

**Harold T. Brown  
Interviewee**

**Ken and June Hunter  
Interviewers**

**October 29, 2009  
Schenectady, New York**

Harold T. Brown   **HB**  
June Hunter       **JH**  
Ken Hunter        **KH**

JH: This is October 30, 2009 at 10:30 in the morning. We are interviewing Harry Brown in his Schenectady, New York home. He served in the United States Army from June 1948 to December 1953. This interview is conducted by Ken and June Hunter. Will you please tell us your full name and when and where you were born?

HB: My name is Harold T. Brown. I was born in New York City May 16, 1930.

JH: What did you do before you entered the Army?

HB: I was in school, for one thing, and working part-time jobs to support my family at the time, my brothers and my sister.

JH: Were you drafted, or did you enlist?

HB: I enlisted.

JH: Why did you do that?

HB: At the time, that I think back, we were a bunch of kids about 18 years of age. We were not working; it was very difficult to get a job. So we sat around and thought that maybe we should look for something else to do. I guess one of the guys came up with the idea "Why don't we go down to Whitehall, New York [City], and join the Army?" And there were ten of us, actually. We got on an elevated train and took it down to Whitehall and all enlisted, and we all chose the Orient, that is, Japan.

JH: Did you think you'd be staying together?

HB: That was the idea. We thought we would be staying together, and of course what happened was they broke us up into different groups and I think, when I think back, there were four of us left in one group. And I thought well, at least we are four together. We went to Japan as four, and two of the group decided they wanted to go elsewhere, so they did. The training was too hard.

KH: Now speaking about training, did you go through basic training, and where was it if you did go?

HB: Oh, we jumped past that. We went to Fort Dix, New Jersey, and we had our training there, and I think it was maybe about 4 or 6 weeks of intense training, I should say.

KH: What were some of the kinds of things you did in the basic training?

HB: Everything that we didn't want to do, like the exercises that we had to go through which were pretty strenuous for kids that never did anything before. Getting used to saluting and having respect for the officers. And a lot of things fell into place however, and we all seem to have gotten along pretty well.

KH: From basic training, I imagine it was 6 or 8 weeks, or possibly longer?

HB: It's possible it was more. I'm thinking back, and I really can't see it that clearly in my mind, but it was probably about six weeks or so.

KH: From basic training, where were you assigned?

HB: Well, right away they took us and assigned us to different outfits that we would join up with. For instance, the four of us at that time were set to go to Japan at a place called Otsu, which is south of Kyoto. And the outfit we were to go to was the 35<sup>th</sup> Regiment, 25<sup>th</sup> Division, Baker Company.

KH: And then what happened when you were assigned there? How did you get there? Did you go by ship, by plane?

HB: In those days we went by these Liberian [unclear] troop ships. It took us close to 35 days just to cross the ocean. A very, very sickening experience, that I remember. But I was spared because I worked down in the bowels of the ship in the bakery. I never got to go up top, that's where everybody got sick. I didn't plan that.

KH: What was your occupational skill? Were you a basic infantryman, rifleman?

HB: Well I was a rifleman at the time. However, when I got to Japan I decided I'd like to go to school, and I did. So I took a correspondence course and also went to school by day to... well, to get away from the harsh training that went on, I took clerical training in the Service. It went on for I guess three or four months, and then I was assigned to a position in the company as a company clerk, and I enjoyed it immensely.

JH: What were some of your duties as a clerk?

HB: I used to make out morning reports. I got to know all the men, which in those days was close to two hundred. So I got to know all the faces, all the people, all the officers, all the sergeants, and all of

their personal griefs and whatever because, as the company clerk, I handled all of their gripes every day.

KH: From duties as a company clerk, and, then, going on to the ship being a cook, a baker, how did that come about?

HB: Well, I wasn't. I was just using that as an escape mechanism to get away from being out on deck, and I was just a hungry kid. You know, coming from the Lower East Side of New York, not having a good square meal for so long, I felt that it was a good opportunity for feeding my face (laughs).

KH: When you disembarked in Japan, where did you go and what was it like?

HB: Well when we landed at Japan, before we did, we were out at sea looking and it was the most eerie feeling you could imagine. I'm leaving New York, the Lower East Side; I hadn't even been to upstate New York. You can imagine, it was like going to Mars. I'm out there in Yokohama Bay looking toward the land and all sorts of thoughts were going through my mind. After all, we had just been at war with Japan, and I wondered about the customs, the feelings, how people would treat you, look at you – all of that went through our minds. It was fascinating to think that we were coming and going among a different culture of people who fought us – very strenuously, I might add – during the Second World War. After all, this is now 1948, it's only three years from the time the war ended.

