



THE VOICE

August 2020 Edition

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Editor's Opening

The 25th June 2020 saw the 70th Anniversary of the start of the Korean War. The still strict COVID-19 restrictions in Victoria trammelled any real marking of the event, though in other countries (and some Australian States or regions such as the Gold Coast) with less strict rules, limited commemorations did take place. The South Koreans were, as usual, ahead of everyone, employing technology to hold the world's first Internet veterans commemoration service. It took place in Yongin, in the Seoul region of South Korea and was officially sponsored by the 70th Anniversary of the Korean War Commemoration Committee of Korea's Ministry of Patriots and Veterans Affairs.



From Vince Courtney's excellent online newsletter, *The Korean War Veteran...*

This photograph from YONHAP, South Korea's government owned but virtually independent news service, shows the stage at the Sae Eden Church. The images on the screen at rear of stage are all live, being transmitted via ZOOM service from the homes of veterans, family members of those who fell in service in Korea during the war, and dignitaries from Canada, the Philippines, Thailand

and the United States. Note that the parishioners are seated in a social distancing arrangement.

The 25th June commemorations overshadowed the 27 July ceasefire services which, at least in Victoria, had the same limitations as applied in June. For the first time in...longer than I care to remember, the KVAA did not hold a commemoration at The Shrine of Remembrance or any other location.

Due to the July flare-up in COVID-19 cases, the KVAA didn't manage to hold the advertised Committee/General Meeting at the Stella Maris Seafarers Centre on Wednesday 29th July. As you can probably guess, the AGM is still on hold until better times. For those legal eagles among

(continues on Page 8)

Among all those of both sides who survived having been held in prisoner of war camps in World War II, the average weight loss during captivity was 38 lbs. Among those held prisoner by the Japanese, however, the average loss of weight was 61 lbs.

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A Soldier's Story

by Charles S. Douglas

Part Four

On April 17th, 1953 the Chinese launched a major attack on Pork Chop. Lieutenant Joe Clemons of King Company, 3rd Battalion, 31st Regiment was heavily involved in Pork Chop. (Gregory Peck played Clemons in the movie). Clemons, who I met on one or two occasions, was a solid soldier out of West Point.

Things were not going well on Pork Chop. King Company was reinforced by Easy Company of the 17th Regiment, called the "Buffaloes." One day I received orders to report to the rear and leave someone else in command of my platoon. This didn't sound good. I knew I wasn't going home.

Once in the rear, I was told that I was being transferred temporarily to the 17th Regiment and was being promoted to 1st Lieutenant. I was the new Company Commander of Easy Company. I believe this is called a battlefield promotion.

The problem with this was that there were 15 men out of 200 who were still alive coming off Pork Chop. Two hundred new recruits had just arrived from Japan. I could tell they didn't know which end of the rifle the bullet came out of. This was my new company. Here I was, at 23, a "seasoned" veteran fully responsible for the lives of 200 18-year-old "kids."

I was really scared. I know what our mission would be without being told: rescue Clemons and what's left of King Company. In the movie, Gregory Peck is screaming for help and reinforcements. I suppose that was me and Easy Company.

We were loaded on trucks in the dark of night and we waited at the base of Pork Chop to move up the hill. For whatever reason, the order didn't come and we returned to the rear. To this day I don't know the reason. I was immediately sent back to Westview to rejoin my platoon. So ended my short stint as a Company Commander.

May arrived and we had lost Pork Chop. Whereas the movie ended with Peck and what was left of his men holding on to Pork Chop, we subsequently abandoned the hill after a terrible loss of life. Westview was by that time totally exposed to the enemy, with Baldy straight ahead and Pork Chop on the right.

Our movement was severely restricted. There's no question in my mind that if the Chinese really wanted Westview they could have easily overpowered us. If that had been their game plan, this story would not be told at this time – or ever. They got what they wanted: two highly publicized political hills and the extra bargaining chip at the peace table that went with their success.

The Baldy, Pork Chop, and Westview battles were front page news in New York and around the country, gory pictures and all. The articles clearly mentioned

the 7th Division and the 31st, 32nd, and 17th Regiments. Family back home knew I was part of the 31st Regiment. It's fair to say that they expected to receive the dreaded telegram from the Department of the Army, stating "We regret to inform you..."

We entered July, when we were told peace could occur within days. The daily shelling continued. By now we were all oblivious of what was going on. Our mind sets varied from keeping a very low profile and not doing anything stupid to complete fatalism.

I've heard men say such things as "Unless there's a bullet with my name on it, I'll be okay" or "Whatever is meant to be will be." Unfortunately, I saw men die needlessly with that mentality. We finally got the word that at a special time on July 27th 1953 all military action should cease. That was everybody's last chance to unload every piece of artillery available. I knew guys killed on the last day.

When the agreed upon time arrived, all firing ceased and it was like you could hear a pin drop. Within minutes all of the Chinese were out of their bunkers standing on the crest of Baldy waving at us. It really was a spooky feeling. An hour before they were trying to kill me. Now, they were my long lost buddies.

I was hesitant to come out and wave back for fear that there still might be one or two of them that didn't get the word or might want to take a few more shots just for the hell of it. Let's just say I didn't wave back.

The fighting was over and I would be going home. There are no words in the English language (or any other language) that can describe what it's really like to be in combat. It's a unique experience that can only be understood by being a part of it. I will not now or at any time try to explain it.

We returned to rear areas to await our return home. We were told that it could be a long wait, as POWs (Prisoners of War) were to given first priority. We had no problem with this. The boat trip home would be ten days. While in the rear I saw a familiar face: Major Burdette, my Georgia Tech ROTC instructor. Small world!

