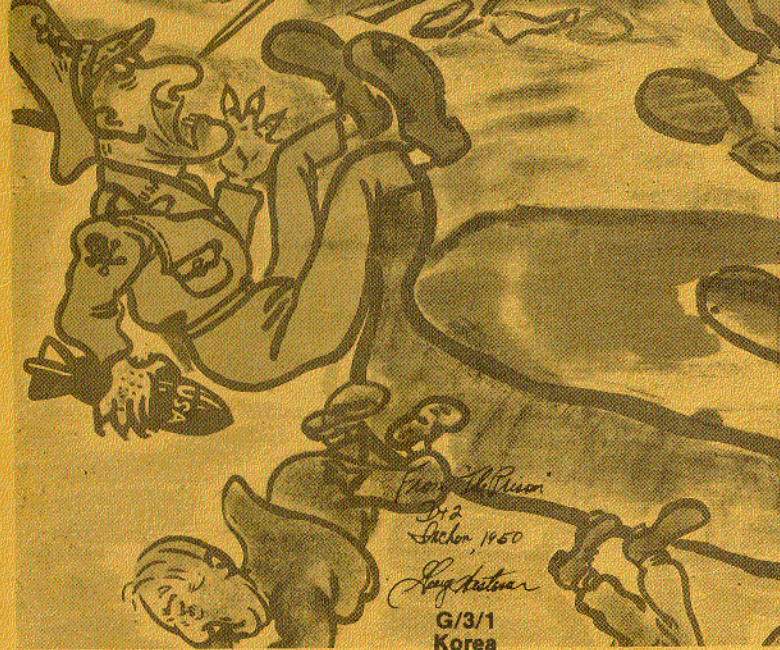


영웅한 인민군장병들이여.

인민들을 사랑하여 부신으로.

제주도로 번

시감이 돌진하라!



*Philip M. Peterson*  
 Sgt  
 Inchon, 1950  
*Longest*  
 G/3/1  
 Korea



INCHON  
 SEOUL  
 Korea 1950

VOLUME I



영웅한 인민군장병들이여.

인민들을 사랑하여 부산으로.

제주도로·번

기개가 돌진하라!





**Volume I  
INCHON / SEOUL  
1950**

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## G-3-1 Korea



15 September 1991

VOLUME ONE is actually our second attempt at putting to paper the most accurate account, that we are capable of, of George Company 1st Marines during the Korean War. As we created this volume, both our historian, Jim Byrne, and myself have been in awe of the manner in which George Company distinguished itself during the entire war from Inchon to Boulder City. The Company had found itself committed to some nearly impossible situations and always seized its objectives and accomplished each assignment with distinction; and in its course winning three Medals of Honor, several Navy Crosses, several helmets full of Silver Stars and a sea bag full of Bronze Stars and — Oh, yes — a jeep trailer full of Purple Hearts. What has been the one ingredient that allowed George Company this distinguished combat record? As this association trooped the lines of Lima Co., 1st Marines at Camp Pendleton during a recent reunion — we were overwhelmed by the weapons and new equipment Lima Company possessed — body armor, new helmets and rifles — everything was different from what we had fought with. Some of us felt as if we had fought a war using sticks and stones as weapons. However, through it all there was one highly evident mysterious element as we talked to these young marines, with whom we realized we all had soldiered. They were us in our youth with their high spirits and determination — and not by accident did this come to be. They have what we had — effective small unit leadership. The magic word, was the salty squad leader, be he a Corporal, a Sergeant or in some cases a Private First Class. Marines such as Corporal Brady, Sergeant Binaxis, Sergeant Lilly and Sergeant Malnar provided the final ingredient to make us effective as Marines and kept most of us from being killed. It is therefore fitting that we dedicate this first volume to our *Squad Leaders* who led us into those walls of fire known as combat.

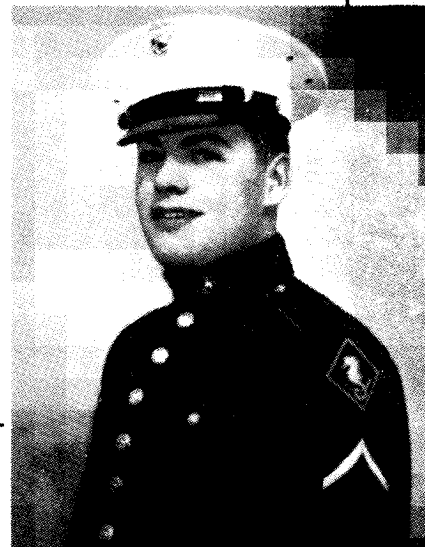
Volume I is therefore dedicated to the junior non-commissioned officer at the small unit level of the Marine Rifle Squad, one such squad leader was Sgt. John Malnar of the 2nd platoon. As a typical squad leader in George Company, Sgt. Malnar had three campaigns in World War II and was no stranger to combat. In his short ten day span of combat in Korea he won a Silver Star, two Bronze Stars and a Purple Heart. He suffered a devastating wound, but remained in the Corps, finally being killed in action in Vietnam as the Sergeant Major of the 2nd Battalion 4th Marines. Therefore, to Sgt. Malnar and all squad leaders this book is dedicated.

This book is the sole property of the G/3/1 Korea Association and no portion of it may be used without specific written permission of its President with the approval of the membership.

Semper Fidelis,

*Peepsight*

G. "Peepsight" Pendas, Jr.  
Captain USMC Ret.  
President G/3/1 Korea



Corp. G. "Peepsight" Pendas





TO THE INDIVIDUAL READING THIS REMARKABLE HISTORY

From July 1950 when the company was organizing for Korea until late November 1950 I had the privilege of leading the First Platoon of George Company, Third Battalion, First Marines, First Marine Division. I also spent some very anxious moments with "Bloody George" on East Hill in Hagaru in early December the night the company commander won his Medal of Honor and again in our fight to the sea.

George Company had been reorganized in Camp Pendleton from elements of the First Battalion, Sixth Marines, Former World War II Reserves, Pendleton assignees and a collection of newly graduated recruits. I was more fortunate than most in retaining most of my former platoon from our days in Camp Lejeune in 1949 and 1950. However, I did have about one squad of these "augmentees", who along with my "veterans" performed with remarkable professionalism.

In my service as Parris Island Private thru officer retiree and spanning almost four decades none had more impact on me than those days with the dedicated Marines of George Company. From the Seawalls and mud at Inchon thru the ungodly cold, hunger and horrors of close combat at Chosin Reservoir these young Americans demonstrated uncommon perseverance, zeal and cohesion. Their individual valor and acts of heroism are a hallmark for our Corps. They indeed earned their rightful place in history... and will forever serve as an example for future Marines. They were a New Breed, Second to None. I am honored to have served with them.

SEMPER FIDELIS

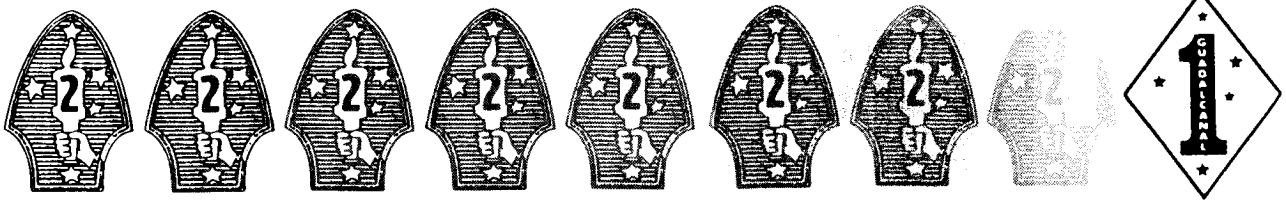


RICHARD E. CAREY  
LtGeneral, U.S. Marine Corps (Retired)  
(Former Second Lieutenant,  
First Platoon, George Co. 3/1)



2nd Lt. R.E. Carey





## Foreword

By the Spring of 1950 the 1st Battalion of the "pogey bait" 6th Marines (2nd Marine Division) had returned to Camp LeJeune, North Carolina from a six months tour with the 6th Fleet in the Mediterranean. Colonel Homer L. Litzberg, commanding the regiment, had called the officers together to tell them that there was to be no major training schedule for the immediate future. The time would be used as a shake down period following the successful "Med Cruise" and that the officers and men could look forward to leave, liberty and recreation.

Having just relieved Captain Ben Bowditch as Commanding Officer of Able Company, 6th Marines, I was pleased to know that I would have time to get acquainted with my new command and to leisurely adjust to the shake down period of ongoing administration. Life in the peace time Marine Corps consisted for the most part of a pleasant and orderly routine. That is, until that Saturday that the battalion CO's driver played Paul Revere through the golf course yelling, "All 6th Marines back to the barracks, **on the double.**" Peace and leisure — Good Bye!

The orders we received were to "make preparations to move out of Camp Lejeune with all due haste with the Far East as the ultimate destination." First came the administrative nightmare of recalling troops from leave. The second task was to transfer out all men whose enlistments were about to expire, married men with pregnant wives, hardship cases, sole surviving sons and other categories. At the same time we were enduring the supply nightmare of turning in all weapons and equipment not in top shape and drawing replacement gear. (Some of the replacement weapons were in worse condition than what we had just turned in.) Then came the crystallizing order: "A" Company will prepare to move, by rail, to Camp Pendleton on or about the 1st of August, whereupon the company would continue to train and to prepare for further movement overseas.

A/1/6 had received its tentative movement orders on or about 15 July and had embarked aboard train on 1 August. Three days later we moved from the railhead at Camp Pendleton to our new home at Tent Camp 2, near the San Onofre gate of Camp Pendleton. By 15 August Able Company, 1st Battalion, 6th Marines had been redesignated George Company, 3rd Battalion, 1st Marines, and we were preparing to embark aboard the USNS General Simon D. Buckner in San Diego harbor for further movement to Japan and the staging area where we would join other elements of the newly formed 1st Marine Division — same game — different name.

The troops, NCOs, officers and staff worked long, arduous hours as the company metamorphosed from a peace time unit to a combat ready one. In Japan there was time only for the most basic physical training and conditioning and then our operation order was received and we knew for sure that we were going to be one of the lead assault companies in the landing at Inchon Harbor.

The landing, we were told, would be not on a beach, but up and over a sea wall that would be from six to eight feet above high tide. We would be in the first waves, in amphibious tractors. We were to approach the wall and get over it as best we could by using scaling ladders that we had been issued for that purpose. When we got close enough to see what was in store for us, we decided it wasn't such a good idea at all and, fortunately, there existed an alternative. There was a small breach in the wall where a small creek emptied into the harbor and that was the route chosen for our entry into Korea.

To those "old salts" of A/1/6 who formed the core of G/3/1, who held the company together while it was being whip-sawed and molded into the combat company that landed at Inchon, I salute you.

To those who came from active duty stations and reserve units from all across the country, I marvel still at how you stepped into your slot, picked up the cadence and marched forward to that fateful landing.

In the days that followed, I don't think there was ever a time when an officer or NCO called to his troops to "follow me" that he ever had to look back to see if they were there. Rather, he generally had to shag-ass to keep from being run over. That about says it all.

May Semper Fidelis be our watch word to God, our Country and our Corps. To those who died on Blue Beach and the streets of Seoul, to those who survived those same battles and to those men who carry on today, may God bless and keep you all.



CAPTAIN GEORGE C. WESTOVER

Major, USMC, Retired

Commanding Officer A/1/6, 6 July - 3 August

Commanding Officer G/3/1, 4 August - 13 October



## Inchon/Seoul Operation

by Jim Byrne, Unit Historian



Jim Byrne

In order to fully understand some of the implications of Captain George Westover's prologue, it is necessary to examine the status and strength of the United States Marine Corps on the eve of the Korean War. When World War II ended in 1945, the Marine Corps was at its greatest strength and consisted of six divisions, supporting units and air wings, plus sea-going detachments, guard company units and various other support organizations. In a scant five years, the Marine Corps was limited to a thin line of 75,000 men.

The decision to limit the Marine Corps to a skeleton force following World War II was made by a Congress and a President, both eager to reduce all government expenditures and keep taxes in line. In addition, there was the widely held belief that massive infantry operations, especially amphibious operations, were no longer possible in an age of nuclear weapons. Last, but not least, was President Truman's loyalty to the army he had served in during World War I and his belief that the Marine Corps was merely "a police force of the navy" and had to be cut down to size. Indeed, the Corps had fallen on hard times.

On 25 June 1950 a chain of events started in motion that clearly exposed the short-sightedness of the Congress, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and President Truman. The sudden invasion of South Korea by the North Korean Peoples Army (NKPA), using conventional infantry and armor tactics, appeared to be unstoppable. As poorly equipped and trained South Korean forces crumpled in the face of North Korean aggression, Truman was forced to throw in an inadequately trained and poorly conditioned American Army troops, who were simply pushed aside by the North Korean juggernaut.

During the month of July the situation grew increasingly desperate as units of the South Korean and American Army were crushed as they fought rear guard operations. Even while it looked like the North Koreans had an excellent chance of conquering the entire Korean peninsula and driving the American forces into the sea, General Douglas MacArthur was planning his counter attack. Sometime during the first few bleak days of the communist invasion, MacArthur had decided to launch an amphibious invasion at Inchon **as soon as he could get a Marine Division under his command**. Unfortunately, because of budgetary cutbacks, decisions made by the Pentagon and Truman's hostility, there was no Marine division readily available.

When war struck in June of 1950, there were but two badly understrength regiments in existence, the 5th Marines at Camp Pendleton and the 6th Marines at Camp Lejeune. Each regiment consisted of two rifle companies per battalion and two rifle platoons per company. It was not until the 5th Marines were about to ship out that a third rifle platoon was added to the existing companies. The third rifle company would not be added until the Inchon operation.

Despite the thin ranks of the Marine Corps, the insistent plea for a Marine division by MacArthur was trying to be met and on 25 July the Joint Chiefs of Staff gave in to MacArthur's demand. The first contingent to ship out was the 5th Marines. Attached to the 5th Marines were enough supporting units and air wing components to designate the force as the 1st Provisional Brigade, which would be absorbed by the 1st Marine Division when the manpower could be assembled. By mid July, some three weeks after the attack on South Korea, the Brigade was at sea, heading for Japan.

MacArthur's initial intent was to land the Brigade in Japan, wait for the formation of two additional regiments (1st and 7th Marines) with all their supporting units and then, as a full strength division, begin the Inchon operation. While the

Brigade was enroute to Japan, the situation in the Pusan perimeter had so deteriorated that MacArthur reluctantly gave orders to the Brigade to land at Pusan and engage enemy forces. This understrength regiment of Marines with its supporting elements performed so valiantly in combat that when MacArthur picked his invasion date and ordered the 5th Marines to board ships, General "Johnny" Walker in command of troops holding the perimeter pleaded in vain with MacArthur to leave the "Fire Brigade" under his command.

At almost the exact date that the 5th Marines landed in Korea, Camp Pendleton was a scene of organized confusion. The 1st and 2nd battalions of the 6th Marines had arrived and were waiting to become the nucleus of the 1st Marines. (The 3rd battalion, 6th Marines was on the Mediterranean Cruise and would not arrive at Camp Pendleton until the 7th Marines were formed.) Even the addition of 3,630 regular Marines from various posts and stations was not enough to create a full strength regiment. It was only after 2,891 men from the recently activated organized reserves had arrived at Camp Pendleton that the 1st Marines would be at its full complement of officers and enlisted men.

Marines from Able Company, 1st Battalion, 6th Marines were redesignated George Company, 3rd Battalion, 1st Marines and were joined by approximately 50 regular Marines, primarily from guard companies, and 50 reservists, primarily from California reserve units. Captain George Westover and 1st Sergeant Rocco Zullo would be given just six weeks to mold this diverse group into a combat ready rifle company by fleshing out fire teams, squads and platoons, exchanging defective weapons and equipment for those that were new or reconditioned, loading men and equipment on a troopship and unloading every thing in Japan and, all the while keeping everyone in top physical condition. Surviving a monstrous typhoon while in Japan was only a minor irritation compared to organizing, training and building G/3/1 into an assault rifle company in an amphibious operation that many experts argued had natural obstacles so great that the whole operation could easily result in a blood bath that had little or no chance of success. Despite the obvious dangers of a landing at Inchon, by this time there could be no turning back, and as the name of one book suggests, the entire 1st Marine Division was about to hit the beaches "come hell or high water." The invasion would find George Company in the first wave at Blue Beach.





This portion of the history of  
**GEORGE COMPANY, 3rd BATTALION, 1st MARINES**  
is dedicated to the memory of  
**Sergeant Major John Marion "Big John" Malnar**  
*Squad Leader 2nd Platoon*

---

*Silver Star with Gold Star; Bronze Star; Combat V, with 2 Gold Stars; Purple Heart, 3 Gold Stars; National Defense Medal with 1 star; Asia Pacific Medal with 2 stars; Combat Action Ribbon; Presidential Unit Citation with 1 star; American Campaign Medal; China Service Medal; World War II Victory Medal; Good Conduct Medal with 7 stars; Navy Unit Commendation; Meritorious Unit Commendation; United Nations Medal; Korea Service Medal; Korean Presidential Unit Citation; Republic Vietnam Campaign Medal; and the Vietnamese Service Medal.*

---



Sgt. Malnar, USNH Great Lakes

Sergeant Major John "Big John" Malnar was initially tagged with the name "Big John" because he stood over 6 feet tall and weighed over 200 pounds; however, in time "big" described not his size, but the place he holds in the hearts of those who served with him and the position he occupies in the history of his beloved Corps.

John Malnar was one of that small number of men who served in three of the four major wars of the 20th century. In 1943, at the age of seventeen, he enlisted in the Marine Corps and fought at Tinian and Okinawa. By early summer of 1950, John Malnar was serving in a guard company in Corpus Christi, Texas with the rank of sergeant. During the first week of August, 1950, John was rushed to Camp Pendleton to become part of the newly formed G/3/1 and was assigned to the 2nd platoon as a squad leader. His leadership in the Inchon invasion and the attack on Seoul is chronicled in this segment of the history of G/3/1 in Korea.

Severely wounded on 25 September 1950, Sgt. Malnar eventually recovered and served his Corps in a variety of duty assignments, and by 1964 was serving as a Battalion Sergeant Major.

In October of 1967 "Big John" Malnar joined the 2nd Battalion, 4th Marines in Viet Nam as Battalion Sergeant Major. After several months of operating against enemy forces in Viet Nam, he lost his life on 2 May 1968 during the battle of Dai Do.

Today, the 2nd Battalion, 4th Marines annually presents a sword and plaque to the NCO or staff NCO "who bests exemplifies the quality of leadership." The sword and plaque are presented in the name of Sergeant Major John Malnar. In addition, a \$2.5 million Advanced Infantry Training building at the School of Infantry was named in honor of Sgt. Maj. Malnar in May

of 1991. Malnar Hall at Camp Geiger houses the most sophisticated equipment and training program in the Marine Corps for Infantry Platoon Sergeant Courses and Infantry Squad Leaders Courses, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

At the dedication of the building Brigadier General William Weise, Malnar's former battalion commander, recalled that, "My last recollection of him was seeing him firing his shotgun and hurling grenades to help stop an enemy counterattack against our forward position while he directed the wounded to the rear." Later, General Weise added that he (Malnar) gave his life "when he could have easily saved himself."

In life "Big John" Malnar at Blue Beach, Mahang-ri, Sosa, Yongdungpo, Ma Po Boulevard in Seoul and later in the jungles of Viet Nam was an inspiration to all that soldiered at his side and made them better Marines than they would have been without him. In death, he remains an inspiration to those NCOs and staff NCOs who form the backbone of the present Marine forces and those who will provide leadership into the next century. It is only fitting that the George Company, 3rd Battalion, 1st Marines Association dedicates this portion of its history to the memory of Sergeant Major John Malnar who gave his last ounce of devotion to his Corps and his Country. His performance and courage in three wars leaves him a legend in the long history of the United States Marine Corps.





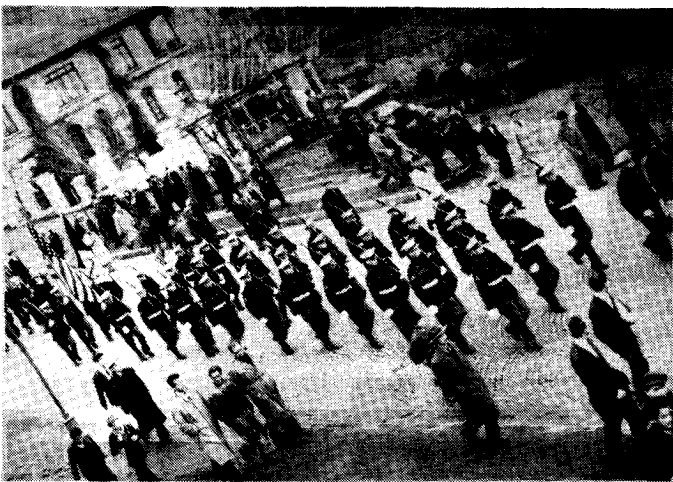


**1ST PLATOON ON PARADE**  
(right to left) 2nd Lt. Carey, Sgt. Williams, Corp. Brady, Sgt. Speck, Cpl. Fry, Sgt. Kent



**MED CRUISE LIBERTY**  
S/Sgt. Jack Deloach (left at far end of bar) and Pfc. Wasylczak (center)





Able Company on Parade - Med Cruise

This book is about the beginning of "G" Company 3rd Battalion 1st Marine Regiment, 1st Marine Division Fleet Marine Force and its subsequent combat history as told by the Marines who lived it. History indicates "G" Company began at Camp Pendleton, California on 6 August 1950. However, George Company (*phonetic spelling of "G" Co.*) began long before California, as it began in the 2nd Marine Division, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. To say the 2nd Marine Division never fought in Korea is just not true. And, in this one simple fact lies the success of the 1st Marine Division. George Company began in the Mediterranean with "A" Company 1st Battalion 6th Marines practicing amphibious landings on Malta, Sicily and Crete, desolate spots of land on a "Med Cruise" where the Company practiced the art of soldiering. It was a cohesive company of Marines led by a Mustang Company Commander — Captain George Westover and Mustang Executive Officer Lt. Charles Merrill who, along with their First Sergeant-Master Sergeant Rocco Zullo, had fought in the Pacific, in the many island hopping campaigns, against the Japanese in World War II.

Volumes could be written about "The Rock", but a quick sketch of Rocky Zullo shows him enlisting in the Corps in the late 30's. Landing at Guadalcanal as a section leader of Mortars and working his way up through Platoon Sergeant and eventually to First Sergeant, all in the same Company — Charlie 1/5 — to eventually taking over a platoon after its platoon leader was killed in the first ten minutes of an amphibious landing, and serving 32 months in the South Pacific — this was the experience and stability that Rocky added to George Company. To this combat awareness of what was coming down the line next, he added the discipline and cohesiveness to the Company — more later about the Rock.

All the Platoon Sergeants except Staff Sergeant Tillman had also seen combat in the Pacific and were similar in experience to Sgt. Zullo. The 2nd Platoon's Jack DeLoach, "The Ole Soldier" was a level-headed, laid back, yet aggressive leader who not only fought his own Platoon, but always insured he knew what the adjacent Platoons on his flanks were up to. Charlie Daniels of the 3rd Platoon was a

strict leader, who led his troops with that same consistent control. Tom Collier, in his quiet southern manner, had his hands full in mortars, training the section and handling the continued logistical problem of not always having the best equipment and often many malfunctioning rounds ("duds"). Machine guns were also led by many combat veterans, Staff Sergeants Rodriguez and Pickering, and Section Leaders like Sgt. Garcia and Sgt. Cochran — leaders who insured their troops were taken care of. Machine gun squads were always attached to Platoons and it was sometimes easy to forget about the attachments when it came to issuing rations, water, p.x. supplies, and pogeys (candy). But a Platoon guide would only forget them once and they quickly let him know about it. They were also more than handy when the resistance stiffened and those A-4's came on line to put down muderously accurate machine gun fire.

Many of the rifle squad leaders were combat veterans and those who were not, had soldiered with A/1/6 for several years. It was a cohesive, well disciplined, proficient, and well-led Marine Rifle Company. None of the junior officers (Lt. Carey, Lt. Beeler, Lt. Jarnagin, nor Lt. Hopkins) were veterans of the Pacific. However, they had spent so much time in the field with the Company that they were no longer "shave tails out of the factory," but seasoned leaders. This understrength, peace-time Marine Corps rifle company was moved to California ready to absorb the regulars and reservists from posts and stations across the United States.

The post World War II attitude was to abolish the Corps. There had been several major attempts to do away with the USMC and the peace time recruiting posters declared only 75,000 could serve. There were only 24,000 Marines in the entire fleet Marine force. When you considered it takes over 20,000 to field a Marine Division and nearly as much for a Marine Air Wing that a provisional Marine Brigade had already committed in the Pusan perimeter, it does not leave much room for slack.

So, it meant that Navy yards, posts and stations across the country were not shut down, but that duties were assumed by civilian police and recently activated reservists. Most regulars, even the short timers were declared C.O.G. (*convenience of the Government*) and placed aboard troop trains and ships headed for Camp Pendleton. Reserve units were activated with many individuals being ordered to Pendleton while other reserve units boxed up everything they owned and moved to the West coast.

Lieutenant Carey described his movement to Pendleton:

*I was given a verbal briefing of about one hour and told that I would be ready to leave the following day around 1800. My platoon had been one of two in the Division that would take a freight train of the Division gear to Camp Pendleton. I remember I was given a voucher to pickup several thousand dollars from the Paymaster. This would be our chow money for the trip. The freight train consisted of about 100 cars with a caboose and sleeping car. Our meals would be ordered through the Harvey Houses that in those days dotted the railroads. I would place an order for fifty box lunches with the conductor in the caboose. As we passed a station, he would leave a message to be wired to the next Harvey House. The train would stop long enough to pick*



up the lunches and we were on our way. We ate at least twenty-five box lunches apiece on that trip. It was a good breaking in for the C's that we would live off when we finally reached Korea!

From our route we really never thought we would make Pendleton. We went from Camp Lejeune, North Carolina down to Florida, thence straight north to Kentucky, then across to country via St. Louis, up to Nevada, then to sunny California.

The arrival at Pendleton continued to frustrate me. I couldn't find anyone to sign for the train. And believe me, I wasn't going to let it go without a signature. I had signed for it in Lejeune! I finally had to take it to San Diego where I found a willing soul at the Naval Base who signed for it. We then hitched a ride to Pendleton.

The lights were on at Pendleton; it was non stop with buses, trains, planes and cars showing up at all hours. Many had been in their khaki summer service uniforms for five days without a shower — no big deal and then it was hurry up and wait at the post lyceum. As service record books were checked and groups were formed, they were loaded upon trucks with sea bags and trucked to their new location to join respective units. One such group from the Brooklyn Navy Yard got off the truck at a row of quonset huts at Tent Camp Two. The first hut was the company office with billeting in the rear for the staff NCO's. It was past midnight as M/Sgt. Rocco Zullo met the group and said he would process the group in the morning, and to head down the company street and find a bunk. Which we did — we were ready to just crap out, but an NCO soon approached with a working party and gave us all fresh linen and blankets, informed us what time reveille was and the uniform of the day — dungarees.

First light, you could hear the muffled announcement of reveille. Some rolled over, others were up and moving; then you could clearly hear "Reveille roll call five minutes", same distinct voice and the "Fall out", and then a racket of clanging steel hitting concrete. This noise got louder and closer, then the door to the last hut swung open and in came the first sergeant. As he came down the center aisle with both arms extended, any double decker bunk with a body in either bunk was tipped over. Zullo made it look so easy. Well, there was real rapid movement as we fell in. We were then assigned to platoons where upon we met our platoon sergeant. We were then taken to supply and issued 782 gear, leggings, a rifle and told to stow them, bring our mess gear and were marched off to chow by the duty NCO. Salty Corporal Jamie Fry would not let anyone swing his mess gear and make a lot of rattle. As the Brooklyn Marines sat down for chow, most had the feeling that they had already done a day's work. Then it was march back and move into your squad, section, and platoon.

