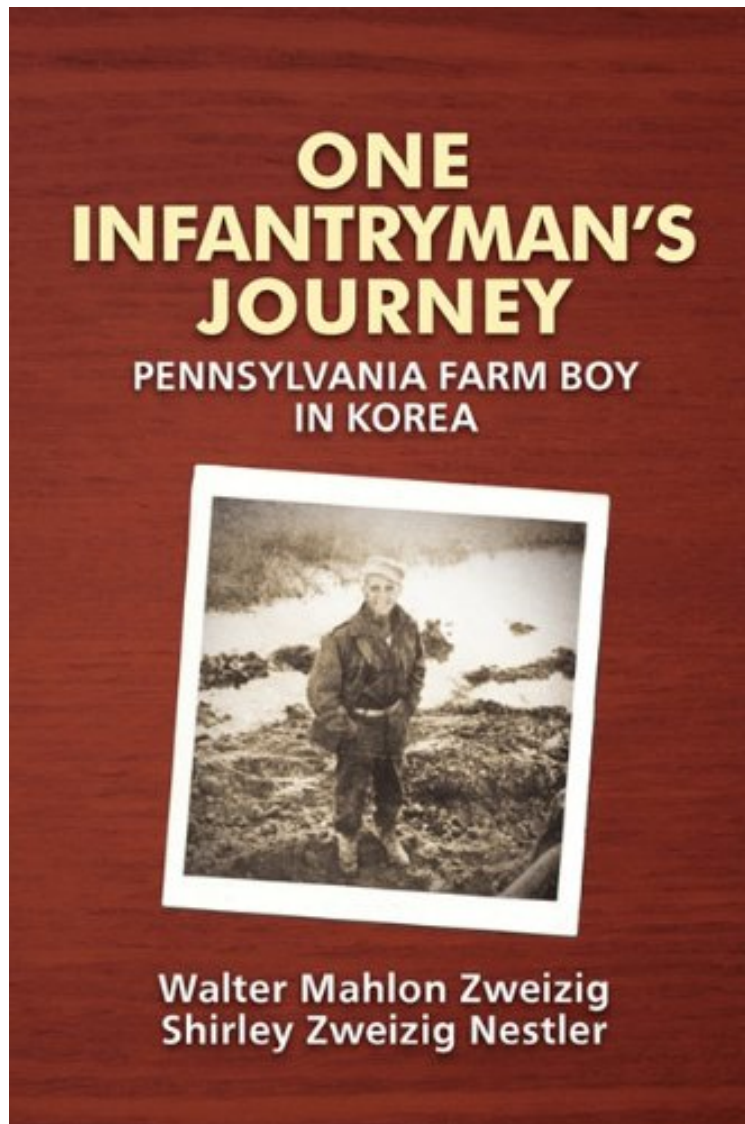


(Read now) One Infantryman's Journey

## One Infantryman's Journey

Walter Mahlon Zweizig, Shirley Zweizig Nestler  
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**Walter Mahlon Zweizig, Shirley Zweizig Nestler : One Infantryman's Journey** before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised One Infantryman's Journey:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. lots of wandering, bits of history and some truck driving. By jake winnhalf of this book is of his time in japan before the war and much of that tends to go wildly off topic needless to say i skipped through a lot of this in which he remembers life before the army in PA. i was very disappointed to find out once finally getting to korea he was driving a truck around deliver supplies. i skimmed through more of this until i

couldnt take anymore... If you are looking for a great account of how horrible of a personal experience war can be in Korea I've read *Valleys of Death* by William Richardson who survives the onslaught of Chinese and POW camps, resisting brainwashing by communist re-educators. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. My grandfather loved it! By Sarah R. Wilkinson I ordered this book for my grandfather. He finished it within days and even wrote to the author! A definite hit!

The 25th Infantry Division moved to Korea within hours after the North invaded the South on June 25, 1950. All combat units of the 8th Army arrived in Korea within those first thirty days. Only a handful of officers and enlisted men were veterans of WWII and well trained for combat. The rest of us were mediocre at best. Most felt there would not be another war. After all, we had the bomb. Everyone knew of its destruction capability. Who would dare to confront a country with such potential? Walter Zweizig enlisted in the U.S. Army in 1948, trained at Fort Dix, and spent two years in Occupied Japan prior to the outbreak of the Korean War. In his journey, he experiences disappointments and joy, hardships and adventure, and reflects on his growing up years on a Pennsylvania Dutch dairy farm, contrasting them to the Japanese and Korean cultures in which he finds himself. Book proceeds go to Disabled American Veterans and Paralyzed Veterans of America.