After a few weeks I was driven to Seoul. From there I flew to Tokyo for the journey home. Much to my surprise, I got to fly home from Tokyo. This time I took the southern route via Wake Island, Honolulu, and then on to San Francisco. I'll never forget that when we approached the West Coast, the first sight was the Golden Gate Bridge. I can't describe the feeling. This was the first realization that I was truly on my way home, San Francisco to Chicago and onto New York City.

(continues on Page 4)

My family and Glenda met me. There were no parades, no bands, and no ceremonies. Then again, I wasn't expecting any. The uniform came off that night, never to be worn again. I was just a soldier who served his country and was proud of it. I am asked from time to time if I would go back to Korea. The answer is yes – under the right circumstances. World War II vets can readily go back to any part of Europe, such as Normandy and actually stand where their buddies died. This is not so in Korea.

Baldy, Pork Chop, Westview, Dale, Cocoa and other hills are smack in the middle of the demilitarized zone called “No Man's Land” As long as North Korea

and South Korea remain two countries, visitation to “my hills” is impossible. Even if I could, 47 years later the new growth of trees and vegetation would make things unrecognizable. I would nevertheless go if I could. I have no desire to just visit South Korea.

Source: *The Graybeards*, Vol.26, No.2, May-June 2012

In June 1944, the number of men in the U.S. Army qualified for overseas service but filling jobs in the interior of the United States exceeded the number of infantrymen in Europe and the Mediterranean combined.
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Swift To Destroy

by Tom Moore

RAAF No. 77 Squadron (Motto: Swift To Destroy), commanded by Wing Commander Lou Spence, was committed to action over Korea as part of the UN Command, under operational control of the U.S. Fifth Air Force. It was part of the British Commonwealth Occupation Force in Japan, flying P-51 Mustangs, the long-range fighter-bomber. No. 77 Squadron flew its initial escort and patrol sorties from the RAAF Base at Iwakuni, Japan, on 2 July 1950. It was the first non-American, non-Republic of Korea (ROK) UN unit into Korean War operations.

The squadron suffered its first fatality on 7 July 1950, when Squadron Leader Graham Strout was killed during a raid on Samchok, South Korea, now a sister city to Mareeba Shire, Queensland. Strout was the first Australian to die in the Korean War.

Then No. 77 Squadron supported UN troops with rocket and napalm attacks. In August 1950, the squadron claimed 35 enemy Russian T-34 tanks destroyed, 212 enemy vehicles destroyed, 18 enemy railway engines and cars destroyed, and 13 enemy fuel or ammunition dumps destroyed.

But, the squadron paid a price, on 3 September 1950, Sergeant Bill Harrop was forced down behind communist lines and executed. On 9 September 1950, Wing Commander Lou Spence was killed when his P-51 Mustang aircraft failed to pull out of a dive during a napalm attack on Angang-eup, South Korea (*eup* means a town) on the Hyeongsan River, in south-eastern South Korea. Squadron Leader Dick Cresswell replaced Spence as Squadron Commanding Officer.

After the Inchon amphibious landing on 15 September 1950, the communist retreated from the Pusan Perimeter, and on 12 October 1950, No. 77 Squadron was transferred from Japan to USAF, K-3, Pohang, South Korea.

On 1 November 1950, the squadron flew its first mission against Chinese ground forces, who were fighting the 3RAR at Pakchon, North Korea. On 14 November 1950, two No. 77 Squadron pilots died in a fire in their tent, where they were housed in below zero weather. The squadron was moved to Yohpo Airfield, near Hamhung, North Korea. Later, Chinese counter-attacks led to the squadron being withdrawn to Pusan, South Korea, on the south-east Korean coast, on 3 December 1950.

The RAAF wanted to replace the piston-driven P-51 Mustangs because they were being outclassed by the Russians in their Mikoyan-Gurevich MiG-15 “Jet” swept-winged aircraft. The RAAF attempted to procure F-86 “Jet” Sabre aircraft, but could not get deliveries until 1954. So they obtained “Jet” Gloster Aircraft Company Meteor F-8 conventional straight-wing aircraft for RAAF No. 77 Squadron.

The squadron returned to Iwakuni, Japan Airbase, for jet conversion training. Then with about 30 Meteor F-8s and T-7s, the squadron moved to USAF, K-14, Kimpo Air Base in July 1951. Flying bomber escort duty in “MiG Alley”, the Meteors proved inferior in combat against the elite Soviet 176th, Guards Fighter Aviation Regiment (176 GIAP), flying MiG-15s with North Korean markings. Because of the MiGs superiority, No. 77 Squadron was reassigned to ground-attack duties. [However, in a minor reversal, in March 1953, Sergeant John Hale shot down a MiG-15].

By the end of the Korean War, RAAF No. 77 Squadron had flown 4,836 missions, destroyed six Russian MiG-15s, over 3,500 structures and some 1,500 enemy vehicles. On the flip side; about 30 squadron Meteor aircraft were lost to enemy action in Korea, the majority downed by anti-aircraft fire during in ground-attacks.

On 27th July 1953...

From *The Graybeards, Korean War 60th Anniversary Special Edition III, Vol.27, No.5, 2013*

William J. Miller Snr, Missouri, USA...

I was in Class 29 at the Artillery School OCS at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. We graduated from OCS Dec. 2, 1952, and I ended up in Korea, where I was when the peace treaty was signed.

When 10 p.m. came July 27, 1953, the time of the truce, in our sector, there was no hooting and hollering. The reason: we didn't know whether to trust the enemy to abide by the cease-fire. We would not have been surprised if the Chinese and North Korean troops kept on fighting.

We were ordered not to fire after 10 p.m. There had been enough of it up till that time. One story making the rounds was that the artillery units did not want to haul all their ammo back, and wanted to get rid of it, so they just kept firing. That was just a rumor. We kept our guard up all night. The rumors of a truce had been heard for weeks, but after the big Chinese push early in July, we didn't know what to expect.

