What's A Commie Ever Done To Black People? A Korean War Memoir Of Fighting In The U.S. Army's Last All Negro Unit
On March 27, 1950, the author turned 17; ten days later he enlisted in the U.S. Army. During his training in Fort Belvoir, Virginia, he first learned of the police action in Korea, and like many others he volunteered for duty there. His biggest fear was that the action would be over by the time he arrived in Korea. Private Morrow was assigned as a rifleman in the 24th Infantry Regiment Combat Team, one of the most outstanding units in Korea and the last all black army unit; he served with distinction until he was wounded. After a short stint in Pusan, he became a paratrooper and rigger in the 8081st Airborne and Resupplying Company stationed in southern Japan. Throughout his time in the service, Private Morrow had to face the institutional racism of the U.S. Army where black soldiers consistently served longer and performed more dangerous duties than white soldiers. The effects of this on the 18-year-old private were longterm—and are described here.
Me. Thank you for writing the book. I am so happy I purchase a copy, it explained so many things to me, things I could only wonder about. Again thank you for making such knowledge available, as painfully as I am sure it must've been for you to relive”. PS; Your wonderful book serve as is a valuable lesson to all, which is, African American’s history can only be told by African Americans.. Peace & Happiness, Sir.

A reader in NC.

I also served in the Korean war and the memories I have of the 24th Infantry Regiment, under the condition they fought under, (segregation, racist & etc) they was outstanding in combat & bugged out no more than any others combat soldiers, including the almighty marines and that's a fact. In fact when the enemy’s incoming firepower is greater than your outgoing fire power, believe me its time to get out of range or stay & die. Or end up a capture. Everyone there knew that when things went bad, it was usually the old 24th RCT, the 65th Porto Rican RCT, or the South Koreans ROK soldiers, or some other non-white combat unit that got the blame. Now here’s a well kept secret for you, in reality, the term "Bug out Boogie" originated from the 24th Infantry Division. Shhsss, now don’t go telling anyone it a well kept secret. But you would’ve had to be there to know the truth. Or ask anyone that was there at the time. Wars, are nothing like the one’s fought in Hollywood.

Many coming of age stories have been written, but rarely from the viewpoint of an African-American soldier, even more rarely from the viewpoint of an enlisted man with only a grade-school education. Morrow joins the US Army at 17 during the Korean War to satisfy his thirst for adventure and demonstrate his patriotism. He volunteers for front line combat in Korea and finds out on arriving that life ain’t like the movies. We live through his eyes and thoughts as he is forced to kill or be killed. After he is wounded and sent to for rest and recuperation, we also share his experience of wartime romance. However, this is not your usual jingoistic, gung-ho, shoot-em up war story. Morrow also allows us to experience the questions that haunt him as he trudges through the deadly countryside. This is an educational and entertaining book for any reader interested in African-American and/or military history. I would also recommend this book as a gift for a young man or woman as a Rites of Passage present. I am a woman, who does not usually read war stories, but this held my interest and provided an in depth, positive, human account of one man’s war experiences. It should be made into a movie. It has all the qualifications: a quest, adventures, and love interest.

I was amazed at the style and ease Mr Morrow has in telling the truths of his life. Holding in
emotions and allowing oneself to let go of a few strategic events was a hard thing to do I am sure. Once I started reading didn't put it down until I had finished reading. Vivid details! Clearly an example of a black man's plight in the service, in his community in the 50's, and in his life when he was finally able to tell his story. The title hooks you! The emotions draw you in. Great sharing of a life changing event in our history and in Mr Morrow's history. This has documentary all over it!

When I first saw the title of this book, I was reminded of a TV interview with Muhammed Ali and his opposition to the Vietnam War. "No Viet Cong ever called me Nigger!," said Ali, challenging the cameras as he always did. Even at that young age (I was only in my early teens at the time) I was impressed with the truth of the statement, but I had an annoying voice in the back of my head that kept asking me, 'yeah, but so what.' Morrows book is a trenchant (pun intended) description of his experiences in Korea both as a soldier and as a black man. Like many soldiers, he felt a need to exorcise the bad memories. This book is his cathartic. Two parts of the book were of special relevance to me. One was the mixed feelings he had coming back to his home town and being a hero. He felt uncomfortable with being a sort-of military poster boy. He felt he was being used when he spoke to high schools about the Korean War or the War against communism. Especially bothersome was some "little ol' fat lady recruiter" who came up and told him all the publicity had doubled enlistments. The other was his incongruous remarks about faggots in the personnel department at Fort Leonard Wood. As a reviewer I will brush this aside as an off-the-cuff remark probably not indicative of Morrow's true feelings toward gays (if he has any). But, from the readers standpoint, it is most inconveniently placed smack in the middle of a section where he gets very high on the horse and very outraged about the racism at Fort Leonard Wood and elsewhere. It is awkward, to say the least, to criticize racial stereotypes on the one hand while spewing sexual stereotypes on the other, Mr. Morrow. A soapbox is a risky foundation from which preachers have swiftly fallen countless times. Nonetheless, the issue of gays in the military is a separate issue, best dealt with in other books. Morrows book is a fairly good one, and I enjoyed it.

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