

# Col. Dave Hughes

Follows is a brief bio of Col Hughes. Some have clickable links that expand into amplifications that reside in his main web site titled

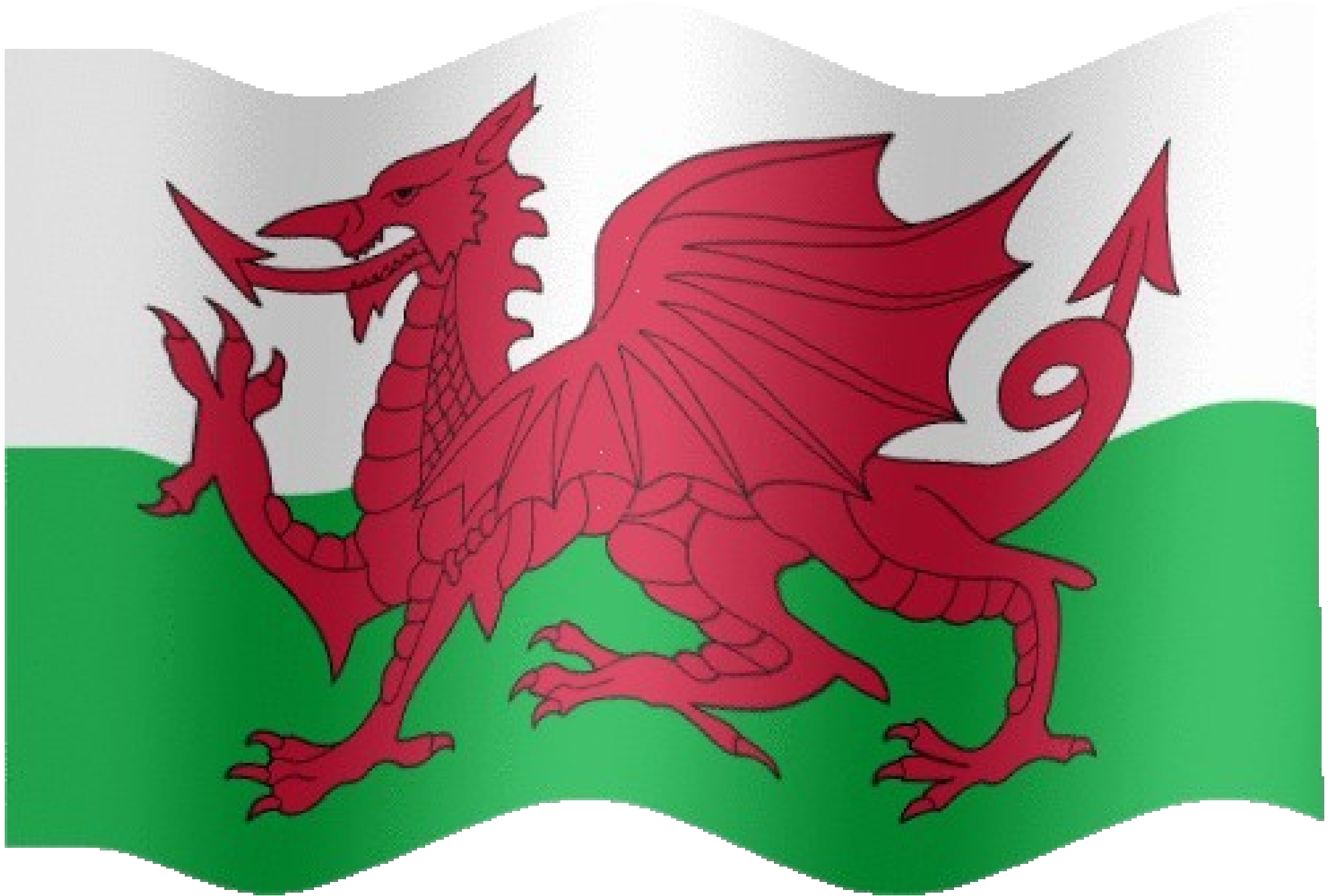
[davehughes.oldcolo.com](http://davehughes.oldcolo.com)

Col. Hughes' career is extensive. One is encouraged to take the time to explore this Soldier, Warrior, Poet...

Towards Ethics, read the next panel. Then wander down through the rest of the 45+ panels/pages of bio.

Several months ago now retired Colonel Dave Hughes was contacted by the Center for the Army Profession and Ethic (CAPE) TRADOC, Mission Command Center of Excellence, West Point. Col. Hughes submitted a paper about this action that took place in 1951 that was subsequently printed earlier this year (2019) in this publication. A publication that centers on military ethics.

Click [HERE](#) to read this document and supporting materials.



Welsh National Flag

# Ellen Hughes & the Reverend Richard Hughes ([dhl1](#))





Hughes Homesteaded Family Ranch and Hughes Family, 1881





Known as Church Castle, Denver, Colorado. Where Dave lived as a boy with his mother, Helen Hughes, who ran it as a boarding house in the 1930s.



Colorado Military Academy  
1945. He attended from 1940-  
1946.

