

Retreat, Hell!

**W.E.B.
Griffin**



JOVE BOOKS, NEW YORK

Retreat, Hell!

**W.E.B.
Griffin**



JOVE BOOKS, NEW YORK

Retreat, Hell!

**W.E.B.
Griffin**



JOVE BOOKS, NEW YORK

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)
[Copyright Page](#)
[Dedication](#)

[I](#)
[II](#)
[III](#)
[IV](#)
[V](#)
[VI](#)
[VII](#)
[VIII](#)
[IX](#)
[X](#)
[XI](#)
[XII](#)
[XIII](#)
[XIV](#)
[XV](#)
[XVI](#)
[XVII](#)
[XVIII](#)

[Afterword](#)

***Praise for* RETREAT, HELL!**

“Griffin, who served in Korea, sticks more closely to the action and moves ahead with galvanized self-assurance.”

—*Kirkus Reviews*

“Another solid entry . . . Veterans of the series will enjoy finding old comrades caught up in fresh adventures, while new-guy readers can easily enter here and pick up the ongoing story.” —*Publisher's Weekly*

“The author has a knack for smoothly combining fact with fiction, giving his work a realistic veneer.” —*Booklist*

W. E. B. GRIFFIN'S CLASSIC SERIES

THE CORPS

The bestselling saga of the heroes we call Marines . . .

“THE BEST CHRONICLER OF THE U.S. MILITARY EVER TO PUT PEN TO PAPER.” —*Phoenix Gazette*

“GREAT READING. A superb job of mingling fact and fiction . . . [Griffin's] characters come to life.”

—*The Sunday Oklahoman*

“THIS MAN HAS REALLY DONE HIS HOMEWORK . . . I confess to impatiently awaiting the appearance of succeeding books in the series.” —*The Washington Post*

“ACTION-PACKED . . . DIFFICULT TO PUT DOWN.”

—*Marine Corps Gazette*

HONOR BOUND

The high drama and real heroes of World War II . . .

“ROUSING ... AN IMMENSELY ENTERTAINING ADVENTURE.” —*Kirkus Reviews*

“INTRICATELY PLOTTED and packed with those accurate details that fans of Griffin have come to expect.” —*Booklist*

“A TAUTLY WRITTEN STORY whose twists and turns will keep readers guessing until the last page.” —*Publishers Weekly*

“A SUPERIOR WAR STORY.” —*Library Journal*

BROTHERHOOD OF WAR

The series that launched W. E. B. Griffin's phenomenal career . . .

“AN AMERICAN EPIC.” —Tom Clancy

“FIRST-RATE. Griffin, a former soldier, skillfully sets the stage, melding credible characters, a good eye for detail, and colorful, gritty dialogue into a readable and entertaining story.” —*The Washington Post*

“ABSORBING, salted-peanuts reading filled with detailed and fascinating descriptions of weapon tactics, Green Beret training, army life, and battle.”

—*The New York Times Book Review*

“A CRACKLING GOOD STORY. It gets into the hearts and minds of those who by choice circumstance are called upon to fight our nation’s wars.”

—William R. Corson, Lt. Col. (Ret.) U.S.M.C., author of *The Betrayal* and *The Armies of Ignorance*

“A MAJOR WORK . . . MAGNIFICENT . . . POWERFUL . . . If books about warriors and the women who love them were given medals for authenticity, insight, and honesty, *Brotherhood of War* would be covered with them.”

—William Bradford Huie, author of *The Klansman* and *The Execution of Private Slovik*

BADGE OF HONOR

Griffin’s electrifying epic series of a big-city police force . . .

“DAMN EFFECTIVE ... He captivates you with characters the way few authors can.” —Tom Clancy

“TOUGH, AUTHENTIC . . . POLICE DRAMA AT ITS BEST . . . Readers will feel as if they’re part of the investigation, and the true-to-life characters will soon feel like old friends. Excellent reading.” —Dale Brown, bestselling author of

Storming Heaven and *Fatal Terrain*

“COLORFUL . . . GRITTY . . . TENSE.”

—*The Philadelphia Inquirer*

“A REAL WINNER.” —*New York Daily News*

MEN AT WAR

The legendary OSS—fighting a silent war of spies and assassins in the shadows of World War II .

“WRITTEN WITH A SPECIAL FLAIR for the military heart and mind.” —*Winfield Daily Courier* (KS)

“SHREWD, SHARP, ROUSING ENTERTAINMENT.”

—*Kirkus Reviews*

“CAMEOS BY SUCH HISTORICAL FIGURES as William ‘Wild Bill’ Donovan, Joseph P. Kennedy Jr., David Niven, and Peter Ustinov lend color . . . suspenseful.”