KH: Ok, so after you had those visions in your mind, then you were stationed at some facility in Japan?

HB: We went to a place called Otsu, it's a little town. It was a regimental garrison for the 35<sup>th</sup> Regiment, and that was, in itself, another experience because it was all closed to the outside. It was fenced in, and it was huge. It was a huge facility with all sorts of buildings that housed the different battalions and companies of the

35<sup>th</sup> Regiment. It was quite a nice thing. It had a lot to offer, PXs and NCO clubs, and all sorts of nice facilities.

KH: How long were you in Japan at this facility, and were you assigned to a particular company?

HB: Yeah, I was in Baker Company, 35<sup>th</sup> Regiment, 25<sup>th</sup> Division. I was there for, I would say, possibly two and a half years or somewhere about that period of time.

KH: Did you have contact with the Japanese population there?

HB: Yes.

KH: What was the general reception you got from the Japanese people?

HB: Well, we didn't have the same language, but my experience with the people of Japan was they were very friendly, courteous. It got so that when we would meet them, say at the PX – they were just about all over on the base – they would actually invite us to their homes for dinner and stuff like that, and it was almost like being home. They were very courteous and very inquisitive.

JH: Did they serve you any of their special foods?

KB: Yes, they did.

JH: Like what?

KB: Well, for one thing we tried sukiyaki, which I loved; it was great. And they had also sushi and a lot of fish and, believe it or not, steaks and tomatoes, just like we eat at home in the United States.

JH: Was food very costly for them back then? I know today it is.

KB: I never took note of what anything cost, because most of the time we lived on base and everything was reasonably priced for us. The Japanese seemed to be getting along, though, pretty well economically, I would think.

JH: So then, what was your next assignment?

HB: Well, that's what I was getting into. I decided that the constant boring routine of training, day in and day out, was something.... I decided no, I've got to change that. So I decided to apply for a correspondence, taking courses and stuff, and I also decided to take clerical training in a facility that was in a place called Osaka, Japan. Believe it or not, that was about 15 or 20 miles away. So every day I would be trucked there and back. I stood with the training for a period of three or four months. When my captain got wind of what I was doing, there was a shortage in the company; they needed a clerk. He asked me if I wanted to do the clerk job, so I accepted it. I was in that position for some time.

KH: What kind of duties did the clerk have? Was it more intense?

HB: It's a very cushy job. Like I said, you get to know the people, you get to write out reports, make morning reports, reporting illness, sickness, discharges, promotions, court martials, everything. In fact, I prepared court martials. There's a little story about that. I had a friend that was being court martialed and, you know, I felt very sympathetic for him. I had to make out his court martial. For court martial papers preparation is such that everything has to be precise, and it is examined and re-examined. Well somehow, in this case, there was an error in the transcript and a time limit that applied in a court martial ran out, and so he wasn't tried after all. It was a minor infraction really. I didn't do that on purpose; it happened.

JH: So then you worked in that particular job, and what did you do after that? Because we know you changed....

HB: Well, after I did that what happened was we went out on an amphibious maneuver on the ocean, and I was assigned temporarily to a ship called the USS Mount McKinley. I wasn't with my outfit now because I was now assigned temporarily to this ship working in logistics with the 35<sup>th</sup> Infantry Command. My job there was to type out and stencil the maneuver training programs and make sure that all of the battalions and companies got a copy of it because it would reflect what would be done in the maneuver. So I worked very closely with the general staff and I enjoyed that very much.

What happened was, after being out at sea on the ship, we came in—I think it was, maybe the first week of June of 1950, we came to our garrison. I got off the ship and we, suddenly, were given a notice that all passes would be curtailed. Something big was going on, and well, we were all wondering, guessing and talking about it. It turned out that there was an incursion in South Korea. The North Koreans crossed the parallel on, I believe it was, June 25, in that area. What happened was they took our group, part of it, as they did other groups in the battalion, the regiment, and so forth, and put together a group that would be called Task Force Smith, which was the first incursion of American soldiers sent to Korea to a place called Osan to stop the Red invasion going south. Many of these men in that first encounter were parts of our group, so you might say that it was our first action. The action failed. The North Koreans overpowered Task Force Smith, and everyone went scurrying. Thereafter, there was an alert put out that more had to be done, so MacArthur issued the order that the 25<sup>th</sup> Division, which I was a part of, should be sent directly to Korea, along with the 24<sup>th</sup> Division, and of course, the 1<sup>st</sup> Cav and the 2<sup>nd</sup> Division. We were the second division in, and we went into combat almost immediately.

