

My Stint in the Sixth Division

By Robert Preston Ford

Prologue

At age 17 I enlisted in the Army, with parents' permission, at Whitehall Street, Manhattan, New York, for two years unassigned. After signing up I was told to report to Fort Dix, New Jersey, where the Army personnel tested our mental, physical, moral, and obedience abilities for 13 days. After an overnight train trip to Fort Jackson, South Carolina, I was assigned to Company C, 83rd Battalion, 8th Training Regiment. Sergeant Buck was our leader in the Third Platoon. After learning important military arts such as cleaning latrines and barracks, standing inspections, pulling kitchen police, standing barracks guard, and saluting, we were issued, after 12 days, the important things, an M-1 rifle with sling. After learning how to march, we added the manual of arms to our repertoire. Our Company Commander, Captain Collins, filled us in on Army organization. We learned how to field strip and clean our M-1 rifles and practice sighting on a dry range. We lost a day of training because some soldier stole shave cream and slit open a pillow with his knife, and another recruit broke into the day room and stole the mail. We finally got to put a clip into our rifles and to experience the M-1 thumb. After several days of physical training, health lectures, and fun trips such as being told to get out of bed at 3:00 a.m. to do pushups in our underwear, we went by truck to the rifle range. At daylight we learned range procedure with coaches, firing positions, target operation, and doing ammunition management. On the second day of firing ranges practice, we were up at 3:00 a.m. and started operations at 4:00 a.m. I had kitchen police (KP) that night. The next day, 13 Nov was another day on the rifle range to fire 12 rounds rapid fire at 300 yards and work in the target room putting new targets on the frames. A third day on the range, with clean pieces, fire for final test was the order of the day. I qualified with a 178 score. On the following days we learned interior guard, I&E, and physical training classes. There were rifle inspections, barrack inspections, and field pack inspections. One full day was spent on kitchen police. Another day we learned to be table waiters, to scrub down stairway walls, and to pack a duffel bag. On 20 Nov we get our first pass to visit Columbia, SC. The next day, on the rifle range, we fired the M-2 carbine (Little Gin). I qualified for expert. Again I had kitchen police a full day before handing in equipment. Another 24-hour pass then a move to 101st Infantry. Again a 24-hour pass before a day of being processed, working on a new 30-caliber air-coiled machine gun. More movies on health then labored on the machine gun range but never loaded or fired the weapon. One day was spent shoveling sawdust onto a truck we rode to Columbia area. We then built an obstacle course piece called a "belly buster." On Thanksgiving Day I and a buddy used our 49-hour pass to take a bus ride to Charlotte, North Carolina., to see the sights. The city was on a holiday so the excitement was a chicken salad sandwich for Thanksgiving dinner and a movie. The next four days were spent cleaning barracks, cleaning the post exchange furnace, pulling kitchen police, cleaning latrines, doing physical training, and hearing lectures on courtesy and discipline. On 4 Dec 1946 we were up at 5:00 a.m. to clean the barracks, pile up the beds, pack then hike to the train station where for \$12.27 each we rode four to a seat for 36 hours to Washington, DC, and Newark, NJ. I then rode the public bus to Perth Amboy, NJ, had a ferry ride to Tottenville where I walked the four blocks to home.

On 13 Dec 1946 I packed my duffle bag and left home at 0800. The Staten Island Rapid Transit train took me to the Staten Island ferry that left me off at Battery Park, Manhattan, where I boarded a subway to Grand Central Station. At 1135 a standard train coach left for Chicago. At that station a group of us Army men were put on a decrepit coach for a ride to California. We had a four-hour layover in Chicago where a free taxi ride took us to a USO building to get ourselves washed. We ate at a drug store, walked a bit around town then boarded the “Challenger” coach again to continue the ride. We had a 20-minute layover in Ogden on 16 Dec and a 30-minute stop at 0300 17 Dec in Reno then arrived a 14—hours in Martinez, California, where we went by truck to Camp Stoneman. At 1600 hours we were processed—dog tags, inoculations, bedding and interviews—and assigned a bunk. After a welcome hot shower and shave, I got to bed at 0100 on 18 Dec. At 0600 I had a good meal, the first in five days, then a shake-down and a G.I. haircut. On the 18 Dec reveille was at 0530. After a good breakfast I was issued clothing which alone with other G.I.s I carried two miles to have the clothes marked and packed in field and combat packs. The rest of the day was free time. On 20 Dec 1946 I was on detail to Transport HQ where I had to sweep and mop floors, pile bags, stack lumber, and help build a table. On 21 Dec we had barracks inspection then a parade that was a disaster that lasted three hours. I then got a pass to visit the town of Pittsburgh after getting shipping orders to Casual Company 80, APO 28172.

Sunday, the 22nd was a day off. On the 23rd we did a little close order drill, played volleyball, and wrote some letters. Christmas Eve Day was payday—\$20. It was also a rainy day so there was mud up to the ankles as we lined up for more inoculations then carried the full duffle bags to a station to have them inspected. After 0800 Christmas Mass I wrote some letters then ate a huge dinner. I had a big milkshake for supper—there was no room for more food. On 26 Dec we hiked to the parade grounds, waited, then marched to Pittsburg three miles away to board a ferry which took us to the Oakland Air Field via the Sacramento River. We were assigned bunks in three-decker beds at a ward of twelve hundred places for men to sail on the *Aiken Victory*. The ward also had a Post Exchange, day room, mess hall, and assemble field. Three of us got passes to visit San Francisco where we spent the afternoon trying to find our way around. We ate supper at an eatery operated by a man from Manhattan, NY. His chef served us plates of delicious spaghetti. I called my parents to let them know our situation and they were happy to be informed in spite of the 11:00 p.m. hour.

Wake up time was 8:00 a.m. on 27 Dec 1946. The mess hall was in full operation so we were well fed. Two of us got passes to San Francisco where we wanted to see the sights. Our first stop was Nob Hill where we boarded the famous trolley for a ride down the hill. That was fun so we went back up the hill and walked into the Top of the Mark restaurant and started taking photographs out the windows. We were asked to leave. Our next stop was a visit at Mission Dolores followed by lunch. We then went to Chinatown where we met a local man, Tom, who was an airman on leave. A Chinese opera we attended was interesting and well done. The audience did not seem to approve of the show. After a quick visit to the International Settlement, we returned to base arriving at midnight.

The 28th of December I stayed in camp to have a look at what was available on the base. After a big breakfast I visited the information and education office where my name was on the bulletin board indicating I had police duty. That duty did not take long because the grounds were free of

litter. Orders were to pack our duffel bag which was quickly done so we could get to a show called *Wicked Lady*. There was still more time before chow so I watched some bowling being played. The chow was very good.

We moved out on 29 Dec 1946. Our duffels were marked for shipment then we were loaded onto trucks to take us to the dock. We, of course, fell into line awaiting instructions to board the ship. The first line of men was identified individually by name and serial number as shown on his dog tag. A sergeant then checked the name and matched it to the appropriate 201 personnel file. The men in line moved neatly and rapidly along, turning right along the dock toward a ship. This group was going to Japan. The line halted two men ahead of me. Several of us were then checked for identity then directed aboard a freight ship named *Aiken Victory* after a city in South Carolina. I was put into Hole 2 Compartment B and the top bunk of a 4-bunk stack. As part of the advance party, I was assigned guard duty at the engine room—no orders, no club or weapon nor arm band. All I had to do was stand by the hatchway. I was relieved of duty after four hours during which time I saw just one crew member.

