again. Later the colonel and I went up, completed our business, and returned. As we approached the CP entrance, I was expecting a loud "Halt! Who is there?" When we reached the gate, however, no challenge rang out. The jeep stopped and waited. Finally a voice came softly from the darkness: "That *you,* Colonel?"

Those days on the line left vivid impressions of Colonel Hatfield, trudging out to outpost Kelly to check on the welfare of his men, coming back through a "safe lane" well zeroed-in on by the enemy . . . of making liaison with the Canadians on our left, the "Princess Pats," who believed in living like gentlemen within a thousand yards of the enemy . . . of the interminable digging that went on to prepare the position . . . of the pleasure in the evening of walking up on the hill to take a few shots from a tank at likely targets . . . of meticulous planning for counterattacks in the exposed valley along our left flank . . . of talking casually with Colonel Hatfield in the battalion CP while severe Chinese shelling went on . . . of a marine aviator, his Corsair hit by enemy fire, parachuting into Chinese territory within two thousand yards of our front lines . . . of checking the moonlight every night to evaluate the likelihood of an attack. All of these vignettes made a vivid picture in a few short weeks of my life.

Mills Hatfield was probably not with 1st Battalion for more than two weeks from the time I reported. But it seemed like a year or two. During the period of our association, I came to feel great respect for him. Only on his last night did he relax. That evening John Lissner and I were invited into his little log-cabin bunker, dug snugly into the side of the mountain. We had a few cans of beer, took aim at the rats running about the ceiling—which we regarded as pets—and reminisced about West Point. Hatfield left the next day without ceremony.

The 1st Battalion, 15th Infantry, moved off the line in early September. Left in charge of the battalion relief, I spent the night at a crossroads in a heavy warm rain, checking each company as it arrived and directing it to its trucks. I suspected that my days in combat with the 15th Infantry were probably numbered, so I savored every moment. I felt that I was having a good sample of service, if not a long experience, with a fine unit.

Soon thereafter the entire 15th Infantry Regiment was relieved

by the 65th. The 1st Battalion moved down to the Kimpo Peninsula to provide the regimental reserve for the Provisional Marine Regiment of the 1st Marine Division. Here, in a quiet sector, we trained and enjoyed the respite. When the battalion was about to move back to rejoin the 3d Division, the blow fell: I was ordered to report to division headquarters at Chipyong-ni. In the meantime we had learned that the 65th Infantry had lost Kelly Hill to the Chinese, with B Company of that regiment being captured almost intact.

I reported to division headquarters for duty with G-3 in a depressed mood. This was hardly eased by the fact that the division was in an uproar over another effort by our sister regiment, the 65th, to regain Kelly. I was astonished to observe the detail in which higher commanders dealt with what was essentially a reinforced company attack. The commanding general of the division was personally checking on the location of every recoilless weapon in the battalion, and the blown-up contour map of Kelly far surpassed in quality anything that had ever been available to our battalion in July. It was no wonder that Red Allen had been in the dark as to the placement of his own weapons!

The move from S-3 and acting executive officer of the 1st Battalion to that of division operations officer was a come-down. In the battalion, the commander who had taken over from Mills Hatfield had practically let me run the outfit, particularly while we were on the line. Now my duties consisted primarily of sitting on an operations desk and, with the aid of a sergeant and a clerk, keeping the map up to date and recording incoming messages regarding troop movements and patrols. The job was hardly one for which I was qualified. And from a selfish, creature-comfort point of view, gone was my jeep, my own wall tent, and my houseboy. This short period represented the nadir of my stay in Korea.

This personal malaise was dwarfed by the frustrations the 3d Division commander was undergoing. Our 65th Infantry Regiment (Puerto Rican) had become practically ineffective as a fighting unit. This regrettable situation was nobody's fault except for some G-1 at EUSAK, who had declared that all English-speaking Puerto Ricans be assigned to other divisions. The regiment had achieved an outstanding reputation in the early days of the Korean War

when bilingual NCOs could act as a bridge of communication between our continental (English-speaking) officers and our Puerto Rican soldiers. All these NCOs were now gone. As a result the 65th suffered disaster after disaster.[9]

Paradoxically, the division's difficulties brought about my emancipation from the operations desk. Major General George W. Smythe, who had replaced General Dulaney as division commander, grasped the problem of the 65th Infantry immediately and told my boss, Lieutenant Colonel Henry A. Barber III, that he wanted a staff study written for submission to higher headquarters. I volunteered with alacrity and Hal, after a moment's pause, decided I was the man to do the job.

When I reported to the general's tent, he knew exactly what he wanted. "John," he said, "that regiment can't fight the way it's set up. I want it thrown out of the division or integrated with Puerto Ricans and Continentals like they are in every other division. Now write a study and make it logical." I set to work with enthusiasm. For a few weeks I was to be the division G-3 "projects officer."

I have always wondered whether General Smythe knew what he was doing to me. I was assigned this job only two weeks before election time 1952, an event that the general never referred to but which was much on my mind when I gave myself the chance. The day the returns came in, swarms of newspaper people—perhaps twenty—arrived at division headquarters to sit and watch me like something under a microscope and to report my every reaction. I immediately took refuge in Hal Barber's van, where I could work and not be observed. I did, however, succumb to the wiles of one bespectacled war correspondent who promised to keep me informed on the progress of the election and generously pledged not to disclose my location to any other correspondents. As I worked away, my study nearly completed, the reporter came periodically to the van to deliver news of the election.

He never had a gloomy dispatch. From the very beginning, Dad's lead was commanding; the UNIVAC machines early predicted a landslide. However, the tension was such that with every

[9] On one occasion an entire company abandoned their five continental officers on the top of a hill called "Jackson Heights."

report I received from my friend, I reacted with some joyous response, invariably with some normal soldier profanity. What I did not know was that my friend was recording every single word. I later had some cause for embarrassment when my words appeared, every one of them, in print.

When the final results were known late in the afternoon, I responded to the pressure of the press group and went back to my tent where the correspondents were gathered. In a festive mood, I pulled a case of Bourbon and Scotch from under my canvas cot and poured drinks for the crowd. All the reporters, regardless of their own personal political persuasions, joined into the spirit of the occasion. The sound of artillery—outgoing fortunately—was in our ears. One enjoyable aspect was the reunion with the correspondent Mac Johnson, who had been somewhat resentful of my press conference the previous August. He sat on a foot locker, telling me lugubriously that if there were ever any news going out of the war zone whatsoever, the Army would be happy to suppress it. I found that Mac was a fellow I would like if I had a chance to run across him again.

The climax of the day came when some brilliant correspondents decided they needed a picture of General Smythe congratulating me on my father's election. It is difficult to describe how embarrassing a situation like this could be to a young major, assistant G-3 of a division. Nevertheless, the civilian world took over and General Smythe, always a good sport, eased the situation tremendously.

The next break in routine came when I heard that Dad was about to arrive in Korea on the trip he had promised to make during the presidential campaign. In early December I was ordered to report once more to General James Van Fleet's Eighth Army headquarters in Seoul. I was on hand just in time to meet the incoming group.

For some reason or other, the cold weather during these three days impressed me more than at any other time. Perhaps this was because our schedule kept us standing out in the open more than would have been normal; or perhaps the fact that I had been privileged to have a couple of hot showers and a warm place to