—*Publishers Weekly*

TITLES BY W.E.B. GRIFFIN

HONOR BOUND

HONOR BOUND
BLOOD AND HONOR
SECRET HONOR

BROTHERHOOD OF WAR

BOOK I: THE LIEUTENANTS
BOOK II: THE CAPTAINS
BOOK III: THE MAJORS
BOOK IV: THE COLONELS
BOOK V: THE BERETS
BOOK VI: THE GENERALS
BOOK VII: THE NEW BREED
BOOK VIII: THE AVIATORS
BOOK IX: SPECIAL OPS

THE CORPS

BOOK I: SEMPER FI
BOOK II: CALL TO ARMS
BOOK III: COUNTERATTACK
BOOK IV: BATTLEGROUND
BOOK V: LINE OF FIRE
BOOK VI: CLOSE COMBAT
BOOK VII: BEHIND THE LINES
BOOK VIII: IN DANGER'S PATH
BOOK IX: UNDER FIRE
BOOK X: RETREAT, HELL!

BADGE OF HONOR

BOOK I: MEN IN BLUE
BOOK II: SPECIAL OPERATIONS
BOOK III: THE VICTIM
BOOK IV: THE WITNESS
BOOK V: THE ASSASSIN
BOOK VI: THE MURDERERS
BOOK VII: THE INVESTIGATORS
BOOK VIII: FINAL JUSTICE

MEN AT WAR

BOOK I: THE LAST HEROES

BOOK II: THE SECRET WARRIORS

BOOK III: THE SOLDIER SPIES

BOOK IV: THE FIGHTING AGENTS

BOOK V: THE SABOTEURS

BOOK VI: THE DOUBLE AGENTS

PRESIDENTIAL AGENT

BOOK I: BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT

BOOK II: THE HOSTAGE

BOOK III: THE HUNTERS

THE BERKLEY PUBLISHING GROUP

Published by the Penguin Group

Penguin Group (USA) Inc.

375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA

Penguin Group (Canada), 90 Eglinton Avenue East, Suite 700, Toronto, Ontario M4P 2Y3, Canada
(a division of Pearson Penguin Canada Inc.)

Penguin Books Ltd., 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England

Penguin Group Ireland, 25 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin 2, Ireland (a division of Penguin Books Ltd.)

Penguin Group (Australia), 250 Camberwell Road, Camberwell, Victoria 3124, Australia

(a division of Pearson Australia Group Pty. Ltd.)

Penguin Books India Pvt. Ltd., 11 Community Centre, Panchsheel Park, New Delhi—110 017, India

Penguin Group (NZ), Cnr. Airborne and Rosedale Roads, Albany, Auckland 1310, New Zealand

(a division of Pearson New Zealand Ltd.)

Penguin Books (South Africa) (Pty.) Ltd., 24 Sturdee Avenue, Rosebank, Johannesburg 2196, South
Africa

Penguin Books Ltd., Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

The publisher does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for author or third-party websites or their content.

RETREAT, HELL!

A Jove Book / published by arrangement with the author.

Copyright © 2004 by W.E.B. Griffin.

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced, scanned, or distributed in any printed or electronic form without permission. Please do not participate in or encourage electronic piracy of copyrighted materials in violation of the author's rights. Purchase only authorized editions. For information, address: The Berkley Publishing Group, a division of Penguin Group (USA) Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New

York, New York 10014.

eISBN : 978-0-515-13861-0

JOVE®

Jove Books are published by The Berkley Publishing Group,
a division of Penguin Group (USA) Inc.

375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014.

JOVE is a registered trademark of Penguin Group (USA) Inc.

The "J" design is a trademark belonging to Penguin Group (USA) Inc.

<http://us.penguin.com>

THE CORPS is respectfully dedicated to the memory of

Colonel Drew James Barrett, Jr., USMC
19 April 1919-1 May 2003

Second Lieutenant Drew James Barrett III, USMC
3 April 1945-27 February 1969
Died of wounds, Quang Nam Province,
Republic of Vietnam

Major Alfred Lee Butler III, USMC
4 September 1950-8 February 1984
Died as the result of terrorist action, Beirut, Lebanon

Donald L. Schomp
A Marine Fighter Pilot
who became a legendary U.S. Army Master Aviator
RIP 9 April 1989

“Semper Fi!”



802793 09001411 7-93

Korean Peninsula

Prologue

Until August 1945, when General Order Number One, the protocol for the surrender—and occupation—of Japan was being somewhat hastily drafted in Washington, the 38th Parallel, which runs across the Korean Peninsula, had been just one line on a map of the globe.

At the time, World War II was just about over. Nagasaki and Hiroshima had been obliterated by atomic bombs, and Japan was willing to surrender. The Soviet Union had just— somewhat belatedly— declared war on the Japanese Empire, and had already started to move troops into the Japanese “Protectorates” of Manchuria and Korea.

President Truman, who had already learned not to trust the Soviet Union, realized that to keep the Red Army from occupying all of Korea, a border—“a demarcation line”—between the northern part of the Korean Peninsula and the southern, where the United States planned to station troops, was needed.

If Korea was divided—about equally—at the 38th Parallel, the United States would control Seoul, the capital, and the major ports of Inchon—near Seoul—and Pusan—at the southern tip of the peninsula.

