probably growing restless.

All of them were convinced they would be only a few days in Korea, at most.

They had been told very little, for their officers themselves didn’t know much.

But as everyone said, “Just wait till the gooks see an American uniform—they’ll turn around and run like hell!”

The battalion halted in the green, grassy hills two miles north of town.

Here both the highway and the rail-bed ran through a cut with a low hill to each side, an easy spot to defend.

Colonel Ayres put B Company to the east of the road, and ordered C into reserve.

Captain Leroy Osborne’s Able Company he placed on a hill to the left, with its line running down the hill through a rice paddy to the highway and railroad cuts.

A Company dug in.

The reddish-brown earth was coarse, and turned easily, but in the pelting rain the foxholes began to fill with cold, dirty water.

And the front was wide for a weak company, the holes were far apart.

The men of Lieutenant Driskell’s 1st Platoon, down by the road, could not see the company CP up on the green hill.

The 2nd and 3rd platoons dug in along the hill.

Weapons platoon went in generally behind them.

A Company’s roster carried only 140 names, less than two-thirds its authorized wartime strength.

For in America it was still peacetime, and had been for five years.
Each soldier carried either an M-1 or a carbine with less than 100 rounds of ammunition.
The company had three light machine guns, with four boxes of ammunition for each gun.
Each platoon had only one Browning Automatic rifle, with a total of 200 rounds per weapon.
The Weapons Platoon dug in only three 60mm mortars.
It also had 75mm recoilless rifles, but these it could have left behind, for the powers to be had issued no ammunition for them.
Nor were there any hand grenades.
When their holes were dug, the young men of A Company sat outside them in the rain, occasionally shouting back and forth to one another.

During the day nothing happened.
A small reconnaissance force went north on the road and reported back that there were tanks south of Osan.

The correspondents

There was one privately commandeered jeep among the correspondents.

In the early morning of July 5 (Korean Time) I was offered a ride to the front in it.

It seems that this jeep is a different one than the one used by Marguerite Higgins.

There is no information to indicate that she and her friends were in Taejon, they may have been elsewhere.

We left in pouring rain, which blew in through the open sides of the jeep.

The going was slow.

The unsurfaced road was rough, slippery and jammed with retreating South Koreans who paid no heed to time or weather.

Trucks, traveling without headlights, roared along as fast as they dared.

Before dawn, we passed at least half a dozen that had toppled down the steep levees into the flooded rice fields below.

We made better time in daylight, pausing briefly for a C ration breakfast.
The Korean monsoon was continuing to beat down when Marguerite Higgins climbed into the jeep next to Keyes Beech. Riding with them were Carl Mydans and Tom Lambert. Within hours they would see the first American troops dig in and die in their first Korean battle. From all indications they never reached Osan, but the battle they witnessed took place north of Pyongtaek and was not the first battle of the war. Marguerite’s instructions were to watch the skies and give warning if she saw a place. Only the day before, American ground forces at the front lines had been subjected to a twenty-five-minute machine-gun and rocket attack by their own planes. We pushed on through the rain past the gutted railway yards at Pyongtaek, where three days before the Royal Australian Air Force, acting on false intelligence, had attacked what were believed to be enemy formations.

Ammunition trucks in the rail yard were still burning and exploding.

Fortunately none of the troops had been killed, but as the correspondents neared the village of Pyongtaek they drove around blackened, still smoldering ammunition trucks.

Far more tragic, however, were the mutilated bodies of refugees caught in the strafing.

The smell of death rose from the ditches and rice paddies on either side of them.

Along the road there were a score or more of wrecked and burned out trucks and the first bodies we had seen.

“At Pyongtaek that morning there was only gloom in the air and in the mind.” Command headquarters turned out to be a tiny thatched hut surrounded by a sea of mud.

Just north of Pyongtaek we found the Americans.

A sign pointing to a four-room mud and thatch farm cottage showed us the way.

“We were all cold and tired by the time we found the battalion command post hidden in a tiny thatched hut surrounded by a sea of mud.”

The inhabitants had fled a day or two earlier, leaving their poultry behind.

Quacking ducks wandered in and out of the headquarters of the 1st Battalion, 34th Regiment, 24th Division, under Lt. Col. Harold Ayres.
Col. Harold "Red" Ayres, commander of the 1st Battalion of the 34th Infantry, shared his command post with a filthy assortment of chickens, pigs, and ducks.

We were greeted with immediate hospitality.

After setting up the battalion CP in a schoolhouse, the old fog of war set in—no one knew a thing about what was out front.

"I waited for something to happen."

In a while along came several war correspondents—Marguerite Higgins, Carl Mydans, Keyes Beech, and Roy McCartney.

0900 about
Someone was instructed to get water ready for coffee, although, as we discovered later, the battalion did not know where its nest cup was coming from.

I was given a blanket to replace my saturated sport coat, while "Red" Ayres filled us in on the war news.

Suwon had been abandoned on July 2, as soon as the North Korean troops appeared across the Han River, just south of Seoul.

The 1st Battalion, 21st Regiment, under Lt. Col. Charles B. Smith—Task Force Smith—was some miles ahead, dug in on both sides of the main road, with a battery of artillery.

So far, there had been no contact, but the South Koreans guessed there were up to 35,000 Northern troops now south of the Han River.

While Colonel Ayres was still briefing us, a second jeep drove up, bringing with it Brig. Gen. George B. Barth, commander of the forward areas.

As the CO of the 34th Infantry Regiment, Colonel Red Ayers, sat drinking coffee with Marguerite Higgins and other correspondents when Genera Barth burst into the room.

We had barely had time to enjoy a cup of hot coffee when Brig. Gen. George B. Barth, acting commanding general of the 24th division artillery, strode into the hut.

Barth, a burly figure, threw off his dripping poncho and helmet with its single star and announced. "Well, boys, it's on."
“I’ve got the first shell out there for General MacArthur.”

Barth said that when the range was 1,500 yards he had given the order to open fire.

He had come with the glad tidings that the North Korean were now up against real opposition.

“Those commie bastards will turn and run when they find they’re up against our boys,” said Barth.

“We’ll be back in Seoul by the weekend.”

Just a few minutes after 8 a.m., the forward artillery observation post had seen eight tanks advancing down the road toward the 1st Battalion.

After presiding over the first exchange of fire between North Korean and American troops, Barth had come straight back and was heading for divisional headquarters with the all-important news that U.S. ground forces were now in actions.