Medals include Marksmanship,  
Horsemanship & Denver Chamber  
Commerce Military Excellence  
Award



# Map



Dave attended West Point on the Hudson from 1946-1950





F2 Company, West Point. 1946. Dave Hughes in in the front row, far left.

THIRD CLASS—*1st Row:* Hughes DR, Barnet, Gorman, Tate, Seely, Pogue, Sanderson, Prouty. *2nd Row:* Banister, Harrold, Hester, Hughes TWL, O'Brien, Loucks, Wood, Smith, Waldor, Tandler. *3rd Row:* Coates, Mangum, Phillips, Grow, True, Means, Green, Kinner.





Lt. David R. Hughes  
the day after Hill 339



By LT. DAVID R. HUGHES

ILLUSTRATION BY W. G. BARNES

IT was during the dark days of the December retreat when I first saw them. They were hanging from the cold muzzle of an old battered Springfield rifle—a pair of tiny blue baby booties. Their pink silk ribbons ended in a neat bow behind the front sight, and each little boot hung down separately, one slightly above the other, swinging silently in the wind. They reminded me of tiny bells, and even though one had a smudge of dirt on its soft surface, and part of the ribbon that touched the barrel had lost color from scorching heat, they seemed to me to be the freshest, cleanest objects in all of dead Korea.

At first the booties had fixed my attention, but after the surprise of seeing these symbols of home in such an incongruous place had worn off, I let my eyes drift unobserved to their owner.

He was a lieutenant, young. I could see, and tired; not so much from the exertion of the tiring march,

but with the wear of long days and nights in combat. He was talking to a group of men from his platoon, all of them together watching the core of a little blaze in their center, and I could tell that he was answering some of their disturbing questions about the war. There was a tone of hopelessness in the men's voices, but the lieutenant sounded cheerful; there was a glint in his eye, and a smile that melted into an easy smile when he spoke.

As my companions moved on, I glanced back briefly to the blue booties, still fresh, still swinging. Often in the next few weeks I saw the lieutenant and his booties while we moved southward before the massive Chinese armies, and around the ever-present warning fires I heard the simple story of the officer and his boots.

The lieutenant was named Shank and he, twenty-two years old, led a rifle platoon. He had come over from Okinawa while the Army was clamped in the vice of the Taegu perimeter, short on man power. Shank had his baptism of fire on the hills outside Taegu. His youth and fire helped keep his decimated

platoon intact while the North Koreans frantically tried to crack the American lines. Then came the breakthrough, and Shank's company riding on the record-breaking tank dash northward. He picked up the Springfield rifle then, and kept it because of its renowned accuracy and apparent immunity to the cold weather. A violent day south of Pyongyang won Shank his Silver Star for gallantry, as he led his foot-and-blood infantrymen against T-34 tanks and destroyed three of them. The Chinese intervention and beginning of the retreat brought him up to where I met him, south of Kunuri.

The booties? That was simple. He was an expectant father, and the little boots sent by his young wife in the States reflected his whole optimistic attitude while the battle was the darkest. I also learned that when the baby came it would be announced by a new piece of ribbon on the boots—blue for a boy, pink for a girl.

Then I forgot about him as we prepared to defend Seoul from above the frozen Han River. We were hit hard by the Chinese. They streamed down from the

hills and trampled the barbed wire. They charged again and again, piling up by the hundreds before our smoking guns. And the days were but frantic preparations for the nights. Companies divided, and any platoon was halved, then halved again as cold and enemy took their toll. I neared the end of my mental reserve. Names of casualties were rumored, and I heard Shank's among them. I wondered where Shank's booties were now.

Then the endless night of the retreat from Seoul came. When we got the word my few men were too dazed to show any emotion at the announcement. Most were too miserable to want to retreat again for twenty-five miles.

Chinese or no. But we did, and the temperature dropped to thirty below zero as our silent columns stumbled along the hard ground. It was the most depressing night I had ever endured—pushed by the uncompromising cold, the pursuing enemy and the chaotic memory of the bloody nights before. I, as a leader, was close to that mental chase. Only the numbness prevented my thinking myself into mute depression.

We plodded across the cracking ice of the Han River at four thirty in the morning, and marched on south at an ever-dwelling pace. Finally the last freeze-side stretch was ahead. We rested briefly, and as the men dropped to the roadside they fell asleep immediately. I wondered if I could get them going again. Worse yet, I didn't think I could go myself—so tired, numb and raw was my body.

Then in the black despair of uselessness I looked up as a passing figure brushed my inert shoe paces. What I saw in the early light sent such a surge of hope and strength through me that tears streamed down my face.

There walked young Lieutenant Shank up the Korea road, while every waking eye followed him to see the muzzle of his old battered Springfield. There, swinging gently in the first rays of the morning sun, were Shank's booties, and fluttering below them was the brightest, bluest piece of ribbon I have ever seen.

THE END



Lt. David R. Hughes  
the day after Hill 339

(Since Shank's Booties came to us through the author's mother, we asked for more information about her son. Her brief, factual reply tells, by understatement, a story so typical of the courage expected and accepted from our young men—and their mothers—that we asked her permission to share it with our readers. Ed.)

