It seems apparent that I may have been the only one from the 37th that made it, if it is so, it must have been some kind of miracle. I do wish you could find that out for me.

Thanks for your search of the Archives, I still know nothing about such things for combat deaths.

You said you met a heat who was wounded in the rear block the day after Thanksgiving. Yet the winds state that we were in the rear block on Nov. 30, 1950. The best I can come up with is that Thanksgiving day was Nov. 23, 1950. Am I to understand that we were in the rear block from the 23rd, until the 30th?

You, I'm sure the battle rage was lost. Did that include my individual records, also? This is important to me.

You mentioned books and maps about Korea in the rear block and the letters, I would appreciate getting those items or anything else you think will help me. I'll be glad to pay for those.

Before I get into what I can remember, I cannot remember I must ask you something. I only remember receiving 30 days while I was in Korea. (I had no money on me when I came to my senses). Several months after I got out, my brother wrote to Army finances for my back pay, they told me that according to their records, I was paid in full. I don't think that made sense. I do remember one when we were supposed to be paid, we were being on rear and they said they had to bring the money with the payroll. I just wonder how many other people that never got paid, because of that. And I wonder if some of the money was trapped. How would you suggest I try to find out? I still believe that I was never paid. How many more?
I could go on for pages about what I remember but I will try to make it brief for the 8th time.

I was 15 when I joined the army. I trained at Ft. Jackson, and was sent to Ft. Lewis for my medical training. I trained with the 68th Med. Bn in the 1st. 68th MC. After training as a medical tech I worked at Madison, N.Y. I spent 14 months there until being transferred to the 2nd Div. Med. Detachment, then being attached to C Battery 375 FSB for shipment to Korea.

Arrived in Japan on Aug 7th 1950, and immediately moved out to a staging area where the men picked up their weapons and equipment. The 1st night we were in position, everyone thought it was practice since our 105's were painting south. But no sooner had we dug in, the mortar started coming in. This was my first lesson of war, and what was really expected. I was assigned to a shell landed in my fox hole just the same way as I did, it made a million pieces out of him and I had to clean up, with a shoveling Pancho, and then went out with what was left of him. This was my first miracle of survived. This I think made a man out of a kid in 60 seconds.

To shorten things up, things went along day by day, or should I say hour by hour, I grew accustomed to what was happening & it soon became a way of life. My job was to treat the sick and wounded of the 150 men. I did what I was trained for and during the rest.
My position was being an outsider in the outfit. Everyone knew each other when we first got there. Not one person knew me by name, and didn't give a damn. I was "Doc" to them even the officers. It wasn't long after replacements started coming, everyone was in the same boat. I was treated as an intruder until I started to prove why I was there. Then they realized that I was the only person between them and the Battalion Aid Station. If anyone could help them get back then, it was me. After that things got smoother, but I was still only Doc.

We would move north then south sometimes several times a day. We were always on the move. We had no breaks because there wasn't too many of us at that time. You have to remember that the only thing we had were small areas around Guanacing.

Until the Chinese came into the war, we would joke that we were going home for Christmas. And that it was all over. I remember one time when we thought we had it won. It was near dawn, but it didn't last long.

Because I was underage, I didn't want the army to have any reason to find out, so everything I did was the best. It was always in the back of my mind that I can't screw up and give the army a reason to find my true age. So as a result I did everything better than anyone else. The pressure was on me. It was my own guilt...
But yet, when I checked my treatment report of my wounds, I find that had my correct age on it. I must have given it to them when I was treated.

I remember like yesterday when the Chinese surrounded us. We were going to have Thanksgiving dinner. It was done. The Chinese were hiding in our 9th Pl. on 2nd back into our position. I didn't have much time to realize myself in what was going on. Wounded when coming in faster than I could think. The Chinese were 300 to 500 ft in front of me the last I knew. Everyone was yelling "Go over there." If I hadn't once, I would at hundreds of times. I couldn't be everywhere for the first time I felt I wasn't doing my job.

The officers and battery commando started to panic. They were up high. They knew what was happening or could happen. The Major ordered point-blank fire at the Chinese. At first, they were yelling that our guys were thin. (All of this was going on around me). While I was working on the wounded. Finally, the Major yelled a direct order. To fire, they did, and they were still firing about how they hit our guys. That didn't stop the Chinese. It didn't slow them down. But then many of them in our position. They just didn't know what was happening, neither did I. The Chinese came in waves, why they would stop and come again in a real question. When I think back now, I'm not sure they wanted to do as all in, they sure could have.