The first platoon was again chosen to combat load the Simon B. Buckner for our cruise to Kobe, Japan and to the former Japanese Naval Base at Camp Otsu; where Captain Westover continued to work the company around the

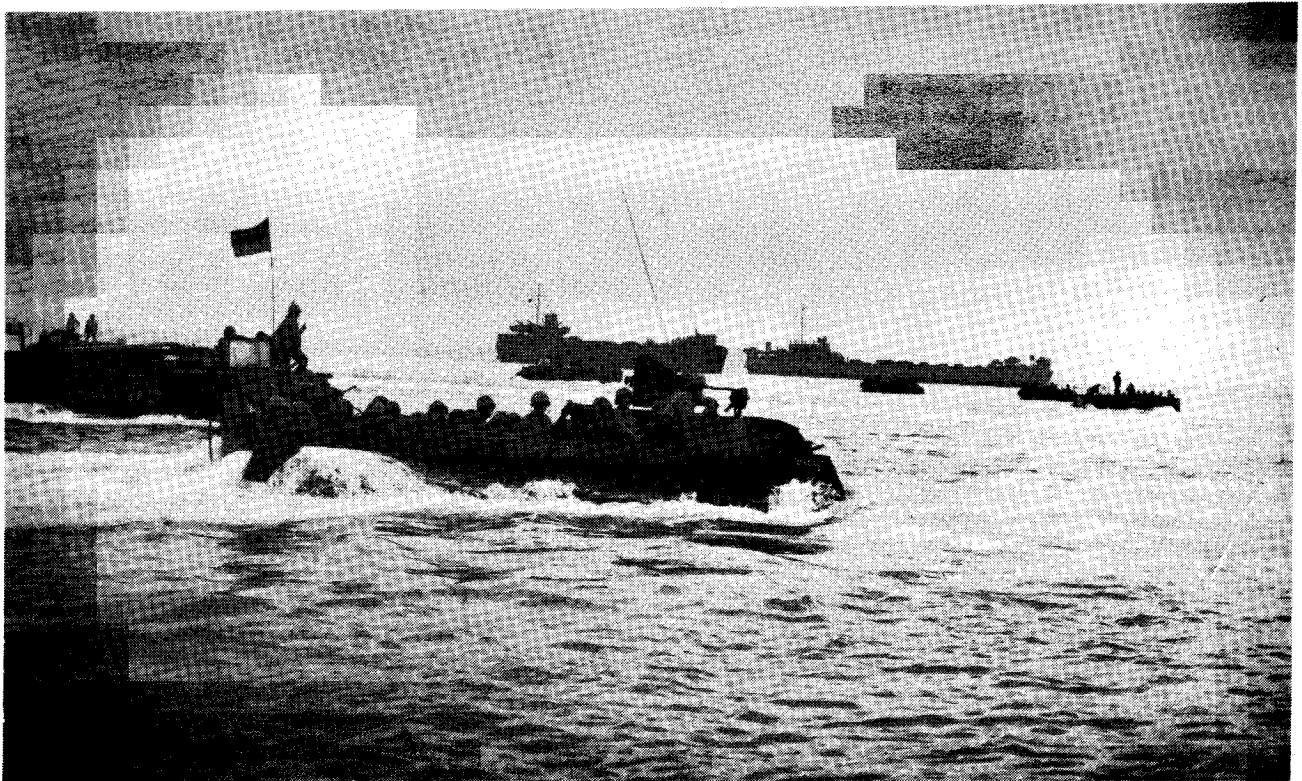
clock; hikes, problems, and hikes, problems, and hikes and more hikes. Cpl. Pendas recalls an incident in Japan:

At Camp Otsu we were garrisoned in a former Japanese Naval School with small rooms, about eight men to a room. I was in charge of a room containing the company and platoon runners and a few clerks. At Sunday muster formation I had to report two men absent — Jablonski and Kane. No dramatics from 1st Sgt. Zullo, "Find them, bring them to me." I started asking around and no one had seen them. Someone said there was a hole in the fence behind sick bay. I went behind sick bay and the whole fence had almost been knocked down. I went out into the village and a Moma San waved to me to come her way and pointed down a small alley. I went down and I could hear the loud voices — followed them to a sliding panel and there inside sprawled on the rice mats (tatami) were "Killer Kane" and Jablonski drunk on their asses. I told them the First Sergeant wanted them now! They refused to budge and insisted that I have a drink with them. "Come on Corporal boy, have a drink and we'll all go back." I had a drink of saki and we left. I took them to the First Sergeant's office, which was just a room with his field desk, which was simply a box with the lid used as a desktop. Either Kane or Jablonski brushed the papers off the top of the field desk, spilling the black ink bottle on some of the papers, then sat on the First Sergeant's field desk. I was standing at attention and knew that I was about to be a witness to a "murder" of two drunken Marines. Zullo never blinked or showed any emotion, he didn't explode, which we had all seen him do on several occasions. He dismissed me. The next thing I saw was Jablonski and Kane with heavy marching order (field transport packs), weapons, belts, canteens, and helmets marching from one end of the parade deck to the other. Several sergeants were stationed at the ends and center, in the shade, to keep them marching. It was mid afternoon and hot. The sun was really bearing down. The longer they marched, the drunker they got until they were falling down drunk — could not stand — sweating like race horses. They were allowed to drink from their canteens and there in lies the rub; each of their two canteens were full of saki rice wine.

Imagine the various levels of training and proficiency of these incoming Marines, everything from recruit "mess cooks" to seasoned "old salts." If you had to form cohesive units with this rag tag assemblage, it would have taken months. To expend so much space on a simple subject as task organization might have seemed wasteful to the casual reader; however, it was this explained leadership and cohesiveness that enabled George Company to absorb new arrivals and go into combat with no rehearsal and no shake down. It was this same level of leadership that saved many a poor soul and allowed the Company to make the first amphibious assault at Inchon. It would also carry it through the mountains of North Korea against what seemed like a million Chinks. It was the untrainable — combat experience — leadership.

★





Boat 2-2 command tractor (with flag) Lt. Carey standing on top with amtrac platoon commander and elements of first platoon - front tractor contains elements of "G" Company Marines.



Second wave - George Company streams to beach at Inchon



Operation Chromite, the code name for the Inchon invasion, was scheduled for 15 September 1950. This maneuver behind the extended lines of the North Korean Peoples Army (NKPA) was the brainchild of General Douglas MacArthur. It was a plan that found little or no support with American military leaders and was, indeed, an extremely dangerous proposal. MacArthur's eloquence silenced his opponents and he was given the go ahead. Despite MacArthur's insistence that there was no other way to achieve victory in Korea, even he referred to it as a "5,000-to-one gamble." He argued that because it was such a gamble, it would succeed in that the enemy would never expect an attack at Inchon and, therefore, would be caught by surprise and overwhelmed.

MacArthur's staff was completely confident that once the Marines were ashore at Inchon the operation would be a success; the problem was to get the 1st Marine Division on to solid land. The obstacles to a successful landing appeared to be almost insurmountable. The tidal range in Inchon varies by 32 feet. At ebb tide in 1950, the harbor was a vast mud flat, stretching three miles out to sea. At high tide, the water reached a sea wall that in many areas could only be breached by using scaling ladders. Any miscalculation, any foul-up, could easily lead to stranding the assault waves two or three miles from Inchon, hopelessly mired waist deep in mud. If this were to happen, even a small garrison of NKPA troops could crush the invasion. The best scenario would have the first wave of troops arrive at the sea wall at precisely high tide. Even then a well entrenched enemy might inflict unacceptable casualties, or perhaps even deny the Marines a defensible beach head.

On the morning of 15 September 1950, 3rd Battalion, 5th Marines hit **Green** beach on Wolmi-do island. Later that same day, the rest of the 5th Marines and the 1st Marines would be moving towards their objectives, **Red** beach and **Blue** beach, hoping to arrive at approximately 1930 hours in order to take advantage of high tide.

To be part of this invasion fleet, George Company, 3rd Battalion, 1st Marines (G/3/1) departed from Japan on LST's (Landing Ship, Tank) sometime between the 6th and 8th of September. The voyage from Kobe, Japan was anything but pleasant. First of all, there were not enough LST's in our hands to transport the entire division. This meant that a sizeable number had to be scrounged from the Japanese. Captain Westover remembers his LST as a "lumbering, old fish-scow that had been retrieved from the Japanese Maritime Department and that reeked of fish and other odors." Secondly, the landing craft were overcrowded. Men slept where they found a place to stretch out. Some were under the tables, others in the LVT's (Landing Vehicle, Tracked) while others had no choice but to sprawl out on the deck. Head call in the morning was quite a sight. Facilities consisted of a four-holer — wooden toilets just hanging over the side of the main deck. Any man answering a call of nature had to sit on the boards and watch the China Sea directly below him. If the weather got real bad tarps were put around it, but it remained a very primitive affair. The LST carried a causeway on its port side making it top heavy and giving it an incredible roll in heavy weather.

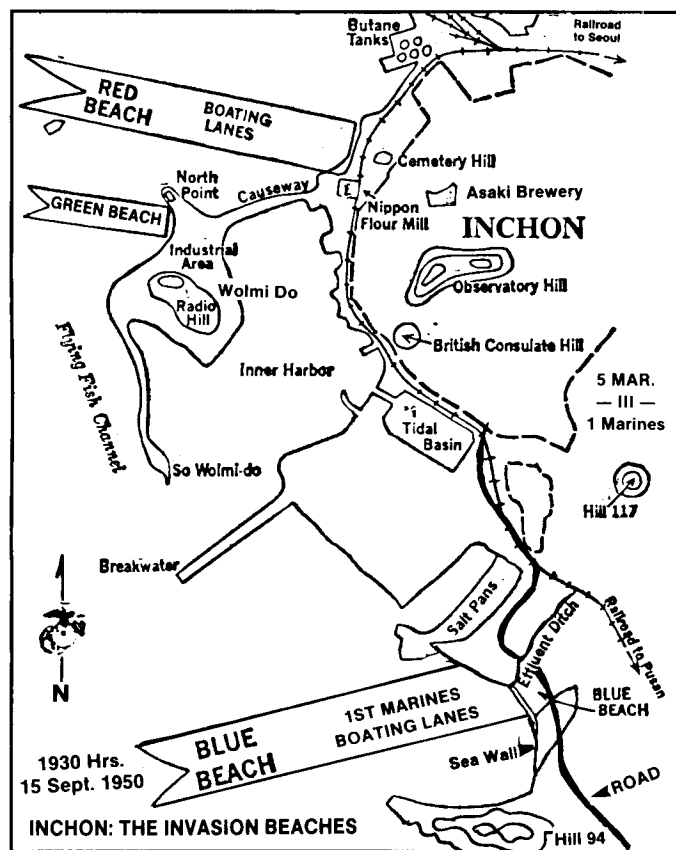
To make matters worse, after a day or so at sea, the invasion fleet ran into part of a typhoon. Crowded conditions, bad weather and sea-sick Marines — and this was only the beginning.

In any event, it wasn't too long before George Company was in position a few miles off Blue beach. Skipper George Westover remembers his thoughts just before the word was given to begin the landing:

*(I realized) that every amphibious landing contains a variable number of X-factors (unknowns) and this one had its share. My worst scenario was my last landing at Iwo Jima on "D" plus 1. I remembered the absolute chaos, the disasterous beach area with boats and vehicles smashed and destroyed, both in the water and on shore. I couldn't help but wonder if we were going to face such a resolute and determined enemy as the Japanese had been at Iwo Jima, and if so, how would we perform.*

Following tradition, the troops were given the pre-landing meal of steak and eggs. After the meal, Pfc. Jack Dunne spent the next few hours watching destroyers dueling with shore batteries and Corsairs bombing and strafing targets. Later in the day Dunne observed Marines taping dogtags and anything else that might rattle or reflect sunlight. About this time, the men were issued ammunition and grenades. This additional weight reminded everyone that this was the real thing.

Around 1400 hours the men went to their assigned LVT's (Landing Vehicle, Tracked). The mood of the troops became ever so slowly a bit more somber and reflective. There would still be the occasional joke or an angry curse,



MAP #1 (from *Inchon Landing* by Michael Langly)



but there was far more silence than there was laughter. Cpl. Jerry Pendas has these recollections:

*If the LVT's were to be buttoned up in preparation for the 45 minute run to the beach, I suddenly thought of the LVT's that during training exercises would leave the LST and drop to the bottom of the ocean. It was infrequent, but it did occur every now and then. There would be no way to get out of this LVT if that were to happen, for the 25 men in this craft were loaded down with packs, weapons, ammunition and all the other gear necessary for combat troops. I was on boat 2-2 with Lt. Carey, a squad of machine gunners and a squad of rifle men. Fortunately, we went off the LST with no problems and started towards the beach. There was a 50 caliber machine gun on our LVT, and it had a condom hanging from the end of the barrel. I looked up at the guy manning the gun, and it was a guy by the name of "Baby Duck" Lake, a kid I had been sea-going with on the U.S.S. Coral Sea for two years. We said a quick "hello" and he blew the rubber off the end of that thing.*

*we got stuck in the mud. So we unloaded and ran to the wire. There was a Marine right next to me cutting wire (probably Pfc. Ralph Murphy). It was anxious times. He (Murphy) took a round from a sniper, so I took his cutters and worked my way through. Apparently that sniper was close as he put a round through my pack, which was on my shoulders. Then my cutting really shifted into high gear! I remember Pfc. Wasylscak, my runner, shouting, "Go Lieutenant!" To this day I don't know why I didn't give him the cutters; he was a hell of a lot faster and stronger than I was.*

**(Editor's Note:** Pfc. Murphy was the only KIA from the 1st platoon on "D" day, and his death caused a great deal of frustration and anguish for his family. Apparently Murphy had written a letter prior to the invasion, post-dated it to 17 September, and placed it in outgoing mail aboard the LST. The letter was delivered after his family had been notified that he had been killed in action. The letter became the family's proof that he was alive and that his reported death was a terrible mix up of names. Clinging to their only hope, it was

some time before the family came to grips with the fact that Pfc. Ralph Murphy had lost his life on Blue beach.)

The 3rd platoon, on the right flank of Carey's platoon, unloaded from the LVT at the base of the sea wall. Lt. Swanson was the platoon's first casualty. As he lifted his left leg over the wall, he caught a round in his thigh. He was placed in the LVT for immediate evacuation. **(Editor's Note:** Lt. Swanson returned to Korea in the Spring of 1951 and was given command of I/3/1. About the middle of May he was killed when he stepped on a land mine.) Shortly after Lt. Swanson was wounded, Cpl. Chuck Collins witnessed the death of a squad leader from his platoon:

*Cpl. Albert Barnes was killed almost immediately after going over the sea wall. He was killed on the beach by enemy fire we received from a hole in a smokestack less than 100 yards from us. Our 60mm mortars fired without bipods and*

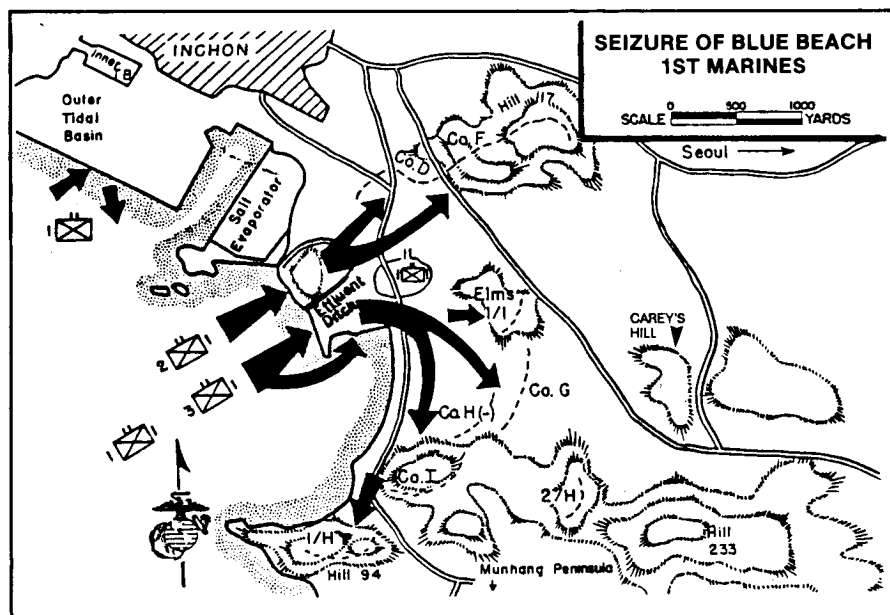
*"eyesighted" the rounds until the fire was silenced and we were able to move on. The enemy sniper had some kind of automatic weapon up there and for quite a while, we didn't know where the fire was coming from. The sniper or snipers had us pretty well pinned down until the mortar men spotted and eliminated the fire.*

Meanwhile, Carey's 1st platoon moved towards its "D" day objective, the high ground — a small hill on the left flank of the Battalion.

Darkness was rapidly approaching, and Lt. Carey knew that he had to move his troops in as rapidly as possible. Enemy resistance was limited to small arms fire, but it was more than enough to remind everyone that the NKPA intended to inflict as many casualties as they could. Cpl. Jerry Pendas reacted to enemy fire in a way that is very typical of troops in combat for the first time:

*We got about 50 yards in when we discovered we were in a perfect trap. We were surrounded by barbed wire, and we couldn't divert to another area, worse still,*

*We were approaching our objective when a couple of rounds barely missed me. These rounds were followed*



MAP #1A

For several hours the Marines of G/3/1 had been observing what looked like a Hollywood spectacular. Warships were belching smoke; Corsairs were screeching towards the beach, letting loose rockets and dropping napalm where ever a target appeared likely. Before long the beach was covered with smoke and visibility was reduced to almost nothing. Into this man-made darkness G/3/1 would soon disappear.

As the Amtrac (boat sign 2-2) carrying the headquarters section of the 1st platoon reached the shoreline, Lt. Carey noticed there was no sea wall in front of him, just lots of mud and barbed wire. As he scanned the beach, the operator of the LVT located what looked like an open ditch (effluent ditch or open sewer), and it was quickly decided to use that avenue of approach and to avoid the mud flats. Lt. Carey vividly remembers what happened next:

by several more that kicked the coral around my feet. I jumped into a ditch and rolled, hoping to get out of his field of fire. Without any warning, I started to dry vomit. Within a minute, I regained my composure and started to return fire. It was probably five minutes later that I noticed my dungarees were soaked with urine. The funny thing was that as I looked around, I noticed I was not the only one with wet dungarees.

The 2nd platoon was assigned the extreme right flank of the company's position. Cpl. Jack Prince recalls this as one of the most confusing moments of his life. He adds, "We couldn't see where to go and there was no one to tell us where to go. All the while enemy rounds were ricocheting off the side of the Amtrac. Once on the beach I got a glimpse of Cpl. Barnes, but at the time I didn't know that he had been killed. All I could think of was how he talked about Blue, his old mule."

The machine gun squad that Pfc. Charles Beman was part of was with the 2nd platoon. His recollection of Blue beach agrees with Prince's description:

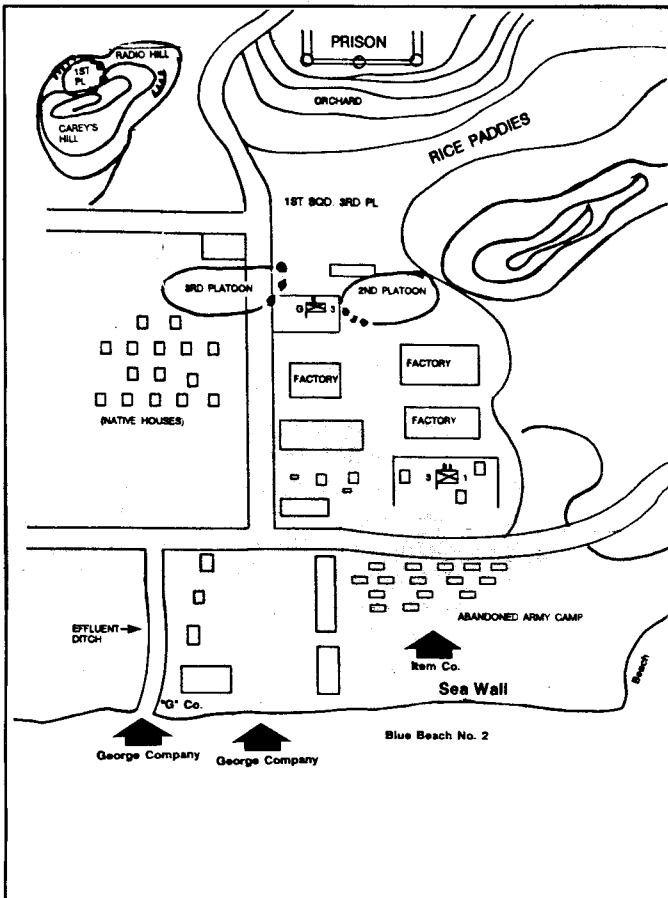
*In the Amtracs, down the ramp, and head for that sea wall we were told about. This was fun so far! Then just as we passed that navy rocket ship, it fired and we went back to the real world. We got over the sea wall without much to do — just a lot of small arms fire, noise, and everybody yelling to move over here or there. It was fast becoming dark, and finally I was told to dig in next to a corn field, so I dug in and received orders not to fire unless I was sure it was a Gook in front of me. As the light breeze blew, the corn moved; I shot and killed that whole cornfield by daylight.*

Sometime after the 2nd platoon had reached its objective and had dug in, Pfc. Jack Dunne was approached by his squad leader:

*Sgt. John Malnar came and told me I was going with him on patrol to make contact between the 2nd platoon and the next company on line. It was a four or five man patrol, and we made slow progress because we had to freeze every time a star shell burst, and they were frequent. We came upon a figure lying in some brush and couldn't tell in the dark whether he was alive or dead. We couldn't fire, that would make us everybody's target. Malnar asked for a knife, but nobody had one or at least would admit to having one. We finally lunged forward and pommeled him with rifle butt strokes. He turned out to be an already dead North Korean.*

*We went on and made contact with a nervous exchange of the password (Lucky-Strike) and made our way back to our sector. I had dug my foxhole next to a rice paddy, and when I got back, the hole was full of water. This was lesson number 1 in Korean fox hole site selection. Lesson number two came a few days later when I dug in near some protective looking earth mounds. After I started bringing up pieces of wood and then bone, I figured out that it was a cemetery.*

"D" day was finally over and Captain Westover experienced a sense of great relief. His platoons were dug in and there appeared to be no indication of an enemy counter attack. The cost of two KIA's (killed in action) and four or five WIA's (wounded in action) was painful to accept, but as an infantry officer he realized that casualties are inevitable, and he was grateful that they were lighter than what he had feared. His thoughts could not dwell on the day's events for long because he realized there would be many more days of fighting and casualty taking. "D" plus 1 was now uppermost in his mind.



MAP #2 - BLUE BEACH, INCHON

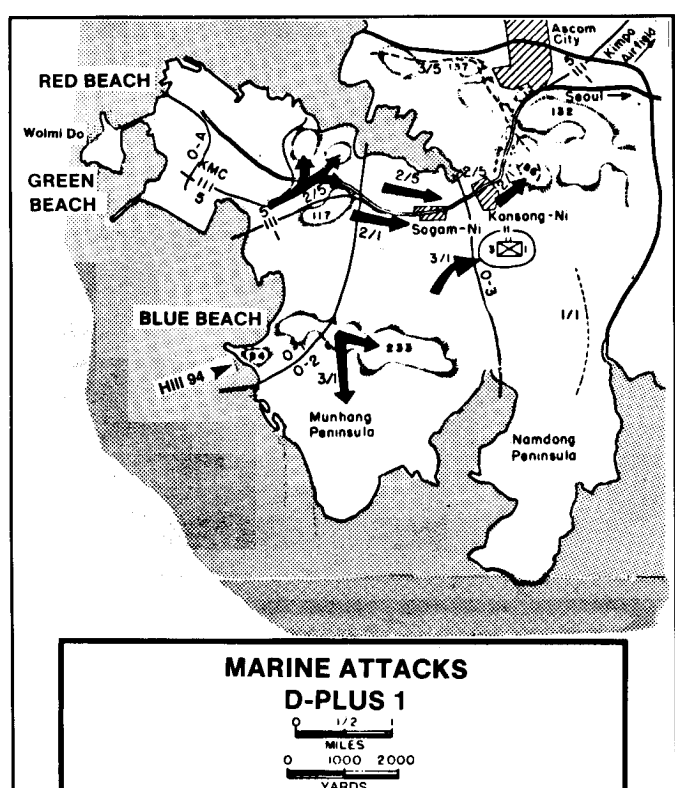
In due time, the sniper fire was eliminated and the 1st platoon reached its objective just as the sun was disappearing over the horizon. S/Sgt. Gerald Tillman and Lt. Richard Carey quickly placed the troops in a defensive perimeter. Lt. Carey recalls that everything seemed to be going smoothly until someone yelled, "incoming and corpsman, almost simultaneously." Carey adds:

*Those damned LVT's, manned by U.S. Army troops, somehow spotted movement on Radio Hill (on map identified as Carey Hill) and took us under fire. I got on the radio and in no uncertain terms let battalion know so they could turn off the deadly fire. It was the most rapid reaction I ever saw from battalion, but not before Cpl. Woernle had his arm practically blown off. It was a costly mistake as he was one of my best fire team leaders. In fact, at that time he was acting squad leader. We spent a quiet night for a beach head, but I remember how damn cold it was. I shook all night long, but I am not all together certain that it was only from the cold.*



On the morning of "D" plus 1, the 5th Marines and the 1st Marines were to move the Division front roughly two miles to the east and seal off the Inchon Peninsula. A line at this narrow neck of the peninsula would prohibit the NKPA from reoccupying the Inchon beach head and allow the unhampered buildup of supplies for the attack on Seoul.

If G/3/1 had moved straight ahead in an easterly direction, the day's objective might have been achieved without any major physical effort; however, the following map shows that the 3rd Battalion, 1st Marines had to make a sweep of the entire Munhang Peninsula before it could take up positions on the O-3 line. So while the Division front shifted eastward two miles, the Marines of George Company probably covered seven to ten miles of grueling terrain.



MAP #3 (From Official USMC History, Vol. 2)

At 0700 Captain Westover gave the order to move out. Directly in front of the company was a prison that had been used by the North Koreans to hold South Korean political prisoners. These prisoners claimed that until a few weeks ago American soldiers had also been there, but they had been moved northward. For some reason the NKPA gave up the prison without a fight and George Company was on the move again.

On the previous night (15 September) the 1st platoon had been separated from the rest of G/3/1. Because of its location on the morning of the 16th, Carey's reinforced platoon was on a separate mission while moving to rejoin the main body. At about mid-morning the detached platoon was moving in an almost textbook type deployment. Suddenly, the machine gun section attached to the 1st platoon came under NKPA fire. Again, Cpl. Jerry Pendas had a bird's eye view of what followed:

*The platoon had reached a cut in the road with the bank to our right, roughly 30 feet high. The men were beautifully deployed and the point had already passed the cut in the hill. Suddenly a grenade landed in the middle of the machine gun section, seriously wounding one of the crew. Immediately, "Doc" Anderson ran to the wounded Marine, rolled him over and went to work stopping the bleeding and preventing shock. As he was doing this, another grenade came down the bank. Anderson looked at the grenade, grabbed the Marine by the neck and the knees, doubled him up and then laid his body across the wounded man. The grenade exploded and riddled Anderson's back and legs with fragments. He popped back up again and went back to work on the Marine. In the meantime, Stanley Martin, another corpsman with the 1st platoon, jumped out of the ditch and went to Anderson, pulled his pants down and started patching him up. It was quite a sight, Anderson working on the machine gunner, while Martin was dressing Anderson's wounds. Before another grenade could be tossed, the flankers flushed out the NKPA soldiers and killed them without suffering any additional casualties. Remarkably only a few minutes prior, General Craig the Assistant Division Commander and another officer had driven down this same road in a jeep without a shotgun rider.*

Eventually the 1st platoon joined the company, and the advance continued; however, the treacherous terrain soon separated the assault platoons from each other and from the company CP. While out of contact with Captain Westover, Lt. Richard Carey's platoon began receiving heavy small arms fire from a wooded area on the side of a hill. Carey described the ensuing action in this way:

*I quickly took a look at the disposition of the enemy and determined this would be a classic double envelopment. I left Sgt. Vernon Kent and his squad as a base of fire. Platoon Sgt. Gerald Tillman took one squad and moved to the left. I took Sgt. Gene Lilly and his squad to the right. I threw a red smoke grenade as did Sgt. Tillman and we assaulted the position. It was a classic operation. We had chanced upon an entire platoon, and our assault was so rapid and well coordinated that we didn't have a single casualty. The only close incident that I know of was my own. I was charging through the woods when I came upon the enemy platoon officer. He immediately dropped his pistol and threw his hands up. I approached him with drawn 45 and was determined to search him. When I was turning him around to face away from me, he made a sudden move. My reaction was almost his undoing, for as I swung my pistol to hit him on the head, I jerked off a round and he fell to the ground. I remember I had a flash of guilt thinking I had killed a man who was trying to surrender. But fortunately, even at that close range, I only shot off his pistol belt and holster. The force of the 45 round knocked him to the ground. Even at that close range, I was a lousy shot.*

The fire fight was over almost as it had begun, and a large number of the enemy chose to surrender. Pfc. John Mainor was told to search the prisoners and decided the



INCHON - "D" + 1, TIDE OUT  
LSTs and small craft are high and dry in the mud as supplies begin to build on the beach.





safest and most thorough way of doing this was to have them remove their clothing. As he carefully watched them undress, he became aware that one of the prisoners refused to comply with the order. Apparently S/Sgt. Tillman noticed the same defiance because before Pfc. Mainor had time to act, Tillman punctured the POW's rear end with a bayonet. This apparently motivated the prisoner to be a bit more cooperative.