DENVER, COLORADO

DEAR Editors: Lt. David R. Hughes, age 23, was born and raised in Lakewood, Colorado. His father, dead when he was six years old, and he attended the public schools until he was ten, when he entered Colorado Military School.

He received an appointment to the United States Military Academy in 1946. Among many other activities at West Point, he was a member of the Pointer staff for two years, and associate editor his last year.

He graduated from the Academy with the class of June 1950, and was assigned to Fort Riley, Kansas. In October of that year he was ordered to Korea with the Seventh Cavalry Regiment, First Cavalry Division. After two months in battle he was promoted to First Lieutenant. Later he was made commander of his company.

For his actions in Korea, David has been awarded two Silver Stars, one Bronze Star, the Greek Cross of War, comparable to our Silver Star—this for close fighting with his company beside the Greeks—and the Distinguished Service Cross. He has, also, been awarded two Purple Hearts.

Sincerely,  
IRENE HUGHES

Sometimes a soldier's morale is lifted by a very little thing.

A letter from home, maybe,

or the unexpected sight of . . .

# Shank's Booties

Dave wrote Shank's Booties, a short story of a soldier during the Korean War. It was published in the Ladies Home Journal in 1952. Click [HERE](#) for the poem.



**This is Hill 347 I took with Company K, 7th Cav, on 7 October 1951. Ever after called "Bloody Baldy" by troops of the 45th Division who relieved us. They took this picture April 52. We had to assault right up from the blasted trees in the foreground, over the trenches through the fire, against a 600 man Chinese Battalion. We killed 400 and captured 192. I had 15 men left.**







Chinese prisoners  
marched down after  
defeat on Hill 347.



David Ralph Hughes & Patricia Dolores Simpson Hughes married on June 21<sup>st</sup>, 1953 at Ft. Benning, Georgia.



pic (maybe) - New Zealand (no)?



Waialua Beach, Hawaii. Out front from the beach house, 1961



Low tide. Waialua Beach, Hawaii. Patsy, Rebecca & David III. Their home is in the trees.





Dave Hughes on patrol, Thailand. 1962. Before the Vietnam War.





Christening of Edward Justin Hughes, Boulder, Colorado. 1963. The third child.

From L to R, Dave Hughes, Rebecca Hughes, pastor, Edward Justin Hughes (baby), David Hughes III... and Bette, Jay, Steve, Karen.





Dave was stationed at The Pentagon during 1963-1966 in the Army Staff & Secretary of Defense Office of Robert McNamara.

He then attended the Army War College.





On patrol after aerial  
combat assault,  
Vietnam 1967-1968

Dave earned 14 air  
Medals (70 combat  
assaults) while  
commanding the  
1st Bn/27<sup>th</sup> Infantry,  
“Wolfhounds”





Captured weapons after annihilating VC force to prevent the interruption of voting in Tay Ninh City. Oct 20, 1967

Lt. Col Dave Hughes commander of the 1<sup>st</sup> Bn/27<sup>th</sup> Inf, Wolfhounds & Colonel Emerson, regimental commander.



Mechando Training  
with Armored  
Personnel  
Carrier, 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry  
Div, Ft. Carson,  
Colorado.

Col. Dave Hughes,  
Ft Carson, 1968-  
1973



# LIFE

*Bill Mauldin's  
Willie and Joe  
look at*

## ***THE NEW ARMY***







Family photo during Col  
promotion ceremony. Ft.  
Carson, Colorado. 1970

L-R, Dave, Patsy,  
Rebecca, David III,  
Edward





Pikes Peak or Bust Bicentennial Coin. Dave Hughes headed the Bicentennial/Centennial for Colorado Springs & El Paso County, CO.