The main group of soldiers boarded the morning of 30 Dec 1946. While they found their way to bunks and stowed their belongings, I wrote a letter between my guard duty hours. That duty ended at 1500 hours. I took a while to shave and shower with boiling salt water before the ship got underway—about 1700 hours. I went to the bow deck to see the harbor and watch as we sailed under the Golden Gate Bridge at 1800 hours. It seemed to me that the bridge was too low for our ship to clear it but there was plenty of room to spare. The sea was calm and sky was clear. As the ship turned northward the guys on deck got to singing patriotic songs and ended with “Sentimental Journey.” For my part, I was not sentimental, but very excited. I always wanted to see Asia and now I was going to—but what part?

The 30th of December was more interesting than the 31st which was boring. Much time was spent on deck looking at the Pacific, standing in line for chow, and trying unsuccessfully to get on the ship’s news staff. New Year’s Eve came and went with no fanfare.

The sea was rough on 1 Jan 1947 and all aboard were seasick. No meals today. We did have a religious service for several denominations, but most men slept the day away.

The *Aiken Victory* was built in 1944 as a troop transport and was operated by Mississippi Shipping Company. The crew were members of the United States Transportation Service. The only crew members we saw were Philipinos in the galley. This crew was aided by several of us passengers as temporary kitchen police.

The second day of 1947 found our ship far from land as it cruised the Great Circle westward. There was a routine inspection made difficult by the very rough seas overnight which caused considerable tossing and scrambling of personal property all across the deck. Someone activated the ship’s onboard radio so there was music and news. At chow time I and a G.I. I was talking to on the line forgot to remove our fatigue caps. Some authoritarian pulled us out of line and sent us to the galley for KP duty. We didn’t care much for that so we walked out the other end of the galley and got back in the chow line.

On 3 Jan I was sick as a dog, couldn't keep anything down for the whole time I was on latrine duty. At 5:00 p.m. chow time when the detail ended I picked up an apple for my meal in the galley. It turned out to be a fine cure for seasickness, although the seas were rough.

Seas were calm on 4 Jan which made all aboard feeling fine and dandy. The radio provided music and news by ABC. A boxing match was held in Hold Number 4. They used 16-ounce gloves so no one was badly injured. A fellow private and I had great friendly arguments about many things but Private Keith and I didn't know what we were talking about. That made two winners.

On 5 Jan 1947 there was a religious service for all faiths. There were no clergy aboard so several soldiers said their piece. I missed breakfast but didn't need it after three great meals yesterday. However at the final chow of the day I filled up on pea soup, liverwurst sandwich, and an apple. I played cards a bit—not very well—read up on books I wanted from US Information. Seas getting a little rough. Took time to read ship's newsletter and to listen to a three-year-old Bob Hope radio program. At night I went on deck to enjoy fresh air and the warm atmosphere. The moon was full and skies clear but it wasn't the South Pacific.

The 6th of January was clear and warm weather-wise. I had a small breakfast of muffin and cereal then read a book. More boxing today—no real champions but it let some guys let off steam. We had a boat drill which went smoothly. Perhaps the nice weather and calm seas had something to do with the boat drill success.

We crossed the International Date Line today, 7 Jan 1947. Also we learned we were going to Korea. That was alright by me. I learned something about it in high school including it had been occupied by Japan and was called Chosen. Another announcement over the radio was that draftees would all go home soon but enlistees—I was one—would serve the full 18 months tour in Korea. The wise guy disc jockey on our radio played “Beyond the Blue Horizon” for our Korea trip and “Who's Sorry Now” for the enlistees.

The other side of the world welcomed us on 8 Jan 1947 with warm temperatures and sunny skies. I was able to read a book and see the movie *Jesse James*.

We were more than halfway to Korea on 9 Jan 1947. After I shaved—as a seventeen-year-old I had 2 whiskers—I was on detail to sweep Hole Number 4. That's when I noticed I'd lost my ID bracelet my mother gave me. We learned about occupation districts in Korea. I finished reading my book and saw the movie *Frank James Returns*.

The 10th of January was a good day—calm seas and warm. The meals were good but I messed up supper by drinking too much soda and eating too many goodies from the PX and other supplies of goodies. Then I had more arguments with Pvt. Keith about New York City, Long Island, and South Dakota. I read a book called *Walls Rise Up* then started another book. The ship ran into a fierce storm, the worst yet of this trip. We attended a Christian service. The leader thought it was a First Friday so we heard the Gospel and a sermon by a chaplain.

My brother, Dick, had a birthday 11 Jan but there was no way to send him greetings. He later became a captain in the Signal Corps so he would always outrank me. I finished reading the horror story *77 Willow Road* by Irvine. After a rough rainstorm in the morning with high winds, the weather settled down after noon chow. I was able to see the movie, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, before I wrote a letter to be mailed when we reached Korea. Then there was the usual “discussions” about war, civil rights, communism, and religion with no agreement reached.

The seas remained calm on 12 Jan—or perhaps we were getting our sea legs. We had several church services for those of different denominations. Then there was the regular ABC record program over the ship’s radio. I also managed to write three letters to be mailed free of charge when we reached land. I also read a book which included some army characters and saw a movie of the same theme called *Gay Blades*.

I was on detail 13 Jan to clean the latrines. I managed to read a small story called “Nine Mile Bridge” before we saw land, the first since leaving San Francisco Bay. All it was was a row of lights with one big beacon but it sure looked good to us. After listening to the ship’s radio and attempting a church service, we turned in our Cokes then had a full blast G.I. party with everything scrubbed, wiped, or polished.

We arrived in Yokohama on 14 Jan and found the place a real dump. Our berth D was shattered and slightly burned. Japanese in junky boats came alongside our ship to buy cigarettes at \$24.00 a carton. As we climbed down the gangway with our duffle bags, we saw a kitchen aide carrying a big tray of celery sticks stuffed with peanut butter. He was about to toss them in the garbage dump but before he got near the dump we cleaned his tray of celery. Fresh food draws a big crowd off a ship. We had an inspection, then back on the *Aiken Victory* for a religious service. I had some bad food as did many shipmates so the latrine was fully occupied.

On 15 Jan we packed our gear again but orders were changed from leaving the ship to going on a tour through Yokohama. After that we had chow and had orders changed again. This time we put on B uniforms, repacked, and left the ship at 1400 hours. Trucks took us through part of the city to a railroad train. These trains were junky looking and smaller than American coaches. Again there were local men wanting to buy cigarettes at \$2.00 a pack or at 30 yen a pack. As we drove through the city we noticed how poor the people looked and dressed. The houses were made up chiefly of sheet metal and scattered about with no layout of streets. There were many very neat food gardens throughout the city. At about 1700 hours we arrived at the “West Point of Japan” where we were assigned to tents—8 men each tent. We had a canvas cot and 4 blankets for each man. A stove was available but yet it did not heat the tent so we were all cold although we used the blankets. We were used to a warm ship. They provided us with good chow but yet we gorged on Red Cross donuts (5 for me) as we played cards. It was a good night for sleeping—no engine sound, no light in my face, or iron edge to the cot.

