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HARVEST IN THE LAND OF THE TWO RIVERS: Battalion Campaign Design in 2009 Iraq

MAJ Wes Morrison

Executive Officer, 1st Combined Arms Battalion, 120th Infantry

Background

Campaign design and planning, as described by FM 3-0, Operations and FM 3-24, Counterinsurgency, is a doctrinal task that is typically carried out at the operational level of war. Despite published guidance, campaign design and planning is expected to be conducted by every battalion at the tactical level assuming an operational environment (OE) in the Iraq Theater of Operations. The reason for this is simple. The process of Campaign design and planning allows tactical commanders and staff to assess the situation, visualize the battlefield, and implement the appropriate mix of offense, defense, and stability operations in order to be successful in the constantly changing Counterinsurgency (COIN) environment. The following article will describe how the 1st Combined Arms Battalion, 120th Infantry, went through this process and developed an effective campaign plan for operations conducted in Iraq from May 2009 to January 2010.

The 1st Combined Arms Battalion, 120th Infantry, assumed control of an operational environment in May of 2009 once known as the "Triangle of Death" within the Mahmudiyah Qada, Baghdad Province. Historically from 2005 to 2008, this area was one of the most violent of Iraq and witnessed extreme demographic changes due to the escalating sectarian strife that engulfed Iraq as a whole from 2005-2007. During the operational surge of United States Forces (USF) in Iraq, huge security gains were made by working with the increasingly capable Iraqi Security Forces (ISF) and the newfound partners of the Sons of Iraq (SOI). As May 2009 came to an end, the level of insurgent activity was relatively low, a situation that facilitated economic growth and continued development of the

Iraqi Security Forces who appeared able to maintain recent security gains with limited USF assistance. The SOI, while still being employed by the Government of Iraq (GOI), faced either incorporation into the existing government or the entire program being phased out. This left over 6,000 armed SOI with an increasingly uncertain future and presented a tempting target for insurgent cells wanting to bring these individuals back into the insurgency and destroy the fragile stability emerging within the Mahmudiyah Qada.



Mission Analysis

The purpose of our staff mission analysis was to ensure that we fully understood our operational environment and the complex enemy within it. From this analysis, we would identify the decisive point of the operation, which we would then recommend to the commander for further course of action development. One of the first tasks we undertook as a staff was to examine the upcoming critical events that would shape our deployment and use the resulting information as a frame of reference for future steps in the Military Decision Making Process (MDMP). The most critical and perhaps least defined event that consumed the greatest amount of our effort was the imminent implementation of the Status of Forces Agreement between the United States and the GOI scheduled to take effect on 30 June 2009. Full implementation of the Status of Forces agreement would significantly limit our direct involvement and place us in a role more akin to that of an advisory force. During our initial analysis, the staff also recognized that we were confronting what FM 3-24 describes as the late stage of counterinsurgency called the "move to self sufficiency," a phase during which the host nation begins

to assert its authority and stake its claim to legitimacy. Our staff asked the question, "If the GOI, and perhaps most importantly the Iraqi Army, began to push back on our security-oriented partnerships due to political posturing, especially in the run-up to national elections, where would we be able to focus our efforts to maintain influence and assist with the continued transition to regional stability?"

We determined that the answer lay in economic development, specifically improvements in the agricultural sector. Geographically, the Mahmudiyah Qada is positioned in the fertile river valley between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers. This "land between two rivers" was for years considered the breadbasket of Iraq with an agricultural tradition dating back thousands of years. Unfortunately, decades of malign neglect and violent conflict had left much of the supporting infrastructure in a state of general disrepair, a situation that was particularly devastating given the years of drought that had recently afflicted the region. Most family farms failed to achieve anything beyond a subsistence level of productivity, as lack of adequate resources and outdated agricultural practices took their toll on what was once a vibrant and profitable enterprise. As a result, local markets were now flooded with imported goods from neighboring countries, which were not only of higher quality and thus more desirable, but, in many cases, less expensive than locally-produced produce, dairy, and poultry. There can be no doubt that within this environment, where thousands of young men, especially from the politically isolated Sunni communities, faced such a bleak economic outlook, the draw of the insurgency began to take hold in the earlier years after the fall of Baathist regime. The bloody history of that period, together with the pullback from all-out civil war is beyond the scope of this article, yet it is critical to recognize the role that alternative employment opportunities, particularly the SOI, played in turning many of these Sunni tribes against AQI and other violent extremist groups.

In the few weeks after our transition of authority, the battalion commander was able to get a sense of how agriculture was the driving force behind the economic stability of the region through his battlefield circulation. Local community leaders and tribal authorities, not to mention the individual farmers who often provided a "man on the street" viewpoint, repeatedly spoke of the need to make basic improvements in the agricultural sector. In nearly every outing, the commander would patiently listen as he was told of how water for irrigation and livestock, fertilizer for produce, and better market outlets would positively affect the local economy, thus creating newfound incentives for security. In his initial guidance then, the commander directed the staff to focus on agri-business as the key component of the Economic Development Line of Operation that he wanted to pursue as a part of the battalion's campaign plan. With this guidance in hand, the staff reviewed the efforts of previous units and various other development organizations to ensure that past projects and initiatives were not needlessly repeated. We found that past units had invested Commander's Emergency Relief Program (CERP) funds into the agricultural sector before (it would be foolish to assume that we were the first to come to these conclusions), but those operations were primarily directed on the local poultry industry, rather than other sub-sectors such as produce and dairy. Therefore, as we moved towards course of action development, the staff, with the commander's refined guidance, explored potential interventions within those areas that had not received prior

assistance from the United States Government.

Course of Action Development

The Battalion Commander gave specific enough guidance to make our staff process more of a directed course of action. Through the information provided by the mission analysis and his own battlefield circulation, the commander presented four lines of operations (LOO) to frame the battalion's campaign design. Economic Development would be the decisive LOO supported by ISF Partnership Operations, Civil Capacity, and Combat Operations all encompassed in continuous information operations (IO). We developed a graphic battalion campaign design. On the left, we listed the current conditions within the OE as assessed through mission analysis. On the right hand side, we established our desired end state, recognizing that these objectives may not be detectable, or even achievable, within the limited time frame of our deployment. The resulting campaign design was broad enough to allow for innovation and change while still providing the battalion with focus for the synchronization of lethal and non-lethal effects. These advantages would prove critical as conditions within the OE actively fluctuated from traditional COIN operations to stability operations often week to week and even day to day.

Tactical Tasks Assigned

To make the campaign plan more tactically oriented for our maneuver companies, we also assigned enduring tactical tasks derived from the newly published FM 3-07, Stability Operations, within the Concept of the Operation paragraph. The intent of these tasks was to simplify the language of the campaign design into distinct tactical tasks that could be briefed at the company and platoon level, thus nesting the daily platoon and section missions within the battalion's overall campaign design. With the ongoing transition to self sufficiency and relatively low level of enemy activity, we found that FM 3-07 provided more applicable tactical tasks for our maneuver units. For example, tactical tasks such as provide Civil Security and Support to Economic and Infrastructure Development supported our campaign design. The listed purposes for Stability Operations tasks also suited the existing OE in terms of providing a secure environment or shaping the environment for host nation success. At the conclusion of course of action (COA) development and approval by the battalion commander, the staff had produced an overall campaign design that consisted of four lines of operations, with the decisive line being economic development. Within the concept of the operation, each company had tactical tasks that supported the overall campaign design and tied each company's task and purpose to the overall emerging campaign plan.

Decisive to this COA was the successful reintegration of military age males back into the work force. This effort was primarily targeted the thousands of SOI members, who, in our OE, were pre-dominantly rural Sunnis. These individuals had been lured away from the insurgency, largely along tribal boundaries, because of a general revulsion to the merciless AQI methods, a desire to reassert their traditional authority over the land, and the draw of stable income. With newfound stability following the 2007-08 "surge" of American forces, the GOI embarked upon the delicate process of ending the SOI program by transitioning members into various government positions. The program, however, struggled with well-documented issues of credibility and

efficacy, thus making the more than 6,000 SOI members within the Mahmudiyah Qada particularly vulnerable to renewed recruitment efforts by insurgent groups. Once again, the rural Sunni populations confronted the possibility of increasing political and economic isolation. This looming crisis weighed heavily on the staff as we moved towards COA analysis. Here, we would rigorously test this decisive point and the overall COA to determine how it played against the framework of our critical events and further predictive enemy analysis.

COA Analysis

With a fully developed COA that met the commander's intent and planning guidance, the staff now needed to conduct a thorough analysis of the COA to (1) determine its strength and weaknesses and (2) ensure that it provided a viable framework for successful long term operations. To accomplish these tasks, we utilized previously described critical events and the belt method for our analysis. Two of the critical events would prove most beneficial in our COA analysis and will be discussed below in greater detail: the already mentioned implementation of the Status of Forces Agreement and the drawdown of combat forces to pre-surge levels scheduled to begin in October of 2009 as Multi-National Division Baghdad went from a five to four brigade combat team set.

Due to our MDMP taking place in early June of 2009, less than 30 days before the implementation date of the next phase of the Status of Forces agreement, the staff attempted to utilize recent statements made by the Iraqi Government and senior American military officials in our analysis. Though mostly political in nature, these statements concerning the emergence of Iraqi Security Forces and departure of United States Forces (USF) led to a false but very challenging perception within the ISF and Iraqi public concerning the terms and nature of our presence after 30 June 2009. Therefore, the staff was able to utilize this perception and predict a gradual loss of influence of USF over the ISF in the coming months. This reinforced the decision to make economic development our decisive line of operation.

The scheduled reduction of brigade combat teams in Iraq was a reality for planners at all levels. When our staff looked at the impending drawdown during COA analysis, it was again clear that our influence with the ISF would continue to wane. With fewer forces to conduct patrols from joint security stations (JSS) and an increasingly restrictive direct logistical support channel to the ISF, the key sources of influence, besides those forged from personal relationships, would disappear as the responsible drawdown began to take effect. Once again, this assessment continued to support economic development as the decisive line of effort.

One weakness and eventual tactical risk we would accept with this COA was scale. In other words, could we make a difference on the broader economy with the limited time and resources at our disposal? This was an issue that was actively debated among the staff, especially as our most powerful tool, CERP, was becoming more and more cumbersome in its administrative processes. This risk would have to be mitigated through detailed battalion level non-lethal targeting that successfully pinpointed where and how CERP dollars would be employed most effectively. The "big picture" was relatively clear; deny extremists and terrorists the ability to recruit military age males back into the failing insurgency while building up an emerging agricultural based economy. Implementing such a plan, however,

would require a true change in mindset and the identification and utilization of non-traditional skills at all levels.

Execution

The centerpiece of the battalion's campaign plan was the implementation of a "value chain" model for economic development. This concept was based on the premise that interventions should simultaneously address all components of a given industry, from production to distribution and sales. In our case, we chose to target the dairy sector. This selection was not made at random. Instead, we took into account the significant investment of past units in the local poultry industry, which had resulted in the formation of a poultry association, infrastructure support to chicken hatcheries, and the construction of a chicken processing plant. Additionally, the directed non-lethal reconnaissance conducted by our maneuver units provided further evidence that investments in the dairy industry might yield both immediate and long lasting effects on the local economy.

To address the needs of the individual farmer, the battalion created a number of standardized micro-grant "template packages" for the most commonly requested items. These packages included the purchase of livestock, complete with feed and veterinary care, to increase herd size and introduce stronger lines into existing gene pools, the provision of stainless steel milk storage and cheese making equipment to improve the quality and sanitation of locally produced goods, as well as numerous other interventions all intent on improving production quantity, quality, and thus profitability for local dairy farmers. These micro-grant templates were fully developed at the battalion-level and then pushed down to the maneuver companies for review and implementation. The project files were organized in such a way that patrol leaders, most of whom were trained as CERP Project Purchasing Officers, could readily process without a great deal of administrative labor. By empowering our platoon leaders with these micro-grant packages, we found that they could influence hostile and "fence-sitting" areas within their respective company OEs, areas that they knew best from their daily patrols. The process also presented the patrol leaders as the ones who were controlling the flow of money and resources, thus providing much needed *wasta* with local leaders, who were often inclined to dismiss substantive discussions with lieutenants and senior NCOs. Not surprisingly, the templates significantly expanded the reach of our non-lethal operations as the patrol leaders had more interactions with farmers than the small and often undermanned civil affairs teams (this also left our CAT the ability to focus on our larger, battalion-level projects). By the completion of the deployment, the battalion processed twice as many micro grants as any other battalion within the 30th Heavy Brigade Combat Team, a sum totaling over \$225,000. This figure is particularly striking when considering that no micro-grant exceeded the \$5,000 threshold established for BCT Commander approval. Additionally, over 60% of these micro grants were directly related to the Dairy Value Chain.

At the next level up the chain, which centered on collection and cold storage, the battalion pursued the construction of two milk collection centers. These centers would collect milk from local farmers and store it in a sterile and sanitary manner until it could be transported to what would be our capstone project, a dairy processing plant for final processing and distribution to markets throughout Iraq. The project was developed in coordina-

tion with both the GOI and an agricultural association that was registered as a non-governmental organization (NGO) headed by a national sheik of the Janabi tribe. The Janabis had benefited socially and economically by aligning themselves with the previous regime, a well-known move which had reduced their influence when the new, Shia-majority government came to power. While the Janabi tribe had historical ties to the insurgency, disagreements with AQI had largely marginalized and isolated the Sheik in the period before the surge and establishment of the SOI. The Battalion Commander believed that by working the project through the national sheik of the Janabi Tribe, we could reestablish his authority and influence over the area and deter any resurgence of AQI within his tribe. During the battalion's nine months in theater, we were able to start construction on all elements of the Dairy Value Chain and thus reinforce our early commitment to profitable agricultural development.