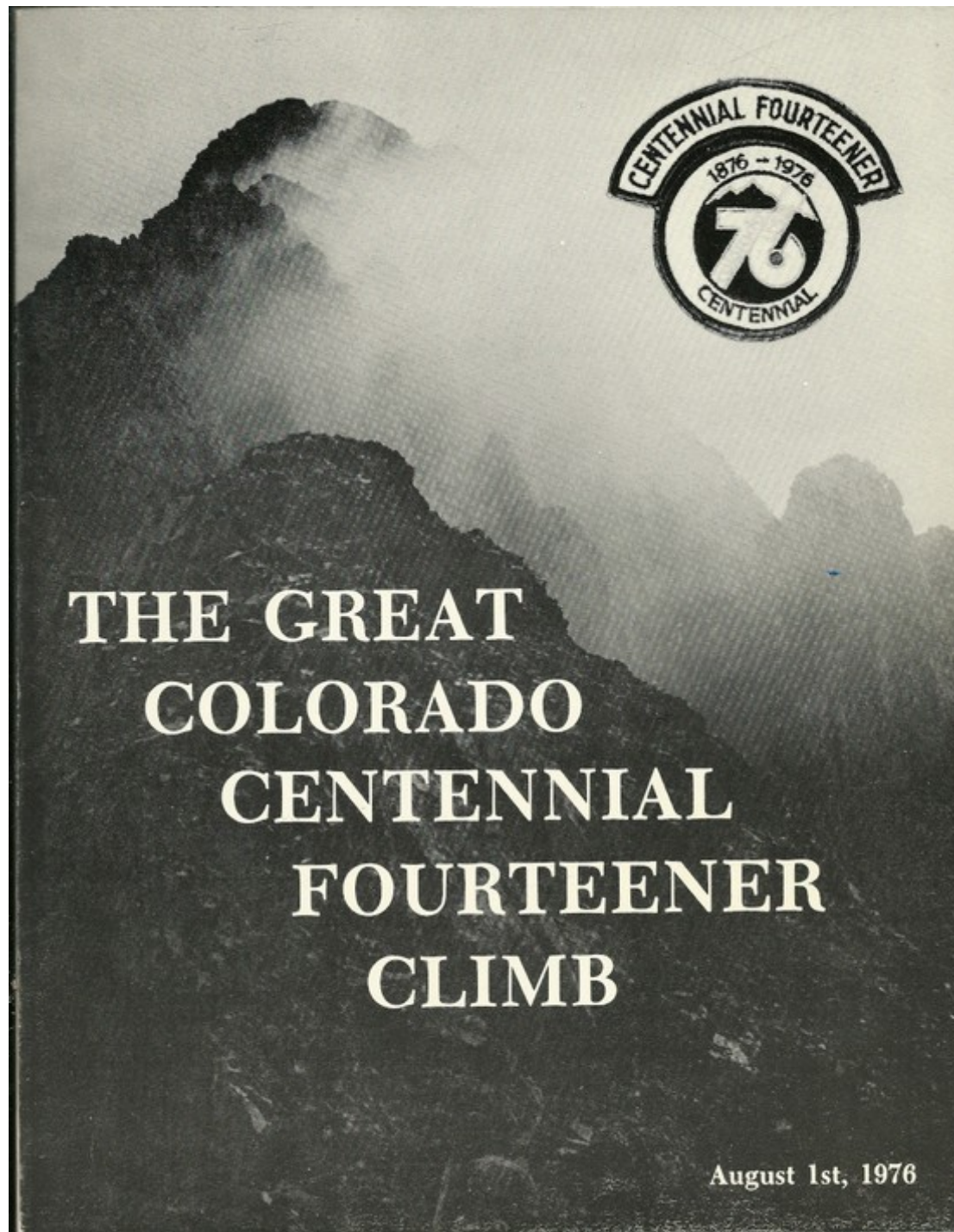




Colorado Memorial Air Show,  
July 3<sup>rd</sup> & 5<sup>th</sup>, 1976.

Dave Hughes organized this  
hugely successful event in  
support of the Bicentennial.  
95,000 people attended. It  
more than broke even.





On August 1<sup>st</sup>, 1976, Colorado Day commemorating Colorado statehood, and the Bicentennial, Dave Hughes organized the simultaneous climbs of all fifty four "14ers" aka 14,000+ foot high peaks in the state of Colorado. 600 locals participated.

He personally, with his sons Edward and David III, summited Mt. Sherman.

So many climbing parties wanted to participate in this ceremonious event, most of the 14ers had 2 parties per mountain. 100+ parties in all participated.



Presenting Colorado Governor Lamb with the ceremonial flag planted on the summit of Mt. Sherman on Colorado Day, and the simultaneous climbs of all Fifty Four '14ers' in the state on the same day.





Dave secured the rerouting of the Freedom Train during the Bicentennial from its already established schedule around the USA, to come to Colorado Springs. October 2<sup>nd</sup>-5<sup>th</sup>, 1975