It was a frigid morning 16 Jan and men in the tents were having trouble with the stoves because they turned the heat regulator up too high. One tent burned to the ground. Breakfast was good and filling. Nothing for me to do but walk around camp where I saw the Post Exchange, the Information and Education building, the library, the supply office, and other buildings. The

weather warmed in the afternoon at which time I visited the Red Cross building where I feasted on peanut butter and celery. I hit the sack early and slept well.

The sky was bright red the morning of 17 Jan—a sign of rain on the way. We managed to finish morning chow and policing of our area before the rains came. After the rain I spent a good deal of time looking for a place to change dollars to G.I. money which I used to buy stamps, candy, and soda pop. After getting a letter written I had some more celery and peanut butter. The evening was spent throwing the bull around among the troops. This time I had a heated brick to warm my cot—very warm.

The 18th of January was a warm day and a good day to take it easy. We had a rumor going around that they had to glue the *Aiken Victory* together as it was splitting at midships from the rough Pacific Ocean. It was a good day to take pictures, walk around to see the sights, talk with Japanese who were walking by, visit a shrine, talk with a Japanese ex-Navy pilot who claimed to have shot down a P-51. He gave me some Japanese money for my coin collection. At the tent we spent shooting the bull about F.D. Roosevelt, women, and other things we knew little about. A visit to the Red Cross produced a doughnut. I took a bath—not a shower—and shaved my two whiskers before writing some letters. A visit to the Post Exchange resulted in my stash of G.I. money.

KOREA

Pack up, line up, mount up in trucks, and go aboard the *Aiken Victory* on 19 Jan for a trip to Korea. It had been a good but short visit to Japan. The G.I.s who were stationed there had it made but it must have been boring after a month or two.

Back on the high seas all day 20 Jan with not much going on to talk about. But the next day, 21 Jan 1947, we saw Korea for the first time. The *Aiken Victory* came to a halt then we carried our duffle bags down a gangway to an LST (landing ship, tank) operated by men of the Army Transportation Service. A short ride ended at a seawall where we left the ship and loaded onto 2-and-a-half-ton trucks. A short ride took us to a place called First Replacement Depot or as we said, “Repple Depple” in a town we pronounced as Young Dung Po. We were checked in and assigned a cot with two blankets. We were crammed into a small space where we spent a short night. Feeding the troops and checking their presence against the record took a great deal of time. In fact, we spent all of 22 Jan 1947 just sitting around and standing in lines for washing up and for getting chow. On the 23rd we got our assignments for permanent units. I was to become a member of the Sixth Infantry Division, 63rd Infantry Regiment somewhere in South Korea. We were not permitted to know too much, a bad policy, but this the Army.

On 24 Jan we boarded old Korean train cars that had broken windows, smashed seats, and empty light sockets then slowly proceeded to ride south. We had C-rations for lunch and supper. My seat mate did not care for the butter beans we all got so I managed to have two cans of those cruddy beans for supper. Any port in a storm. A look out the window revealed a rough landscape with rice paddies and villages of mud houses topped with straw roofs or in some cases tiles. A sad picture. It seemed the Japanese had done nothing to improve the lot of Korea during the years to occupation. We arrived at Kunsan at midnight then rode in 2-and-a-half-ton trucks to Camp Hillenmeyer where we were assigned a Quonset hut for sleep.

Private LeDoux and I were transferred to K Company, 3rd Platoon on 25 Jan. We were assigned wood-and-canvas cots in a Quonset hut. Each soldier had a shelf and rod against the wall for clothes and helmet. A wooden foot locker was placed at the foot of the cot. Each cot was furnished with a dirty, greasy quilt and two blankets. The plywood floor was soaked with diesel oil to prevent rot and insect infestation. It seemed a nice place to sleep. We were issued parka—an outer shell and inner liner—and a mess tray with knife, fork, and spoon. We also were issued helmet with liner, cartridge belt, bayonet, and M-1 rifle. We were issued cleaning material for the rifle (I named mine Louise) and instructed to learn the M-1 number. The landscape around the Company buildings was flat and barren with field and a bay to the back of our hut and the Army buildings to the front and sides.

We were able to sleep in on 26 Jan 1947 until 1000 as this was a day off. After rolling up the blanket and quilt, I washed up then made some hangers for my clothes. That job done, I visited the day room—a Quonset hut built for recreation. There were several books which were about cowboys, a record player, and some dozen 78 RPM phonograph records of western music. There was a ping pong table in poor condition, four paddles—two with one side each missing their rubber face—and one ball. I was challenged to a game of ping pong by a soldier I did not know. He easily beat me 3 games to none. There was no money on the games because we had yet to be paid. The rest of this day off I read a cowboy book.

On 27 Jan we were awake and ready for the day at 0600 hours. After chow we twice polished the Company area then halfway through an hour of physical training we stopped to go on a 3-mile hike. In the afternoon we had classes on the M-1 which were a repeat of classes in basic training, and classes on how to do guard duty. I was assigned assistant BAR (Browning automatic rifle) in the Fourth Squad. The BAR man named his weapon Louise and would let no one touch the BAR. There was no ammunition for me to carry so I got off lightly. After chow I played checkers with a buddy who had brought the set with him from Japan. He won. After writing a letter—return address included APT 603—or two I tried ping pong again and lost. It was a warm day for January. We heard there were plans for us to take nine weeks of basic training, build sidewalk, then assist engineers for a month then repeat basic training.

Camp Hillenmeyer Post Exchange (PX) had plenty of workers but little to sell. We were issued ration papers that allowed purchase with script (PX money) of three candy bars, one carton of cigarettes, and one bar of soap each week—no brands guaranteed. There was rationing of beer—red for brand from Connecticut—but I did not care for beer until much later in our stay at Hillenmeyer. There were no movies, no Information and Education office, but there was a burned out ice cream plant, a Red Cross office, and a burned down dispensary. Our K Company had two Jeeps and three 2.5-ton trucks. Drinking water was provided for the Company personnel in a Lister bag that was hung on a tripod by the latrine. The bag was filled each day with treated water. The latrine was across the Company grounds and fitted out with a dripping cold water shower set of six heads, three toilets, and two urinals made by a helmet with a hole cut in its top and jammed onto a pipe that led to a hole in the floor.

There was a snowfall on 28 Jan 1947 which meant a one-hour of close order drill probably to familiarize some southern troops with the white stuff. Most of the Company people went on a four-mile hike while some of us moved a large icebox to the chow hall.

After we had our feet checked by our “medic” for whatever he was looking for, we had a class on interior guard duty and on the M-1 rifle. In the afternoon we received instruction on and practice of the squad wedge formation to be used for riot control.