Later the same day, the 1st platoon was taking a breather near a number of Korean houses. Pfc. Joe Bell looked up and saw what appeared to be someone dragging a machine gun into a straw-thatched hut. Joe Bell, Jerry Pendas and a few others went off to investigate. Let Cpl. Pendas pick up the story at this point:

*As we approached the hut and the troops got into position, I decided to get close enough to put a grenade in the door. Another classic maneuver — a base of fire with an assault (one man).*

*I ran as fast as I could toward the door with the pin already out of the grenade. When I got within the accuracy range for the opening, I threw it right through the door. Now the comedy began. After I released the grenade and it entered the hut, I continued to run toward the entrance of the hut. When I got to the area of the doorway, I put my back to the wall, just as I had seen in many a Hollywood movie. The grenade blew and pieces of shrapnel came flying through the few inches of dried mud and straw that separated me from the grenade. It was a stupid move, but somehow I was untouched.*

*I jumped inside firing and saw immediately to my right a dead gook, who possibly could have had his back up against mine on the other side of the wall. I heard a shuffling sound near the far wall. The building seemed to be some kind of a classroom with benches all lined up and facing a wooden stage with a platform on top and there were weapons, ammo, and propaganda leaflets all over. The movement I had heard was the platform sliding over a hole or shelter under the stage. The machine gun that had originally caught our attention as it was being moved into the hut was nowhere in sight, and I assumed it was in that shelter under the stage.*

*I quickly ran up and dropped another grenade down the partial opening of the sliding trap door. This time I ran away from the grenade and jumped out the door and just kept running. Those who went into the building saw bodies under the stage platform.*

#### **Comments by Joe Bell:**

*"Pendas, do you realize how ridiculous you looked stepping into that room with a sniper rifle and spraying the place?"*

*"Whoeee! You were chained lightning — 5 rounds! Bam! . . . Bam! . . . Bam! . . . Bam! . . . Bam!"*

*"That was ridiculous. It's a wonder as green as we were, we didn't get our ass shot off."*

Cpl. Pendas continues with another episode later that same day:

*We continued to throw grenades during the day into hooches that looked suspicious. One particular*

*event made us all want to quit. Someone had said that he saw an enemy soldier run into a hooch. This time we knocked a hole in the corner of the mud wall, opposite the door.*

*I dropped a grenade in and we took cover. It blew and the air was filled with screams as children came running out of the 10' by 10' hooch. I went inside to the corner where I had dropped the grenade. The corner was full of children, all with tiny holes from shrapnel; they were bleeding and screaming. As I turned to get the hell out of there, I noticed a dead enemy soldier up against the wall. I immediately realized that the son-of-a-bitch had herded all the children around himself in the corner as a protective shield. If anyone had looked in all that would have been seen was a room full of frightened children. Nevertheless, I still felt like shit!*

The 2nd platoon was the right flank of the company on 16 September and had more difficulty with the terrain than with NKPA soldiers. Pfc. Jack Dunne remembers a single incident that day. It occurred as his platoon was descending a hill and a lone North Korean soldier fired from across a paddy. Dunne recalls that the "platoon was spread out so that everyone had a field of fire. Just about everyone opened up and the North Korean never got a second shot off."

As was stated earlier, G/3/1 had a lot of difficult miles to travel on "D" plus 1 and although every man in the rifle platoons had a right to be exhausted, it was the machine gun crews that had the most to bitch about. This is how Pfc. Tom Powers describes the plight of an ammo carrier:

*Machine gunners carried a packboard that was issued on ship. It was plastic and had a canvas back. On this packboard we carried two boxes of machine gun ammo and our personal gear. Around our necks was a strap with two more boxes of ammo. Last, but not least, we carried our own weapons and the ammo for them. All told, this came to about 80 pounds or more. On the day after the invasion, we were still carrying all of this ammo and had been going up one hill after another. It was hot and we were near the point of collapsing. At the end of the day, we got to the top of a hill, and I was cursing and screaming, "I'm not going another step. I can't move another inch." Just then a machine gun opened up on us and dirt was flying all around. I jumped up and danced across that skyline like I was Gene Kelly in "Singing in the Rain."*

Miraculously, G/3/1 suffered no casualties during the attack. While taking no personnel losses, the company, or more specifically the 1st platoon, had roughly handled the NKPA: 9 enemy KIA's, 25 POW's, 3 Russian made heavy machine guns, 6 light machine guns, 30 to 40 rifles, 7 to 10 cases of grenades, 1 truckload of small arms and machine gun ammunition and a considerable quantity of mortar ammunition. Similar results were reported by the 2nd and 3rd platoons.

For the second straight night, the lines of George Company were quiet the night of 16 September 1950.

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## Tank Column

By "D" day +1 the First and Fifth Marines had effectively secured the Inchon beachhead. From this point on, additional troops and supplies could be unloaded without the fear of a sudden NKPA counter attack. On the morning of 17 September, the 5th Marines moved out in the direction of Kimpo air field and would continue in this direction until they attacked Seoul from the northwest. The mission of the 1st Marines was to barrel up the Inchon-Seoul highway and enter Seoul at its western edge.

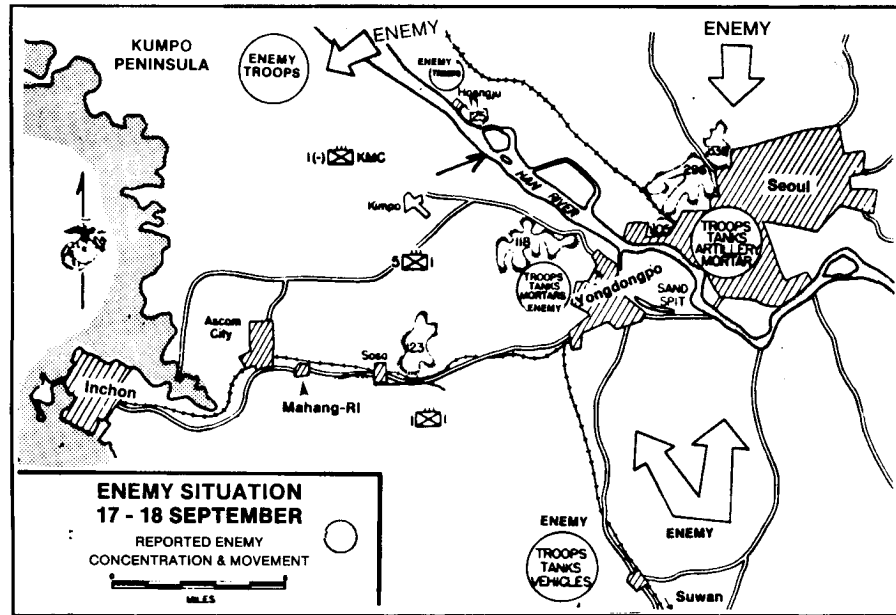
*When sudden fire from a well-entrenched and numerically superior enemy force was directed on his squad and an adjacent tank-infantry team, Sergeant Malnar, unable to contact the nearby tank crew because of disrupted communications, climbed up on the tank in full view of the enemy and loaded its machine gun. courageously firing on the hostile force, whose fire was then striking the tank, he succeeded in destroying an enemy machine gun and killing its crew, constantly encouraged his squad to continue the attack and steadfastly remained exposed to the intense enemy fire to better his direction of the squad.*

The M-26 Pershing tanks were the key to the attack on this day, but not all of the action was from behind a tank turret. Once while the column was stalled, a call went out for Cpl. Jerry Pendas, the first platoon scout sniper. A machine gun emplacement had been spotted about 750 yards away. The two-man crew of the gun was located next to a building and each man was visible from the chest up. As they fired at the column, Cpl. Pendas took careful aim, squeezed off a round and expected to see the gunner fall back. Instead, he observed the gunner looking to his left at his assistant gunner who had been hit and knocked backwards. Using "Kentucky windage" and aiming at the building Cpl. Pendas took out the gunner with his next shot. At this point, Lt. Carey, observing through binoculars, and somewhat con-

fused by the sequence of events, asked why was the assistant the first target. Several members of the 1st platoon overhead Cpl. Pendas explain how the sniper scope was jarred during an earlier encounter and that the scope's windage was off. Someone was heard to say, "Take his scope away; what he really needs is a peepsight!"

*(Editor's Note: What started out as a ribbing, ended up as a name change. For over 40 years Jerry Pendas has been known as "Peepsight" by those who have served with him and those who know him.)*

Despite the need of his infantrymen to frequently take cover, Captain Westover's orders were to move forward as rapidly as was possible. This meant that as soon as a four or five man suicide squad was eliminated, the troops were told to scramble back on the tanks as the tanks began to move out. In this whole process of pushing over NKPA opposition, South Korean civilians were of invaluable help. Captain Westover recalls that on several occasions it was civilians, that by sign language identified houses, buildings, dug outs and even caves that contained enemy soldiers. In his debriefing, Captain Westover reported that "the citizens were very helpful, but they were also very anxious that we get all of them, because it seems that any time any of the North Koreans saw them giving information of that type, then their names were practically written in blood; they were eliminated at the first possible moment."



Colonel "Chesty" Puller was eager to move as quickly as possible towards Seoul and ordered his regiment to press forward in a tank-infantry attack with G/3/1 as the assault company with infantry riding on top of the 2nd platoon of Baker company tanks. As soon as Captain Westover had his troops loaded, he joined Captain Williams, CO of Baker tanks, in his command jeep which followed the third tank in line.

The column moved very rapidly for the first three miles. At this point the column entered the village of Mahang-ri. The road through the village was on high ground and down the slope on the left hand side of the road were the railroad yards and the factory buildings. Once within the village the first three or four tanks came under heavy sniper and machine gun fire.

With the first burst of machine gun fire, George Company Marines jumped off the tanks as rounds harmlessly bounced off the steel monsters, but ricocheted dangerously around them. As soon as the enemy could be located and neutralized, the men reboarded the tanks and the advance was resumed. This "on the tanks, off the tanks, reboard the tanks, deploy to the side of the tanks" became the pattern for most of the action during the rest of the day. Stated this way it sounds all too easy and too much like a training mission, such was not the case. What follows is a portion of the Silver Star citation awarded to Sgt. John Malnar on this day:



About mid day, the infantry troops and tankers literally came face to face with death and destruction. This near disastrous event took place in a small cluster of farm houses while the tanks were in file but at a complete stop. The troops had not been fired at for a while, and they were sitting on the tanks waiting for the column to continue towards Seoul. To the left of the tank column were a few houses and just opposite the last tank was a high wall. Directly in front of the wall was a huge mound of what looked like corn stalks.

Not much seemed to be happening, and someone decided to test fire his weapon by firing into the mounds of corn stalks. A small fire started to smolder (probably ignited by a tracer). A number of troops still on the tanks were looking at the fire. While attention was focused on the fire, what had first appeared to the men to be an old black stove pipe, suddenly began to move. It had been barely protruding from the corn stalk, but it was now rapidly lowering and traversing towards the last tank.

Troops still on our Pershings started yelling "tank, tank, enemy tank!" Confusion reigned, but enough men used their bare hands and rifle butts to bang on the turrets long enough to get the message across to our tank crews. It was a race to see which tank could get a round off first. Cpl. Pendas was amazed to see how rapidly our M-26 tank was able to fire as the turret was swinging to the left. The enemy T-34 was hit a point blank range, probably from less than 30 feet. Pfc. Richard Hock was on the tank that took out the T-34 and remembers the action in this way:

*As the turret swung, it caught a Browning Automatic Rifle between the turret and a cleat on the tank, smashing the BAR as the BAR man was trying to free his weapon. I hit the road running and either tripped or was knocked down by a blast which I thought was a hit on our tank, but which turned out to be the blast from the muzzle break on our tank's gun. The T-34 never fired even though the two tank muzzles were only feet apart. The T-34 crew perished, why they never fired on our lead tank only they knew.*

Pfc. Hock was completely correct when he stated that only the tank crew that perished knows for sure why they did not fire first; however, a good guess is that their inaction was based on sound tactics. If the T-34 could have destroyed the last tank in our tank column, and then in the confusion also eliminate our lead tank, the remaining troops and roadbound immobile tanks could be easily destroyed. It was probably less than five seconds that separated a T-34 kill from a stunning disaster.

The "tank in the haystack" would not be the last surprise for George company that day. A few hours later, the tank column had halted at a sharp turn in the road in order to give the lead tank a chance to see if there were any T-34 tanks around the corner, waiting to ambush the column. Just prior to the time that the column halted, Peepsight Pendas had positioned himself behind the 50 caliber machine gun on one of the tanks. He found that the tank crew was eager to supply him with ammo, and he was willing to expend it, especially after he found that it "shot a very flat trajectory to well over 2,000 yards." In his own words, he had "just had the time of his life, shooting at fleeing NKPA soldiers in uniform."

But now the column was waiting to see if the new terrain was occupied by NKPA forces. Most of the men were still on the tanks and Pendas was still behind the

50 caliber machine gun; all were waiting for the order to resume the advance. All of a sudden, with no warning, a North Korean motorcycle with an officer in a side car came roaring around the bend in the road, passing to the right of the lead tank. More than one man immediately thought it was some kind of a "kamikaze" attack and that the motorcycle had enough explosives to blow the whole column to smithereens. The North Korean officer was in full dress uniform and was as surprised as the Marines were. As he came around the corner and suddenly realized what was happening, he threw his hands up momentarily into the air, as if to surrender, but quickly dropped them to his lap and tried to grab his burp gun.

Peepsight Pendas was still manning the 50 caliber machine gun and acted instinctively. "I mashed the butterfly trigger on the machine gun, and I saw the headlight of the motorcycle explode." Somehow the cycle kept right on going down the line of tanks with Marines firing at the two North Koreans with everything that they had. It finally came to a stop just opposite the tank that Pfc. Richard Hock was on. Marines turned away waiting for a violent explosion, but nothing happened. All that was left was a badly shot up motorcycle, two dead North Koreans and an attache case loaded with documents and/or orders that the North Korean Warrant Officer was intending to deliver to his troops somewhere in the vicinity of Inchon. Pendas got the officer's rank insignia, someone else the shiny new burp gun, and the attache case was turned over to S-2 (Intelligence).

About midway between the villages of Mahang-ri and Sosa there was a defile where the NKPA decided to stiffen its resistance. As the lead M-26 (Pershing) tank entered the pass, George Company Marines moved to the shoulders of the road. Suddenly, the infantry and the single tank were hit by a barrage of anti-tank and mortar fire and a large amount of small arms fire. Before the tank could remove itself to a more protected position, the engine went dead and could not be restarted. The tank commander remembered that infantrymen had been riding on his tank; he opened the hatch to make a quick check and found a lone Marine still on the tank. As NKPA soldiers were swarming down the bank to attack the disabled tank, the tank commander pulled the infantryman into his tank.

While enemy soldiers were moving about the exterior of the tank, trying to discover some way of getting a grenade into it, the interior of the tank was filling with fumes from the 90mm gun. The choking fumes and the noise of the enemy trying to destroy the tank proved to be more than the George Company Marine could handle. The tank commander reported that "he suddenly went berserk and had to be knocked out." By this time the smoke within the tank became unbearable, and the pistol port was opened for ventilation. As soon as it was opened, a grenade was tossed into the tank, wounding two of the tankers and the infantrymen. Just as the situation appeared hopeless to the Marines inside the tank, the second tank in line maneuvered itself into position and raked the disabled tank with machine gun fire before another grenade could be dropped through the pistol port.

*(Editor's Note: The previous two paragraphs are based on an official USMC interview, dated 24 August 1954 with Lt. Bryan Cummings of 2nd platoon, Baker tanks. Additional information covered on pages 175-177 of Vol. II. U.S. Marine Operations in Korea.)*

As all of this was happening, Captain Westover was moving his platoons to the right of the road and eventually

gained the high ground. This movement allowed additional Marine armor to enter the defile and fire point blank into enemy positions. In this exchange of fire, six enemy AT guns were destroyed, while one M-26 had a track knocked off and two other tanks had minor damage.

When the two disabled tanks were eventually moved to a protected area by tank retrievers, Pfc. John Mainor rushed to the turret of one of the tanks to help remove the wounded. Much to his amazement, the first man he helped was a Marine who had been in his boot camp platoon, a man he had not seen since the day the platoon graduated.

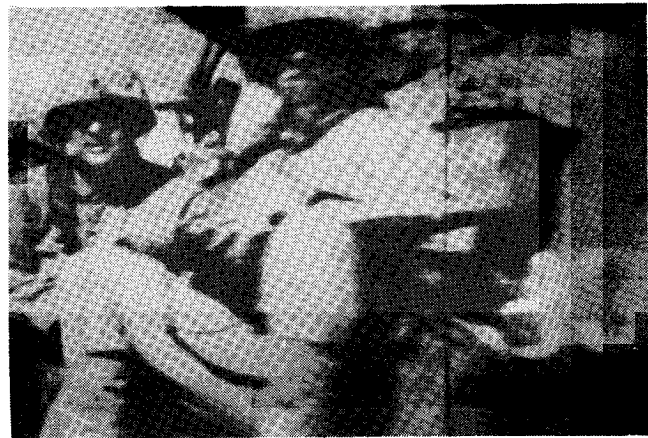
From his position directly above the two disabled tanks, Captain Westover knew that he had encountered more than just suicide squads trying to slow down the Marine advance. It was very evident that a large number of

NKPA infantrymen were directly in front of his position. To his left rear he could see enemy troops that had apparently just disengaged themselves from another Marine battalion and were approaching his left flank. They chose not to attack and drifted off to the left and around a ridge line.

Because of the large number of enemy troops directly in front and to the left, G/3/1 remained in position. By the time that How and Item companies got up, it was dark. The word was given to dig in for the night and that the possibility of counter attack was very great. The company was subjected to mortar fire early in the evening, and one round fell on a machine gun position, wounding six men of that gun crew. Except for an occasional mortar round throughout the night, George company experienced no additional enemy activity the night of 17 September.



Pfc. Frank Bove, Company Runner



G Co. riding Baker Company tanks  
Cpl. Peepsight Pendas (left), SSgt. Gerald Tillman (right)



Machine gunners dug in somewhere between Inchon and Yongdungpo.





## Sosa, Hill 123, Approach to Yongdungpo

On the morning of 18 September, George Company prepared to assault the ridge directly in front of it and to secure the village just beyond the ridge line. On the previous day Captain Westover had observed a large number of enemy troops to his front and was prepared for a costly attack. For about ten minutes our artillery raked the ridge line and the village beyond it. When the barrage lifted, the skirmish line moved down the hill, gathering momentum into a full charge and expecting a costly fire fight; instead, the company was met with an eerie silence from the ridge line ahead. When the lead platoon reached the crest of the hill, the troops were amazed to find that the NKPA had abandoned positions that were almost undetectable — being in most cases deep trenches 8 to 10 feet deep and wide enough to contain a large amount of troops. There was no doubt in Captain Westover's mind that a determined enemy would have inflicted heavy casualties had they decided to stand and fight.

Word was received from battalion to pull off the hill and prepare to board vehicles. How and Item Companies were first to board and were assigned to tanks and LVT's; George Company was left with DUKW's (trucks capable of floating and propelling through water) and occupied the tail end of the column.

The point of the column reached the eastern outskirts of the village of Sosa and came to a complete stop when the lead tank crushed the only available bridge. George Company, bringing up the rear, was stuck in the middle of the village which had large sections that were ablaze. The lack of movement forward made Captain Westover very apprehensive. His men in the DUKW's had little protection, and a small number of the enemy could have caused horrendous casualties. Westover remembers the troops in his DUKW as fully on the alert and that the DUKW "bristled like a porcupine." He added, "There were M-1's, BAR's, machine guns, rockets and everything else stuck over the side, although, as I look back, I don't know what the hell the rocket-man was thinking of, pointing his rocket launcher out there." (*Editor's Note: Back blast.*)

Three DUKW loads of Marines were immobile next to a building that was engulfed in flames. As the fire grew more intense, the clothing of the men in these exposed DUKW's became scorched. Quick thinking by someone resulted in backing each vehicle against the one behind it until the threatened Marines were away from the roar of the flames.

After waiting for most of the afternoon for the column to resume its movement, word came down from battalion to dismount and move by foot to Hill 123, which was the day's objective. The company moved out at high speed with its nightly issue of supplies, taking cases of rations, ammunition and 5-gallon water cans with it. The company was spread out like a battalion with 1st Sgt. Zullo in the rear. He called out for the company runners, gave them each a 5-gallon water can, which weigh 40 pounds each, and gave them instructions and they took off running to the front of the column where they gave the two water cans to Captain Westover with the 1st Sergeant's compliments and request that he carry both of them. Skipper got the message — "SLOW DOWN!". The battalion moved forward without any opposition, and How and Item Companies moved to the reserve slope of Hill 123, while George

Company, in reserve, set up in the hollow between the two ridge lines.

The enemy had been conspicuous by its absence all day, but now that the battalion was digging in, the NKPA let loose with a mortar barrage. They were using heavy mortars, either 82mm or 120mm. One round landed in the middle of a group of How Company Marines, wounding approximately seven men. Another round came crashing down on a Weapons Company 81mm mortar emplacement killing the mortar gunner and destroying the weapon. Cpl. Jack Prince was on outpost duty, some distance from the rest of "G" Company, and was manning a phone during the heavy shelling. The outpost was on the edge of a cane field or corn field and Prince remembers that added to the horrendous explosion of the enemy's 120mm mortars, was the sound of the cane field being literally hacked to pieces by the flying shrapnel.

On the lighter side, Pfc. Dick Hock was sharing a hole with Cpl. Ray Crowell when a mortar round landed nearby. Hock was awakened when he heard Crowell yell out that he had been hit. "I (Pfc. Hock) called for a corpsman and we got him under a poncho so the Doc could use a flashlight safely to see the wound, which turned out to be a small piece of stone or metal which just broke the skin. I think Ray was disappointed; he thought he would get a Purple Heart."

On "D" + 4, 19 September, the 3rd Battalion stayed in position for a well earned rest. So far casualties were lighter than what had been expected; however, this was about to change. Intelligence was flowing in with reports on NKPA troop movements towards Seoul and its western edge. Enemy troops were pouring across the 38th parallel from the north, and more were moving up from the south. There could be no mistake; Seoul would not be given up without a fight. Already an enemy regiment was reported to be fortifying Seoul's western suburb of Yongdungpo, which lay directly in the path of G/3/1.

On 20 September, the 3rd Battalion began its march on Yongdungpo with George Company in reserve. Captain Westover placed his 1st platoon on the left flank in order to keep contact with Item Company. On the right flank the 2nd platoon was to keep the same kind of contact with How Company. After an hour and a half, Captain Westover lost contact with both platoons due to the difficult terrain. The entire advance of the battalion was extremely fluid because of the heavy forest and lack of visible landmarks. Before long Captain Westover encountered a platoon from How Company that had become separated from the rest of its unit. Captain Westover combined it with his 3rd platoon and continued to move in an easterly direction. Eventually he was able to locate his position from two intersecting paths in a village. He continued on with no breaks nor rest periods until he broke out of the wooded area on top of a high hill and was able to establish visual contact with the two assault companies.

As Captain Westover pushed his "two" platoons forward, Pfc. Hock's 1st platoon was directly behind Item Company and observed the following action:

*My platoon was in reserve to Item Company which was taking a hill. Every time they got to the top, they were driven off by very accurate mortar fire. They would*

call in an air strike and the F4U's would bomb, strafe, rocket and napalm the enemy mortar emplacements which were visible from the air. When the planes left, Item retook the hill, only to be driven off by the mortars again. Somebody finally figured out that what the planes were hitting were not mortar tubes, and the planes finally knocked out the real mortars and the hill was finally secured. What the planes had hit in the previous strikes were fake mortar emplacements constructed out of smoke pipes in an open field, while the real mortars were concealed in areas of trees and tall brush. In addition, they were carefully camouflaged and well dug in.

Lt. Beeler's 2nd platoon advanced all day directly behind How Company. At one point, while moving through a field, a tragedy occurred that haunts men in combat. It is one thing to be killed by the enemy; that is to be expected. It is the accidental death that makes little sense and generates a great deal of frustration because it seems that it could have been prevented. Such was the case for a young Marine from Pennsylvania. He had been recently issued the new

double grenade pouch which was tied to his leg with long cloth ties. The top of the pouch was secured with two metal fasteners to his cartridge belt. He apparently heard the spoon to one of his grenades fly (perhaps the pin was pulled when it caught in someone's equipment). For some reason he could not or just did not rip the fly of the pouch open to unload the grenade. His sense of panic can only be imagined as he frantically unhooked his cartridge belt, threw it to the ground, yelled "fire-in-the-hole" and started to run. But as he ran, the pouch remained tied to his leg, and he just dragged the belt with him. Those around him had no time to act as he ran away and could do nothing to prevent his death.

"D" +5 had ended. The men had moved over difficult terrain and were now located on the outskirts of Yongdungpo. Many were exhausted from the forced march that became necessary when they were separated from the assault companies. That night those who were not on watch fell into a deep sleep, which was a blessing because the next day would find them in bloody combat where every man would be required to muster up all his mental and physical resources.



US Army Photo

Machine gun squad at iron bridge.





## Yongdungpo

On 21 September, George Company Marines were out of their sleeping bag shells and ponchos while it was still dark. As soon as there was enough light, they moved out in the direction of Yongdungpo; however, not much could be seen for a dense ground fog greatly reduced visibility. Immediately in front of the company was a rice paddy which extended to the right and left as far as could be seen. Captain Westover decided against a skirmish line because he realized his troops would have to plow through knee deep mud and slime. The only alternative left was to keep on the trail and move in a column. With this kind of a movement there could be no flank security. To minimize the danger of an ambush on the whole company, Westover had a squad of the lead platoon about 500 yards in front of the main body.

The company advanced unhampered to the very edge of Yongdungpo and at that point swung to the right, forming a skirmish line facing the industrialized city and parallel to the Han River. The advance continued 1,200 yards into the town and at that point came under sniper fire. After killing four or five NKPA soldiers, Captain Westover decided to place his company in a road blocking position. While in that position, South Korean civilians reported that Yongdungpo contained a large number of enemy soldiers. The civilians were excited and eager to help. They told Captain Westover that the NKPA soldiers had withdrawn to the center of town when they observed George Company approaching. To Westover it looked like the enemy was trying to lure his troops into a well-prepared trap. With this in mind he contacted Battalion for further instructions.