The division at the 38th Parallel was proposed to the Soviets as the demarcation line, and they raised no objections. The seeds for what became the People’s Democratic Republic of North Korea and the Republic of South Korea were sown.

Four years and eleven months later, the Inmun Gun—the Soviet-trained North Korean Army—invaded South Korea across the 38th Parallel with the announced intention of “unifying” Korea.

The attack officially—and in fact—came as a “complete surprise” to the United States. United States intelligence agencies at all levels had failed to perform their basic duty to warn of an impending attack on the United States or its allies.

It was hard then—and still is, more than half a century later—to understand why we didn’t see the attack coming.

Immediately after World War II, Stalin had managed to establish surrogate governments in East Germany, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia—and North Korea. On 5 March 1946, in a speech at Fulton, Missouri, British Wartime Prime Minister Winston S. Churchill said, “From Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic, an iron curtain has descended across the Continent.”

President Harry S Truman had become very suspicious of Soviet intentions even before he ordered the use of atomic weapons against Japan, and he had acted to foil them.

For example, Truman had courageously dispatched American advisers—actually the first special forces/operations soldiers, long before anyone even thought of wearing a green beret—to Greece where they successfully thwarted Soviet intentions to take over the birthplace of democracy.

And when the Soviets tried to force the Americans, French, and English from Berlin, Truman had ordered the Air Lift, which saw U.S. Air Force transports landing round the clock at sixty-second intervals to keep Berlin fed, and the Western Allies in the former German capital.

Many historians now believe that the reason Stalin authorized his surrogate North Korean Army to invade South Korea is that the United States had actually led him to believe we would raise no objections.

On 12 January 1950, Secretary of State Dean Acheson outlined President Truman's Asian policy in a speech at the National Press Club in Washington, D.C. Acheson "drew a line" of countries the United States considered "essential to its national interests," a euphemism everyone understood mean the United States would go to war to defend.

Acheson placed Japan, Okinawa, and the Philippines within the "American defense perimeter. Taiwan and Korea were not mentioned.

The United States was then "completely surprised" five months later when, in the early morning of 25 June 1950, the North Koreans invaded across the 38th Parallel.

Not that twenty-four hours'—or ten days' or six months'—advance warning of the attack would have been of much real use: The Inmun Gun was well trained, well disciplined, and well armed. The South Korean armed forces were not.

The South Koreans had been denied, for example, heavy artillery because some of Truman's advisers believed they might use it to invade North Korea. South Korea had also been denied modern aircraft, tanks, and other military hardware by the same reasoning. And, of course, for reasons of economy.

There were only several hundred American troops in South Korea on that Sunday morning, assigned to the Korean Military Advisory Group (KMAG), and they were armed only with their individual weapons.

The Eighth United States Army was scattered among the islands of Japan, but it was not prepared to fight a war.

Blame can fairly be laid for this:

The President of the United States, under the Constitution, is Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces. The authors of the Constitution wanted to make absolutely sure that the armed forces were firmly under civilian control, and gave that control to the President.

With that authority, of course, came responsibility. It is the responsibility—the duty—of the President to ensure that the armed forces are prepared to wage war when called upon to do so. In practical terms, this means the President ensures that the uniformed officers in command of the armed forces meet their responsibilities to keep their forces in readiness. In turn, that means that the armed forces are trained and equipped to go to war.

There is little question now that the senior American officer in the Pacific, General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, failed in his duty to make sure that the Eighth Army under his command was both trained and equipped to go to war. On 25 June 1950, it was neither.

That it was not adequately trained is entirely MacArthur's fault, but to place blame for the literal disgraceful lack of equipment in the Eighth United States Army, it is necessary to go all the way to the top of the chain of command.

United States Forces, Far East, were under the command of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. MacArthur repeatedly advised them of the sorry state of his equipment, and requested to be supplied with what he believed he needed.

The Chairmen of the Joint Chiefs—there were several during this period—repeatedly requested of their superior, the Secretary of Defense, that the U.S. Armed Forces worldwide (not only MacArthur's forces in Japan) be adequately supplied with the necessary equipment.

Truman's Secretary of Defense, Louis Johnson, openly boasted at the time that he had first cut military spending to the bone, and then cut some more.

He had. At Johnson's orders, there were two battalions (instead of the three considered necessary) in most of the U.S. Army's regiments. And there were two regiments (instead of three) in all but one of the divisions.

The Secretary of Defense is, with the advice and consent of the Senate, appointed by the President. Once Louis Johnson had been confirmed, President Truman was responsible for his actions, good or bad.

The blame for the inadequate equipment in the Eighth U.S. Army—and just about everywhere else—has to be laid on the desk of President Harry S Truman, right beside the small sign reading “The Bus Stops Here” that he kept there.

There were, of course, extenuating circumstances.

