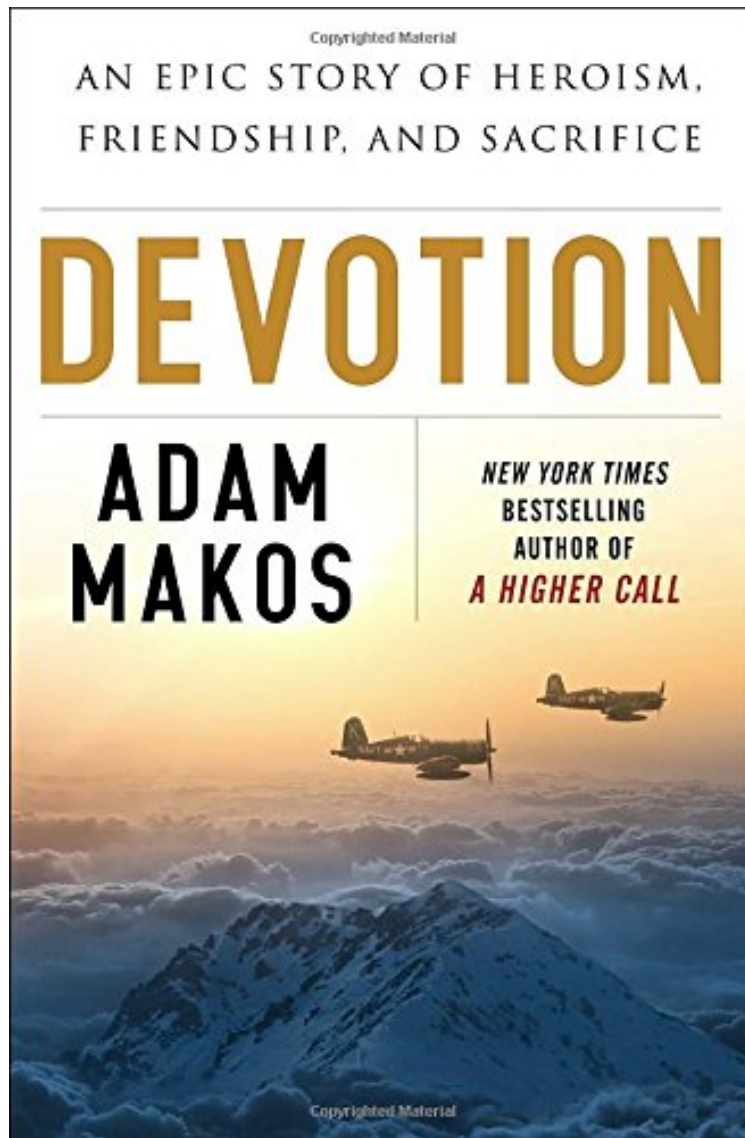


Devotion: An Epic Story of Heroism, Friendship, and Sacrifice

Adam Makos

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#29892 in Books Adam Makos 2015-10-27 2015-10-27 Original language: English PDF # 1 9.50 x 1.40 x 6.30l, 1.25 #File Name: 0804176582464 pages Devotion An Epic Story of Heroism Friendship and Sacrifice | File size: 24.Mb

Adam Makos : Devotion: An Epic Story of Heroism, Friendship, and Sacrifice before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Devotion: An Epic Story of Heroism, Friendship, and Sacrifice:

116 of 121 people found the following review helpful. An outstanding tale of history, friendship, and adversity. By 80 Shades This book reminds me of why I read books. This is a well-written and completely engrossing story about

friendship and adversity. The book is a reminder of the struggles and sacrifices that previous generations endured for the benefit of those who enjoy our freedoms today. I wouldn't be surprised if this deservedly becomes a hit movie; regardless, if you enjoy amazing history, then give this amazing book a try. This outstanding work comes highly recommended!