We went on for home and maybe days. I don't know, but they just kept the pressure on.
Finally word spread that we were going to pull out, but we would have to run a road block (10 mile roadblock in fact) that the Chinese had 30,000 men in the area, and it was our only escape route. We were told to take out of the dead and wounded. As soon as we started to load an hitch thing, the Chinese fired off, they did not try to liaison with our stretcher. Either they only wanted us to get out of there or they figured they would get us in the roadblock to finish us off.

Our orders were to keep the vehicles moving and if anyone became disabled, we were supposed to ditch it to keep the road open.

We left about 4:45 PM. It was 5:15 when I was bringing my the men of the 35th with the ambulance drivers and loaded with wounded. When I was loaded, I mean 10 or 12 men in the back. The column moved along slow but steady. I guess when the first civilians got there, the Chinese were ready with everything. They had the roads barricaded inрод good. The column moved only feet at a time. Then it would stop. Move again and then arrite. We could hear all the chaos looking about. No one was bothering us then, but when we finally got to the blockade, they were using the cars on the ambulance for targets. It was dark by now, and there was all kinds of gunfire. Mortars were landing on the truck, artillery shells were hitting and small arms fire was all over.

A Mortar shell landed on the left side of the ambulance, but the driver and I got it out of commission. I tried to move the driver and get behind the wheel, but things were happening so fast, that the truck behind...
Wounded were Bleeding and Screaming for a Medics, I tried to get to them but it wasn't possible, then I heard some guy yell to me to get the Hell going, I couldn't leave them yet I couldn't help the all. I didn't see any other medics or anyone helping anyone else I just stayed there, someone pulled me by the arm and yelled to everybody for himself. I had a hard time believing that. I guess I started moving again, I remember crossing under truck to avoid the fire, I reached one that was moving and I crossed from my arm to legs around the drive shaft, that didn't go far, but it never forgot the feeling of that drive shaft going around in my legs.

I crawled out from under the truck and my head landed on a rifle. (I didn't know for sure if I knew how to work it, because I hadn't seen a weapon since Basic.) The Chinese were still coming over the slight bank everyone was moving them down in fact at the same. I started firing, even at that time, I was beating myself for shooting a human. I emptied the magazine, and then it dawned I didn't even realize what was going on around me, I was shot with guilt. First I left the wounded, now I shot humans being. How many? All I can say was as many bullets as was in the clip. I couldn't miss them because they were so close.
We were all crowding around the stores, as I said, if the Chinese wanted to finish me off, why did they come in, warn, and wait and come again? Before we all saw the place, it was dark and each time you would count one, two, three, you just tell that he wasn't an American, although I didn't know what I did earlier. I kicked my another life and said, the same thing only this one can't help it. At that moment, even so the Chinese were still wrong, I remember what I was taught in school about good clean fight. I really think I was glad that it didn't work. I think that right down too, just like they were poison.

Now I got to another one, I didn't know but I remember our E. Bultel told me to fire, I stood up out the rear of 2½ and started firing on another wave came. I felt the sting and burning in my left side of my body. The sound of the right fire came, right with it. It dazed me in my left ear, I saw stars and I opened my with the right, what happened then I can't say. But the only one around was 21. Bultel, I remember him swinging at me. He hit me in the face, and I remember telling him that I was hit in the head. He told me not to call him by rank in a situation like this again.

That was the last thing I remember, whatever happened I don't know. But I found myself walking down the road all alone. Not another living soul around, nothing, no shell, no gun fire, nothing. I didn't even have any thoughts of my kind. It was so peaceful and quite. I had no pain, I had no fear, and I felt a peace like I had never known. I experienced before. I wish I could explain it. I do know it was dark, and no one else was around.
When I think back, I can't believe how I was so at peace and calm. I just walked down the center of the road, no weapon, how far or how long I walked, I have no idea. I didn't even know in which direction I was going in. I guess it didn't matter to me. (When I think now about the people who passed on and returned) I got scared now.

You can see that the contesting you were fate. I really never believed this or even thought about it until now.