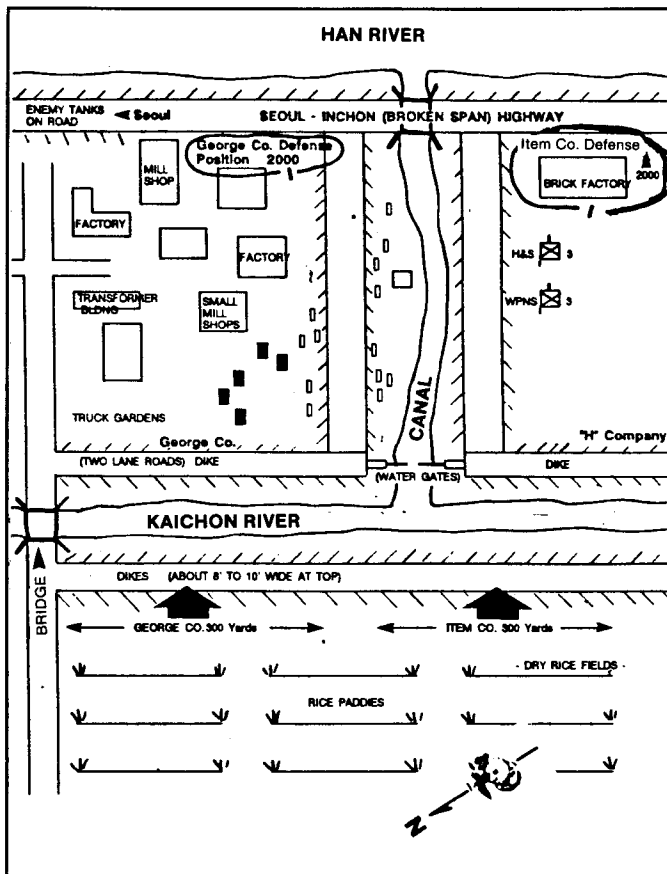
Word got back to the company to stay in place and await new orders. At this time a squad of the 1st platoon was still in front of the company CP. Pfc. Dick Hock was in this squad and described the following encounter:

*When we came to a corner, two North Korean soldiers appeared in full uniform, carrying rifles. We heard ROK (Republic of Korea) soldiers were in the area, but we had never seen any and didn't know how they looked or what their uniforms were like. The enemy soldiers we had killed or captured up to this point didn't seem to resemble these two for some reason. Someone mentioned later that they were carrying M-1's, but I don't remember that. If true, that could explain why we thought they were ROK's. We kept them covered and tried to get them to lay down their weapons, using sign language. They didn't appear to be hostile or nervous and talked between each other which, of course, we couldn't understand. We passed the word back for squad leader Sgt. Binaxis to come forward because he could speak some Japanese, and we thought he might be able to converse with them. As Sgt. Binaxis came around a corner of a wall, one Korean whirled his weapon up and fired a round. Everything happened so fast that we were caught completely off guard. The single shot hit Binaxis in the stomach; he died within two minutes. (One of the enemy soldiers was killed, but the other escaped into the town.)*

At about mid-day, the Battalion Commander ordered George Company to return to the west bank of the Kaichon

River, the same river that the company had crossed early that morning. Spread out along the side of the river, most of the troops found time to bolt down a can of C-rations. Captain Westover explains his next orders as follows:

*(Shortly after noon chow) I was ordered to send one platoon across to where a canal joined the tributary in a T-shape, again to provide outpost security. In other words there was a dike on either side of this canal that came into the river, directly across our front, and this canal paralleled our direction of attack. Where the canal entered the river there was a steel water gate between two concrete abutments. We already knew that there were very well prepared positions along this dike — we found that out from the two squads that I had sent out to the right, after we had moved into the city.*



MAP #5 — YONGDUNGPO DIKES

Lt. Jarrnigan's 3rd platoon was selected and reinforced with a section of light machine guns. The 3rd platoon moved to the base of the water gate. The platoon was deployed and started the movement up the dike. The wall of the dike was steep enough to force Jarrnigan's men to frequently drop to their hands and knees, but they continued to move forward. The first man to reach the top drew intense fire and was immediately killed. For the next 30 minutes Jarrnigan attempted to place his light machine guns in positions where they could return the fire, but each attempt was met with withering fire. Cpl. Charles Collins describes the death of his platoon leader in the following way:

*I was up on top of the dike with Lt. Jarrnigan when he got hit. He got a round about dead center in his forehead, just as he said something and lowered his field glasses. I believe he had just found out that the enemy was on the other side of the dike. Each guy that showed his head over that dike took a chance of getting hit the same way. Eventually, Pfc. Lloyd Hamon must have figured out what was happening because he jumped up on the dike and raked the downward side with a BAR. Unfortunately, as he was changing magazines, he got hit in the left side under the ribs. I called for the corpsman and pulled Hamon down off the dike. While the corpsman was treating him, we noticed matter in his blood and the corpsman looked at me and shook his head. He died within minutes. I believe Hamon was responsible for killing several of the NKPA's on that dike and was probably responsible for getting us out of that spot.*

With the death of Lt. Jarrnigan, leadership of the 3rd platoon was passed to S/Sgt. Charles Daniels. Sgt. Daniels immediately ordered a grenade attack. He had each man line up on the protected side of the dike and on a signal throw a grenade. As soon as the grenades exploded the platoon attempted to advance on the enemy. Once again the Marines were driven back by blistering fire. At this point Daniels sent a runner to the company CP, stating that he was stalemated and it was essential that he receive additional support.

The battalion commander at this point, gave Captain Westover permission to relieve the pressure on his 3rd platoon. It was obvious to Westover that the only way to extricate his pinned down platoon was to outflank the NKPA defenders. So for the second time that day his remaining platoons crossed the narrow bridge and were deployed on both flanks of the 3rd platoon.

Pfc. John Mainor with the first platoon was advancing along the crest of a dike on the left flank of Sgt. Daniels' platoon. Mainor recalls, "As I was walking along the dike I found a BAR lying on the ground. A few minutes later my fire team leader was killed as we walked side by side; I saw the bullet exit from the side of his face . . . We continued to move along the dike and began to come across large holes dug into the dike. As I approached one, Sgt. Tillman ordered me to put a few rounds into it. I did this by squeezing the trigger on my BAR as I jumped in front of it. I discovered later that I had killed three North Koreans."

Somewhere in a different sector of Yongdungpo, Pfc. Edgar "Frenchie" LaFleshe's squad was moving through some Korean homes. Frenchie had two rather unusual experiences that his comrades were not about to let him forget. This is how Pfc. LaFleshe remembers it:

*We were involved in house to house fighting at that time. I ran into the front door and a NKPA soldier came in the back door at the same time. We were about five feet from each other. We both raised our weapons to fire point blank at each other, only to have both weapons misfire. We both turned and ran out of the house — me the front and him the back. In the same town, a short time later, my squad leader told me to fire a rifle grenade into a house that had North Korean soldiers in it. So the guys watch — so I get off a real nice shot. We saw it land on the roof. Everyone yelled and clapped. We waited a few seconds and only then did I realize that I had forgotten to pull the pin on it.*

In his debriefing about three months after the engagement at Yongdungpo, Captain Westover stated that his 1st and 2nd platoons "were involved in a pretty violent fire fight, but were able, after about an hour, to disposes the enemy from his location and move him on down." Westover went on to add praise to his 60mm mortar squads. The forward observer (FO) advanced with the company CP and directed fire as the riflemen advanced directly behind the devastating mortar barrage.

For the rest of the day, George Company pushed through Yongdungpo on the left side of the canal, while Item Company cleared the area on the right side. Cpl. Pendas recalls that, "half way down the dike area, a Marine came over the top from Item Company area; he was carrying a BAR and half a BAR belt and also a pistol. I immediately recognized the commanding officer of Item Company, 1st Lt. "Bull" Fisher, the only Lt. CO in the regiment as he asked me for my CO's whereabouts." (See Map #5.) Again, this is how Captain Westover described the action following the relief of his 3rd platoon at the water gate:

*We were advancing among concrete factory buildings surrounded by concrete or cinder brick walls, which allowed us an avenue of approach sometimes as narrow as only 15 to 25 yards and at the maximum of only 100 to 150 yards between the buildings. We weren't driving the enemy from their positions; we were killing them in their positions. They didn't move because they couldn't. If they got out of fox holes and started to run, it was a clear, open shot, and they were knocked down after a step or two, but the ones to our left moved from building to building. It would have been impossible to send a detachment over in there, because there were many blind alleys and all kinds of possible places for the enemy to have blocked off or annihilated any detachment I sent in there. We used the rockets to blow holes in stone walls and in building walls so that we could fire rifle grenades and throw hand grenades through. It was a very violent fight that continued up to the Inchon-Seoul Highway.*

It was in this last rush to the highway that paralleled the Han River that Staff Sergeant Gerald Tillman was awarded the Silver Star medal. His platoon leader, Lt. Richard Carey, looks back on the performance of his platoon and particularly his platoon sergeant.

*(At this point in the afternoon), George Westover, the company commander, was not readily available and knowing the first platoon objective was that of reaching the highway, I made my decision. The scheme of maneuver was to move to the left, then under cover of several dikes to within about 500 yards of our objective.*

*From that point on there was no cover and the attack had to be made across 500 yards of open fields. The final attack was to be made with two squads forward and one to the rear. The rear squad would serve as a base of fire and would move when we had reached our objective or as required by my order. The assault squads would form in a line of skirmishers. Because of the open terrain, I instructed the squad leaders to use fire team rushes with covering fire from the third squad. There were several housing areas between us and the objective. We were receiving some fire from across the highway to our front and from the*



housing areas. Our front was rather broad so I instructed Tillman to follow behind the left squad to assist them as necessary during the assault and to consolidate his position upon arrival at the objective. I would follow behind the right squad and would be ready to call for the third squad assistance as required.

When we were about halfway across the open field, my right squad received withering fire from our front. We were almost immediately pinned down in the open field. Seeing that we were in serious trouble, Tillman changed his line of advance and taking charge of the left squad changed his axis of attack to assault the small village on the dead run.

As soon as the enemy in the houses saw this, they changed their fire to his unit enabling me to rally the right squad and again move to the assault. Because of Tillman's diversion, we were able to quickly advance to a final assault position and to overcome the enemy.

By his quick thinking and coolness in an emergency situation, he was able to divert most of the deadly fire from my unit to his own and eventually enable the platoon to successfully reach its objective. Throughout the attack, I observed Tillman acting in utter disregard for his own safety and leading the men in the assault. Had Tillman not acted as decisively as he did, I am certain I would have lost at least a third of my platoon, and I could easily have been killed or wounded in the process. After reaching the village, I instructed Tillman to again move to the left flank and move as far as the highway. In so doing, he passed through a large factory type warehouse, successfully driving the enemy off the objective. I moved straight to the road with the right squad and called the remaining squad forward.

It was now after sunset and we were instructed to dig in on the south side of the road. The enemy was a stone's throw away on the north side. During the night, we had some isolated incidents wherein grenades were exchanged. Tillman moved throughout the front lines all night long, reassuring the troops and keeping me informed of enemy movements. His complete indifference for his own safety throughout the day and during the night reflected in the attitude and performance of the platoon. The next morning the enemy was gone, probably because they didn't want to face that terrifying and fearless Staff Sergeant again.

S/Sgt. Tillman was my right arm, and he helped teach me to be a Marine officer. After 41 years, I can still see his face, a picture of confidence, knowledge and professionalism. I smile to myself at his subtle humor and thank the Lord that he gave that green Lieutenant this fine warrior for his first platoon sergeant, else I might not be writing this right now.

The highway was finally reached by all elements of George Company about 30 to 45 minutes before dark. The platoons were quickly spread out along the highway which ran parallel to the Han River. On George Company's right was Item Company, and somewhere behind them was How Company in battalion reserve. Off to the left was the 1st Battalion, 1st Marines, but no contact was made with any of its units.

George Company remained fanned out on the high ground along the Han River for the next two and one-half days. Across the river NKPA soldiers were visible preparing defenses for the attack on Seoul that they knew could only

be a few days away. Captain Westover recalls that, "We could see the Korean soldiers on the far bank moving around out in the open at a range of 1,000 to 1,200 yards. I guess they figured they were out of range of small arms fire. I called Cpl. Pendas up and asked if he thought he could reach them, and he allowed as how he could give it a try. I'm not sure but I think he had to fire two "spotter" rounds before he made his first hit. He sort of put them back under cover, as it were." In the next day or two, company snipers were credited with between five and six of the enemy.

The two plus days at Yongdungpo allowed the troops to stop and catch their breath, while the 5th Marines were on the opposite bank of the Han River assaulting NKPA positions. This period of time also contained some events that can be remembered today with a smile. Pfc. Charles Beman, who by this time had moved from an ammo carrier to gunner, just missed bagging an enemy plane:

*Just before nightfall an airplane flying at a low level crossed in front of us, and I waved at the pilot. Hell, it was a YAK taking a look at us. I could have shot him out of the sky with my 45. I'll never find out, but I bet he was as surprised as I was. It wasn't but a few minutes when four of our planes came roaring over the hill in the direction that the YAK had taken.*

S/Sgt. John Collier's 60mm sections were dug in near a part of the city that contained industrial buildings. Pfc. Dale McKenna and some men from his mortar squad noticed that they were located next to a shovel factory. They made two discoveries. One was that the supply of shovels still in the factory was superior to the entrenching tools they carried. All they had to do was cut off the handles, and they had tools that were unbeatable.

The other discovery was a safe in the same factory. It was locked, but that wasn't going to stop curious Marines with visions of gold bullion. The door of the safe was no match for the kind of explosives available, and soon the floor was covered with money. The only problem was that it was Korean money — probably from the communist north. Since no one had any thoughts of spending a liberty weekend in Pyongyang, the money was left where it had fallen.

Captain Westover during this same time period went way out of his way to help maintain a positive relationship between the Marine Corps and the press corps. Allow him to explain:

*We were just sitting around not doing much except getting our gear in shape, catching up on sleep and writing letters when this war correspondent showed up in camp, equipped with cameras, tape recorder and note pad. He was interviewing me about our troop action up to that point. With his tape recorder going, he asked if he could get a little "battle noise" and could I have one of the machine guns fire a short burst. I signaled to the nearest gun position on my left and the gunner fired off a couple of strings of 10 or 15 rounds. About 30 seconds later, we got a couple of long bursts in return. That correspondent went asshole over tea kettle backward over the ridge, and I thought the troops were going to bust a gut laughing. The guy never came back to finish the interview.*

But of all the events on the bank of the Han River overlooking the approach to Seoul, it was the "beer detail"

that stands out in everyone's memory. As the officer in charge of this detail, it is Captain Westover's story:

*I remember someone coming to tell me they had located a Korean brewery. I gathered the "Top" and a couple of "shotguns" and we took off in the night through burning buildings and the rubble of war. I remember clearly the downed trolley and power lines that were sparking and twisting about in the streets.*

*We arrived at a tall wooden gate and pounded on it until a very frightened Korean opened it to let us in, after which he disappeared, not to be seen again. We located the huge aging tanks but couldn't find any valves whereby we could draw off some brew. The problem was solved (field expedient) by cutting the rubber tubing leading to the monitoring panel. Someone else had rustled up some buckets, barrels and other containers, which were all filled as quickly as possible and loaded into the jeep trailer. As I remember, the entire "work detail" took several long draws on the rubber tube before departing.*

*I don't remember much of the return trip, except there was an awful lot of singing and yelling and horsing around. And, I remember that we really had a welcoming committee when we arrived back in the company area.*

Except for outgoing and incoming sniper fire, the two and one-half days were quiet and restful, yet there were constant reminders that the war was far from over. Pfc. Joe Bell found a trench just beyond company lines that reminded him of the trench lines of World War I. He was sickened by the sight of badly decomposed bodies in what appeared to be American uniforms. These remains were apparently those of South Korean soldiers who had died in their positions while the North Korean invasion was steamrolling down the Korean Peninsula.

When alone with his thoughts, each man had to realize that the next objective, Seoul, was the prize of the entire campaign and that the North Koreans were not going to give it up without a fierce fight. The company had already been bloodied at Blue Beach, in the rice paddies in and around the villages of Mahang-ri and Sosa, and at Yongdungpo, but it was perfectly clear that the worst was yet to come.



Sketch by Colonel Charles Waterhouse

## Trestle and Ma Po Boulevard

Late in the afternoon of 24 September, George Company moved out of its position overlooking the Han River, boarded trucks and arrived at the embarkation point where the men boarded DUKW's. At about this time Pfc. Beman was thinking to himself, "Down the hill, into the Amtracs and across the river. I was reasonable proud of myself so far in combat. But it had become dark and to myself I was saying, Amtracs and dark — I bet I get another corn field to kill; the beer hadn't helped me any."

Captain Westover described the crossing as "routine" and that the occasional mortar round that fell was no where near any of the DUKW's. George Company got off the DUKW's, moved on to a hill that had beautifully constructed trenches and holes prepared by the North Koreans and spent an uneventful night. At approximately 0200 on the morning of 25 September, company commanders of the 3rd Battalion were issued orders for the attack on Seoul.

What the 1st Marine Division was about to endure would be new to the history of the Marine Corps in battle. In World War I Marines fought in France's Argonne Forest and Belleau Woods. World War II was fought in dense jungles and sandy beaches. The only good example of combat in a major population center was the Boxer Rebellion of 1900 when a small number of Marines fought in Peking (now Beijing) defending the American embassy and American civilians. But this defensive posture could in no way be compared to what the Marine Division was about to begin.

Even in 1950 Seoul was one of Asia's largest cities. While occupied by Japan from 1910 to 1945, Seoul was modernized with railroad terminals, trolley lines and the construction of modern buildings. Largely because General MacArthur was intent on liberating Seoul by 25 September, which would be the three month anniversary of the North Korean invasion, the Marines would have to fight their way down each major street.

Again, this sounds rather simple until the attack begins. By this time the city had been pulverized by air and artillery. Telephone wires dangled in the streets and trolley tracks were twisted steel after receiving direct hits. George Company would be sent up the main street leading to the heart of Seoul largely because it was one of the few streets that would permit the use of tanks. On either side of the street three story buildings would provide cover for snipers. The North Koreans knew that the American advance had to be up Ma Po Boulevard and they would patiently wait behind sandbags and fighting holes. To try and outflank these positions would require movement through narrow twisting streets where it would be impossible to maintain unit integrity. There would be few choices. Each block had to be fought for and each building containing the enemy had to be destroyed or neutralized. The large number of civilians that remained in Seoul would only add to the confusion and chaos.

George Company moved out in advance of the battalion. The first buildings encountered were typical mud adobe-type dwellings with thatched reed roofs. The Company quickly moved through this area. Later as the troops approached the outskirts of Seoul, the buildings became closer together with occasional small gardens. When Captain Westover reached the main street leading

into the heart of Seoul, his advance was halted by battalion. The intersection was heavily mined, and Korean civilians were busy pointing out the small piles of rocks that they had placed next to each mine. The enemy's presence could be felt, but so far no opposition was encountered.

Word was again given to move out. By this time Cpl. Jack Prince's fire team (2nd platoon) was leading the company. After traveling roughly 500 yards up this main street, the second platoon came to a railroad embankment

**Pfc. Jack Dunne**, who received a Silver Star for the following action, can best relate the sequence of events:



*We advanced in column up the main street with the 2nd platoon at the point. I was starting to tire and was hoping for a break, but once the firing started, all fatigue was gone. As we moved under the railroad overpass, all hell broke loose. The NKPA was sighted in and waiting, and we walked right*

*into it. People dropped like flies. The enemy machine gun and rifle fire was intense, and my first reaction was to return fire with my M-1. Then someone (I think it was Sgt. Malnar) threw a white phosphorous grenade for a smoke screen, and then I threw one too. We helped the wounded back behind the abutment. After we had them all out (I had stopped to pick up dropped weapons, which doesn't make sense when you think about it), Malnar and I took up positions on the abutment and began shooting back. He was trying to point out some gooks to me, but I couldn't see them. I remembered that Pfc. Vallee (the regular who was hit under the bridge and turned out to be 16 years old) had been carrying an M-1 clip of tracers (he was going to burn their asses). I gave the clip to Malnar, and he used the tracers to pinpoint gook positions for me. Then Malnar and I tried to move under the bridge again to get a better position on the other side. Within a couple of steps, he was hit seriously; I was directly behind him, and in the fraction of a second it took for him to turn around, I was covered with blood. (Sgt. Malnar had taken the most feared wound — the "family jewels.") I then picked up a BAR and fired from the abutment. For a time I was the only one in firing position and people passed BAR magazines to me. Eventually a 3.5 bazooka crew set up at the abutment across the street, and other people went up on the railroad trestle.*

**(Editor's Note: Sgt. Malnar survived this serious groin wound but remained in the Marine Corps, eventually rising to the rank of Sergeant/Major. In 1968, while serving with the 2nd Battalion, 4th Marines in Viet Nam he was awarded his second Silver Star posthumously. [His first Silver Star was noted in the action of 17 September 1950 earlier in this history.]**



Word got back to Captain Westover that Lt. Beeler and two or three of his men had been wounded under the trestle. Westover instructed his 3rd platoon to advance across the railroad embankment and move towards Beeler's platoon. The 3rd platoon received fire from the left and S/Sgt. Daniels thought he could be more effective if he could occupy the high ground and eliminate this fire. After securing the hill, the 3rd platoon found itself involved in a major fire fight and was effectively pinned down by the enemy. (**Editor's Note:** Sgt. Daniels was seriously injured. His wounds left him a paraplegic.)

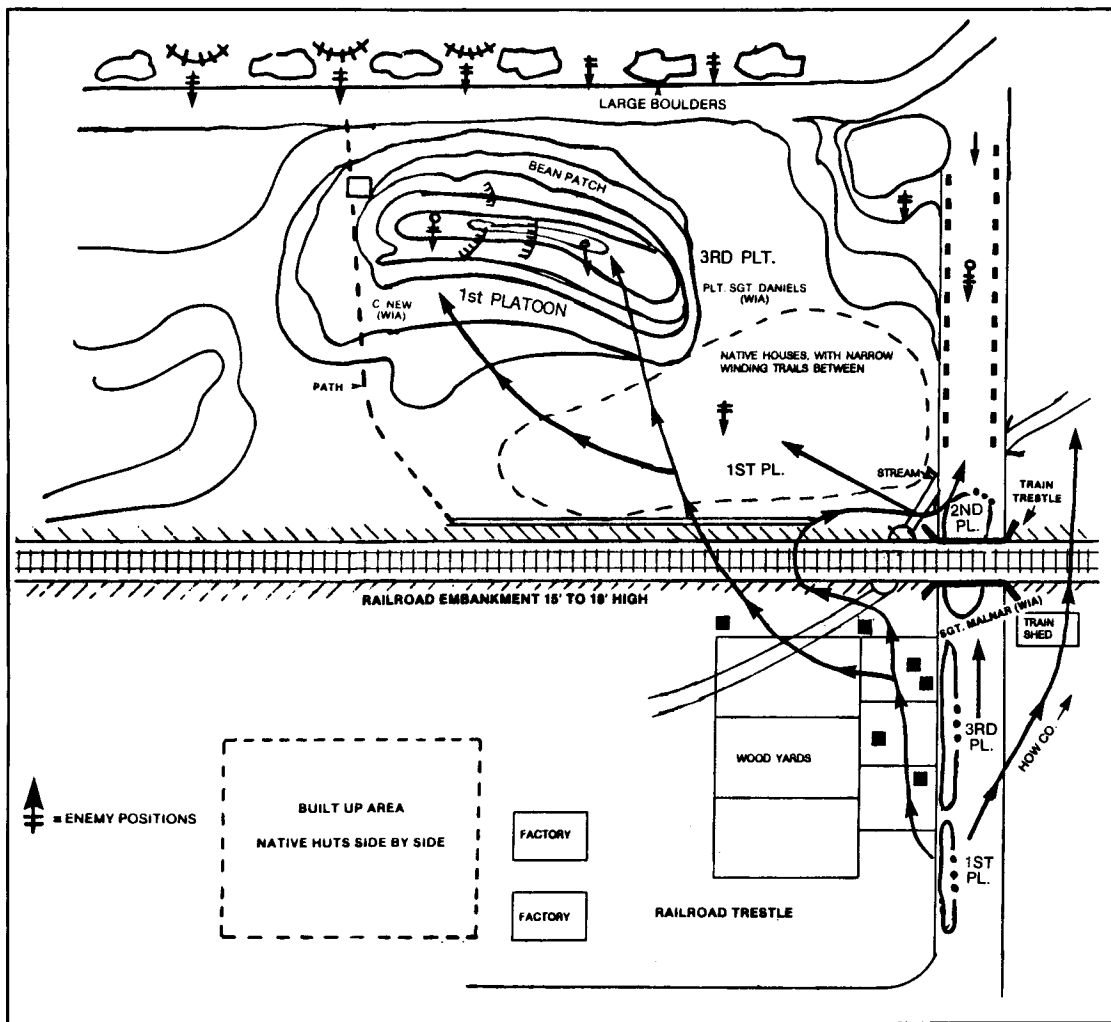
With the 2nd platoon unable to advance nor withdraw and the 3rd platoon pinned down, Westover turned to his 1st platoon. Its mission: Break the enemy's hold on Beeler's platoon. Cpl. Pendas, who was awarded a Bronze Star with V for valor in this action, described a key incident in this flanking movement:

*We were almost pinned down after we crossed over the railroad tracks. As we got to the top of a small hill that had been leveled off into a bean patch, a machine gun had us stopped. If you stuck your head up real fast, you could see the gun in the middle of the bean patch. I told Platoon Sgt. Gerry Tillman I could get around to the far flank and maybe put a grenade on them. I dropped my pack and took off around the flank and in a crouched position, I ran up a path that dipped and rose every few feet. When right in the middle of the path, just about*

*abreast the machine gun, a gook jumps up. He had on a white shirt. The rest of him was in a fox hole dug in the path. His hair was wire straight and stood straight in the air. He had a Soviet carbine which he fired right at me and we were close and I was running. I also knew I was dead as the bullet exploded in a little rise and slammed into my face — right between the eyes. I felt the pain and the blood run down my face. It's true that being hit knocks you down as if hit by a truck. I laid down on the deck — the war was all over for me. Finally I reached up very slowly to the back of my head to see if I could feel where the bullet came out. No hole. As I thought — oh, shit, the bullet is in my brain. I slowly reached up and touched my nose, feeling for a hole. No hole — apparently his shot hit the deck and I was struck by a ricochet fragment of the bullet, which had tore the skin on my nose.*

*I quickly realized I was out there all alone and moved up to my right in some bushes and saw this gook come up and shoot, then duck back in his hole. He would then work his bolt, reload and pop up and get another round off. He was doing this mechanically and fast. I put the scope on him when he went down and he was only twenty yards away. When his head started up into the scope, I squeezed the trigger and blew that son-of-a-bitch right out of the hole as I let the air out of him.*

*I could see along a far ridge a huge rock-like wall with rifle muzzles all around it. Sgt. Tillman yelled to me*



MAP #6 — TRAIN TRESTLE AND BEAN PATCH

to see if I were okay. I told him where the enemy was, and he started the platoon putting fire on them. I crawled up to the top of the path, pulled the pin, let the spoon fly, stood up and. Christ — there was the machine gun. I threw the grenade directly into their hole and it was all over for that gun crew.

About the same time that Cpl. Pendas was trying to determine whether he was dead or alive, Pfc. Calvin New's machine gun section got caught out in the open. New recalls:

*We were pinned down by enemy small arms fire in a farm field in the outskirts of Seoul. We were busy returning fire. As I was firing my carbine in the general direction of the enemy I noticed a NKPA soldier pop up from his hole and then duck down. A rifleman was near me trying to get better cover — neither of us had much protection. For some reason I asked if I could use his M-1. I took a couple of shots whenever he popped up. As I said earlier, I didn't have much protection, and to get off a better shot, I exposed myself a bit more. It was then that a bullet hit me in the mouth. It shattered several teeth and fractured two vertebrae as it passed on through my neck. Soon afterwards, I passed out. I passed out and came to several times before I was stabilized at the hospital in Japan. Cpl. Peepsight Pendas did some first aid on me and then carried me out under fire. Once when the enemy was putting a lot of fire around us, he hit the deck so quickly that I landed head first, but no further injury was done to my neck and we both survived.*

**(Editor's Note: When I received Calvin New's description of the events surrounding his close brush with death, I was struck by how he made it sound so easy and routine. Shortly after I received New's account, I received Peepsight's recollections. Take a look at the difference:)**

*As I pulled into the platoon CP, everyone was staring at a Marine who was kneeling with the blood pouring out of his mouth as if you had opened a fire hydrant. Lt. Carey said, "Peepsight see if you can help him." I got to Pfc. Calvin New and laid him down. He immediately began to drown on his own blood, so I turned him around so his head was lower than his body. I took his battle dressing, placed it directly over the wound and tied the dressing off on his forehead. He became pale and lifeless. I had never seen shock, I had never protected such a large wound, nor seen a man gag on his own blood, but I acted without hesitation. To this day I'm amazed that my basic training had become automatic.*

*Enemy fire had increased and we were told to pull back to the other side of the tracks. Somehow I got New's lifeless body on my shoulders and started to run to the rear, but not very fast. It seemed as if every gook was shooting at us. The slugs were ripping all around, and a couple of times I felt that New had been hit again. When we reached the tracks, I dove over them and New and I rolled into a heap. Corpsmen were there and they put New in a poncho and he was gone.*

**(Editor's Note: For forty years Peepsight Pendas wondered if Calvin New lived or died. General Olmstead tracked him down and New and Pendas were reunited on St. Patrick's Day in Savannah, Georgia in 1990.)**

By the time that Calvin New was "dropped off" at the company CP, all of Westover's platoons had driven off the enemy or had successfully disengaged. Once again, the drive up Ma Po Boulevard was resumed.