UPDATE: This is the first time I have ever come back to update a review on book. Why on earth would I do that? Well, the book has stuck with me. I think of it daily; that seems crazy, but that is the case. I think of the sacrifices that these guys in the book made (especially what the Marines went through in those beyond horrible conditions in Korea), and I think of the men and women throughout our military that continue to make sacrifices in many ways that allows the US to still be the best country in the world. There are sections in the book that literally drove me to tears, which is fairly unusual for my personality. A great book really imparts a sense of learning and understanding, and this book accomplished that many times over. I also happen to be a writer (with zero association of the writer of this book or the publisher), but I can honestly state that if you only buy and read ONE book this year, make it this one. It is that good, it is that amazing, and it is that important, at least in my opinion.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Wonderful Yet Sad Story
 By Melvin Frisbey
 I believe this is my second book by this author and it's a wonderful yet sad story. Being a pilot, I was especially drawn to it, but also because of the historical significance of it being about the first Black Naval aviator, who was a wonderful person. The seven years the author spent on the book were well worth it. It's the fascinating tale of Lt Tom Hudner, white son of a wealthy businessman, becoming best friends with Jesse Brown, Black son of a sharecropper. Hudner received the Medal of Honor for intentionally crashing his Corsair to save Jesse's life after his engine froze up and he was forced to crash land. Very well-written it held my interest to the end. Thank you, Adam, for all the work you and your team put into this amazing book!

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. An apt title for a story about love and sacrifice in impossible circumstances
 By Customer
 An amazing account of a brotherhood that defies barriers - race, social status, financial standing, educational, geographic, political. The author does a great job conveying the incredibly high price that was paid in hardship, sacrifice, deprivation, and loss that enables 51 million South Korean citizens to live in freedom and prosperity today, providing a stabilizing counterbalance to the troubling developments that are taking place in North Korea. This is a timely reminder of the cost in blood that America's sons, fathers, and husbands paid yet again to defend the ideals of freedom and human dignity, and fulfill its obligations to an ally. The lead title of this book, "Devotion", is as fitting relative to the main theme of its contents as I've ever seen. For at the end of the day, devotion, born of sacrificial love, is the underlying motive for every action taken under fire and threat of imminent capture and/or death.

For readers of *Unbroken* comes an unforgettable tale of courage from America's "forgotten war" in Korea, by the New York Times bestselling author of *A Higher Call*. *Devotion* tells the inspirational story of the U.S. Navy's most famous aviator duo, Lieutenant Tom Hudner and Ensign Jesse Brown, and the Marines they fought to defend. A white New Englander from the country-club scene, Tom passed up Harvard to fly fighters for his country. An African American sharecropper's son from Mississippi, Jesse became the navy's first black carrier pilot, defending a nation that wouldn't even serve him in a bar. While much of America remained divided by segregation, Jesse and Tom joined forces as wingmen in Fighter Squadron 32. Adam Makos takes us into the cockpit as these bold young aviators cut their teeth at the world's most dangerous job—landing on the deck of an aircraft carrier—a line of work that Jesse's young wife, Daisy, struggles to accept. Deployed to the Mediterranean, Tom and Jesse meet the Fleet Marines, boys like PFC "Red" Parkinson, a farm kid from the Catskills. In between war games in the sun, the young men revel on the Riviera, partying with millionaires and even befriending the Hollywood starlet Elizabeth Taylor. Then comes the war no one expected, in faraway Korea. *Devotion* takes us soaring overhead with Tom and Jesse, and into the foxholes with Red and the Marines as they battle a North Korean invasion. As the fury of the fighting escalates and the Marines are cornered at the Chosin Reservoir, Tom and Jesse fly, guns blazing, to try and save them. When one of the duo is shot down behind enemy lines and pinned in his burning plane, the other faces an unthinkable choice: watch his friend die or attempt history's most audacious one-man rescue mission. A tug-at-the-heartstrings tale of bravery and selflessness, *Devotion* asks: How far would you go to save a friend?