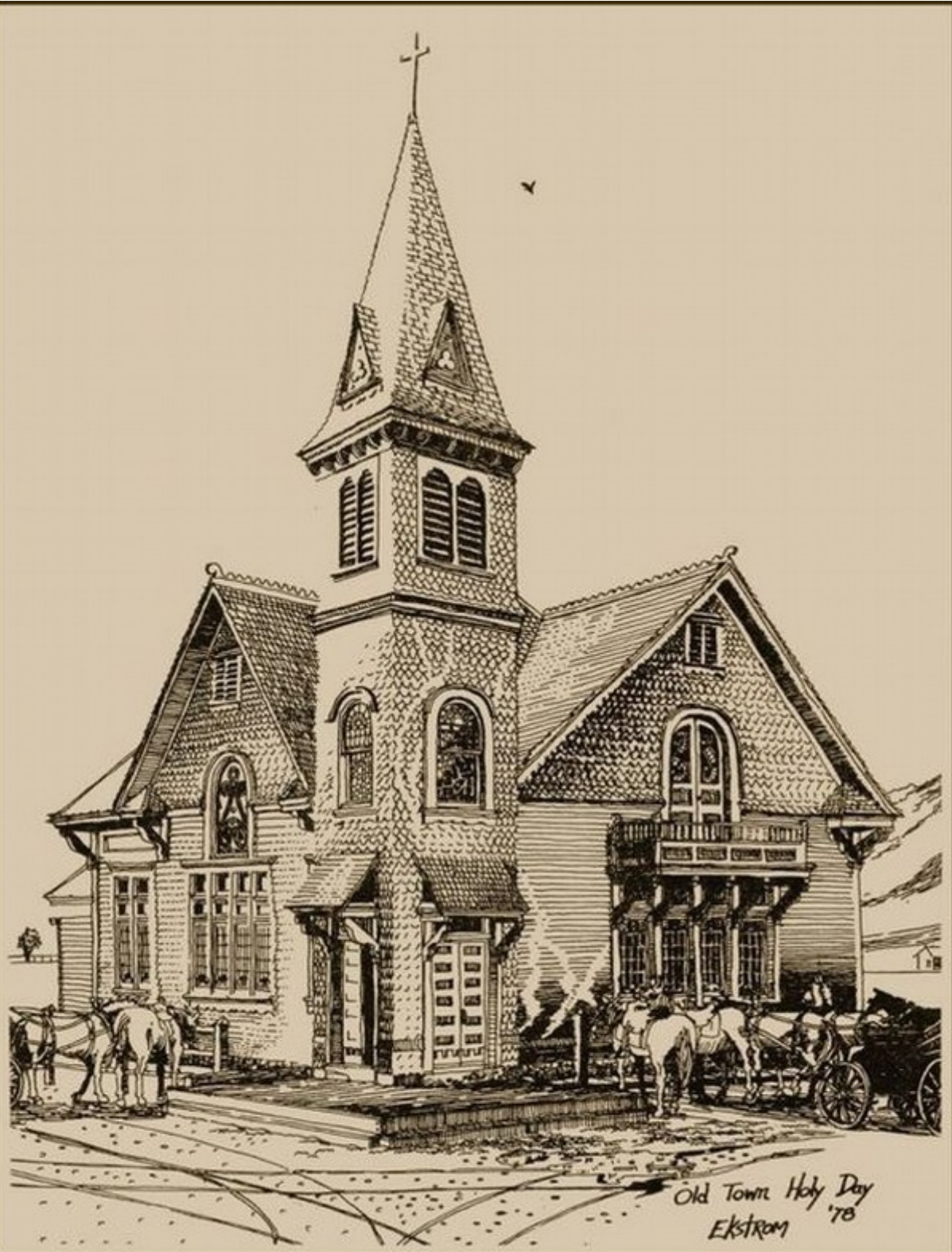
Dave created Territory Days in 1976, a now well established celebration attended by hundreds of thousands of people each Memorial Day weekend in Old Colorado City.





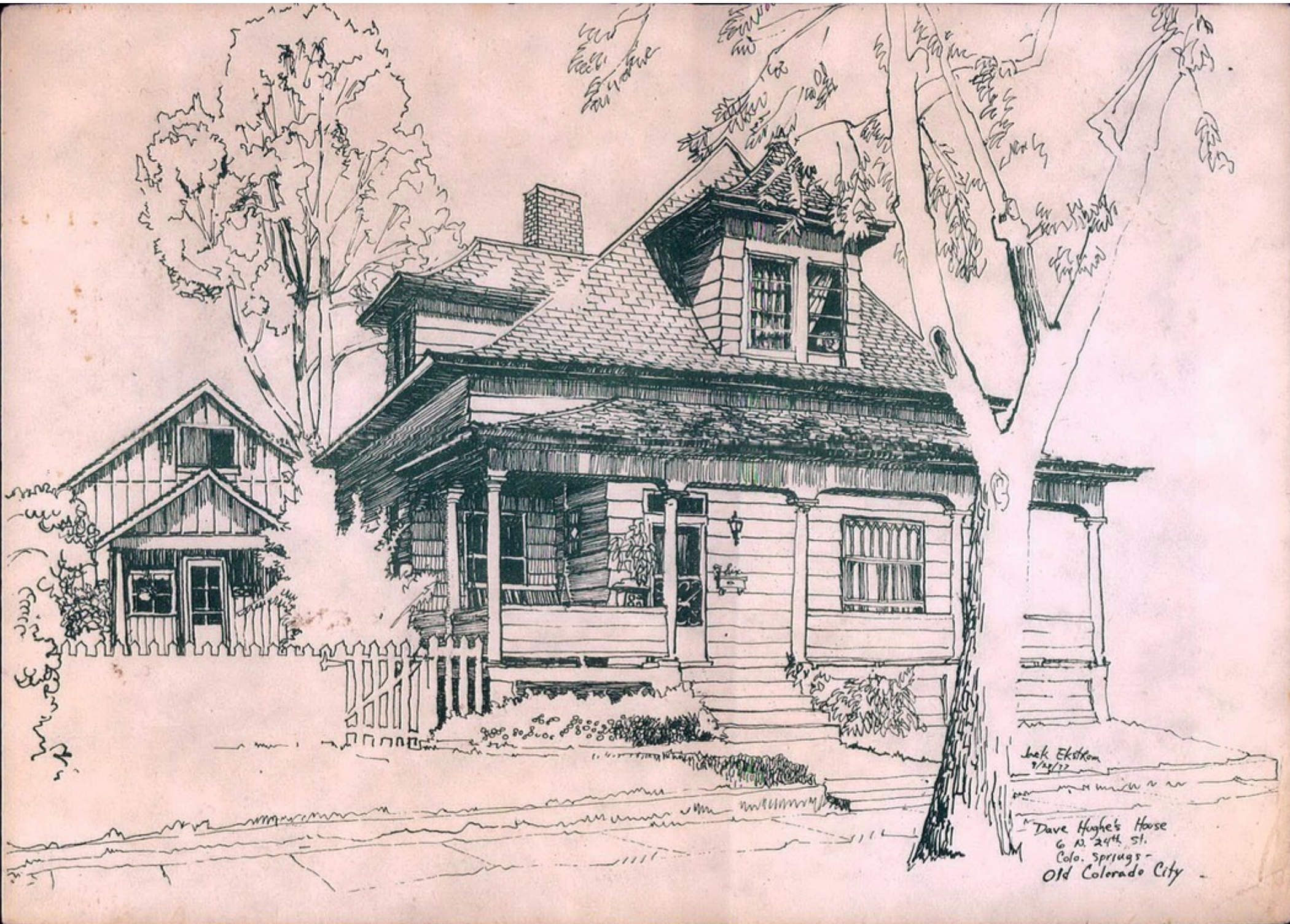
Dave has been integral in maintaining the survival of the historical first El Paso County Seat 'cabin', and Dr. Garvin home and practice. The building dates back to 1859.