When the usual company formation in front of the hut was completed with all present or accounted for and morning chow was done on 29 Jan, we went on a six-mile hike around the rice paddies and coastal dike. Some of us in the Third Platoon had a class on guard duty. In the afternoon our Third Platoon practice riot formation front and diagonal. The rest of the daylight hours were spent having a snowball fight with some Military Police near the Red Cross buildings. I was able to retreat in order to visit the library and to go to the PX for my ration of soap and candy. The PX money was easy to use—5¢, 10¢, 25¢, and \$1 values—and the things we could buy were priced to prevent odd amounts. There was an official exchange rate of PX money for Korean won but at Hillenmeyer we didn’t need it.

The snow was deep on 30 Jan when we went on a hike for 2 hours while carrying cartridge belt and rifle. At least it was different than bare ground. In the afternoon we practiced platoon-size formations for riot control, had a class on M-1 function, and on use of compass. We each had only one pair of boots which we plastered with a grease we called monkey dung to repel water. It also prevented moisture from leaving the boot. For the most part, we tried to dry out our boots overnight. This was no easy job because the only heat in the Quonset hut came from twigs, grass, letters, and paper wrapping burned in the pot stove. One escape was to the Red Cross building to get dried out. And I did that. On the 30th I had a special ration ticket for a tin of candy at the PX. I took advantage of the offer. That night I wrote a letter and read a little of the post newsletter.

We began 31 Jan 1947 with the usual morning company formation on the grass in front of our huts. All present and accounted for. After chow we went on a two-hour hike. I managed to get a foot blister on this hike. We then had training in platoon formations: column, wedge, “V,” Able, Baker, Charlie, and arm and hand signals. It was a lot to learn in a short time but it seemed like fun also. That evening I filled an application for USAF1 and wrote some letters.

We spent all morning after chow getting ready for inspection by the Company Commander, Captain Fred Smith. Our hut passed but the Captain refrained from praise. In the afternoon I went to the Information and Education hut to study whatever subjects there were in the few books that could be found there. Plumbing? Painting? That’s all. I completed the day by writing some letters.

Groundhog Day, 2 Feb 1947, was a Sunday. After attending Mass at the chapel, I wrote several letters. Only my mother wrote me letters without me writing first. You might think that people you write to and send them your address would answer that letter then send more on their own. It didn’t work that way. There were many disappointed soldiers at mail call because few people wrote letters to them. At any rate, we spent most of our afternoon writing, shooting the bull, and reading. The book I was able to find was *We Lived in Alaska*.

Wouldn't you know it, we went on hike right after formation and chow on 3 Feb. Isn't that what the infantry supposed to do? It was my turn for guard duty but first we had the usual class on how to be a guard. That night and into 4 Feb I guarded Post 4 which was around Third Battalion Headquarters and the chapel. I was on first relief of this 12-hour post. That meant I had to be awake at 0800 hours to go on a one-hour hike. This hike took us to the ammo dump and a return to camp. That afternoon we had classes on the carbine and on patrol by squad. In the time after chow, I wrote a letter and went to the I&E hut to study plumbing.

On 5 Feb we started the work day with one hour of close order drill. Although our platoon and company did not have much training in this drill, we did an excellent job of it. However, do better next time. We spent an hour on the assembly of the carbine although only the Fourth Platoon carried that weapon. The class was interrupted so we could be vaccinated which went quickly. That evening I turned in some Coke bottles and got a free six-ounce Coke. Then I wrote a letter and did a little studying on plumbing. That trade did not seem to suit me.

The 6th day of February is lost in time—I can't recall what took place that day and can find no written record. But on 7 Feb we started the work day with physical training. The one-hour session was arm and body exercise for 30 minutes then a run for 30 minutes. After that we had classes on cleaning and use of the Browning automatic rifle. As Assistant BAR man, I had very little knowledge of the weapon because the BAR man protected the rifle from everyone. Perhaps he saw it as his just-born baby. Who knows? Anyway, the weapons were informative and fortunately needed to be remembered. As the assistant I would have been on the front line while the BAR man would be behind the line watching for second story men during riot suppression. In the evening of that day I spent some time studying a tech manual on electricity and writing a letter.

First thing after morning formation we were put on alert because there was some disturbance by the Korean Reds in town. Alert meant staying in the Company area and having your riot equipment ready. That equipment consisted of helmet with liner, cartridge belt with bayonet encased, and first aid kit. All the rest of the outfit is what we wore all the time. It seems I was late getting back from morning chow—I always took a long time at chow in order to find if I could get more to eat. As punishment I had to clear out a woodpile from in back of the supply hut. It didn't take long. That morning we had weapons inspection which all of us passed. Our platoon was issued footlockers which we had to put together then fill with our belongings. The alert was called off so there was a big party at the mess hall. I did not attend it. Some of our people got a bit tipsy so between that and relief of not having to quell a riot there was general mayhem in our Quonset hut.

On 9 Feb 1947 we were back on alert for possible raids by Korean Reds. Our 3rd Platoon, K Company, was restricted to Company area. That gave me some time to write letters. If I didn't write, no one in the Zone of Interior would write to me, except my mother. We also had time while waiting for a riot control job to play Chinese checkers which I did and much better than chess, checkers, ping pong, or poker; but not great.

We were in company formation by 0600 on 10 Feb. Our platoon was last in line for chow so I didn't have time to go back for seconds, and servings were skimpy-a little bit of toast and meat doesn't do much for an infantryman. After policy duty to clean all the bits of debris from our Company area, we had to pick up sledgehammers then march to a rock pile that had been the center wall of a demolished Japanese barracks. We used the hammers to break the wall parts into smaller pieces. We then loaded them onto a truck. After chow we continued the work of breaking big pieces of rock into smaller pieces then passing them hand to hand to load them on a truck. I managed to bash my knee with a rock but it seemed to right itself. That didn't prevent me taking my turn to go to the PX to buy rations for five of my platoon buddies. It took 2 and a half hours after chow. No games or letter writing that evening.

We had to get our medical records reviewed on 11 Feb. This process took from after morning formation and chow to noon chow. I was up to date on my shots. This afternoon I learned I was assigned guard duty, second relief. My post was Number 6 around the motor pool. I did not have to challenge anyone which was a good thing as I was armed with M-1 rifle, bayonet, and 3 rounds of ammunition.

Guard duty or not, it was up at 0700 hours for formation and chow for 2 hours of combat drill in which our squad attacked another squad. We shot them up real good as they say because they didn't know how to play the game. The afternoon of 12 Feb we had more training on the use and cleaning of the Browning automatic rifle. During time after chow and retreat, I wrote a letter, visited the library, stopped by the service club, and did a bit of reading. The names sound as though there was much to do but the names fool you.

A turn for the better did not happen on 13 Feb. The showers were still not working after being only drips for the past 12 days. The weather was cold and we still had no fuel for our Quonset stove. Drinking water was absolutely nil although some men used tablets in the faucet drippings to use for brushing their teeth. Then the dripping stopped. However, we made use of the day by doing dismounted drill and 2 hours of battle formation practice. The troops griped about not being warm because we had only field jackets for coats. Mine was a tattered, used-up shaggy field jacket that some guy left for me when he stole my good one. No supply sergeant would replace mine. We put in 2 hours of instruction on the carbine then spent an hour of cleanup and rifle cleaning in preparation for inspection. There was no inspection. I had to pack the BAR for retreat because our BAR man was on sick call. That evening I visited the service club where I drank 4 Cokes. It was easy to trade my beer ration for a Coke ration. I managed to write a letter before dark. We had no lights so much of what we did after 5:00 p.m. was hit or miss. I wonder what those letters looked like in daylight.

