

Korean War Sum-Up Indicates Hazy Future, Dark Possibilities

By DON WHITEHEAD

With U.S. Forces in Korea, Nov. 28—(AP)—One month ago General MacArthur was supremely confident the Korean war would be finished by Thanksgiving.

It still is raging and carrying with it the seeds from which could spring another world conflict.

This is the dismal picture at the close of five months of bloody conflict on this peninsula—so remote from the United States.

This war, which the United Nations by police action hoped to end quickly, has become a testing muscle between the world of Communism and the free Western world.

One of Strangest Wars in History

It is one of the strangest wars in history. It is a war in which victory was won and then was snatched away by a nation rushing in to save the remnants of a defeated army.

United Nations troops whipped the first line of Red forces—the North Korean army. But then came the Chinese Red armies southward across the Manchurian border.

They threw up the second line of defense and thereby prolonged the war.

Frankly, military men here feel now that the diplomats hold the answer to the question of whether the world is to be plunged into a massive war of the free world against Communism.

There is a strong feeling in this army against appeasing either Communist China or Russia over Korea, where U.N. forces have paid a high price in blood and material to punish an aggressor.

Troops Fight, Diplomats Plan

While diplomats grapple with the problem, the troops will continue fighting toward the Manchurian border, the final goal.

This war is in its fifth and final phase—the phase which may decide whether the Korean war will be limited to this peninsula or whether it will spread over a large part of the globe.

First Phase

The first month was one of defeats and retreats. The Red tanks and infantry plunged across the 38th parallel June 25 without warning.

The South Korean army, neither equipped nor trained to meet such an assault, fell apart in confusion.

Then came President Truman's decision, backed by the United Nations, to resist this aggression. U.S. troops were rushed into battle.

They were green. They were not prepared in numbers or in training to battle the enemy on equal terms.

So that first month was one of heart-breaking retreats, of units cut to pieces by overwhelming odds. American troops were sacrificed for time in which to get men and tanks and guns across the Pacific.

It was one of the blackest months in U. S. military records as a woefully weak America girded once more for battle.

The U.S. 24th Infantry Division suffered the shock of those first desperate days. Then reinforcements began to trickle into Korea.

Second Phase

Through August and early September, Lt. Gen. Walton H. Walker shuttled regiments in his Eighth Army, playing them about like a man putting out a dozen fires with a garden hose.

But he stabilized a line north of Taegu and southward along the Naktong river.

It was in this phase that the enemy may have made his fatal mistake.

Instead of massing power down the Taegu-Pusan road, the Reds chose to split their forces and open a front in the South.

As Walker received reinforcements—the Marines, the Second Infantry Division and the British Brigade—he threw them into the line.

And the U.N. force hung on with strong aid from rebuilt South Korean divisions.

Somehow Walker managed to hold that line even though it seemed impossible at times. The Reds were hammering all around the perimeter.

While this line was being held, General MacArthur was perfecting a master stroke, the landing of a strong force behind the enemy lines.

Third Phase

This decisive phase began with the landing of the Marines at Inchon on Sept. 15 and the launching of the Eighth Army offensive in the South.

In seven days the Marines and the U.S. Seventh Infantry Division swept into Seoul, cutting the main Red army supply route to the south.

Then the Eighth Army broke through in the South and shattered the Red lines. Almost overnight, the course of the war changed. U.N. forces were the hunters, not the hunted.

Fourth Phase

The Allied army swept through Seoul and surged on north across the 38th parallel. The South Korean First Division and the First Cavalry Division smashed through Pyongyang, the capital of Red North Korea.

It seemed that the war was over except for a sweep to the Manchurian border.

North Korean divisions were in complete rout. Thousands of enemy troops were streaming out of the hills to surrender or to don civilian clothes and join the refugee hordes along the roads.

Disarmed Red units still resisted, but as an army the North Korean forces had disintegrated.

Fifth Phase

This victory turned into bitter disappointment for those who

expected the war to be over by Thanksgiving. The Chinese Reds crossed the Manchurian border and ambushed unsuspecting columns of South Korean and American troops.

The U.N. forces were caught totally unawares by this new enemy. One battalion of the Eighth Cavalry Regiment was almost wiped out and two South Korean divisions were badly mauled.

The northward march came to a surprised halt. U.N. troops hastily pulled back to set up a defense line running across the waist of the peninsula. Then they warily began to feel out the Reds before making any new thrusts.

Now the Allied forces are edging forward again. But no one will predict what the outcome will be if Red China puts more divisions into North Korea.

The start of the fifth month of the Korean war finds the future hazy.

There is the ominous threat that Korea could be a battlefield for months to come and a tragic entrance into a new and gigantic conflict.

There Is More to Gain Than to Lose . . .

THERE IS more to gain than there is to lose this 1950 Thanksgiving Day in Austin. Winning will mean that A&M does what it hasn't been able to do since 1939.

Winning Thursday virtually will insure every Aggie a happy Thanksgiving holiday. If we lose, there'll be some long faces and pinched hearts, but like any other loss, we'll recover our composure quickly and begin looking to that game with Georgia.

If we win, let's manage somehow to get

out of Austin without wrecking their city in our joy. They have everything to lose, so they are going to be a little grouchy if we come out of Memorial Stadium with that game to our credit.