The pattern for the next few hours was the destruction of enemy road blocks that were encountered at virtually every major intersection. The road blocks or barricades were usually made of woven flat reed bags almost four feet by four feet that were filled with dirt and stones and were piled on top of each other to a height of approximately five feet. They were open in the center with back step baffle of barbed wire. None the less, the only fast way through the barricade was by way of the baffle opening, and the opening was often visually covered by the enemy, so as soon as the first Marine made it around the barrier, he was wounded, which resulted in an almost endless call for "Corpsmen up."

The approach of G/3/1 to each roadblock fell into a routine. Move the point squad through the roadblock and up the street for perhaps 60 yards, position machine guns just past the sandbags and facing the line of advance, move the rest of the platoon past the barrier, and then let the tank dozer and the tanks crush the roadblock and get into position to protect the infantry as it advanced. This was the pattern for undefended roadblocks. Those that were defended had to be outflanked or over run.

Even when a roadblock was undefended or lightly defended there were all kinds of snipers and machine gun emplacements a few hundred yards off Ma Po Boulevard to make life miserable for the Marines moving up the street. Many of the buildings were surrounded by stone and concrete walls and more and more two-story buildings solidly constructed of concrete and some reinforced concrete appeared. Just as it had been earlier in the day, in the center of the boulevard there were little mounds of stones and pebbles deliberately stacked one upon the other. As the withdrawing North Koreans planted anti-tank mines in the streets, South Korean civilians would follow, at great risk to themselves, and mark the location of each anti-tank mine with these mounds.

At this point the small arms fire coming down the boulevard was mostly automatic fire. Now it became near impossible to determine the origin of the enemy fire as the NKPA was firing through buildings. They were inside concrete buildings and hitting us from concealed positions. Marine riflemen could only return fire up alleys and streets as they dashed across them and then the return fire could only be in the general direction of the enemy. With single files on each side of Ma Po Boulevard, the company moved forward. Periodically, a sniper round would take down a Marine. Then the entire file would move to cover on the opposite side of the street. It seemed every door that was kicked in contain several brown North Korean Army uniforms, some still damp with perspiration. The enemy soldiers were shedding their uniforms under which they had white trousers and shirts similar to what some farmers wore, and they simply blended in with the civilians.

Fighting up Ma Po Boulevard was truly like running a gauntlet and what follows are some of the fractured memories of those who endured it:

Pfc. Jack Dunne

*Progress was slow and costly as we moved up the street and through yards and buildings. I remember Cpl. John Carlisle being hit in the leg and without a pause he*

did an about face and started walking to the rear while his M-1 rifle stood right where he put it and didn't fall over. I was by a wall when one guy stood up to look over and was shot in the head and killed. A little later a corporal stood up and was also hit in the head. He fell and said, "Don't worry about me — I'm gone," as he died. One of the guys came to the door of a school house and hollered for help. Dick O'Brien and I crossed the yard and went in the building. The guy who called us was wounded, and two others with him were dead. We didn't find any gooks in the building so they were probably shot from another building. At some point our tanks came up to help us at the roadblocks. Enemy fire had been intense all day, but when the tanks came up the fire seemed to increase ten fold. Bullets were bouncing off the armor like hailstones. I gave a tank a target via the telephone on the back of the tank and then got knocked down by the backblast when they fired. At one point I was sent as a runner to bring a message to the platoon ahead of us. I had to run through open areas and gooks shot at me on the way up and on the way back, but I was still charmed because they never hit me.

At another point in the day, I was walking in the street when a gook stepped out of a doorway and fired a pistol. He hit the man near me, and I emptied an M-1 clip into him. The 25th was a long day of almost constant combat, sometimes close-up. I don't remember stopping to eat or drink or feeling tired or noting time in any way.

Pfc. Joe Bell:

I remember Sgt. Gene Lilly very well. I saw him say goodbye to his parents and girlfriend. We had just entered Seoul. We had just finished house to house fighting, but it was now quiet. We were resting and staying down low when all of a sudden a sniper's shot rang out. Lilly had taken a round in the chest. We all knew him to be a devout Catholic. He stood up, looked up to the heavens and held his hands straight out as he said, "Mother of God!" He was dead before he hit the ground.

Cpl. Peepsight Pendas:

Sgt. Lilly went down on the left side of Ma Po. Someone checked him and said, "He's dead," and we all moved to the right-hand side of the boulevard as the M-26 tanks of Baker Company began to show up. The tanks were raking pockets of resistance with machine gun fire as well as an occasional 90mm round. As we just waited, most eyes were on Sgt. Lilly's body all alone on the other side of the street. Suddenly, he moved, several saw him. A Corpsman, either Stanley Martin or Doc Anderson ran across along with a few Marines. They took advantage of the tanks for cover. Doc was soon back to report no doubt about it — Sgt. Lilly was dead.

Pfc. Charles Beman:

Seoul itself was house to house combat with the street full of rice bags. So far it had been shooting gooks

at a distance; this was close combat. Our gun put up a lot of cross fire and a lot of gooks didn't make it. Most of the time we were firing right into and right out the other side of those buildings. We had some gooks moving in front of us down the street and across a small bridge; they should have gone under that bridge because we got them. As we moved up we found our first uniformed enemy female on that bridge. So you pass it off as "them or me." But it does sober a person the first time it happens.

Pfc. Thomas Powers:

The first fight I can remember in Seoul was near a hill that was bare of vegetation. Just before we went up it, a sergeant (I cannot remember his name) pushed me into a doorway because fire was coming from that hill. As I went into the doorway, I heard a thud. I turned around as he fell to the ground. He had taken a round in the head, and all I could think of was that he was a WW II vet and had a wife at home. It seemed to me that the older guys really took good care of us "chicks" and the care of this "mother hen" had saved my life. It may sound dumb, but I think I've blocked his name from my mind because this is one of the things I have tried to forget over the years.

Cpl. Peepsight Pendas:

During one "wait and let the tanks do their job," an elderly Korean "Papasan" showed up. He was dressed in the traditional white shirt and pants that came just below the knee. He wore a tall "stove pipe" hat made of horse hair and a tuft of long hairs grew from his chin. We were all huddled against a wall at a street corner. He approached and tried to go around a corner. Several of us at the point stopped him and tried to restrain him and tell him through hand and arm gestures how dangerous it was. You could hear the slugs ricocheting down the street. He continued to bow, scrape and appeared to be thanking us, but he just persisted until he was finally around the corner. When we resumed the attack and went around the corner, it was less than a hundred feet when we came upon the Papasan's body. He had been shot several times. Never have I fully understood his act of apparent suicide.

To the officers at battalion and regiment the advance of George Company up Ma Po Boulevard was met with what would be classified as light opposition. To the riflemen and machine gunners, half expecting a sudden burst of an enemy machine gun or the discharge of a sniper's rifle that was aimed at them, each intersection, each building and each bridge was a terrifying hurdle. What officers far removed from combat forget too easily is that when the man out on the point is hit, it doesn't make much difference to him whether the enemy is attacking or retreating. However, casualties or no casualties George Company's mission was to get to the heart of Seoul without delay, and that is exactly what was happening.





## Roadblock at Elementary School

At about mid-day on 25 September, George Company approached an intersection that would mark its deepest penetration of enemy territory for that day. As the point reached the barricade where the streets crossed, there was a sense of relief when it was discovered to be unmanned. On the right hand side of the street was a stone building with a seven or eight foot wall around it. Jutting out from the stone wall was a sand bag revetment about four feet thick and five feet high. On the left side of the street another similar revetment was tied into a granite rock retaining wall. The space between the two sand bag revetments was closed off with an X-frame of logs covered with barbed wire. This crude gate required four or five men to open it.

Directly to the left front was a school yard and some storage sheds; an eight foot stone wall separated these buildings from the intersecting street and Ma Po Boulevard. Troops on this side of the street could glance through the gates and see that the yard was packed with crates and in a corner of the school yard there were about twenty round objects with wheels on both sides. Most of the men assumed these round objects were search lights; later it was discovered that they were 120mm mortars and that the school yard was a major supply depot that the North Koreans did not want to give up.

The right side of the street, opposite the school yard, consisted of Korean homes and small shops. Directly beyond the roadblock was a covered sewage canal that ran perpendicular to the direction of G/3/1's advance.

The terrain, the curve in the street, the stone wall and the density of small homes and shops made this location an ideal spot for a NKPA stand, and that is exactly what happened. Captain Westover was in the best position to describe the drama that unfolded:

*After the 1st platoon passed the bridge over the canal, it continued on up the street about 150 yards. The men were hugging both sides of the street; the platoon leader was with his second squad and had his first squad out as the point. The first squad was hit and pinned down. I tried to find out what was going on but all we knew was that we were receiving fire from ahead.*

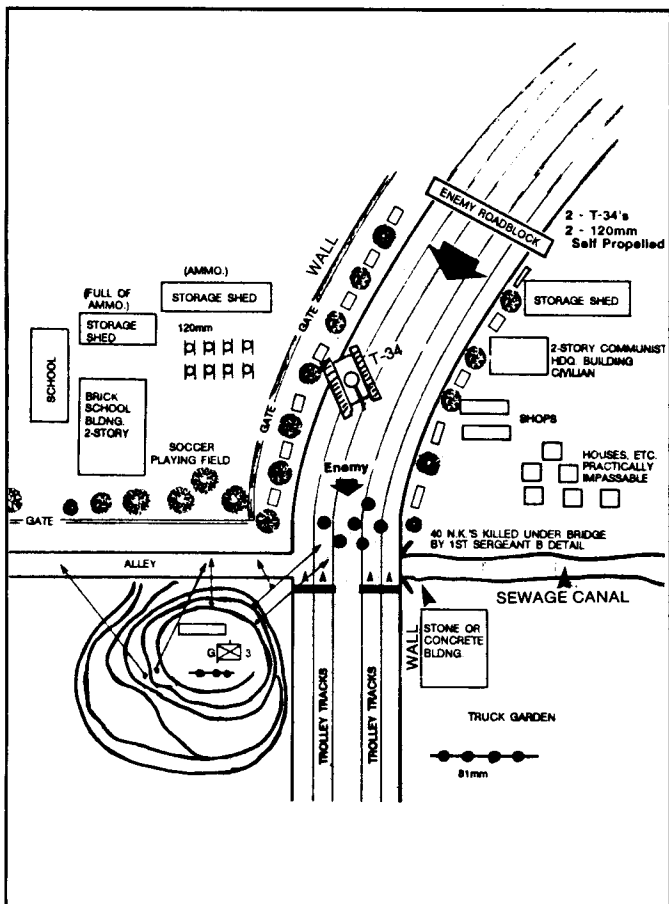
*The street curved about 15 to 20 degrees to the right and rose in a slight incline. We couldn't stick our heads around the curve to see what was beyond it because machine gun, rifle, and automatic weapons fire was coming about waist high down the entire width of the street and spattering along the wall. The bullets were ricocheting off the school yard wall, coming on down the street, and bouncing off the stone walls farther down the street.*

*I pulled the 2nd platoon on past the roadblock and had them inch up as far as they could to provide more fire, but they could not see much to shoot at. The men on the left side of the street, from a prone or sitting position, watched the buildings and the windows on the right side of the street, while the men on the right side fired over the top of the school wall and into the windows of the school building on our left.*

*From the roadblock, we could see high ground about 600 yards to our right. It was a bare cliff, sandstone or dirt, on top of which was a brand new gray stone building. We couldn't move off the street because we were in buildings that were jammed one right against the other. Most of them were native houses one-story high. Most of the men on that, the right, side of the street sought cover in these shops and fired from the windows across the street, but the men on the left side had no protection whatever except for the enemy slit trenches. They lay flat on the sidewalk with their left sides against the stone wall that ran around the school house and their right side unprotected, facing the open street.*

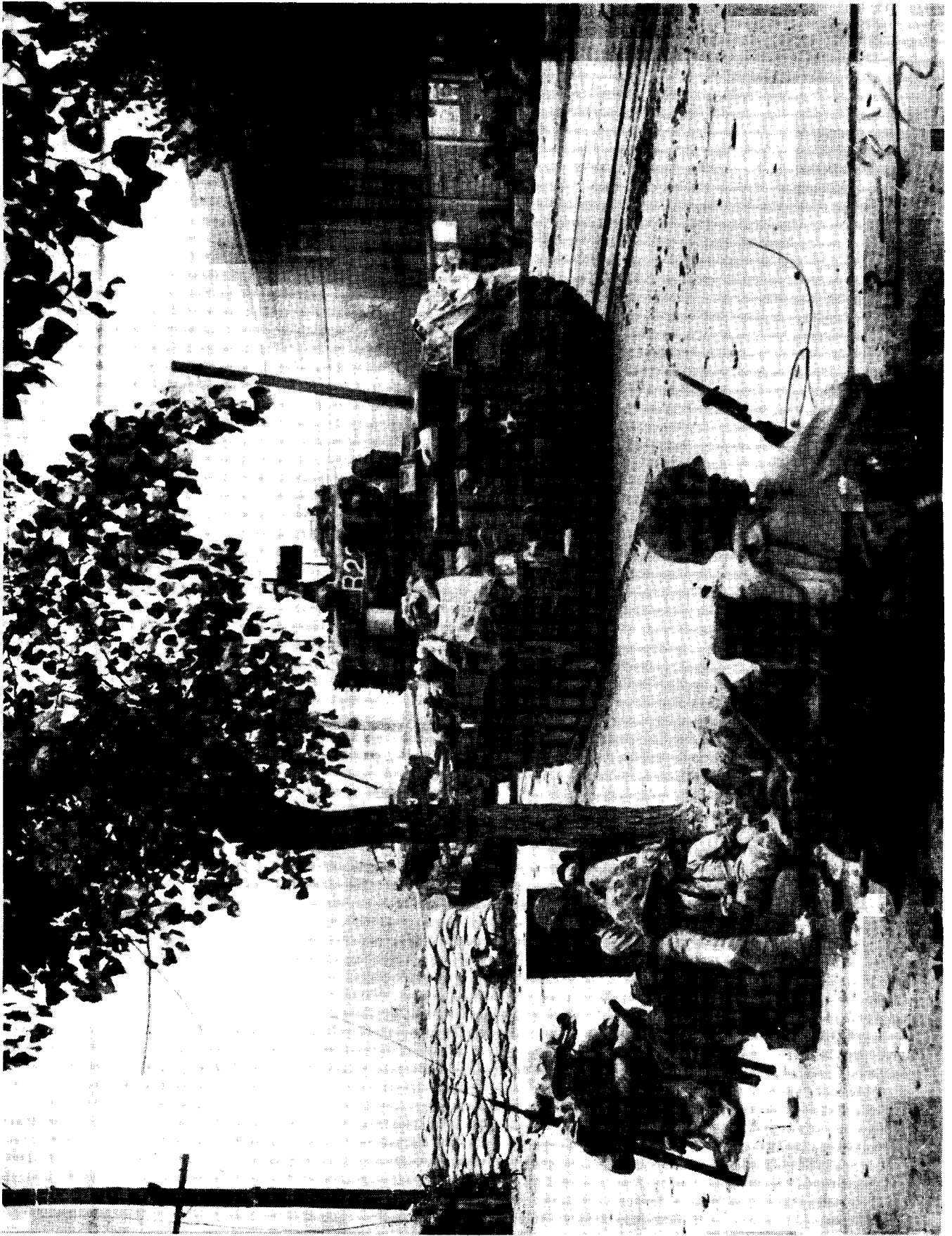
*I sent the 60mm's up and attempted to fire up the street, but we couldn't get an FO up to spot where the rounds were landing. We tried firing several rounds of smoke so we could get a general idea from the drift of the smoke, but there was enough breeze so that by the time the smoke rose to where we could see it, we weren't sure where it had landed. So we weren't sure then how effective our 60mm mortars were.*

The fire coming down the street was too intense to make any headway up Ma Po Boulevard. The situation was looking more desperate minute by minute. The lead fire team had taken at least two casualties and was cut off from the rest of the company. Another platoon was leapfrogging through the 1st platoon. Peepsight Pendas was hugging a barrier near the opening when litter after litter was going to the rear with wounded Marines. Alongside him was Hospitalman 3rd Class Stanley E. Martin, USN. You could hear



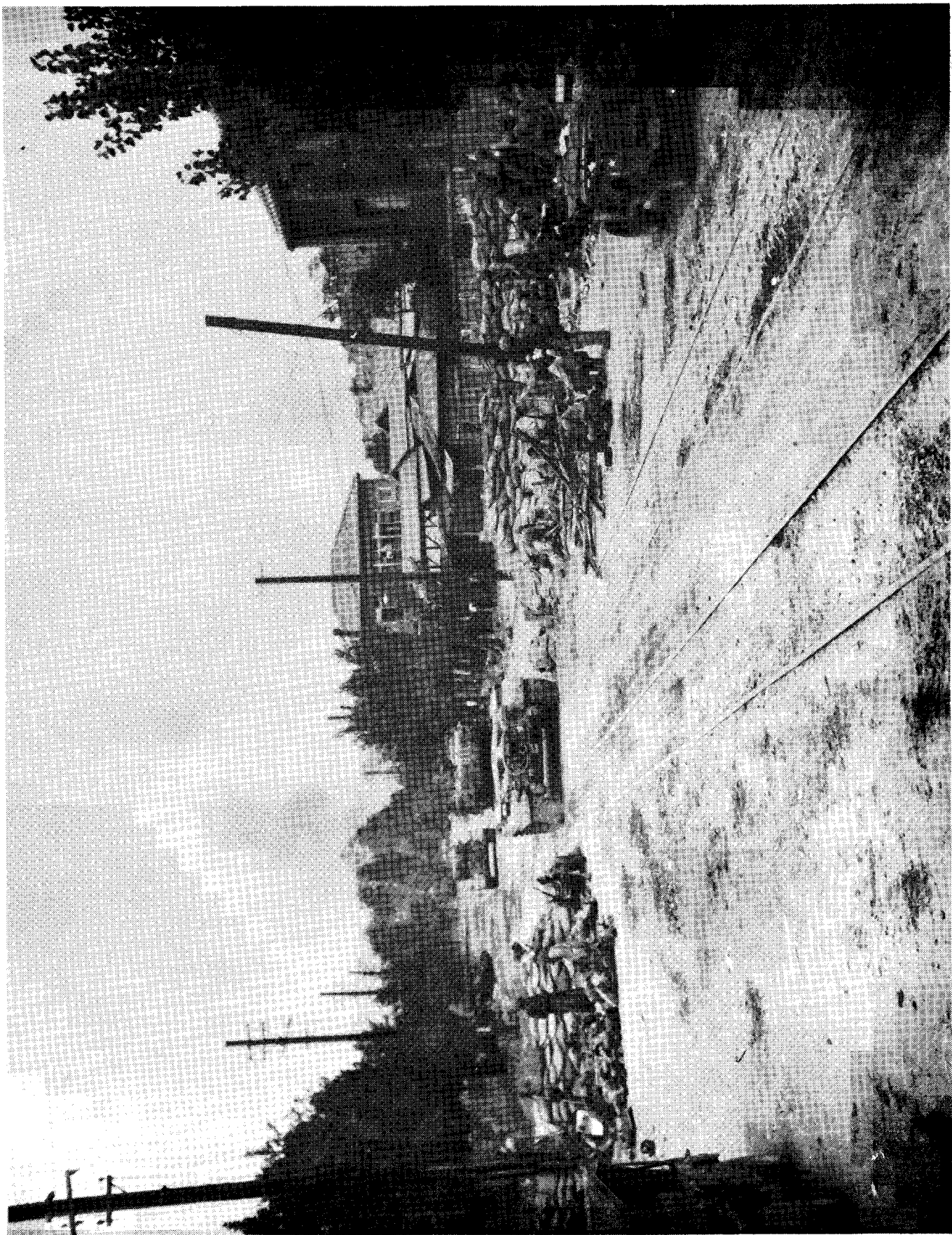
MAP #7 - COUNTER ATTACK

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Roadblock at Elementary School - "G" Company letting Bravo Company tanks soften enemy - 25 September.



"G" Company following day at roadblock. (Note dead T-34 tank upper left.) Roadblock destroyed by enemy counter attack.





Turn in Ma Po Boulevard - furthest point of advance before NKPA counter attack.  
(At this site 25 September, Lt. Merrill rescued wounded.)



the word coming down the line for "Corpsman up." Martin turned to Peepsight and yelled into his face, "Corpsman up." And sure enough, soon some young wide-eyed Corpsman from Battalion Aid came chugging up and went around the barricade and was soon brought back on the same litter he had carried up. Peepsight still laughs at Stanley's not act of cowardice, for he had proven his bravery time and time again; but his common sense approach to a meat grinder. When it came the 1st platoon's turn to go through the barricade at the A Hyn Elementary School, it was done with tank support, and with Marines fanned out to both sides of Ma Po Boulevard. The sidewalks were full of fighting holes (slit trenches) with many still occupied with enemy soldiers, some alive, all soon dead. No prisoners were taken in the assault.

The main problem facing Captain Westover was how to extricate his wounded riflemen from the fire team that was pinned down in front of the enemy position. Westover decided he would try to get a squad or two of his men inside of the school yard so that they could safely move forward behind the rock wall and take pressure off the fire team that was unable to withdraw. To do this it was necessary to breach the wall. Two rounds from a 3.5 rocket launcher made a small hole. This was followed by one or two TNT blocks, which was all that was available. The hole was now large enough for a single man to move through. Again, let Captain Westover tell the story:

*The first man that attempted to go through that hole caught one right between the eyes. We thought that maybe that was just a fluke, and the squad leader sent the second man from his squad through. He made a rush, jumped through the hole and rolled away from it, but just as soon as he stood up, he was killed. It was clear that the fire was coming at very close range; so we didn't try that one anymore.*

*We were still in much the same positions that we were in when we were first hit, with the 1st and 2nd platoons up and these men on both sides of the street. We tried sending riflemen up the narrow, twisting alleys among the native houses on the right to flank the enemy. That was futile because the enemy cut down on us as soon as we tried to move through that area. Six or eight good riflemen, hidden in those buildings, were firing back and forth across every possible trail and alley way. After we had one or two casualties from bullet wounds, we pulled the men back and attempted to smoke the enemy out by using white phosphorus (smoke).*

*About 1830 or 1900, as evening came on and we made no headway at all, the CO of the battalion ordered us to pull out of our positions and move back on the high ground on our left rear, the hill revetted by the stone wall.*

*We couldn't pull back because the leading squad that had a fire team as the point was still pinned down and we couldn't get them out. We continued to try every way that we knew to move forward even a few feet at a time. We used rockets again in an attempt to smash a hole through the buildings in a direct line so that we could at least get a passageway from one building to the next until we could reach the trapped men and pull them out. Unfortunately, the rockets didn't work and the men trying to cross from one side of the street to the other would be shot usually in the hips or between the knees and the hips. The fire was murderous. The battalion CO*

*was getting worried about our moving into defensive positions before night fall and was just as anxious as we were to get out of this spot we were in.*

Pfc. Bruce Farr was somewhere in the vicinity of Captain Westover and the battalion XO, Major Myers, when the order for withdrawal was first given. Farr remembers how Westover first responded to the withdrawal order:

*Captain Westover wanted to get our fire team back before pulling the company back to defensive positions. He told Major Myers three times that he'd pull the company back as soon as he could get our fire team back. He asked for a few volunteers to go get them. I believe that he could have gotten 25 more volunteers when we saw he was going to take care of us, able bodied or disabled. In my book, Captain Westover, like Captain Sitter later, was a super company CO.*

Lt. Charles Merrill from the company's 60mm mortars responded to the call for a volunteer. His plan was simple; block the vision of the North Koreans with a smoke screen. The only problem was that the company had been in almost constant combat the entire day and smoke grenades of any kind were in short supply. As luck would have it, a thorough search of the company came up with two white phosphorus hand grenades; the plan was ready to go.

Once again it is helpful to examine Map #7 and note the curve in the road. The men in the lead fire team were pinned down because in the initial advance they apparently came into the line of vision of the dug in enemy soldiers off to their right where the road turns to the right. The only thing that had saved them from sure death was that a hole, probably a shell hole, was near them when the NKPA's opened up on them; however, the four men in that hole, two of them wounded, could not move after that without drawing heavy fire.

The rest of Carey's platoon was just far enough behind the cut-off men to be out of sight of the enemy, but easily within voice contact of the stranded men. Lt. Merrill inched forward as far as he could without drawing fire and prepared himself for what must be done. He had to get close enough to the fire team to be able to toss the white phosphorus (smoke) grenades beyond their hole; there would be no second chance because there were no additional W.P. grenades. Merrill rushed forward, tossed the grenades with all of his might, watched them clear the hole with the men in it and saw them explode as they rolled towards the enemy's positions. The smoke screen was in place; now it was up to the Marines in the street to pull out their comrades.

John Mainor was as far forward in the street as he could be without getting himself killed. As Mainor recalls, "no one asked for volunteers. The Marines on either side of the street acted instinctively." It was as if each man in the vicinity was responding to the iron rule of the Marine Corps: No man, wounded or not, is to be left behind for the enemy. Mainor and several others rushed out in the street and faced enemy positions, ready to return fire if the enemy were to let loose with rifle and machine gun fire. As Mainor and the others were poised to give protection to the rescue party, he could hear the cries of pain from one Marine who had suffered a serious leg wound, probably a severed bone. Mainor summarized the operation by stating, "No one pointed at anyone and gave an order or even asked for volunteers. We had to get our people out. We just did it."

Much to everyone's relief, the operation was pulled off without a single casualty. Now Captain Westover could move his men back as ordered by battalion. The wounded were on their way to medical aid, and all the KIA's were recovered, except for the two men on the other side of the school wall. (Their bodies were recovered after dark.) Just as darkness enclosed the exhausted men, George Company was preparing defensive positions on the western side of the intersection on a hill that looked up the street towards the enemy strong point. It had been quite a day, but it was far from over.

Shortly after the point fire team was pinned down and prior to the time those four Marines were rescued, another incident was played out at the eastern edge of the intersection (See Map #8 for location of sewage canal.) First Sergeant Rocco Zullo played the key role in this episode and explains it in the following way:

*About mid afternoon on 25 September 1950, our company interpreter, Ho Chang Jo, told Captain Westover and me that a South Korean civilian reported that there were many North Korean soldiers in a culvert or bridged drainage ditch. We were on the attack on the main thoroughfare of Seoul at the time. I told the company CO that I would take care of it. The interpreter, a South Korean civilian and I went back down the road, and the South Korean pointed out where the NKPA soldiers were supposed to be holed up.*

*The bridge consisted of a large culvert, about five feet in diameter with a drainage ditch running through it. I placed a machine gun at one end of the culvert and gave the crew orders not to fire until they got word from me. However, it was understood that if anyone came out of the culvert, they were to commence firing. I then took another group of riflemen and a BAR to the other opening in the culvert and positioned them so that they could neither hit the machine gun crew on the other side, nor be hit by the MG if it were to begin firing. All the Marines in this detail were once again reminded that if the firing were to begin, they were to be absolutely certain that no one came out of that culvert alive.*

Pfc. Tom Powers was a member of the machine gun crew that responded to Sgt. Zullo's call. Powers adds this information to the story:

*Early in the afternoon, Sgt. Zullo had some NK's up a drain pipe and called for MG's. The 6th squad answered the call. Zullo had been trying to talk them out and was standing to the left side of the pipe. All of a sudden, someone fired a shot up the pipe and the First Sgt. got all upset and said that now they will never come out. He shouted out for us to move the gun directly in front of the pipe and fire up it.*

*Well, directly in front of that pipe was a stream of human waste and it stunk something awful! Somebody questioned whether it was really necessary to wade into all that muck, and he started to "kick-ass." About this time, I would have jumped in headfirst if the First Sgt. had asked!*

After the machine gun had worked over the interior of the culvert for some time, Sgt. Zullo had the machine gun cease firing. At this point Sgt. Zullo said he "climbed down into the drainage ditch, threw in two grenades, placed the carbine on full automatic, fired a thirty round clip of ammunition and told the men to get back on the road. I forbade anyone from entering the culvert, for I didn't want anyone wounded or killed. Dead heroes are no good to the Marine Corps."

It was, indeed, a one-sided shoot out, but for a minute consider what might have happened if the NK's had not been detected and eliminated. This was mid afternoon of 25 September. In a few hours the NKPA tank led counter attack was to begin. The culvert was no more than 20 yards in front of the George Company roadblock that stopped the lead North Korean T-34 tank with a 3.5 rocket. If the North Korean soldiers had gone undetected, could they have surprised those Marines at the roadblock and overwhelmed them? Would that, in turn, have allowed the tank column to penetrate George Company's perimeter? These questions now are purely academic, but they do point out that in combat the old adage that "no quarter is given and no quarter is asked" must be followed because to act in any other way could prove to be disastrous.