We started the work hours of 14 Feb by going on a one-hour hike during which I packed the BAR. We then spent 2 hours inside our Quonset hut learning and practicing combat arm and hand signals. It was a very cold day. So cold our very good hot chow nearly froze in 5 minutes, about the time it took to get through the chow line and get to sit at a table. That afternoon we had indoor classes of 2 hours each on position and assembly of carbines. That evening chow was very good. The mess sergeant had acquired a big supply of apple butter which was a fine treat for us. Mail call resulted in me getting the most mail since arriving in Korea. I answered two of the 3 letters then read a bit on infantry tactics before hitting the sack early. Snow flurries were starting.

On 16 Feb we had to clean and tidy the hut for inspection by the first sergeant. By this time we were very good at this inspection business especially because we had little stuff to care for. The lights were off for two hours again—the Russians and North Koreans controlled the electrical production. I visited the I&E office and the service club this Saturday afternoon and found little new material. Some day those two places might be more than just names. Mail call brought me more letters—some sent Christmastime and at New Year week. Three weeks for a letter to reach the Zone of Interior and three weeks from there to Camp Hillenmeyer, Korea.

Sunday, 17 Feb was church day with a good turnout of G.I.s. The priest was an Army captain, Father White, a man who understood our situation. Imagine, a church service with no collection. Most of this day was taken up with letter writing, a library visit—no new books, and shooting the bull with fellow G.I.s.

I had kitchen police the entire working day and half the evening, 0700 to 1900 on 18 Feb. My job was outdoors washing pots and pans in a big wash bucket. I wore hat, sweater, and gloves in addition to usual shirt, pants, and boots. It was snowing while we did KP but the hot water kept us warm. We were used to cold anyway with no heat anywhere but in the mess hall and Red Cross building. Most of the time on KP was spent goofing off and eating. I got one letter that day, from one of my girlfriends.

The 19th of February 1947 was Ash Wednesday. We started the work day by taking a two-hour hike with full pack and arms, minus ammunition, of course. I had my M-1 back again as the BAR man had returned to duty. We also had a class of military courtesy and another orientation for an hour about Korean women. I had yet to see one since arriving at Camp Hillenmeyer. Just as I started to answer one of my letters, KP was threatened so I took off to the service club. The lights went out again today so I went to the Red Cross building which was fairly bright without lights. I played ping pong and won 2 out of 3 for a change. Church services were that evening so I attended for stations of the cross and ashes.

The 20th of February was begun after formation, chow, and policing the area with one hour of dismounted drill. No one could figure out what Dismounted meant as we had no vehicles, horses, or mules. At any rate, the drill helped us warm up. It's cold in Korea in February so classes were 50 minutes long with 10 minutes between to smoke and move around to warm up. This day we were instructed and practice interior guard and the like with trying to stay unfrozen. That evening I wrote letters, partly legible in pencil with many mistakes in spelling. One good thing, we didn't need stamps. All we needed was our military return address and the word "free" in place of the stamp.

Physical training was the order of the day 21 Feb. We did the usual pushups, hatchet swing, side straddle, 30-minute run and walk. We also had classes dealing with the BAR, two hours of it as well as instruction on machine guns. My BAR man, Horacks, moved out of K Company and Lyons took his place. I remained assistant BAR man. Our food rations were reduced to 3 rations for 7 days but it felt like 20 days on half rations. For a guy who always went back for seconds except coffee, this was starvation. Anyway I got a pile of letters, maybe 4. Then after what would have been chow I played a bit of pinochle and lost.

On 22 Feb I spent many hours writing letters to send home. Because I was long-winded, only two letters were completed and mailed. I spent several hours this Saturday afternoon at the service club listening to G.I.s telling how good they were at everything, except ragging about themselves, and talking about their mail.

After church on 23 Feb, I managed to get to chow before closing time. Good thing because the food was good and plentiful for a change. Our cook staff did an excellent job with the small variety of supplies and the skimpy amount. Camp Hillenmeyer seemed to be at the end of the supply line so it was a good thing the cooks were good at stretching the meager amount and variety of available food. This day our Company Commander was Officer of the Day, and I was on guard duty. We guards practiced guard mount then got our assignments. I was posted at Post 4 around 3rd Battalion Headquarters, first relief. This guard duty as a 24-hour job which meant being careful so as not to be caught going to morning chow which was very good for the stomach. I managed to write two letters while I was between watches.

The day was warm, relatively for 25 Feb 1947. Our work day began with an hour of physical training then a long run. Mostly what we learned at the first aid class was that all medical supplies were extremely low to non-existent. We then had a class on scouting which turned out to be a lot of fooling around outdoors. Chow at noon was bad, really bad. That afternoon we had classes on riots then did our formation practices of the several ways to control riots. After late chow I went to the service club. They had Pepsi-Cola this time so I managed to get enough to drink and to fill my canteen. One of our troop drank 4 beers one after the other in a short time so he was stewed and needed help getting back to the hut and into his cot. There was a USO show, the first we'd seen, so I went to see it. There was a tumbler, an accordion player and singer, acrobats, magician, a dancing couple, and six dancing girls. Then I went to the Red Cross building to play ping pong.

On 26 Feb we went on a 4-hour hike through some new part of Korea. We hiked around part of a reservoir, a factory, and rice paddies. We saw, for the first time, Koreans who stared at us. I thought we should wave or show some friendly gesture but that was not done. The old men, about 6 or 7 of them, squatting in a circle, smoking long clay pipes, dressed in white robes, and wearing tall back hats impressed me. I sure have liked to know their thought about Japanese occupation and about Americans. I had to carry the BAR for one hour on this hike in order to give the BAR man a rest. This warm day plus stiff boots contributed to me getting a heel blister. That afternoon I was on a detail to clean and also oil the floor of the orderly room. Some new men joined the Company and took up residence in the tents beyond the orderly room. After writing a letter to Walter Winchell, a commentator who had said we'd be home by Christmas or he paid us each a dollar, that I'm waiting for mine. I hit the sack at 1900 but the troops had a song fest that kept me awake.

We started the work day of 27 Feb with an hour of dismounted drill then went indoors for classes on carbines and interior guard followed by classes on riot control. The weather did not lend itself well to planned outdoor classes in physical training. There was no retreat this evening. There was very little food at evening chow. I was moved to the second squad and remained an assistant

BAR man. As soon as I started my letter writing, we were called out to police the battalion grounds.

The weather was still bad for outside work on 28 Feb so we had our classes in doors on military courtesy, orientation, and several other subjects including inspections and personal property management. That evening after chow which was an improvement over yesterday's, I visited the service club to taste my first beer. I got down half a can of Red Fox and concluded beer is an acquired taste drink. I got several letters at mail call then went to the PX. It closed, however on an except hour which left me third in line outside the door, we finally got electricity back in the hut; dim light, but light just the same. There was talk of us getting our own generator but that was only talk.