Dave was one of the founding members  
And the second president of the Old  
Colorado City Historical Society, and  
worked on brokering the acquisition of  
the 1889 church located at 1 South 24th  
Street Colorado Springs, Colorado.



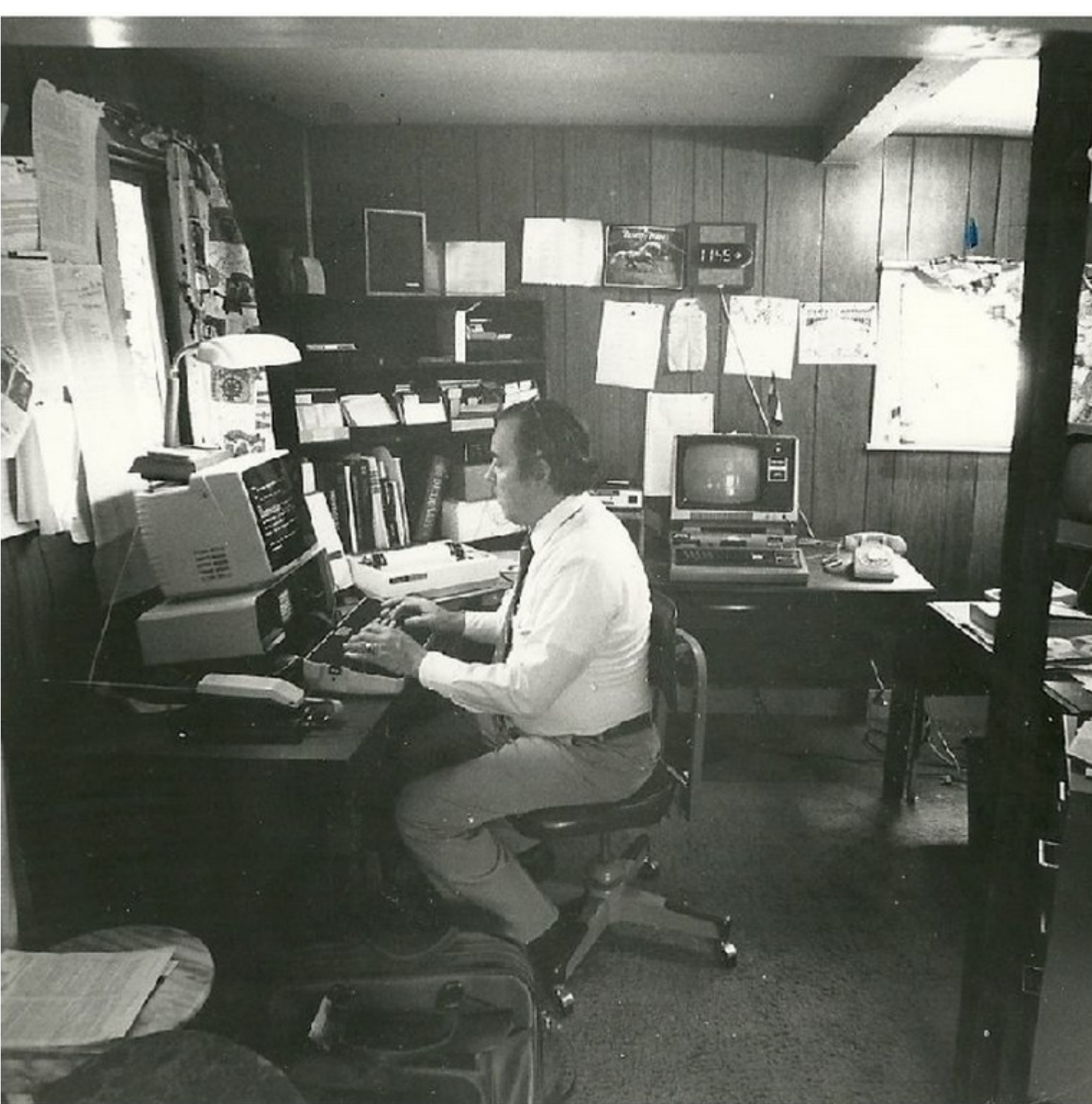


Dave Hughes home and cottage, purchased in 1977. Sketch by Jack Ekstrom.