“Enemy tanks are heading south,” he said.

“Enemy tanks are heading south!” he cried.

“Get me some bazooka teams pronto.”

Then, apparently aware of our startled reaction, he added, “those Communist tanks are going to meet Americans for the first time—Colonel Smith’s battalion is up forward.”

“We can depend on him to hold on, but if any tanks do get by those batteries they’ll head straight for here.”

He told Ayres of the situation at Osan and said that probably enemy tanks would break through there and come on down the road.

He asked Ayres to send some bazooka teams ahead to intercept the expected tanks.

Then he looked up and saw the startled faces he amended his statement.

For the first time Communist tanks, he explained, had met Americans—Task Force Smith.
“We can depend on them to hold on, but if any tanks do get by those batteries, they’ll head straight for here!”

“Gen. Barth”

Barth rolled out a crackling map on the porch floor

“We must find tanks and knock hell out of them.”

“Gen. Barth”

He ordered several jeeps to go north to find them

Neither he nor Colonel Ayres told anyone about their predicament.

When Colonel Harold Ayres heard of the break through, he sent out bazooka teams.

It was a moment Marguerite would remember all her life.

America’s raw young troops, boys who had reached the Korean front only a few hours before, were going into battle for the first time.

Marguerite believed that she had been cut in on a critical slice of history.

She did not know that it was the beginning of what she would later recall as the long retreat.

Panic-stricken refugees screaming “Tanks” poured south.

Correspondent Warner

It was just 8:30

What to do?

Would the news make the newspapers I worked for in London or Australia that day?

I decided that, because of the time differences, it would not.

I would stay around for the action.

Others made different decisions, and our jeep went back to Taejon with Barth, leaving a couple of us without transport.

We decided to walk toward Task Force Smith in the hope that someone else going in the same direction might give us a lift.

Everyone was sure that the North Koreans were getting a trouncing.
The optimism was not even muted by the discovery that the telephone link with Task Force Smith had broken down, a mishap attributed to rain.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-26

No one suspected enemy action.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-27

The long line of trucks, jeeps, tradesman’s vans and even an odd fire cart or two had thinned out since daylight.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-28

Following the narrow paths of clay that divided one level from another people trudged in the thousands for miles across the paddy fields.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-29

The road itself was covered with a mass of people—babies tied to their mothers’ backs, old men and women bowed under crippling loads, and thousands of soldiers.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-30

More than anything else there were soldiers outnumbering the civilians by about 10-to-1.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-31

**Above Pyongtaek**

Two young lieutenants began to take a small convoy of ammunition to the front, but were stopped halfway to Osan by one of the bazooka teams which had preceded them.

TC p-175-19

The leader of the team pointed out it was too late.
TC p-175-20

There in the road in front of them, was a tank well south of Smith’s position.
TC p-175-21

The group at Osan had obviously been overrun.
Higgins, *War in Korea*, p-60
TC p-175-22

A South Korean soldier on horseback, his helmet camouflaged with small sticks and branches poking up at odd angles, his eyes wild, galloped down Route 1

TC p-175-23

"Tanks! Tanks! Tanks!" he screamed at the Americans.
Higgins, *War in Korea*, p-60
TC p-175-24

"Go back!"
Higgins, *War in Korea*, p-60
TC p-176-01

The road was clogged with South Korean soldiers in what seemed an endless procession southward.
Marguerite Higgins
B-4 p-20-12

We had not walked more than a mile when a South Korean cavalryman, mounted of a horse about the size of a Shetland pony, came down the road, scattering the refugees, waving a sword and shouting excitedly, "tanku, tanku’ (tanks).

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-32

His words panicked the refugees, who stumbled and fled.
"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-33

We shouted angrily at the man on pony-back, and went on our way.
"Denis Warner"
No sound came from the front, where Task Force Smith, we still believed, had sent the North Koreans in a precipitate retreat.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-35

Those who saw him wondered what had happened to Task Force Smith.

We proceeded to the crest of one of the undulating hills, beyond the rice fields into well cultivated vegetable land.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-36

For a moment there was peace.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-37

We only noticed that there were no longer any refugees.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-38

Then we saw the tank, there on the next crest, perhaps half a mile from us, moving steadily and majestically forward.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-39

It fired one round from its main armament, and, as we discovered later, about 100 machine gun rounds.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-40

I have no idea where the shots went, or whether they were directed at us, my attention being fully directed to the problem of tactical withdrawal.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-41

I hastened back breathlessly to Ayres’ headquarters.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-42

Despite Barth’s statement that eight tanks had been seen earlier, Ayres remained skeptical.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-43

“There’s a tank coming down the road,” I said.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-44

“We don’t have any tanks,” he replied.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-45

“Not ours, theirs.”

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-46

He asked me to describe it, and I gave what was no doubt an exaggerated account.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-47

“The bridges around here wouldn’t take a tank of that size,” he said.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-48

Perhaps to humor me, he suggested that I might care to go with a bazooka team and show them where I had seen the tank.

"Denis Warner"
MH 2000-06 p-49-49

So, this time in a jeep, my journalist companions and I sallied forth again, now accompanied by a bazooka team.
We made our way cautiously, surveying the ground ahead and proceeding in a series of leaps and bounds.

The rain pelted down.

Though I drew my blanket around me, it soon became soaked.

I was soon shivering with the cold, convinced that if I did not die from enemy action I would surely succumb to pneumonia.

We reached the spot where the tank had fired, collected the discarded shell case and measured the distance across the track marks—7 feet—all of which we felt might be of some intelligence significance to Ayres.

It was not so much the caliber of the shell—about 76 millimeters—but the length of the casing that was impressive.

We went back to headquarters and left the shell case with Ayres before returning to the hunt.

A few infantry men led by Lieutenant Charles E. Payne moved north and encountered a tank on a railroad track about five miles south of Osan.

I volunteered to take the bazooka teams north to see what we could.

During the Second World War a buddy and I helped destroy a German Tiger Tank and its crew.

My buddy, Clarence Harmon, posthumously received the Medal of Honor for this action.

That was July 1944, and the 2.36-inch bazooka was a new weapon.

In Korea when that experience was called for I was cocky enough to volunteer to go tank hunting.

The youngsters who went with me trusted me enough to volunteer as well.

We took nine 2.36-inch launchers and three rounds each—all we had.

Everyone loaded onto jeeps and in the rain we drove north toward the village of Sojong.
I was filled with a very uncomfortable mixture of apprehension and excitement as we followed the bazooka teams to the unknown front.