March of 1947 came in like a lamb. This Saturday was a half day of work and this time it was inspection which we passed well enough both hut and persons. Packages to the Zone of Interior were to be prepared and mailed this day, so I packed all my old incoming mail for shipment. This took a great deal of time because Company Commander Smith had to inspect everyone's packages. Today was my turn to empty and clean our hut's stove then dump the ashes and remove the trash, a job that had to be done before inspection. A second inspection took place outdoors when the platoon sergeant checked out rifles, uniforms, necks, ears, shaved face, and bayonets. Chow this noon was soup, a cubic inch block of ham, a few string beans, a dab of custard, and a tin of chocolate milk. No seconds. Again it was time to buy and cook some Korean eggs. LeDoux cracked one of his eggs and Lyons had one good egg and one cracked. I scrambled all three in my helmet and ate those nicely cooked eggs because Lyons and LeDoux didn't want to chance cracked eggs. A bit of butter from the mess hall had saved the day. The evening chow was Jell-O, bread, melon and ginger jam, a piece of roast beef, relish, cream of asparagus soup, and a mix of pineapple in sweet potatoes. I went back for seconds. After the outdoor inspection we had classes on the flag, saluting, and fire prevention.

Sunday, 2 Mar was church day then an egg for late breakfast ala helmet style in the hut. Mail call today was a bit different. Willie the mail clerk was a pain. I had to give him 3 candy bars to get my package of moleskin, Easter cards, and ping pong balls. Stationary served as packing. At mail call, Willie would shout out a name then throw the mail to the ground at his feet. That caused mutiny. He had to change his ways. We finished the day with a bit of catch, a trip to the service club which was located in an old Japanese aircraft hangar, and time to write a letter.

Up and at 'em early Monday, 3 Mar, breakfast, then to the firing range. I fired 29 on the 200-yard prone try—very poor for me as I had hit expert once before. Most of the day on the range is slow with coaching 2 different men, eating chow and as usual going back for seconds. I got to fire again on the fourth order. Still not shooting my best. Back at the hut I did more writing of letters, 2 of them.

We spent all day, every day, 4, 5, 6, 7, on the firing range. Each day we walked back to the mess hall for chow. I was way off on the offhand and the rapid fire sitting positions.

On Saturday, 8 Mar we stood a stiff inspection both personnel and hut in addition to rifles. Most of us need a haircut because we'd been on the range many days and there was only 1 barber, a

Korean who was more artist than barber which meant he took a long time to cut hair with his old-fashioned hand clippers.

Sunday, 9 Mar I missed breakfast to get to church and receive communion so I opened my last can of lima beans left over from our train ride out of Inchon. Today was also laundry day which meant putting shirt, pants, socks, underwear in a labeled bag and hoping to get them back clean and your own. A miracle—hot water in the showers. Get it while you can and we did. It was great not only having water pour out of the shower heads, but hot water—the first since January. A new delivery of mail system started. Now mail will be delivered to individual huts. No more picking it off the ground. I managed to take some photographs of the troops today. I hope they don't get x-rayed during shipment to New York. I tried having a Korean develop some film but no luck.

Today, 10 Mar was worldwide muster day. As usual reveille at 0615, chow at 0700, police the area at 0730 but instead of classes, hike, or physical exercise we gathered out PX money and exchanged it for new money. This was one way to foil counterfeiters. Our Company finished the exchange early so we had an hour of dismounted drill before chow. With the rest of the day off, I managed to get some letters written. I did not hear about any of our troops being caught with or left with excess PX money. I had 2 dollars and 20 cents to exchange. The pay was twenty-one dollars a month with 10 cents taken out for the "old soldiers home" and nine dollars put into a war bond. The remaining \$11.40 went for soap, razor blades, candy, toothpaste, and soda.

Headquarters burned to the ground on 11 Mar. It seems someone missed our class on fire prevention. Fortunately no one was hurt and our records were elsewhere. We were scheduled for live fire on the rifle range but it was not ready for us. We called the march out and back a "tech" march. A change of training gave us an hour of dismounted drill, one hour of riot control, and one hour of bayonet practice. That afternoon I went to the library to study my course then back to the hut to write two letters. You don't get mail until you write first.

On 12 Mar we did the usual chow, formation, police-the-area duty then went on a 4-hour march which gave me only one blister. Again we had hot water in the shower room so most of us enjoyed the gift. I did more letter writing—had to keep the home folks happy.

There were always rumors about Korean Reds causing trouble throughout South Korea—and some were true reports—which meant most of our training was concerned with riot control formations and bayonet use during uprisings. On 13 Mar we again practiced bayonet use, riot control, and dismounted drill. So far we have not drawn the lead company to manage a riot mostly because the trouble was far south of us on an island or north around Seoul. Kunsan was usually very quiet, but we had to be ready for trouble.

On 14 Mar a captain new to us wanted to see how well trained we were so we went through combat formations, bayonet drills, and rifle inspection. All rifles were very dirty according to the captain. We spent the afternoon cleaning equipment and the hut.

It was back on the rifle range on the Ides of March. I shot 174 that day, just shy of expert. It's always a long day on the range and it's unusual to get to fire at more than one distance or more

than one position. I was happy with my score and even happier with the good chow we had that evening.

On 16 Mar I was on a detail to visit Kunsan where a boat had arrived carrying 55-gallon drums of oil for the mess kitchen and officers' quarters. The drums were in stacks so we had to roll the top layer down a slide made of two planks. Unfortunately for me, who was at the bottom of the slope, a barrel rolled down alright, but jumped off the plank on one side, bounced off my knee then landed on my foot. Nothing spilled or broke but my foot was very sore. The knee was still in working order but was to ache in cold weather for another 6 years. We had the rest of the day off after all the barrels were offloaded and put into trucks.

We were scheduled for a half-day work 17 Mar, but I was selected for guard duty on Post 21 which was a 14-hour assignment around the Red Cross building area. I was on second watch.

After guard duty ended on 18 Mar, I spent the rest of the day catching upon sleep and generally goofing off.

We made up for yesterday's easy life by being assigned on 24 Mar to rock detail. It was a bit rainy that day but not enough to prevent us picking up rocks and tossing them into a 2-and-a-half-ton truck. We didn't know where the rocks were going and as we were in the Army there was no need to know anything beyond pick 'em up and put 'em in the truck. The work was slow and easy so it did not concern us why the work and where the rocks went. It was a good day for mail, the first we had in 3 days.

Wouldn't you know it, we were back on the rock-loading detail again on 25 Mar. Somewhere between guard duty and rock detail, I lost track of the days. Mostly we worked on rock loading but some of that was hard work. The rock crusher was out of sight from Hillenmeyer and about 30 minutes hike. It sat at the base of a rocky hill and was powered by a diesel engine that provided the energy to run the grinders that made big rocks into smaller rocks. After an engineer blasted a pile of rock from the hillside, we hand carried big chunks of rock via a wooden plank to drop into the hopper where the grinders worked. Lucky for us no one fell into the hopper. All this work at the rock crusher was to supply us with small rock and dust to make sidewalks of paths in the Company area. Again I got knocked about on the job. I had just put a large rock into the bed of a 2-and-a-half-ton truck when Ramos tried to put his rock alongside mine and he didn't make it. The rock hit me on top of my head, which was protected with my helmet liner, and its weight pushed me down the slope of the road into the ditch. Nobody hurt, but Ramos thought it funny. This day we learned that the captain who inspected us 14 Mar was our Executive Officer. We'd never had one so we had to learn about that position. We didn't learn much. He did check our mess trays for the volume of food we were served and how much we left on the tray. Boy, did we eat good and plenty that night. Word came from men near the 38th Parallel that Red Koreans were shooting train guards then stealing all the goods they found in the boxcars.