The combat situation for us was intense, deadly, many, many casualties, and what would happen is we would be assigned a position to hold, we would hold it. We were also told hold it until it became unbearable, because we didn't have enough troops at the time. We were very much under a sizeable group to contend with what was happening. We would hit and run, hit and run, this was

the attitude at that time. We made it hell for them, but I think at the time I recall the forces were numerically superior to us in the area of 20 to 1. These were seasoned soldiers we were fighting; they were what they called the *Inmin'gun*. They were specially trained soldiers by Russia, and they had been preparing the North Koreans for some time, obviously. These men ranged in age anywhere from 25 to 35, so they were very well mature, they were seasoned fighters because they had been in other battles prior to this one. So it was pretty much stacked up against us, and we prayed for relief which never seemed to come.

In June of 1950, the situation became desperate. We were at Taegu, General Walker at the time felt we could not hold the position, and he actually asked MacArthur to move further south to a place called Pusan. Pusan was the last city to the ocean. At this time General Walker issued an order for all contingencies to hold your positions or die, and that was what happened. From that time, all through August was a monsoon that came and stood with us and made life just miserable. We were living in this day by day. The greatest thing I ever had, as I recall, was the poncho. It became my house, and boy I'll never forget that poncho. We sort of buckled down and held our positions. We'd fight every night, as they knew that was the time to strike. We were actually a very unique group of guys, when you think about it. Colonel Fisher had an attitude when he trained our outfits in Japan. He was a warhog. That man trained us and trained us and we at times cursed him. But little did we realize that what he put us through was almost similar to what Patton put his Third Army through in the Second World War. He made us rigid, strong, and unremitting. When we held a position, we held it and we supported one another in combat. You couldn't find another better fighting group than the 35<sup>th</sup> Regiment.

What happened was, in the next incident in the fight, finally as August came and went, on the 31<sup>st</sup> of August, 1950 it was decided logistically by the commanders in the area that we were going to be hit by one of the greatest forces known up to that time. They, the enemy, were waiting for the monsoon to end. We sort of realized it.



The word went around. We, the 35<sup>th</sup> regiment, occupied our position along the Naktong River. I was in Baker Company, and I was at the highest position; it was 1,100 feet high. What we were told to do was to observe everything down in the valley and along the river. What we did observe was activity going on in the evening time on the river itself. So we would make these reports available. They would send out scouts to investigate what was going on, and lo and behold, they were building bridges just under the surface of the water. This went undetected for a while until it was discovered, and I think they had three bridges now going across the Naktong.

What happened was they got tanks across, they got two divisions across, they got artillery across at night, and then we were alerted when it was found out to hold our positions rigidly for the possible onslaught. The onslaught occurred on the 31<sup>st</sup> of August at 11:30 p.m. They came and they came by the droves. They came up the mountains and the hills. Their objective was Baker Company because we held the high ground and we also held the position where we saw everything. They wanted to get the brain out of this altogether. We were hit day and night. We'd run out of ammunition and we'd get air drops. And then when we couldn't get air drops we took the machine gun belts and took the shells out one by one so we could load our rifles, and we fought day and night. And in this situation we had bodies laying all over the place, American bodies, they were sitting in foxholes, all over, and there was no way Graves Registration could come in. So we had no idea what was outside of our lines at this time because the fighting was relentless, it went on and on.

There came a period when for three days we had no water. In my situation I personally got involved in talking to the lieutenant at the time, he was lieutenant—or captain—I can't think of his name. I said I would be glad to go through enemy lines to get the water. So I took a five gallon tank with a couple of other guys and we went through the lines, and everywhere we went we'd run across American outposts and then Korean, and we'd run like heck. We finally made it to the water, got the water, and we came back up the mountain,

and the same thing happened going back, we saw all these positions there the enemy was, but it was in the stealth of night, and we were able to pull it off. You never saw a happier group of people in all your life, and those canteens came out automatically. Everybody on line accepting a little bit of the water, and we also had taken our helmets and filled them. But it was fun, it was a great thing that happened

Anyway, we were on this position for six days. On September 6, the enemy took off. They couldn't handle us, and as a result of that engagement right there, we got the Distinguished Unit Citation. We were the first ones in Korea that actually held a position against a superior force, and to each and every man in that outfit, there was happiness beyond your imagination. So that was... also, it's been written in papers since then, if you want to search it out. The citation was given to the 35<sup>th</sup> Regiment as a result of – actually, the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, which was my group – and the citation said “The Rock of the Nam.” The Nam was the river, and we became the Rock of the Nam. We were the first ones to win such a wonderful citation in the beginning of the war.