For the infantry company I was assigned to, the final night of the shooting was unusual. We had been in a blocking position, not far from the front lines, after weeks of being on line. For some unexplained reason, our company was ordered to replace a Greek infantry unit, which was on line.

The Greeks were assigned to the 3rd Division. We started up to the front about dusk. Almost as soon as we started, all on foot, except for two Jeeps, we had incoming rounds. We scattered on both sides of the trail and dug in rapidly. No one wanted to get hit the final night.

After about 15 minutes, it was over and there were no casualties. So, we again headed for the front. When we arrived, the Greeks said they weren't going to leave and would stay the night with us. They had had a few casualties and felt safer with us.

We took positions with the Greek soldiers. I was on high ground in front of the unit and had a good view of "no man's land." The Greek forward observer stayed with me in our outpost. He couldn't speak any English, except for a few words. There had been sporadic firing up to 10 p.m. in our sector. A few enemy rounds landed near our unit. We didn't fire any artillery – no fire missions that night. No one was hit by incoming rounds. For the most part, the firing did stop at 10 p.m.

As usual, since it had become a night war, we were up all night. At daybreak, we watched Chinese troops steal our equipment from a U.S. artillery unit that had been overrun a few days earlier.

They took everything they could get their hands on, including a 105 howitzer. We couldn't believe it when they used a large white horse to pull an artillery piece out of the mud. We asked permission to fire on them. The word from battalion was, "no firing."

We were told that the unit that was overrun was the 555th (Triple Nickel) Field Artillery Battalion, which occurred during that early and middle July Chinese attack. The ROK Capital Division had been hit hard and the 3rd Division had been sent into plug the gap, which it did. It was chiefly an artillery battle.

One night, after we had relieved the South Koreans, Chinese troops attacked and just kept coming into our artillery fire. They gained no new ground, retreated, and did not hit that sector again during the time I was there. We stayed in that sector for several days before returning to a blocking position, up to the final night of the shooting. Later I was back with my artillery battery, in a training mode.

I returned home in late October, 1953, under the early release program for reserve officers.

Robert E. Shelton, Tennessee, USA...

In the late afternoon of July 27, 1953, our detachment officer entered our squad tent and asked if someone would volunteer to drive him up to the front lines. When I left for the service my dad gave me these words of advice: don't call attention to yourself and never, never volunteer for anything.

Our company had a group of men assigned to front line duty and they, like all of us, had to sign papers acknowledging that the cease fire was to take effect at 10:00 p.m. that evening. Since it was after 6:00 p.m., I thought that both sides at the front would be packing things up in preparation for the cease fire and maybe even doing some sun bathing on the ridges. So I volunteered to drive the jeep to the front!

We left camp around 7:00 p.m. As we approached the front, I could hear explosions which became louder as we got closer. To my surprise, along both sides of the road, in the valleys, batteries of artillery were firing salvo after salvo. I turned to the lieutenant and asked him what this was all about so close to the cease fire taking effect. He asked what would be my choice: packing up all that ammo or using up as much as I could till the last minute.

Enough said!

We reached our group entrenched along a ridge line. I glanced towards the front and could clearly see puffs

(continues on Page 6)

On 27th July 1953... (continued from Page 5)

of smoke where all these rounds were landing. The lieutenant finished his assignment and said "Let's get the hell out of here."

He didn't have to say that twice.

As we headed towards the jeep, I glanced towards the valley and saw that the batteries were still firing repeatedly. Then I noticed that puffs of smoke were appearing down in those valleys. I remarked to the lieutenant that those artillery boys were firing so dam much that their guns were exploding.

He said, "That's incoming."

I reached down to turn the ignition key on the jeep when we heard a churning sound (not a whistle). We both dived out of the jeep and sprawled on the ground. I noticed men running toward a bunker on the down side of the ridge we were on top of. So, I joined them. I had no idea where the lieutenant went.

I remained in the bunker for about 45 minutes as shells kept falling in the valley below. The men lit up cigarettes and passed them around. I didn't smoke, but I lighted one anyhow. I guess I was nervous. I got more nervous when I heard the quad fifty open up just above us. I thought "This is stupid. Men are getting wounded or killed this close to the end of the war!"

Once the barrage subsided, the lieutenant found me and said our jeep was damaged but operational, and repeated "Let's get the hell out of here" – which we did!

Allan M. Geddes, Iowa, USA...

Home for me on the day of the cease fire in Korea was at the north end of a valley named Kaj on-ni. We were located about 30 miles north of the 38th Parallel and 12 miles in from the east coast of Korea. I was Ammo Cpl. in the 4th Gun Section of Charlie Battery, 780th Field Artillery Battalion.

The 780th FA Bn was an 8 inch "203mm" towed howitzer battalion which was an Army Reserve Battalion around the Roanoke, VA area before the Korean War. They were ordered into federal service and arrived in Korea in 1951. These howitzers were very accurate weapons. Their main mission was to knock out caves and bunkers used to hide enemy gun positions.

This we were successful at as our 4th section alone knocked out over 50 gun positions while there. The rest of the battalion was located about 60 miles by road from us. Batteries A & B were in line south of the Punch Bowl with HQ and Service behind them. Charlie "C" Battery, ostensibly alone, really was not, because many 105mm and 155mm battalions were in Kajon-ni Valley with a battery of 155mm "Long Toms" on the behind the valley.

This was the largest group in the 10th Corp. Artillery. During the time here, Charlie Battery was in support of the 1st Marine Division, the 40th Infantry, 45th Infantry, and the twelve ROK divisions.