The value chain initiative was not the only way in which the battalion tackled economic development in the agricultural sector. One of the keys to successful agriculture in Iraq is water access, which as described above was a difficult and worsening problem. Rather than haphazardly placing wells or clearing canals, the battalion committed its Mortar Platoon to conduct non-lethal Intelligence, Surveillance and Reconnaissance (ISR) on the location and flow of canals within the OE. What the platoon produced was one of the most detailed mapping projects undertaken within the Mahmudiyah Qada to date. By carefully mapping and pinpointing choke points in the canal system, we could focus our efforts by cleaning only the choke points and placing wells where access to canal waters was severely limited. This information was shared with the Ministry of Irrigation who also utilized the maps to direct GOI-funded projects that complemented our efforts at water distribution. These projects enhanced the ability of farmers to grow crops and animal feed, while also providing much needed water for livestock. Like many of our battalion's projects, the water access line of effort targeted agriculture, but also generated civil capacity and contributed to better health, as clean water for drinking and hygiene became more prevalent in many areas. Perhaps most importantly, especially during the continued transition to GOI self sufficiency, the actions greatly improved the popular perception and legitimacy of the GOI, often in areas that had yet to see any meaningful delivery of essential services.

Battalion efforts on lethal lines of operations such as ISF Partnership and Combat Operations did not stop, but as already mentioned above, the ISF partnership suffered after the implementation of the Status of Forces Agreement on 30 June 2009. Though joint lethal targeting was still conducted, it was increasingly accomplished at lower echelons as senior ISF leaders, particularly at brigade and above, were driven by election politics and a desire to be seen as independently maintaining security within their respective OEs. There was however, some success with our Iraqi Army partners in non-lethal targeting and execution. Our Alpha Company, which partnered with 1st Battalion, 25th Brigade, 17th Iraqi Army Division, conducted a very successful combined medical operation in a rural village the ISF Commander felt vulnerable to infiltration. A joint medical team, composed of assets from the Iraqi Army, the Ministry of Health, and our battalion, performed assessments and provided treatment to more than two hundred local villagers and made referrals for

many more. Additionally, our Civil Affairs Team offered humanitarian assistance packages while conducting interviews with the residents waiting in line. The event was tremendously successful and greatly improved the image of the Iraqi Army in the area. Our Iraqi partners immediately recognized the value of such operations, a lesson which proved to a "foot in the door" towards maintaining our continued operations, both lethally and non-lethally, well after 30 June 2009.

Our lethal intelligence sharing at the battalion level led to detainment of several High Value targets throughout the deployment. Our ability to share intelligence at the company and battalion level of the Iraqi Army was sufficient to disrupt enemy operations in a number of areas. This success was however, always dependent on the relationship between the USF Company Commander and their respective partner ISF Battalion Commander. Where that relationship was strong, so was our success in lethal targeting and operations.

The Value of a Battalion "Campaign Plan" and Lessons Learned

Whether the Army decides to doctrinally accept the term "campaign plan" for use at the tactical level is irrelevant to how valuable such a document can be when it is grounded in a strong MDMP process that focuses on quality mission analysis. Our campaign plan provided us with a clear focus for the synchronization and massing of lethal and non-lethal effects upon a well defined decisive point. This process allowed us to deter the SOI and other military age males from rejoining or participating in violent activities that would have contributed to the instability of the elected Government of Iraq.

A quality battalion campaign plan must be grounded in a thorough mission analysis that accurately examines what previous units have accomplished in order to leverage the CERP dollars already invested. At the same time, the analysis must also take into account the current economic and security realities within the battalion's assigned battle space. The resulting campaign plan must be flexible enough to allow for new initiatives and modifications to suit an ever-changing environment while still focused enough to have lasting effects within the limited operational timeframe of the current deployment cycle. The battalion staff must be able to research and critically evaluate current events and recently published material in their mission analysis in order to prepare a good predictive analysis not only of the enemy, but also the future direction of the host nation government. Despite recent improvements in Combat Training Center rotation scenario development, the true complexities of the situation on the ground cannot be fully replicated. Therefore, the battalion, especially the staff, must be prepared to employ a majority of its time and resources towards non-lethal operations if that is what the situation on the ground demands. Our use of maneuver forces as non-lethal ISR assets paid huge dividends in our ability to contribute to the continued stability in our OE throughout the period of our deployment. In all, our battalion invested more than six and half million dollars in CERP projects while directing more than 60% of those funds directly towards economic development in the agriculture industry. In only nine months, the battalion was able to process over \$225,000 in micro-grants while beginning construction on our key value chain initiatives: the two milk collections centers, costing over \$240,000 dollars each and our cap-

stone project, the Lutifiyah Dairy Processing Plant, which will invest over \$770,000 when complete. The campaign plan set the goal for creating significant new investment in profitable agriculture and the “dairy value chain” was truly representative of that process.

Though focused on the dairy industry, our leaders did not stop there, guided by the campaign plan, our platoon leaders and staff continued to bolster the poultry industry with additional micro grants and projects. Improved infrastructure and essential services tied numerous water and electricity projects that eventually would have a lasting impact on agriculture as well, thus continuing our focus and impact on the local economy.

One drawback by designating our decisive LOO as Economic Development may have been our inability to improve upon our ISF partnership relationship. This was however, a risk we anticipated. With the political realities of the Status of Forces Agreement and our impending drawdown of forces, it is unclear

whether our focus in the non-lethal arena negatively affected these relationships. Our companies continued to conduct regular joint patrols and combat operations with their partners. As stated before, our battalion was able to capture High Value Targets right up until the transition of authority, although the process was not as integrated and efficient as we had desired. The resistance to joint targeting at the Iraqi Army Brigade level was most likely driven more by the leadership of the Iraqi Army Brigade Commander, who seemed tired and worn out by previous years of hard fighting and a high operational tempo, rather than our focus on the non-lethal operations.

In summary, a good battalion campaign plan built on quality mission analysis that utilizes the principles of campaign design as outlined in FM 3-24 will provide tactical units with a valuable framework for ensuring the synchronization of past efforts with the realities of the present in order to gain the maximum effect in the limited time available.

THE WANDERING TARHEEL

By William Northrop

When South Carolina filed for divorce in December of 1860, Tarheel-born James A. Wicks was a regular in the U.S. Navy. Born around 1819, he had enlisted in 1850 and was initially stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. There in New York, he met and married English-born Catherine Kelly and they had four daughters by the time The Struggle broke out.

Since North Carolina was one of the last Southern states to secede, one might speculate that Wicks found himself caught up in the loyalty dilemma. Be that as it may, by the spring of 1861, he had moved his family either to North Carolina or Fernandina, Florida, depending on the account. It was also around that time that he was assigned to sea duty aboard the *USS Congress*.

Wicks' career in the US Navy is difficult to track from 1850, the time of his enlistment, to 1862, the time of his desertion. And it is his desertion from the Congress that peaks the curiosity of historians and aficionados and actually triggered his adventurous hegira during The Late Unpleasantness.

The *USS Congress* was commissioned in 1842 as the fourth U.S. ship to carry that name. She was a 52-gun sailing frigate, but when exactly Wicks joined the ship is a matter of some speculation. What is commonly thought is that he was probably onboard as a quartermaster when the Congress was assigned to the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron in 1861. He was certainly there in March of 1862 as the Union Navy blockaded the Hampton Roads in Virginia.

On Saturday, 8 March 1862, the United States Navy suffered its worst defeat prior to 7 December 1941. It was the day the Confederate ironclad, *CSS Virginia*—the legendary Colossus of Roads—attacked the blockading Union fleet and James Wicks was in and amongst the fray.

It is unnecessary to recount the entire Battle of Hampton Roads; suffice to say, the Confederate fleet sunk five Union ships and damaged several others. After the sinking of the *Cumberland* and the three transports, the Confederate ironclad took a particular interest in the *USS Congress*. Turning around in the mouth of the James River, the 10-gun *Virginia* went toe-to-toe with the 52-

gun Yankee frigate, which had been grounded off Signal Point in her attempt to escape. The furious fight lasted about an hour before the *Congress* struck her colors.

Followed then one of the most controversial events in the fight. Having won, the Confederates immediately offered assistance to the wounded on the *Congress* as was customary. To this end, the Confederate armed tug, *CSS Beaufort*, stood by the *Congress* and began evacuating the Yankee wounded. Shortly, the Union troops on shore took the *Beaufort* under fire, wounding several Yankees as well as their Confederate rescuers. The *Beaufort* withdrew and after a 30-minute respite to allow the Yankees to abandon ship, the *Virginia* fired the *Congress* with hotshot.

Apparently during the short ceasefire, James Wicks abandoned the *Congress* and swam to shore. But, instead of reporting to his Union superiors, he moved inland and made his way to



The *CSS Virginia* firing on the *USS Congress*
—by Tom Freeman

Richmond. There on 7 April 1862, he volunteered for duty with the Confederate Navy.

Considering Jimmy Wicks' participation in certain, subsequent and signal events, one might be prone to label our erstwhile Tarheel an adrenaline junkie. His first assignment in the Confederate Navy was to Charleston Station before being transferred aboard the receiving ship, *CSS Indian Chief*, in the midst of the Union attempt to reduce and take that city.

On 15 October 1863, as Boatswain's Mate aboard the *Indian Chief*, Wicks witnessed Horace Lawson Hunley's "fish boat" attempt to dive under the ship. The submarine went to the bottom with all hands, including Hunley. It was nine days before the vessel and the bodies were recovered. This incident marked the second crew Hunley's vessel had killed, and it did not bode well for its future deployment.

The submarine sent to Charleston was the third attempt by the designers and builders to perfect the vessel. The first was scuttled in New Orleans and the second was lost in a trial run in Mobile. Although Hunley was in charge of operations of the Charleston boat, he was not officially a member of the crew. What he was doing onboard remains a mystery.

Sometime in November, about a month after the second sinking of the "fish boat," Lieutenant George E. Dixon and a "techie" from Mobile, Lieutenant William Alexander, received permission to recruit a new submarine crew. Dixon and Alexander, both experienced combat veterans, intended to intensely train the new men and if necessary, physically alter the submarine.

To this end, they sought volunteers aboard the *Indian Chief*. Our boy volunteered and was chosen. Once again, one might think that fate had his number. In any event, the new crew began work immediately on the "fish boat," which was soon christened the *H L Hunley*. Followed then about a month of cleaning and repairing the submarine, not to mention the training and practice runs. But then, fate intervened once again. In January of 1864, John Taylor Wood, one of the Confederacy's swashbucklers-at-



The Conrad Wise Chapman painting of the *Hunley* on the wharf at Mt. Pleasant after it was salvaged in December 1864. (Museum of the Confederacy, Richmond.)

large, began planning a secret mission. The Navy Department in Richmond sent telegrams to Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah directing the selection of experienced boat crews, including officers, with their boats, small arms and six days rations to entrain for Weldon, North Carolina.

According to official Navy records, the Confederate assault force consisted of 33 officers and 220 enlisted, including a contingent of Confederate Marines. Twelve boats and two large barges were utilized with each barge mounting a 12-pounder naval howitzer. The expedition set forth down the Neuse River in two contingents, one day apart and meeting up on 1 February

1864 where the river broadens above New Bern.

Anchored at the New Bern wharf, under the protection of the Union works known as Fort Stephenson, was the Yankee gunboat, *USS Underwriter*. The original plan was to board and capture the *Yankee*, then move her out to attack other Union vessels. Wicks and his compatriots were fully capable of manning the ship and servicing her guns.

At 0230, 2 February 1864, the deck watch spotted the Confederate raiders as they were about to board and a firefright broke out. The raiders overpowered the Union sailors in a savage but brief action. Shortly, the Confederates discovered that the *Underwriter's* boiler fires were banked and it would take an hour or so to build steam. As Union fire from Fort Stephenson grew in intensity, it was decided to burn the gunboat and depart with the dead and wounded.

The Confederate raiders retired back up the Neuse River as the *Underwriter's* magazines detonated, burning the vessel to the waterline and damaging Fort Stephenson. Around 5 February 1864, the raiders returned to Kinston, North Carolina, where they entrained with their boats for Petersburg, Virginia. Accounts are unfocused, but it appears that James Wicks left the raiders there and returned to Charleston.

Back in Charleston, Jim Wicks and the rest of the crew began working on what they hoped would be the Confederate effort to destroy the blockading Union fleet. How long they practiced, what changes they made to the Hunley, and the details of their planning are unknown. Obviously, they thought they were capable of sinking a Union blockader and they planned to do just that.



"The Final Mission" by Mort Kunstler

By all accounts, there were some false starts, but they were determined men. There is little or no documentation on their practice runs or even their tactics, but we do know from primary sources that her target-of-choice was the 18-gun, Union ironclad, *USS New Ironsides*.

Finally, on the night of 17 February 1864, the *Hunley* put out of its base at Breach Inlet on Sullivan's Island. About four miles off-shore was anchored the Federal sloop-of-war, *USS Housatonic*, an inviting target-of-opportunity. Jim Wicks, the third in command, was assigned to the *Hunley's* number six crank position located in the stern of the boat, above the release latch for the aft keel block.

The *Hunley* proceeded toward her target semi-submerged doing about three knots and passed the Union picket boats unobserved. But, as she approached the *Housatonic*, the alert deck

watch spotted her and opened with small arms being unable to bring their cannon to bear. *Hunley* drove her spar into the starboard, stern quarter of the sloop and quickly backed away playing out the detonation rope. The explosion blew the bottom out of the *Yankee*, which briefly burned and foundered in 30 feet of water in less than seven minutes.

What happened then is all speculation. Some accounts have the *Hunley* surfacing to signal success back to Battery Marshal on Sullivan's Island with a blue lantern and that she was swamped by the Union warship, *USS Canandaigua*, enroute to rescue of the *Housatonic* crew. Others say she hooked her anchor (if she had one) and was dragged down.

What is known is that the Confederate submarine, along with Jim Wicks and his fellow crew members vanished or as submariners are wont to say, they went on eternal patrol. Though he been a part of several history-making events, Fate had, at last, caught up with our wondering Tarheel presenting us with a proper, mysterious ending to our story. But, that was not to be.