Thereafter on September 13, we had the Inchon Invasion, but before the invasion, what happened was we fought very, very hard thereafter even after the 6<sup>th</sup>. We'd advance, we'd retreat. We'd advance, we'd retreat. I must add that for those six days I spoke of earlier, we were surrounded for six days. There was no way out, and the Colonel was asked “Why didn't you retreat?” “Retreat where? There was no place to go to.” So, you know when you have a force of a group of men who work together – it's like a sport – if you work together you can accomplish anything. There was a lot of glory that came out of that. It was a wonderful experience for me. I'm part English and Irish, my parents came from the other side, and at that time I didn't think like an American. But I was so proud to be an American. We did some wonderful things, and courageous things.

Anyway, the Inchon Invasion took place on September 13, and it was called Operation Crow Bite and Scalp [?], which the supreme

commanders of the allied powers disagreed heartily against it. They thought MacArthur was off his bonkers. But I tell you he fooled everybody; it went off well. As a result of that, you see, what happened was when that Inchon Invasion took place, it relieved the south, because all those troops that we were fighting now had to go to back up their contingencies fighting around Inchon and Seoul. So we were really left with less of the fight, which was quite a relief because up to this point it was day in, day out, day in, day out, casualties, my God the casualties were enormous. My outfit may have changed three or four times in the time that I was there.

When Inchon occurred, we advanced north. September went into October, and now the job was to take care of those pockets of resistance that were still there. Now our jobs changed in that we would go into the mountains now and fight these little pockets and bring them out. This went on for much of a month, the battle. I think what happens now is that we had now come to realize that we had won the war, actually, because the resistance dwindled. Then the northern echelons were running across less and less resistance. The final plan was that MacArthur felt, if he'd go through the northern frontiers at this time, he could solidify Korea as one. There would be no division thereafter, because division of course occurred during the Second World War between Russia and the United States. It was a good plan that he had; however, we didn't realize that there was something else going on. So, from time to time we'd run across groups of Orientals and we would find out they were Chinese. There was a certain infiltration coming about here. When they actually questioned them harshly, I might say, they started naming divisions, regiments, armies, so the speculation was that China might be another problem. But MacArthur said to us "You'll all be home for Christmas." That was wonderful thing, because my home would now be Hawaii because that was where the 25<sup>th</sup> Division came from. You see, we lost our colors during the Second World War, but we regained them in Korea, so our new home was going to be Hawaii. Anyway it was just a dream, darn it, and we of course advanced further north and the casualties started to cease.

And then, my friend, Richard Whalen came into this picture. From what I learned later, he belonged to the first cavalry division. He was up around a place called Unsan, North Korea, in the month of November – early November, November 2. He was hit by the Chinese and he was captured. I didn't learn this until after – I never knew anybody was in Unsan.

So what happened was we went up to Unsan ourselves, and we were there for maybe three days of intense fighting. We ran across some resistance. It was a new ballgame now. Many of my men – our men (I was a platoon leader) ran into skirmish after skirmish. There was one particular hill that we kept trying to take, and we'd get bloodied pretty badly, and we just couldn't take it. There was a force in that hill that was something sizeable. So the officers got together and decided to retreat southerly and take up a position of defense, because now we were running into something that was pretty mean. And we did, we must have run, God about ten or twelve miles back and set up our positions.