Marguerite Higgins

Wrapped in rain-soaked blankets, we traveled swiftly behind the small convoy of trucks and command cars carrying the bazooka and the rifle teams.

Marguerite Higgins

The correspondents’ jeep followed the bazooka teams to the crest of a hill, where the convoy halted.

WTW p-146-02 [TC]
We had acquired a welcome platoon of infantry in support and were advancing with a
good deal more confidence when we were halted by a sharp exchange of rifle and
machine-gunfire to our left

“We had acquired a welcome platoon of infantry in support and were advancing with a
good deal more confidence when we were halted by a sharp exchange of rifle and
machine-gunfire to our left.”

MH 2000-06 p-49-58

The platoon of infantry was 1st Lt. William Caldwell Jr.’s platoon from A Company 34th
Infantry.

“Denis Warner”

MH 2000-06 p-49-59

Then, on the crest of a hill, the convoy suddenly halted.

Marguerite Higgins

B-4 p-20-10

Three of us climbed the muddy bank of a small rise off the road to gain a better view.

“Denis Warner”

MH 2000-06 p-49-59

We could see soldiers jumping out of the trucks and spreading out on a ridge parallel to
the road.

Marguerite Higgins

B-4 p-20-11

Soldiers jumped from their trucks and spread out on a ridge paralleling the road now
jammed with South Korean soldiers retreating.

WTW p-146-03

A little farther on we found Lt. Charles Payne—a dapper, fast talking young veteran of
World War II.

Marguerite Higgins

B-4 p-20-14

He had been examining the marks of huge tank treads on the road and told us that the
tank had sighted us, turned around, and backed into a nearby village.

Marguerite Higgins

B-4 p-20-15

Heavily laden with bazookas, ammunition and rifles, the soldiers moved cautiously down
the road that led over the crest of a hill to a small village where the tank tracks showed
they were headed.

Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune

WIW p-146-12

“Dig in on this hill,” ordered First Lieutenant Charles Payne, pointing to ridges flanking
the village.”

“1st Lt. Charles Payne”

Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune

WIW p-146-13

“Stay down and keep guns trained on the road.”

“1st Lt. Charles Payne”

Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune

WIW p-146-14

“We can get them easily if they come this way.”

“1st Lt. Charles Payne”

Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune

WIW p-146-15

But the tanks fooled us.

Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune

WIW p-146-16

As we lay behind grave mounds on the hill on the hill overlooking the village, tanks
clattered machine gun fire into the village.

Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune

WIW p-146-17

Then suddenly after an hour there was silence.

Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune

WIW p-146-18
Soon excited shouts from South Korean scouts told us why.
Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune
WIW p-146-19

The tanks had moved to the railroad line and were proceeding along it.
Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune
WIW p-146-20

Once again, we found the tank—if it was the same tank—about a quarter of a mile away, crawling along the railway line in a southerly direction.
“Denis Warner”
MH 2000-06 p-50-01

The tanks found us first.
1st Lt. Charles Payne
B-4 p-30-01 WTW p-146-02

I really thought we could stop them by penetrating their armor or setting fire to their treads.
1st Lt. Charles Payne
B-4 p-30-02

I had a lot to learn.
1st Lt. Charles Payne
B-4 p-30-03

Then something went wrong.
Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune
WIW p-146-21

It looked as if the tank treads had been damaged.
Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune
WIW p-146-22

Watching from a foxhole dug into a Korean graveyard, Marguerite heard the order to attack given.
WTW p-146-04

We called to the bazooka team, and the men came up to the rise, mapping out their line of approach through the field of maize that separated us from the tank.
“Denis Warner”
MH 2000-06 p-50-02

When orders to attack first went out to the fifty-odd youngsters in our bazooka team, they gazed at the tanks as if they were watching a newsreel.
Marguerite Higgins
B-4 p-30-12 [WTW]

It took prodding from their officers to make them realize that this was it—that it was up to them to attack.
Marguerite Higgins
B-4 p-30-12

Slowly, small groups of them left their foxholes, creeping low enough through the wheat field toward the tank
Marguerite Higgins
B-4 p-30-13

The rifle fire we had heard came from behind a stranded train, where a group of South Korean soldiers were courageously talking potshots at the tank.
“Denis Warner”
MH 2000-06 p-50-03

The tank’s crew treated the whole proceedings with a good deal of disdain, keeping the hatch open and occasionally answering with a burst of machine-gun fire.
“Denis Warner”
MH 2000-06 p-50-04

While this was going on, a second tank appeared close behind its companion, the long barrel of its gun pointing in our direction.
“Denis Warner”
MH 2000-06 p-50-05
We sank into the wet grass and weeds on the rise, while the bazooka team, in stage whispers, planned the attack.

“Denis Warner”
MH 2000-06 p-50-06

Out from our hill went a couple of bazooka teams.
Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune
WIW p-146-23

Once they reached the maize, the cover was good, the problem was to get there undetected.

“Denis Warner”
MH 2000-06 p-50-07

It was a haphazard operation, but finally two groups with bazookas moved forward without attracting attention from the railway line, where the lead tank and the train were still exchanging fire.

“Denis Warner”
MH 2000-06 p-50-08

We were above the tanks, well placed for a rare, grandstand view of the action.

“Denis Warner”
MH 2000-06 p-50-09

From the foxhole where I crouched, I could see Americans crawling through a rice paddy in the direction of the tanks.

Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune
WIW p-146-24

Every now and then we lost track of the bazooka teams in the maize, but as soon as they moved we could pick them up.

“Denis Warner”
MH 2000-06 p-50-10

The first swoosh from a bazooka flared out when they were nearly 500 yards away from the tanks.

Marguerite Higgins
B-4 p-30-14

But the aim was good and it looked like a direct hit.

Marguerite Higgins
B-4 p-30-15

Hitting the T34 head-on merely produced a bounce-off.

1st Lt. Charles Payne
B-4 p-31-02

But apparently it didn't look good to Lieutenant Payne.

Marguerite Higgins
B-4 p-30-16

“Damn,” he said, “those kids are scared.”

Marguerite Higgins
B-4 p-30-17

Marguerite Higgins
B-4 p-31-01

When they were about 200 yards from the lead tank, one team stopped.

“Denis Warner”
MH 2000-06 p-50-11

Unfortunately the terrain was such that the troops were at a disadvantage in aiming.

Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune
WIW p-146-25

They had to aim up and they tried shooting at too long a range.

Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune
WIW p-146-26

We could see the gunner taking aim.

“Denis Warner”
MH 2000-06 p-50-12

There was a whoosh, and the tank disappeared in a cloud of black smoke.
The men on the hill leaped to their feet and cheered.

As the smoke cleared, the turret of the tank swung into the line with its companion and from both came shell and machine gun fire that sent us scuttling back over the brow of the hill.

After 10 minutes of uncertainty behind the rise and no further display of hostility from the tanks, we eased farther to the left and back into our grandstand seats.

As the bazookas hammered away at the tanks the first big one swung its turret and the fire flashed as it let loose two blasts at the Americans dug in on the hill.

Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune
WIW p-146-27

One tank, in maneuvering to fire at us, had become lodged on some railroad tracks and lost its mobility.

1st Lt. William Caldwell III
B-4 p-30-04

It did, however, still have full use of its coaxial machine gun as well as its main gun.
1st Lt. William Caldwell III
B-4 p-30-05

Then the machine guns chattered, the gunners also shooting at the bazooka team.

Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune
WIW p-147-01

The first bazooka team had disappeared, but the second was now much closer to the railway embankment and still moving forward.

They got to within 30 yards of the tank before firing.

1st Lt. William Caldwell III
B-4 p-30-06

The 2.36 rocket launcher teams attempted to knock the tank out.

Again the cloud of black smoke.

Again no damage.

The shell had simply bounced off the tank.

Every piece of ammunition we fired was a dud.

The team operated from a graveyard outside a tiny village.

After a full hour the tanks held the bazookas in check
Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune
WIW p-147-02

The tanks turned to depress their guns, firing burst after burst into the maize,
Sergeant Ray Turnbull, an army photographer, went with the patrol, hoping to get an action photo of the destruction of an enemy tank by a bazooka team.

He followed Private Kenneth Shadrick, a nineteen-year-old high school dropout from Skin Fork, West Virginia.

It was his job to hold a bazooka on his shoulder and aim it at tanks not far away.

It was a very dangerous task but he had already done it successfully a couple of times when the reporters arrived.

Shadrick, a hillbilly, a high school dropout, agreed to do his best for history and journalistic realism.

Turnbull said later: “I was getting some good pictures but two enemy tanks had stopped a little further off and Shadrick and his partner went to another position to try to knock them out.”

“I went along.”

“They fired a couple of times.”

“Then Shadrick agreed to count one-two-three and then fire so I could get a picture of the flame shooting from the rear end of the bazooka after the count of three.”

“Shadrick said, “Three!” then raised up to see where the projectile had gone—whether he had scored a hit or not..”

“As this correspondent watched from a nearby hill the young soldier fired his bazooka against a tank a-straddle a railroad hard by.”

“The heavy guns were aimed astray, but a machine gun put a bullet through the heart of a young ammunition carrier, a private named Kenneth Shadrick.

The tank’s machine gun shot him in the chest.

Then the young American got it.

“A bullet caught him right in the chest.”

“Another went through his right arm.”
“Shadrick moaned, "Oh, my arm."

“I could see the bone above his elbow was shattered.”

“He fell to the ground.”

“A lieutenant rushed to him but I said, “It’s too late—he got it right in the chest, too.”

“I took a picture of the lieutenant trying to feel his pulse but there wasn’t any.”

“He died in less that 30 seconds.”

He died because a press photographer wanted a better picture of him shooting his bazooka.

Later a passing medic looked at him and shook his head.

His friends carried him out, evidence of a respect for the dead that was soon to be forgotten in the awful days ahead.

“What a place to die he muttered.”

Because reporters were present when Shadrick was killed, he had posthumous fame as the first American ground soldier to die in the war was, an error committed to history in several subsequent books on the war.

According to war diaries of the units fighting on July 5, however, Task Force Smith infantrymen died some time between eight and eleven o’clock in the morning, Shadrick not until around four o’clock in the afternoon.

The first fatality reported back in the United States was perhaps symptomatic of the entire war.

It was a stupid, purposeless death, inaccurately reported.

Enemy infantry joined in the fire directed at the bazooka team and the latter withdrew.

We soon ran out of ammo and had one man killed in action, Pvt Kenneth Shadrick.

I pulled everyone back while our 4.2-inch mortar engaged their tanks.

I saw one tread on fire and we made their infantry scramble.

Having run out of ammo, the bazooka teams and the 4.2s stopped
I then sent back to the company and got two more rocket-launcher teams and ammo.

1st Lt. William Caldwell III
B-4 p-30-08

I positioned these teams around the tank and hid them behind mounds in a Korean graveyard.

1st Lt. William Caldwell III
B-4 p-30-09

By using a system of signaling, we managed to decoy the tank to swing its guns in one direction while we fired from another.

1st Lt. William Caldwell III
B-4 p-30-10

Again the rockets were either duds or bounced harmlessly off the tank’s armored sides.

1st Lt. William Caldwell III
B-4 p-30-11

Time passed, and suddenly, after an hour, we saw the bazooka boys coming back toward us across the fields.

Marguerite Higgins
B-4 p-31-07

“What’s going on?” I asked a sergeant.

“Marguerite Higgins”
B-4 p-31-08
“We ran out of ammo,” he answered bitterly.

“Unknown Sergeant
Marguerite Higgins
B-4 p-31-09

“And the enemy infantry moving up way out numbers us.”

“Unknown Sergeant:
Marguerite Higgins
B-4 p-31-10

“Besides, these damn bazookas don’t do any good against those heavy tanks—they bounce right off.”

“Unknown Sergeant
Marguerite Higgins
B-4 p-31-11

Despite driving rain, mortars were brought up, but as of this evening the tanks had still not been destroyed..

Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune
WIW p-147-05

The bazooka patrol is stationed along the road leading to this command post.

Marguerite Higgins NY Herald Tribune
WIW p-147-06

When I left Ayres’ headquarters that afternoon to hitchhike my way back to Taejon, we had no news of Task Force Smith.

Denis Warner
MH 2000-06 p-50-22

The phones were still not working, and the survivors of the action had not yet begun to straggle in.

Denis Warner
MH 2000-06 p-50-23

Marguerite had returned to the command post shortly after the young man’s death.

WIW p-147-08

She did not have to be a military expert to realize that the Americans had been defeated soundly in the first skirmish and that a major retreat would soon be under way.

WIW p-147-09

Bazookas were not enough to halt tanks, and there were two few of them to prevent the North Korean infantry from breaking through.