The story of the *CSS Hunley* and her crews most probably would have been lost had it not been for Lieutenant William Alexander, the "techie" from Mobile who helped recruit Jim Wicks and the others to the last crew of the "fish boat." Before he died in 1914, Alexander wrote a definitive, primary-source account of the efforts to build Confederate submersibles.

Serious, hard-core aficionados and other fascinated, true believers managed to keep alive the stories of the world's first attack submarine and her 40-month career, but mostly myth surfaced to supersede fact over the years. This was punctuated with the bizarre from time to time. In the 1870s, for example, P.T. Barnum, the great showman, offered \$100,000 to anyone who could find the *Hunley*.

Among the descendents of the lost crewmen, stories of their heroic, pioneering efforts and mysterious loss passed down through the generations, fading somewhat with each retelling. The lost crewmen had been youngsters for the most part, but Jim Wicks and two others left behind progeny imbued with family lore.

During the 1960s, scuba diving became a popular pastime, especially in the port cities. A handful of local, Charleston explorers began searching for the fabled, lost submarine. Many claimed to have found it and one—Lee Spence—even filed a "claim" on it. These efforts, however, were routinely dismissed by the bureaucratic powers-that-be until the well-known, successful novelist, Clive Cussler, took up the challenge.

Due to his financial ability and celebrity, Cussler was able to cobble together an extensive, support group, which included the National Geographic Society, the Smithsonian, The Citadel, the University of South Carolina, the National Park Service, the US Navy Historical Center, and various state and local authorities, universities, and organizations.

The *Hunley* was located in 1995 and finally raised from her watery grave in 2000. She was immediately delivered to the Warren Lasch Conservation Center on the former Naval Base in North Charleston where a team of scientists from nine different countries went to work on her.

There is an additional sidebar, a catalyst of sorts that begs mention. During the Late Unpleasantness, the acreage on the western side of the Charleston peninsula, bordering the Ashley River, was the location of the local horse track and the City

Mariners Graveyard. It was in this graveyard that the bodies of the crewmen lost in the first two *Hunley* sinkings were interred.

The first sinking occurred on 29 August 1863 with the loss of 5 crewmen (4 survived). The second sinking occurred on 15 October 1863 with the loss of the entire crew of 8 men, including H.L. Hunley.

In 1922, the State of South Carolina purchased the property and moved The Citadel from downtown Charleston to the site. Twenty-six years later, the small graveyard was inadvertently covered with concrete and asphalt during the construction of the Johnson Hagood Memorial Stadium on campus. There matters rested (so to speak) for the next 45 years until the Confederate Heritage Trust divined the graveyard's location and petitioned The Citadel for access.

The bodies were recovered and reinterred in the Magnolia Cemetery on the western side of the city. This subsequent reburial in 1993 with full military honors brought publicity and added momentum to the search for the lost submarine. Two years later, the boat was found.

Over 1500 human bones constituted the remains of the *Hunley*'s eight crewmen. It took over four years for the forensic experts to sort matters out and locate descendents for DNA testing. Osteological analysis enabled the scientists to establish approximate age and region of origin and to match each individual with the known, genealogical data. In this manner, they were able to identify the eight individuals.

Jim Wicks had four daughters; two of them married and had children. Initially, he was thought to be the only crewman with descendents. His daughter, Mary Eliza Barker, became the president of the Florida chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy before her death in 1934. Her qualification for UDC membership was met by her father's service and story. Wicks' great-great-granddaughter, Mary Elizabeth McMahan of Atlanta, had grown up with stories of her adventurous relative. She and other family members were able to fill in his genealogical profile. DNA matching followed.

In 2004, the last crew of the *CSS Hunley* were given full military honors and laid in state at several locations around the city. Tens of thousands turned out for what may well be the last funeral of The Struggle. About 6000 reenactors marched in period costume to the funeral dirges played by the Cabell-Breckinridge Band from VMI and the Regimental Pipes and Drums from The Citadel. The old, historically-correct flags came out that had not seen the light of day in years while the mavens of political correctness were held at bay. The funeral committee issued press credentials to over 400 journalists for what turned out to be a dignified, all-Southern event ... an explosion of heritage, celebration and reverence.

There, in a special section of the historic Magnolia Cemetery designated for *Hunley* crewmen, James A. Wicks of North Carolina went to his final rest.



The Hunley section of the Magnolia Cemetery in Charleston.

Zero Degrees of Separation: *Truth is Stranger Than Fiction*

By Phil Coleman, M.D.

The Story Begins...

In January '71 I returned from Vietnam to Ft. Bragg where I rented an apartment at Cambridge Arms. In the same complex was a good friend, Paul Fisher, who had been the communications officer in our Battalion (3rd/503rd Infantry 173rd Airborne Brigade) overseas. Paul's roommate was Dan McKinney a Special Forces infantry captain now serving with the 82nd Airborne. Dan spent 18 months in Vietnam on an A team Mike Force in IV Corps. This was a 12 man Special Forces team with perhaps 300 mercenaries (usually Cambodians). The Mike Force was often used in combat because it was very lethal, and if they were wiped out we would only report 12 casualties. Dan came back highly decorated.

After returning to Fort Bragg he volunteered for an unknown special mission under Col. Arthur David "Bull" Simmons a 56-year-old legendary veteran of WWII, Korea, and Vietnam. The volunteers were told beforehand that the risk factor was 50% but that they would be very proud to be a part of it. They then competed for positions on the mission.

This mission turned out to be a POW rescue attempt in North Vietnam ... the Son Tay raid.

Son Tay Raid 1970

On 20 November 1970, approximately 60 raiders in three helicopters flew from Thailand to North Vietnam drafting behind a fixed wing command gunship. This raid had been planned and practiced the preceding year. A big diversion was scheduled in the South China Sea as the raid commenced. Two helicopters were to land outside the prison, enter and move to specific buildings freeing prisoners and then move on to secure access routes to prevent a North Vietnamese reaction force response.

The third helicopter carrying the Assault Team was to crash land in the prison, kill the guards on duty, locate and identify prisoners, tie them to a rope lanyard, and lead them back to the two helicopters and out of country, blowing up the helicopter as the left. Dan earned the job as Assault Team Leader on this helicopter.

The raid took place and all the raiders returned safely after inflicting heavy casualties among the prison guards and a nearby officer's training school. Unfortunately the prisoners had been moved to Hanoi several weeks before. Appropriately all the raiders were decorated for their extraordinary heroism. Dan was awarded a Silver Star. He was 24 years old.

Back to Fort Bragg 1971

Paul, Dan, and I socialized considerably at the Cambridge Arms until I left the Army in August '71 to start a residency. At the time I was occasionally dating Paige, a young divorcee with two boys. She was very nice, and I mentioned to Paul that he should call her up. He laughed and said he was wondering how to tell me he was going to. He had evidently had his eye on her but never let it be known. Anyway they've been married more than 30 years. But I digress...

1976 The First Book Entitled "Raid"

A book was written about the Son Tay Raid in 1976. When I

got a copy I sent it to Dan and he took it to a Raiders Reunion and they signed it for me.

Reconnecting 2010

In October 2010 I had dinner with Paul and Paige Fisher. I had lost touch with Dan, and Paul told me he was in Helena, Montana. I was scheduled to go to Helena in two weeks. I got Dan's number and found out from Paul that Dan had been a bounty hunter. Paul told me that there was a second book on Son Tay, and he sent me a copy. I called Dan and told him I was on my way to Helena with my wife, Mary Ruth, and we arranged to get together and had a great time. I took the second book and he signed it for me.

Mary Ruth flew on to Seattle and I flew home to North Carolina. I finished the book on the flight and, on landing, I went to the parking lot. I put the book on the bumper of my car while I put my suitcase in the back seat. I got in the car and drove home. When I arrived the book was, of course, gone and I went back to the airport to look for it. No luck. I drove home screaming epithets describing my stupidity. Next day I went to Borders and ordered two copies—one to get resigned and one for Dan (he had given his away).

The Rest of the Story...

The next day Mary Ruth came home and went to the office. She called me and read me the following email:

Upon my arrival at RDU from Houston Tuesday evening, I saw a book in the street leaving the parking deck. No cars were near, so I drove close and picked it up. It was in fairly good condition—might have been run over once, but no serious damage, although the cover was still wet from a light sprinkle. Tucked inside were two boarding passes and a one-page itinerary for Atlanta, Montana, Tacoma, Minneapolis, and RDU (not necessarily in that order). Your name and e-mail address were on the itinerary page. Phillip D. Coleman's name was on the boarding passes. The book had been autographed by Major Dan McKinney (a member of the Son Tay Raid Assault Group, according to some of my own material).

Since you are the only one I might be able to contact, I thought I would run this by you and see if you know anything about it.

Truth really is stranger than fiction, so it's rather eerie that I was the one who found the book. I just received a copy of the SAME book from Amazon.com about two weeks ago. Wanted to add it to my collection of Son Tay Raid material. You see, I was secretary to Colonel Arthur David "Bull" Simons when the raid took place. He was then the Assistant Chief of Staff, G4, XVIII Airborne Corps and Fort Bragg. I still have his coffee cup (for which some SF fellows would pay me a tidy sum!) and a copy of his travel voucher from the start of training to the end of the raid. Plus many other items, all of which I plan to donate to a museum eventually. - Betty Jo Caid

And now you know the rest of the story.

Their **Memories** *will stay alive*

A tale of a Tar Heel's combat in the Pacific

By Robert J. Cooke

Hawaii: August 1944. The island still bore many of the scars of 7 December 1941, the “Date of Infamy” when Japanese aircraft severely crippled the Pacific sea power of the United States. By this date however, America had struck back. The Battle of Midway (June 1942) had halted the advance of the Imperial Navy (and decimated her naval air arm) and had proven that America was on the offensive. The year 1943 saw Guadalcanal secured; Japanese Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto had been killed, and the island of Bougainville had been invaded. Later that year, Tarawa, in the Gilbert Islands, was taken and in the European Theater, the Germans had been driven out of North Africa and Italy had been invaded. In 1944, the long-awaited invasion of Europe had finally occurred (6 June) while in the Pacific the Japanese had abandoned their fortress of Truk and the islands of Saipan, Tinian, Rota, and Guam were retaken.

Making its way to Pearl Harbor was an aircraft carrier that had participated in many of those bloody Pacific battles: The *U.S.S. Enterprise*. The *Enterprise* (CV-6) was commissioned in May 1938 and although slightly smaller than aircraft carriers such as the *Lexington* or *Saratoga*, could still field a maximum of over 90 aircraft. With a complement of nearly 3,000 men, the vessel had seen much action since the war began. Late for her arrival at Pearl Harbor (she was scheduled to arrive on 6 December), she was the first carrier to pull into the battered port after the Japanese attack. The “Big E” delivered Marine fighters to the ill-fated garrison at Wake Island; in April, the vessel accompanied the *U.S.S. Hornet* on the famed Doolittle Raid. By the fall of 1942, with the loss of her sister ships, the *Lexington*, *Wasp*, and *Yorktown*, the *Enterprise* was the last operational carrier left in the Pacific. By war's end, the *Enterprise*, it was said, was the most decorated ship of WWII.

With the battles of Midway, the Eastern Solomons, Santa Cruz, the Gilberts, and the Marianas under her belt, the Big E was headed back to Pearl to take aboard a new Air Group. The group, VT-20, had been established on 15 October 1943 at San Diego and trained in Hawaii (at Barber's Point, Oahu, and Puunene, Maui) “in preparation for combat deployment.”¹ Commanded by Lieutenant Commander David E. Dressendorfer, the group was divided into three squadrons according to their mission: VF-20 contained the fighters (the F6F Hellcat), the (SBD Dauntless) dive bombers were in Bombing Twenty (VB-20) and the Grumman Avenger (TBM-1C) torpedo planes were designated VT-20. “Torpedo Twenty,” consisted of 16 Avengers, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Samuel Lee Prickett. Prickett, described by one who knew him as “[calm] and cool,” was a veteran of many Pacific air battles and by December 1943 took command of the squadron; he would command VT-20 for the rest of the war.