## The Collins Patrol

The platoon leaders and squad leaders deployed their men, and no one had to be reminded that an enemy counter attack was a strong possibility. As the riflemen prepared defensive positions, Pfc. Hammond, the 2nd platoon's scout-sniper, rounded up Pfc. James "Rocky" Feemster and Cpl. Peepsight Pendas, scout-snipers from the other two platoons. His plan was to get up high in the two-story building which was above the enemy roadblock. All three scout-snipers went to the rear of the concrete wall and into the large concrete building. It was completely empty and appeared to be a shop which had been stripped of everything. The three snipers searched it out and quickly went to the second floor and moved to the farthest corner and faced the NKPA barricade. Sure enough, brown suits could be seen leaving and climbing the gradual hill to the right as they ran up alleys and streets. The range was a little over 200 yards. The three snipers had a field day until no more targets were visible. Once the targets became scarce, Pendas and Feemster decided to report to their respective platoons and to let the 2nd platoon know that Hammond was still up there, hoping to get an occasional shot off.

Every infantryman knows that to give in to exhaustion in such a situation has almost the same risk as a driver who falls asleep while driving 70 miles an

hour down a freeway, yet whether while driving or awaiting the rush of enemy troops, fatigue can be so great that the need for sleep overpowers the fear of death. Pfc. Jack Dunne recalls moving into the 2nd floor of a building. Let him continue:

*I was set up by a window. I knocked out the glass and frame with my rifle butt and with my pack and entrenching tool as a backrest, I sat on the floor. I closed my eyes for what I thought would be a second and woke up a few hours later to the 4th of July. A major attack was in progress with tanks and infantry.*

Before the NKPA counter attack is described, it is necessary to turn the clock back to a little before midnight and allow Cpl. Chuck Collins to describe a hair-raising patrol that he led:

*Shortly before midnight, I was called down to the CP and given a mission to take an eight man patrol, move out at midnight and move up the street approximately 500 yards and make contact with a similar patrol from the 5th Marines. We were to exchange location and pass word information and get back to our roadblock by 0100. I was told that our artillery was scheduled to five heavy concentrations at that time into the area out to our front. After the difficulty we had moving up that street, Colonel Puller, Regimental Commander of the 1st Marines, had decided to flatten that 1,000 yard grid square before we moved out the next morning.*

*The patrol consisted of members of the 3rd platoon and the Korean interpreter, but was not necessarily organized in fire teams since we were on a reconnaissance mission. We organized rather hastily in total darkness so I can't with any degree of accuracy name the men that went out with me.*

*The Marines in the patrol thought I was some kind of nut to think we could walk up that street like a bunch of tourists. I've got to say that I agreed with them, but that was our job and we had to do it. After all we had run into during the day, I even had trouble believing the 5th Marines could be where they were supposed to be. As I*



Cpl. Chuck Collins, 2nd platoon

*briefed the patrol about the mission, I told them we would leave at midnight sharp, move up the right side of the street, stay as close as possible to the building walls and that an interval would be maintained at 5 to 10 feet or whatever it took to maintain eye contact with the man in front. There would be no talking, and if contact was lost, they were to return to the roadblock.*

*We decided to move out down the right side of the street because the street curved to the right about 100 yards down the street forward from our starting point. I thought that would give us the best cover from any fire we may receive from our front. I later learned that was a good decision because two of our guys got cut off from the rest of the patrol by some NKPA's appearing out of a doorway, and they lost contact with the rest of us. As ordered, they turned back and returned to the company. I heard some rifle fire from the rear but never got the word on what happened until I got back the next morning. That's when I found out that the guys got back safely. That is truly amazing when you consider that they ran through a mine field on the way back to company positions. We had a guide lead us through that mine field on our way out.*

*As we got into the curve area of the street, I heard noises, but I couldn't determine where they were coming from. The noises soon stopped, and I thought I might have been hearing things; but as we got closer to our destination, another roadblock, I heard the noises again, and I thought it must be the 5th Marines ahead of us. I slowed our pace to a mere creep, and we continued to advance in a crouched position until I was within a few feet of our destination. I halted the patrol and listened to see if the noises were the 5th Marines, but I still couldn't tell for sure. But since we were supposed to meet them there, I thought it must be them. I felt very relieved that the mission appeared to be almost over.*

*Just as I started to challenge what I assumed to be another Marine patrol, heads popped up all across the roadblock, and they were jabbering away in Korean. I knew then that we were in trouble, so I ducked down low at the base of the roadblock and ran along it into a*

doorway or alleyway and took cover. I must have made some noise in doing so, because all hell broke loose. They commenced firing with, I think, everything they had. From my covered position, I yelled, "GO," which was our pre-arranged signal to turn tail and run back to the company as fast as we could. In a meager effort to give the guys a better chance, I moved up to where I could see and fired all my ammo in a very rapid fire across the roadblock, hopefully, to keep them down while the guys ran back. As soon as I ceased firing, the NKPA's literally poured through the opening in the roadblock. I guess they must have thought we were the point of an attack or something because they were charging through the block like they knew where they were going. Overhead fire for them continued from the top of the roadblock.

At this point, I knew I was cut off and might as well forget trying to follow my troops down the street. So I slowly moved back further into the alleyway and into an area of Korean houses and other buildings south of Ma Po Boulevard. However, by this time enemy troops were all over in various sized groups, searching the area in their advance towards our lines.

Knowing that our artillery was scheduled to start firing at any time, I moved further away from the main street whenever I could. It was difficult to move, however, since the enemy was all over the area. I soon lost my sense of direction and started moving in circles. I couldn't tell which way west was (the location of George Company), so I just kept moving around.

As our artillery and mortars started firing, it got a little easier to move around because the enemy became more and more disorganized while running for cover. Although they were still obviously trying to stay in integral units, they were also running for cover. Although I shared their apprehension, I almost welcomed the fire and the confusion it generated.

The enemy was taking many casualties and the excitement grew into chaos as they were losing many troops. There were dead and wounded troops all over the place by this time. Although I didn't like being under fire from my own artillery, I have to admit it was a kind of blessing in disguise because without it I would never have gotten out of that mess. I became very disoriented and confused as to where to go, and I could no longer hear a damn thing. I also had the most terrible headache you could imagine, probably from concussion.

(Eventually) I ducked into a Korean house or at least a building and found a group of Korean civilians huddled in a corner. They were about as afraid as I was. With the help of Ho Chang Go, the interpreter who had stayed with me, I acquired some Korean clothing. I field stripped my M-1 and threw the three groups in different directions, put a large shawl or piece of cloth over my head, rolled up my trousers and headed out in the direction the artillery and mortar firing was coming from. I figured that if I stayed crouched down or stooped over, they might think I was a refugee trying to get out

just as they were. It worked! I found that I was now able to walk down the streets and alleys with the rest of the gooks unmolested. I kept on moving in the direction of the muzzle blasts as best I could, hoping to get back to friendly lines.

At about dawn, I worked my way out of the built up area and into an open field. It was kind of an over-grown garden area as I recall. I saw troops to the west that were on the other side of this field, so I moved in that direction. Thankfully, I heard American voices. As I got closer I knew they were Marines. Finally, I had found home! I stayed down and I think I yelled every four-letter word in my vocabulary before I said, "Look you bastards, I'm a Marine. I'm gonna stand up and I don't want to be shot." Someone told me to advance, so I did. I then got a free jeep ride back to George Company. The outfit I had stumbled upon was the 81mm mortar platoon, and they were amazed when I told them where I had been all night. They had been busy all night firing into the area I had just left!

After I finally got back to the CP, I couldn't believe it when they told me the whole patrol got back without a scratch. I had prepared myself for being in deep shit for releasing them under fire and getting them all killed. Another thing crossed my mind. I wondered if, assuming they made it around the curve, how many were killed running through that mine field.

I was amazed at the amount of details I picked up out there with respect to the enemy troops and equipment, number of tanks, AT weapons and all. I have learned since that I might have exaggerated on the troop count. I could have sworn they had a regiment right there at that roadblock, or at least is seemed so. I know there were several hundred of them laying around all over the place after our artillery started firing. I stayed in the basement of the building George Company used as a CP for well over an hour answering questions about what happened out there. The most enjoyable part of that debriefing session was the gallon or so of hot chocolate they poured down me. I think everyone was as surprised as I was that I got back. I was happy to find that I made Sergeant on the spot. I didn't find out until I was at Pensacola on guard duty that I got a Bronze Star for that night, and that was in the early summer of 1951.

It was an amazing night for Cpl. Collins and some dry statistics need to be given to show just how lucky Collins was to have survived the Marine barrage. Captain Westover reported in his debriefing that "four battalions of artillery were firing to our front: three battalions of 105's and one battalion of 155's. Those battalions fired, I believe, a total of 24,600 rounds during this attack, and the 81mm mortar platoon, the six guns of our battalion fired 640 rounds. Our 60mm mortars fired until their supply of ammunition was almost exhausted." When Collins returned to his platoon he had a few stories to tell, but by the same token, George Company Marines who had manned the roadblock all night had a few stories of their own to tell Collins.



## NKPA Counter Attack

By 2200 George Company was as prepared as it would ever be for that evening. Another examination of Map #8 will show that most of the company was in and around the two-story house on the northwest side of the intersection. The company CP was located in the first floor of the two-story building. Westover's CP also became the OP (observation post) of Major Simmons, the CO of Weapons Company, 3rd Battalion, who was also acting as coordinator of all supporting weapons for that night. The hilltop was flat, circular and about 75 yards across. In addition to the one large two-story house, there were three or four smaller homes on the hilltop.

Map #8 clearly shows the fields of fire of the light and heavy machine guns. Not indicated on the map was the deployment at street level. The first squad of the 1st platoon, reinforced with machine guns, at least one 75 recoilless rifle and a 3.5 rocket team was placed in and around the NKPA roadblock at street level at the intersection. One fire team was placed at street level to the left of the CP and directly across from the gate that led into the school yard. For the riflemen and machine gunners it was just a matter of "wait and see." At the command post it was a different story.

Shortly after Cpl. Chuck Collins left on his patrol, word was passed to Westover that George Company was to jump off at 0130 (26 September 1950) in a night attack. The attack would be preceded by a mortar and artillery barrage of 15 minutes. Although the Marines of G/3/1 had fought from 0430 of the previous day and had not gotten into defensive positions until around 2200, Captain Westover reported that his exhausted men responded as if it were "just another job to be done, and every man was taking it more or less in his stride." What made it a difficult situation, of course, was the fact that the patrol was somewhere out there where the barrage would land.

The order for the night attack came from the very top of X Corps, General Almond of the U.S. Army. The Marine officers, from Division all the way to the various front line battalions, were skeptical about the wisdom of this order, but had little choice but to obey. It is unlikely that General Almond would have called off his attack because a Marine patrol was somewhere out there in "no man's land."

At the very last minute, Colonel Puller postponed the attack until 0200 because the "preparation was inadequate." This jump off time never materialized because at 0153 "a dramatic interruption came in the form of a flash message from the 3rd Battalion of the 1st Marines. Lieutenant Colonel Ridge reported (to Puller) that a heavy enemy attack, supported by tanks and self-propelled guns, was moving down the main avenue leading from the center of the city to the southwest in the zone of the 1st Marines." (See pages 262-263 of Volume 2 of *U.S. Marine Operations in Korea* for additional information.)

It was shortly after 0130 that Lieutenant Hilsher, the artillery forward observer, shouted, "tanks, tanks" on his artillery net. Major Simmons and Lieutenant Hilsher immediately started to call mortar and artillery fire to the immediate front. Captain Westover picks up the story at this point:

*He (the T-34 tank commander) evidently knew where we were located and where our CP was because, as the Major was standing there trying to get through to the battalion on the telephone, a shell killed the radio operator who was standing right beside me. The round must have been armor-piercing because it passed through the radio operator and the house without exploding. That was also very fortunate because there must have been at least 20 men in the house, either sleeping on the floor or down in the cellar.*

With the firing of that tank round, all hell broke loose. Pfc. Dick Hock was at street level with the riflemen and support troops facing directly east, up Ma Po Boulevard. Hock heard the T-34 start its engine and could tell it was coming towards George Company's roadblock. Pfc. John Mainor was also with the first squad behind the roadblock that had been erected by the enemy. Mainor heard someone say, "Hey, God damn it! We don't have any one out there. Mark it with a tracer." Mainor had a magazine for his bar that had a tracer as every other round. He fired his BAR in the direction of the tank, and in Mainor's words, "Lit it up like a Christmas tree." Again, let Pfc. Hock describe the action at street level:

*The tank fired a round from its gun which went down the street, but didn't hit our position. (This was probably the round that hit the CP.) A Marine, whom I didn't know, came around the sand bags and a couple of men moved over to make room for him. He had an M-1 rifle, but no ammo and asked if anyone had any extra. I switched places with him; I had been against the power pole, shooting over the sand bags. (I dug) an extra bandolier out of my pack which was on the ground. (As I was reaching for the bandolier) the T-34, which was still advancing, fired another round. (This round) went through the sand bags, covering me and others with dirt and pieces of the power pole and killed the Marine who had just traded places with me. It spun him around and he fell on his back several yards from the pole. I reached him within seconds but could tell he was dead even though I couldn't see where he was hit because of the dark.*

*We covered him with a poncho. I found out the next day that his name was something like "Mandrian." He had just received a religious medal from home to protect him. He was with the 3.5 rocket team and had become separated from the rest of the team when the attack started.*

*The rocket launcher was on the right side of the street, and Sgt. James Hancock asked the Marine with it if he could load it. Later Hancock said he told the Marine, "Son, if you load, I'll fire." After the tank fired the second round, it was still advancing and had advanced through the mines in the street without hitting any. Before the tank could fire again, Sgt. Hancock fired the bazooka, hitting the tank in the gun barrel and stopped its forward movement. He fired a second round and hit the tank in the turret as the tank began to back up. (While backing up) the tank hit one of the mines, losing its right track, which caused it to back up in a arc to its right until it came to a stop off the side of the street in a slight ditch next to the school yard wall.*



All the while the machine gunners and the rest of us were pouring it on the tank and up the street at any support troops.

The T-34 that Sgt. Hancock stopped with a 3.5 rocket was one of four or more tanks that led the attack on George Company's lines. In addition to roughly a battalion of infantry troops, the enemy's attack also included several 76mm high velocity guns, 120mm mortars or howitzers and 37mm antitank guns and heavy caliber tank rifles.

As was indicated earlier, the enemy attack went up against four battalions of artillery and a multitude of supporting arms. When they tried to advance they ran up against rifles and machine guns of George Company and when they withdrew they were caught in a horrendous artillery and mortar barrage. Captain Westover summarized this engagement at the time of his debriefing in this way:

*It wasn't a case of the enemy withdrawing; I think we annihilated the entire enemy attacking force; that is destroyed all of his equipment and wounded or killed all of his attacking force. By about 0400 there was only sporadic fire left.*

On the morning of 26 September, the 3rd Battalion, 1st Marines was put in reserve at a prison that had recently been secured. The prison was built in a circular fashion, like a wagon wheel, the spokes of the wheel were long cells that were jammed beyond capacity with Koreans. It was impossible to tell good from bad — all were given water and left for ROK forces to sort out. While in the prison, Jack Prince remembers an enemy mortar round landing in a church that failed to explode. Although Seoul had not yet been freed of enemy troops, the fighting for George Company in this campaign was over. Not until a month later on the eastern side of North Korea at a small village named Majon-ni would the fighting begin again for these victorious Marines.

During the roughly ten days between George Company's last fire fight and the movement to Ascom City, the men were involved in a number of patrols and security duties. Here are a few recollection that some of them had after the days of battle.

Pfc. Jack Dunne:

*In the morning (26 September) we were outside heating rations when a civilian, who lived in Seoul and spoke some English, came to me with a pot of hot tea. He gave me the tea and said, "You are a very brave soldier." I don't know where he had been or what he had seen, but I appreciated the tea and the compliment. I gave him a package of cigarettes. He was reluctant to accept them, but then ran back to his house and returned with a wooden cigarette case containing half of the pack. That case is my only souvenir of Korea.*

Dunne added:

*We had landed at Inchon with a full platoon of 42 men, by the morning of 26 September we were down to 12 active and most of our losses were on the 25th. That night we moved through the streets of Seoul unopposed and bivouaced in the Royal Palace of Duk-So with Chesty's (Puller) Regimental Command Post.*

Pfc. John Mainor:

*Several days (after the last fire fight) we were helping civilian wounded. A lady with a badly wounded arm came in. I assisted the corpsman in cutting off her arm. Then she just got up and walked away.*

Lt. Richard Carey:

*The next day (26 September) we were sent back to the prison in Seoul to rest and refurbish. Here some of our people were interviewed by Marguerite Higgins. One humorous event took place when one of my Marines was urinating where he shouldn't and Miss Higgins walked around the corner in front of him. He almost wet her down. She smiled and said, "Carry on Marine."*

Lt. Richard Carey continued:

*We continued operations until about 28 September. On the last day of our mop up, we found a large number of Korean civilians on a hill north of Seoul. They had their hands tied with wire behind their backs and each had a neat bullet hole in the back of the skull. Grim testimony to the North Korean Communists.*

Although George Company fired its last round in anger the night of 25 September, other elements of the 1st Marine Division remained in combat for several more days, but by 7 October 1950 the entire 1st Division was relieved by Army units and was given its next mission.

During this stand down period General MacArthur showed up with his own cast of characters — beautiful Army MP's with starched khaki suits, polished helmets, white gear with a lot of fancy rope work; all in preparation for Mac to return Seoul to its president Syngman Rhee. With the onslaught of the press corps the last thing Mac wanted was a picture taken of some dirty ass Marine who had taken Seoul. The company was farmed out — way out — to put a protective perimeter around the Capitol building and maintain roadblocks. The first platoon was grateful to Lt. Carey for finding a barber and making them all get a haircut — some refused to take their helmets off during the haircut.

Joe Bell recalls:

*Sitting on a roadblock, with a bank on the corner, there was Peepsight and I, Woolcocks, Roland Manning, and I think Martinez and a couple of other guys and we were all trying to figure out how to knock that bank over and get into the vault. Shucks! We couldn't have carried enough money away to do us any good. There were armed civilians running all around with lines of prisoners. They were still rounding up NKPA soldiers; a lot of shooting was going on — probably little "get even" executions.*



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**DOWNTOWN SEOUL**  
Capitol Building (built by Japanese during occupation) — 27 September



**CAPITOL BUILDING, SEOUL**  
Hill 342 in background — 27 September





**PRISONER ROUNDUP**  
Ma Po Boulevard, Seoul, 26 September





## Back To The Beach

The American public was elated with what the 1st Marine Division had accomplished. A beaten and demoralized U.N. army was suddenly revitalized by the action at Inchon-Seoul and was now on the offensive, brushing aside NKPA forces that had so recently displayed open arrogance to U.N. forces and unspeakable cruelty to captured Americans. This was now being avenged!

The Marines were trained as assault troops and the pursuit of the defeated enemy was turned over to U.S. Army and South Korean soldiers. But the war was not over yet, and the 1st Marine Division was given orders to reassemble at Inchon and to prepare for another amphibious assault somewhere on the coast of North Korea. The men of George Company were in high spirits as they waited to board trucks for the trip back to Inchon. (As some of the following incidents suggest their spirits might have been a bit too high.) Helping their morale soar was the sudden availability of showers. It was a very efficient operation. At one end of the showering facilities, the Marines took off their filthy clothing and dumped them into a pile. A few steps away were wooden pallets and a warm shower.

The shower happened to be located on the Han River right next to a pontoon bridge that had a steady stream of traffic going over it. One of the vehicles that passed slowly by contained nothing but Army nurses. At this point one of "George Company's finest" decided to give the nurses a treat and turned towards the creeping vehicle, giving the ladies a full frontal shot. The nurses were able to rise to the occasion and began whistling and cat-calling. The more modest Marines discreetly turned their backs in deference to the assumption that they were ladies and to the fact that they were, indeed, officers.

At the end of the shower area there was a clean pile of dungarees. Each man had to search for clothing that fit him and with the appropriate rank stenciled on. It didn't always work out that way and many a Private-First-Class suddenly became a staff NCO. It didn't take 1st Sergeant Zullo long to have those "temporary" promotions corrected.

The ride back to Inchon was remembered by all because of a brief altercation between George Company and elements of the United States Army. Although most of the enlisted Marines knew who started the fracas and probably most of the senior NCO's and officers suspected as much, it has taken over forty years for Cpl. G.G. "Peepsight" Pendas to admit his responsibility — read on:

*I always rode on the front fender; it was warmer and you didn't have your back to the enemy, and it was also important to me to return fire when we received it. Sgt. Tillman always rode on the other fender, and Lt. Carey always rode inside the cab of the truck to direct the driver.*

*Upon approaching the pontoon bridge there was a huge, well painted sign. It said something about this bridge is brought to you through the courtesy of some Army bridge building unit. Verbal insults started as soon as we approached the bridge. They yelled, "Bellhops," and, "What's the matter Jarheads? Afraid to get your feet wet." We replied in kind and someone yelled out that, "It was better to have a sister in a whorehouse than a brother in the army."*

*Out in the middle of the bridge in a pontoon was a Master Sergeant and an officer, either a Captain or a Major. As we moved slowly along, even they were giving us heat. I immediately started fixing a "Waz Gwanaid." (We tossed one of these every night at Wasylczak when he brought up the pass word.) I unscrewed the fuse from a MK II fragmentation grenade and dumped out all the TNT and banged it to make sure it was all out. I screwed the fuse back on, and in a beautiful hook shot over my left shoulder, threw it. We were already past the pontoon holding the officer and the NCO. The "grenade" hit the lip of the pontoon and rolled around in the bottom, smoking like a live grenade. They both stared at it in disbelief. The Master Sergeant was sitting in the gunwhale of the pontoon and rolled over backward into the Han River. Then there was a small bang.*

*When we got to the other end of the bridge, a huge army military police Major was screaming and hollering. He wanted the man that threw that grenade. He shouted, "Who's in charge of this outfit?" Captain Westover soon appeared and walked down the column of trucks, asking who threw the grenade, while army M.P.'s were still screaming.*

*Other than wetting my pants at Inchon, this time I was really scared. They were about to arrest, handcuff and lose whoever threw that grenade. With M.P.'s all over the place, I glanced across at Sgt. Tillman — I knew that he had seen me do the whole act. Lt. Carey was behind me — he also might have seen it.*

*I expected they would turn me in and the end of a semi-brilliant military career was about to end. I was scared. We soon started to move and finally moved away. It was a close call, and I am not sure how I managed to escape the wrath of the United States Army.*

This should have been enough of "inner-service rivalry" for one day, but a little past the pontoon bridge the trucks carrying George Company began to pass a convoy of army vehicles with men wearing the head of a horse over a black stripe indicating they were troopers of the 1st Cavalry Division. Insults started flying back and forth.

Most of them had a can of beer in their hands. Some Marine asked for a can and they replied, "A dollar a can." Peepsight Pendas remembers that, "Frank Bove or some other maniac type jumped off the truck, climbed aboard the army truck and picked up a case of their beer off the bed of the truck and passed it over to our truck. Several others did the same. The doggies never said a word, not a single word. Bove looked like a crazy blackbeard the pirate, and along we coasted with a few warm sips of beer passed around among us." The Marines of George Company were having a good time after a difficult campaign and in retrospect it does not seem inappropriate. Frank Bove was at his best at this time. Peepsight Pendas recalls how Bove and the 1st platoon spent one evening:

*As the trucks dumped the troops off at Inchon we were in an industrial area that had been pretty well bombed. The first night was a scrounging night. Several men with Frank Bove in charge of midnight requisitioning, called all the funny money that had been picked up*

from stores, banks, and businesses we passed through. Frank Bove returned with a helmet full of fresh eggs that he was about to distribute. He counted them and was afraid that the old lady had screwed herself. He had thirteen eggs — the Bronx Bove had never heard of a “baker’s dozen.”

The industrial area was full of piping and tanks and it was discovered that a water tower was still full. And, Yankee ingenuity came into play as pipe was added from the large tower to a smaller tank where a fire could be built under it; and with an even longer piece of pipe to get you away from the fire. As always, someone had a shower head stolen off one of the ships. Using primitive tools and methods, before long the 1st platoon had a really hot shower — but, the platoon had no clean clothes. As many were left to their own devices it seems Bove, who by the way did not drink, formed another patrol with additional donations. The patrol returned with about a dozen bottles of beer, rice wine, whiskey and probably kerosene and more. The bottles were not alike, nor could the labels be read at dark. A group started to test the deadly concoctions, and yes, they did work. As the group got noisier they were ordered away from the bivouac so the troops could get some rest. Moving to an area that was roped off, they went into it and built a huge fire and sat on small tanks about the size of hot water heaters, telling stories and shooting the shit, happy to be alive and talking about going home. They did this until, one by one, each bit the dust and the last drop had been drunk. At first light there was a lot of yelling and ordering about as we awoke in the same spot where we had spent the evening. We all had world class hangovers and thought we were near death. The yelling and telling us to get out of our “party area” was because we were in a live ordinance area that had been clearly marked and roped off. Yes, the “hot water tanks” we were sitting on with a fire next to them were two 500 lb. bombs courtesy of the U.S. Navy Fighter Bombers. The gods surely look out for fools and Marines!

After the company ate it rations and cocoa, we moved by foot down to the waters edge with a rather nice sandy beach. With many LST's (Landing Ship Tanks) beached high and dry with their bow doors wide open. The one George Company would be aboard was different, it was Japanese — a “Q” boat — they called it a Queen. Those that went aboard said it stunk like it had been hauling dead fish and there was hardly anything aboard — few bunks, tables or anything else — and damn little chow. It wasn't going to be any steak and eggs on this cruise. Already Pfc. Bove was eyeballing the huge mountain of army rations on the beach. It was two stories high with everything from mayonnaise to Wheaties. It was also stocked with heavily armed guards with a Sergeant and a tommy gun at the very top. More later on how Bove did it!

Lt. Carey recalls his part:

*I was informed that again I would have a special detail. This time I would be the company mess officer on our LST. Worse still, it was a leased Japanese LST. When I went aboard our new home I was ready to cry. The reefers held one ultra large Fish that must have*

*been years old and tons of seaweed. When I checked with the Battalion Logistics (S4), I was told that I would draw provisions from the Army at ASCOM (Army Supply Command) city located just up the road. Knowing how well the Army ate I felt confident we were in for some good rations after our weeks on C's. Knowing that they were supplying Marines, the Army told us what the allocation per man would be and that it was located in a warehouse, stacked by Ship. It was all very systematic. I was impressed! But that changed to disappointment in a hurry. When I went to our ships stack I found carton upon carton of three basics in large #10 cans. Our fare was corned beef hash, tuna and canned cherries. Nothing more, nothing less. There were no fresh stores to be had and when I asked about bread, flour, eggs, meat and vegetables, I was very positively informed that we took what we were issued. Any change would be up to us. So, I took our tons of hash, tuna and cherries and mobilized every scrounger in the platoon, principally led by the platoon guide and Wasylczak. We went on our mission of survival and that's how I looked at it; if I had fed that mess to our company, our entire platoon would have been lynched! In three days, we had fresh meat, I personally went to the skipper of the U.S. LST that had carried us to the Inchon Landing and told him my tale of woe. He gave me a half ton of frozen meat, gratis — he didn't like cherries! We traded with U.S. ships for eggs, flour, coffee, tea, sugar, shortening, salt, pepper, butter, vegetables and some varieties of canned foods. Our biggest problem was baking powder and baking soda. We traded everything, souvenirs, shoes, cherries, or whatever Wasylczak and his friends could provide.*

The fighting in the Inchon-Seoul campaign had lasted about ten days. During those ten days the company suffered 72 casualties which was about one-third of the men who landed at Inchon on 15 September. The campaign had been a brilliant accomplishment, and once again General Douglas MacArthur was hailed as a military genius. United Nation forces in Korea, which were on the verge of defeat as recently as 1 September, were now able to turn on the North Korean Peoples Army and drive it northward.

It was a sweet taste of victory that was on the lips of George Company's officers and enlisted men as they bivouaced at Inchon harbor. Word quickly spread that Captain Westover was being transferred back to the States to train new officers at Quantico. Everyone eye-balled the new company commander — short, a little dumpy, wearing a Navy watch cap. Peepsight liked him because he walked with a limp. Westover was all legs and really made the guys at the end of the company run their asses off. So, it was the end of an era, no more “Westover's Left Overs.” The new skipper was Carl Sitter. Would George Company now become something like “Sitter's Survivors?” For many it made no difference, the war was over and others thought they would be in a victory parade back in the States. Such would not be the case, and many of the men who fought through the choking heat of Yongdungpo and Seoul would take their last gasp of air on the side of a road just outside of Koto-ri or on a frozen hill overlooking Hagaru. For the ordeal of combat was not yet over for George Company, Third Battalion, First Marine Division.