WIW p-147-10

There was also a minor but immediate problem to cope with.

WIW p-147-11

Alighting from the jeep Marguerite slipped and fell flat on her face into a muddy rice paddy.

WIW p-147-12

Soaked and caked with mud she wanted to get dry.

WIW p-147-13

Lieutenant Payne helped Marguerite to her feet, found her some dry fatigues, and gallantly escorted her to an empty thatched hut where she could change.

WIW p-147-14

“There’s one other thing,” she ventured stepping out of the hut, “the fleas....”

“Marguerite Higgins”
WIW p-147-15

A thick network of bites pocked her waist, thighs, and ankles.

WIW p-147-16

She had been in agony the past few days but was reluctant to complain.

WIW p-147-17

“Yeah,” Payne nodded sympathetically, “we all get them, but the medic has insect powder that works.”

“1st Lt. Charles Payne"
That little gray box of powder would be her most precious possession throughout the Korean War.

Payne walked her down to the medic’s hut.

Knowing that he was a veteran of World War II, Marguerite asked him how he felt about being back at war.

Payne’s answer was matter of fact.

“When I learned I was coming here, I was plain scared to death.”

“I figured I’d run through my share of good luck in Italy.”

“A man’s only got a certain number of close calls coming to him.”

“But as soon as I heard the guns, I got over it.”

They were still talking when the body of the first casualty came in, Private Kenneth Shadrick, was brought in.

He was fair, frail and too young looking for the Army.

Marguerite Higgins was at Pyongtaek waiting in Red Ayers’ hut for word from Osan.

**Ansong**

**34th Inf 3rd Bn**

**SFC W. Bill Menninger**

We were completely unaware of any other American troops ahead of us.

We found out there were, when some survivors of Task Force Smith straggled into our lines.

This would have been Lt Col. Smith, and Perry’s group.

**General Dean**

General Dean was at Taejon, and he was worried.

He wondered what was going on at Osan.

His only contact with Task Force Smith was through Lieutenant Colonel Red Ayers at Pyongtaek, and the colonel told him communications with the advance force were out.

For a while Dean waited anxiously, but his short supply of patience gave out.

With a young aide he drove all afternoon and reached Ayers’ headquarters after dark, ten p.m.
Barth, who was still there, told him what little they knew, including the fact that tanks had been spotted well south of Osan.

There was still no definite word of Task Force Smith, but the presence of enemy tanks nearby disturbed him.

Task Force Smith was obviously overrun, perhaps even wiped out.

Dean stalled a while but had to return to headquarters.

He left just before Colonel Perry arrived.

Barth, *The First Days* p-23 states that Dean was there when Perry arrived, but neither the newspapers nor Marguerite Higgins, *War in Korea* pp-67-71 confirms this.

Soon after Dean left four exhausted rain-soaked survivors of the battered task force came in with a tale of utter destruction.

They told a rather wild story which Colonel Ayres didn’t exactly buy.

They had been overwhelmed by tanks and hordes of infantry!

Almost everyone must have been killed!

A few minutes later Lieutenant Colonel Miller Perry, Smith’s artillery commander, limped into the command post.

He gave a more realistic account.

When Smith ordered retreat the men removed sights and breech locks from the guns.
Then Perry and Smith walked back to the outskirts of Osan where they found the artillery trucks only slightly damaged.

As they rounded a bend leading into Osan they came upon three parked enemy tanks, their occupants smoking cigarettes.

Smith’s little convoy escaped before a shot could be fired.

They then circled east and headed for Ansong

On the way they picked up at least a hundred of their own infantrymen, some without shoes, helmets or shirts.

All had arrived safely in Ansong after dark

No one had chased them

Now Barth—who was not in communication with Dean and did not know Dean’s plan of maneuver—put an oar in the proceedings at Pyongtaek

Somewhat shaken by the disaster that had overtaken the delaying force north of Osan, Barth ordered Ayres to hold only as long as he could, and to take no chance of being flanked or surrounded.

“Don’t end up like Brad Smith,” he told Ayres.

After listening to this account, the correspondents who had come to interview Ayres left the war room to sleep.

The place they found was so crowded that Mydans ended up on top of a table

\textbf{2400}

Just before midnight he was awakened by the chaplin.

“Better get into the war room, Carl,” he said

Colonel Ayres told Mydans to rouse the other correspondents.

As Higgins stepped into the hushed room, she could tell that Ayres’s former confidence had been replaced by deep concern.

The enemy was filtering through and the correspondents were ordered south.

\textbf{34\textsuperscript{th} CP}

Smith’s makeshift convoy, consisting of eighty-six stragglers “without shoes, hats or much of anything else,” had pushed on from Ansong to Lovless’s CP at Songhwan where Smith dropped off some wounded men before going on south to Chonan.

Since Dean had not stopped to see Lovless, whose CP was within few yards of Dean’s route north, or established any kind of communication with him, Dean remained unaware that Brad Smith was safe in Chonan.
Barth went on to the 34th Regiment’s CP, and suggested to its commander, Colonel Lovless, that the regiment should consolidate its battalions to the south of Chonan.

Lovless did not know exactly where Barth stood in the chain of command or general scheme of things but Barth was a brigadier general, and Lovless now made a tremendous error.

He sent word to his 3rd Battalion to pull back from Ansong, although the battalion had not yet made contact with the enemy.

The right flank was left exposed.

Lovless had inherited the 34th only a short time before from an officer who had been relieved for incompetency.

Aftermath

Regrouping

Stragglers from Task Force Smith began drifting into the 34th Regiment area late on the night of July 5 and with initial gloomy reports: Some men said that the entire contingent had been wiped out and that an armada of enemy tanks followed closely behind.

Then Smith himself came through with about eighty-six survivors, including four men so badly wounded they had to be left with the regiment.

The next morning, 6 July Colonel Smith and his party went on to Chonan.

Upon arrival there a count revealed that he had 185 men.

Subsequently, Capt. Richard Dashmer, C Company commander, came in with 65 men, increasing the total to 250

Many of Task Force Smith trickled back to American positions in the week that followed their little action at Osan.

Later a few more men straggled through the lines to tell tales of great suffering in reaching the safety of the South.

Survivors straggled into several Korean towns for a number of days.

It would require five days for Smith to round up and reequip his stragglers and integrate them with his other men.

Some men walked all the way to the east coast; and reached the Yellow Sea on the west.

One man finally came into Pusan by sampan.