Coming aboard the *Enterprise* in August 1944 with VT-20 was young Ensign Henry Logue Murphy. Murphy, a native of

Burgaw, North Carolina, had been born the day after Christmas in 1921 and had attended local schools in Burgaw. He was the son of T.T. Murphy, Superintendent of Schools for Pender County. Seen as an average student, he graduated from high school in 1938 and went on to attend the Edwards Military Academy in Salemburg, North Carolina (the site of today's FBI training center). Perhaps it was his father's upbringing that determined his choice of schools: Tate Thurman Murphy had also attended a military academy and went on to become the Superintendent of Schools for Pender County, North Carolina.² In a letter written in April 1940, from Salemburg, young Murphy told his older sister, Julia (who was then attending East Carolina Teacher's College) that he would be coming over to visit her at school.³



Ensign Henry Logue Murphy

His military academy schooling may have been to prepare him for what came next: an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point, N.Y. In one of his first letters from the Academy to his parents, he wrote: “I can't begin to tell you about all the H-E-L-L I have been catching since I hit this place Monday. It really is tough here—plenty tough.” As a Plebe, Henry was experiencing a lot of hazing from upperclassmen, which was something of a tradition at West Point. On his way to West Point, he had passed through New York City and visited the World's Fair and described the various exhibits he had seen, which included the General Motors, “General Electric, Westinghouse, Firestone, Ford, Crysler [sic] and a few others.” Somewhat disappointed at “the amusement area of the fair,” he admitted that he probably expected too much. Walking around the city, he also admitted that “New York was just too darn big for me[.]”⁴

At West Point, he was roomed with “a guy named Oliver from Kansas” and once again informed his folks that life at West Point was hard. “I can't begin to tell you what we have to go through ... It's so hard I don't suppose you would believe it anyway. One of the hardest things to do is eat. The food is excellent but the way we have to eat it is awful. As the date was Independence Day (4 July) the Plebes were allowed to eat “as we pleased[.]” In closing Henry tried to ease his parent's concern, “...don't worry about me because I think I have enough Murphy and Logue blood in me *to stick it out.*”⁵

Henry remained at the Academy throughout that hot summer, drilling “until it looks like we can't take another step but somehow we manage to push on.” At first housed in tents, his company later moved into barracks (“the Central Barracks, the oldest one here on the post (1850). Maybe I'll get Robert E. Lee's room.”) Admitting that he had garnered 14 demerits (“about average for a Plebe”) he was doing his best to make the grade. Henry's weak point was likely mathematics, and he hinted to his sister that he was concerned. In a letter written in the fall of 1940, he said: “So are you really coming up here Christmas? Just between you and me—don't get your hopes up too high, because

I'm 'up to my neck' now in these academics[. I] am getting some 'poop' sheets on math which might pull me up." He had apparently failed a math test, but was "going to take another 'Hell of a fling' at it and if [I] still can't—well it's just going to be too sad."⁶

He did not graduate from the Academy. Perhaps with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, he left the Army to join the Navy. The day after his 20th birthday (27 December 1941) he enlisted in the U.S. Naval Reserve. An undated letter written from "N.A.S." (Naval Air Station), brought his parents up to date as regards his aviation training. "Since I wrote you I have checked out in another airplane. It is really an observation-scouting plane but stable enough to be a trainer." Henry was in ground school and once again, a "mental storm" had just passed over. He had retaken a "Celestial Navigation" exam and thought he had done quite well. Next on his schedule was instrument training (in Squadron 13) where he would be trained in "the links." He had been through the pressure chamber ("I was up to 40,000 ft.") and reported that some of the trainees had difficulty because of sinus trouble. As advanced training was just ahead, he had selected patrol bombers ("Big Boats") as his first choice, with fighters as his back-up selection.⁷

There had been some "nerve-racking [sic]" training in formation flying, as the pilot had to constantly turn his neck "looking back and around all the time." Henry soloed on 23 March 1943 after training in several Navy aircraft. He flew the SNJ-4 (the Texan), the OS2U-3 (the Kingfisher) and the N3N, the aircraft known as the "Yellow Peril." It was in this biplane in which fledgling naval aviators learned the tricks of their trade. They learned "routine deck-landing procedure first on land with a deck outline marked."⁸

After flight training, it was on to carrier operations. Assigned



Kenneth Munson, (New York: Blandford Press, 1983)

Fighters and Bombers of World War II

to train new pilots, the *U.S.S. Charger* was a "jeep" carrier stationed in Chesapeake Bay (Norfolk, Va.), and it was aboard this vessel in March while in the Carrier Qualification Training Unit that Henry made the first of eight landings on this vessel and became a member of those elite aviators who would carry the war to Imperial Japan!⁹

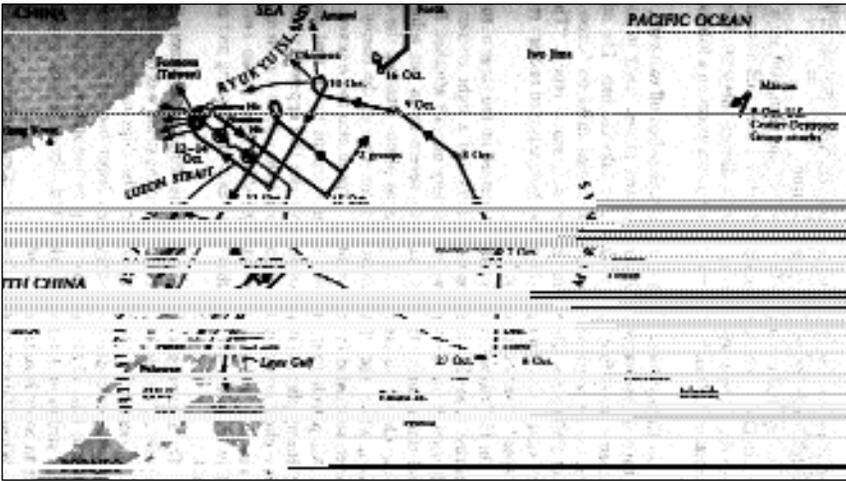
Henry did not get his first choice of patrol bombers. Instead, he was assigned (May 1943) to the *U.S.S. Saratoga* as a member of VT-3. While with Torpedo Squadron 3 Henry took part in "nite fam" or night flying. It has been said that making a carrier landing at night is the most exacting flying one can do. There was more training and familiarization, this time in the TBF-1, the famed Grumman Avenger. There were practice torpedo runs and on 13 June, Henry recorded in his logbook that he had "successfully dropped Mk XIII torpedo" without the explosive head, of course. As also noted in his logbook, by the end of June he had made four more carrier landings (likely aboard the *Saratoga*).¹⁰

Assigned to a new squadron, VT-20 (Torpedo Twenty), he flew the Avenger, (the TBM-1C, manufactured by General Motors Eastern Division) said to be one "of the most successful and widely used torpedo bombers of the war, the Avenger entered the U.S. Navy in the spring of 1942 as a replacement for the Douglas Devastator." The aircraft, which held a crew of three (pilot, radioman/gunner and tail gunner), carried a single 2,000 pound torpedo and was armed with several machine guns.

A member of VT-20, Frank Savage, later wrote about what he recalled about Henry: "As H.L. Murphy, the squadron doctor told the authorities, 'I don't know what to tell you to do.' Somewhere in the course of the cruise, it occurred to Murph that the squadron needed a doctor, and he appointed himself to fill the bill. His advice was always the same: 'I don't know what to tell you to do.' Murph had another routine, his role as witness, or counsel for the defense, and during any lull in any dispute, he would state with quiet finality, 'He'd been drinking, yes—but he wasn't drunk.'"¹¹

In a show of Allied partnership, the British aircraft carrier, *H.M.S. Victorious*, a veteran whose aircraft pursued the German battleship Bismarck and who participated in actions around the island of Malta and North Africa "was lent to the U.S. Navy for use in the South Pacific in 1943." On 23 July, Henry wrote in his logbook, "Landed aboard *H.M.S. Victorious*"; the squadron was being transported to Hawaii for more training. There were flights around the islands throughout August before VT-20 was ready for combat. There were no entries in his logbook for the months of September, October and November. Early in 1944, the squadron was back in California and by that summer Henry had made 26 carrier landings, some aboard the *U.S.S. [Kilkun?] Bay*.

VT-20 joined the *Enterprise* in August 1944 and the squadron quickly found itself in combat in the South Pacific. In early September, their first combat action was against shore installations on Chi Chi Jima in the Bonins. Henry took part in the action and recorded on 2 September: "Bombed Chichi Jima." The following week, the Air Group attacked the Japanese in the Palaus, in preparation for the U.S. Marine landing at Peleliu Island. There were several carrier strikes against the Palaus with Henry logging at least five attacks with crewmen, Skeffington and Costello. Throughout his time with VT-20, Henry's crew would many times consist of the same men: Aviation Radioman Ernest R. ("Rick") Costello, from Tustin, (Orange County)



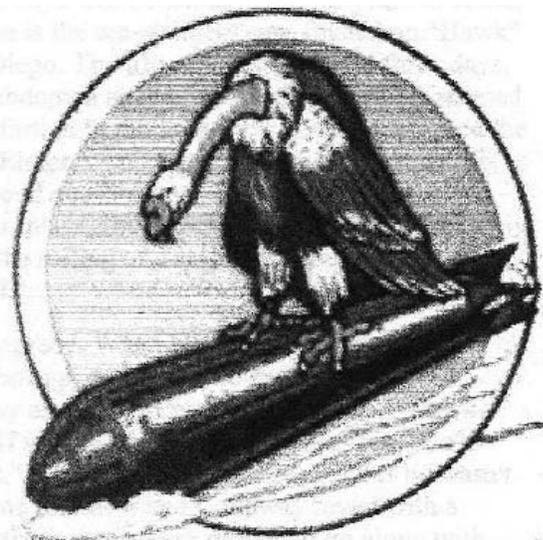
From Potter, *Bull Halsey*, 313.

Operations against Formosa, Okinawa, and the Philippines

California) and Aviation Ordnanceman Francis X. Skeffington, who hailed from Providence, Rhode Island.

At this point in the war, it is likely that Henry was not aware of the discord at the highest levels of command. A two-pronged attack across the Pacific had been ongoing for some time.

Admiral Chester W. Nimitz commanded forces in the Central Pacific while General Douglas MacArthur led Allied forces in the Southwest Pacific. Admiral Nimitz believed that an island-hopping campaign across the Central Pacific was the best strategy for defeating Japan (hence the assault on Peleliu) it was in conflict with General MacArthur's desire to retake the Philippines. In late 1944, the Joint Chiefs acceded to MacArthur's demand that the Philippines be retaken. Nimitz instructed Admiral William (Bull) Halsey, commander of the U.S. Third Fleet, to assist MacArthur's invasion plans. One of the island fortresses containing a strong Japanese air force was Formosa. That island was well within striking distance of any invasion force and needed to be neutralized before any attack on the Philippines began. Halsey's armada was divided into four Task Forces, 38.1 through 38.4. Commanding TF 38.4 was Admiral Ralph E. Davison; his ships included the carriers *Enterprise* and *Franklin*.



Website: <http://www.cv6.org/ship/log>

Squadron Insignia of VT-20, showing a vulture riding a torpedo was also known as the "Loose Goose."

Sometime before October, Henry Murphy was promoted to Lieutenant (Junior Grade). On 12 October 1944, the *Enterprise* launched an attack against Takao Harbor, Formosa. Catapulted into the air, Murphy and his crew were taking part in the attack as part of a six-plane group of torpedo bombers. Virtually the entire Air Group from VT-20 was being sent to attack shipping, destroy enemy planes and otherwise cause havoc in Takao Harbor.

CinPac Communiqué No. 151, dated 13 October 1944, reported the following: "During the evening of 11 October and night of 11-12 October following the first day of its attack on Formosa, small groups of enemy aircraft attacked one of our fast carrier task forces ... During the day of 12 October Formosa and the Pescadores were again

brought under attack by fast carrier task forces, and heavy damage was done to the enemy air force and its bases, to shipping, port facilities, fuel dumps and other shore installations."—From *Bull Halsey*, E.B. Potter (Annapolis, Md.: Naval Institute Press, 1985) 318

A preliminary resume of damage inflicted upon the Japanese in the two-day strike which began before dawn on 11 October shows the following totals:

Enemy aircraft shot down, 221

Enemy aircraft destroyed on the ground, 175

Ships sunk:

2 large cargo ships

4 medium cargo ships

9 small cargo ships

12 coastal cargo ships

Probably sunk:

1 large cargo ship

3 medium cargo ships

3 small cargo ships

1 oil tanker

5 coastal cargo ships

1 minesweeper

Damaged:

6 medium cargo ships

15 small cargo ships

1 large troop transport

"In addition to the foregoing 37 small craft were sunk or damaged. We lost 45 planes in the two-day attack. Reports are not yet available as to flight personnel rescued."¹²

Yet another report of the attack went as follows: "Early on 12 October Task Force 38 reached its dawn launching positions fifty to ninety miles east of Formosa, with each of its four carrier groups assigned a sector of the island. They flew 1,378 sorties that day ... The Americans must have destroyed about two hundred enemy aircraft that day, but at the heavy cost of forty-eight of their own planes."¹³

On one sortie, the last Avenger attacking a ship in a six-plane group was Lieutenant Murphy. By this time, the Japanese gunners had the range and their fire was more accurate. After launching a torpedo, his plane was seen to be hit by anti-aircraft fire, which was said to be heavy and quite accurate. In a letter written to Murphy's father shortly after the attack, Lt. Cdr. Sam Prickett expanded on the death of young Murphy: "Henry took off on a strike aimed at Takao Harbor, Formosa. His plane was flown the



From *America's Fighter Planes* by Reed Kinert

A wartime depiction of the Avenger in action.

day before and was in excellent condition. There was heavy anti-aircraft fire over the target and his plane was hit by anti-aircraft fire and was seen to go into a dive towards the sea.

“We have listed your son and his crew as missing because no trace of him or his crew has been located. It is only fair to you to let you know what we think, so that you may not hold out false hopes as to his survival. Because of the facts of the crash, as we know them, that no parachutes were seen even though rescue facilities and other friendly planes were at hand we hold out little hope for the survival of Henry or his crew.”

Prickett added that Henry “is badly missed by all hands. His loyalty to the Squadron, his steady determination to get on with the job and his unflinching good humor were all of definite benefit to the Squadron.”¹⁴ For his valor that day, Henry L. Murphy was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. His actions help sink one of the Japanese vessels that was destroyed in that raid.¹⁵

Also shot down that day from VT-20 was another Avenger, this one piloted by Lieutenant William F. Ross. Ross and his crew (ARM 2/c Harry Aldro and AOM 2/c Charles McVay) were taken prisoner by the Japanese. Ross was later sent to a POW camp in Japan and survived the war, while the two crewmen remained in a POW camp in Formosa. In June 1945, both men were executed by the Japanese. Ross would also be awarded the Navy Cross for his actions that day.

Lt.Cdr. Sam Prickett, commander of VT-20 would later be credited with helping to sink the great Japanese battleship *Musashi*. The *Musashi* and its sister ship, the *Yamato*, were the largest battlewagons afloat. A member of the group reported that VT-20 scored eight on the vessel, at least one of which Prickett launched. The *Musashi* was hit by 17 torpedoes (with at least eight of those hits coming from Torpedo 20) and 19 bombs and went under taking half her crew of 2,400 men with her. Commander Prickett, who was from Bessemer, Alabama, was awarded the Navy Cross for his actions.