At night, a giant search light shined out across the Kajon-ni valley toward the front. This light enabled us to see movement at up to 100 yards. During the day smoke pots gave off a cloud cover so the North Koreans and Chinese on a hill a half mile away, to our left front, could not zero in on the artillery there. Kaj on-ni was referred to as "Smoke Valley" by a few.

On the morning of July 27, 1953, at about 8 a.m., we received word that a cease fire would go into effect at 10 pm that night. The general reaction was "Yeah, sure," as we had heard many times before that a cease fire was near. We went on with our regular duties: howitzer maintenance, cleaning up, counting ammo, and such. We had a fire mission around 9 a.m. and another as I recall about 1 p.m. Things were quiet after that, but it would not last.

About 5 p.m. enemy artillery shells "incoming" started hitting in a 155 mm battalion to our right rear. There were 76 and 122mm rounds coming in, and they started hitting other artillery units plus us. Before long we got a counter battery mission, and all four howitzers of Charlie Battery were firing. Before long all the artillery in Kajon-ni Valley was firing and incoming was still arriving from the north. It seemed that both sides wanted to use up all their ammo before the cease fire.

The firing slowed up some after the incoming finally quit, but we continued firing some rounds. Sometime after 8 p.m. we in the 4th gun section got a cease fire order, along with the 1st and 2nd gun sections. The 3rd gun section continued to fire until about 9:15 p.m. We all stood around, not talking much, but kept listening to the gun fire up front, which started to grow quiet with about 10 minutes to go. At about 9:58 p.m. there was a long burst of machine gun fire up front-then quiet.

It was as quiet as a cemetery at midnight. No one talked. We just sat there. Finally, a few headed for their bunkers. I turned to one fellow and mused, "I wonder what the heck history will say about this?" He didn't answer, but got up and walked away.

It is hard for me to believe this was sixty years ago. There have been many American and Korean lives lost along the DMZ in this time that we do not hear much about. While a lot of talk, threats, and some offensive acts have been initiated by the North Koreans, no major action, thank the Lord, has been taken by them.

Farewells

ON BEHALF OF THE PRESIDENT, COMMITTEE AND MEMBERS OF THE KVAA
WE WOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS OUR SINCERE CONDOLENCES TO YOUR FAMILY



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LEST WE FORGET

you, yes, it is my understanding that this is legitimate under the KVAA Constitution, and even if it wasn't, allowances need to be made given the extraordinary circumstances facing the country. However, if you are anxious to run for a position on the Committee or Executive, contact the Secretary, and maybe we can, as the sporting crowd say, "pre-draft" you for later in the year.

On to related, but not necessarily KVAA, matters...

Edgar Green, of the BKWVA, was interviewed by Rachael Bletchly of the Daily Mail and, much to his surprise, was featured in a full centre page spread (pages 34 and 35) in the 27 June 2020 edition. He even got a then-and-now photo.

I've covered the peripatetic Hannah Kim in *The Voice* a few times now, but for those whose memory needs a jog...

Hannah Kim is the former chief of staff to retired U.S. Congressman Charles B. Rangel (decorated Korean War veteran), the official Ambassadors of the Korean War Veterans Memorial Foundation USA (KWVMF) and is the founder of Remember727, an organization established in 2008 to honour Korean War veterans and promote peace on the Korean Peninsula. She's spent much of the last few years travelling the world to visit all Korean War Memorials and interview Korea veterans. Here's a few stats: 132,100 miles across 6 continents and 30 countries that participated in the Korean War (1950-1953), including all 50 American States and four U.S. Territories (Puerto Rico, U.S. Virgin Islands, Guam, and the American Samoa).

Her website at <https://koreanwarmemorials.com> contains photos from nearly 180 memorials she has visited and 400 videos of approximately 1,200 veterans she has met throughout her journeys between 2017 and 2019.

While not a KVAA event, the annual memorial service at the Korean Church of Melbourne in Malvern is one of the two top events on the calendar (the other being the Christmas Luncheon). It was, of course, cancelled, but not forgotten. See Page 13 and 14.

Speaking of the Christmas get-together... Even the most optimistic view has to place it in some doubt for this year. Matters will be clearer in October. More on it then.

I'll finish on a pessimistic but realistic note: the biggest spreaders of COVID-19 are those in their 20s. They also have one of the lowest death rates. You know who isn't spreading it? The over 70s. But guess which group has the highest death rate? Yep.

This is where I'd list what you have to do to stay as safe as possible. But I'm sure you are all doing it already. You are, aren't you?

It's A Jungle Out There!

During the Vietnam War the United States Army officially reported 4,643 helicopters lost in action: a further 6,000 were so severely damaged as to require extensive rebuilding. There were about 36 million helicopter sorties, so about three out of 10,000 flights resulted in serious damage. Lesser damage occurred more frequently.

However, casualties were rare, the 10,000 damaged helicopters resulted in only 3,000 deaths and 2,300 injured. This amounted to less than one injury for each chopper lost or damaged. When you consider that the war lasted ten years and that there were always hundreds – and at times over a thousand – helicopters assigned to Army aviation units, losing a dozen or so a week was not a catastrophe.

Nevertheless, flying or riding in helicopters during Vietnam was still risky, or at least nerve-wracking. Sundry bullet holes in the choppers did more damage to peace of mind than the helicopters and were rarely counted as "damage"

Source: Dunnigan, James F. and Nolfi, Albert, *Dirty Little Secrets*, William Morrow & Co., 1990



Spiridon Putin

Russian Federation President, Vladimir Putin's grandfather worked as a chef for three famous individuals in 20th-century Russian history. Born in 1879, Spiridon Putin prepared food under the tsarist regime for the so-called 'Mad Monk' Rasputin.

After the Russian Revolution, he cooked for Lenin and, in the 1930s, served meals to Stalin. The great pity of history is that he didn't poison these three odious individuals then kill himself, thus sparing us his grandson.