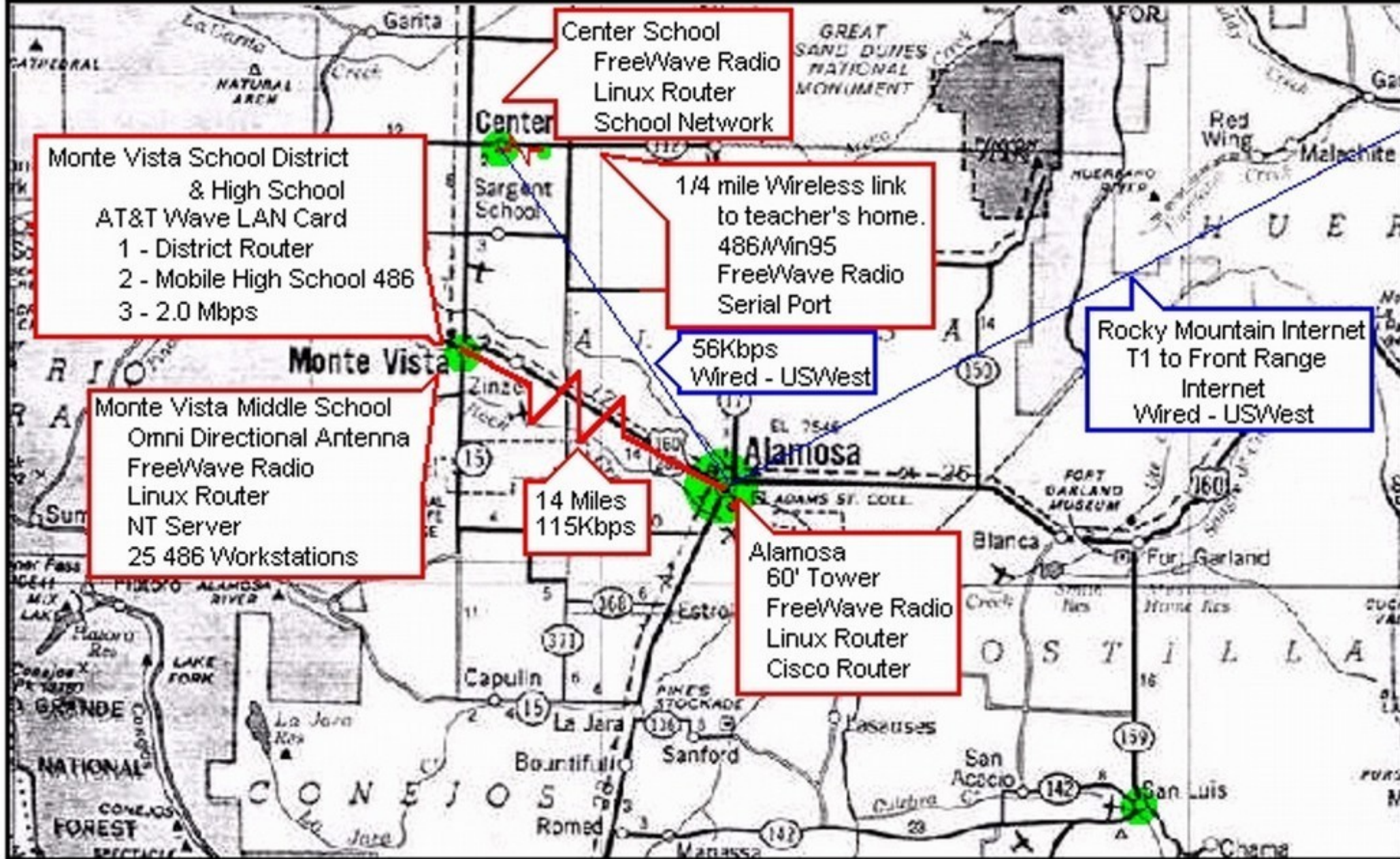


Dave Hughes in his "Electronic Cottage", originally the horse & carriage tack house. Where he forged his vision of 'Electronic Democracy'. It housed the earliest BBS or computer Bulletin Board System in Colorado Springs and one of the earliest in the nation..



National Science Foundation  
comes calling with \$\$\$





Early site map for Dave's wireless networking work via the National Science Foundation in The San Luis Valley, Colorado.