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When the editors of this segment of the history of G/3/1 in the Korean War first began to assemble the personal recollections of those who fought in the Inchon-Seoul Campaign, George Company's "first," First Sergeant, the legendary Rocco Zullo, was asked to comment on the staff NCOs who reported for duty during those early August days at Camp Pendleton. What follows is his assessment of those key individuals, somewhat tempered by time, but still vivid in his memory.

From the desk of —

**ROCCO A. ZULLO, 1st Sergeant**  
G/3/1 Korea, 1950

**SUBJECT: Staff NCOs of G/3/1, start of Korean Conflict**

**The three rifle platoons had three of the finest Platoon Sergeants that the Marine Corps had to offer.**

First, let's take **S/Sgt. Gerald D. Tillman**. Tillman was the Platoon Sergeant of the first platoon. He was a tall, good-looking Marine, fearless, bold and tireless. Tillman made the Mediterranean Cruise with me from January 1950 to May 1950 with A/1/6, which later became G/3/1. During this time he made several amphibious landings on Malta and Crete. Tillman was a highly intelligent individual and would never ask anyone to do anything he would not do himself. He was a "Gung Ho" Marine that you hear so much about. He was the bravest of the brave, killed in action on 29 November 1950.

**S/Sgt. Jack P. Deloach** was the Platoon Sergeant of the second platoon. Deloach and I made our first Mediterranean Cruise together from September 1948 to January 1949 with A/1/4, aboard the cruiser U.S.S. Little Rock. Deloach, I believe, was from Alabama, and I enjoyed hearing him tell about melon farming and taking the melons to market. We also made the Mediterranean Cruise aboard the U.S.S. Newport News from January 1950 to May 1950. He served over two years as Platoon Sergeant of the 2nd platoon before we hit Inchon on 15 September 1950, having served in A/1/4, A/1/6 and G/3/1. The nucleus of his platoon was well-trained, as was S/Sgt. Deloach. What Deloach lacked in formal education, he made up with a lot of good common sense. I, as a first sergeant, found it a pleasure to work with him.

The Platoon Sergeant of the third platoon was **S/Sgt. Charles L. Daniels**. Daniels made the Mediterranean Cruise with me in early 1950 and participated in the amphibious landings on Malta and Crete. He ran a sharp platoon, and he was a sharp Marine, who liked his occasional snort of booze, as did I. Daniels was absolutely courageous and fearless, never hesitated to act on his own initiative and was bold and tireless. He was badly wounded on the outskirts of Seoul while acting as Platoon leader of his platoon.

All the staff NCOs were professional Marines and single, except for John Collier and Edward Pickering. Outside of Pickering and Rodriquez all the Staff NCOs were from the South; I was the only Yankee from New England. They were an incomparable group of Staff NCOs, capable of performing any mission assigned. I was fortunate to have been the 1st Sergeant of such an illustrious group.

**S/Sgt. John T. Collier** was the section leader of 60mm mortars. Collier was a quiet, determined individual with a lot of ability. No matter what was to be done, he went about it in a cheerful and efficient manner. Collier did a magnificent job with his Mortar Section — always a "can-do" attitude.

**S/Sgt. Alfred J. Rodriquez** and **S/Sgt. Pickering** were key NCOs in the Machine Gun Platoon. Although Rodriquez is a Spanish name, he was an American Indian. Having pulled liberties with him in Los Angeles and Tijuana, Mexico, I got to know him very well. He was a short, muscular individual, proud of his heritage and who added to the effectiveness of his company. He was a brave and efficient individual who performed well in Korea while I was there.

**S/Sgt. Edward J. Pickering** joined the company at Camp Pendleton as did S/Sgt. Rodriquez. Pickering and I pulled a couple of liberties while at Camp Otsu, Japan. He was an excellent liberty companion and did a fine job as a machine gun section leader while I was in Korea.

The company's Gunnery Sergeant was **T/Sgt. Lawson G. Jenkins**. Jenkins was also a quiet, determined individual. He was not vociferous as are most Gunnery Sergeants, but he always got whatever tasks assigned him done in a very efficient manner. Jenkins was also a member of A/1/6 and made landings at Malta and Crete in early 1950. Lawson Jenkins was always a clean living individual — no cigarettes, whiskey or wild women for him.

Respectfully submitted,  
**ROCCO A. ZULLO, Captain U.S.M.C. Retired**

When Communist North Korea invaded South Korea, George Company, Third Battalion, 1st Marines did not exist. It was virtually created overnight at tent camp 2, a remote part of Camp Joseph H. Pendleton. The three biographical sketches that follow are of men who represent the three major components that Captain Westover and First Sergeant Zullo welded together to make a combat rifle company during that first week of August 1950.

Those three components were the roughly 130 men of Able Company, First Battalion, 6th Marines, 60 regular Marines from various guard companies and other posts and 35 men from the organized Marine Corps Reserves.

Pfc. Dale McKenna, Pfc. Francis McNeive and Cpl. Jack Prince were selected to stand in, and are typical of the exceptional young Marines who went off to war so long ago.

**PRIVATE FIRST CLASS DALE McKENNA — Able Company, 1st Battalion, 6th Marines**



On 15 September 1950 Pfc. Dale McKenna found himself on Blue Beach and in the middle of a difficult situation. Cpl. Barnes had just been killed, and Lt. Swanson had just taken a round through his leg. His mortar section had landed right behind the 3rd platoon, which was pinned down by sniper fire. Things looked a little desperate, and Dale must have wondered more than once what chain of events brought him to the shores of Korea.

It all started out in 1948 when he agreed to meet a friend of his at a Marine recruiter's office. His friend had been interested in joining the Corps, but Dale had given it little or no thought. His friend didn't show up, but the Corps gained a recruit, On 19 April 1948, Dale McKenna, at the age of 17, enlisted in the Corps and was soon on his way to boot camp at Parris Island.

After completing boot camp, his first assignment was with a rifle company in the 8th Marines (Camp Lejeune). While with the 8th Marines, Dale participated in various training exercises and an amphibious landing in the Caribbean area and fondly remembers liberty in Kingston, Jamaica.

Just before the 8th Marines were to leave on the Mediterranean Cruise, Pfc. McKenna and a few friends were on liberty in Washington, D.C. Like most Marines they were milking that liberty for all they could and got ready to return to Camp Lejeune at the last minute. Once they decided to get going, they found they had missed their ride back. Their solution was to turn themselves into authorities at the Naval Gun Factory in Washington, D.C., hoping this would save them from being classified as AWOL. Nothing worked out as planned. The 8th Marines left without them and initially they were charged with being AWOL for the week they were at the Naval Gun Factory.

After just barely missing disciplinary action for not returning to base on time, Pfc. McKenna was transferred to the 4th Marines, which had just returned from China in early 1949. The 4th Marines consisted of World War II vets and men who were

about to be mustered out of the Corps. Dale remembers these Marines as being pretty "salty" and not too concerned with regulations. In short time the 4th Marines were disbanded and Pfc. McKenna found himself reporting to the legendary 1st Sergeant of A/1/6, Master Sergeant Rocco Zullo.

With this transfer to the 6th Marines, Pfc. McKenna turned in his M-1 rifle and joined the company's 60mm mortar section. In early 1950 he was finally able to make the famed "Med" Cruise that he had missed almost a year earlier. The "Med" Cruise was a serious training exercise, but what Dale remembers best were the port calls where he, Pfc. Ellsworth Hems and Pfc. Fred Hems spent their liberties together.

In less than a month after the North Korean invasion of South Korea (25 June 1950), Pfc. Dale McKenna and roughly 130 other A/1/6 Marines were heading for Camp Pendleton where they would form the nucleus of George Company, 3rd Battalion, 1st Marines.

From liberty in sunny Naples, Italy in March of 1950 to Blue Beach in September of the same year required some serious adjustments, but Pfc. McKenna was up to the task. He was still with George Company when it helped secure Seoul and was with the company when it fought to keep its toe hold on East Hill overlooking Hagaru. Although suffering a slight flesh wound at the Chosin Reservoir, he marched with the rest of George Company as it withdrew to the beaches of Hungnam.

A little over a month in Masan and almost a month of the guerrilla hunt at Andong marked the end of Pfc. McKenna's tour with George Company. Sometime in late February 1951, he was selected as one of those to return to the States in first rotation draft home.

After receiving a warm welcome in San Francisco, where there was a parade and each Marine was given a symbolic key to the city, Pfc. McKenna reported to Camp Pendleton where he was assigned to duty with the Provost Marshal. He served a year at CJHP before he made the mistake of detaining the base commander's adjutant for driving under the influence of alcohol. Within a week his transfer came in for guard company duty at Kodiak, Alaska, where he remained for the next 18 months.

The year 1955 found Dale McKenna back at Camp Pendleton, perhaps a little wiser and now with three stripes on his sleeve. He spent a short time with the 1st Amphibious Recon Company, but soon found himself with the base motor transport company where he was promoted to Staff Sergeant and became acting Gunnery Sergeant for the company.

In 1957 increase in rank was slow in coming and S/Sgt. McKenna decided to return to civilian life. He moved to the San Fernando Valley in California, secured employment in the retail food industry, married and raised four children. He recently retired, but was unable to completely cut his ties to retail foods and presently is working part-time for Glenbrook Laboratories as a merchandiser.



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**CORPORAL JACK PRINCE**  
**2nd 105 Howitzer Battalion (Los Angeles)**  
**United States Marine Corps Reserve**



Jack Prince missed World War II by one year, but even in 1946 young men were expected to put some time in one of the armed forces. Because Jack's father had served in the Marine Corps in his youth, it was only natural that Jack would follow in his father's footsteps. On 25 September 1946 Jack left his home in Los Angeles and reported for duty at the San Diego Recruit Depot.

By December of 1946 Jack was on his way to China where he and other Marines of Fleet Marine Forces were trying to protect American interests in a land that was being torn apart by the battle between the Chinese Nationalist and Communist forces. Before his enlistment ended in September of 1949, he had also seen duty in Japan and Pearl Harbor.

The spring of 1950 found Jack Prince attending school at Los Angeles City College. Early that summer he was running a ski boat at the Lake Arrowhead resort and having the time of his life. Only the thought of returning to school the following September could dampen the good times of summer.

The carefree days of summer came to a sudden end when his reserve unit was called to active duty on 1 August 1950. Within a few days, Jack was assigned to G/3/1 and was made a fire team leader in Lt. Beeler's second platoon.

So it was that on 15 September 1950 Jack Prince was hitting the beach at Inchon instead of hitting the books at City College. From the mass confusion at Blue Beach to the furious fire fights on Ma Po Boulevard, Jack remained with the second platoon.

When G/3/1 was posted to Majon-ni in North Korea, he continued to serve with the second platoon, but now as a squad leader. On 29 November 1950, as part of the Drysdale Task Force, he received a wound to his right ankle. The following day, 30 November, a more serious wound to his left leg resulted in his evacuation to Japan.

While recovering at the Yokosuka Naval Hospital, Cpl. Prince received his sergeant stripes and his Purple Heart. After a short stay at Camp Otsu, Japan, Jack was transferred to a naval hospital on Guam.

When finally fit to return to duty, his next assignment was on the island of Truk where he was the NCO in charge of native police. After serving six months in that capacity, Jack returned to San Diego for discharge in August of 1951.

Jack is presently living in southern California with his wife Avis, and is the president of Prince Chrysler Plymouth of Inglewood, California.

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**PRIVATE FIRST CLASS FRANCIS THOMAS McNEIVE**  
**Marine Barracks - Brooklyn Navy Yard**



Shortly after his 17th birthday in 1945, Frank McNeive enlisted in the Marine Corps. Frank is proud to point out that he had his baptism into the Marines at Parris Island, the only real boot camp. World War II came to an end before he could see any action and by 1947 he reported to duty aboard the *U.S.S. Manchester* (Light Cruiser) as a sea going Marine. His tour on the *Manchester* lasted three years. During this time his ship was initially part of the Mediterranean fleet, where the *Manchester* was on station during the Greek Civil War, but eventually ended up in Asian waters. In 1949 China was the hot spot of Asia and Frank was there as the anti-communist forces were evacuated to Taiwan; in fact, Frank was part of the last American forces to depart the Chinese mainland.

Frank's last assignment prior to the Korean War was at the Brooklyn Navy Yard with most of his time spent at Hq. 3rd Naval District, 90 Church Street, New York, N.Y. By July of 1950 the Marine Corps was transferring as many men as possible from its guard companies to Camp Pendleton to create the 1st Marines; Frank was one of those who found himself heading for California in late July.

Although Frank's enlistment date denies him membership in the "Old Corps" (i.e. pre World War II), he shares one thing in common with that breed of Marine, and that is the time in rank. By now Frank had served his Corps for five years, and despite the fact that he had no record of misconduct, he was still a Private First Class and would remain one throughout his time with George Company in Korea. It is interesting to note that near the end of his duty with G/3/1, he was a Pfc. squad leader and his "assistant squad leader" was a sergeant who had earned his stripes while in the Marine Reserves.

Frank stayed with the 1st platoon of George Company from Blue Beach to the streets of Seoul. He survived Hell

Fire Valley on the way to Hagaru in the winter of 1950 and marched out with the Division as it made its way to Hungnam. In the late spring of 1951 he was transferred to H & S/3/1 and returned to the States later that year.

From 1952 to 1975, when he retired from the United States Marine Corps, Frank McNeive served in the 2nd Marine Division and 3rd Marine Division, spent a total of 4 years at Parris Island as a Drill Instructor, and found time to go on special duty with the British Royal Marines and the Norwegian Army. With the 2nd Division he saw duty in Lebanon and Santo Domingo, and with the 3rd Division he served in Viet Nam.

While in Viet Nam Sergeant McNeive served with E/2/4 (1966-67) and K/3/9 (1969-70). During his tour with K/3/9 McNeive was a First Sergeant of a rifle company and participated in the battle of Khe Sanh. It was almost like history repeating itself; like the Chosin Reservoir battle, Frank's unit was completely surrounded by Communist forces. Again, like at Chosin, Marine forces beat off the enemy and marched out of Khe Sanh on Marine terms. Shortly after the battle for Khe Sanh was decided, 1st Sergeant McNeive was attempting to land at a fire base on the flank of Khe Sanh held by one of his platoons from K/3/9. The base was under attack while the chopper was coming in and was shot down by enemy fire. Sgt. McNeive came away from the crash with only minor injuries and was eventually evacuated with his men by chopper gun ships.

Retiring as Sergeant Major, Francis T. McNeive is presently serving as the Executive Secretary of the Second Marine Division Association. Following in his father's footsteps, his son, Captain James Francis McNeive, served with the 8th Marines, 2nd Marine Division in Operation Desert Storm.



Sergeant Major F.T. McNeive

*We have attempted in writing this history to verify with accuracy every incident reported, also realizing that some may read these words without the benefit or knowledge of Marine Corps organization or jargon. Therefore, the following explanations are offered:*

**FIRE TEAM** - The basic four man fighting unit of the Marine Corps consisting of a BAR man, assistant BAR man, riflemen and fire team leader.

**Fire Team Leader** - Usually a corporal, armed with an M-1 rifle, responsible for the fire maneuver, welfare of his fire team, always available to the squad leader.

**BAR Man** - (Browning Automatic Rifle). A man armed with a BAR and carried 12 to 14 magazines.

**Assistant BAR Man** carried 6 or 8 additional magazines and additional bandoliers of extra ammunition, armed with an M-1 rifle.

**Rifleman** - Armed with an M-1 rifle, grenade launcher, bayonet and various rifle grenades and hand grenades.

**SQUAD** - consisted of 3 fire teams for a total of 12 marines plus a sergeant as squad leader. (13 Marines)

**PLATOON** - consisted of 3 squads of 39 marines plus a platoon guide (sergeant), a platoon sergeant (staff sergeant), and a platoon commander (2nd lieutenant), two messengers, and two Navy hospital corpsmen round out the platoon headquarters for a total of 43 Marines, 2 sailors and a Marine officer in charge.

**MACHINE GUN PLATOON** - led by a lieutenant, consisted of three sections with two squads per section. Each squad consisted of two guns, a gunner, assistant gunner and four ammunition carriers. They were armed with pistols and carbines, sections were led by staff sergeants and squads were led by sergeants.

**60mm MORTAR SECTION** - consisted of three squads with three 60mm mortar tubes, gunner, assistant gunner and ammo carriers — section sergeant acted as forward observer. The section was led by a staff sergeant and a lieutenant.

**ASSAULT SECTION** - led by a staff sergeant, consisted of three squads with a 3.5 rocket launcher per squad. Each squad consisted of a gunner, assistant gunner, two ammunition carriers. Demolition men and flame throwers if detached from weapons company, were attached to this section.

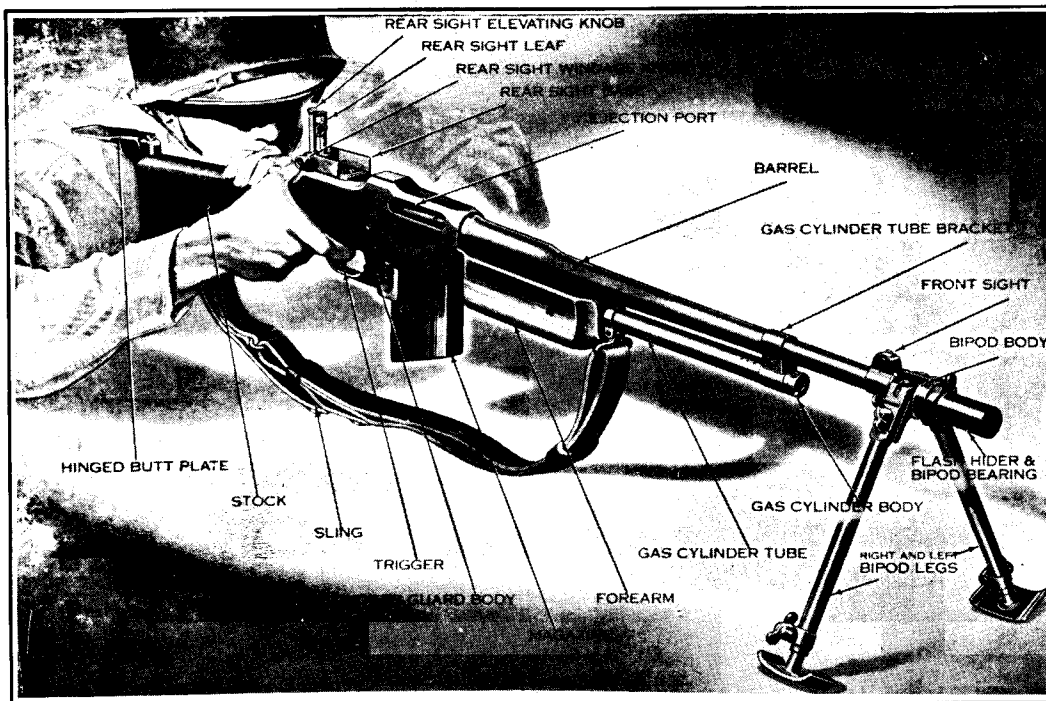
**RIFLE COMPANY** - commanded by a captain with a lieutenant as executive officer. A first sergeant, a company gunnery sergeant, two clerks with a chief clerk as supply NCO and a few men, two runners, and a radio operator was assigned from battalion headquarters. This command group, along with the three rifle platoons, machine guns, mortars and assault comprised the Marine Rifle Company. (over 200 Marines, 7 officers and 4 corpsmen)

**BATTALION** - was led by a lieutenant colonel with a major as executive officer, four staff sections usually led by captains, S-1 adjutant/personnel, S-2 intelligence, S-3 operations/training, S-4 logistics, and various staff officers, a communications platoon, attached supporting arms, three rifle companies, and the weapons company consisting of heavy machine guns, 81mm mortars and assault sections plus attachments, numbered close to 1,000 Marines and officers.

**REGIMENT (3 Battalions - 1st, 2nd, 3rd)** — made at regiment — which were called Marines — 1st Marines, 5th Marines, and 7th Marines. The 11th Marines an artillery regiment along with a huge Headquarters and Service battalion comprise the 1st Marine Division.

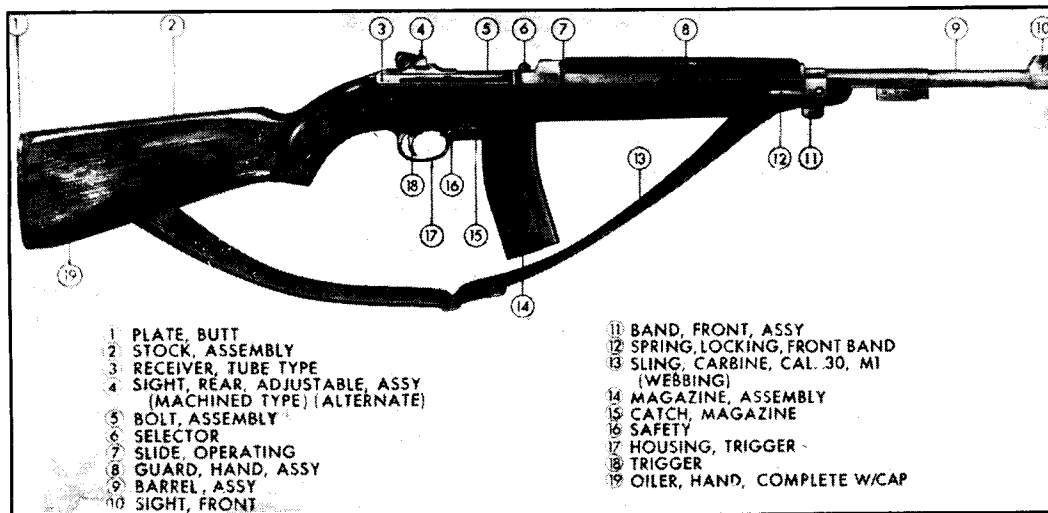
**MARINE INFANTRY ORGANIZATION**

3 Fire Teams -	<i>A Squad</i>
3 Squads -	<i>A Platoon</i>
3 Platoons -	<i>A Company</i>
3 Companies -	<i>A Battalion</i>
3 Battalions -	<i>A Regiment</i>
3 Regiments -	<i>A Division</i>



**THE BROWNING AUTOMATIC RIFLE (BAR)**

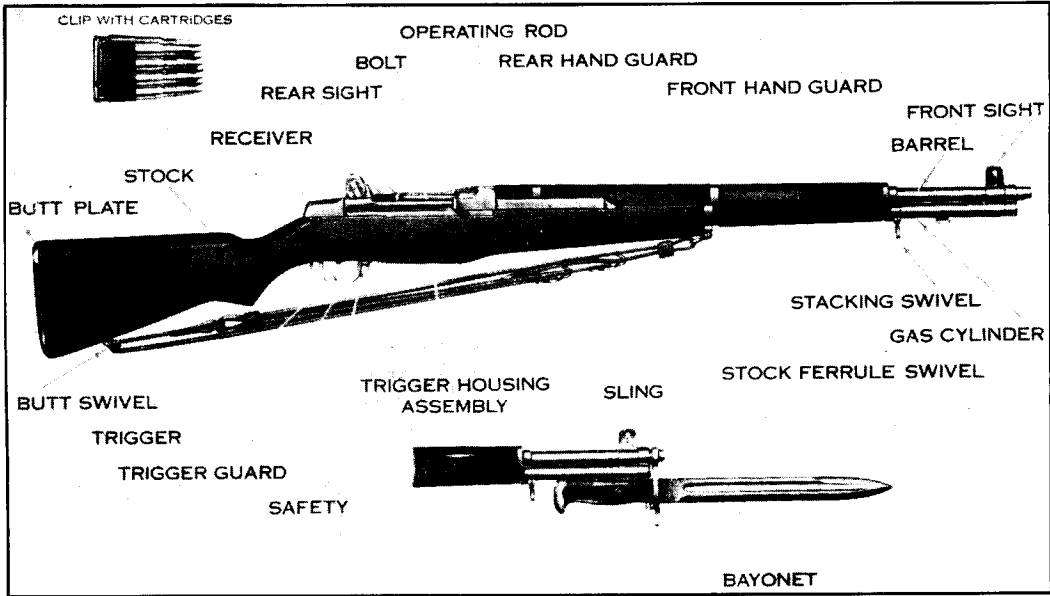
Weight with bipod and full magazine ..... 20 lbs. 11 oz.  
 Magazine capacity ..... 20 Rds.  
 Full magazine weight ..... 1 lb. 7 oz.  
 Maximum effective range ..... 500 yards  
 M1918A2 air cooled, gas operated, magazine fed, shoulder weapon



**THE CARBINE**

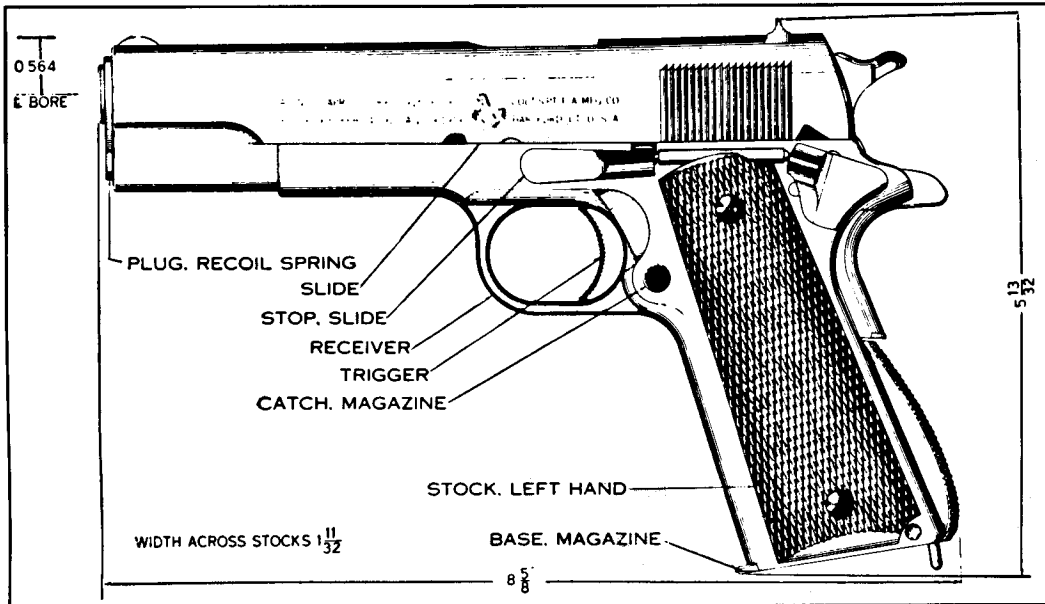
Weight with loaded 30 magazine ..... 6.6 lbs.  
 Length with bayonet ..... 35.5 inches  
 Maximum effective range ..... 300 yards  
 M-2 carbine, full automatic capacity.