Source: *BBC History* magazine, Feb. 2015

No Push-Buttons in Korean War

From Alan Dower, Herald War Correspondent

Korea, Sunday.—Five months ago yesterday the mortars and artillery of the North Korean army fired the first rounds of an all-out offensive which quickly compressed American and South Korean forces into the “Pusan box.”

So dramatically – almost frighteningly – successful were the enemy’s initial gains that too often it seemed certain he had developed new tactics and offensive weapons which our forces could not oppose.

But it is clear, now there has been time to look around and breathe, that any changes in war here and during the past few years have been technical rather than tactical. The enemy’s early gains were made by exploiting fully one of the age-old eight principles of war — surprise.

It is true that the Communists used the heavily-armored Russian tank, the T34, with an unusual side track that gave more gripping power in rugged country than American tanks originally could command.

It is true they took full advantage of night movement, of cunning concealment and camouflage and subterfuge, that they were taught to shoot at soldiers legs so that no wounded would return to the Allies’ lines.

But no lessons have been learned from this nor have the United Nations counter-attacks and northward drives, which suddenly fanned out into an unbroken front spotlighted any developments that could materially change the conduct of future wars.

Same Risks

The enemy’s south-east thrust to isolate the British and American north-west drive near Chongju three weeks ago did not differ in design and intention from the hamstringing of the hitherto irresistible armored elephants when Hannibal and Scipio fought the battle of Zama a year or two before Christ was born. [*Editor’s note: it was actually 200 years before*].

The northward plunge of the American tanks from Kaesong to Pyongyang in the first three weeks of October was no different from the drive by General Patton’s tanks into Germany. In fact, as senior American generals will agree, the principles of waging war have changed so little that American forces in Korea have been fighting with much of the technique their forefathers used against the red skins.

“Korean battles have convinced me that push-button warfare is still a long way off,” one outstanding American general told me this week.

Even in the matter of risks being taken without having full and concise knowledge of enemy strength and disposition the Korean campaign has produced little that will influence the operations of commanders of the future.

What is known as the “calculated risk” taken by the First Cavalry Division when it swept as an armored column from Kaesong to Pyongyang battering its way through every town and village and gathering a momentum that seemed irresistible but almost uncontrollable, was scarcely different in conception from the drive to Bardia 10 years ago.

“Get moving,” was the order given by Major-General Hobart Gay, “and keep moving.”

It can be revealed now that throughout that headlong plunge American commanders gambled and won on the “calculated risk,” and that at no time did their main column have more than one day’s supply of ammunition, food and fuel on hand.

Tanks broke down. Some ran out of fuel and were stranded. But those that remained hugged closely by the column of battalions and combat teams, were flogged ahead day and night at top speed on the cold, sometimes uncertain but fortunately successful premise that, if our thin strained supply line held the enemy would reel against our mobility, concentration of force, and maintenance of the offensive spirit.

The stakes were heavy. But the United Nations forces raked in the northern ports and Pyongyang, which straddled the main route to Manchuria.

At Pyongyang they paused, hesitant, to smash heavily again with columns against the compressed forces ahead in case the enemy line was resilient and hurled them back.

They regrouped swiftly. Feelers were sent north, and the Pyongyang airstrip was cleared and opened to an armada of supply planes as great as that which relieved Berlin.

It was known as “the airlift.” Every minute of every hour for days and flights and weeks on end the lumbering but powerful “flying boxcars” from the U.S. cargo combat command at Ashiya, South Japan, ferried supplies to the Pyongyang airstrip.

There were 100 boxcars alone in the cargo command, but rarely more than 20 were not airborne, and even these were loading.

They came and went with 10 tons at a time, and with a regularity that the army leaders called “magnificent.”

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Priorities

They solved the pressing problem of supply. They enabled our muscle-flexing forces outside Pyongyang to open the gateway to the north.

Meanwhile, there were rumblings that many troops – including Australians – were not receiving ample winter clothing. But as I saw it then and see it now, it was right for the strategists at that time to determine that supply priority should be petrol, ammunition, food, then clothing.

It is only a matter of time – probably a short time – before there will be no problem of supply.

And then should come the great advance which should roll to the frontier if the enemy contained in the 50 miles wide margin is not relieved or reinforced.

It should prove that there is still no ninth principle of war and that the infantryman, despite the leadership of tanks and the sheltering wings of planes, is still supreme if only he can consolidate the position won.

It would prove, too, as it already has done, the simple maxims that an army marches on its stomach, that its powder must be dry, and that victory often goes to him who “gets there fastest with the most men.”

From the *Australian Women's Weekly*, Saturday 30 December 1950, page 15

Officer's Widow Rejoins Army

By Mary Coles, staff-reporter

Mrs. Nancy Hummerston, widow of Captain Ken Hummerston, first Australian Army officer killed in Korea, is returning to Japan to join the nursing staff of B.C.O.F. General Hospital at Kure.

Mrs. Hummerston is a member of the first contingent to volunteer for overseas service with the Australian Army Nursing Service since the beginning of the Korean War.

Before she was married at St. Luke's Chapel at the 49th American Hospital in Japan last August, Mrs. Hummerston was Nancy Holmes, daughter of Mrs. E. J. Holmes, of Scottsdale, Tasmania, and the late Mr. Holmes.

Five weeks after the wedding, Captain Hummerston went to Korea with the 3rd Battalion, which was commanded by Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Green, of Sydney, who has also since been killed.

Five days after arriving in Korea Captain Hummerston and his driver, Ptc. K. J. Ketchley, of Western Australia, were killed when their jeep ran over a mine.

“Captain Don Macgregor, officer in charge of B.C.O.F. Dependents' Unit, his wife, and other service friends in Nijimura were wonderful to me after Ken's death,” Mrs. Hummerston said.