Back in Burgaw, the news of his son's death came by telegram, delivered by the local operator. The elder Murphy was devastated, as was the small town when the news made its way around the small town. The effect, according to Mary Bowen Caputo, “put a damper on” the town, as had previous service deaths of former citizens of the town. A year after his death, Tate

Murphy (Henry's father) received a letter from Secretary of the Navy, James Forrestal. In it the Secretary confirmed Henry's death, “for the purpose of termination of pay and allowances, settlement of accounts and payment of death gratuities.” He also offered his own feelings when he wrote: “I know what little solace the formal and written word can be to help meet the burden of your loss, but in spite of that knowledge, I cannot refrain from saying very simply, that I am sorry. It is hoped that you may find comfort in the thought that your son gave his life for his country, upholding the highest traditions of the Navy.”¹⁶

Just how and when the bodies of the three men were recovered is not known, but in a simple ceremony their ashes were interred in the post cemetery at Fort Scott, Kansas.

Attending the rites were the relatives of the deceased men. Funeral services for Skeffington were held at Mary, Queen of Angels, Church, and graveside services were conducted by a former Navy Chaplain, the Reverend W.F. Kessler. Henry's parents and sisters as well as the relatives of Costello and Skeffington were there. Pallbearers, a color guard, and a firing squad were also in attendance and the military rites were conducted “under the auspices of the VFW and the American Legion.”

There is also a memorial to Henry inscribed on the family gravestone in the Burgaw Cemetery. The Burton-Noel house in Burgaw, home to the Pender County Historical Society, has an exhibit displaying Lt. Murphy's medals (including the Southern Cross of Honor presented by the United Daughters of the Confederacy) as well as his logbook. The last entry is dated 12 October, the target: Formosa.¹⁷

NOTES:

1. Internet website: <http://www.a4skyhawk.org>. Accessed 21 October 2010.
2. Tate Thurman Murphy (who was always known as “Thurman”) was born in 1882 and died in 1965. He was the longtime Superintendent of Schools who served Pender County for over fifty years. His wife (Henry's mother) was Mabel Logue of East Brady, Pa. She died in 1972; both parents are buried in the Burgaw Cemetery. Another sister, Nancy was born in 1930. T.T. Murphy file in the Pender County Historical Society [hereinafter noted as PCHS], Burgaw, North Carolina; interview with Mrs. Mary Bowen Caputo, 30 November 2010. Mrs. Caputo had known Henry from grade school through high school.
3. PCHS, T.T. Murphy file, letter dated 10 April 1940.
4. Ibid., letter dated 21 July 1940.
5. Ibid. The food was good indeed, Henry enclosed the menu in a letter: Chilled Honey Dew Melon, Celery, Olives, “Roast Milk fed Veal a la Washington,” creamed potatoes, corn on the cob, iced tea and coffee. Desert was titled “Independence Sundae.”
6. There was one more letter written from West Point, dated 23 October 1940. Henry must have left shortly thereafter.
7. PCHS, undated letter, probably 1942, from Henry Murphy to “Dear Mother and Dad.” In this missive, Henry asked about the local “draft doggers” [sic] and admitted that he couldn't “blame them for wanting to stay out of this mess[.]”
8. *America's Fighting Planes*, Reed Kinert (New York: The MacMillan Company, 1944) 80.
9. The *U.S.S. Charger*, CVE-30 spent virtually the entire war in Chesapeake Bay, “as a training platform for Naval aviators.” Internet website, acepilots.com/ships/charger. Accessed 30 October 2010.
10. The *U.S.S. Saratoga*, commissioned on 16 November 1927 survived the war and “was used as a test ship at the Bikini A-bomb tests in Jul 46.” Internet website, http://bluejacket.co/ww2_12-07-41_carriers, accessed 30 October 2010.
11. Internet website: <http://www.cv6.org/ship/logs>, “VT-20 Sea Stories.”
12. Internet website: <http://www.ibiblio.org/pha/comms/1944>, accessed 25 September 2010.
13. Potter, Bull Halsey, 311.
14. PCHS, T.T. Murphy file, letter dated 23 October 1944, from Lt. Cdr. S.L. Prickett to Mr. T. Murphy.
15. Henry's award of the Distinguished Flying Cross is inscribed with his name and the date of the action, along with his heroism that fateful day.
16. PCHS, T.T. Murphy file, letter dated 27 November 1945, from Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal to Mr. and Mrs. Tate Thurman Murphy.
17. PCHS, T.T. Murphy file. H.L. Murphy's logbook along with his awards and photos are on display at the Burton-Noel House, 200 W. Bridgers Street, Burgaw, N.C.

Memoirs of a World War II Combat Soldier



Four Years, Nine Months, and Nine Days

Putney Jordan Winstead

30th Division, 119th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Battalion, Company M

EDITED BY: TIM WINSTEAD



Robert L. Hewitt wrote the battle history of the 30th Division in his 1946 book, *Work Horse of the Western Front: The Story of the 30th Infantry Division*. Putney Winstead was a soldier of the 30th who wrote his own story in 1995 when he was 75 years old. Putney related events about the people and places that were forever etched in his memory. He used Hewitt's book to verify some dates, numbers, and place names, but he put his own thoughts about his service with the Work Horse of the Western Front.

Putney Winstead was born on 1 March 1920 in Elm City, North Carolina. He was raised on a tenant farm where his strong faith, his love of family and country, and his feelings for his fellow man were shaped. All of these traits were revealed in these his memories.

Introduction

The things I write are not in order, nor is it all the things that I saw, or that happened. It is the things, I guess, that stand out in my mind the most. I don't recall the dates, because the dates or the day were not important to us. I don't remember all the places. Some things I can never forget, and some things I try to forget. The ones that fought on the battle lines are wounded for life, even if they were not hit by gun fire. So I'll try to put down some of the things as they come to my mind.

PUTNEY WINSTEAD

National Guard Training

There is the threat of war, and there is talk of boys being drafted for 12 month's military duty. The National Guard will be called up for military training for 12 months. I knew a lot of boys that were joining, so I joined too. I am now 20 years old. Kat and I are already talking about and thinking about marriage, so I decided maybe it best to get my military duty behind me. So I joined. We were called into active duty 16 September 1940.

But before the year was up our time was extended to 18 months. Then the attack on Pearl Harbor came, and I was in there for the duration. The attack came on Sunday and I was home on leave. We were ordered back to camp immediately.

I was stationed at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, in the 120th Infantry. The 119th Infantry was formed, so I was sent there to help train the new recruits. I was at Camp Blanding, Florida.

We then left there and went to Camp Atterbury, Indiana, for advanced combat training. We walked through woods and a target looking like a man would jump up, and we had to learn how to fire from our hips and hit him. They said in battle we will not have time to raise our weapon, aim from our eyes, and fire.

Trip to England

In February 1944 the 30th Infantry Division went by train to

the Boston port for debarkation. We left on 12 February, and it was snowing. I think the ship I went on was named the *Brazil*. It was said to be the largest convoy that had sailed. As far as you could see there were ships. We were led by a battleship, with destroyers continuously circling the convoy. There was always the rumor of seeing a German submarine. We landed in Bristol on 22 February, making it 10 days on the water. It was strictly blackout all the way.

We ended up in a channel coast town. We stayed in a vacation resort, and my house was named "The Shangra-La."

Of course we kept on training: how to kill and how to keep from being killed. We studied hand-to-hand combat, beach landing, and other war tactics.



Putney Jordan Winstead

Omaha Beach

This is a story of some of my experiences in battle, as I can remember them. The dates and places I don't remember. It covers the eleven months, from when the 30th Infantry Division landed on Omaha Beach in June 1944 until we reached the Elbe River at Magdeburg, Germany.

We sailed from Southampton, England. Our orders were to land on Omaha Beach. The 29th Infantry Division and the 1st Infantry Division were to land first. Our orders were to follow them in, and then the 2nd and 3rd Armor Divisions were to follow us.

I had never been as scared as when we climbed down the ropes out of our ship into the LCT. Artillery and tanks were still shelling the beach. I had never seen so many dead boys and parts of boys. I can never forget it. It was a while before I had stomach to eat. I soon learned that it was just the beginning of what I was to see.

Our orders were to help the 29th Infantry Division take St. Lo, France. We had to fight through hedgerow country. Some mornings we would start out and nothing happened. Then over the next hedgerow the Germans would open up on us.

To show you how awful it was, the battle of Normandy lasted 76 days. About 127,000 American boys were wounded and 35,000 boys were killed. I didn't get wounded, but did receive a citation and Bronze Star medal for heroic duty under enemy fire.

Slit Trenches

Last night it was hot and raining. My slit trench I slept in had so much water I slept with my head on my helmet so as to keep my head out of the water. You wouldn't dare get out, because you never knew when a German artillery shell would come in.

My blanket and stuff in my pack stayed so hot and wet, the flies blew them, and then there were maggots to follow.

Each morning when I awoke, I wondered will I live through the day, will I get hurt, or is today the day I will die. I see the boys leave the front crying like babies, their nerves are shot.

The second in command of our company is killed by artillery fire. He was young, nice looking, not married, and from Greensboro, North Carolina, 1st Lt. George Phillips.

Night Watch

When we bedded down for the night, we always have someone on outpost so the Germans could not make a surprise attack while we slept.

Last night I was asked to take three men and go on watch. Now that is a scary and lonely job. We picked a place in the edge of the woods where we could see across a big open field, and we were hid too. The moon was shining real pretty, so of course, my thoughts went back home, and I got so home sick for home and those I loved.

Late in the night while me and one watched, and the other two slept, I saw about a dozen men coming across the field toward us. I woke up the other two boys and said we had company coming. I said don't fire until I tell you to. They kept coming closer, and just before we were ready to fire on them, they turned and went across the field. It was some cows. Boy were we relieved.

The German Plane

Today another boy and I were running communication wire across a field. Now communications is something that is very important in combat. You have to keep in touch with the commander and the others on your right and left.

While we were running the wire, I saw a German plane circling above us. I told the boy, "Let's keep one eye on that plane, and if he breaks to come down, make for that big tree over there real fast." So he did, and we ran for the tree. So he came down and strafed us, and we were behind the tree. He went up and came down again, so we got on the other side of the tree. Next he came down and fired two rockets at us. Of course we were on the other side of the tree. Then he left.

After it was over with, it was kind of funny, but not at the time it was happening. But that tree saved us. We figured we out smarted him.

A Little Dog

There was a little fice dog that seemed to take a liking to me. He was some company.

Today my buddy and I were asked to go to the forward observation post to check the communications. When we were almost there, we were caught in a German artillery barrage. There happened to be some German fox holes right handy, so we dove into them.

We got some real close ones. When it was over, my buddy and I were not hurt, but the hole the dog jumped in (yes, he got in one too) got a direct hit on it. There was nothing left of him. I thought, suppose I had jumped into that hole.

There were other instances like that, when a buddy would get killed or wounded next to me, and I wasn't touched. Some may say it was a miracle, but I say God had a hand in it.

Letters from Home

Last night I volunteered to go back on the battlefield to help

pick up the dead and the wounded. I never did that again. Can you imagine how it feels living in the land of the dead. That is what it feels like here. One by one I would see my friends wounded or killed. It was so hard.

The one thing we had to look forward to was mail from home and the ones we loved. Then we realized there is another world and someone who loves us and is waiting for us.

I could always spot Kat's letter down in the pile. I would read and reread it until I could memorize what was in it until the next one came. We couldn't keep our letters, we had no way to carry them, and if we did and were captured, the Germans could get a lot of useful information from them.

Of course if I got a picture of my wife and little boy, I always kept them. When I looked at them, I realized I had something worth fighting for. That is what kept me wanting to keep on.

A Tragic Bombing Error

Today was a terrible day for us. My battalion was one of the assault battalions. We were trying to break through out of the hedgerow country of Normandy. We were just outside of St. Lo, France. We were on the road ready to move out.

There were 350 P-47s to dive bomb and strafe the enemy ahead of us. There were 1,500 bombers to bomb ahead of us. I heard the roar of the bombers coming and looked. I saw them open their bomb-bay doors. I said to myself, surely they are not going to bomb us. Then I saw the bombs coming. It looked like pouring apples out of a basket.

I hollered and told the men to take cover, it looks like they are going to kill us all. I think from that bombing there were almost 900 casualties in the 30th Division. I know one boy near me was killed, and another wounded. I didn't get hurt. But the German tanks and artillery were dug in, and about the only ones hurt were us.

But the break through was a success. But at the end of July our division was 1,900 men under strength. The first week in August we got 800 new replacements, but it still left us about a battalion under strength. I looked at some of the boys, and felt so sorry for them. Some were not even old enough to shave. Some got killed or wounded, and I never knew their name. But it was better not to get too attached to them.

Tres Fatigue

One evening, about night, we went into a French town we had driven the Germans out. I know we were tired, dirty, and some bloody. The French gave us a big welcome. I thought, after two years studying French, I could talk to them. The only thing I could understand them saying was "tres fatigue" which meant "very tired." We sure were.

But the 30th went on, becoming the first Allied troops into Belgium, and the first American troops into Holland. The 30th had now made a name for itself. But it sure cost in blood.

Tank Support

Today my unit was on approach, marching across a big open field. We are now in a lot of open country, and things seem to be going pretty well today. We are still in France. I think there were six tanks with us giving us support.

One of the boys made the remark out loud: "I wish all of you were my boys, and Betty Grable was the mother of all of you."

But things soon changed. As we neared some woods, some German tanks were hid in there, and opened up on us. Of course we hit the ground right quick. It seemed our tanks just sat there. Soon the tank company commander came riding up in a jeep and told the tank crews to get them damned tanks firing and get them damned tanks moving. So they soon knocked out two German tanks and the other fled. Luckily, none of our tanks were hit. Our tanks and the German tanks battled it out, but can you imagine being caught in between them? We were.

An Ammo Delivery

Today I was asked to stay around the company command post. We had mail to come, sometimes it was hard to get it to us, and I got a letter from Kat and Papa. The letters mean so much to me. Kat is so good about writing.

I saw a jeep pull up with a trailer behind it. On the trailer was a load of dead soldiers. They were taking them back to the graves details. They were piled high like cord wood, one layer one way, and a layer the other way. It is so awful here.