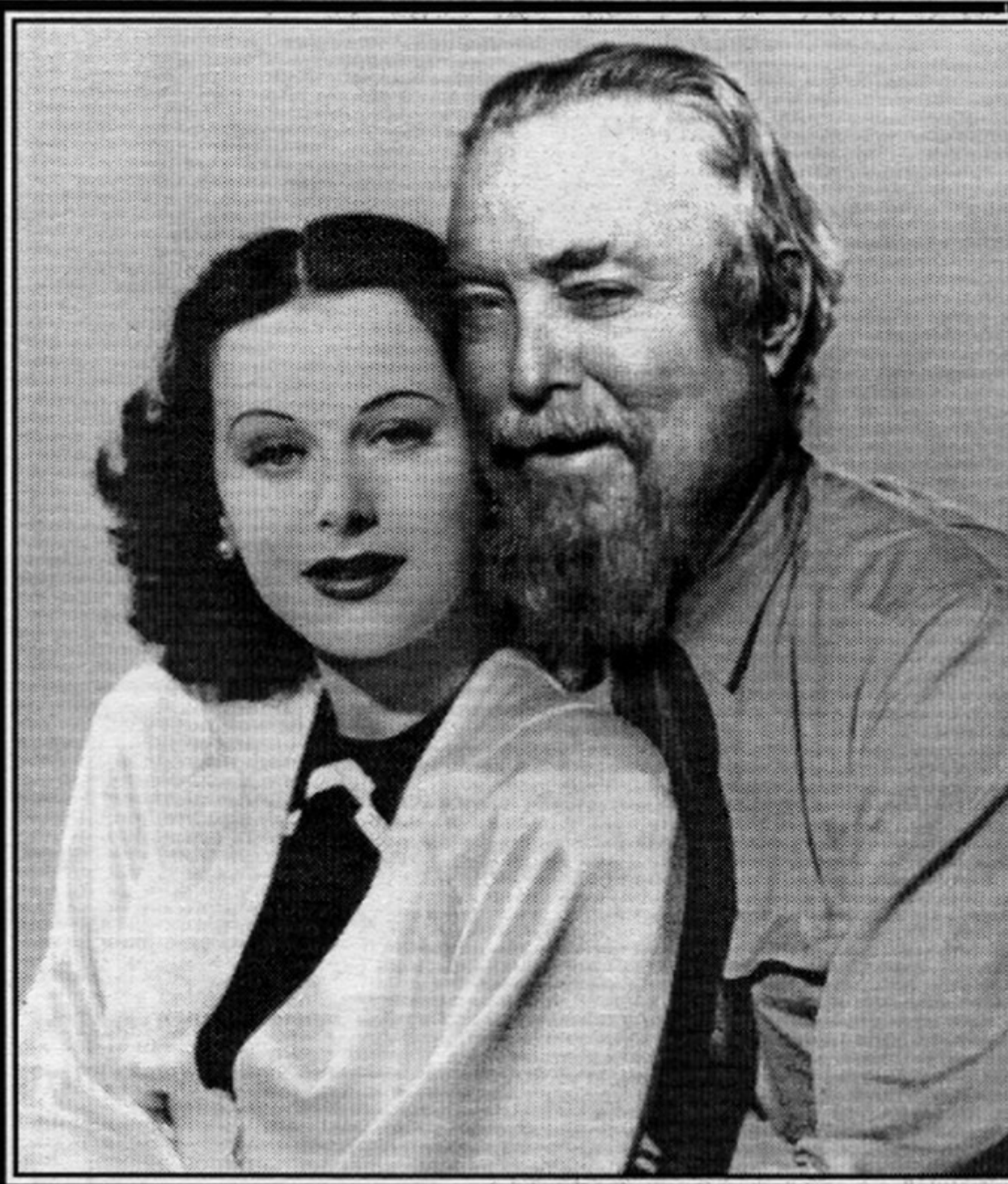


Dave Hughes acquired the original sheet music for "The Colorado Midland Band March", written in 1899, not heard since 1922. It was found by Dave and performed on August 8, 2009, Sesquicentennial Day, Bancroft Park, Old Colorado City.





Dave Hughes standing next to a Stupa on the way to Namche, Nepal, at 15,000 feet, 2004. He was the first to bring wireless communications to the “Hillary sponsored schools” of Nepal. An effort to wire school-aged kids, sherpas and community to advance communications and education with rest of the world.



A spoof up of Hedy Lamarr and Dave Hughes (replacing Clark Gable).

In the early 1990s Dave became aware of Hedy Lamarr's direct connection to a patent (1941) dealing with frequency hopping which led to 'spread spectrum' technology that drives innumerable communications devices including cell phones.

Dave persuaded the Electronic Freedom Foundation to present the EFF Pioneer Award to Hedy Lamarr in 1997, an award along with Vint Cerf he'd received previously in 1993.





Dave Hughes receiving the Distinguished Graduate Award of West Point, at the Academy. 2005





Cemetery stones. Note the provisions, small squares near the top, for placement of a QR code that points to his legacy web site.. and potentially Dave's pursuit of his brain on the internet or an electronic afterlife. Where one will be able to communicate with his brain's thoughts in perpetuity





Dave Hughes on a 'visitas', a walk to the cross while participating with Los Heramanos Penitentes, in Northern New Mexico. Good Friday, 2011. Dave was embraced by the Brothers as they prayed for both Dave and his deceased wife Patsy.

For possibly perpetual contact  
with Dave Hughes Unfinished  
Mind, access...

[davehughes.oldcolo.com](http://davehughes.oldcolo.com)

“Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.”

Fellow Welshman Dylan Thomas