“I'll never forget their kindness. They looked after me, packed all my clothes, and helped me to return to Australia in the first available plane.”

Mrs. Hummerston, who is slim, with wavy light brown hair, grave hazel eyes, and an attractive smile, told me that when she arrived home and after the first shock of her husband's death had passed, she realised that “she had to do something.”

She eventually decided to resume her nursing career.

She also chose to face the ordeal of returning to Japan, where she and her husband had been happy for such a short while.

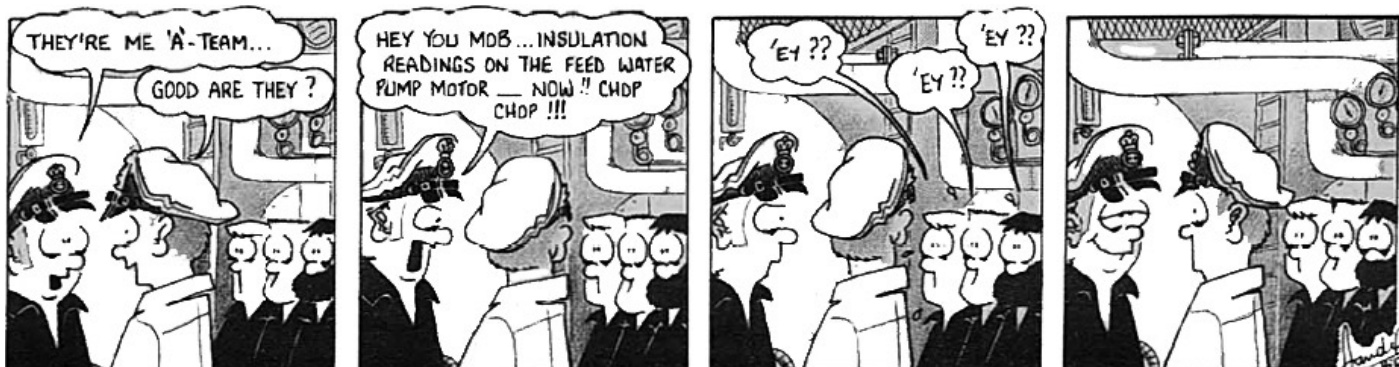
“I feel there is plenty of work to be done up there just now,” she said with moving simplicity.

Mrs. Hummerston first went to Japan in 1946 to nurse at the 130 A.G.H. at Eta Jima.

While on service there she met Captain Hummerston, then A.D.C. to General Sir Horace Robertson, B.C.O.F. Commander-in-Chief.

She returned to Melbourne in February, 1949, to do her midwifery at Melbourne Women's Hospital, planned to be married when Captain Hummerston came home on leave last Christmas.

When war broke out in Korea, Mrs. Hummerston decided to go back to Japan last July and marry before Captain Hummerston joined up with the United Nations Forces.



The Price

An American, a Scot and a Swede were in a terrible car accident. They were all brought to the same emergency room, but all three of them died before they arrived. Just as they were about to put the toe tag on the American, he stirred and opened his eyes. Astonished, the doctors and nurses present asked him what happened.

"Well," said the American, "I remember the crash, and then there was a beautiful light, and then the Swede and the Scot and I were standing at the gates of heaven. St. Peter approached us and said that we were all too young to die, and that for a donation of \$50, we could return to the earth. So of course I pulled out my wallet and gave him the \$50, and the next thing I knew I was back here."

"That's amazing!" said one of the doctors, "But what happened to the other two?"

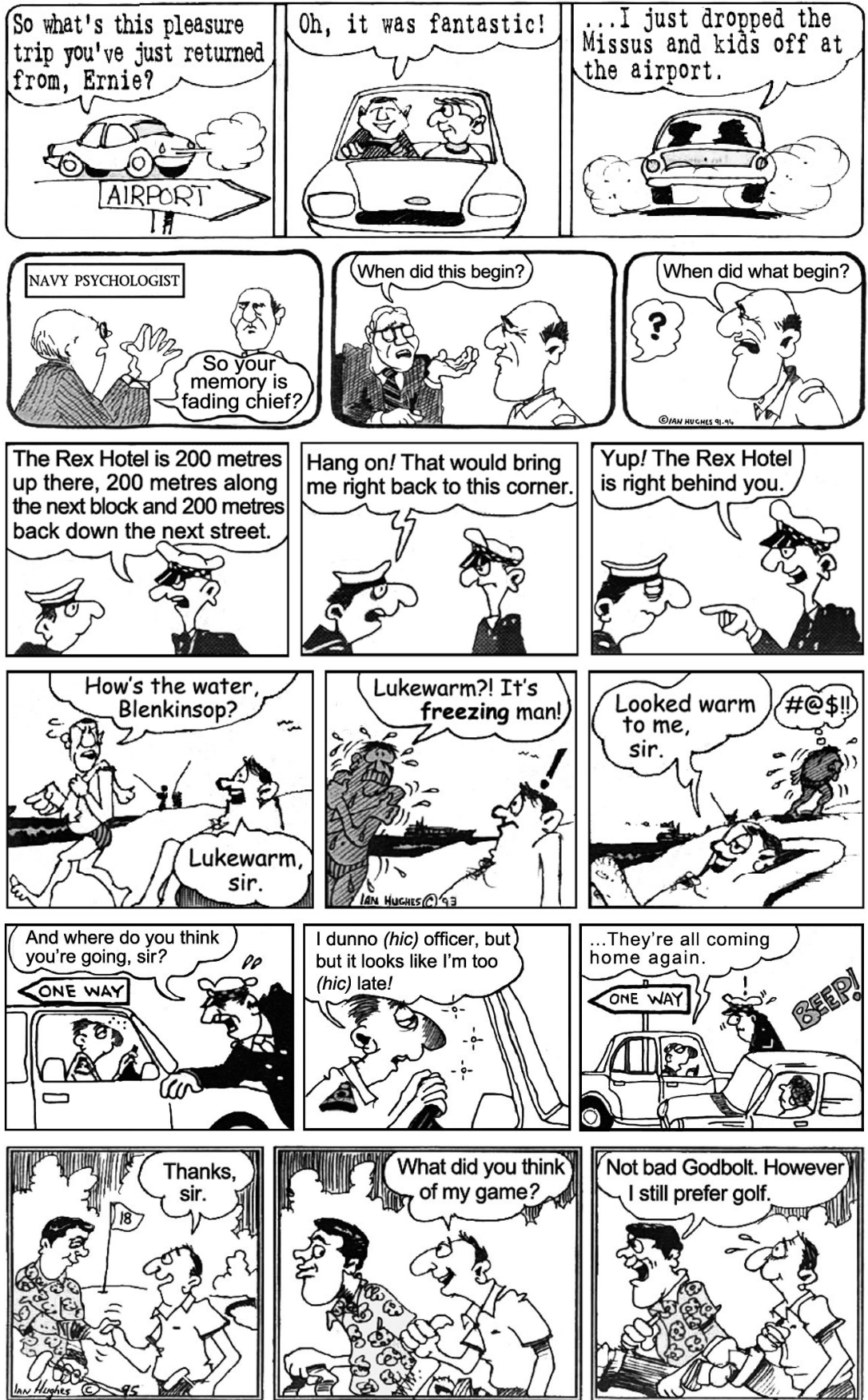
"Last I saw them," replied the American, "the Scot was haggling over the price and the Swede was waiting for the government to pay for his."