It was my turn on 26 Mar to be on guard duty after a morning piling rock at the crusher site. I started as supernumerary on Post 22, the garbage dump, but later was posted at the rock crusher with Peppio for six hours. Guarding was easier than hauling rocks.

Something different on 28 Mar—I had all day off with no duties. Rare for a Friday. An opportunity to clean boots and coat them with “dubbin,” write some letters, get a haircut for 20 cents PX money, prepare laundry, and sweep the floor. There was always the daily rifle cleaning.

Saturday, 29 Mar was the usual half day of work. This time it was on the rock crusher from 0800 to 1200. After writing a letter and cleaning the body, it was chow time then a USO show followed by a Company K party.

The 30th of March was Palm Sunday so the Mass at the chapel was crowded. Today I wrote some more letters—they take a long time to write and they were mostly illegible but if the people getting the letters were as happy as I to get returns from them it didn’t matter much. We did a lot of talking about the Army as we sat in the hut. There was not one man interested in re-enlistment.

March went out like a lamb at Camp Hillenmeyer in 1947. We made good use of the fine weather by having 30 minutes of physical training followed by 20 minutes of dismounted drill, then one hour of military courtesy training. That afternoon we had training in combat practice with second squad laying in ambush, then we got weighed. The remainder of the afternoon spent on lecture indoors with the subject being combat formation and signals. We then cleaned our rifles. A bunch of mail for me today so that meant more writing to do. The PX received a lot of new supplies so that meant a trip to the old hanger.

Here we are on April Fool’s Day and it’s raining. The rain may bring flowers but in the meanwhile we went to Kunsan to unload some shipments. First it was food supplies then it was furniture for officers. We got soaking wet but the goods and furniture were well covered and stayed dry. After our work was done, we had an opportunity to look around the town. I was fascinated by the home construction, yard layout, gardens, and waste management. I wondered why the Army never clued us in on the Korean way of life. I know many G.I.s didn’t care to know about foreigners but it wouldn’t hurt to know why we were in Korea, and what the people were like. Later years provided some information on the subject in the I&E newsletter.

On 2 Apr we started work on a sidewalk by placing boards as edges. I was taken from that job to stand guard duty for the rest of the work day. Maybe a guard was sick—no one either would not know or would not say. After that duty I went to the PX to buy candy—no more rationing of candy. Then I visited the service club but the line-up for ping pong was too long so I left.

Guard duty again on 3 Apr. My post was Number 7 at the motor pool where I had the 2400 to 0200 and 0600 to 0900 watches. This day we were issued insect nets for our cots. Easter candy arrived in the mail. Most of the afternoon was spent fooling around with signaling because our electricity was cut off again. Today is Good Friday? No.

Two inspections for us on Saturday 5 Apr. The fourth of April was a lost day. The first inspection had me on sidewalk detail but I did get to stand the second inspection. We all passed. That evening I visited the service club.

Happy Easter this 6 Apr 1947. The chapel was filled with troops today as the twice-a-year people wanted to celebrate this important Christian day. A good day to catch up on letter writing then playing football, or at least what we called it, on the Company grounds. We did not have any proper gear so it was fatigue caps versus helmet liners.

It was Army Day 7 Apr. There was to be a parade so we were all pressed for it instead of in fatigues. However we listened to a speech instead. With all the waiting and hearing instructions the morning was used to no avail. We played softball and I wrote two letters in the afternoon.

On Tuesday, 8 Apr our platoon marched into the field in back of the huts. We practiced squad tactics in both the morning and afternoon. This exercise involved formations, arm and hand signals, bayonet use, various commands. It was a misty day which meant getting soaking wet in the grass and open fields. Cleaning and drying our equipment took up about two hours that evening.

It was kitchen police all day for me 9 Apr. There were many pots to be washed, meals to be served, and a floor to be cleaned. Evening chow involved many pots to clean so we didn't get done with KP until 2030.

It was a detail on 10 Apr to go to Kunsan area to haul cases of food rations from one place to another. The port of Kunsan must have been found useful for bringing in supplies from Japan where larger ships could operate. The bays and harbors of Korea, at least on the west shore, were shallow and operable only at high tide. It was good to see all those boxes of food coming in and being sent to our Camp Hillenmeyer. Once done with loading goods onto the trucks, the loading crew had an opportunity to go into Kunsan City to see the sights. One such sight was that of a Korean wedding. We wished them well.

The 11th of April was a day lost in my old memory except to say we of the 6th Infantry Division were still in Camp Hillenmeyer—at least assigned to K Company, 63rd Infantry Regiment—and being kept busy.

It was back to the town of Kunsan for my work detail. A shipment of concrete had come in and we had to load it onto trucks for shipment somewhere. It was a dusty, dirty job that was done in time for us to get back to K Company for noon chow. That afternoon I was at guard mount which went easily now that we were used to the new method. I was assigned to Post 15, the ammo dump, with O'Neil. This guard assignment continued on until noon on 13 Apr.

The powers that be started retraining us beginning 14 Apr with squad formations, marching orders, and roughing it by crawling and lying in prone position in the sandy part of our camp. There was much repetition of formations by squad then by platoon until we were thoroughly filthy and worn down. This training continued the next day, 14 Apr, to be sure we got it right. To hear the platoon sergeant tell it, we never got it right and never will. Maybe he thought he was back in Basic Training.

All that stomping about the last two days raised blisters on my feet so on 16 Apr I went on sick call to have the medic put gauze and tape on them. I'd had an inherited foot problem with blisters

which no one in the Army ever heard of so it did not exist. I could out-walk anyone in winter but warm weather was blister weather. After the foot treatment, I was made to pick up stones for 30 minutes. The rest of the day was used for playing chess and writing letters. Plenty of supplies arrived at the PX so I was able to buy a case of CocoMalt. This product in cans was the only milk we had.

On 17 Apr we had 4 hours of dismounted drill with pieces. We heard the general was coming to visit so we had to be ready for his reception. We then had training in military courtesy and more on guard duty. I wrote one letter.

I went on sick call the 18th of April because the blisters on my feet were acting up and spreading under the callus that had built up on my heels. The medic cut them open then bandaged them. The troops went on a hike while I was confined to quarters. Again I wrote letters, played some chess and cards.

It was back on sick call for me on 19 Apr, a Saturday. Good thing the medic kept office hours that day. There was time that morning for me to be on detail to carry ammo from the dump to the orderly room in anticipation of a riot. There wasn't much needed as only the BAR was fully armed.

Church call on Sunday, 20 Apr. I received a package in the mail today—always welcome. I wrote a thank you letter so my parents would know in 3 weeks that the package arrived. I had to spend over an hour getting my cot, shelf, and footlocker in order. Never know when an inspection will be done.