Congress, for one, was not in the mood to appropriate the billions of dollars it would have cost to bring the armed forces back to the state of preparedness they had been in five years before, when, on September 1945, MacArthur had accepted the unconditional surrender of the Japanese Empire on the battleship USS Missouri in Tokyo Harbor.

And Korea was almost at the bottom of the list of problems with which President Truman had to deal on a daily basis. Most of these problems had to do with thwarting Soviet mischief in Europe, the Near East, and even Africa.

The Soviets hadn't done nearly so well in the Far East, and the credit for that unquestionably belongs to Douglas MacArthur, who had flatly refused to permit the Soviets to participate in the occupation of Japan.

MacArthur had also successfully sown the seed of democratic government in the mind of the Japanese people, and taken wide and generally successful steps to get the war-ravaged Japanese economy moving.

As far as the disgraceful condition of the Eighth United States Army in Japan was concerned, one has to remember that all armies are rank conscious.

General of the Army Douglas MacArthur was not only the senior officer on active duty, but he had been Army Chief of Staff when the general officers in the 1950 Pentagon had been captains and majors. In World War II, MacArthur had been a theater commander, commanding more men of all services than there were now in 1950 in all the armed forces of the United States.

There are annual inspections of every organization in the Army, ending with a conference during which the inspectors point out to the commander where he is doing what he should not be doing, or not doing what he should be doing.

It is very difficult to imagine any officer, even one with a galaxy of stars on his epaulets, pointing out to General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, Supreme Commander, Allied Powers, and Commanding General, United States Far East Command (FECOM), where he was doing something wrong, or where he had failed to do something he should have been doing.

And none did.

Because of the International Date Line, when it is Sunday in Korea it is Saturday in New York City and Washington. The first word of the attack reached the Pentagon about eight o'clock Saturday night.

and at about the same time, the United Nations Commission in Korea managed to get UN Secretary General Trygve Lie on the telephone at his estate on Long Island.

Lie blurted, "This is war against the United Nations."

President Truman learned of the attack at his home in Independence, Missouri, early Sunday morning and immediately boarded his airplane, the Independence, to fly back to Washington.

Lie convened an emergency meeting of the UN Security Council at two o'clock Sunday afternoon. The Soviet Union, trying to force the UN into seating Red China—and expelling Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese Nationalists—was refusing to attend Security Council meetings and did not participate.

This was a blunder on their part. Had they attended, the Soviet Union could have vetoed the resolution the UN passed. The resolution stated that the attack constituted a breach of the peace, ordered an immediate cessation of hostilities and the immediate withdrawal of North Korean forces from South Korea, and called upon all UN members to "render every assistance to the UN in the execution of this resolution."

At about six o'clock that evening, in Washington, in Blair House—across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House, which was being repaired—President Truman met with the more important members of his staff.

They quickly and unanimously agreed with Truman that the interests of the United States demanded that immediate action be taken to stop Communist aggression in Korea.

A little after ten-thirty Sunday evening, two teletype orders from the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff were sent to the Far East.

The first, to the Commanding General, FECOM—MacArthur—authorized him to send ammunition and military equipment to Korea, to prevent the loss of Seoul; authorized him to provide ships and aircraft to evacuate American citizens from Korea; and directed him to send a "survey party" to Korea to see what was going on.

It is germane to note that until MacArthur got that teletype order he had no official role in Korea. The former Japanese Protectorate of Korea, now the Republic of South Korea, was an independent nation.

The second order went to the United States Seventh Fleet. It was to immediately sail from its several major home ports—the largest were in the Philippines and Okinawa—for the U.S. Navy Base at Sasebo, Japan. On arrival, the warships would come under the operational control of the Commander, U.S. Naval Forces, Far East.

Since Commander, Naval Forces, Far East, was under FECOM, that meant they would be under MacArthur's command.

MacArthur immediately ordered the U.S. Far Eastern Air Force—already under his command—to Korea to protect the evacuation of American civilians and dependents from Inchon and Pusan.

Over Inchon, the American jets were fired upon by three Russian-made YAK fighters, which the Americans promptly shot down.

It was the first American victory in the Korean War, and much time would pass before there would be another.

Outnumbered, outgunned, and in many cases poorly led, most of the South Korean Army simply began to disintegrate in the face of the North Korean attack.

The Survey Party—thirteen officers and two enlisted men under Brigadier General John H. Church—took off from Tokyo as soon as it could be formed. While in the air, they received two messages, the first saying it would probably be wiser not to try to land at Seoul's Kimpo Airfield, and suggesting the field at Suwon, thirty miles or so south of Seoul, as an alternate. The second said that the Pentagon had given MacArthur command of all U.S. Forces in Korea, and the Survey Party had been rather grandly redesignated as “GHQ Advance Command and Liaison Group in Korea.”

ADCOM landed at Suwon about 1900 27 June. Colonel William H. S. Wright, the KMAG Chief of Staff, who met them, suggested that it probably would be better to wait for morning to drive into Seoul than to try to do so in the hours of darkness.