The company commander called me, and I went to see what he wanted. He said, "There is a platoon of men that need some ammo and supplies." He said, "Will you get a boy to go with you and take them up." I said, "I will." He said, "I better tell you, I sent one jeep up and they didn't make it." I picked one to go with me. We got a jeep with a .50 caliber machine gun mounted on it. I said, "I'll drive and you be sure to use the gun if you need to."

I think it was about three miles up there. We had to go to a fork in the road and then make a right turn. It happened the Germans were watching the fork in the road. He kept the Germans pinned down with the machine gun, and we made it. A little further the Germans began shelling us. There happened to be a house near the road, and we took cover in the basement. After the shelling stopped, we got into the jeep and left. Further up the road the Germans began shooting artillery shells at us again. We stopped the jeep and took cover in a big ditch. After the shelling stopped, we ran for it again. This time we made it to where the platoon was, and we were safe and sound.

On the way back, nothing exciting happened. Another day has passed.

August 12, 1944

Today I'm in a pasture, somewhere in France, laying up against a bank. It has bushes on it, so it makes a good place to hide. It is real hot and humid here. There is a town in sight, and our orders are to go into that town. I wish it was like it used to be back home. Then when we wanted to go into town, we just walked in, or rode in. Now we have to fight our way in. Sometimes it is fairly easy, and sometimes it is not. I hope this one will not be so bad.

I know today is my baby's first birthday. I hope it will be a good one. I cannot be there in person, but I am there in thought. I cannot give you a present, but I think I am helping give you the greatest gift a daddy can give his son.

I did think of him on his first birthday.

Food

Over here we have different ways to get food. Most of the time we get our food at night, under the cover of darkness. We get three boxes of "K" rations. The boxes are about the size of a

Cracker Jack box.

For breakfast it has a small can of ham and eggs, four little crackers, a fruit bar, package of coffee, and four cigarettes. For lunch we got a can of meat loaf, four crackers, candy bar, fruit drink powder, and four cigarettes. For supper we got a can of meat of some kind, four crackers, candy bar, a package of bullion drink, and four cigarettes. When we were off the front lines they served us "C" rations, which were a lot better.

They gave us a canteen of fresh water. We also got some tablets which purified water if we needed water. Sometimes we had to get water from ditches, or wherever. The tablets didn't change the taste, but they purified it.

So we filled in with other food when we could. When we went into a town, if we had time, we raided the hen nests, chicken coops, and the cellars. We could sometimes find canned fruit and Irish potatoes. If the seals were broken on the jars, we wouldn't eat it. We were afraid it might be poisoned. The chickens were good, but tough. We fried the potatoes using wax off the "K" ration boxes. It worked but we had to wipe the wax before it dried.

Once we got some small pigs and cooked them. They weren't weaned yet, about the size of rabbits. The meat sure was tender. We had to keep the sow knocked off so we could get her pigs.

Robert Baker

Our objective next was to take Evreux, France. We are trying to break out of what we called hedgerow country. The reason I remember this is because there was a USO show to entertain us, and Doris Day and Mickey Rooney were two of the entertainers.

The 119th ran into some heavy fire and heavy counter attacks. In one of these attacks, my best buddy (Bob) was severely wounded. His machine gun squad was on outpost at night to watch for a counter attack. When the Germans came, the boy on the gun pulled the trigger and the gun jammed. Instead of pulling the bolt back, and reloading the gun, he panicked, and called for Bob.

When Bob jumped up and ran to the gun, the Germans saw him and opened fire on him. He was picked up by the medics. I saw him lying on a stretcher on a jeep and talked to him. He said, "Putney, I'll go back where I can rest and be off the front for a while." He said, "You have to stay here, so be careful. Don't let them get you."

The next I heard, he had died. It hurt me so bad. He wasn't as old as I, nice looking, blond with blue eyes. He was Robert Baker from Michigan. He got married not long before we left the states. His wife was expecting, and we were always talking about my little boy, and the one he was expecting. He was killed before his was born.

This war is so cruel. It hurt me so much I wrote and told Kat about it. Sometimes afterward I got a letter from Kat, and she said, "I got a letter from you and it was cut all to pieces." She said, "Honey, what were you trying to tell me, are you all right?"

The censors cut it all out, because if the letter was captured, the Germans would think our morale was low. I haven't forgotten him.

Some That Died

I'll just tell some instances that occasionally pop up in my mind. I don't know when or where it happened.

Today I was asked to go up to the forward observation post. It was away out front, where they could get a good view. I carried them another radio, because theirs was about to give out. Another boy went with me, and we had to find our way by map. About the time we got there, one of the three boys that were there, got shot through the head by a sniper. I was glad he didn't aim at me.

Today as we were going into a town, we got caught in a heavy German artillery barrage. Everything was going so well we weren't expecting it. I don't remember how many tanks were with us, but what I do remember was that the tank that was near me got hit. The driver in the tank had his hatch open and his head was blown off.

Today we went into a village to secure it. As we searched the houses, in one house I saw an old woman sitting in a rocking chair. She had been killed by shell fire.

Another time we searched the houses we went down into the basement of a house. We were surprised because there were German soldiers hiding there. They were surprised also, and were quick to surrender. I got a German pistol off one of them.

Sniper Fire

Today we started into town, and were held up by a sniper firing at us from an upstairs window. One of the boys shot and killed the sniper. When we went into the house, we found that the sniper was a young girl. What a waste of life.

Today as we were going to the front to relieve another outfit, I saw John Winstead, Jr. He was sitting up against a ditch bank. I was surprised and also glad to see him. We talked about home and our loved ones. His wife is expecting a baby, and I have a boy about 13 months old. The next I heard from John, he had been killed, and never knew when his baby was born.

My buddy and I have been going out at night a lot this week. It seems that the wires are continually getting broken by tanks, artillery fire, and whatever. Can you imagine going out at night in the dark to find a break in the wire? We had to hold on to the wire and try to follow it. Of course too, we had to worry about German patrols, and artillery fire, and other things. We were just boys. So you know we were scared.

German Retreat

It is now 1 September and the Germans are retreating so fast, we boarded trucks and tanks in pursuit of them. Of course, the 30th was to lead the drive. We went 180 miles in 72 hours, meeting only light resistance. We went the last 118 miles in only 30 hours. They said that was the fastest combat pursuit in history.

We reached Belgium 2 September, becoming the first



Troops of the 30th Infantry Division march to attack Germany's vaunted Siegfried Line, helped by the 1st Infantry and 2nd Armored Divisions. The mission also was to take the historic city of Aachen, which was the first German city to fall to the Allies.

Americans into Belgium. After resting a few days, while the scattering Germans were rounded up, we were given another objective. We are now heading for Germany, where it is believed the Germans will try to make a stand.

Our objective for now is 130 miles away. It is raining and the back roads we are traveling are real muddy. After 80 miles the gas gives out and the trucks had to stop. The next three days we walked the remainder of the way, coming to the border of Holland. (8 September, 27 miles. 9 September, 22 miles, and the 10th, 15 miles). We had our equipments and guns and the roads were muddy.

Elements of the 30th Division crossed into Holland on 12 September becoming the first Allied troops to enter Holland. On 29 September we reached the Siegfried Line on the German border. That is where our honeymoon ended. It has been a little over three months since we land on the beach.

The Siegfried Line

After reaching the German border on 29 September, we had to stop pursuing the Germans, because our gas supply gave out. We also didn't have the ammunition we needed, because the trucks didn't have the gas to haul it, and also our supply line has gotten stretched to the limit.

That was a mistake we had made. It gave the Germans time to regroup, get organized, and get more troops and supplies up to the front. It gave them time to man the pill boxes, cement dragon teeth, barbed wire, and trenches. The pill boxes were camouflaged to look like haystacks, old houses, and other things. It also bordered a wide river we had to cross (Wurm River). They also fought hard to keep us out of their home land.

The 30th Division had orders to attack the Siegfried Line on 2 October. It was almost suicide. The 1st Division and the 2nd Armored Division were called in to help. The 29th was called but

they were a long way off. We also were to take Aachen, Germany, a big historic city. We circled it on one side and the 1st Division on the other side. So we took the first German town to fall.

Axis Sally, the propagandist, reported that the 30th Division was wiped out in the Siegfried Line. We weren't wiped out, but in 14 days it took to take Aachen, Germany, and penetrate the Siegfried Line, the 30th had over 2,000 casualties. It lost a third of its men, mostly in the three regiments, 117th, 119th, and 120th. We had platoons and squads almost wiped out. There were men of all ranks killed, and a lot of heroes made. We lost privates, PFCs, sergeants, lieutenants, captains, lieutenant colonels, and colonels. It compared to the invasion, in casualties.

Just a few days ago, we thought the Germans were whipped, and it was even rumored that we might be home for Christmas. It looks like we have a long time before going home. We just don't know what lays ahead.

I survived again. It's hard to understand why I live and so many of my friends and buddies are killed or wounded. One minute you could be talking to them, and the next minute they would be dead. It's so terrible. They are so young, some have wives and babies, most have families who love them. Someday maybe I can forget it. A part of me wants to, and a part of me doesn't. Why should I forget them?

A Breathing Spell

After six weeks of heavy and continuous fighting, the 30th Division is given a breathing spell and a much needed rest. We are given a chance to do some laundry, and take a shower. We were trucked to Pointst for showers. We also are able to have "B" rations. These are prepared by our cooks and are hot. What a treat after all the "K" rations, or doing without.

It is said that through the gap in the Siegfried Line that was made by the 30th, the 1st and 9th Armies will make a drive to the Rhine River.

We are to start another offensive on 10 November, and of course the 30th has its orders. It's said our supply lines are so long, it is hard to get ammo and supplies here. The ammo is rationed to us. We can only fire in case of an attack. The replacement of the fighting men at the replacement depot is short. As I said, it is said the 30th had over 2,000 casualties in the battle for Aachen and the Siegfried Line. It is also the rainy season and the roads and fields are real muddy. It seems we are losing boys faster than they can be replaced. It is raining a lot now, and the roads and fields are real muddy. It is beginning to get cold too. It seems we are having to fight with our units under strength.

The House Fire

It is beginning to snow, and it is real cold. Last night some of us who were not on watch took cover in a German home. There was an old couple living there. These homes here have one room for the cows, one for the horses, one for pigs, etc. In the attic they have their hay for the livestock.

Some of the boys decided to warm their supper. Somehow, some of the powder for the mortar shells was ignited, and we had a fire. The fire jumped up to the hay in the loft, and it caught fire. We got the livestock out, but the couple lost everything. I hated it for them; but they were just Germans. We just moved into another house.

Touching Instances

Two touching instances I keep remembering. One was, me

and another came upon a German soldier who had been killed. The other boy could read and speak some German. He searched the boy and found a letter he had written to his wife but never mailed. I still remember how he told her he loved her, and wished the war would hurry and end, so he could see her.

Another time we saw a German soldier who had been mortally wounded, but was still alive. I don't know which of us shot him. He could speak English. He said, "I know I'm going to die and wish one of you would pray for me." I thought, these boys



The 30th Division was at the Roer River by the middle of December, and the snow had not begun. They believed they would be off the front by Christmas. They wrote home about it.

are like us, they are here because they have to be. I still remember, it was in a sunken path in the woods. The battle was a small skirmish.

These are just two of the ones I can't forget.

It is awful here.

Thanksgiving Day

Today is Thanksgiving Day. It is real cold, and it is raining. We are back on the battle front again. We were told a few days back, we would get a much deserved rest, and could enjoy Thanksgiving. I wrote home and said I will be off the front for Thanksgiving and they were going to give us turkey and all the trimmings. We got it all right, about 3 a.m. Who can eat turkey that early in the morning, besides being scared and worried too.

Yesterday we were told that a new outfit on the front is under a lot of pressure, and need some help real bad, so we have to move up.

I wonder what the people at home did today. I sure am lonely and homesick. I sure do want to go home. I don't guess my little boy even thinks about me. He is only 15 months old. It seems so long since I've seen him and his mother. (11 months).

Today was a real rough day. I lost a good buddy, but I survived another day. I thank God each night for taking care of me through another day. It has rained all day and is cold.

Fighting in the Snow

It is getting cold here now. We are having a lot of snow. It is a lot of open country and makes the attacks worse. It is in the German's homeland, and they hate to give up any town. We try to find sheets, or anything white, to put on for camouflage in the snow.

Yesterday we got pinned down in the snow and couldn't move for a long time without being shot at by a sniper. Luckily we got on the move before night and moved into town.

I found a cow barn to sleep in. Some of us moved in. I had a good bed. I slept in a trough. Right next to me was a cow with her head in the trough. That was the way she died. She had been killed by shrapnel. It sure beat lying out in the snow. I slept pretty good. I was so tired.

At the Roer River

Today we are at the Roer River in Germany. We are in a town that's not too big and not too small. I think it is a factory town. My company is in a factory building and what is, I guess, a conference room. I think our next objective is the Rhine River. It is rumored we will train to make the assault crossing. I hope not.

They tell us we will be off the front after Christmas. I wrote home and told them I will. But I know what we were told Thanksgiving. We thought one time we might even be home for Christmas, but things changed after we hit Germany.

It is the middle of December now, almost Christmas. I guess people at home are getting into the Christmas spirit. I don't think I'll give any Christmas gifts this year. Today I got a big gift from Kat. It is in a big box and full of gifts wrapped separately in Christmas paper. I got a wedding band, a wool scarf, gloves, handkerchiefs, and underwear. They are all in Army color. I also got some sea foam candy. You couldn't send chocolate. It was a real nice gift.

It is beginning to snow.

The German Counter Attack

We are on the move again. We moved out today, 17 December. We were in a movie they were showing for us, and the announcement came for the 30th boys to report back to their unit at once. It was late in the afternoon (Sunday).

We liked it there. Our kitchens were with us and we got hot chow. When we had chow, the Germans would be waiting, with their pots, and after we ate they wanted us to put what we didn't eat in their pots.