It was sick call again on 21 Apr to have my blisters treated. Wouldn't you know it—we trained on dismounted drill that afternoon. I wasn't sharp as I hobbled around.

We were right back at dismounted drill after the usual morning formation and chow. This time it was 4 hours of drill. After noon chow we had vaccinations checked and found all were up to date. Next came guard class where guards learned of special requirements of different posts, got our post and relief time assignments. I drew Post 21, last relief, 24-hour duty, 2 hours on 4 hours off cycle. Pvt. Lindsey was with me on this post which required two guards. At the end of our duty, I got a haircut, played some ping pong, wrote a letter, then made up my full field pack. The 22nd of April had been a busy day. I lost track of place and time up to 14 May. It seems there was not much different happening.

We started the work day 14 May by going on a 4-hour hike. I managed to keep the blister count down to two. This Saturday was a half day off so I got some letters written—maybe tow.

On 15 May it was time for church then one hour of training in snake bite treatment, one hour of gas control, one hour of hand grenade use at which practice I got only one for 6 tries. That afternoon we stood 4 hours of full field inspection practice.

We cleaned our hut windows then I went on sick call for blisters on my feet, and for a cut on my foot, this 16 May, my 18th birthday. We did the final touches on the hut, our equipment, and

ourselves then had the full field inspection. I have no record or recall of how we did at that inspection but it was either very well or very poor because the next information was listed 26 May.

On that 26th day of May I got to clean our hut's stove, work on a wood pile, and stand full field dress retreat. That afternoon I bought five gallons of ice cream at the PX when they got in a huge supply. Party time at the hut. That day our shower was ripped out so we had to go to Headquarters Company to get clean. It was about time we were going to have good showers—we waited nearly five months.

Time got by me for nearly a month then I was assigned guard duty on 20 Jun. Just before guard mount we had to lay out all our stuff, Army and personal on our cots for inspection. I and 3 others of the 3rd Platoon had borrowed carbines from the weapons (4th) Platoon to use on guard duty instead of our M-1s. We had done this because carbines had 4 rounds of ammo while M-1s had just 3. Usually that didn't matter but this time an extra round might be enough to save your life. It so happened that Koreans were back to sneaking in at night from across our field then stealing stuff from our tents where replacement soldiers were billeted. Love Company decided to end this practice so they armed themselves with M-1 rifles and formed a semi-circle at the tents and facing the field. That night they killed two thieves and lay them on King Company area. Koreans had threatened to get even and blamed King Company for the killings. I was posted alone on the rock crusher and knew of the threats so I asked a 4th Platoon buddy to let me use his weapon on guard duty. I wanted that one extra round. He agreed. When the inspection took place I was on post and my M-1 rifle was on the rack in the hut. This was the case with three other guards. The captain saw the lonesome rifle during inspection so I was on report. Lucky for me and my replacement at the rock crusher, no Koreans attacked us.

The captain waited until the next day to call us into his office to tell us a good soldier carries the weapon he is armed with. That was the German way and they lost, but I guess the captain didn't know that. He busted me to private. I'd been a private first class for 16 days. The other guards were also reduced to private. The rest of 21 Jun 1947 I spent removing my stripe, writing letters, and reading. After guard duty ended a 1830, I packed all my belongings into the footlocker and duffle bag so they were ready for shipment.

At 0800 on 22 Jun we were inoculated for cholera prevention and another shot, 0.1cc, against infection by a Japanese disease spread by drinking water. That night the troops celebrated our farewell to Camp Hillenmeyer with beer, song, and laughter until midnight.

We were awakened at 0200 Monday, 23 June 1947 to pack our belongings, stack the cost, group the "mattresses" which were the comforters and blankets. After a very light chow we waited until 0500 during monsoon weather then marched with full field pack and rifle to Headquarters, 6th Infantry Division where we turned in rifles and bayonets then boarded one of the 13 trucks. The officers rode a Jeep. At 0515 we left Camp Hillenmeyer and the 6th Infantry Division the same as we entered; tired, packed in trucks, uncomfortable, and hungry. At 0545 we arrived at the Kunsan rail station, dismounted trucks, and formed according to Company. The Colonel gave us a speech about doing a good job where we're going. He mentioned that need six times. The band

played 3 numbers as we boarded the train, then as we pulled away from the station they played “Sentimental Journey.”

There were three notable occurrences which are not specifically dated but took place in King Company area: 1. All of us were in formation in front of our huts. Captain Fred Smith put us “at ease” then told us that the North Koreans had a 200,000-man army and we had 20,000 men of which 2,000 are “feather merchants” meaning those people helping Koreans form a government, set up health facilities and other civil organizations. If the northern Koreans invade now they’ll find we have no artillery, no tanks, no aircraft, no boats, and we are on land facing the enemy and the sea. But, he proclaimed, we will be avenged. With that the captain turned and walked away.

The Company Commander rarely saw King Company men in the training mode. On one particular day we were in fatigues and formed by the Company orderly room where we went through physical training. We had been at it for about 45 minutes and had begun our pushups when our Company Commander, Captain Smith, came by. He did not like what he saw so told the sergeant to give us 50 more pushups. Then he walked away. We did those 50 the best we could after having done 10 previously. Most of us failed to complete the added 50, but one private doubled up in pain. An ambulance came to take him to hospital on Taegu where he was found to have a rupture. The captain never was respected by the troops.

Another story had to do with the third top sergeant of King Company. The first two had completed their tours in Korea and were transferred to the Zone of Interior. One night Sgt. Robinson came back to our Company area after he had imbibed several cans of Red Fox beer. It was a warm night so many troops were outdoors when Sarge showed up. He was cheerfully greeted and a conversation got underway. It seemed Sarge had to get rid of some used beer so he went behind a hut to relieve himself which was against the rule. He was caught in the act which generated much hooting, hollering, and laughter. Someone shouted an order for Sarge to give us 10, which meant 10 pushups. Without hesitation, Sarge came out to the front of the hut and dropped to the ground and showed us how to do real pushups. Only his toes and one hand touched the ground, his body very straight, when he proceeded to do 25 one-handed perfect pushups. The troops, counting each one of that exercise, erupted in cheers. The sergeant showed us he would not expect us to do anything he could or would not do himself if the need arose. Our captain should have learned that early on in his career.

Here is a list of most of the men who lived at Camp Hillenmeyer, Kunsan, Korea, that I had met between 24 Jan 1947 and 23 Jun 1947. Excuse spelling.

Kock	Peruso	Burble	Kramer	Sonneburg
Aaron	Reilly	Swallows	Ramarez	Horax
Ramos	Peppio	Perchon	Hurt	Quinn
Shearl	Shwartz	Healy	Bragg	Duffy
O’Neil	Orapello	Sher	Knight	Henry
Nelson	Roback	Price	Spernak	Brozel
Oaten	Legay	LeDoux	Nichols	Robertson
Nanix	Latiolis	Popko	Rosenberer	Miller

Styles
Newel
Padget
Witfer
Braccus

Walters
Barnet
Newendorp
Boner
Kamras

West
Schraner
Pahl
House
Valley

Matinez
Leibo
Harker
Hilton
Kilpatrick

Tracy
Murnha
Cannon
Turner