**THE M-1 RIFLE**

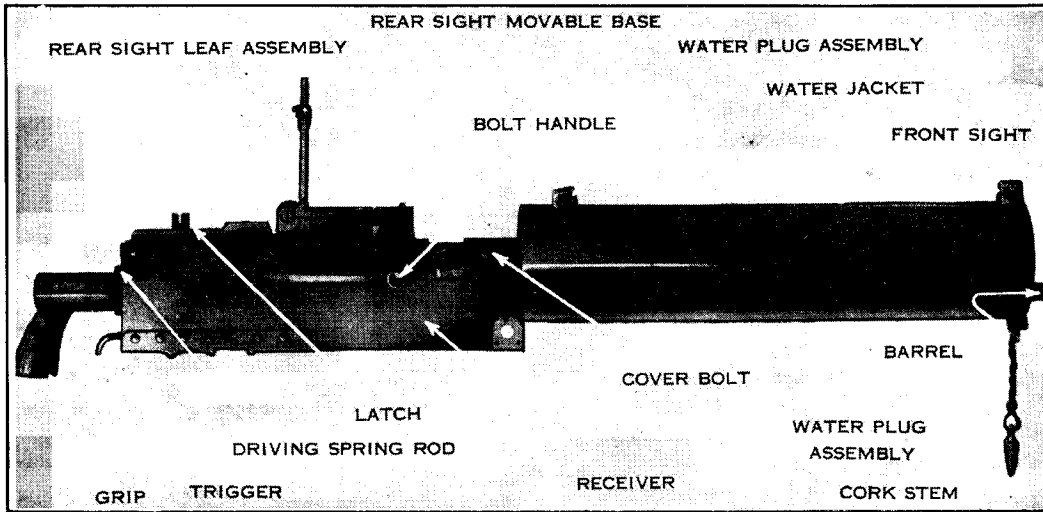
Weight ..... 9.5 lbs.  
 Clip capacity ..... 8 Rounds  
 Length without bayonet ..... 43.6 inches  
 Maximum effective range ..... 500 yards  
 Air cooled, gas operated, clip fed, semiautomatic weapon



**AUTOMATIC PISTOL CAL. 45  
 M 1911 A1**

Weight with full magazine ..... 2.16 lbs.  
 Magazine capacity ..... 7 Rounds  
 Muzzle velocity ..... 802 feet per second  
 Maximum effective range - troops ..... 25 yards

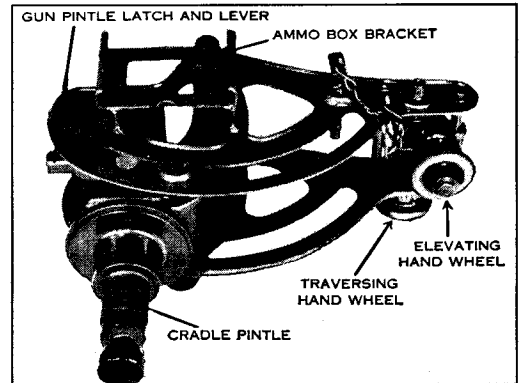
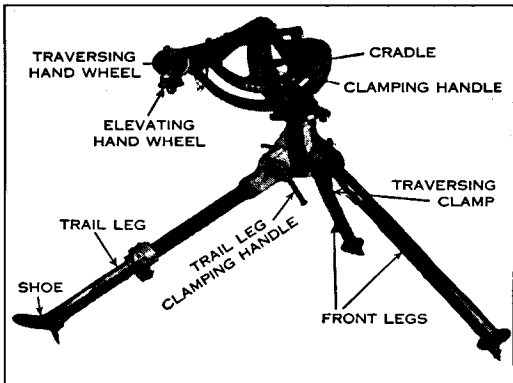




**MACHINE GUN CAL. 30 - M 1917A1**

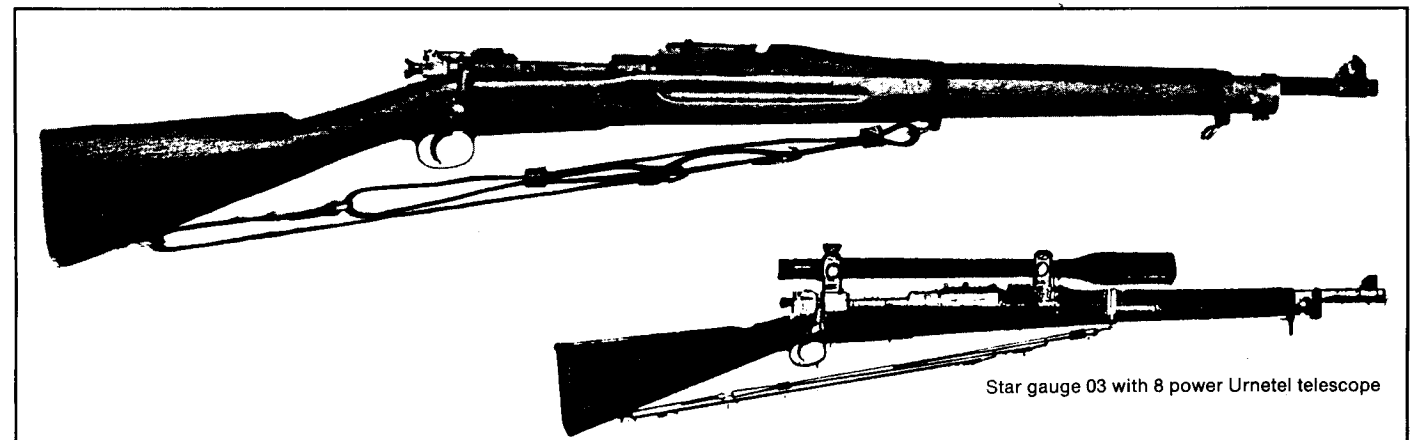
Weight of gun pintle with water .....	41 lbs.
Weight of tripod .....	53 lbs.
Weight box of ammo - 275 rounds .....	23 lbs.
Maximum effective range .....	900 yards

Heavy machine gun, recoil operated, belt feed, water cooled.



**The Tripod M1917A1 and Cradle HMG**

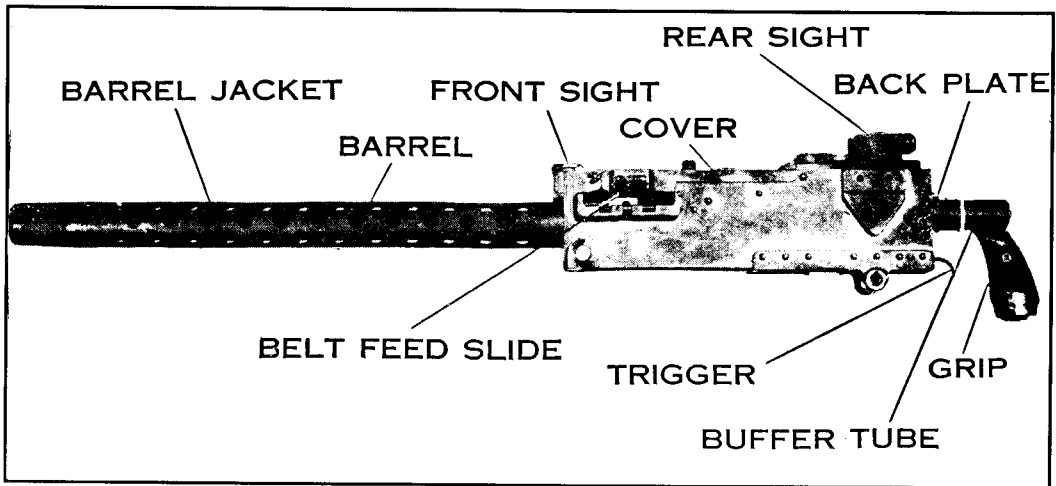
**HMG cradle, side view**



**SPRINGFIELD M1903 RIFLE - .30 CAL.**

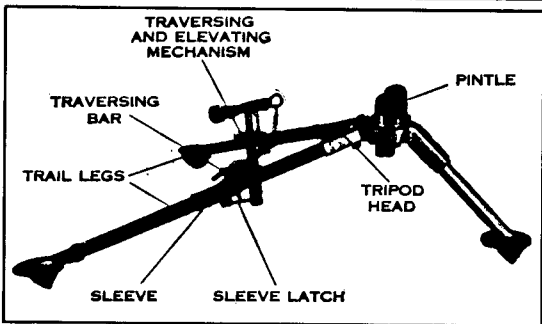
Weight .....	8.6 lbs.	Capacity .....	5 rounds
Weight with scope/loaded .....	(approx.) 10 lbs.	Range .....	1,000 yards

Single shot, bolt operated, shoulder weapon



**BROWNING MACHINE GUN - M 1919A4**

Weight with pintle and traversing mechanism .....	35.75 lbs.
Weight of tripod .....	18.75 lbs.
Total weight .....	49.75 lbs.
Rate of fire .....	275 rounds per minute
Weight box of ammo - 250 rounds .....	15.2 lbs.
Weight box of ammo - 275 rounds .....	23.5 lbs.
Weight spare parts/accessories .....	19 lbs.



**LMG TRIPOD MOUNT M2**



**3.5 INCH ROCKET LAUNCHER - M 20**

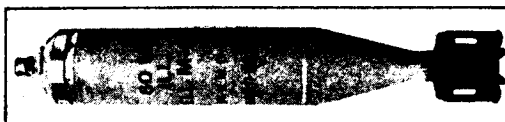
Weight of tube .....	15 lbs.	Maximum range .....	400 yards
Weight of rocket .....	8.6 lbs.	Maximum effective armor penetration .....	11 inches





**THE 60MM MORTAR**

Weight of M2 complete .....	42 lbs.
Ammunition range - HE .....	1,985 yards
Ammunition range - W.P. ....	1,650 yards
Ammunition range - Illuminating .....	1,075 yards



**Illuminating shell M83A2**







**GRENADE LAUNCHED WITH GRENADE CARTRIDGES AND M2A1 LAUNCHER**

Weight of MK II fragmentation .....	1 lb. 6 oz.
Weight of M9A1 rifle grenade .....	1.3 lbs.
Weight of M28 .....	1.4 lbs.
Effective range .....	100 yards
Maximum range .....	328 yards



Company G, 3rd Battalion, 1st Marine Division  
— ROSTER —

NAME	RANK	M.O.S.	NAME	RANK	M.O.S.
Beeler, James D.	2nd Lt.	0301	Dorman, Buren B.	Cpl.	0311
Boley, James J.	2 Lt.	0301	Driskill, William C.	Pfc.	0311
Carey, Richard E.	2 Lt.	0302	Duke, Benedict	Pfc.	0311
Hopkins, Frederick	2 Lt.	0301	Dunne, John F.	Pfc.	0311
Jarnagin, Spencer H.	2 Lt.	0302	Dusanowski, Peter P.	Cpl.	0336
Merrill, Charles A.	1 Lt.	0301	<b>E —</b>		
Westover, George C.	Capt.	0301	Eabon, Anthony J.	Pfc.	0311
<b>A —</b>			Eckloff, Gilbert A.	Pfc.	0311
Albert, Cleopha	Pfc.	0311	Edwards, Orace L.	Cpl.	0331
Albert, Frank	Pfc.	0300	Egan, Edward B.	Sgt.	0335
Androsko, Richard	Pfc.	0331	Eggleston, Robert R.	Pfc.	0311
Arena, Constantio J.	Pfc.	0311	Emanuel, Frank Jr.	Pfc.	0311
Arnold, Charles W.	Pfc.	0311	Emerson, Stanley R.	Pfc.	0300
Aul, Kenneth O.	Pvt.	0300	Enos, Thomas E.	Cpl.	0311
Averill, James J. Jr.	Pfc.	0331	Espinosa, Nash M.	Cpl.	0311
<b>B —</b>			<b>F —</b>		
Ball, Ralph E.	Pfc.	0311	Farry, John V.	Pfc.	0300
Banks, John L.	Pfc.	0300	Farr, Bruce J.	Pfc.	0311
Barnes, Albert P. Jr.	Cpl.	0311	Fauptot, Norman <i>faunot</i>	Pfc.	0331
Barr, William C.	Pfc.	0300	Fedie, Leonard L.	Cpl.	0311
Bell, Joseph E.	Pfc.	0311	Feemster, James H.	Pfc.	0311
Beman, Charles G.	Pfc.	0311	Ferryman, Donald E.	Pfc.	0311
Bernhardt, Robert	Pfc.	0313	Fetzer, Donald M.	Pfc.	0331
Berry, Kenneth W.	Pfc.	0313	Flum, Frank H.	Cpl.	0143
Binaxas, William	Sgt.	0334	Foley, Howard E.	Pfc.	0331
Bishop, Philip	Cpl.	0300	Fortenberry, George	Pfc.	0311
Boggan, Jasper W. Jr.	Pfc.	0311	Franchetti, Bruno	Cpl.	0311
Boscia, Joseph	Pfc.	0331	Fry, James R.	Cpl.	0311
Bosolo, Leo F.	Pfc.	0311	Fulgenzi, Arthur	Pfc.	0311
Bove, Frank J.	Pfc.	0311	Fullerton, Frederi	Pfc.	0311
Bowling, Warren	Pvt.	0311	<b>G —</b>		
Brady, Kenneth E.	Cpl.	0300	Gall, Francis C.	Pfc.	0311
Bremkamp, Raymond	Pfc.	0311	Garcia, Fred F. Sr.	Pfc.	0335
Brookes, George H.	Pfc.	0311	Gettys, Richard H.	Pfc.	0331
Brown, George	Pfc.	0311	Goodwin, Walter E.	Pfc.	0331
<b>C —</b>			Goodeagle, Merton	Pfc.	1500
Campbell, Colonel K.	Sgt.	0311	Greene, William J.	Pfc.	0331
Cannon, Edwin A.	Pfc.	0300	Griffin, Ben J. R.	Pfc.	0331
Carroll, John A.	Pfc.	0311	Gulitti, John P.	Pfc.	0331
Carlisle, John K.	Cpl.	0311	<b>H —</b>		
Checki, Stanley J.	Pfc.	0311	Haber, Orville R.	Cpl.	2200
Clough, Donald L.	Pfc.	0311	Haebe, Albert J.	Pfc.	0331
Cochran, Francis J.	Sgt.	0335	Haller, Richard B.	Pfc.	0331
Collier, John T.	S/Sgt.	0316	Hallawell, Robert H.	Pfc.	0300
Collins, Charles E.	Cpl.	0311	Hammond, Hugo	Pfc.	0311
Collins, William	Pfc.	0300	Hamon, Lloyd W.	Pfc.	0311
Corbin, John W. Jr.	Pfc.	0331	Hancock, James T.	Sgt.	0311
Crandall, Richard E.	Pfc.	0300 <sup>7</sup>	Harcrow, Joe M.	Pfc.	0300
Crowell, Ray	Pfc.	0311	Harriman, Clyde A.	Pfc.	0331
Crumpler, Odie B. Jr.	Pfc.	0300	Harbola, Robert	Pfc.	0311
<b>D —</b>			Hawkins, Dave E.	Sgt.	2511
Daniels, Charles L.	S/Sgt.	0316	Hemphill, Elwood I.	Pfc.	0331
Daniels, Jack P.	Pfc.	0300	Hems, Ellsworth C.	Pfc.	0300
Daniel, Melvin T.	Pfc.	0311	Hems, Fred B.	Pfc.	0300
Davis, Robert T.	Pfc.	0333	Henderson, Donald J.	Pfc.	0311
Davis, Thomas W.	Cpl.	0311	Henderson, John N.	Cpl.	0331
Davis, William T.	Cpl.	0311	Herold, William A.	Cpl.	0311
Deloach, Jack P.	S/Sgt.	0316	Hobbs, Harry S.	Pfc.	0300
Delplato, Lawrence	Cpl.	0311	Hock, Richard E.	Pfc.	0311
Devito, Dominick	Cpl.	0311	Hogan, Dennis A.	Pfc.	0311
Dicken, Woodrow	Pfc.	0331	Holloway, Bobby J.	Pfc.	0333
Dirga, Andrew	Pfc.	0334	Howe, Milton J.	Pfc.	0311
Dobrenich, Joseph	Pfc.	0333	Hubbell, Herbert J.	Pfc.	0300
Donovan, Cornelius	Pfc.	0311	Huddleston, Richard	Pfc.	0331
			Hurt, Robert	Sgt.	0311

NAME	RANK	M.O.S.	NAME	RANK	M.O.S.
<b>I —</b>			<b>N —</b>		
Illingworth, Freder	Cpl.	0300	Nash, W.E.	Pfc.	0333
Ingram, George E.	S/Sgt.	3371	New, Calvin L.	Pfc.	0311
Iorio, Frank J.	Pfc.	0311	Nichols, Seward D.	Pfc.	0331
<b>J —</b>			North, Norman P.	Pfc.	0311
Jablonski, Francis	Pfc.	0311	Norris, Thomas J.	Pfc.	0311
Jannusch, Otto C.	Sgt.	0311	<b>O —</b>		
Jenkins, David E.	Cpl.	0335	O'Brien, Richard W.	Pfc.	0311
Jenkins, Lawson G.	T/Sgt.	0335	Olsen, Henry E.	Cpl.	0311
Jensen, Kent W.	Pfc.	0311	<b>P —</b>		
Johnson, James E.	Pfc.	0333	Pendas, Gerard G. Jr.	Cpl.	0311
Jones, Raymong R.	Sgt.	0311	Perry, Don T. Jr.	Cpl.	0333
Jones, Thomas W.	Pfc.	0311	Pickering, Edward J.	S/Sgt.	0316
Jursa, Anthony V.	Pfc.	0333	Powers, Thomas J.	Pvt.	0311
<b>K —</b>			Prince, Jack	Cpl.	0311
Kaczmarek, Michael	Pfc.	0311	<b>R —</b>		
Kahrer, Louis J. Jr.	Pfc.	0761	Rametta, Robert N.	Pfc.	0300
Kane, William E.	Pfc.	0311	Redmon, Hugh I.	Pfc.	0311
Katoha, Fabian T.	Pfc.	0311	Reynolds, Max I.	Cpl.	0311
Keef, Robert E.	Pfc.	0311	Richards, Thomas J.	Pfc.	0311
Keese, Roland T.	Pfc.	0333	Richmond, Charles E.	Cpl.	0311
Kelly, Lawrence O.	Pfc.	0311	Rice, Josph J.	Pfc.	0300
Kent, Vernon R.	Pfc.	0311	Rodriquez, Alfred J.	S/Sgt.	0316
Kiefer, Walter J.	Pfc.	0311	Rodgers, Ralph V.	Pfc.	0311
Kirk, Robert S.	Pfc.	0333	Ryan, Marvin G.	Pfc.	0331
Knapp, Duane E.	Pfc.	0311	Ryder, Donald V.	Pfc.	0311
Kohler, Donald A.	Pfc.	0311	<b>S —</b>		
Kveset, Richard	Pfc.	0311	Sagan, Joseph G.	Pfc.	0311
<b>L —</b>			Salerno, Joseph A.	Pfc.	0300
Lafleshe, Edgar C.	Pfc.	0311	Semski, Leonard W.	Pfc.	0300
Langford, Nathan B.	Cpl.	0331	Shirey, Roy E. Jr.	Pfc.	0331
Lederer, George C.	Pfc.	0311	Shramek, Jack H.	Pfc.	0333
Lemieux, John J.	Cpl.	0335	Smith, Fred G.	Pfc.	0300
Lesser, Thomas	Pfc.	0311	Smith, Harlin D.	Cpl.	0300
Lilly, Gene F.	Sgt.	0311	Smith, Kenneth T.	Pfc.	0311
Lockard, William E.	Pfc.	0311	Smith, Walter D.	Pfc.	0311
Long, Roy I. Jr.	Cpl.	0331	Smith, Wilbur A.	Pfc.	0331
Loughlin, Philip H.	Pfc.	0334	Spicer, William B.	Pfc.	0331
Lybarger, Bobby L.	Pfc.	0311	Stewart, Carl M.	Pfc.	0311
Lynch, William R.	Pfc.	0331	Stephens, Robert F.	Pfc.	0311
<b>M —</b>			Storey, Leroy G.	Pfc.	0333
Mainor, John C. Jr.	Pfc.	0311	<b>T —</b>		
Malnar, John M.	Sgt.	0316	Taylor, Lewis D.	Pfc.	0333
Malone, James E.	Pfc.	0311	Teel, Byron C.	Pfc.	0300
Malone, Mack Jr.	Pfc.	0311	Tillman, Gerald D.	S/Sgt.	0316
Manning, William R.	Pfc.	0311	Torci, John A.	Pfc.	0333
Mandrean, James L.J.	Pfc.	0331	Tourigny, Carl J.H.	Pfc.	0331
Marks, Amar D.	Pfc.	0333	Touzeau, Merwin F.	Pfc.	0311
Marino, Franklyn J.	Pfc.	0311	Trejo, Philip	Pvt.	0300
Martinez, David M.	Cpl.	0311	<b>U —</b>		
Mason, Eugene F.	Cpl.	0311	Underwood, Douglas	Pfc.	0300
Mazuca, Joe G.	Pfc.	0311	<b>V —</b>		
McClendon, Archie L.	Pfc.	0300	Vallee, Thomas A.	Pfc.	0311
McDonald, Jerry E.	Sgt.	0311	Vallee, John L.	Pfc.	0311
McGregor, Dale A.	Sgt.	0143	Vallee, Casey T.	Pfc.	0311
McKenna, Dale D.	Pfc.	0333	Venuto, Louis V.	Pfc.	0333
McKenna, Hugh P.	Pfc.	0311	<b>W —</b>		
McKenna, Joseph P.	Pfc.	0300	Warren, James F.	Pfc.	0311
McNeive, Francis T.	Pfc.	0311	Waskiewicz, Leroy	Pfc.	0333
Miles, Harry R.	Pfc.	0333	Wasylczak, Peter P.	Pfc.	0311
Miller, Robert D.	Pfc.	0334	Webster, Given B.	Pvt.	0300
Mills, James B.	Pfc.	0331	Weeks, Oscar W. Jr.	Pfc.	0311
Moore, Frank E.	Pfc.	0334	Weisbaum, Gerald	Pfc.	0311
Munnings, Melvin G.	Pfc.	0331	Whidden, Richard M.	Cpl.	3014
Murphy, Ralph J.	Pfc.	0300	Whitney, Ralph H.	Pvt.	0300
Myers, Eugene A.	Pfc.	0311	Whitehurst, J.W.	Pfc.	0300

NAME	RANK	M.O.S.	NAME	RANK	M.O.S.
<b>W — (Cont'd)</b>			<b>X-Y-Z —</b>		
Whittaker, Edward H.	Sgt.	0300	Young, Donald C.	Pfc.	0331
Wiebort, Donald R.	Pfc.	0311	Zincanti, Wilfred J.	Cpl.	0331
Williams, Donald R.	Pfc.	0331	Zinner, Lawrence J.	Pfc.	0311
Williams, Lloyd C.	Pfc.	0311	Zullo, Rocco A.	M/Sgt.	0319
Williams, Tommie J.	Sgt.	0311			
Williford, Jack S.	Pfc.	0300			
Wilmoth, Maurice C.	Cpl.	0311			
Wiygul, Alfred H. Jr.	Cpl.	0311			
Woernle, Richard F.	Pfc.	0311			
Woolcocks, Thomas	Pfc.	0311			
Wren, John W.	Cpl.	0311			
Wyman, Ronald B.	Pfc.	0311			
			<b>CORPSMEN U.S. NAVY</b>		
			Anderson, David E.	HM3	USN
			Castle Herman Jr.	HM3	USN
			Clark, Daniel D. Jr.	HM3	USN
			Hefley, Ernest B.	HM2	USN

★



Lieutenant General Oliver P. Smith

★





1st Marines Regimental Color Guard



Lieutenant General Richard E. Carey



Sgt. Major John Malnar



(Left to right) Cpl. Fry, M/Sgt. Zullo, S/Sgt. Deloach - Med Cruise



Sea School 1947  
Pfc. Joseph E. Bell and Pfc. W. Roland Manning (KIA)



Pfc. Thomas Woolcocks (KIA)

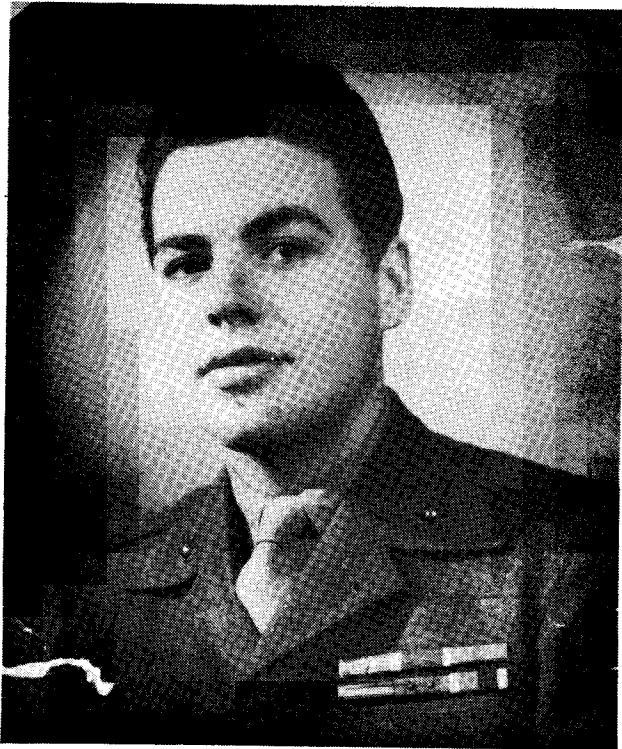




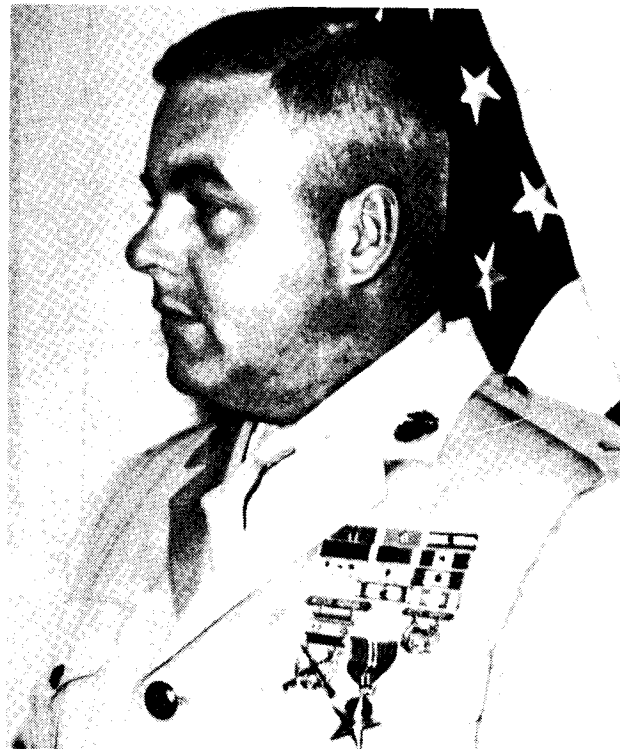
Colonel Collins



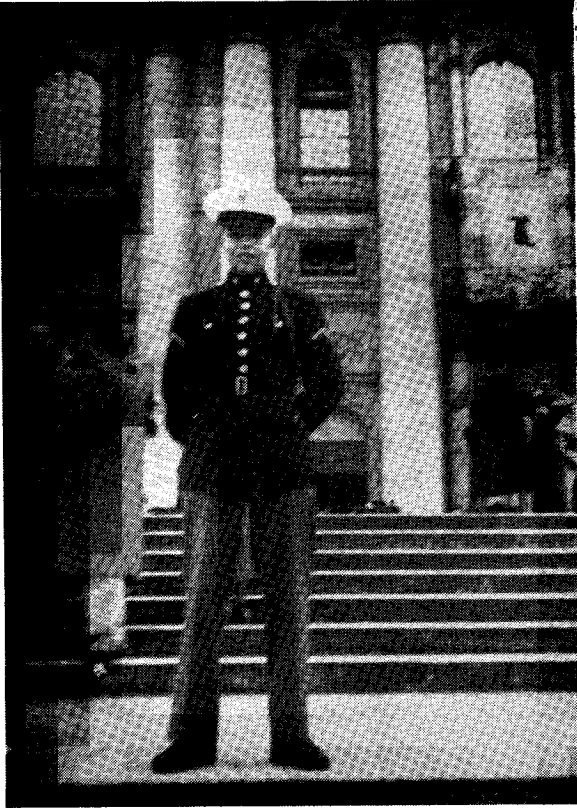
Naval Base, Norfolk, VA 1950  
(left to right, top row) Pfc. K.T. Smith, Pfc. W.H. Patti,  
Cpl. G.A. Eckloff; (bottom row) Pfc. Kirk, Pfc. C.J. Arena



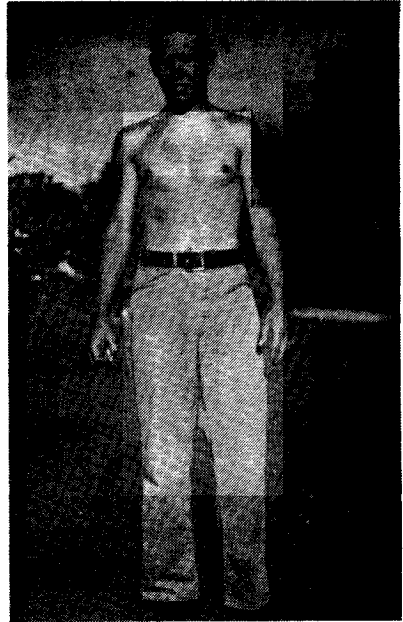
"Peepsight" Pendas  
USNH Yokosuka, Japan - December 1950



1st Lt. G. "Peepsight" Pendas



Pfc. Richard E. Hock  
Basilica of St. Peter, Rome, Italy 1950



Pfc. Richard E. Hock, 1952



Jim Byrne - Association Historian



Pfc. Thomas Powers