Actually, the reconstitution was not effected until July 11, at Chochiwon, where Companies B and C, brought to strength with replacements, rejoined the 21st Regiment, newly arrived from Pusan.
Casualties
American losses were not high by the standards of most modern wars.

Of the original 540 soldiers dug into the hills above Osan about 380 to 400 came back.

The number of casualties at Osan is hard to determine.

After the battle 185 men mustered.

Military reports during the next few weeks were confused.

Incoming stragglers constantly altered estimates.

Precise records were nonexistent.

Seventy or so were captured; many of these died during the next eight months—of exposure, malnutrition, mistreatment, and simple humiliation.

Stories would be told of men in prison camps who gave up psychologically, partly because of their shame, sitting in corners amidst their own filth, their heads covered with blankets, until they died.

The rest of the missing men had been killed in action.

The *New York Times*, July 6, 1950, p-1, notes that the North Korean radio announced 150 Americans killed in the battle and 50 others captured.

There were about 150 men killed wounded, or missing from Colonel Smith’s infantry force when he took a second count later in the day.

The greatest loss was in B Company.

A verbal report by the 24th Division G-1, recorded in a penciled journal entry in the division G-3 Journal, entry 71, 071500, gave the total missing from the 1st Battalion, 21st Infantry, as 148 enlisted men and 5 officers.

“The Only War We Lost” cites about 150 killed, missing or wounded.

Author Clay Blair, “The Forgotten War lists the casualties at 185 killed wounded missing or captured.

Author T.R. Fehrenbach, “This Kind of War summarizes the casualties thusly: “Early the next morning 6 July, Colonel Smith could account for only 195 men.”

The artillery was missing 5 officers and 26 men.

This total included 63 enlisted men and 2 officers from B Company and 32 enlisted men and 2 officers from C Company.

The official figures showed that Task Force Smith had suffered 155 casualties in the action at Osan.
The army now had some logistical problems.

For one thing it had a number of corpses on its hands.

On July 2 the Eighth Army’s Quartermaster’s office in Japan sent a note to headquarters that it had received twenty-three bodies from Korea (apparently most from the crash of a C-54).

The quartermasters remarked that they did not have facilities for all these bodies, and they hoped, they said peevishly that in the future some other arrangement could be made.

Headquarters sent a liaison officer to Pusan to establish a cemetery there, “before,” an army report stated, “the situation got out of hand.”

Graves Registration was now at work.

It would be busy.

Osan’s wounded also created a problem.

An hour after Perry reported to General Barth casualties began to arrive at Pyongtaek, loaded on a railroad car.

Most were sent to Japan.

They were lucky; wounded ‘South Koreans went to an overcrowded, much less hygienic hospital in Taejon.

Within a few days the Eighth Army set up a hospital in Pusan and attached a M.A.S.H. unit to the Twenty-fourth Division.

Back in Japan the first casualty reports arrived at Camp Wood: five men missing in action.

**Decorations**

Lieutenant Connors received a Silver Star for his brave endeavors with the bazooka by the road side on July 5 1950

Special Order 76, September 20, 1950, awarded Colonel Perry the Distinguished Service Cross

**Comments**

Osan was the first battle

In a real sense it was Lexington, it was Pearl Harbor, it was Bull Run.

Pentagon officials called it a “classical tactical maneuver,” but this was nonsense.

Osan was the stuff of war: confused, bloody, marked by occasional heroism, but totally without grandeur.

War has no romance—journalists and historians provide it with its false glamor
They come to the battleground afterward, pushing corpses to and fro, pressing them into acceptable, heroic oppositions, rubbing traces of rouge on chalky cheeks to make the deaths less ugly than they were, then return to their typewriters to give war a panache it does not deserve.

General Mac Arthur had hoped that this commitment of American fighting troops would stop the North Koreans.

When they learned that they were fighting Americans, he had believed, they would reassess their situation.

But Task Force Smith had done everything that could have been expected of it, and it had not even slowed down the North Korean advance.

Task Force Smith, designed to be an arrogant display of strength to bluff the enemy into halting his advance, had delayed the Inmun Gun exactly seven hours.

In this historic, heroic, but utterly futile confrontation Task Force Smith had been wiped out in a few hours.

The force had not, as designed, given the NKPA a bloody nose but merely a tweaking.

It had not stopped the armored group at all and had only slightly delayed and inconvienced the NKPA infantry.

The effective fighting power of one of Dean’s three Battalions had been squandered, all to no purpose.

Worse was the psychological impact of the defeat on the remainder of Dean’s men.

The reality of this disciplined, apparently fearless enemy came as a severe shock to all.

As one soldier put it, “News of the delaying action at Osan had an unhealthy effect as it grapevined through the rank and file of the 24th Division.

It planted a doubt in many minds about the effectiveness of our tactics and weapons... and swollen by rumor... the doubt ate like a cancer into the combat morale of all troops moving to the front.

“I think we did a good job with what we had to work with and what we did, we did good.”

“We held a North Korean Division for seven and one-half hours

Another view

Four hundred Americans, most of them still boys in their teens, routed out of their soft peacetime billets only five days before, having just been overrun and cut off by one of the most terrifying weapons of war, tanks that were almost immune to their fire.
The American soldiers waited for the word of their commander... to *attack* five thousand advancing enemy troops.

MacArthur later called this commitment an “arrogant display of strength” designed to fool the North Koreans into thinking the Americans had a much larger force at hand.

The North Koreans were not fooled or didn’t notice.

But the soldiers in this tiny forward point of American “arrogance” did know theirs was a bluff and nothing was behind them.

Still, they stayed and fought.

In all American history, no group of soldiers has displayed greater bravery and dedication than the mostly untried young men of Task Force Smith.

**Final comment**

After compiling all this information I have come to the following conclusions about that day especially about Task Force Smith.

To begin with General Church a couple of days before the action said that all that was needed was somebody who would not run when they saw tanks.

Having not seen the official orders for Task Force Smith, is seems that not running from tanks and delaying the North Korean drive as much as possible was the mission of this group of Americans.

The facts indicate that they did just that in spite of all that they faced.

Ever since that fateful day their behavior at Osan seems to be lumped with the behavior of some of the Americans in the days immediately following July 5th.

This is an unwarranted assumption.

The comments listed below from *The Only War We Ever Lost* should be the way this gallant band of Americans aquitted themselves.

In all of American history, no group of soldiers has displayed greater bravery and dedication than the mostly untried young men of Task Force Smith.