Praise for *Devotion*
 "Riveting . . . a meticulously researched and moving account."—USA Today
 "An inspiring tale . . . portrayed by Makos in sharp, fact-filled prose and with strong reporting."—Los Angeles Times
 "[A] must-read."—New York Post
 "Stirring."—Parade
 "A masterful storyteller . . . [Makos brings] *Devotion* to life with amazing vividness. . . . [It] reads like a dream. The perfectly paced story cruises along in the fast lane—when you're finished, you'll want to start all over again."—Associated Press
 "A delight to read . . . *Devotion* is a story you will not forget."—The Washington Times
 "My great respect for Tom Hudner knows no bounds. He is a true hero; and in reading this book, you will understand why I feel that way."—President George H. W. Bush
 "This is aerial drama at its best—fast, powerful, and moving."—Erik Larson, New York Times bestselling author of *Dead Wake*
 "Though it concerns a famously cold battle in the Korean War, make no mistake: *Devotion* will warm your heart."—Hampton Sides, New York Times bestselling author of *Ghost Soldiers* and *In the Kingdom of Ice*
 "At last, the Korean War has its epic, a story that will stay with you long after you close this book."—Eric Blehm, New York Times bestselling author of *Fearless* and *Legend*

“Riveting . . . a meticulously researched and moving account.”—USA Today “An inspiring tale . . . portrayed by [Adam] Makos in sharp, fact-filled prose and with strong reporting.”—Los Angeles Times “[A] must-read.”—New York Post “Stirring.”—Parade “A masterful storyteller . . . [Makos brings] Devotion to life with amazing vividness. . . . [It] reads like a dream. The perfectly paced story cruises along in the fast lane—when you’re finished, you’ll want to start all over again.”—Associated Press “A delight to read . . . Devotion is a story you will not forget.”—The Washington Times “My great respect for Tom Hudner knows no bounds. He is a true hero; and in reading this book, you will understand why I feel that way.”—President George H. W. Bush “This is aerial drama at its best—fast, powerful, and moving.”—Erik Larson, New York Times bestselling author of *Dead Wake* “Lovingly rendered and meticulously researched, here is a tale of true friendship across the racial divide. Though it concerns a famously cold battle in the Korean War, make no mistake: Devotion will warm your heart.”—Hampton Sides, New York Times bestselling author of *Ghost Soldiers* and *In the Kingdom of Ice* “At last, the Korean War has its epic, a story that will stay with you long after you close this book.”—Eric Blehm, New York Times bestselling author of *Fearless and Legend* “In this beautifully written book, Adam Makos reveals a long-lost story of heroism set in the frozen realm of North Korea. You won’t be able to put it down.”—Joseph L. Galloway, co-author of the #1 New York Times bestseller *We Were Soldiers Once . . . and Young* “Adam Makos immerses you in a story so crisp that you’ll forget you’re reading a book. Prepare to be swept away.”—Michael Tougas, co-author of *The Finest Hours* “Once again, Adam Makos demonstrates himself as a rising star in historical nonfiction. Getting the story is only half the battle. Telling the story is where he thrives.”—Colin Heaton, co-author of *The Star of Africa*

About the Author Adam Makos is the author of the New York Times bestseller *A Higher Call*. In his work as a journalist in the military field, Adam has interviewed countless veterans from World War II, Korea, Vietnam, and present-day wars. In pursuit of a story, Adam has flown a WWII bomber, accompanied a Special Forces raid in Iraq, and organized an expedition into North Korea in search of an MIA American serviceman. He lives in Denver, Colorado.