When we drink, we get drunk. When we get drunk, we fall asleep. When we fall asleep, we commit no sin. When we commit no sin, we go to heaven. Sooooo, let's all get drunk and go to heaven!

HMAS Wort

by Ian Hughes

A series of cartoons which appeared in *Navy News* in the 1980s & 1990s.



The hardest tumble a man can make is to fall over his own bluff – Ambrose Bierce

Twenty One Liners...

(from comedian Steven Wright)

- When I was a kid, we had a quicksand box in the backyard. I was an only child...eventually.
- For my birthday I got a humidifier and a dehumidifier. I put them in the same room and let them fight it out.
- I bought some powdered water, but I didn't know what to add.
- I have a hobby. I have the world's largest collection of sea shells. I keep it scattered on beaches all over the world. Maybe you've seen some of it.
- I just got skylights put in my place. The people who live above me are furious.
- I remember when the candle shop burned down. Everyone stood around singing "Happy Birthday".
- I was hitchhiking the other day, and a hearse stopped. I said, "No thanks – I'm not going that far."
- Ballerinas are always on their toes. Why don't they just get taller ballerinas?
- I stayed up all night playing poker with tarot cards. I got a full house and four people died.
- Right now I'm having amnesia and deja-vu at the same time. I think I've forgotten this before.
- My aunt gave me a walkie-talkie for my birthday. She says if I'm good, she'll give me the other one next year.
- My roommate got a pet elephant. Then it got lost. It's in the apartment somewhere.
- You know how it is when you decide to lie and say the cheque is in the mail, and then you remember it really is? I'm like that all the time.
- I was sad because I had no shoes, until I met a man who had no feet. So I said, "Got any shoes you're not using?"
- Someone sent me a postcard picture of the earth. On the back it said, "Wish you were here."
- Officer, I know I was going faster than 55 miles an hour, but I wasn't going to be on the road an hour.
- I used to work in a fire hydrant factory. You couldn't park anywhere near the place.
- It's a small world, but I wouldn't want to have to paint it.
- I xeroxed my watch. Now I have time to spare.

Comprehending Engineers

Two engineering students were walking across campus when one said, "Where did you get such a great bike?"

The second engineer replied, "Well, I was walking along yesterday minding my own business when a beautiful woman rode up on this bike. She threw the bike to the ground, tore off all her clothes and said, "Take what you want!"

The second engineer nodded approvingly. "Good choice – the clothes probably wouldn't have fitted anyway."

Q: What's the difference between Engineers and Architects?

A: Engineers build weapons. Architects build targets.

To the optimist, the glass is half full.

To the pessimist, the glass is half empty.

To the engineer, the glass is twice as big as it needs to be.

A group of managers were given the assignment to measure the height of a flagpole.

So they go out to the flagpole with ladders and tape measures, and they're falling off the ladders, dropping the tape measures – the whole thing is just a mess.

An engineer comes along and sees what they're trying to do, walks over, pulls the flagpole out of the ground, lays it flat, measures it from end to end, gives the measurement to one of the managers and walks away.

After the engineer has gone, one manager turns to another and laughs.

"Isn't that just like an engineer, we're looking for the height and he gives us the length."

The World's Shortest Books

Human Rights Advances in North Korea.

Australian Banks: Bastions of Honesty.

Coal: Fuel of the Future.

The 1946 Hiroshima Tourism Guide.

Amelia Earhart's Guide to the Pacific Ocean.

Australia's Most Popular Nazis.

My Career as a Kamikaze Pilot.

Career Opportunities for Bachelor of Arts graduates.

Different Ways To Spell...Bob.

Ethiopian Tips on World Dominance.

Vladimir Putin on Democracy in Russia.

Everything Men Know About Women.

Everything Women Know About Men.

French Hospitality.

Donald Trump's Guide to Dating Etiquette.

One Hundred and One Cat Recipes by the RSPCA.

The Amish Phone Directory.

The Engineer's Guide to High Fashion.