At 0400 the next day, two KMAG officers drove into Suwon and reported to General Church that the bridges across the Han River had been blown and that Seoul was in the hands of the enemy.

Church radioed MacArthur that U.S. ground troops were going to be necessary if the United States intended to push the North Koreans back across the 38th Parallel. The reply was a query: “Is Suwon safe for a high-ranking officer to land there tomorrow?”

Church replied that it was.

The “high-ranking officer” turned out to be General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, who took a quick look around, then radioed the Pentagon that U.S. troops were going to be necessary.

While this was going on, the United Nations, realizing that the North Koreans had no intention of obeying the UN resolution to cease, desist, and get out of South Korea, issued—on 27 June—another one:

“. . . recommends that the members of the UN furnish such assistance to the Republic of Korea as may be necessary to repel the armed attack. . . .”

Resisting the Communist attack would be an action of the United Nations, rather than a unilateral action by the United States.

Just before 0500 30 June, President Truman got MacArthur's assessment of the Korean situation and his request for authorization to use American ground troops. Truman immediately authorized the deployment of one regimental combat team, and after thinking it over for two hours, authorized the deployment of two infantry divisions.

At 0800 1 July “Task Force Smith”—400 officers and men from the 21st Infantry, 24th Infantry Division, under Lieutenant Colonel Charles B. Smith—boarded USAF C-54 transports at Itazuke Air Force Base in Japan and were flown to Korea.

It was not the regimental combat team Truman had authorized. It was all the men the 24th Division could muster on short notice.

On the morning of 5 July, Task Force Smith was in place on the Suwon-Osan Highway, south of Suwon. The “crew-served” weapons with which it was supposed to halt the North Korean Army consisted of two 75-mm recoilless rifles; two 4.2-inch mortars; six 2.36-inch rocket launchers; and four 60-mm mortars. The 52nd Field Artillery—six light 105-mm howitzers—had been assigned to them.

When the North Koreans' Russian-built T-34 tanks attacked, they were engaged by Task Force Smith's 75-mm recoilless rifles. The projectiles bounced off the Russian armor. So did the 2.36-inch rockets. So did the shells from the 105-mm howitzers.

On the morning of 6 July, Colonel Smith was able to muster only 248 officers and men of the original 400. The artillery had lost five officers and twenty-six men and most of its cannon.

And they had managed to delay—not stop—the North Koreans for less than seven hours.

More troops were going to be needed, and quickly. The problem was, there were no more troops.

The Marine Corps was ordered to furnish a division. There were two Marine divisions: The First, in California, was at less than half wartime strength, and the Second, on the East Coast, was in even worse shape. At Headquarters, USMC, Major Drew J. Barrett, Jr., ¹ a junior G-1 staff officer, marched into the office of the Commandant of the Marine Corps to report that there was no way the Corps could meet the requirements laid on it by the Commander-in-Chief except by mobilizing the entire reserve. This was done.

The Eighth Army, under General Walton H. “Johnny” Walker, who had served with distinction under Patton in Europe, began a series of delaying actions—in other words, retreated—down the Korean Peninsula.

On 4 August, the Pusan Perimeter was established. This was a small enclave at the tip of the peninsula. The alternative to the perimeter was being pushed into the sea.

Reinforcements began to arrive from Japan, Hawaii, and the continental United States. By gutting the 2nd Marine Division on the East Coast, the Marine Corps was able to form from the 1st Marine Division the First Marine Brigade (Provisional) and send it to Korea.

General Walker immediately made the Marines his “Fire Brigade,” moving it around within the perimeter to reinforce whatever Army units seemed most vulnerable to the continuing North Korean attack.

MacArthur, meanwhile—while there was still genuine doubt that Walker could hold the Pusan Perimeter—was planning a counterattack. He was later to claim he’d first thought of it when he made his first quick visit to Korea.

It is a matter of record that MacArthur, in early July, had ordered his chief of staff, Major General Edward M. Almond, to plan for a landing on the west coast of the peninsula.

When he finally revealed his plan—to make an amphibious landing at Inchon, the port near Seoul—it was greeted with reactions ranging from “grave doubts” to mutters of “absolute insanity” from just about every senior officer made privy to it.

It was the worst possible place to stage an amphibious landing. There was a long list of things wrong with the plan, primarily the “landing beach” itself.

To get to the “landing beach” the invasion fleet would have to navigate the narrow Flying Fish Channel, which was not navigable except at high tide, and then only for two hours. When the thirty-plus-foot tides receded, the landing area was a sea of mud.

There was no beach. Men would have to climb a seawall when they left their landing barges.

Army Chief of Staff Collins sent General Matthew B. Ridgway, recognized as one of the brightest officers in the Army, to Tokyo to “confer” with MacArthur about the Inchon plan. Everyone understood that Ridgway’s mission was to talk MacArthur out of his plan.

He failed to do so.

President Truman was faced with the choice of listening to the senior officers in the Pentagon, who wanted him to forbid the operation, or letting MacArthur have his way.