I remember as I was walking down the road, I heard others talking on my left. I thought I then myself on the bank. They opened up with their bug gun, and I heard the bullets hitting the ground and turning dark on me. This was another miracle, not one of those bullets hit me. I think they meant dead. Then I heard them talk and then the voice faded away. When I thought about getting up, I realized I wasn't even in the ditches but on the bank. Had I been an inch or two in any direction I would have been killed all over me.

I'm trying to remember right now. How scared I was. You see I'm not going to believe this but I don't remember being scared. At all. I can honestly swear to this.

I got up and started walking again. How far or how long, I don't know. But I walked right into the Chinese.
They pointed their guns at me. I think they were surprised to see me. I had no feeling on my left side. I was in a state that I didn't care. I didn't know. They talked between themselves and pointed at my head. They motioned for me to turn around. I was sitting on the ground when we got to the ridge. There were other Chinese shot at. When we got on top there were other Chinese shot at. When we got on top there were other Chinese shot at. Three of them were wounded. Two were standing firing. Three of them were wounded. Two were standing firing. They wouldn't let me treat our guys but they made me treat them.

I made a long story shot. The two that got me were nice. The two that weren't wounded acted crazy. They were drunk or doped up. They were beating me up. The two that weren't wounded acted crazy. They were drunk or doped up. They were beating me up. They took my boots off and would fan over my head or at my feet. They would laugh and laugh. These two were drunk or doped up. They took my boots off and would fan over my head or at my feet. They would laugh and laugh. I asked if I could go. After a bit of arguing and fighting I was allowed to go. After a bit of arguing and fighting I was allowed to go. I looked at the two nice guys and gave them their heads. They gave me back for me. But the two that didn't get my boots back for me. But the two that didn't get my boots back for me. But the two that didn't get my boots back for me. But the two that didn't get my boots back for me. But the two that didn't get my boots back for me. But the two that didn't get my boots back for me. But the two that didn't get my boots back for me.
Someone told me to get in, I remember getting in and then we got out of the back, one was laying in the middle. I asked the guy next to me what was wrong with him. He said it was his leg who had been shot in the head and he was taking him back.

That was the last I remember. I don't remember reaching out him or being treated.

According to the treatment report that was Dec 1st. My 2nd says I left Korea on Jan 20, 1951, my discharge date is Feb. 17, 1951.

I had 4 things I can remember between that truck ride back and Feb 21st or 22nd.

I remember someone telling me that a pair of boots were in a cage and that I could have them. Then a GI telling me he was going to court martial me for stealing the boots.

Then that I had had pain in the stomach on a ship and the doctor telling me that he may have to operate.

Then picking up cig Butternut when.

The next thing I remember was hitchhiking within 7 miles of home when a car stopped asking if I was near my man. He talked to me while we were hitching but I didn't know what was said because I was trying to figure out how I got to that place. The last thing I remembered was getting in that 3/4 ton.
Well, it's another day, but I'm determined to finish this time. Again I'm sorry for the book. But I'm not going to try to read it this time because I want to be able to have that finished feeling.

I don't know how much you are already loaded with all of this, but there is much more to be said and so I say, I'm trying to be brief.

The only names I knew from Korea were a Kermit Balduin, a guy from Va., as Sgt. Turner, and Lt. Ouh Tal.

My discharge physical was no in order because I had no X-ray, or EKG, or other lab tests according to my discharge physical. I don't remember it now do I know the reason for giving the wrong regiment address?

I was home for about a week when I started to realize when I was. That wasn't until I was having nightmares and out of dreams. My brother who I was staying with took me to his family doctor who in turn referred me to the VA. I have lived in Hell since. But I won't go into all of that.

If you interested in more detailed about Korea or Korea, I think I can give them to you.

I'm really sorry for this long letter but this is the first time I've ever went into detail about things. I always thought if a going went through it he didn't want to know it.
And if a person ever was in combat, they didn’t really care. So for 32 years I kept this bottled up. It has driven me many times to almost doing you know what.

Thank again for your interest, time and letter.

Sincerely,

Tony Zhanovsky,
P.O. Box 238
Barwick, GA 30616

P.S. I have not received my Purple Heart or any medals as yet.

I am not considered a POW.

The batting commander told me he was putting me in for a Bronze Star for staying behind with the wounded just before the wall broke.

These things never seemed important until now and if no records are available, how do I go about looking into these things?

Do you know if Combat medical badges were issued in Korea?