We pulled out about dark, not knowing what was up or where we were going. We rode until late into the night, and then we stopped and moved into a vacant house. It is real cold but we had our sleeping rolls. Before day they got us up again and we were on the move, still not knowing where we were headed.

We rode all day, and about dark, we heard on the radio that Axis Sally said the Germans had made a big break through in the Ardennes Forest in Belgium, and the 30th Division is moving to rescue the 1st Army. So we were told then what is happening. The Germans have made a big break through.

The first town we were to go to the Germans have already reached it. We were given another town and the Germans have already reached it. Now we are trying to beat the Germans to the next town. Our battalion is supposed to be the advanced troops. So we moved into the next town, and set up positions.

I was in an apple orchard. Our tanks hadn't moved up and our artillery wasn't up. About daybreak the Germans moved in on us, hollering "Heil Hitler." It was one of Hitler's elite panzer divisions. We couldn't stop them, so our captain hollered and said, "Let's get the hell out of here. If we don't they will kill all of us." I threw down everything except my helmet, rifle, and rifle belt, said a quick sincere prayer and took off.

The only way out was a road on the side of the mountain, and the Germans had it covered with tank and machine gun fire. It

was covered with dead and wounded boys, but I made it again. We pulled back into position with the 2nd battalion. The tanks and artillery had moved up now, so we managed to stop them. We sure lost a lot of good boys. There is snow on the ground and still snowing.

It became known as the Battle of the Bulge. Of course this is just the beginning. It is in Belgium's Ardennes Forest.

The Battle of the Bulge

We are back in Belgium again now. It is almost Christmas. We are fighting in what we call the Battle of the Bulge. We were at the Roer River in Germany. We rode two days and nights to get here. The Germans broke through some new outfits and began to drive. I don't know how far they have come. My battalion was a task force to go forward and make contact with them.

It is real cold here. Some snow drifts are over waist deep, and makes the walking bad. Some of the Germans have on American soldier's uniforms and their weapons. We can't tell if they are Germans until they start firing on us. We don't want to fire on our G.I.s. They have also captured American tanks and turned them on us.

The weather is real bad, and so our planes can't help us any. We are having a lot of casualties. We are up against Hitler's elite troops. We ought to see how they have done the Belgium civilians. We have gone into homes where they destroyed Christmas trees, toys, and left civilians murdered, even small children.

It is real mountainous here, which makes the fighting worse. It's hard to keep our weapons from freezing. The water hanging in our canteens on our sides even freezes solid. They try to issue dry socks for us every day, but they can't always get to us. We are wrapping rags around our shoes to help keep our feet dry and warm. Some of the boys feet still freeze.

We find American G.I.s that have been captured and murdered. One of my horrors is getting captured or getting wounded and not being found.

We are sleeping in the snow at night. At least when we lay in the snow we are out of the cold wind. Last night I was lucky. We stopped near a village and I found a chicken house to sleep in. The chickens got scared and ran out into the snow, but it was better than sleeping out in the snow.

We are moving forward again now. I hope we can soon be out of these mountains (Ardennes). I think it is almost Christmas. I'll be glad when it is over, and I can go home. The wool scarf Kat gave me for Christmas feels good around my neck. I have on the wedding band also.

Christmas Eve - 1944

I'm in the Ardennes Forest in Belgium. It is Christmas Eve. We are fighting in what we call the Battle of the Bulge. We are fighting against some of Hitler's best troops. We are told he is using 29 armor divisions.

The fighting has been real tough because it is real mountainous here. The ground is covered with snow. The weather has been cloudy and low visibility, so we haven't had any air support.

Yesterday the sun came out and so did our planes. Boy, we were glad to see them. The P-47 is a good support plane for the infantry. It can give us close support. It carries a 500 pound bomb under each wing, and several .50 caliber machine guns. It comes in strafing and then if need be, drops the bombs.

We have the Germans stopped now. We hear they were



A German soldier, cold, hungry, and desperate — but dangerous!

advancing on a 50 mile front, and went in 60 miles. It is hard to keep enough replacements. We are getting boys from the rear echelon outfits, and boys fresh from the States.

It sure is cold. I saw an unusual looking thing yesterday. There was a dead German soldier sitting beside the road. He was frozen hard. He had his arms stretched out, and the communication boys came along and stretched the wire through his hands. It looked like he was sitting there holding the wire for us.

“Silent Night, Holy Night”

They pulled some of us off the front today. We are in a farm house, and it sure beats being out in the cold. We are still in the German artillery range, and we can hear the small arms firing. Tonight is Christmas Eve night. I guess the folks at home are celebrating. It is my little boy’s second Christmas. I wish I could be with him. I can’t even give him a Christmas gift.

We have a short wave radio in here with us so we can keep in touch. Axis Sally came on a few minutes ago, trying to break our morale. She said, “30th Division boys, we know where you are tonight. They don’t treat you boys fair. Whenever tough fighting comes up, that’s where they send you. You must be President Roosevelt’s shock troops. Where do you think your wives and sweethearts are tonight? Do you think they are just sitting there waiting for you?”

Then she played a record, “Silent Night, Holy Night.” We all got so homesick. We listened to that record and could hear shells bursting and rifles and machine guns firing. I guess every time I hear that song, I’ll think about that night.

A Costly Victory

It is 27 January 1945, and it seems our fighting days in the Battle of the Bulge might be over. We have been on the front since we made contact with the Germans 19 December. I’ll mention a couple of events that happened.

We were bombed in Malmedy, Belgium, two days by our planes. We tried to radio them and even put out our panels, to let them know we were American troops. We had a lot of casualties. I think we had 16 boys killed in one house.

Another event, it got so the German planes were out more. It

was real mountainous here in Belgium wherever we are, and of course the snow and cold are awful. Anyway, the German planes would fly down the between the mountains, and our anti-aircraft boys couldn’t fire on them, because they were set up on the high places so they could get a better view of the planes. If they fired on them they would be in danger of hitting each other. So one crew got wise to it and moved their gun down in the valley. The next time the planes came in, that crew shot down one. The pilot bailed out, but was too close to the ground for the chute to save him.

I went over where he fell. He was a nice looking young blonde boy. His finger nails had just been polished, so I figured he had just left his girl friend’s house. One more dead German.

We fought a lot along with the 82nd Airborne Division, and the 2nd Armored Division, and 743rd Tank Destroyer Battalion, and the 823rd Tank Destroyer Battalion. A lot of times I would go up to the exhaust of those tanks and warm my hands and feet.

Most nights we slept in the snow, but if I got the chance I would sleep in a house or barn. You see, we put out watches at night so we could sleep. That was a scary and lonely night if you were on guard. I remember one night I slept under a wagon shelter under a wagon. Of course some nights the Germans tried to keep us from resting.

We were told we will be pulled back and put in some houses where we can get a much deserved rest, and thaw out. We wonder what will happen next.

I read in my 30th Division history book that during the Battle of the Bulge, the 30th Division had 1,390 casualties, plus 460 boys with frozen and frost bite feet.

Another thing I read in the 30th Division book was about the assault group I was in when we made contact with the Germans on 19 December. You know I mentioned it a few pages back. We held off 30 German tanks and about 2,000 infantry men from 7 a.m. until 10 a.m. Then we got our orders to pull back.

I didn’t know at the time what it cost us: The book said the cost was high. It said we lost eight tank destroyers, two 37mm anti-tank guns, an anti-aircraft gun, and all the machine guns (eight). I was with one of the machine guns. Also 10 jeeps. It said there were 447 infantrymen in I Company, L Company, and part of M Company. It was said of the 447 infantrymen, there were 241 casualties. I was one of the 206 boys that got out.

The Importance of Communications

I guess you were wondering what my job was. I was experienced in machine guns. Part of the time I was a machine gun squad leader. I could take the machine guns apart in the dark and put them back together. Sometimes the firing pin would have to be replaced. Sometimes the gun would jam. Then you would pull the bolt back and reload it. A machine gun squad consisted of the squad leader, gunner, assistant gunner, and ammo bearer. It also took water in the barrel housing to keep the barrel cool. I also, part of the time, was in charge of keeping ammo to guns. Part of the time, I drove a jeep.

You see, I was there a long time and had experience in different places. We suffered a lot of casualties and most of the time were operating under strength, and I was put where I was needed. I had a good buddy who was killed while driving a jeep. He ran over a land mine and was blown up.

My primary job was communications. This was a very important part in combat. You just had to keep in touch. The best way

was stringing wire and using a telephone. I had to keep communications between company command and each platoon and observation post. A lot of time the wire would get broken by tanks, shellfire, and sometimes cut by the enemy. It involved going out at night, sometimes under heavy enemy fire. If communications was broken, I would have to go, while the rest could stay under cover.

Sometimes the wire was not the best method, so we had small walkie talkies. They were good but sometimes the batteries had to be replaced, or maybe it got destroyed. Then I would have to go and replace it.

Sometimes I carried what we called the 3rd radio. It was strapped to my back, and that was used to keep in touch with battalion command. The boys always hated for me to sit near them and begin talking on it. Just receiving was alright, but while talking, the Germans would sometimes pick it up and begin shelling. When they did that, I would just get up and move.

We didn't have modern communications then as we do now, but it did the job.

The Last Battle

I was not trained on the 81mm mortars. Sometimes I helped keep them ammo and sometimes I went out with the forward observer to help direct fire. I just went for protection.

The last battle I was in was with the observer in the attic of a large house on the Elbe River. We were observing out a dormer window. While we were there we saw about 100 Germans coming charging from the woods. The woods were about 200 yards from the river. Between the woods and the river was an open field. We knew we had to stop them, or be overrun. We were observing for six mortars. He called for fire, and after he got the range right, he told the gunners to pour it to them. I saw them set up a machine gun in a shell hole, and we got a direct hit on it. I saw the men and gun go up into the air. We got them stopped. He had a rifle, and I had a BAR automatic rifle, a 45 pistol, and a trench knife.

That was my last battle. That is where we waited for the Russians. The Lord watched over me, and I was never hurt.

Ready to Go Home

I don't remember a lot of things, but I do remember this day. The war is over and we are occupying a German town. I don't even remember the name of the town. The war had been over just a few days. I received a phone call from battalion headquarters. He asked, "How many points do you have?" I said, "I have 113 points." He said, "That is what we counted." You only had to have 78 points to be eligible to go home.

"The Point System"

This is how the point system worked:

1. The length of time in service. I had 4 years, 9 months, and nine days.
2. The length of time overseas. I was overseas 16 months.
3. The number of campaigns fought in. I fought in five. I was awarded five battle stars.
4. If you had received a medal. I was given the Bronze Star medal and citation, for heroic performance while under intense enemy fire.
5. If you are married. I was married.
6. If you had children. I had one little boy, 1 year and nine

months old.

Soon he called back and asked, "Are you ready to go home?" He said, "Turn in your rifle and other equipment and report to headquarters, and you will be on your way home."

The First Ship to Return

We came back by transport ship. I was among the first group of soldiers to come home. I think we sailed for seven days. The funny part about it, when coming over, about everyone got seasick. Coming back, no one got seasick. They were sun bathing, singing, or whatever.

We sailed from the Boston harbor, but we came back by the Statue of Liberty in the New York Harbor. We really got a big heroic welcome home. We were put on buses and carried to a big mess hall and were given a big steak, and all the trimmings. We even got ice cream, the first I had had in a long time.

We spent the night in New York, and the next day we boarded trains and went to our place of separation, or discharge.

Discharged

We arrived at Fort Bragg and spent one night there. I thought, "This close home, I just have to go home." So the next morning another soldier and I hitchhiked to Wilson. From there, I caught a taxi home. Boy was I glad to see my wife and little boy. The rest of the family too.

The next morning Papa took me to Wilson where I met the soldier I came home with. His friend took us back to Fort Bragg. After I checked in, I learned that the group I was with were sent to Fort Gordon, Georgia, to be discharged.

I reported to the lieutenant who was in charge. He was mad, and said, "I think I'll just keep you and make an example of you." Boy that was the wrong thing for him to say. I said, "Let me tell you something, them little bars you have on your shoulder don't mean a thing to me, I also see you have on a 4F shoulder patch. Let me tell you something, where I just came from I had to kill so I could live. That was how I lived."

I just kept on, and he said, "There is a bus leaving tomorrow morning, and if you will just hush, I'll see myself that you are on it." So the next morning I went to Camp Gordon, Georgia. I got my discharge.

A Final Word

On 16 September 1940, I joined the Army for 12 months. After four years, nine months, and nine days I got my discharge. I had one birthday in England, and my 25th birthday in combat. So now at the age of 25 I am still young but feel kind of like an old man.

It is said my division had 200% casualties. I was never wounded physically, but I'll never get over it.

It is so good to be home with my loved ones again.

—PUTNEY WINSTEAD - 1995

Epilogue

After the war, Daddy returned to Elm City, in Wilson County, North Carolina where he farmed for about ten years, raising tobacco, cotton, corn, and other crops familiar in the eastern part of the state. He later became a highly respected building contractor in the Rocky Mount area.

He had been a deacon in his local church for over 50 years and served for many years as the adult Sunday School class teacher. He is a charter member of the American Legion post in Elm City, and is still an active member. Daddy still lives in Elm

City and lead active and fulfilling lives. Katherine Elizabeth Tant Winstead, beloved wife of Putney Jordan Winstead, passed on 2 April 2007.

I was born in 1943, and was only six months old when Daddy left for the war. He missed my first birthday. My sister, Jeanne Katherine Winstead, was born in 1946, and my brother, Michael Putney Winstead, was born in 1947. In addition to three children, he now has six grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. He is really proud of his family and we love him very much.

—BILLY WINSTEAD - 1995

Daddy died on 2 January 2004 with all his family at his side, after a final fight with heart related issues. The small country church was full for his Saturday funeral. My sister had tickets for our family to all attend the WWII Memorial dedication in Washington, D.C., in May 2004. Daddy wanted to be there but didn't live long enough to make it. A real disappointment that it took 59 years to build and dedicate a WWII Memorial for our soldiers who fought so valiantly for her defense.

