

whimsically set lips drew apart in a flashing smile, revealing the only perfect set of teeth I have ever seen. That blob of flesh in the middle of his face, which he used for a nose, actually quivered from the intensity of his joy. His hair seemed to rise on end so that it more closely resembled a shock of wheat. Never had he been received with more friendliness. At once he decided to bless our town with his presence from then on. With his ability to make people smile, he was indeed a blessing.

The Day

David W. Montgomery

THROUGHOUT its long, violent history, Korea has been referred to as the land of the morning calm and the morning of April 27, 1951, started that way. The soft grey light of dawn spread over the silent, rugged countryside and the only movement that could be seen was that of the deep grey of the shadows forming beneath the stunted pines, as they replaced the slowly dispersing ground fog. I only half-saw this lovely panorama spreading out from my foxhole because I was more interested in the minute details of the hills before me. The slight hump of freshly turned earth, a rock that did not match its fellows, a clump of bushes that leaned the wrong way, a slight movement or a flash of reflected light—anything that might betray the presence of the enemy, I was constantly looking for. After a few minutes I was convinced that the Chinese had not reached our positions during the night. I checked my rifle to be sure that it was clean; and I turned to awaken Williams, who lay curled in his sleeping bag on a small ledge I had cut into the hillside above the hole. Williams was only seventeen and was the youngest man in the company. Since he had joined us only two days before, I decided to let him sleep while I tried to find some C-rations. I started up the hill toward the platoon command post.

But when I was about thirty feet from the foxhole, the slow, deadly fire of an automatic rifle caused me to drop to the ground. The ground shook as the entire line began to fire, and I dashed for the safety of my foxhole. I pulled Williams into the hole, where he clumsily fought his way out of the sleeping bag. The light machine gun on our right flank fired several short bursts, its only contribution to the battle. A long burst of fire from a machine gun ripped into the light machine gun emplacement and killed the G.I.'s there. The sound of running men caused me to swing around. The platoon leader and pivot squad were falling back to the company's positions. The platoon leader shouted for me to follow them, but I decided to stay and cover for the men who were still fighting. During the next few minutes the sound of fighting on the knoll diminished to only a few scattered shots.

When it was apparent that the defenders were either dead or prisoners, I ordered Williams to head for the Company. I covered him for about thirty seconds and then crawled rapidly over the ridge line behind the foxhole. I had planned my course to take me away from the Chinese and bring me closer to the American positions. I did not think the enemy would be behind me, but for the second time that day I was proven wrong. As I crawled from behind a clump of bushes, the ground under my face suddenly exploded, and I looked up to see eight Chinese soldiers, dressed in the dirty rags that were common to them, standing in a half circle. I pushed my rifle away and looked at them until one of them motioned for me to stand up.

The leader of the group approached me repeating, "Friend, friend, no kill," and at the same time he began to stuff his pockets with my watch, camera, and other personal belongings. After carefully searching me, he allowed me to keep my Bible and wallet. Then he motioned for me to place my hands on my head. With a bayonet touching my back I began a march that was to last for two months and cover six hundred miles. For twenty-eight months I was to remain a prisoner of the Chinese, an experience that I shall always remember and that will always affect my life.

Oley

Robert Bussabarger

THE storm warnings were popping vigorously from their stays high above the drifting sand dunes in the abnormally blue April sky. The sky, a blanket of blue tapering uniformly from a light shade at its horizon to ultramarine directly overhead, was broken only by the brilliant but cold-looking sun. As I had nothing to do and because the day was unique, I put on my oil-skin coat and pants and, leaving the warmth and protection of my boat, started the half-mile walk to the jetty. Here I expected to further my aesthetic state by watching the green breakers dash themselves on the huge unyielding rocks that composed the jetty.

While I was ascending the jetty the surf spray had cut my visibility appreciably, and as I stumbled over the boulders I practically knocked a man down.

"Vell!" he said after a short time. "A thought A vas the only person in half-mile of here." Then he smiled and after a discussion and agreement that the fleet would be in port for at least three days, Alif invited me to his boat. As we were walking there, I could sense that something was bothering him, for he kept looking back at the jetty and sighing.

His boat, the *Cape Alava*, a forty-five footer and one of the best trollers on the Pacific coast of America, was one I had seen often, but I knew little about the men on her. As we boarded her, I met