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Chapter 1 Ghosts and Shadows December 4, 1950 North Korea, during the first year of the Korean War In a black--blue flash, a Corsair fighter burst around the valley’s edge, turning hard, just above the snow. The engine snarled. The canopy glimmered. A bomb hung from the plane’s belly and rockets from its wings. Another roar shook the valley and the next Corsair blasted around the edge. Then came a third, a fourth, a fifth, and more until ten planes had fallen in line. The Corsairs dropped low over a snow--packed road and followed it across the valley, between snow--capped hills and strands of dead trees. The land was enemy territory, the planes were behind the lines. From the cockpit of the fourth Corsair, Lieutenant Tom Hudner reached forward to a bank of switches above the instrument panel. With a flick, he armed his eight rockets. Tom was twenty--six and a navy carrier pilot. His white helmet and raised goggles framed the face of a movie star—flat eyebrows over ice--blue eyes, a chiseled nose, and a cleft chin. He dressed the part too, in a dark brown leather jacket with a reddish fur collar. But Tom could never cut it as a star of the silver screen—his eyes were far too humble. At 250 miles per hour, Tom chased the plane ahead of him. It was nearly 3 p.m., and dark snow clouds draped the sky with cracks of sun slanting through. Tom glanced from side to side and checked his wingtips as the treetops whipped by. Beyond the hills to the right lay a frozen man--made lake called the Chosin Reservoir. The flight was following the road up the reservoir’s western side. The radio crackled and Tom’s eyes perked up. “This is Iroquois Flight 13,” the flight leader announced from the front. “All quiet, so far.” “Copy that, Iroquois Flight,” replied a tired voice. Seven miles away, at the foot of the reservoir, a Marine air controller was shivering in his tent at a ramshackle American base. His maps revealed a dire situation around him. Red lines encircled the base—red, enemy lines. To top it off, it was one of the coldest winters on record. And the war was still new. *** The engine droned, filling Tom’s cockpit with the smell of warm oil. Tom edged forward in his seat and looked past the whirling propeller. His eyes settled on the Corsair in front of him. In the plane ahead, a pilot with deep brown skin peered through the rings of his gunsight. The man’s face was slender beneath his helmet, his eyebrows angled over honest dark eyes. Just twenty--four, Ensign Jesse Brown was the first African American carrier pilot in the U.S. Navy. Jesse had more flight time than Tom, so in the air, he led. Jesse dipped his right wing for a better view of the neighboring trees. Tom’s gut tensed. “See something, Jesse?” Tom radioed. Jesse snapped his plane level again. “Not a thing.” Through the canopy’s scratched Plexiglas, Tom watched the cold strands blur past at eye level. The enemy was undoubtedly there, tucked behind trees, grasping rifles, holding their fire so the planes would pass. Tom clenched his jaw and focused his eyes forward. As tempting as it was, the pilots couldn’t strafe a grove of trees on a hunch. They needed to spot the enemy first. The enemy were the White Jackets, Communist troops who hid by day and attacked by night. For the previous week, their human waves had lapped against the American base night after night, nearly overrunning the defenses. Nearly a hundred thousand White Jackets were now laying siege to the base and more were arriving and moving into position. Against this foe stood the base’s ten thousand men—some U.S. Army soldiers, some British Commandos, but mostly U.S. Marines. Reportedly, the base even had its cooks, drivers, and clerks manning the battle lines at night, freezing alongside the riflemen. Their survival now hinged on air power and the Corsair pilots knew it. Every White Jacket they could neutralize now would be one fewer trying to bayonet a young Marine that night. “Heads up, disturbances ahead!” the flight leader radioed. Finally, something, Tom thought. Tom’s eyes narrowed. Small boulders dotted the snow beside the road. “Watch the rocks!” Jesse said as he