Political considerations certainly influenced Truman to some degree. It was a given that if Truman supported the Pentagon and forbade the invasion, MacArthur would logically conclude that the President had no faith in him, and retire.

If he did so quietly, fine. But that was unlikely. It was more likely that the “firing” of the legendary national hero would see MacArthur as the Republican candidate in the upcoming presidential election.

Whatever the reasons, Truman decided not to interfere with MacArthur’s plan to invade at Inchon on 15 September.

MacArthur gave command of the invasion force—X Corps—to Major General Ned Almond. He did not, however, relieve Almond of his assignment as his chief of staff. While this was perfectly legal, and certainly MacArthur’s prerogative, the Pentagon establishment was outraged.

Some of their rage, MacArthur’s supporters claimed, was because they could not now give MacArthur a chief of staff who could be counted on to provide them a window into MacArthur’s thinking.

Eighth Army Commander Walker bitterly protested the loss of the Marines to X Corps. He said he could not guarantee holding the Pusan Perimeter without them. MacArthur was unmoved. The First Marine Brigade (Provisional) came off the lines in Pusan, boarded the ships of the invasion fleet, and en route to Inchon, reinforced at sea by a third regiment, became the 1st Marine Division.

The invasion was a spectacular success.

At 1200 29 September—two weeks after the landing—MacArthur stood in Seoul’s National Assembly Hall and told South Korean President Syngman Rhee,

“. . . On behalf of the United Nations Command, I am happy to restore to you, Mr. President, the seat of your government. . . .”

MacArthur then led the assembled dignitaries in recitation of the Lord’s Prayer.

The Eighth Army had broken out of the Pusan Perimeter. The North Korean Army was in full retreat.

It was logical to presume that the Korean War was over.

[ONE]

NEAR CHONGJU, SOUTH KOREA 0815 28 SEPTEMBER 1950

Major Malcolm S. Pickering, USMCR, whose appearance and physical condition reflected that he had not had a change of clothing—much less the opportunity to bathe with soap or shave—since he had been shot down fifty-eight days before sat between two enormous boulders near the crest of a hill.

He thought—but was by no means sure—that he was about twenty miles north of Taejon and about thirty miles south of Suwon. Where he hoped he was, was in a remote area of South Korea where there were few North Korean soldiers, lessening the chance that he would be spotted until he could attract the attention of an American airplane, and have someone come and pick him up.

Those hopes were of course, after fifty-eight days, fading. Immediately after he had been shot down, there had been a flurry of search activity, but when they hadn't found him the activity had slowed down, and—logic forced him to acknowledge—finally ceased.

He wasn't at all sure that anyone had seen any of the signs he left after the first one, the day after he'd been shot down. What he had done was stamp into the mud of a drained rice paddy with his boot the letters *PP* and an arrow. No one called him "Malcolm." He was called "Pick" and he knew that all the members of his squadron—and other Marine pilots—would make the connection.

The arrow's direction was basically meaningless. If the arrow pointed northward, sometimes he went that way. More often than not, he went east, west, or south. He knew that he couldn't move fast enough so that he wouldn't be able to see an airplane searching low and slow for him in the area of the sign left in the mud.

He had left other markers every other—or every third—day since he'd been on the run. The fact that there had been Corsairs flying low over some of the markers—logic forced him to acknowledge—was not proof that they had seen the markers. The Corsairs, when they were not in direct support of the Marines on the ground, went on combined reconnaissance and interdiction flights, which meant that they were flying close to the deck, not that they had seen his markers.

It was too risky to stay in one place, so he had kept moving. He'd gotten his food—and an A-Fram—to carry it in—from South Korean peasant farmers, who were anxious to help him, but made it clear they didn't want anyone to know—either the North Korean military or a local Communist—that they had done so. In either case, they would have been shot.

He was, of course, discouraged. Logic forced him to acknowledge that sooner or later, he was going to be spotted by North Koreans, or by someone who would report him to the North Koreans. And if they found him, he would be forced to make a decision that was not at all pleasant to think about.

It wasn't simply a question of becoming a prisoner, although that was an unpleasant prospect in itself. Three times since he had been on the run he had come across bodies—once, more than thirty-

of U.S. Army soldiers who, having been captured and after having their hands tied behind them with commo wire, had been summarily executed and left to rot where they had fallen.

If the North Koreans spotted him, and he could not get away, he was going to die. Not with his hands tied behind his back, but very probably by his own hand, unless he was lucky enough to go down with .45 blazing, à la John Wayne. Logic forced him to acknowledge that was wishful thinking, that he couldn't take the risk of going out in a blaze of glory, that he would have to do it himself.

Major Pickering's father was Brigadier General Fleming Pickering, USMCR, who was the Deputy Director of the Central Intelligence Agency for Asia. For obvious reasons, young Pickering could not allow himself to fall into North Korean hands.

It was sort of a moot question anyway. With only five rounds left for the .45, he couldn't put up much of a fight with two North Koreans, much less a platoon of the bastards, or a company.