And then my outfit became part of another group called Task Force Dolvin. Task Force Dolvin was designed to go in and reconnoiter the mountains and hills all around and find out what was going on. So we went up into the mountains and reconnoitered, and we found evidence that there was a sizeable army afoot. So we set up our defense in that region. We were a part of, like I say, Task Force Dolvin, comprised of U.S. Rangers, one company, Baker Company was my outfit, and another company called E Company, and we had artillery support and tanks. We waited it out, and on the 26<sup>th</sup> of November, all our radio communications broke down. Obviously the Chinese had taken our radios and stuff and were communicating on them, so we heard their voices. We panicked. We knew we were up against a battle. So we hunkered down, and that night it was the most incredible sight you could remember or even think of. All around us the sky lit up with tracer bullets, and the tracers went completely around, and they came closer and closer. Before you know it, the firing stopped, and then we heard hordes and hordes of

voices coming up the mountain. We couldn't see a thing, but whoever they were, they didn't seem to give a damn. They kept coming up and up. Finally they went over the crest and in no time we were now involved in hand-to-hand combat. And it was futile. It wouldn't work; we couldn't continue to fight them off. What happened was, we decided to break up into groups, and each of us took a different route out. We were all looking to get to the river. The river was called the Ch'ongch'on River, and it was also written about by S.L.A. Marshall, and was called *The River and the Gauntlet*. I don't know if you know what a gauntlet is: when you go through and they knock the heck out of you from all sides. This was our gauntlet. The piece that S.L.A. Marshall wrote about was, in particular, very moving, because it mentions my outfit. It goes on to say, if I could look at it here:

"He speaks of the sacrifice of the orphaned Company B contingency which saved the main battle unit from inevitable defeat."

We were sacrificed as a saving point for the rest of the Task Force, and we sustained very heavy casualties in that we were 203 men, and I think out of that, 26 were able to get out. And that's when I joined the infamous Manchurian Death March. Because as we broke up into groups we ran into overwhelming odds, and we were taken and we were put into this march. We marched day and night, God knows where, but we marched and it was cold. It was freezing. Temperatures were dropping in that period down to 30 or 40 degrees below zero, and we were walking into what they called the Siberian Straits in North Korea. It was bordering Vladivostock, where we were headed, to a place called Pyokdong, or Camp Pyokdong. We walked and we walked and it took us many days, and we never quite got to Pyokdong. We ended up in a place called Death Valley, and here all the men from Baker Company and the Turkish brigades, and the English and the Irish, all that were vanquished on that battlefield on that day, and those that were vanquished at a very famous place called Coola Ria [phonetic]; if anyone wants to know about what it was like, they should look up the history about Coola Ria. In a way, I was glad I was captured where I was, because Coola Ria was hell. It

was where everybody had to go through that did escape, but it was on both sides of that road that they were sniped to death, and not even given the opportunity to surrender. I had some friends that were in that battle, and it was a total loss. We lost more men in that period of time, which I'm talking about goes from September to November – more men in that period of time than were lost in the whole Korean War. Wounded, dead, prisoners of war.

Becoming a prisoner of war didn't guarantee you life; actually it was worse than combat. It was worse than the day-to-day battles that took place. A bullet was fast, but starvation, humiliation and all that was a horrible, horrible experience for all of us. Maybe you've experienced not having a meal one day and you noticed a gentle gnawing in your stomach. Well if you could only contemplate that feeling going on from day to day to day, it becomes very painful. It drives you crazy, it makes you think. Men are not men like they should be because – it seems Darwin's theory of survival comes into play here – people become selfish, and there is no more of the camaraderie that you used to have. As long as you have a full stomach, that's all great. But it all comes down to survival of the fittest and survival everybody wants, and it becomes treacherous.

From there we went in this march, day by day. One thing I have to add: In that last battle I did something very smart, almost as though I had a foreboding of what was to come. I picked up a sleeping bag and wrapped it around my waist, only to realize that while everybody was walking there'd be a time when you'd sit down and rest. The chill of the weather was enormous. It was cold. People came down with frostbite in their feet and legs, in their hands, ears – we weren't well dressed at all.

And what happened was, I felt like there was no way out. I'd never been in a situation like this. I didn't know anybody in this march; all my men were gone. I thought where are they? All I could see were a bunch of guys who couldn't hardly speak English; there were Turks, well, there were English and Irish, but what happened to my outfit, I wondered. It turns out that I said I can't stay with this march. What

I did was, as we were walking along, with the Chinese following us, I looked for the opportunity to break from the march. I didn't know where I was going to go, but it certainly had to be better than this. So I broke from the march and ran down a steep hill, and no one caught me and I was like a beggar looking for food. I came upon a farm but there was nobody there, but I was cold and exhausted and I saw this big haystack. I jumped into that darn thing and burrowed into it, and I took my sleeping bag and crawled into it. Hours passed, and I felt a very good sense of freedom. I didn't realize what was happening, actually: the frost and the cold was so penetrating no matter where I was on the outside, it was biting me, it was coming into me. I was actually experiencing delirium and it's what they call hyper —

KH: Hyperventilation?