From the Korean Church of Melbourne

A letter from the Reverend Han W. Song, Senior Minister of the Korean Church of Melbourne in Malvern plus a selection of hand-made “thank you” cards from the children of the church in lieu of the annual (and very popular) Annual Memorial Service.

25 June, 2020

Korean Veterans Association of Australia
Mr. Tom Parkinson, President
600 Little Collins St,
Melbourne, Vic 3000

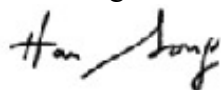
Dear President Parkinson,

First of all, on behalf of all the members at Korean Church of Melbourne, I would like to express our disappointment that we cannot hold an annual memorial service in our church due to COVID-19 crisis. I truly wish and pray that your mind and body are kept safe and healthy during this uncertain time.

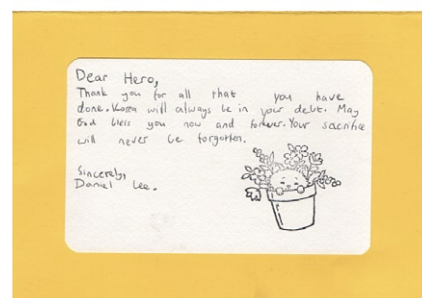
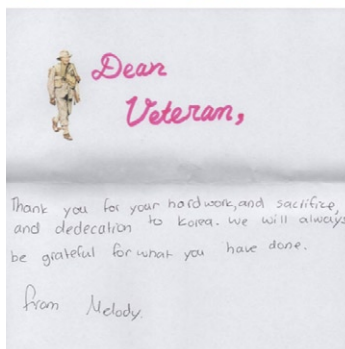
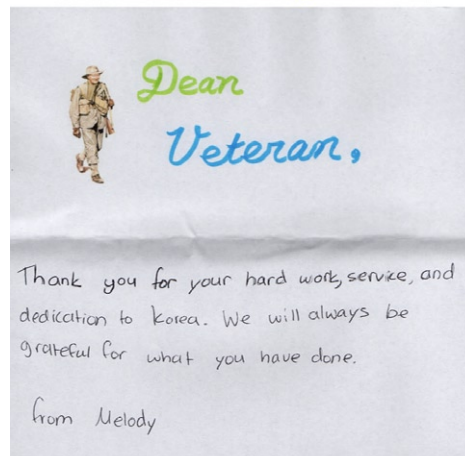
On this 70th Anniversary Day of the Korean War, I would like to extent my heartfelt appreciation to you and all the members of Korea Veterans Association of Australia for your sacrificial services. I know I can never say thank you enough to you all for what you did for my mother country. It is your service and sacrifice to defend our nation that we continue to enjoy the freedoms and privileges that are so very often taken for granted.

As an immigrant living and working now here in Australia, I thank God for this beautiful nation where you came and served us during the Korean War. May God bless all of you!

Warm regards,



Rev. Han W Song
Senior Minister
Korean Church of Melbourne
23-27 Glendearg Grove
Malvern VIC 3144
03 9509 8569



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Ice Fishing

A drunk decides to go ice fishing, so he gathers his gear and goes walking around until he finds a big patch of ice. He heads into the centre of the ice and begins to saw a hole.

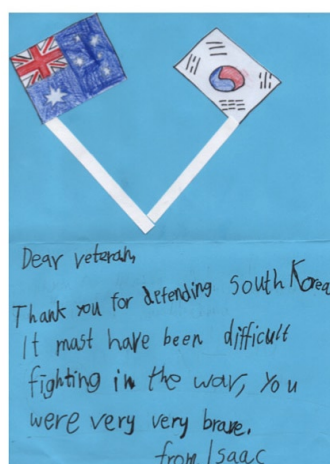
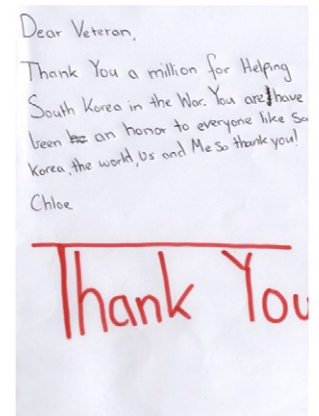
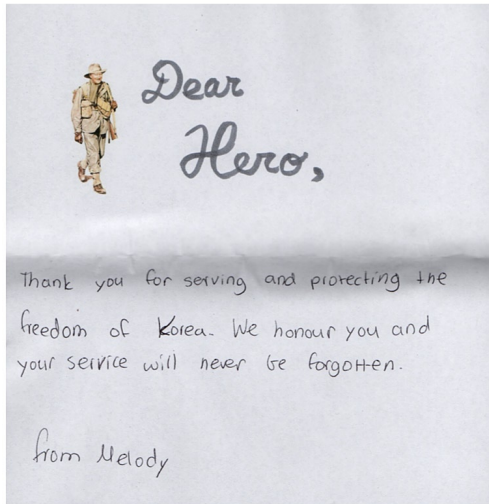
All of sudden, a loud booming voice comes out of the sky. “You will find no fish under that ice.”

The drunk looks around, but sees no one. He starts sawing again. Once more, the voice speaks, “Must I tell you again? There are no fish under the ice.”

The drunk looks all around, high and low, but can’t see a single soul. He picks up the saw and tries one more time to finish. Before he can even start cutting, the huge voice interrupts. “I have warned you three times now. There – are – NO – FISH!”

The drunk is now flustered and somewhat scared, so he asks the voice, “How do you know there are no fish? Are you God, trying to warn me?”

“No”, the voice replied. “I am the manager of this ice hockey rink.”



One of the few shortcomings of the M-1 tank, the main battle tank of the USA in the latter stages of the Cold War, was the tendency for the driver to fall asleep. This was due to the design of the seat which had him reclining in an, apparently, very comfortable position.