"At the core of all great stories is human experience. Zweizig has captured the drama, wonderment, and heartbreak of war in this insightful retelling of one man's journey from farm to battlefield." - Christopher Klim, author of *Jesus Lives in Trenton* "Through this soldier's eyes, you will laugh and cry as you experience America's forgotten war, a conflict as ruthless and bloody as any other." - Sharon Wells Wagner, author of *Red Wells and Ordinary Heroes* "...I read the entire book in just a few hours, as I could hardly put it down." - Craig Kleinsmith

From the Inside Flap Excerpt from Chapter 18: "More than one hundred allies had been taken prisoner. We found some of these same prisoners later in North Korea, massacred. It appeared whenever the allies pushed too hard or moved too fast the prisoners became a burden and were shot. (Some POWs ended up in Russia's Siberian labor camps, but were not located until years after the war. Some still MIA.) It's an eerie feeling to deliver fifty or sixty men to a sector on one day and return two days later to move that same group minus ten percent. I was never officially a part of Graves Registration but did participate in some of their activities during the early days. What a sobering experience! Each soldier wears two dog tags. One is removed, and the information is recorded on site. The other tag remains with the body that is moved out on a litter and hauled away by truck to the Graves Registration office. This was the most gruesome work I ever had the displeasure of being associated with. I remember at times the sector was not stabilized for a week or even longer, and dead bodies would lie out in the hot summer sun and bloat to twice the normal size. The smell of rotten human flesh struck me with as much force as if someone had shot hardened clay up my nose. And the worms! Oh, man, the worms! To this day, my senses are as gut-churningly and putridly sensitive when I thumb through my mental scrapbook as if it had happened yesterday. I had witnessed the tremendous cost of war firsthand. This was quite different from the glamorous myth of men of old falling in battle as seen in library books! So it was in late July and August of 1950. Many lives and much blood were sacrificed holding this small area until a buildup of U.N. manpower equaled that of our enemy's to the north." Excerpt from Chapter 20: "After a few hours, my legs and butt past numb from being in this awkward position, I saw Charlie through blades of grass. I counted figures until I ran out of fingers. Probably a squad. They were on the far bank, perhaps thirty feet away, and stood there for the longest time. If they talked, it was in low whispers because I couldn't hear a thing. They finally moved out of sight, and I let out my breath, realizing it had been checked for a very long time... I shifted my weight and heard a soft splash. The men had returned and strolled into the stream. Two bent over to fill canteens, murmuring weird gobbledygook in hushed tones. They walked a few steps further and, at one point, headed directly toward us. I drew a deep but discreet breath and wasn't this frightened since my second day at basic when the colonel read the Articles of War. There's no foxhole to protect me now, I thought with a flash of fear. There's a reason knees bend only one way. "God, please," I breathed. My prayer was short and cut to the chase. They say when God is in charge, mortals can relax, but who was in charge? I was positive they'd come ashore and step on us. We were under strict orders not to fire or make contact unless urgent. Still, I maintained a tireless preoccupation with my clammy trigger finger. For sure, I had a snowball's chance in hell to get out of this alive and envisioned leaving my bones in this hostile, warring environment far, far away from home. I did not want this to be. Instead, I tried hard to concentrate on determination and hatred, remembering Captain Bond's sage advice: "Stay sharp! Always keep your wits about you, and never let your emotions be in control. You always have the upper hand when you know where the enemy is, and he doesn't know where you are. Try to relax. Forget you even have a home back in the States. Instead, concentrate on what's before you!" A couple of days ago when we were under attack, I knew what was before me and released my emotions to some extent while engaging the enemy. Now? Bond's counsel was like telling a person not to panic while a cougar advanced with visions of pot roast in its eyes. Hours later, in reality maybe ten minutes, the Koreans moved out of the stream and up the bank where they remained until close to daybreak. After they disappeared, my partner whispered his findings to Lieutenant Greeley on the radio. Soaked, emotionally drained with anxiousness shedding off me like old skin, and

punctured with a million mosquito bites, I was never so grateful to see the sun peek over the hilltop. My tension faded in many happy ways."About the AuthorShirley Zweizig Nestler, cousin of Walter M., received her undergraduate degree in Business Ad/Marketing from Albright College and Masters in Creative Writing from Vermont College of Norwich University. Her hobbies include horseback riding, hiking, skiing, traveling, contemporary Christian concerts, singing, reading, and writing. She lives out retirement from a corporate public relations career on her animal rescue farm near Hamburg, PA, and operates a small boarding kennel in her spare time.