**An Incomplete List of Those Present at Osan 5 July 1950**

**KMAG**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Master, George</th>
<th>O-6 Col</th>
<th>KW</th>
</tr>
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</table>

**24th Div**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dean, William</th>
<th>O-8 Maj Gen</th>
<th>24th Div CO</th>
<th>A-3</th>
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</table>

**24th Div 21st Inf**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Smith, Charles R. &quot;Brad&quot;</th>
<th>O-5 Lt. Col</th>
<th>1st Bn CO</th>
<th>A-3</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Maritin, Floyd</td>
<td>O-4 Maj</td>
<td>1st Bn ExO</td>
<td>A-3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
24th Div. 21st Inf Hq Co

Betrhoff, ?
O-? Lt
Hq Co CO
KW
Powers, Lawrence C.
O-2 1st Lt.
Hq Co Commo Officer
A-3
Neimann, Robert C.
O-1 2nd Lt.
CDN
JL
Fountain, Robert
E-4 Cpl
Hq Co CO wireman
KW
Goldstein, Norton
E-4 Cpl
B-4
Connick, Karl Francis
E-3 Pfc
4761
CDN
2id
DuBose, Clyatt Rudolph
E-3 Pfc
648
CDN
2id
Furlow, Robert Daniel
E-3 Pfc
667
CDN
2id
Ross, Mearl D.
E-?
Hq Co CO wireman
21st BB
Bane, Roger
Unknown
21st BB

24th Div 21st Inf B Co

Bernard, Carl
O-1 2nd Lt.
platoon leader
RTF
B-4
Connor, Ollie
O-? Lt.
B-3
Cox, Jim
O-? Lt.
TC
Doody, Jack
Mortar platoon leader
TC
Perelman, Robert
E-6 SFC
21st BB
Roy, Floyd Alexander
E-5 Sgt
2745
Light Weapons Infantry Leader
CDN
2id
Denson, William C
E-4 Cpl
60
Cook
DD
2id
Alba, Ramon
E-3 Pfc
KIA
Wyrick, William
E-2 Pfc
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
DD
2id
Christie, Alton
E-3 Pfc
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
DD
2id
Cox, Boyd E.
E-3 Pfc
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
DD
2id
Patton, Marvin Sylvester
E-3 Pfc
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
DD
2id
Wade, Vernon L.
E-3 Pfc
asst. gunner to Gonzales
KIA
21st BB
Buskirk, George E.
E-2 Pvt
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
CDN
2id
Gross, Myron E.
E-2 Pvt
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
CDN
2id
Hoher, Karl Jr.
E-2 Pvt
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
DD
2id
McGill, William R.
E-2 Pvt
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
CDN
2id
Van Winkle, Calvin
E-2 Pvt
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
CDN
2id
Vega, Vincent Angelo
E-2 Pvt
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
DD
2id
Colford, Wilbur B.
E-1 Pvt
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
CDN
2id
Augustoni, Joe
21st BB
Gonzales, Florentino
machine gunner
POW
KWP

24th Div 21st Inf C Co

Dashmer, Richard
O-3 Capt.
C/21st Inf CO
MC
Day, Philip Jr.
O-2 1st Lt.
Platoon Leader
B-4
Dill, Harold
O-2 1st Lt.
Platoon Leader
B-4
Neiman, Robert C.
O-1 2nd Lt.
1542
Officer Infantry
CDN
2id
Wyrick, William
O-2 1st Lt.
Platoon Leader
B-4
Godbey, ?
E-? Sgt
C/21st Inf 1st Sgt
B-4
Van, Harvey T.
E-7 MSgt
1745
Light Weapons Infantry Leader
CDN
2id
Bailey, ?
E-6 Sfc
2745
Asst. Platoon Sgt
RMC
2id
Chambers, Loran E.
E-6 Sfc
2745
Asst. Platoon Sgt
RTF
2id
Columbe, David
E-? Sgt
TC
Shaffer, Lyle
E-? Sgt
21st BB
Anderson, Omer Lee
E-4 Cpl
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
CDN
2id
Jones, Arthur Macion
E-4 Cpl
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
CDN
2id
Bordeau, Alfred Charles
E-3 Pfc
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
CDN
2id
Davis, George Parker
E-3 Pfc
511
CDN
2id
Hensley, Eldred Jennings
E-3 Pfc
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
CDN
2id
Lycan, John Smith Jr.
E-3 Pfc
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
CDN
2id
Roy, Robert
E-3 Pfc
75mm recoil less rifle platoon
NB
Clark, O.C. Jr.
E-2 Pvt
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
CDN
2id
Garza, Nicolas C.
E-2 Pvt
4745
Light Weapons Infantryman
CDN
2id
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Gartin, John P.  E-4 Cpl  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  RMC  2id
Gwinn, Vance W.  E-4 Cpl  4812 Heavy Weapons Infantryman  KIA  2id
Hutchinson, John C.  E-4 Cpl  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  RMC  2id
Larson, Paul A.  E-4 Cpl  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  KIA  2id
Merriman, Ralph E.  E-4 Cpl  3729  KIA  2id
Moody, J.R.  E-4 Cpl  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  KIA  2id
Redpaint, Noah  E-4 Cpl  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  RTF  2id
Shewalter, Earl W.  E-4 Cpl  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  RMC  2id
Talbert, Marvin E.  E-4 Cpl  650  RMC  2id
Walintukonis, Joseph  E-4 Cpl  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  RMC  2id
Walterhouse, Charles  E-4 Cpl  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  KIA  2id
White, Lamce L.  E-4 Cpl  345 Truck Driver Light  RTF  2id
Wilburn, William E.  E-4 Cpl  3729  RMC  2id
Allen, Jimmie  E-3 Pfc  KIA  KWP
Aukerman, Robet J.  E-3 Pfc  KIA  KWP
Bernardi, Thomas H.  E-3 Pfc  CDN KWP
Bailey, Troy W.  E-3 Pfc  KIA  KWP
Blair, Larry L.  E-3 Pfc  KIA  KWP
Confer, Richard A.  E-3 Pfc  KIA  KWP
Fields, Gerald J.  E-3 Pfc  KIA  KWP
Fox, William C.  E-3 Pfc  KIA  KWP
Golden, Robert L.  E-3 Pfc  KIA  KWP
Herrera, Eloy  E-3 Pfc  KIA  KWP
Johnson, Harold A.  E-3 Pfc  CDN KWP
Mulligan, Vern  E-3 Pfc  machine gunner  A-3
Greenwood, Charles  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  RMC  2id
Hendrix, Charles R.  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  KIA  2id
Lane, Melvin H.  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  KIA  2id
Malner, George K.  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  SFD  2id
McAnallen, Arthur  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  RMC  2id
McGlinchey, Frank J.  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  KIA  2id
Merrill, Ralph C. Jr.  E-1 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  KIA  2id
Morrison, James L.  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  KIA  2id
Patterson, Lewis J.  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  RMC  2id
Peacemaker, Ruble F.  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  RTF  2id
Pennisi, Salvatore  E-2 Pvt  4812 Heavy Weapons Infantryman  KIA  2id
Picard, William A.  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  KIA  2id
Simpson, Raymond C.  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  RMC  2id
Singleton, Marion L.  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  KIA  2id
Smith, Clarence F.  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  RTF  2id
Stanley, Robert Jr.  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  RMC  2id
Talbert, Joe H.  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  RMC  2id
Tamaye, Goichi  E-2 Pvt  4812 Heavy Weapons Infantryman  RMC  2id
Thomas, Jerry D  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  KIA  2id
Thomas, Richard E.  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  KIA  2id
Thompson, Ray A.  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  RMC  2id
Tingle, Bobby A.  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  KIA  2id
White, Eugene  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  KIA  2id
Wilke, Jack T.  E-2 Pvt  4745 Light Weapons Infantryman  KIA  2id
Coble, Walter  E-?  4812 Heavy Mortarman  21st BB
Benjamin, Charles B.  21st BB
Manross, Arthur L.  Unknown  21st BB
Scott, Amos L.  Unknown  21st BB