zipped over them. "Roger," Tom replied. Tom wrapped his index finger over the trigger of the control stick. His eyes locked on the roadside boulders. When caught in the open, White Jackets would sometimes drop to the ground and curl over their knees. From above, their soiled uniforms looked like stone and the side flaps of their caps hid their faces. The rock pile slipped behind Tom's wings. He glanced into his rearview mirror. Behind his tail flew a string of six Corsairs with whirling, yellow--tipped propellers. If any rocks stood now to take a shot, Tom's buddies would deal with them. Tom trusted the men behind him, just as Jesse entrusted his life to Tom. After two months of flying combat together, Tom and Jesse were as close as brothers, although they hailed from different worlds. A sharecropper's son, Jesse had grown up dirt poor, farming the fields of Mississippi, whereas Tom had spent his summers boating at a country club in Massachusetts as an heir to a chain of grocery stores. In 1950 their friendship was genuine, just ahead of the times. Tom caught the green blur of a vehicle beneath his left wing. Then another on the right. He leaned from side to side for a better view. Abandoned American trucks and jeeps lined the roadsides. Some sat on flat tires and others nosed into ditches. Snow draped the vehicles; their ripped canvas tops flapped in the wind. Cannons jutted here and there, their barrels wrapped in ice. Tom's eyes narrowed. Splashes of pink colored the surrounding snow. "Oh Lord," he muttered. The day before, the Marines had been attacked here as they fought their way back to the base. In subzero conditions, spilled blood turned pink. "Bodies, nine o'clock!" the flight leader announced as he flew past a hill on the left. "God, they're everywhere!" Jesse zipped by in silence. Tom nudged his control stick to the left and his fifteen--thousand--pound fighter dipped a wing. Sun warmed the hillside, revealing bodies stacked like sandbags across the slope. Mounds of dead men poked from the snow, their frozen blue arms reaching defiantly. Tom's eyes tracked the carnage as he flew past. Are they ours or theirs? he wondered. Just the day before, he had flown over and seen the Marines down there, waving up at him, their teenage faces pale and waxy. He had heard rumors of the horrors they faced after nightfall. That's when the temperature dropped to twenty below, when the enemy charged in waves, when the Americans' weapons froze and they fought with bayonets and fists. Aboard the aircraft carrier, Tom and the other pilots had become accustomed to starting each morning with the same question: "Did our boys survive the night?" With a deep growl, the flight—now just six Corsairs—burst into a new valley northwest of the reservoir. Frustration lined Tom's face. The enemy had remained elusive so the flight leader had dispatched the rearmost four Corsairs to search elsewhere. The remaining six planes followed the road farther into hostile territory. The clouds ahead became stormier, as if the road were luring the pilots into Siberia itself. Tom scanned for signs of life as the flight raced between frozen fields. Snow--covered haystacks slipped past his wings. Crumbling shacks. Trees swaying in the wind. "Possible footprints!" Jesse announced. Tom glanced eagerly forward. "Nope, just shadows," Jesse muttered as he flew overhead. Tom could tell that Jesse was frustrated too. They both should have been far from this winter wasteland. Tom should have been sipping a scotch in a warm country club back home and Jesse should have been bouncing his baby daughter on his lap under a Mississippi sun. Instead, they'd both come here as volunteers. It wasn't the risk that bothered them—they were frustrated because they wanted to do something, anything, to defend the boys at the base. The night before, Jesse had written to his wife, Daisy, from the carrier: "Knowing that he's helping those poor guys on the ground, I think every pilot on here would fly until he dropped in his tracks." Ahead of the flight, a voice barked a command from a roadside field. A dozen or more rifles and submachine guns rose up from the snow. Numb fingers gripped the weapons and shaking arms aimed skyward—arms wrapped in white quilted uniforms. The White Jackets. They had heard the planes coming and taken cover. The shadow of the first Corsair passed overhead—yet the enemy troops held their fire. The second shadow zipped safely past, too. The shadow of Jesse's Corsair next raced toward the spot where weapons stood like garden stakes. As Jesse's shadow stretched over the hidden soldiers, the voice shouted. The rifles and submachine guns fired a volley, sending bullets rocketing upward. Quickly, the weapons lowered back into the snow. The shadow of Tom's plane flew over the enemy next, then two more Corsair shadows in quick succession. Over the roar of their 2,250--horsepower engines, none of the pilots heard the gunshots. One would later remember seeing the disturbance in the snow, but at 250 miles per hour, no one saw the enemy. Rather than patrol another desolate valley, the flight leader climbed into an orbit over the surrounding mountains and ordered the flight to reform. Tom pulled alongside Jesse's right wing and together they climbed toward the others. "This is Iroquois Flight 13," the leader radioed the base. "Road recon came up dry. Got anything else?" "Copy," the Marine controller replied. "Let me check." Tom and Jesse tucked in behind the leader and his wingman. The trailing two Corsairs slipped in behind them. From the rear of the formation, a pilot named Koenig radioed with alarm. "Jesse, something's wrong—looks like you're bleeding fuel!" Jesse squirmed in his seat to see behind his tail, but his range of vision ended at his seatback. He looked to Tom across the cold space between their planes.