The hilltop was bathed in bright morning sunlight, the rays of which had finally warmed Major Pickering—it had been as cold as a witch's teat during the night—but had not yet warmed the ground fog in the valley below enough to burn it off.

That meant that Major Pickering could not see what he was looking for, even through the 8 × 3 U.S. Navy binoculars he had somewhat whimsically—if, as it turned out, very fortuitously—"borrowed" from the USS *Badoeng Strait* just before taking off.

The rice paddy in the valley where he had stamped out the last marker in the mud was covered with ground fog.

He set the binoculars down and went into the bag tied to the A-Frame. There was what was left of a roasted chicken carcass and the roasted rib cage of a small pig. Surprising Major Pickering not at all, both were rotten to the point where trying to eat any of it would be gross folly.

After thinking it over carefully, he decided he would bury the rotten meat before breakfast. He dug a small trench with a K-bar knife and did so, and then went back into the A-Frame bag and took from it three balls of cold rice. The smell they gave off was not appealing, but it was not nausea-inducing, and he popped them one at a time into his mouth and forced them down.

That was the end of rations, which meant that he would have to get some food today. That meant tonight. What he would do was come off the hill, very carefully, and look for some Korean farmer's thatch-roofed stone hut. When he found one, he would keep it under surveillance all day and go to it after dark, entering it with .45 drawn and hoping there would be food offered, and that the farmer would not send someone to report the presence of an American the moment he left.

So far, food had been offered and North Korean troops had not come looking for him at first light. So far, he had been lucky. Logic forced him to acknowledge that sooner or later everybody's luck would change, most often for the worse.

When he drank from his canteen—he had two—he drained it, which meant that when he found the Korean farmer's house and more or less threw himself on their mercy, he would have to stick around long enough to boil water to take with him.

He picked up the binoculars and trained them again on the rice paddy below. The fog had burned off somewhat in the area; he could see the dirt path—it didn't deserve to be called a road—leading to it, but not the rice paddy itself.

"Oh, shit," he said aloud.

Two vehicles were just visible on the path.

They had to be North Koreans. It was entirely possible that these were the first two motorized vehicles ever to move down the path used by ox-drawn carts.

“I’m losing my fucking mind,” he said softly, but aloud.

The two vehicles were a jeep and a three-quarter-ton weapons carrier. A large American flag was affixed to the tall antenna rising from the rear of the jeep.

He took the binoculars from his eyes, then squinted his eyes and rolled them around, and then raised them again, hooking the eyepieces under the bone at his eye sockets.

The jeep and the flag it had been flying . . .

Jesus Christ, did I really see an American flag?

. . . were no longer in sight in the ground fog, but the rear of the weapons carrier was visible.

There were men holding rifles standing at the back of it, in what looked like U.S. Army uniforms—but he couldn’t be sure—

Jesus, they’re gooks! What that is, is a captured weapons carrier, with gooks driving it.

And they’re right at the paddy where I stomped the signal in the mud!

Jesus Christ, they’re looking for me!

How the hell did they know I was here?

Well, if I have trouble seeing them with binoculars, they can’t see me, and that’s a hell of a distance away.

In what direction did I point the arrow?

South, I pointed it south! I’m north. Maybe they won’t even look this way.

And maybe they will.

He took the binoculars from his eyes again and did the eye exercises, and then put the eyepieces back to his eyes.

Another man was now standing at the back of the weapons carrier, a rifle slung from his shoulder. He was at least a foot taller than the others.

Jesus, that’s a big gook!

Gook, shit, that’s a white man!

Look again. Don’t do anything stupid!

He exercised his eyes without removing the binoculars from his face.

When he focused them again there was one more man at the back of the weapons carrier, not quite as tall as the first one but conspicuously larger than the Orientals.

And white. That’s a white man.

Those are U.S. Army soldiers.

Or maybe Russians? The Russians would love to grab a downed aviator. And if they are Russian that would explain the jeep and the weapons carrier.

Shit, those are Americans! I can tell, somehow, by the way they stand.

So what do I do now?

Signal them, obviously. There's no way I can get down this fucking hill in less than thirty minutes. took me nearly an hour to climb up here.

I could fire the .45.

If they could hear it, which I don't think very likely, they won't be able to tell from which direction the sound came.

If I fire three shots—supposed to be the distress signal— that'll leave me two rounds. And if they can't hear the three shots, they won't be able to recognize the distress signal, and I'm down to two shots.

The signaling mirror!

Where the hell is that?

Jesus, I didn't toss it, lose it, did I?

A frantic search of the bag on the A-Frame turned up the signaling mirror. It was an oblong of polished metal, maybe three by four inches. There was an X-shaped cut in the center of it, presumably to be used as some sort of aiming device—he had never figured out how that worked—to reflect the rays of the sun, and the dots and dashes of the international Morse code were embossed on one side. He had never figured out how you were supposed to be able to send Morse code with the mirror either.