24th Div 34th Inf
Lovless, Jay  O-6 Col  34th Inf CO  A-3
Dunn, John J.       O-4 Maj       34th Inf S-3       B-3
Krutul, John       E-4 Cpl       677       RTF       2id
Oliver, Irving L.  E-3 Pfc       4745       RTF       2id

24th Div 34th Inf 1st Bn
Ayres, Harold "Red" O-5 Lt. Col       34th Inf 1st Bn CO       A-3

24th Div 34th Inf A Co
Osborne, Leroy       O-3 Capt.       A/34th CO       B-3
Caldwell, William III O-2 1st Lt.       platoon leader       B-3
Driskell, ?          O-? Lt.       platoon leader       KIA       B-3
Ridley, ?            O-? Lt.       platoon leader       B-3
Collins, Roy F.      E-6 Sfc       Platoon Sgt       B-3
Hite, James          E-3 Pfc       4812 Heavy Weapons Infantryman       B-3

24th Div 34th Inf Unk Unit
Payne, Charles       O-2 1st Lt.       platoon leader       B-4
Menninger, William "Bill" E-6 Sfc       A/34th CO       B-4
Shadrick, Kenneth    E-2 Pvt       B-4

24th Div 3rd Eng (C) Bn
Walters, Edwin S.    O-1 2nd Lt.       1331       RTU       2id

24th Div 52nd FAB
Perry, Miller O.     O-5 Lt. Col.       52nd FAB CO       RTF       A-3

24th Div 52nd FAB Hq Btry
Armour, Marshall H.  O-4 Maj       S-3       52nd BB
Eversole, Edwin      E-6 Sfc       TC
Mann, William Cornett E-3 Pfc       CDN       JL
Tyree, Ernest        Unknown Fire Direction Center 52nd BB
Walker, Wilbert      Unknown       52nd BB

24th Div 52nd FAB A Btry
Nugent, Ambrose H.   O-3 Capt.       RMC       TC
White, John G. Jr.   O-2 1st Lt.       KIA       KWP
Hartman, Roger W.    O-2 1st Lt.       CDN       2id
Thompson, James L    O-1 2nd Lt.       KIA       TC
Diekmann, Lester H.  E-4 Cpl       CDN       JL
Bengtson, Claude F.  E-3 Pfc       KIA       KWP
Cardinal, Edward A.  E-3 Pfc       KIA       KWP
Fitzgerald, Bob      E-3 Pfc       machine gunner       RMC       NB
Flook, Grady H.      E-3 Pfc       CDN       KWP
Hamaguchi, Rodney N. E-3 Pfc       KIA       KWP
Owens, Vola J.       E-3 Pfc       KIA       KWP
Stephens, Robert D.  E-3 Pfc       CDN       JL
Hill, Melvin J.      E-2 Pvt       CDN       JL
Sibley, Willard J.   E-2 Pvt       KIA       KWP
Allen, Millard       RMC 52nd BB
Tector, Jack         E-?       52nd BB

24th Div 52nd FAB Service Btry
Tschappat, Richard   Unknown       52nd BB

24th Div 52nd FAB Unk Btry
Martinez, Fernando   P-2 Pvt       52nd BB
24th Div Unk Unit
Young, Nelson E.  E-2 Pvt  4812  Heavy Weapons Infantryman  RTF  21d

24th Div 24th Signal Co
Gilroy, John F.  E-2 Pvt  0081  RTU  21d

25th Div 25th DivArty
Barth, Bitman  O-7 Brig Gen  25th DivArty CO  A-3

5th Ord Medium Maint. Co
Gamble, William E.  E-2 Pvt  903  RTU  21d

ROK
Yim, ?  Col  Barth's interpreter  A-3

NKPA
Ku, Lee Hak  Sr. Col  Operations officer  A-3

Correspondents
Beech, Keyes  correspondent  MC
Higgins, Marguarite  correspondent  MC
Kalischer, Peter  correspondent  TC
Lambert, Tom  correspondent  MC
McCartney, Roy  correspondent  B-4
Mydans, Carl  correspondent  MC
Turnbull, Ray  E-? Sgt  Photographer  V-3
Warner, Denis  correspondent  MH

Sources
A-3
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B-3
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B-4
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F-1
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Blair, Clay

MC
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Korea, the First War We Lost

The Korean War
Hastings, Max
1987
Simon and Schuster, Inc
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020

Abreviations
KIA  Killed in Action
CDN  POW died in prison camp of non combat reasons
DOW  Died of Wounds
DD  Missing in Action declared dead
RMC  POW returned to military control
RTF  Wounded in action, returned to duty in the Far East Command
RTU  Wounded, evacuated and returned to duty in USA
SFD  Wounded, evacuated and separated for disability
SOD  Wounded, evacuated and separated for other than disability
SFA  Wounded, evacuated and separated from the army