—MICK WINSTEAD, 2011

A Legacy of War

By Tom Belton

By the spring of 1865 the citizens of Raleigh had probably heard many stories regarding the destruction carried out by the soldiers of General William T. Sherman during his passage through both Georgia and the Carolinians. In the early dawn of 13 April 1865, William H. Harrison, the mayor of Raleigh, along with other jittery municipal officials and local citizens, rode out Raleigh's Old Garner Road to meet the approaching Federal troops under General Hugh Judson Kilpatrick. Upon contact, Harrison unconditionally surrendered the city and promised the Federals that they would face no military opposition when they entered the city. Unfortunately, one Texas cavalry troop fired on the advancing Federal column coming up Fayetteville Street and then fled west toward St. Mary's College. Union cavalry captured him and he soon found himself in front of an infuriated Kilpatrick who ordered his immediate execution.

Within hours thousands of Union soldiers had entered Raleigh and had set up camps both in and around the city. Among these troops was Wilson Dixson who served in an engineering unit attached to General William T. Sherman's headquarters.¹ Dixson bivouacked among the thousands of men encamped on the high ground at Dorothea Dix Hospital which overlooked Raleigh. Like all of the other soldiers in Sherman's command, Dixson probably appreciated the opportunity to rest following their long march from Georgia. As part of an engineering unit, he had access to stone cutting or carving tools and utilized part of his rest time to inscribe his name and unit on a large rock near the present day front gate at Central Prison. The inscription reads (with all the S's written backwards): "1865 Wilson Dixson Co. C 1st Mo. Engrs." Leaving a name or graffiti is as old as war itself, and many Civil War soldiers on both sides often left inscriptions as a legacy of their visit.

Overall the Union soldiers who came in contact with individual North Carolinians found them much more agreeable in personal conversations than the people of South Carolina. However, the mood of the soldiers quickly soured on 17 April when word quickly spread that President Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated. Many of the occupying troops wanted revenge against anything Southern so the citizens of Raleigh remained locked in the houses fearing retribution. That evening an estimated mob of

2,000 men carrying torches left their camps for Raleigh. However, before they could enter the city they were met by General John Logan who ordered them to disperse and return to their camps. Many pushed by General Logan, but all quickly retired when they saw a battery of artillery ahead loaded with canister ready to fire on them.

Within two weeks of Lincoln's death the war ended when Confederate forces commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston surrendered to General William T. Sherman. Wilson Dixson and thousands of other Union soldiers in and around Raleigh soon broke camp and marched north for Washington to take part in the "Grand Review" celebrating Federal victory and the end of the war. Afterwards, Wilson Dixson was among the thousands of veterans who accepted their well-earned discharges and then headed home. While relating his war experiences later, Dixson probably told his family how he had left his name inscribed on a large rock in North Carolina so the locals would remember the visit of one of Sherman's soldiers.

As decades passed, the view of the rock was likely blocked occasionally by the growth of brush and grass. Its existence remains largely unknown today even by the most avid local

Civil War enthusiast. In 1983 the story of the inscription along with a photograph of the rock was included in a detailed publication on the history of Wake County.²

In 1868 the General Assembly appointed a committee to select a site for a new state prison. Eventually land adjacent to the Dorothea Dix Hospital was purchased and the new prison was constructed several hundred yards north of the rock with Dixson's name on it.³ Today the rock is sandwiched between a prison parking lot and Western Boulevard. Because of its location inside prison property, it is not accessible for public viewing. It remains, however, as a visible record of our nation's greatest war and the April 1865 occupation of Raleigh by Sherman's Army.



Dixson's rock on the grounds of North Carolina's Central Prison.

1. According to military documents in the National Archives the name appears as "Dixon" in his military records. However, the name "Dixson" is clearly cut into the rock.
2. Murray, Elizabeth Reid. Wake: Capital County of North Carolina, Volume I, Prehistory through Centennial. Raleigh: Capital County Publishing Company, 1983: 513-514.
3. Ibid, 598-599.

KOREA THE FORGOTTEN WAR

25 June 1950-27 July 1953



**Korean War Veterans Memorial, Washington, D.C., dedicated 27 July 1995
42 years after the cessation of hostilities.**

BY RICHARD M. RIPLEY
COLONEL, U.S. ARMY (RETIRED)

The United States Armed Forces suffered 33,665 American killed in action in Korea; 3,275 died from non-hostile causes. Total: 36,940 Americans gave their lives in the Korean Theater. There were 92,134 wounded in action in 103,284 battle actions. A total of 1,789,000 Americans served in the Korean theater during the Korean War from 25 June 1950 to 27 July 1953. There are still 8,031 MIAs as of 31 December 2009.

South Korea sustained 1,312,836 military casualties, including 415,004 dead; casualties among other United Nations allies totaled 16,532, including 3,094 dead. Estimated Communist casualties were 2 million. The economic and social damage to the Korean nation was incalculable.

The Korean War Veterans Memorial was authorized by Public Law 99-572 on 28 October 1986 to honor members of the United States Armed Forces who served in the Korean War, particularly those who were killed in action, are still missing in action, or were held as prisoners of war. The site is located on French Drive, SW adjacent to the Lincoln Memorial directly across the reflecting pool from the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. It is open daily 0800 till midnight closing on Christmas day. There is no charge for admission. There are 19 heroic scale statues, each 7 feet 3 inches tall, depicting 14 Army, 3 Marine, 1 Navy, and 1 Air Force personnel. They represent an ethnic cross section of America with 12 Caucasian, 3 African

American, 2 Hispanic, 1 Oriental, 1 Indian (Native American). The juniper bushes are meant to be symbolic of the rough terrain encountered in Korea, and the granite stripes of the obstacles overcome in war. The Marines in column have the helmet chin straps fastened and helmet covers. Three of the Army statues are wearing paratrooper boots and all equipment is authentic from the Korean War era. Three of the statues are in the woods, so if you are at the flagpole looking through the troops, you can't tell how many there are, and there could be legions emerging from the woods.

The statues are made of stainless steel, a reflective material that when seen in bright sunlight causes the figures to come to life. The blowing ponchos give motion to the column, so you can feel them walking up the hill with the cold winter wind at their backs, talking to one another. At nighttime the fronts of the statues are illuminated with a special white light; the finer details of the sculptures are clearly seen and the ghosts appear.

The Mural Wall located on site consists of 41 panels extending 164 feet. Over 15,000 photographs of the Korean War were obtained from the National Archives to create the mural. The photographs were enhanced by computer to develop a uniform lighting effect and size, and to create a mural with over 2,400 images. The mural depicts Army, Navy Marine, Air Force and Coast Guard personnel and their equipment.

North Carolina Military Historical Society

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Military Historical Society Symposium

The annual general membership meeting and military history symposium of the North Carolina Military Historical Society is scheduled for Saturday, 21 May 2011, at the North Carolina Museum of History, Raleigh, North Carolina, from 9:30 a.m. to approximately 3:30 p.m. Registration is free and will be held from 9:30 a.m. until 10:00 a.m.. An optional subsandwich lunch is available for \$5.00, payable at the door for those who have made advance reservations. To reserve a meal, email the Society at ncmilhistsoc@yahoo.com by 11 May.

The symposium follows a very brief general meeting of the membership. This year our theme is "Korea: The Forgotten War," and features five outstanding speakers who will make presentations on their experiences in the Korean War.

Our scheduled speakers will be Mr. Lloyd Mielenz, who will speak on his early war experiences including his wounding and near capture by the North Koreans; retired Command Sergeant Major Brad Wester Dahl, who will discuss his combat service in the 1st Marine Division; Colonel Richard M. Ripley, one of the founding fathers of the Green Berets, who for a year commanded "Operation Wolfpack," a guerrilla force operation behind enemy lines; Mr. Jack Wallace, will tell about his extensive front line service with the 10th Combat Engineer Battalion; and, Mr. Hal Shook, will discuss the air war from the perspective of a combat pilot. Closing out the day will be an all-speakers panel discussion during which the audience will have the opportunity to ask questions.

Complimenting our excellent slate of speakers will be living historians in Korean War uniforms. They will carry original arms and equipment and set up educational displays.

Midway through the symposium we will take a break to enjoy our catered lunch. For those who do not care to eat, lunch-time options include a self-guided tour of the North Carolina Museum of History (of special note are the new Civil War exhibit and the first phase of the chronology exhibit on state history), North Carolina Museum of Natural Science, the State Archives of North Carolina, the North Carolina Legislative Building, or our beautiful 1840's era Capitol Building and monument grounds, all within a block of the symposium site.

If you have history-related books, magazines, prints, artifacts, figures, maps, DVDs, videos, cassettes, or other similar items you wish to donate for our raffle, please bring them on the day of the symposium. Donated items will be raffled throughout the course of the day, with the funds generated supporting the operation of the Society, including the publication of the Society's magazine, *Recall*. We need your donations!

On behalf of the North Carolina Military Historical Society, we invite you to join us for a fun-filled and informative day.

If you have questions, contact us at ncmilhistsoc@yahoo.com, or call (910) 897-7968. A program with more detailed information on the day's activities will be sent to all members at a later date.

PREPARING FOR VICTORY:

*Thomas Holcomb and the Making of the
Modern Marine Corps, 1936-1943*

by DAVID J. ULBRICH

The two decades that followed World War I brought hard times to the U.S. Marine Corps. By 1936, the Corps had shrunk from 75,101 Marines (in 1918) to only 17,234. As international tensions escalated when Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, and Imperial Japan expanded their military forces, the United States possessed neither the will to fight nor a sufficiently strong military to counter these threats. At this low point in December 1936,

Thomas Holcomb became the seventeenth commandant of the Marine Corps.

Preparing Victory is the first book to document Holcomb's crucial role as commandant during the Great Depression and World War II. Ulbrich shows how Holcomb's rare combination of abilities as a progressive manager, a meticulous planner, a visionary leader, and a shrewd publicist enabled him to guide the Corps through both the lean prewar period and the brutal war years that followed.



Blending biographical, institutional, and operational history with leadership studies, organizational theory, and social and cultural history, the book explains how and why Holcomb succeeded in expanding the Marine Corps from its meager numbers in 1936 to 385,000 by 1943.

Ulbrich contends that Holcomb's abilities and achievements match those of Chester W. Nimitz and George C. Marshall. Despite Holcomb's success, however, he has been given short shrift in histories of the Marine Corps. To correct the oversight, this detailed biography draws on a wide range of sources to tell the story of the Marine commandant who helped to transform the Corps.

David J. Ulbrich is a historian at the U.S. Army Engineer School at Fort Leonard Wood in Missouri. He received the 2003-2004 General Lemuel Shepherd Dissertation Fellowship from the Marine Corps Heritage Foundation. Ulbrich earned his doctorate in history at Temple University.

The North Carolina Military Historical Society

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EDITOR'S TACK ROOM

By Richard M. Ripley

As editor, I have asked Sion Harrington III and Tim Winstead to join with Barrie Davis to serve as Assistant Editors. Barrie has been Assistant Editor for many years and is responsible for putting the draft publication into final form for printing. Si and Tim will focus on helping me to obtain stories for *Recall*.



Concerning submission of stories for *Recall*, I would appreciate it if you submitted your story as an email Word attachment in 12 or 14 letter size. Please do not embed photos into your manuscript. Often it is difficult to separate photos from the manuscript. Indicate in your manuscript where the photo should go. Send photos as a separate .jpg attachments to rripley@nc.rr.com. If you prefer, you can mail the photos to me. I will insure that photos will be safely returned to you. My mailing address is Richard M. Ripley, 4404 Leota Drive, Raleigh, NC 27603.

Hope to see you at the Annual Meeting on 21 May at the State Museum of History in Raleigh.

FOR A SOLDIER

In 1944, Bessie F. Davis, wife of a Baptist preacher in Zebulon, N.C., had had one son killed early in World War II and two other sons were serving overseas — one in the Pacific and one in Europe. It was during this time she composed this moving poem.

I do not fear that war will bring enough
Of horror and of fear to crush my soul;
In spite of all the sorrow it may cause
We still shall struggle toward a higher goal.
And even should it be that you must go
To where your face I nevermore shall see,
My pride in you would give my spirit strength
And Faith would whisper cheering words to me.
But, oh, beloved, if the glad day comes
That I shall hear your step approach the door,
Shall hear your voice calling out to me
In accents that I knew in days of yore,
I am afraid my throbbing heart would swell
To bursting point with keenest ecstasy,
And that before I meet you life will fail,
And in that blissful moment I shall die.

--BESSIE F. DAVIS

Photos, Interviews Sought

In 1998, the N.C. Division of Archives and History began Phase III of its effort to better document the state's 20th century military experience. Previous phases have focused on the period from 1900 through the end of the Korean War. Though still actively collecting and preserving items from this era, the Archives is seeking to honor North Carolina veterans who served North Carolina and the nation from 1954 through the present.

The Military History Collection Project also is engaged in an extensive oral history program. People around the state are encouraged to tape interviews with veterans of all time periods and services for deposit in the Military Collection of the State Archives. If you have items to share, please mail them to or contact: Sion Harrington III, Coordinator, Military Collection Project, North Carolina Division of Archives and History, 109 East Jones Street, Raleigh, N.C. 27601-2807; or call 919-807-7314. E-mail: sion.harrington@ncmail.net.

Contribute Articles to Recall

Readers are invited to submit material to *Recall*. In choosing material for publication, the editor of *Recall* will give preference to articles of unusual significance and transcripts or abstracts of difficult-to-locate records. Material submitted for publication will be reviewed by persons knowledgeable in the areas covered for validity, significance, and appropriateness. All material will be edited for clarity and conciseness. Manuscripts should be sent to the Editor, 4404 Leota Drive, Raleigh, N.C. 27603. Tel. 919-772-7688. E-mail: rripley@nc.rr.com.

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