But the basic idea of the mirror, reflecting the rays of the sun to attract someone's attention, seemed simple enough, and he tried to do that. He was quickly able to focus the reflected light on boulders farther down the hill, and, encouraged by that, tried to direct the light all the way down the hill into the valley, to the rear of the weapons carrier.

He couldn't see the light flashing anywhere in the valley.

He put the binoculars to his eyes again with his left hand and tried to aim the mirror with his right.

He couldn't see a flash of light that way either.

But he saw the two tall guys, the two Americans, vanish from sight, and then the gooks with them

Who the hell are they?

... crawled into the bed of the weapons carrier.

And then the weapons carrier backed off the ox path into the edge of the rice paddy. The jeep reappeared ...

That is an American flag, goddamn it!

... and headed the other way down the ox path. The weapons carrier followed it.

In a moment, they were out of sight.

Jesus H. Fucking Christ!

Major Pickering, close to tears, in a frustrated rage, threw the signaling mirror down the hill.

He lay on his back between the rocks for a full minute, and then heaved himself erect.

Then he went down the hill and started looking for the mirror.

[TWO]

The jeep—its bumper markings identified it as belonging to Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 7th Infantry Division—had a pedestal-mounted .30-caliber Browning air-cooled machine gun, and the backseat had been replaced with a rack of radios.

There were three men in it, two Americans and a South Korean. One of the Americans was Major Kenneth R. McCoy, USMCR, a lithely muscular, even-featured, fair-skinned thirty-year-old. He was driving. The other American was Master Gunner Ernest W. Zimmerman, USMC—a stocky, round-faced, tightly muscled, short, barrel-chested thirty-five-year-old. Zimmerman rode with his right foot resting on the fender extension, the butt of a Thompson .45-ACP-caliber submachine gun resting on his muscular upper leg.

The Korean was a South Korean National Police Sergeant named Kim. He had no place to sit, and had jury-rigged, from web pistol belts, a sort of a harness, and rode standing—or half sitting—in a position to train and fire the machine gun. The rig looked both uncomfortable and precarious, but Sergeant Kim had neither complained nor lost his footing.

Following the jeep was a Dodge three-quarter-ton truck, called a “weapons carrier,” that also bore bumper markings identifying it as belonging to the 7th Infantry Division, specifically to the 7th Military Police Company.

It was being driven by another National Police Sergeant, also named Kim. Technical Sergeant Richard C. Jennings, USMC—a long and lanky twenty-six-year-old—rode beside him with an M1 Garand rifle in his lap. Three sergeants—one Marine and two National Police—rode on the wood-slatted seats in the truck bed. Sergeant Alvin C. Cole, USMC, was armed with a Browning automatic rifle (BAR), and there was a .30-caliber air-cooled Browning on a bipod mount on the floor of the truck. The Koreans were armed with M-2 (fully automatic) carbines. Everybody was wearing U.S. Army fatigues without insignia of any kind.

Major McCoy didn't say a word for the next ten minutes, until the ox path came onto a dirt road. He stopped the jeep and took a map from under the cushion.

“Well, at least we know the bastard's still alive,” he said. “Your guess is he stamped that out twenty-four hours ago?”

“No more than that. Just before they took the picture,” Zimmerman said.

“Well, if he hung around, he would have seen us,” McCoy said. “I have no idea where to look for him.”

“What do you want to do, Killer?” Zimmerman asked.

Marine master gunners do not ordinarily address Marine majors by anything but their rank—or, of course, as “sir”—but Major McCoy did not seem to either notice or take offense.

“Well, we can't hang around here, can we, Ernie?” McCoy said. And then he added, bitterly, “If at first you don't succeed, fuck it.”

He put the jeep in gear and turned onto the dirt road, heading north.

[THREE]

sample content of Retreat, Hell! (Corps, No 10)

- [click Principles of Non-Philosophy](#)
- [Economic History as it Happened, Volume 1: The Dynamics of U. S. Capitalism: Corporate Structure, Inflation, Credit, Gold, and the Dollar for free](#)
- [download online German Battleships 1914-18 \(1\): Deutschland, Nassau and Helgoland classes \(New Vanguard, Volume 164\)](#)
- [The Wings of the Dove \(Barnes & Noble Classics Series\) pdf, azw \(kindle\), epub, doc, mobi](#)
- [click Bones](#)

- <http://creativebeard.ru/freebooks/On-Racine.pdf>
- <http://test1.batsinbelfries.com/ebooks/Patterns-in-Permutations-and-Words--Monographs-in-Theoretical-Computer-Science--An-EATCS-Series-.pdf>
- <http://metromekanik.com/ebooks/Hero--Come-Back.pdf>
- <http://aneventshop.com/ebooks/Henri-Cartier-Bresson--Lo-Zen-e-la-Fotografia.pdf>
- <http://interactmg.com/ebooks/High-Price--A-Neuroscientist-s-Journey-of-Self-Discovery-That-Challenges-Everything-You-Know-About-Drugs-and-Soc>