In Dallas, we managed to maintain a spirit of competition that resulted in the best Corps Trip we have had in a long time. People over the state have not forgotten the Aggies and their manner in Dallas that weekend 'till yet.

Too Easy For Traffic Violators . . .

DISHEARTENING but being proved time and again—people will ignore a bad general condition until some specific incident startles them into awakening.

Here is a brief account of the case that awakened the Dallas traffic cases reformers:

Joe Weaver, twenty-one years old, ran down two young brothers; then ran away from the scene of the accident without giving aid to the boys. Later, Weaver admitted he had been drinking before the accident.

When the newspapers realized what had happened, they began yelling. Figurative stones were thrown but before the first one had hardly hit, the writers and reformers

discovered a bitter fact. The D.A.'s bunch weren't the big sinners—it was the people of Dallas.

Although a strong prosecution of this case probably would have resulted in a stiffer punishment for Weaver, traffic accident cases are extremely difficult to prosecute. Why? The people that make up Dallas' juries do not want tough punishment for traffic law violators.

In a speech last week, District Attorney-elect Henry Wade previewed his plans for remedying the problem. "We must convince our juries that liquor and gasoline not only will not mix," he said, "but they are murder when placed together on the highways and streets."

Not until the people of Texas realize the danger of traffic law offenders and begin to want stiff prosecution and punishment, will our law enforcement officers be able to perform their duties efficiently.

A Salute, An Observance . . .

How Can It Be Thanksgiving?

By J. M. ROBERTS, JR.

IN MANY a home across the great reaches of America, Thanksgiving 1950 must seem merely a day of more penetrating ache.

The warmth of thousands of firesides is chilled by drafts from North Korea. The chairs of sons, brothers and husbands are empty. Some will be filled again in a more joyous time, but others, never.

Is there any balm, then, for those who have watched the young-life of June flow out across the battlefields of July, August, September, October and November; for those who know not what word tomorrow may bring?

How can it be Thanksgiving? Can it be Thanksgiving because there is, as yet, only a small war? Can it be because a few men have died in the persistent hope of saving a host of others? Can it be because of that other hope that aggressors have been deterred by this display of devotion to the cause of peace?

have once again taken the field beside the spirits of their forefathers, to assert with all their might that freedom shall not perish from the earth?

Can it be because men, too few in numbers, too lightly equipped, taken by surprise, conducted themselves superbly, awakening the pride and strength of a nation so that in future days they will not be too few, too lightly equipped, nor taken by surprise?

Can it be because America, leaping forward to defend a weak and strangely alien people from aggression, has become the rallying point for the independent spirit of two thirds of the world, and given the United Nations a future?

Thanksgiving is a part of the America for which so many have died, and which so many more are training to defend. Not one of them but would say to their families, "Do things up just like you usually do—for me."

For if Thanksgiving, 1950, may not be celebrated, it may be observed. For those who formed the world's first United Nations army for freedom, both the quick and the dead, it can be a salute.

The Battalion

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Founder of Aggie Traditions "Soldier, Statesman, Knightly Gentleman"

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Letters To The Editor

Send the Band To Prexy Cup Game

I read in the paper this morning about it and see how the troops (See LETTERS, Page 6)

I have talked to said they would also. If most of the school would put in what they could, it should be enough. Why not say something about it and see how the troops (See LETTERS, Page 6)

It seems rather questionable to me, however, whether the money would be raised in time. I do not know how much would be required to send the band, but I would certainly be willing to contribute four bits or a dollar, and several others



Kind Hearts & Coronets with ALEC GUINNESS

SKYWAY DRIVE-IN THEATRE Be Here on Dec. 15! Wendell Corey "NO SAD SONGS FOR ME"

Last Corps Trip

(Or Judgment Day In Aggield)

By P. H. DUVAL

It was judgment day in Aggield and tenseness filled the air; All knew there was a trip at hand, But not a soul knew where.

Assembled on the drill field Was the world renowned twelfth man. The entire fighting Aggie Team And the famous Aggie Band.

And out in front with Royal Guard The reviewing party stood; St. Peter and his angel staff Were choosing bad from good.

First he surveyed the Aggie team And in terms of an angel swore; "By Jove I do believe I've seen This gallant group before."

"I've seen them play since way back when And they've always had the grit; I've seen 'em lose and I've seen 'em win But I've never seen 'em quit."

No need for us to tarry here Deciding upon their fates; 'Tis as plain as the halo on my head That they've opened Heaven's gates.

And when the Twelfth man heard this They let out a mighty yell; That echoed clear to Heaven And shook the gates of hell.

"And what group is this upon the side?" St. Peter asked, his aide, "That swelled as if to burst with pride When we our judgment made."

"Why sir, that's the cadet corps, That's known both far and wide, For backing up their fighting team Whether they won or lost or tied."

Well then, said St. Peter It's very plain to me That within the realms of Heaven They should spend eternity.

"And have the Texas Aggie Band At once commence to play For their fates too, we must decide Upon this crucial day."

And the drum major so hearing Slowly raised his hand And said, "Boys lets play 'The Spirit' For the last time in Aggield."

And the band poured fourth the Anthem In notes both bright and clear And ten thousand Aggie voices Sung the song they hold so dear

And when the band had finished St. Peter wiped his eyes And said "It's not so hard to see They're meant for Paradise."

And the colonel of the cadet corps said As he stiffly took his stand "It's just another Corps Trip boys We'll march in behind the band."