HB: No it's not hyperventilation. It was when you get the chills and you start to shake, it's a sign that your system is ready to break down. And at that particular time a Chinese guard came by and he noticed me shaking; I guess he noticed the hay. He pulled me up and he cursed at me — whatever he said I don't know. He thrust his rifle into my side and I walked forward and I don't know how long I was there. I might have been there a day and a half — I might have been unconscious, I don't know. But it was nighttime — it wasn't the same night, I know that. He took me and he forced me along and we walked for half a day, maybe. We came upon the defeated 8<sup>th</sup> Army and I was put back into the line of march. We continued to march, and then they put us in a cave one time. It was the coldest place you could ever imagine.

Anyway to make a long story shorter, we got to our prison camp and we endured a lot of pain, a lot of suffering, and the men died day by day until squads became thinner and thinner and there, again, I endured this and said this is no place for anyone. Everywhere I looked, someone was dying. And then of course I got very sick myself. What happened was I ended up in a prison hospital, but before I did that I made another attempt at escape, and I escaped with another guy. We boarded a ship out in the harbor, we overtook

the captain, we were about to take the ship out, headed south on the Yalu River, and all of a sudden the ship was inundated by a whole Chinese garrison and they took us and put me in another prison again – a civilian prison, and while in the prison I had my hands tied behind my back, my legs were tied, and my neck was tied to my arms so that when I struggled I would choke. And I saw a bottle on the floor and somehow or other kicked it, broke the glass, cut my bounds and both of us escaped again, although we were captured again.

So I spent quite a bit of time in jail. Then sometime later they released me and put me back with an outfit. One time they put me in a hole in the ground for two or three weeks to teach me a lesson and so everybody else could see what happened. From that point I went to this hospital. Like I said, I was dying and the last thing I think of interest is that they operated on me and opened my side, used cold water to numb me, and they took a [unclear] liver and they shoved it in my side and sewed me up. Now I said, what the heck was that all about? It's what they called liver therapy. It's not that they implanted a liver, it's like they put in a liver so it would dissolve and would go into my bloodstream. The funny thing is it worked. I was dying, and all of a sudden I came back. You've heard of acupuncture? Well, they tried acupuncture on me, and all that, and it helped.

In the end, I came home and I told all the medical doctors here in the United States about what I went through. When I told them about the liver implant and the acupuncture, they didn't believe me. But they got to believe it one day when President Nixon opened up relationships with Red China and Mao Tse Tung, and they learned about acupuncture and liver transplant and that's how the world got to know about it. But I still bear the scar on my side, here, and I laugh about it. Everybody in that hospital did die except for twenty of us that took that. I took anything so I could live. If it was escaping that would be one thing; if they had something to offer medically I would accept it, anything that would work.



Anyway coming home years later, I read an article about a soldier who was found and he was turned over and the DNA proved it to be one of my good friends, Fracas [?] was his name. It opened up a whole new book with me because it turns out that that fellow was part of the group that we lost, and another investigation determined that many of the casualties that lay in that farmer's field were from my outfit. This I talked about not long ago at a ceremony in Rhinebeck, NY at a memorial setting. I said:

“All this happened many years ago. Ancient history, right? It would be if it had had closure. There was still that question: what happened to the late, great B Company? The answer to that question about what happened fifty years ago, came to me about two months ago. My annual 25<sup>th</sup> Division magazine was delivered to my home. My eyes caught the following article “Cacti Soldier Laid to Rest.” As I read the unfolding story, tears streamed uncontrollably down my cheeks. The story told of a battle at Unsan, North Korea and a terrible loss of life on November 26, 1950. In 1999 over 200 bodies were discovered in farmers' fields where they were unceremoniously buried. One of the men, Corporal Raymond Mendoza Fracas, whom I knew very well many years ago, was one of the identified deceased along with other members of Company B. So in ending on this Memorial Day (that I delivered this), let us give reverence and prayer to all of those who paid the ultimate price for the sake of peace and liberty, and in our generation, let us not use the word forgotten again.” Because the Korean War was the forgotten war.

JH: Well, thank you very much for serving our country, and for sharing your experience with us.

HB: Thank you for taking this interview.

